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PROGRESS.

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VOL. XI, NO. 569. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 8 1899. PRICE FIVE CENTS

DEMANDS FOR A CHANGE.

SONS OF THE BARONS WET A NEW COMMISSIONER WANTED

There are indications that a change will be made in the near future—Chairman Knodell has on March 27th announced that he will resign his office as Commissioner of the Alms House.

The article in last week's Progress respecting some proposed and probable changes in the liquor commission seemed to meet with the approval of a good many people. The facts as stated were few in number but they have had the effect of bringing in anyone to light and making the reasons for the change even more imperative than appeared at the first glance. There are plenty of supporters of the local government who claim that chairman, George A. Knodell, has no right to so much patronage. It is quite true that at one time he was a candidate for a few hours but that did not cost him either time or money. He is, as Progress has stated, the chairman of the Alms House commission and it can readily be imagined that he is not a loser by this fact. The management of the Alms House has been criticized from time to time and as Mr. Knodell is the active man on the board it must be apparent that he is largely responsible for what occurs. The other gentlemen on the board, Mr. Barnhill, Mr. Hilyard and Mr. Furlong take but little interest in the affairs of the poor. Mr. Coll does take some but the greater part of the work falls upon Mr. Knodell. The superintendent, Mr. Woods, does as he is told and he is credited with being an obedient officer.

Now government supporters say that there should be a division of patronage and as Mr. Knodell is not the most agreeable chairman of the commission that there might be they are glad to see some move made to make a change.

Mr. John B. Jones, the inspector, has, it is understood, been acting as secretary as well as inspector. The duties of secretary are not very onerous it may be supposed as the commissioner does not meet very often but yet there must be some work in connection with the additional task assumed by the inspector, whose duties are, as Progress understands, to see that the law is enforced, to prosecute offenders and keep such a record that he may be able to advise the commissioners to whom to grant licenses. The office of the inspector is in the Jardine building. There was a rumor some time ago that the chairman wanted the office in his own building where he had a room to rent that was in his opinion suitable for the purpose. But whether the other commissioners objected to such a proceeding or whether on account of the inspector not being willing to make the change the office remains where it is.

There is without doubt much truth in the fact that the office appears to have been utilized to the best interests of the chairman and his friends. Progress referred last week to the fact that the first Christmas after the commission was appointed the liquor dealers were called upon to advertise in a holiday sheet called "Christmas Calmes" which one of his sons issued and which was printed in his office. The saloon men were also canvassed for printing and as one of them told Progress this week "I did not feel like refusing because he is on the commission you know and might make it unpleasant for us."

"How can that be done?" was asked. "You observe the law, shut up at ten o'clock and do not sell Sunday. How can he make it unpleasant for you?"

"Do you see that door there?" he replied pointing to a rear entrance. "I get my ale in through that and use it for bringing in coal and carrying out ashes. It is also a short road for a few of my customers to come in and have their glass of ale, but it is contrary to the law and the chairman of the commission could make it very unpleasant for me. Do you see?"

"Yes, but that is never done surely?"

"Oh, but it is. You remember the front of the old Furlong store on Charlotte street, as it used to be. Well, there were two doors with a window between in front. One of them was seldom used and as both of them led into an outer office, they were for the purpose of the law practically one entrance. The chairman of the commission thought that if he could get the expense of tearing one door down and replacing it with a window. They must have been out of pocket \$60, to say the least.

"Then you remember how troublesome it was made for William Clark of the Cafe Royal because he had a restaurant as well as a bar on his premises. For weeks he had a board fence on the bias to shut off the view of his restaurant from the street. Finally it was torn down and the place is the same as before but he was put to a lot of trouble and expense just the same.

The same is true of M. A. Harding. His restaurant was in front and his bar in the rear. He wanted the bar put in front and the oyster saloon in the rear. That would have cost Harding hundreds of dollars. He didn't do it but in order to get his license had to cut a door through in another place which doesn't comply with the conditions of the law any more than his previous arrangement did.

"So long as I am upon this subject let me tell you something else which will give you a fair idea of how things went at one time. Chairman Knodell's son applied for and got a position with Messrs. Jones, the brewer, and he began to sell the trade for his employers from the city dealers. This went on for a time until the rival brewer Mr. James Ready began to think it rather unfair that the son of a man whose position gave him such a pull on the trade should be soliciting business for a firm opposed to him. Whether it was at his suggestion that the son was called off is not known for certain but the fact remains that he was."

These are some of the reasons why the trade is getting tired of one member of the commission and why there is a demand for his retirement. Progress understands that the government has the matter under serious consideration and that pending their decision some minor matters connected with the issuing of the licenses are at a stand still.

POLICE FUND HEARD OF.

AND ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS OF IT GIVEN TO CAPT. JENKINS.

No Detailed Statement of It Given However—No Figures of What is in the Bank or What the Interest has Amounted to—An Excursion Proposed.

Something has been heard of the police fund at last. The chief of police has made a move in regard to it and donated \$100 of it to one of the trustees, Capt. F. W. Jenkins. The proposition was submitted to the different sections of the force and, of course, they approved of it. They might not have done so had not Capt. Jenkins lost his wife a few days ago and they had much sympathy for the little motherless children that she left.

The donation was generous, some of the policemen think larger than the funds on hand warranted but as it would not look well to object to amount's at such a time there was no question.

According to the chief the fund amounts to \$500 not including the interest that has accrued for the past few years. There was an impression that it amounted to more than that but perhaps that was erroneous. There were no figures given in detail but the amount was stated in a general way. It would have been much more satisfactory had the chief read the record from the saving bank book which would have told in the first place just in whose names the account stood, when the first deposit was made and how much it was, also the date of the second deposit and the amount of that as well as the third and what sum that was.

Then every year the interest would be added to the principal and the whole would draw interest for another year when the interest would be added again, and so on for the few years that the fund has been in existence. So long as nothing has been heard of the fund for years such a statement as that would have been satisfactory. But it stands, in somewhat general terms, the information is given to the men.

While no one has been found to object to Capt. Jenkins receiving some benefit from the fund it is pointed out that there have been a number of policemen who have deserved a share of it since it was in the saving bank. Some of them have been unable to earn more than half pay and that was given by the generosity of the council and they had much larger families than the Captain and yet no move was made to assist them.

These are matters that are talked over now among some of the men. There are others who care nothing about the fund. "Let them do as they please with it," said one officer to Progress "I am not going to bother my head about it but it will be a long time before I assist in any similar scheme as this has turned out to be."

Still there is talk already of the force having an excursion on the 24 of May to make up the \$100 drawn from the fund to give to Capt. Jenkins. If they do so they will no doubt begin to sell tickets at once for the holiday trip. Had there been information of the fund every year as there should have been; had the men met and talked the matter over at least once a year they would have had some interest in increasing the amount and with the facilities they have for getting a large attendance at anything they may promote the police fund to-day might have been thousands of dollars instead of hundreds.

CURREN WAS NOT IN IT.

But He Got Over One Hundred and Thirty for His Work Against Fenton.

"Billy" Curren is a favorite member of the Rose's base ball club and there were many of his admirers as a ball player who thought he could go up against "Paddy" Fenton in the ring. He tried it last Monday night before one of the largest audiences that ever sat in the institute and by means of somewhat unusual sprinting and clinching tactics stayed until the sixth round when his stomach went back on him and the referee gave the fight to Fenton. This raised quite a storm of objections from those of Curren's friends who thought he could fight even with a sick stomach but those who did not want to see the man knocked out after he had been game enough to go up against such an experienced and clever man as Fenton were thoroughly satisfied with the referee's decision. George and the Loch Lomond Cyclones fought themselves to a stand still in four rounds and McLeod proved himself the hard and clever hitter his friend thought

him. There was hardly a bruise and but one bleeding nose in the whole programme. The house was worth nearly \$400. The expenses, including hall rent, printing and the smaller purses were \$128 leaving each of the principals and their backers something over \$190 each.

Fenton and his trainer Mullin will not have much out of it after their expenses are paid but the match with Little John is to come off May 1st and there will be much interest in that bout.

TO START A PRINTING OFFICE.

The Bank of Nova Scotia Have Engaged Mr. Lawson to Manage The It.

The Bank of Nova Scotia proposes to make a departure that may be an important bearing upon the printing trade. There are many branches of this institution all over the country and it is continually reaching out for new business in busy centres. The home office and the agencies use an enormous lot of printing of all kinds, much of which has for many years been furnished by an English firm. Now the bank proposes to have it done in Canada—in Halifax—but for this purpose it is going to equip a printing office of its own. They selected Mr. Lawson, foreman of the Globe job printing office in this city, to take charge of the bank printing office and he starts in a few days for the United States where he will select the type and presses and other machinery necessary. If the venture should result in saving the bank money there are other banking institutions in Halifax that might follow the example, such as the Union, Peoples, Merchants and Halifax Banking company. Some of them do not have many branches and consequently the quantity of printing required is smaller but all of them together use a lot of it.

From this city alone it is estimated that last year some \$80,000 worth of printing was got from Upper Canada. The amount may appear large but there has always been a large amount sent from Montreal and Toronto and last year the quantity was greater than ever. One traveller had no hesitation in saying that he took \$8,000 worth of orders in one trip. In some cities such a thing could not be said because the merchants would not encourage outside industries at the expense of our own but St. John is different. The "broad spirit of Canadianism" as understood by many of those who use large quantities of printing induces them to encourage the greatest freedom of trade between the upper and lower provinces. It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. St. John buys a good deal from Upper Canada. How much does she sell the merchants there? The balance of trade is the wrong way.

WHO ARE IN THE FIELD NOW.

Aldermanic Candidates who Appear and Disappear Weekly.

W. C. Radman Allan has his card out to the electors for Kings ward and his canvas—what he is able to make while busily engaged in moving his drug store to Charlotte street—is most successful. His probable opponent Oct. Armstrong has not made any sign as yet that he proposes to come.

Mr. J. A. Dawson this week told those who wanted him to be a candidate in Wellington that he would forego the pleasure this year and at present it looks as if Ald. Macrae would have no opposition.

The aldermen at large in the field are Capt. Kest, James Kelly, Ald. Haman, and Harris Allan. This will be the contest of the year.

Mr. Wallace's friends are working with earnestness for him and Mr. Storey is confident that he will have a large vote. Mayor Sears has not apparently given the matter much attention as yet.

There is a three cornered fight in Carleton where Mr. Belyea and Mr. Colwell are both opposing Mr. Smith.

In Lansdowne Dr. Smith is ill and unable to make a canvas but his friends are doing all they can for him.

Mr. Armstrong has not issued his card for Dufferin, and it is not known whether there will be a fight in Stanley or not.

To Assist Mr. Cassidy's Family.

The City Cornet band minstrels deserve a good deal of credit for this offer to assist the family of the late E. W. Cassidy so well known through his connection with the Canadian Pacific railway. There are nine children and the eldest is but seventeen years of age. The minstrels gave much enjoyment to a large number of people this week and this offer shows them as willing to give as to receive.



THE CLOSE OF THE SKATING SEASON.

From a photograph taken in the Victoria rink Saturday morning April 1st showing the Manager E. J. Armstrong, Payson Davidson, Mr. B. Stewart, the skater and many of the youthful ice flyers of the city.

To the Electors of the City of St. John,

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

At the solicitation of a large number of the free and independent electors, including the managers of our largest and most popular banking institutions, owners of real estate, merchants, clerks in all branches of business; retired aldermen and members of the Common Council; ministers of the gospel, parish priests, to permit myself to be nominated as a candidate for the office of Mayor, for the ensuing year; after due consideration I have decided to accept their request and if elected, I will endeavour to start right, and pledge myself not to antagonise the council by sending in petty bills, for their consideration, for anything (such as shoe-blackening or the like) procured solely for my own personal use, and if I should personally invite any distinguished visitor to the city, to partake of my hospitality, I will do so at my own expense, and not embarrass the council by asking the overtaxed citizens to pay for my treat, more especially when the major part of such bill is for wine and cigars, as I am not partial to either myself.

If I am honored by an invitation, in my official capacity, to our next Exhibition, I will be pleased to accept and will not stand on my dignity, but will do all in my power to boom anything and everything tending to the advancement of our noble City by the Sea and if the admiralty should send one or two of the fleet to assist in celebrating the opening of the Exhibition (or my ascension to the Civic Chair) and I should make an official visit to said ship or ships, I will not slight the members of the council or any respectable representative citizen who may evince a desire to be present on that occasion, but will hire a boat or boat's large enough to accommodate the whole party, pay the bill and not worry the council by asking them to deliberate over such small matters, but will consider it a privilege and a pleasure to add to the pleasure and enjoyment of my fellow-citizens.

There'll be music in the air,
There'll be music everywhere,
When I'm elected Mayor.

To fill this honorable position, the gift of the people, which, in my opinion, should never be begged or bought by any candidate and if any difficulty should arise between the council and myself, I will not vacate the chair or run away like a baby, but will endeavour to prove by ocular demonstration the power vested in the chair, and, thus will not upset the whole equilibrium of the council and which might be the means of defeating some important measure, such as appointing School Trustees or the like thus creating an unnecessary feeling of animosity in this otherwise peaceful community. But I will keep my place and take the consequences I by doing my best for the citizens generally, and will give the minority fair play in every case. I will do everything in my power to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of my fellow-citizens, in fostering, encouraging, promoting and extending that good feeling, at present existing, to a large extent, between all classes and orders in this community.

I am now in the hands of the electors and will be perfectly satisfied with the verdict whatever it may be.

JOHN K. STOREY.

HOW HE DISAPPEARED.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A LITTLE BOY RECALLED.

He was known as Tom Maguire's kid and was bright, happy and smart as the day. His sudden disappearance a source of much mystery to all. Talking about mysterious and unaccountable disappearances, said a New York theatrical man. 'I don't believe there ever was one in this town or anywhere else that ever was more mysterious and unaccountable than that of Tom Maguire's kid. The way Tom got that kid was rather odd, too. It happened the time Joe Arthur bought out 'The Still Alarm' at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, nine years or so ago. Tom Maguire was business manager there, and was standing in the lobby of the theatre one day when a wretched-looking specimen of the street Arab pushed a door open and went in. He was not over a yard high, and was ragged and dirty. Taking it for granted that the well-looking individual inside was the man he wanted to see, the little gamins went straight to business. 'Say, mister,' he said, 'hain't you got somethin' for me to do? 'Tom Maguire's first impulse was to tell the boy to get out, but before he could do so the little fellow said earnestly: 'I don't want to beg nothing, mister. I want some money, but I want to earn it. 'The eager and straightforward manager of the ragamuffin rather struck Maguire. 'Well, what can you do?' he asked. 'I kin do anythin', dat hain't bigger'n I am mister,' was the confident reply. 'This pleased Tom Maguire still more, and as the theatre was just then sending out boys to distribute dodgers he gave the kid a bundle and told him to distribute them in a certain district and come back and get a quarter. The boy hurried away with the dodgers, and before the time was up he was back to the theatre. 'I pa'en where you told me to mister, he said, 'an I've come back to give some more to carry, so's I kin fill out me time. See?' 'The fact of a street boy being willing to do more work in a given time than he was hired to do was something so new and strange that Manager Maguire was amazed. He said nothing, but gave the boy another supply of dodgers. In taking them the boy made some suggestions about the best places to distribute them that were so good that Maguire told him to follow them out. The little fellow was back on time. Maguire handed him the promised quarter, and the kid asked whether he could have another job. He was told to come around the next morning at 10 o'clock and they would see. Nothing more was thought of the boy. At 10 o'clock next morning however, there came a sharp tap at the box office window, and looking down Manager Maguire saw the ragged little chap of the day before. 'Here I am, mister!' he said. 'W'at a yous goin' to put me at dis time?' Maguire told him he could distribute some more dodgers, and handed him some. The boy took the paper, stood in an undecided manner a moment, and then boldly said: 'Say, mister, kin yous do me a favor?' 'I don't know. What is it?' 'Well, I'll tell you, mister,' said the boy. 'I been sellin' papers lately, an' stayin' at de Newsboys' Lodgin' House. See? Well, tomorrow's me week's up, an' I owe de house 60 cents, an' I want to pay it. De 25 cents you paid me hain't enough to do it with an' besides—well, a man's got to eat. See? Say, kin yous put up 50 cents on me sa'y?' 'The cool audacity of this request almost carried Tom Maguire's breath away. He gazed at the wretched mite of humanity in mute astonishment. The boy met the gaze with a steady look of his own, and before he knew what he was doing Maguire had handed the boy the 50 cents, and told him to come again at the usual time next day and get some more work. The kid thanked the manager and went out with his dodgers. 'That'll be the end of him, sure,' said Maguire. 'We won't see him again.' 'But at 10 the next morning the tap came at the box office again. 'Here I am!' piped the voice of Tom's kid. 'W'at's de somethin' yous has got fer me to do dis time?' The boy had now aroused Maguire's unqualified interest. He began to ask the boy something about himself. All that the little fellow knew was that his father and mother were both dead, and that he had been left with no home or relatives and had become a waif. His story became known about the theatre, and Manager R. Escomb, and Mrs. Colville also took an interest in him. When he was transformed from the ragged and dirty street Arab into a clean and well-dressed boy he was found to be as handsome, bright-eyed a lad as

any one would wish to see. He didn't know exactly how old he was, but it was judged that he was 11 or 12. Joe Arthur wanted to take him at once as the messenger boy in 'The Still Alarm,' but Tom Maguire objected to his going on the stage. He took the kid to his own house and got him a place in a large furniture house on Fourteenth street. The boy continued to live with the Maguire family, but insisted on paying something out of his earnings for his board. He also handed money to Tom every week to keep for him. He became a great favorite with everybody at the store, as he was with all the theatre people. One Friday, after he had been a few weeks at the furniture store, he was sent by some of the men at noon hour to fetch them their pair of dinner boots. He had \$4.50 due him from the store for his week's salary, which would have been paid the next day. He had also three or four collars of savings in Tom Maguire's keeping. He never came back. Managers Escomb and Maguire and Mrs. Colville made every effort to find some trace of the missing boy, but without success. Nothing has ever been seen or heard of him from that day to this. He disappeared as completely as if he had never been. If that wasn't about as mysterious and unaccountable a disappearance as will could be, then I don't know what mysterious and unaccountable disappearances are. 'LICK ME AND I'LL BE GOOD.' How French or Escomb Made Three Converts For the Church. In the interests of Christianity and to raise money for his missionary work the Rev. Cyrus Escomb, a traveling evangelist of the Dunkard faith, participated in three prize fights, of two, four and seven rounds, respectively. In each he was victorious, and with each victory he saved, or thinks he saved a soul. The Rev. Escomb has been holding revivals at the various cattle camps near Belletouche, S. D., for nearly a year. About the middle of January he went to Belletouche. The citizens received him kindly, but the cowboys from the neighboring ranges, concerning whose spiritual welfare he was especially solicitous, were not interested in religion. His opportunity came in an unexpected way. 'Chuck' Perkins, forman of the 'Star V' ranch had been kicked by a vicious broncho and was indulging in considerable profanity. The Rev. Escomb overheard and rebuked him. 'Chuck' instantly became abusive. The minister, nervous and irritable from his long, uphill struggle with the cattlemen, threatened him with a whipping. 'Lick me,' said 'Chuck' impressively, 'and I'll jine yer church!' 'Big Mike' Crane, another of the 'Star V' gang, and Charles Ranson, a local

tough and bully, heard the conversation and 'waded in' in the game on the same terms. It was Crane who suggested a cash donation of \$25 in aid of the clergyman's work of evangelization for each fight he won. It was probably the clerical cut of the pastor's garments rather than anything in his appearance that made the men so confident, for when they came to strip they could not help noticing that he was decidedly in the heavy weight class, and picked their best fighter to meet him first. Crane was their selection. The fight was fought in a corral outside of town, where there was no danger of interruption. A big crowd gathered to watch the result. Not much skill was displayed, but what the contestants lacked in science they made up in strength, courage, and determination. To every one's astonishment the Rev. Mr. Escomb forced the fighting from the start. Crane held his own during the first and second rounds, but came up groggy in the third, and was ignominiously knocked out in the fourth. Ranson made a better showing. He lasted seven rounds and mauled his antagonist severely. The latter won more by sheer endurance and indifference to punishment than by superior skill. Ranson entered the ring at the beginning of the seventh round badly blown and much annoyed by the flow of blood from a cut over the eye. The Rev. Mr. Escomb saw his advantage and, prevailing himself of his superior weight and reach, rushed his man rapidly about the ring, beat down his guards by pure force of muscle, and finally landed a blow on his jaw under which he went down and was unable to regain his feet. Perkins confessed himself beaten before he began fighting, and devoted most of his time to dozing the reverend gentleman's edge-hammer fists. The latter was considerably battered, but Perkins, who had at first considered himself sure of victory, completely lost his nerve when he saw Crane and Ranson fall, and would, as he afterward admitted, have kept out of the ring altogether had he been able to do so creditably. He went out after two easy rounds. The Rev. Mr. Escomb held his men strictly to their agreement, and all promptly paid their money and professed Christianity. Perkins and Crane took their defeat in excellent part, and the minister expresses all confidence in their conversion despite the unusual manner in which it was effected. Ranson is fallen and disheartened. He claims the clergyman fouled him, and it is doubtful if he will make a valuable or lasting addition to the evangelist's flock. The latter is an old Vermont, passed his boyhood on a farm, spent several years in the Wisconsin lumber camps'



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and bore the reputation in his youth of being an almost invincible rough-and-tumble fighter. He is now about 45 years old and weighed in at the ringists at 190 pounds. Crane is 32 years old and tips the beam at 219. Ranson weighed 168 and Perkins 180.

THE QUEEN'S BEAR LEADER.

Queen Victoria is very fond of her grandchildren, and their presence with her quite softens her heart toward all sorts of suitors in whom they take an interest. An amusing story which illustrates that statement is told by the London papers. One day not long ago, the queen, accompanied by her grandsons, the children of Prince Henry of Battenberg, was driving out of the grounds of Balmoral Castle, when just outside the gate they encountered a man who had a dancing bear, in order to exhibit which he had been way laying the royal carriage. The boys at once demanded the performance, and the Queen, somewhat against her own inclination, caused the carriage to halt while the animal went through its paces. When the performance was over, the Queen sent her footman with a sovereign for the man, which she was surprised to see him refuse. Asked what he wanted, the man said: 'I should like much better a certificate just showing that my bear had had the honor to dance before her majesty.' The Queen was not at all inclined to grant this somewhat presumptuous petition, but one of her grandsons again intervened. 'I don't see,' he said, 'why a bear should not have a royal patent. In Rome a horse was once appointed consul.' This display of schoolboy erudition delighted the aged Queen, but she wished to test his knowledge further. 'Well, well,' she said, 'tell me the name of the emperor who committed this act of stupidity, and your bear shall have his royal certificate.' It was Caligula, shouted the Prince. A servant ascertained the name of the

bear exhibitor, and that very evening a messenger brought him a document, and with the royal seal, which constituted him 'bear leader in ordinary to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, Ireland, Emperor of India.' This appointment, it is already resulted in large profit to the actual owner of the bear.

ELECTION CARDS.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of MAYOR. If elected I shall endeavor to administer civic affairs in a practical manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of our city. Soliciting your favor and support, I am, yours sincerely, WILLIAM E. WALLACE.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I will be a candidate for ALDERMAN AT LARGE. In the coming civic election, if you think I am so highly interested in the welfare of the city to represent you in the council and elect me I shall try and merit your confidence. Sincerely yours, J. W. KEAST.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of ALDERMAN AT LARGE. If elected I shall endeavor to administer civic affairs in a practical manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of the city. Soliciting your favor and support, I am, yours sincerely, J. B. HANN.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a number of citizens, I have decided to accept nomination for ALDERMAN OF KINGS WARD, and respectfully ask your support. W. C. R. ALLAN.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: At the last Civic election I received from you a vote as Candidate for Alderman for Lansdowne Ward, which in view of the fact that I was then unknown to many of you, and that I was also somewhat late in entering the field, was so large that I am encouraged to yield to the wishes of many of the electors, and again offer as a Candidate at the coming election. Respectfully soliciting your support, I am, Yours faithfully, JOHN M. SMITH. St. John, March 30th, 1899.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,840

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, APRIL 8th

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

THE BANQUET TO MR. COSTIGAN.

The dinner given in honor of Mr. COSTIGAN by his friends this week was a most enjoyable affair. Much of the success attending the function was no doubt due to the admirable arrangements of the committee which were such as to elicit praise from all those who attended.

There were many politicians present but politics were absent. Friend and foe, in a political sense, sat down together and united to do honor to a gentleman who for nearly forty years has taken part in parliamentary deliberations. The speeches were in the happiest vein and yet it was evident that many of them were carefully considered. The gentlemen who presided performed their part in a most graceful and fitting manner and imparted additional warmth of feeling to an audience that went there prepared to be enthusiastic. The tribute the chairman, Count DE BURY, paid to the guest of the evening when proposing his health was couched in the most admirable language and drew forth well merited cheers. MR. COSTIGAN was at home in his reply. While not an eloquent speaker, in this ordinary acceptance of the term, he addresses an audience in a plain, convincing, straight forward manner which is highly indicative of the character of the man. He must have felt deeply the honor that was being paid him for no man could receive such a spontaneous outburst of good feeling as was accorded him without being touched by it. His references in his reply were all in perfect taste. Any man who has spent 38 years in helping to govern his country might well be excused if he had something to say upon such an occasion of what he had assisted to accomplish. But in this respect MR. COSTIGAN was modest to a degree and in fact rather at his own expense eulogized those who had sat with him in the council of state. Very briefly indeed he spoke of the fact that the honor done him was all the greater because it was not confined to any particular party or section. Men belonging to both political parties were present and representatives from both the dominion parliament and the local legislature. As a matter of fact the gentleman who was MR. COSTIGAN's opponent in his last two elections in his own county was present to join in the honor tendered him.

If space permitted much comment might be made upon the subjects touched upon by other distinguished gentlemen present. The representative of the United States, Mr. MYERS, voiced the cordial sentiments now existing between the United States and England in singularly appropriate terms. Brief though his remarks were yet every sentence met with the hearty approval of those whom he was addressing. He had a good subject which he handled in an admirable way. The gentlemen who responded to the toast "The Parliament of Canada," were eloquent in their remarks. Their references too, to the guest of the evening were such as must have been most gratifying to him. Some political reminiscences were indulged in but all they indicated was that no matter how men may differ politically they can be warm friends personally. The personal equation, as one speaker remarked, cannot be separated from politics.

While there were many members of the provincial house present they did not have much of an opportunity to display their oratorical powers. We know that Messrs. EMERSON, TWEEDIE, WHITE, LABELLOU,

are good talkers and, judging from the brief but happy remarks that were made by some others the legislators had plenty of eloquence as compared at present. The duty of proposing this toast devolved upon Mr. REYNOLDS and he did it well. Mr. JOHN CORNOR must have remembered that he was an old alderman when he called upon his Worship Mayor SMITH and Alderman MCGOLDRICK to speak for the city, for his speech from that standpoint was very appropriate. Not less so the Mayor's reply and it fell to Alderman MCGOLDRICK's lot to relieve the monotony of earnestness that had fallen upon the gathering. He did this well and at the same time did not forget to pay a fitting tribute to his old friend, the guest of the evening. No doubt the chairman thought six hours at the dinner table quite enough at one time but his fact that several toasts were necessarily omitted deprived those present from hearing from many who are always worth listening to.

THE DISGRACE OF CHICAGO.

They had an election in Chicago Tuesday and the man who has been mayor for some time, CARTER H. HARRISON was re-elected. He was the democratic candidate and had the support of what is known as the Newspaper Trust which includes all the newspapers of Chicago except the Inter Ocean. According to the correspondents, reports sent to the press of large American cities. To many methods are not to be compared with those pursued in Chicago. One of them in describing the result wrote. 'Vice won in the election in Chicago to-day. The crooks and thieves and gamblers and blacklegs, with LAWSON and KOHLISAT and the News Trust supporting CARTER HARRISON and hiding the vice and the crime from the people, were invincible. CARTER HARRISON was re-elected MAYOR by not less than 40,000 plurality. Unless there is reform quick and sharp, and of which there is now no indication, Chicago is in for two more years of crime unequalled in any city in the country.'

"While LAWSON and KOHLISAT with the newspaper trust are chucking in their offices over their victory the criminals and the vicious are making night hideous with their celebration of the results. Crowds are parading the streets with bands and pictures of the victor. In many of the gambling houses lunches are being served. In every house of prostitution the inmates and the vicious patrons are drunk with joy and wine is flowing. In the badger houses and panel houses and knock-out joints business is suspended while the crooks celebrate the victory. Even the hold-up men are not working. The levee from end to end and from side to side to night is one grand carnival, where the criminal, the vicious and debauched cry out in happiness and drink deep, with wishes of long life for the public press, that by silence saves them from a popular uprising which would wipe them out." And the Chicago Inter-Ocean, a clean republican journal says that scandalous as the election of HARRISON may be it is nevertheless a fact that must be accepted and treated with all coolness and deliberation. "It means that we are to have two years more of incompetence, corruption, and fraud in every department of our municipal government such as has never been paralleled in the history of any other city on the globe. It means two years more of robbery by the letting of bogus contracts, two years more of fund-raising, two years more of prostitution of the civil service, two years more of police administration for the encouragement and protection of crime and vice and two years more of blackmail levying and tribute collecting in the slums. It means two years more of conditions in this city that are revolting to the minds and souls of the people who are not utterly blind to their surroundings."

This is pretty strong language and yet from the reports that come so frequently of late from this great western city it is evident that something is wrong with its administration.

Good Singers at the Banquet.

There were plenty of good singers at the Costigan dinner and their voices added much to the frequent outbursts of song in response to toasts. It did sound a little queer to have "For he's a jolly good fellow" started after the toasts to the governor general and the lieutenant governor but the singers were not responsible for that. Messrs. Keele, Lantalm, Lindsay and Kelly are well known local vocalists and Tuesday evening there was Mr. Payne, the private secretary of the Minister of railways who has a splendid voice that he uses well. If Mr. Willis had a larger dining room the dinner he serves would be per excellence but when cigars are lighted the area of the room becomes apparent at once. The decorations were in perfect taste and the arrangement of the table, the menu and the service must have given the greatest satisfaction.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Black-eyed Jean,
When first love's radiant star in eyes,
I try to lose my dark-eyed Jean;
In that sweet hour to memory dear,
My heart is throbbing ever near,
For thro' my eyes of love shall shine,
For thro' love's dream is ever mine,
And weary hours that intervene,
Until I see my dark-eyed Jean.
A then and time in words untold,
The language of my heart unfold,
Love's constant presence on wings unseen,
Still fly to thee my dark-eyed Jean,
Should I behold thee never more,
Should not my heart be brighter above,
My soul will cling to what has been
And then my life my dark-eyed Jean.
This golden hour by 'twas and still,
Who thought beyond my spirit's ill;
And in my silent soul I see,
I see again my dark-eyed Jean,
Alas, but he is not a day,
And highest bliss is not a day;
But evermore to thee my quest,
My heart will turn my dark-eyed Jean.
Beloved sleep, the silver moon,
Will see thy bridal morning soon;
The red rose tells us not as I low,
The love our souls united now,
The weak-eyed sight the golden world,
The splendor of its orient gold,
And his, ere long yet I leave the scene,
Good night, sleep on my dark-eyed Jean.
Cyrus Gold.

The Song of the Gunner.

She lies within her bracing, with her muzzle out
I see;
She is sleeping, darkly sleeping, in the sun;
She is waiting for the fiery touch that sets her thunder
free,
For the reckoning when her savage rest is done,
Oh, my dear, oh, my dear,
I shall bear your name yet.
When the foe shall set his broadside to my gun!
As I strike her iron shoulder, heaving with the
heaving deck,
From her throat a hollow murmur seems to start;
As I whisper, as I listen, with my arm upon her
deck,
Do I hear an in-breathing from her heart?
Oh, my dear, my dear,
When you speak by day or night,
Death from heaven—soul from body—strain apart.
Watching mutely through the midnight, watching
nearly through the day,
While a hooded blackness veils her eyes of fire,
As the tier, crouching dumbly, waits to seize the
gliding prey,
Holding in her throat the secret force of his desire,
To the lungs, set to stand
To the motion of my hand,
Till my summons wakes the tempest of her ire
When the call shall sound to action she shall
tremble in her breast;
When she sees me, for her heart and mine are one,
I shall loose her clogging binders,
I shall loose her
hoits the speed
Straight to read and strong to shatter, swift to
stan;
All her mighty throes shall thrill
To the passion of my will,
And my soul shall send the message of my gun!
Still she lies within her bracing, with her muzzle
cut to sea;
And I strike her till her steel shoulders shine;
And she shudders without creak of the iron that
shall be
When the foe shall set his broadside on her line,
Oh, my dear, my dear,
When I swing your round to sight,
Death shall follow, and your triumph shall be
mine!
—Marian Cuthbert Smith.

An Old Easter Bonnet.

I wish the Easter days were now like those that
once I knew,
When I saw the bonnet plain, with ribbon
When we walked to Sunday meetin' o'er the mead-
ows green and sweet,
Where lilacs waved in welcome, with violets at our
feet.
It ain't the fancy folk's mind so much—the bills
for birds an' fluffy feathers—all the fash now—
led trills;
For I know that fashion changes, that it rules the
world complete;
But the old-time Easter bonnet was so simple and
so true.
It ribbons matched the color of the blue sky over-
head,
An' the lips that smiled beneath it seemed to mean
the words they said;
The least that smiled so sweetly—never knowin'
any art—
An' the eyes whose sunny glances made a light
around my heart!
I've nothin' 'gainst the fashions—they've got to
have their day;
But I love the simple bonnets of the far an' far
away;
An' I think how she looked in 'em—there, in the
long ago,
I sigh, an' I see the Lord from whom all blessing's
used to flow!

Easter to the Children's Ward.

Over the still gray sky the glory of dawn was
breaking;
Slowly the pale little faces turned on their pillows,
Not for these the sweet spring morning over the
meadows;
Only the stark white coats, and sunlit wall, and
the shadows.
Not for these the stables and the arched fair with
wooden
Not for these the chanting of choirs to the organ's
thunder,
Not for these the flapping of wings in rainbow splen-
dor;
Yet were the Easter angles near with a greeting
tender:
White and pure they bowed in the sunlight's end-
ing gleam;
Sweet the children's silence they breathed the
Easter story.
Wan little faces flushed, smiling from pale's long
pines,
Up to the angels' lilies, answering "Christ is risen!"
—Yvonne's Companion.

An Easter Thought.

Teach us, O God, to work with these,
To bring Thy Kingdom to each heart,
In altruistic sympathy
To do our bit this year.
When clouds obscure some brother's life
May we arise to lighten there
To smile where sorrow has been rife,
And ease his daily care.
Love is the kind we here to day,
Where all are free to enter in
Who seek to tread the higher way,
Aloof from hate and sin.
"Thy Kingdom Come" we pray to thee,
Oh, may we gain it more this year
By the true faith military,
O, thy celestial power!
—A. E. Locke.

An Old Tale Retrimed.

As I've often seen the maiden in
With many lovers busy,
With her nose up in the air
And ask with quite a haughty stare,
"Who is he? Oh! who is he?"
At twenty-five she's more subdued—
With a respectful bow to every
"Will you please to be my
"Who is he? Oh! who is he?"
But at the age of thirty-five,
With her nose up in the air,
She works on in a distant place
And cries—when hearing of a man—
"Who is he? Oh! who is he?"

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

A BRILLIANT FIGHT.

With knives sixteen two inches on a
high platform.
I witnessed a brilliant fight between a
couple of Italian sawmill hands the other
day, said a resident of the Pearl river dis-
trict, who is interested in the lumber busi-
ness, and it was the most dramatic, spe-
cific and thrilling spectacle I ever laid
eyes on. Neither of the men was particu-
larly large, but they were lithe and sinewy,
and quick as lightning. How the row
originated I don't know; they had been
growing at each other for some time, and
on this particular day things came to a
focus while they were eating their lunch
on a raised platform just over the log
hoist. The platform was perfectly clear,
and if the scene had been arranged for a
play it couldn't have been better. I heard
the engineer call, and looked up to see the
two men, bent nearly double, and wheel-
ing around each other in rapid circles.
Their evident purpose in crouching was to
guard against a wound in the intestines,
and there, and there was something inde-
scribably ferocious and cat-like in the atti-
tude. They kept their left arms thrown
out as fencers, clutched their knives close
to their breasts, and glared silently into
each other's eyes as they passed and re-
passed in the quick, deadly manue-
vering of the fight. I was so thorough-
ly spellbound I never thought of inter-
fering, even had such a thing been possible,
and, after what seemed an interminable
period of suspense, and was really, I dare
say, only a few moments, the fighters
crashed together with a swift interplay of
blows, and one of them fell from the plat-
form. Before he could get up or the other
could get down we had them disarmed.
Both were badly punished, one having
nine body wounds and the other fourteen.
How they struck so many blows in such a
brief passage I can't imagine. They have
to knock matters all over from adjoining
cots, and are at present sworn friends.
It was the most exciting show I've seen for
a long time, but one goes a great ways.—
New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JOHNNY WAS INFORMED.

His Father had to Take a Back Seat for the
Nonce.
'Now that America has acquired her
vast possessions in the Antipodes, Johnny
I think—
'Father, I'm astonished! America's Anti-
podes are somewhere among the fishes
south-west of Australia, which is a far cry
from the Philippines.'
'Well, I was just going to say that this
hemp they grow in Manila—
'I ain't, hemp at all; it travels under
false pretences. Manila hemp is a variety
of the banana family.'
'Dear me, is that so? It's good cordage
all the same. Why, when I was out in the
Sandwich Islands, I—
'Father your enough to make Liliuokalani
shudder. No educated person says
Sandwich Islands now, unless to make
himself understood by those who don't
know that 'the Hawaiian Islands' is the
official and accepted name. Besides—
'Well, I suppose you'll be asking me
next to say 'Puerto Rico' just because the
Spaniards do.'
'Not at all. Porto Rico has been good
English usage for several centuries. It's
all right.'
'Glad you've passed on that question.
But if we go into Manila hemp growing
in a territory 6,700 miles from our
former limits—
'You mean 4,500 miles. You certainly
haven't forgotten that the United States
has long extended to the end of the Aleutian
Chain, and Attu is only about 4,500 miles
from Manila.'
'You're very kind. But speaking of
Manila hemp, they say that in Borneo, the
largest island in the world—
'It was when you studied geography,
father, but they've learned since that New
Guinea is larger than Borneo, and Green-
land is larger than New Guinea.'
'Great world this. Well, I was talking
with Brown about introducing Manila
hemp into tropical America, and he said
that on his plantation in San Salvador—
'Why, there are no plantations in the
city of San Salvador. If you mean the
country of which San Salvador is the capital
you should say Salvador.'
'Young man, your hat is getting too
small for you. If you don't stop making
my head ache with your erudition I shall
send you direct to Yiddisstock.'
'You don't mean direct, I should have
to trans-ship at Yokohama or Shanghai.
I think—
'Give us a rest, please, my son. I want
to read the paper.'
He had to Turn Something.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education
is one that educates for business. Few
people realize the amount of special train-
ing that is requisite to equip a young man
or woman for entrance into business life.
The Currie Business University of this city
will send free to any address a beautiful
catalogue giving valuable information re-
lative to the above subject.
This is the Great Offer.
Any person sending a new subscription
to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain
Progress for one year, and the Cosmo-
politan, McClure and Munsey magazines for
the same period with only one condition—
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dress.
Carpets, Carpets, Carpets
Renovated or dated, a perfect process
without injury to nap or pile. Colors, re-
stored. Stains removed. Curtains and
blankets 25c per pair. UNGAR'S LAUN-
DRY DYEING AND CARPET CLEANING
WORKS. Telephone 69
Underside of the...
Dress, 17 Waterloo Street.

is well authenticated, but I have never seen
credible. One evening, when he was
stopped at the door of her room on his way
to his own to deliver a message which had
been sent her, he discovered the old lady
in the darkness holding a "match" under the
cold water tap. When she came to the
light, in response to her "Oh, heavy"
she admitted that she had indeed first
matched and treated them in the usual way,
she said, "and all I know was that I had to
turn something on before I could light the
gas." And then she added, "I don't think
it was such a queer mistake after all."

Always Keep Cool.

Mr. John Morrison, a successful com-
mercial traveller, has spent a great part of
his career in hotels, and one of his theories
has been that the mind can be so trained
that an hotel fire ought not to distract the
reasoning faculties when presence of mind
is needed. He impressed his theory
strongly upon Mrs. Morrison by instruct-
ing her how to act if they were ever in a
hotel that was on fire. He and his wife
were aroused from their slumbers one
night by an alarm. The hotel in which
they had their room was on fire, and there
was great confusion and tumult among the
guests. 'Now is the time to put into
practice what I have always preached to you,
my dear,' said the gentleman. 'Don't get
excited. Put on all your indispensable ap-
parel and take your time. Don't lose your
head. Just watch me.' He called
Mrs. Morrison's anxiety, handed her
the articles necessary to her toilet, put on
his collar and cuffs, took his watch from
under his pillow and placed it in his pocket,
put on his hat, and walked with Mrs. Mor-
rison out of the burning building into the
street. 'Now, my dear,' he said, 'when they
were safe, "don't you see what a grand thing
it is to keep cool, and act with a deliberate
purpose in an emergency like this? Here
you are dressed, and over yonder are sev-
eral ladies in complete deshabille.' Just
then Mrs. Morrison for the first time
glanced at her husband. 'You are right,
John,' she said, 'it is a grand thing to keep
cool and act deliberately, but if I had been
you I would have stayed in the room long
enough to put on my trousers.'

Cared by Cold.

'Svere cold,' remarked a physician, is
an antidote for many disorders. During
cold weather dyspepsia, for instance, often
experience great relief, the sharp air
stimulating the secretion of the gastric
juice, or digestive fluid. This is, no doubt
the idea which underlies the 'freezing cure'
a method of treatment originated by M.
Pictet, a Swiss scientist. The treatment
consists in placing the patient in a sort of
metal bath or well, lined with furs. This
well is surrounded by an outer case form-
ing the receptacle for a mixture of acids
(sulphurous and carbonic), which are re-
duced from their original gaseous state
to a fluid condition, and kept a tem-
perature of more than 100 degrees
below zero. The patient surrounded by the
furs and the icy compound has no sensation
of cold whatever, but that the treatment
is of real value is shown by the large number
of well-authenticated cures effected. The
patients, in fact, have their diseases liter-
ally frozen out of them. The period of
treatment varies from five to fifteen minutes
and the number of applications is, of
course, governed by the necessities of each
individual case. The inventor claims that
after fifteen years of continuous ill health
he was cured by a course of eight sittings
into the well. If the invention is what it
is all the tests now being applied to: by it
may come into general use.

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Dress, 17 Waterloo Street.

ON ADDITIONAL "CITY NEWS, THE NEWS AND MARKET PRICES.



HALIFAX NEWS.

Prognosis for sale in Halifax by the newspaper and at the following news stands and centres.

Mr. J. A. Macdonald, barrister, has been called to the bar for a week by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Well, Miss Margaret White, Miss Minnie B. Ethel, and Sergt.-Maj. Mitchell and wife left for Boston last week.

Miss Irene Morrison and Master Aubrey Morrison, of St. Peter's are in the city.

Harvey S. Goudge, who is attending school at Acadia, Hortonville, is home on his Easter holidays.

Harold Hutchings of New York, a pupil of Acadia, also, is spending his Easter holidays in Halifax, staying at his aunt, Mrs. Parsons, Wilton street.

Allister Allen, son of Capt. J. M. Allen, another pupil of Acadia, and Master T. Johnston, son of Col. J. Johnston, are both home spending their vacation.

A. H. Payne returned from England via New York yesterday evening by the Dominion Atlantic E. R. from Yarmouth, having crossed the Bay of Fundy from Boston in the steamer Prince George.

Mr. J. H. Wood was also a passenger by the Prince George.

The musical event of the coming week is to be an evening with Shakespeare at the Orpheus next Tuesday. It is to be, in reality, the grand closing of the Shakespearean season, which has been conducted during the last several weeks so successfully by Rev. Dr. Black.

The musical part of the programme will be under the direction of Dr. Stayer, whose intimate acquaintance with the music of the Shakespearean era was thoroughly evidenced by the conservation of music. In this department he will be assisted by the leading vocal talent. Some of our best soloists will give readings from the great poet. So that in every sense we are promised a highly intellectual treat.

Mrs. Thomas Mowbray 49 Queen street, issued At Home invitations for April 8th, from 4 to 6 to 8.

Mrs. G. M. Smith 333 Brunswick street, has given invitations for Thursday evening April 14th.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]

April 5.—There was a very pretty wedding at Oxford on Thursday last at 10 a. m. at the residence of the bride's mother, when Margaret Bertha, second daughter of the late John Robb of that town was united to Howard the eldest son of James M. Robb of Amherst, Rev. P. D. Nowlin performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. The bride was dressed in white satin and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses and maidenhair fern and was given away by her brother W. G. Robb of Montreal. She was attended by Miss Lida Robb of the groom's sister and her own sister the Misses L. and Bessie Robb. The groom was ably supported by Mr. Harry Parry of this town. The bride who is very popular received a number of elegant presents. Mr. and Mrs. Robb left by the evening express for a two weeks trip to Boston and New York.

Mrs. W. Hazen Chapman and her daughter Marjorie of Dorchester spent Good Friday in town guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ingalls Bent, Church street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence C. Ates entertained a number of their friends very pleasantly at their pretty home Rupert street, on Wednesday evening last. There were two very pleasant afternoon teas on Wednesday given by Mrs. W. Black, Victoria street, and by Mrs. W. Kneay Chandler street.

Miss Tweedie's third literary hour came off on Saturday afternoon her subject being the life and works of that popular novelist "George Elliot."

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh B. McLaughlin of Truro spent the Easter holidays in town guests of Mrs. McLaughlin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Christie, Albion St.

Mrs. Fred Christie and children are spending a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Bent in Cincinnati, Ohio. Her sister-in-law Mrs. Chas. O'Black accompanied her.

Mr. George Hillcoat spends a few days in Sussex with her mother, Mrs. Little.

Mr. T. J. D. Moffat of the Dead Letter department, Halifax, spent Easter in town a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Barry D. Bent, "Hillside", Eddy street.

Miss Ma'el Black left last week to be absent a year in Washington, D. C. a guest of her uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. Wright.

Mrs. James Howard and her niece Miss Alice Smith spent the Easter holidays in Parrsboro.

Mr. J. T. Smith has returned from a business trip to Montreal.

Mrs. and Miss Webster of Petticoat spent Easter in town with Mrs. George Heustis, Crescent Avenue.

Mrs. Kinsey gave another pleasant afternoon tea on Tuesday.

Mrs. Marks of Moncton spent the Easter holidays in town a guest of her sister Mrs. J. H. Morrison, Victoria street.

Another interesting engagement has been announced.

Mr. Mark Curry of Bridgetown spent a few days in town with his friends, returning on Wednesday.

Miss Trotter left Victoria B. C. on April 1st. en route for Amherst where she will spend the summer with her parents Rev. T. B. and Mrs. Black. This is her first visit home since her marriage about eighteen months ago and her friends are prepared to give her a hearty welcome for as Miss Myra Black, who was a great favorite, Rev. Mr. Trotter has resigned the charge of the Baptist church in Victoria and will engage in missionary work in the Northwest for a few months before coming to Nova Scotia.

Easter dawned rather gloomily and kept the



There is a world of romance in the picture of a young girl reading her sweetheart's love-letters. In a multitude of cases, if her future could also be pictured, the picture would contain a world of pathos.

To the healthy, robust woman, marriage means happiness, the supreme joy of motherhood and the promise of a long, healthy life of helpfulness with the man of her choice. To the woman who suffers from disease, of weakness of the delicate and important organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood, wedlock means suffering and maternity death. Dr. R. V. Pierce is a famous and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y.

During that time, with the assistance of a staff of able physicians, he has prescribed for thousands of women. The institute of which he is the head is one of the greatest in the world. He is a regularly graduated physician and has practiced right in one place for thirty years. The esteem in which he is held by his neighbors is shown by the fact that they choose him for their representative in the National Congress. The regard in which he is held by those whom he has treated is shown by the thousands of letters printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, telling of the benefits derived from his treatment.

Dr. Pierce is the discoverer of a wonderful medicine for women, known as Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures all weakness and disease of the feminine organs. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones the nerves. Taken during the interesting period, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes lady's advent easy and almost painless. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. An honest druggist won't advise a substitute.

The profit side of life is health. The balance is written in the rich, red, pure blood of health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and make the blood rich and pure. They never gripe. By druggists.

As a rule, all day, yet notwithstanding all the unpleasantness, our friends tried the way to the great church, many attracted no doubt by the careful paper-tins, and elaborate display of flowers, and carefully prepared music. The altar in "Ch. Ist" church was a mass of exquisite flowers, the cross and vase being filled with roses, carnations etc. The fragrance filling the church. The entrance to the chancel was banked with pot plants. The music has rarely been so good, and much praise has rarely been expressed, and I regret to add that Mr. C. Hillcoat the organist leaves the week for Parrsboro.

The Y. M. C. A. have a literary entertainment this evening, when Miss Tweedie will give a reading. Having had a personal interview with Lieutenant Peary of Arctic fame, she will give an account of it and as she has had it published, and no doubt it will be interesting to the audience.

A bright and delightful party is coming off this afternoon from 4 until 8 given by Mrs. C. R. Smith, for her little daughter Rose at her pretty home Lawrence St.

Mrs. Lawson Coates gave an evening party last Wednesday at her home Rupert St.

The Edgell pupils who have been home for the Easter vacation returned to their studies today.

TRURO.

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

April 5.—Miss Marie McEneaney, is visiting her friend Miss McLaughlin.

Dr. J. B. Hall of the Normal school, spent the Easter recess in Halifax.

Mrs. Edward Walsh and the Misses Walsh, Acadia Misses, were in town one day this week.

Mrs. A. K. Archibald gave a large children's luncheon last Thursday evening. The large number present enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and it was long after the hour for departure, ere all adieux were said.

There was quite a large party for Progressive whist at "Scrinelsy" on Monday evening, enjoying Mrs. Reid's hospitality.

Miss Cecelia Dickie of the Ladies' College staff was enjoying the Easter vacation with home friends.

Mrs. Vincent of the Kindergarten department Springhill, was a guest at the Rectory during last week.

Miss Vane, Miss Cummings and Miss McLean have resumed their studies at the above mentioned institution.

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Miss Somerville, was at home, from Spring Hill, for the Easter recess.

Letters with a special interest for artistic students, will, very soon, be able to read them in a book of good instructions in the art, as Miss Bessie Taylor, of Halifax, one of Mrs. Kestey's most accomplished pupils, will soon be a studio model with every necessary employed in these branches.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Smith, Wolfville, are guests of Mr. Longworth at Lunenburg.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bonner, Matilda spent a few days of last week in Truro, guests of the late home friends.

Miss Mabel, Amherst, was a guest of her sister, Mrs. D. A. Bishop last week.

Mrs. Frank McMillan, South Matilda is a guest at the "Cedar" this week.

A dance for next week, Thursday evening is spoken of to be in the usual place, the Merchants Bank Building.

ST. JEROME AND GALLA.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of G. G. W. L. J. P. Truro.]

April 5.—Easter dawned bright and beautiful and in consequence the churches were filled all day with worshippers. At Christ church the final decoration was most tasteful, Easter Miss white carnations and roses, with pot plants were used with good effect. The pews and reading desk at Christ were covered with white silk banners and the church was in festival array. The singing was unusually good and the Rev. G. S. Newman preached sermons appropriate to the day. Trinity church was also filled with large congregations at both morning and evening services. There were no flowers, but a beautiful altar and window a gift from Mrs. Heam's Black and Mr. F. W. Andrews two prominent members of that church was seen by the congregation for the first time on Easter day. The singing was of a high order and the rector Rev. Frederick Robertson preached two elegant sermons suitable to the occasion. The Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches were beautifully adorned with flowers and the sermons and singing were specially prepared for Easter tide. The church of the Holy Rosary was also prettily decorated with foliage plants and the singing was especially fine.

Mrs. W. F. Todd gave a very pleasant party at her residence last evening for the pleasure of her school spending her vacation. There were about twenty guests and the evening was spent in the jolly game of untagging the members of a cobweb, other games were at an end and the party was most delightful in every way.

Mr. George J. Clarke went to St. John yesterday for a brief business trip.

Madame Chipman entertained at tea on Monday afternoon a party of lady friends.

Miss Belle Cole spent the Easter holidays with Mrs. E. B. Todd.

Mr. E. B. Snow has been spending a day or two in town this week.

Tonight the Grand Frolic Concert and ball given in the St. Croix Hall by the Calais High School will take place. Painless Orchestra of Bangor is to furnish the music, which is anticipated to be beyond the ordinary. The invitations have been out for the past two weeks and it is to be the swiftest affair of the kind given here for some time. The patronesses are Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. George Curran, Mrs. Charles Eaton, Mrs. Lenix Dexter and Mrs. Joan Clark Taylor.

Tomorrow evening the ladies of Trinity Church give a "Masonic Tea" very elaborate preparations have been made to make it a success, and as it is a novel idea it probably will be well patronized. It is reported that a Masonic hall is to be given here at an early date, in the Masonic Hall.

Mrs. J. D. Lawson is going to Halifax to visit her sister Mrs. W. D. Torrance.

Mr. C. H. Clark visited St. John this week.

Miss Mary Curran of Miss Wheelers Art School Providence Rhode Island is spending her vacation at her home in Calais with her parents, Hon. G. A. and Mrs. Curran.

Mr. W. F. Todd M. P. P. has returned to Fredericton.

Mrs. Elwell Lovell entertained the Travellers club on Monday afternoon and evening.

Mrs. Almira L. Todd invited a party of young people to spend Monday evening at her pretty home for the pleasure of her daughter Miss Bessie Todd, who is spending her vacation at home this week.

Mrs. Wilfred L. Eaton is visiting Boston this week.

Lady Tiley and Miss Winifred Howland spent Saturday at the "Cedar" the use of Madame Chipman.

Mrs. F. T. White gave a pleasant tea party on Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Willard B. King and Miss Maria Wain.

Mr. C. E. Bayden of Eastport made a brief visit in town on Friday, returning to Eastport on Saturday morning.

Mr. Gilbert W. Gabor M. P. arrived from Ottawa on Saturday and spent Easter in town.

Cheap Rates to Montreal

Just one cent invested in a First Class and directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a most ample book of their magnificent line of

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We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buying in large quantities enables us through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices.

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In writing your card mention Limit price Colors wanted Rooms to be prepared Day of Week.

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Established 46 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store 2411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL.

P. S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for C. J. & G. G. Potter, Dawson, England.

Miss Mabel Marchie is spending a week or two visiting in Boston and vicinity.

Mr. W. H. Torrance of Halifax is the guest of Judge Stevens.

Mr. and Mrs. James S. Whitlock have returned from their wedding journey arriving home on Tuesday morning, and are residing in their apartment on the corner of Water and Marks Street.

Miss Wain of Woodstock is the guest this week for a few days of Mrs. W. H. Stevens.

Mr. Percy Gill more and a brief visit in town during the past week.

Mr. Frank Davis has been enjoying a day or two fishing at Nash Lake.

Mr. Stephen A. Fayns of St. John spent Easter Sunday in Calais.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Colby have been visiting Portland this week.

Mrs. Frank Todd, is spending this week in Portland with her niece Miss Fannie Todd.

Mrs. H. G. G. Adams is gone to St. John to remain a short time for the benefit of her health.

Mrs. M. N. Cockburn of St. Andrews spent a day or two here during the past week.

Mrs. T. Thompson has returned from Boston.

Miss Eva Wright of Madras Hill, Sackville, is spending the Easter holidays here with her friend Miss Edith D. Instand.

Mrs. C. H. Newton accompanied by her daughter Miss Mary Mewson, has gone to Boston to spend this month in that city.

The Misses Annie and Kate Stevens, who have been absent for the past three months visiting relatives in Chicago, arrived home on Friday.

Miss Bertha Adams is among the young ladies who attend school away, who is now spending her vacation in Calais.

Mrs. George J. Clarke returned from Fredericton on Saturday. She was accompanied by her sister Miss Maude McKown, who returned to St. John on Monday afternoon.

Mr. H. F. Dowse has been visiting Bangor. Mr. Dowse has rented the handsome residence of Mrs. C. H. Newton on Hackley Hill, Calais, and will shortly occupy it.

Mrs. A. E. Nell who has spent the winter in the Southern States, is now in Boston, and is expected to return at an early date.

After a severe illness caused from an affection of the heart, Mrs. E. G. Yoom passed away last night at midnight. She leaves her husband, and a daughter and a son to mourn her loss. Mrs. Yoom was the daughter of the late William Howard of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. She was highly esteemed and appreciated by all who knew her, and since her residence here, has gathered a circle of friends around her among whom, she was a great favorite. She was forty-seven years of age. The funeral services will take place tomorrow afternoon at half past two o'clock.

ROXBORO.

April 5.—Special Easter services were held in the various churches in town, each church was tastefully decorated with flowers and appropriate music was rendered.

An interesting entertainment was held last night in the Methodist church under the auspices of the W. F. M. society, a large number were present besides the members officers of the society, music was a special feature of the program.

Geo. V. McLeamy M. P. spent the vacation at his home returning to Ottawa on Tuesday.

Mr. Robert Cochrane accompanied by his mother Mrs. John Cochrane went to St. John on Friday last and returned home yesterday.

Mr. Graham Jard no of Kingston spent Sunday in Moncton.

The friends of Mr. Robert Fleming are glad to see him out again after his recent illness.

Mr. J. Leggie of Chatham spent Sunday in town accompanied by Mrs. Robert Fleming.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial, not all his other writings)

ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LITTLERS" (Novels & stories published, edited by STEVEN COVILL)

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles.

RUDYARD KIPING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories.

GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL "The Story of New Orleans"—The "Illustrated" Magazine—Illustrated by HENRY.

SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated.

MRS. JOHN DREW'S Stage Reminiscences—Illustrated.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Characters of Aunt Hester Ann."

Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Glass"

ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Comic-story essays.

SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions.

C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of American Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists.

THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 7153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Is the best of all the preparations of Cod Liver Oil. It is pure, palatable and effective. Readily taken by children.

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

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

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

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

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT.

The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure the Grippe, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Sciatica, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Hemorrhoids, Catarrh and all Diseases of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes. PAIN PAINT is made purely of Bases, Herbs and Salts. It is just being introduced into Canada. A trial will convince. Sample sent on receipt of 10c. Agents wanted everywhere to sell this wonderful remedy. 50c to \$7.00 per day is guaranteed. Address:

HERB REMEDY CO., Westworth, N. S.

BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING.

15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS.

RECEIVED THIS DAY 25th APRIL 1899. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

At 19 and 23 King Square J. D. TURNER.

Maypole Soap Dyes

The English Home Dyes that compete on quality—and win. Clear, quick, brilliant, fadeless—they wash and dye at one operation.

Profitable to use. Free Book on "Home Dyeing" on application to Canadian Depot, 8 Place Royale, Montreal.

For sale everywhere.

AH Colors.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists furnish the money it takes to cure. See

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Prognosis for sale in ...

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Dear Little Children ...

Hanson's Juice ...

EVANS & S ...

RABBIT PEST IN AUSTRALIA.

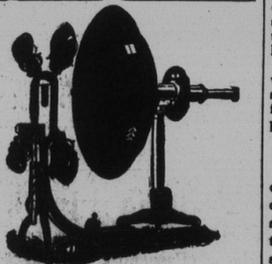
Feeding a Well-Armed New South Wales to Keep out the Pest.

Everybody knows what a terrible pest the rabbit has become in Australia. This little animal is an imported evil in the great British islands of the southern seas, for he did not exist among them until he was brought from England and turned loose to multiply in his new habitat.

This is an evil that sportsmen unwittingly inflicted upon the new country. It is well known that the Australasian countries are not rich in native fauna. After the British settlers began to arrive they gradually filled up the gaps in the local list of animal life by the importation of new wild and domestic species.

All of these varieties of animal life were a blessing to the country except the rabbit. The man who suggests a practical scheme for getting rid of this nuisance will make his fortune. A few years ago the Government of New South Wales offered a reward of \$125,000 for a feasible method of thorough extermination.

Efforts are continually making, however, to mitigate the evil, and among the devices that are beginning to be employed is a fence that is said to be rabbit proof.



CLOSING OUT PRICES.

- Solid Gold Frames, \$1.95
Best Gold Filled Frames, .80
Gold Filled Frames, .55
Aluminum Frames, .20
Steel or Nickel Frames, .05
Finest Lenses made per pair, .70

Will remain here a few days longer. -OPEN NIGHTS- Boston Optical Co., 25 King St.

The People's Faith

Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit - They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillings and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alternatives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Epilobium.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the best - in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c

PRIVATE MARKS IN WATCHES.

How Repairs are Told When and Where Work was Done.

There was a crowd around the counter of a jewelry store where watches are received for repairs. A woman who was evidently in a hurry made her way to the place where the man with the magnifying glass stood, and handed a little watch to him.

'Will you please tell me what ails this watch?' she asked.

The watch doctor opened the case deliberately, peered into the works, and said: 'It needs cleaning.'

'My! that seems strange,' said the woman, 'you cleaned it only a few months ago.'

'Is that so?' asked the man, and opened the case once more and made another examination with the aid of a miniature microscope.

Then he handed the watch back and said: 'We cleaned this watch in December, 1896, and it has not been in our hands since that time.'

'Is that so? I must be mistaken. but how do you know when it was cleaned last?'

The man explained that it was no trick of memory, but simply the result of a system. 'Whenever a watch is brought to us,' he said, 'to be cleaned, regulated, repaired, or fixed up,' we put a tag on it which is numbered to correspond with a number in our work book.

In the book we record the styles and make of the watch, the owner, what repairs are to be made, and the amount charged for the work, and when the workman finishes the job he puts the same number in microscopic figures on the edge of the inner case.

A letter or sign also shows what has been done to the watch. So, you see, when a watch comes here, we look for a mark of that kind, and when we find it we refer to the book, and there you are.'

The woman left the watch with the man of system, and when she had gone he said: 'That happens many times a day. We have the most untruthful people who say: "You guaranteed this watch for a year when you repaired it, and here it is out of order again." The glass usually reveals the fact that the watch was "dual to break" months and sometimes years ago.'

All watchmakers keep records and mark the watches which are placed with them for repairs, but no two have the same system. Some makers mark the watch with the name of the workman, and a record numbered after it; some mark the date and the workman's initial on the case, and others have signs in conjunction with these designations to show just what work has been done on the timepiece.

The system of marking and recording watches is of much service to the police also, and lost and stolen watches are identified daily by means of the watchmaker's private marks. -Chicago Inter-Ocean.

At What Age is Man Strongest.

The muscles, in common with all the organs of the body, have their stages of development and decline: our physical strength increases up to a certain age, and then decreases. Tests of the strength of several thousands of people have been made by means of a dynamometer (strength measurer), and the following are given as the average figures for the white race: - The 'lifting power' of a youth of seventeen years is 580lb., in his twentieth year this increases to 620lb., and in the thirtieth and thirty-first year it reaches its height, 656lb. At the end of the thirty-first year the strength begins to decline, very slowly at first. By the fortieth year it has decreased 8lb., and this diminution continues at a slightly increasing rate until the fiftieth year is reached, when the figure is 530lb. After the period of strength falls more and more rapidly until the weakness of old age is reached. It is not possible to give

statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as it varies to a large extent in different individuals.

CURIOUS ABOUT THE DEAD.

Unnatural Desire That Prompts Strangers to Invade the House of Mourning.

'Please, miss, may I see the die-lady?' The speaker was the biggest of a group of three diminutive street girls, and the door bell which had just peeped vigorously was hung with crepe. The reluctance with which, when finally convinced that the delight of seeing the die-lady was not for her, she led her little band of followers down the steps again was characteristic of a phase of public curiosity, but little known save to those who have personally experienced annoyance from it, but which is decidedly on the increase in Chicago.

Whether from religious, superstitious or merely curiosity-satisfying reasons, there are numbers of people in this city who make a practice of invading the houses in which death has entered, and peering the mourners with requests to inspect the body up to the door of the darkened house just mentioned except that same afternoon, no less than half a dozen individuals of this description, and of social grades and characteristics widely dissimilar.

'I should like to pay my respects to the dead,' explained the solemn and obsequious colored man, who tiptoed thither in the gathering dusk. This man evidently had an idea of indulging in a social ceremony of some kind, and was really hurt as well as indignant to find his modestly preferred request refused.

'It's so lucky to say a prayer by a corpse he had been doing all this talking; indeed, the young lady has not said a single word during the progress of the meal. It was possible that she was not interested in the subject - incredible, but still possible. "I am afraid I have been boring you with this talk of the shop," he said, in half apology.

'Oh, no; not at all,' was the pretty maiden's polite response. 'Only, what is gold?'

The American Soldier in Manila.

Some of the American volunteers in Manila have been possibly lacking in discipline, but they have not been without a rude Anglo-Saxon idea of justice in their relations with the people. A California paper has heard of an occurrence at Manila from some returning soldiers:

The city was crowded with American and Spanish soldiers, and they seemed to be on the best of terms. A native Filipino met a Spanish soldier on the bridge over the Pasig, and without provocation, spat in his face. The Spaniard was about to punish the native, when the Filipino ran to an American sentinel who was on guard on the bridge, and demanded protection.

It was sometime before the native could make himself understood, and then the American made a strict investigation into what had happened. When he had satisfied himself as to what the native had done, he handed his gun to the Spanish soldier, caught the native by the neck and the trousers, lifted him up, and threw him over the parapet into the river.

Then he took his gun from the Spaniard and calmly resumed pacing his beat as if nothing had happened, while the Filipino swam ashore and went his way.

Where Perfume Comes From.

It is an interesting thing to know that 4,200 species of plants are gathered, and used for commercial purposes in Europe. Of these 420 have a perfume that is pleasing and enter largely into the manufacture of scents and soaps. There are more species of white flowers gathered than of any other colour - 1,124 in all. Of these 187 have an agreeable scent, an extraordinary

'Look here, my man,' said the colonel, remonstratively, 'why in the devil do you engage in this kind of funny business? You're too good a man to ruin yourself in this way. You're the best first sergeant I've got in my command, and here you've gone and acted so again that I've got to break you. Why don't you quit it? Why will you persist in getting drunk every day? Why don't you drink like I do now?'

'Because, sir,' replied the top sergeant, with a grin, 'if I did I'd be dead in a week.'

The 'old man' grinned and walked off, and the first sergeant was not 'broke' that time. -Washington Post.

A Much Maligned Beverage.

'Death in the tea-pot.' Well, cheap tea - stored in lead-lined kegs - caused the saying. Good tea properly drawn, is a wholesome, as well as palatable drink; but it must be good, for instance, Tait's Elephant Brand Indo-Orizony Tea.

What She Wanted to Know.

At a dinner party, not long ago, a certain young gentleman (an enthusiastic golfer) started off with the white bait to enumerate to his partner the details of a match that he had been playing that day. It was not until the dessert was brought

Advertisement for 'Quick Easy Washing' soap. Features an illustration of a woman washing clothes and text: 'No other soap on earth can do your washing so quickly so easily so satisfactorily - AS SURPRISE SOAP. It's a pure, hard, harmless soap, too. It will lengthen the life of your choicest linen. Only 5 cents for a big cake. Remember the name "Surprise." SURPRISE LIGHTENS LABOR'

on that he suddenly berought himself that he had been doing all this talking; indeed, the young lady has not said a single word during the progress of the meal. It was possible that she was not interested in the subject - incredible, but still possible. "I am afraid I have been boring you with this talk of the shop," he said, in half apology.

'Oh, no; not at all,' was the pretty maiden's polite response. 'Only, what is gold?'

A Colonel's Song.

Last Valentine's Day, all things being gay, Young Richard he mounted his dapple gray, And away he rode to Woodhouse Lee The parson's daughter Jane to see. Young Richard he put on his necessary clothes, His shoes, his peruke, and his hose, Likewise a hat upon his head, A d'raze with ribbons, green and red. Young Richard he rode abroad in state, At length he arrived at the parson's gate; A trusty servant ushered him in, This humorous courtyer to begin. Young Richard he strode about the hall, And so on for Miss Jane did call. Miss Jane came tramping down straightway: 'And, pray, sir, what have you to say?' Young Richard he bowed and kissed her hand, 'I'll consent to be my wife, I am sure we'll lead a happy life.'

'If I consent to be your bride, pray, how long will you provide?' 'For I can neither sew nor spin, Nor can I do one earthly thing - Oh, I can hedge and ditch and sow And sometimes to the market go With Farmer Johnson's red and bay And earn me a sixpence every day. "Sixpence a day won't buy us bread," "God forbid," says Dick, "I'll be a mark of bread." This humorous courtyer pressed them quiet: It caused them all to laugh outright Young Richard he had no more for to say, So he mounted his dapple and galloped away.

Carrie Lee.

Memories of past days come o'er me, They are sad to tell; And methinks she's now before me, Whom I loved so well. Ah! those days with joy were laden, Despair't joy to me; For there was a little maiden, Gentle Carrie Lee.

Ah! she tripped at sunset's glowing, By the river's side, Leaving well to hear the flowing Of her rushing tide. Gave she there one summer even, All her love to me; Angel now - for 'tis in heaven, Lovely Carrie Lee.

Surely her young heart was lighter Than should long be here; Surely her pure soul was brighter Than mine to her near. Ah! the moments pass but lowly, And are they to me; For sweet rose lips, that lately, Grave of Carrie Lee.

Advertisement for 'Bad Blood' medicine. Text: 'Bad Blood is a good thing to be rid of, because bad blood is the breeding place of disfiguring and dangerous diseases. Is your blood bad? You can have good blood, which is pure blood, if you want it. You can be rid of pimples, boils, blotches, sores and ulcers. How? By the use of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the radical remedy for all diseases originating in the blood. "Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me by my physician as a blood purifier. When I began taking it I had boils all over my body. One bottle cured me." BOMBER CRAFT, Wesson, Miss. Take Ayer's Sarsaparilla'

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1899.

Quick Easy Washing.

No other soap on earth can do your washing so quickly so easily so satisfactorily as SURPRISE Soap.

It's a pure, hard, harmless soap, too. It will lengthen the life of your choicest linen.

Only 5 cents for a big cake.

Remember the name "Surprise."

Large proportion. Next in order come yellow blossoms, with 951, seventy-even of them being perfumed. Red flowers number 823, of which eighty-four are scented. The blue flowers are of 686 varieties, thirty-four of which are perfumed, and the violet blossoms number 508, thirteen of which are pleasantly odoriferous.

The man who is always trying to create sensation will very soon get so that he can't create even a disturbance.

A Colonial Song. Valentine's Day, all things being gay, young Richard he mounted his dapple gray, and away he rode to Woodhouse Lane, the parson's daughter Jane to woo. Young Richard he put on his rosy clothes, his shoes, his periwig, and his hose, like-wise a hat upon his head. (Chorus) With ribbons, green and red, young Richard he rode abroad in state, and though he arrived at the parson's gate, his trusty servant ushered him in, his handsome courtship to begin. Young Richard he started about the hall, and so in for Miss Jane did call. Mistress Jane came tripping down straightway, and, pray, sir, what have you to say? Young Richard he bowed and he kissed her hand, and she, madam, you soon shall understand. You consent to be my wife, I am sure you'll be a happy life. I consent to be your bride, pray, how far will you provide? I can neither sew nor spin, nor can I do one earthly thing. Oh, I can hedge and ditch and sow and sometimes to the market go. Oh Farmer Johnson's corn and hay and such a crop as a dapple every day. I expect a day won't buy us meat. And socks, says Dick, 'tis a week of what is in our country. I expect a week of what is in our country. I expect a week of what is in our country. I expect a week of what is in our country.

Carrie Lee. Memories of past days come o'er me, they are sad to tell; And methinks she's now before me, Whom I loved so well. Ah! those days with joy were laden, Deeply joy to me, For I met her in a garden, Gentle C. r. a. Lee. Ah! she tripped at sunset's glowing, By the river's side, Loving well to hear the flowing Of her rushing tide. Gave me love one summer even, All her love to me; And I'll never-forget her in heaven, Lovely Carrie Lee. Surely her young heart was lighter Than a feather on the breeze; Surely her pure soul was brighter Than those to her near. Ah! the moments pass but slowly, And are they to me, For sweet roses like the lovely, Grave of Carrie Lee.

because bad blood is the most dangerous disease. Is a good blood, which is pure a be rid of pimples, boils, etc. By the use of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla remedy for all diseases recommended to me by Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass. Sarsaparilla

ONE DETECTIVE'S SKILL.

TWO BANK ROBBERIES CLEARED UP BY JOHN JOURDAN.

Search for Langdon Moore, Who Stole \$200,000, the Great Heist from a Massachusetts Bank, Commenced After Arrest—Price of \$100,000.

Nowadays you hear a good deal about the sleuthing abilities of such and such a detective, said the retired Detective S. R. Grant, because the Hawkshaw of the times are always making grand-stand plays and trying to get their names into print. In my time, in the sixties, newspaper reporters were not so numerous, and it wasn't the custom, anyway, to tell all you know. But times have changed and so has the caliber of the detectives. The sleuths of the sixties had to deal with real crooks, not petty larceny thieves, but men who got away with thousands in one haul. Bank checks and safe crackers were then in their glory, but they have passed away.

To combat the cleverness of the crooks of those days New York city was blessed with a mighty clever detective in the person of John Jourdan, who was afterward Superintendent of Police. Jourdan was the Sherlock Holmes of his time, and, in my estimation, no other man has succeeded in filling his shoes, and I have known all his successors from Tim Irving down to George McClusky. I knew Jourdan well, worked under him, in fact, and probably enjoyed his confidence more than any other man in the department. That's why I speak authoritatively about him. The man has been forgotten, and the latter-day historians of crooks and crime never mentioned the great work he did, because they knew his cleverness would make their own work look mighty commonplace. I am familiar with the details of two big bank robberies in which Jourdan nabbed the thieves, and I am going to tell you about them.

Jourdan was the Captain of the Sixth precinct when he did his greatest detective work. The sixth precinct station house was situated then in the Sixth ward, at 9 and 11 Franklin street, between Baxter and Centre streets. The sixth precinct was known as the Bloody Sixth because of the numbers of murders committed there. Most of the crooks made the district their headquarters. There was a Detective Bureau then, as there is now, but when there was a big job to be unraveled Jourdan was the man called on. In 1865 the Concord National Bank of Massachusetts was entered in broad daylight while the cashier was at luncheon, and \$306,000 in bonds and money stolen. The thieves left no clue and the local police requested the assistance of the Boston police. Private detectives were set at work on the robbery, but the made no headway. Suspicion finally fell upon the cashier, but he was a man of such integrity that the directors of the bank refused to believe that he had any hand in the robbery. The detectives at work on the same case came to the conclusion evidently that the job was the work of New York crooks and Boston police asked the New York authorities to catch the thieves. John A. Kennedy was at that time Superintendent of Police in this city. He ignored the local Detective Bureau and called upon Jourdan to find the bank robbers.

Jourdan went to Concord to look the ground over. He learned that on the day of the robbery a strange horse and buggy were driven up in front of a hardware store directly opposite the bank, about the time of the robbery, and the driver entered the store and bought a pound of nails. The stranger talked with the proprietor of the store ten or fifteen minutes and drove away with his purchase. A few minutes before the buggy appeared in front of the hardware store the cashier of the bank noticed the way had locked up shop and still at home for luncheon. A little girl of 11 years knocked at the bank door five minutes after the cashier left, having been sent with a message to the cashier. The bank door was opened by a stranger who asked the girl what she wanted. The child said she was looking for the cashier. 'Come back in an hour, little girl,' said the man inside the door. The cashier has gone home to get dinner.

The child went away. She didn't pay any attention to the man's looks and probably couldn't have described him if she had. These were the only clues Jourdan had to work on. He was satisfied the bank was sacked off by one man, and that the stranger in the buggy who waited across the way

to divert the store keeper's attention was his pal. The man who did the trick was clever. He opened several doors leading into the bank with duplicate keys and got to the safe. The cashier was in the habit of marking the combination of the safe on a piece of paper pasted on the side of the safe every time he locked up. The thief had become familiar with this fact, and once inside his work was easy. After removing everything of value he locked the safe doors and went away, carefully locking the safe doors leading into the bank on his way out. When the cashier returned everything apparently was as he left it. When he opened the safe and found it empty he gave the alarm.

These were the facts as Jourdan gathered them. He was satisfied that the cashier was an honest man, and he came back to New York to look all the crooks over. Jourdan knew them all, and they were afraid of him. All the bank sneaks clever enough to turn off a job like the Concord Bank were accounted for but one. He was Langdon W. Moore, alias Charley Adams. Moore was one of the smartest crooks in the country. He had some education, had a good address and was an expert penman. He was rated as a bank sneak and forger. Jourdan knew that Moore owned a farm at Natick, Mass., and to the farm he went. He went in the front door of the farmhouse, and Moore made his exit by a rear door. Jourdan got a glimpse of him going across fields, and it was the last time he saw him for nine months.

Moore's unwillingness to be seen convinced Jourdan that he was on the right trail. The Captain came back to this city and reported to Superintendent Kennedy. The Super told Jourdan to keep after Moore until he landed him. Jourdan said he would need several men to help him, and Kennedy told him he could have all the help he wanted. Jourdan selected George Elder, now dead, and Pat Dolan who is on the retired list, both of whom were doing detective work in the headquarters Bureau, John Dunn, who was afterward broke and is now cowpunching in the West and Mark Haggerty, the present doorman in the Tenderloin station, were both patrolmen in the Sixth precinct and Jourdan detailed them to help. The four picked men, with Jourdan himself, knew every crook in the country.

They worked for several months trying to get some trace of Moore, but he seemed to have fallen into a hole and pulled it in after him. They watched his former friends closely but learned nothing of value. A crook named Bouton, who palled with counterfeiters and was known as a shover of the queer, was watched closely. Jourdan waited, and when he thought it was about time for Moore to begin to get rid of the stolen bonds he concluded to arrest Bouton. Bouton was pinched one night and taken to the sixth precinct station house. When he was searched he had on his person \$1,000 worth of 25-cent counterfeit stamps, better known as shimplasters.

Jourdan told Bouton that he wanted to buy some bonds and asked him if he could get them for him. Bouton said he knew a man who had some to sell and he would buy them if Jourdan would promise not to prosecute him for having counterfeit money in his possession. Jourdan was an honest man, and as counterfeiting was a United States offense he could make no such promise. Bob Murray was then United States Marshal. He was consulted, and he agreed to let Bouton go free if he would tell where the shimplasters were made. Bouton squealed and Murray raided the plant. Then Bouton was turned loose and Jourdan gave him money to buy a couple of bonds.

Bouton returned in a few days with two bonds. Jourdan sent after the Concord Bank officials and asked them to identify them. They couldn't. The bank people were positive that the bonds were part of the stolen lot, but the numbers had been changed so cleverly that they couldn't positively identify either bond. This was as Jourdan expected, and he was a one bit discouraged. He summoned Bouton and ordered him to begin negotiations with Moore's supposed emissary for the purchase of \$40,000 worth of bonds. It took Bouton some time to make the connection but he finally reported that the bonds would be delivered on a certain night at the corner of Third avenue and Twenty-sixth street. The go-between was to deliver the goods to Bouton, who had agreed

THE WISDOM OF EARTH POINTS TO PAINES' CELERY COMPOUND

The Great Nerve Builder and Blood Purifier.

ITS USE IN APRIL RECOMMENDED BY THE ABLEST PHYSICIANS.



to buy them. Jourdan dismissed Bouton and told him to return to get the money to buy the bonds on the day of appointment.

When Bouton appeared next at the station house Jourdan ordered him locked up, much to his surprise. That night Jourdan and his men kept the appointment with the man who had bonds to sell. They arrested him, threw him into a cab and hustled him down to Franklin street. There he was searched and a lot of the stolen paper was found on him.

'Where's Moore?' asked Jourdan. 'I don't know,' said the go-between. 'Well, I'll give you five minutes to find out,' said Jourdan. 'You're in a bad fix. This stuff found on you was stolen from a bank and you're liable to go up for twenty years.'

Bouton was brought in, and at sight of him the go-between threw up his hands. He agreed to tell where Moore was located if he was not prosecuted for having the paper in his possession. Jourdan made this promise and the go-between told where Moore was and exactly how to reach him. Then he was locked in a dark cell, as was Bouton. Neither man was allowed to communicate with his friends on the outside.

The next night at dusk, Jourdan with his four picked aides started for Moore's hiding place. Moore lived in New Jersey, eighteen miles from Camden, in the village of Paulsboro. He lived in a pretty little cottage off the main road. His house could not be seen from the main road, as a growth of woods obscured it. The house fronted on the Delaware River.

To the people of Paulsboro Moore was known as a retired business man named Sherman. He lived there alone with his wife, who was known to the police as Becky Moore. She was the widow of Dan Cunningham, a noted bad man of his day, and the daughter of Bill Sturges, an old English sneak thief and burglar. The couple lived in some style. They had a team of fast horses and employed one male servant, who acted as coachman or cook as the occasion demanded. Jourdan had arranged to arrive at Moore's hiding place at daylight. He got there at dawn and instructed his men just what he wanted them to do. To Policeman Haggerty he gave the job of going into the house and nabbing Moore. The Haggerty of those days was a big muscular chap who would rather fight than eat. He was to enter the house by the rear door. Dan and Dolan were assigned to cover the rear of the house and Jourdan and Elder went to the front.

'Be careful, Haggerty,' said the Captain. 'You're up against a tough man who'll kill you if he thinks there is a chance of escape.' 'When the men were all at quarters

Haggerty rapped on the rear door. There wasn't any answer to the first rap and he knocked again. A window in the upper part of the house was opened and the owner of a musical voice said softly: 'Gentlemen, I know the object of your visit. I'll be with you in a minute.'

Haggerty banged on the door again. It was opened by the male servant. Haggerty shoved a revolver against the man's head and order him to show the way to his employer's room. The servant was frightened and started to do as he was ordered. He led the way through a kitchen and dining room into the hallway. As Haggerty stepped into the hall, watching intently the servant, he was commanded to halt. Standing on the stairs near the top was Moore, with a revolver in each hand and both guns pointed at the policeman.

'What are you doing in my house?' asked Moore coolly. 'I came here to see you,' replied the policeman, who had his nerve with him. 'Well, I don't know you,' said Moore, 'and I'll give you five minutes to get out.'

'Maybe you know these two men,' said Haggerty, pointing to Dunn and Dolan, who were trailing Haggerty and had just stepped into the hall. 'No, I don't,' said the crook, covering the three men with his guns.

'Well, Capt. Jourdan and Elder are out in the front of the house,' said Haggerty, 'probably you know them.'

'If that is the case,' said Moore, pocketing his revolvers, 'I'll come down.' 'Moore opened the front door himself and in walked Jourdan and Elder. To Jourdan Moore handed his revolvers.

'I knew I had a fighting chance, Captain,' he said in his quiet way, 'until I learned you were out here. Then I knew the game was up. I got away from you once and I knew I couldn't do it again.'

Moore was handcuffed, and Jourdan left Elder, Dunn and Dolan to take care of him. The Captain and Haggerty went through the house. In Moore's room they found a cylinder stove. The stove was red hot. Moore's wife was in the room fully dressed. She greeted the Captain cheerfully. Jourdan looked at the red-hot stove. There was nothing inside but ashes. Moore and his wife had burned every bit of evidence of crookedness. The house was searched from cellar to garret, but nothing was found. Becky Moore got breakfast for her husband's captors, and then Jourdan, Haggerty and Dolan started away with their prisoner. Elder and Dunn were left behind to search for the remainder of the stolen bonds. Nowadays it is necessary to have extradition papers to get a crook from one State into another, but Moore was hustled into New York without this formality. On the way he offered Jourdan \$100,000 for his liberty. Jourdan couldn't be bought. Moore admitted his guilt in a confidential talk with Jourdan and said his partner in the bank robbery was 'English' Harry Howard, a notorious crook with a reputation on two continents.

After the robbery Howard shipped to Canada, taking with him that part of the spoils that was in cash. Moore kept all the stolen paper. 'Moore's arrest didn't cause him to lose his nerve. The bank people were sent for, and after parleying for two weeks with Moore they finally agreed to give him \$20,000 in cash and not prosecute

him if he returned what bonds he still retained. To this proposition Moore agreed. Three weeks after his arrest he was taken from the dark cell in which he had been confined since his capture to his home at Paulsboro, N. J. In the presence of Jourdan and his men he unsharped stolen bonds of the value of \$199,000. He had divided the bonds into two lots and placed them in metal jars. One of the jars he buried six feet deep on the bank of the Delaware River right in front of his house. The other jar was dug from the earth in his barn. He turned the \$199,000 worth of paper over to the bank people and got his liberty and \$20,000 in return.

The second bank robbery to which I referred was the looting of the Bowdoinham National Bank of Maine. This occurred a short time after the Concord Bank affair. Three men took part in this job. To the police they were known as Rory Simms, 'Fairy' McGuire and Dave Bartlett. They got into the bank late one night, but couldn't force the safe. They knew where the cashier lived, and they went to his house. The cashier, his wife and the infant child were in bed. The trio of crooks noiselessly entered the house and went to the sleeping room of the cashier. The infant child was lying asleep between the parents. One of the ruffians lifted the child out of the bed and put a dagger to his head. The child's parents were ordered to keep quiet if they valued the life of their offspring. The cashier was forced to get up and dress. Then two of the fellows took him to the bank. They ordered him to open the safe. The penalty for refusing was the death of his child. He opened the safe and the two thieves looted it. They gagged and bound the cashier and left him in the bank. Then they went back to the cashier's house, where the third member of the gang was on duty with a knife at the infant's head.

The child's mother was almost insane from fright. She kept her eyes constantly on her child and the knife poised ready to take its life. The child was finally given back to its mother and she was informed that her husband was safe. If the wife made an outcry her husband was to be murdered. The thieves got away and came to New York.

After vainly working for months to try and capture the thieves the local and State authorities asked the aid of the New York department. The job was intrusted to Jourdan. He brought the cashier on to New York, disguised him and showed him every crook in town. In two weeks Jourdan had captured the three men and had them on the way to Maine. When Jourdan's men went to arrest McGuire he pulled a knife on the officers. That knife was afterward identified by the bank cashier's wife as the weapon that was to send her child to eternity and was the means of sending the trio to jail for fifteen years.

Editor S. 'Why do the roses fade slowly away?' she inquired passionately. 'Well,' replied the bald-headed young man with wide ears, 'when you think it over it's all for the best. It's more comfortable to have them fade slowly away than to go off all at a sudden like a torpedo.'

Politics may make strange bedfellows, but they are always willing to lie on their own side.

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

THE FOLLOWING

In a year or two chapters a ready published; it will enable new readers to follow the course of this...

It is a year or two chapters a ready published; it will enable new readers to follow the course of this...

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from Royal Heath to see Mr. Martin, and in the...

It was the day of the inquest. A little crowd of people were standing...

CHAPTER XXV. CONTINUED. He knew not what he expected. He had refused to believe that anything...

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Matherell Court, while through the country side the news was fast travelling...

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"You are in custody, Mr. West," he said. The meaning of the words came to the...

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tion, or, no doubt he also would have objected.

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A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills...

TOO WEAK TO SEW...

An Ottawa Lady Relates Her Experience for Benefit of Others. Mrs. William A. Holmes, 830 Concession St., Ottawa, Ont., testifies as follows...



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating...

Sunday Reading

Only a Working Girl. She's only a working girl, busy each day in getting her portion of bread; Her mother is old and infirm, so they say, Her father, they tell me, is dead.

Hetty's Self-Denial Dollar.

It was Missionary Day in Sweetbrier Church. The Sunday schools in the district to which Sweetbrier belonged had undertaken to support a home missionary of their own out among the wilds of the far West, and Sweetbrier's quota having fallen short, the scholars were invited to make a special offering on that day—a self-denial offering—large enough to redeem the good name of the school, and at the same time add to the comfort of the missionary's family by paying in full the amount promised.

Last Saturday evening Nannie Welsh told her that Susie Hill had earned a quarter by staying at home from the children's concert, and that she, herself had denied herself to the amount of fifty cents by doing without sugar in her coffee. 'But you could not use fifty cents' worth of sugar in two weeks,' said Hetty, a little envious of Nannie's success.

'I didn't say I could,' snapped Nannie, hurrying home to ask her own mamma if there was anything to be done by which she might earn a half dollar. But there wasn't, the time was too short, so Hetty told her father about the money that was to be raised, and without asking her any questions he gave her a half dollar, and Uncle John who had come to spend the night, added another half dollar to her father's gift, and Hetty went to bed, pleased that her offering would be larger than either Susie's or Nannie's on the morrow.

The teacher gave her an approving look when she handed in her dollar, and thought Hetty was a good little girl and thought she loved the Saviour, she felt very important when it was announced that one little girl had actually earned a whole dollar by her self-denial efforts.

Then the pastor spoke a few encouraging words, and very tenderly reminded the donors that Christ was sitting over against the treasury and knew all about the little sacrifices they had made for his sake; every act of self-denial has been seen by him, and the motives which prompted such acts were well understood by him as though each boy and girl had told him all their thoughts.

'Oh, dear! Then he knows that I did not deny myself to earn that dollar,' said Hetty, under her breath. 'I feel just like as if I had told a lie, and his eyes were looking right down into my heart. I wish I'd told Miss Allen how I got it.'

Just then the bell rang and Hetty went to her father's seat, for she had been taught to stay for the church service. But she did not hear much of the sermon that day; for no matter where she looked, she felt that Jesus' reproving eyes were upon her, and that he would not accept that dollar which she had dropped into the treasury.

Doctors now agree that consumption is curable. Three things, if taken together, will cure nearly every case in the first stages; the majority of cases more advanced; and a few of those far advanced.

The first is, fresh air; the second, proper food; the third, Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil with hypophosphites. To be cured, you must not lose in weight, and, if thin, you must gain. Nothing equals Scott's Emulsion to keep you in good flesh.

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

'I can never, never be happy again until I can tell Miss Allen, and maybe she will take the dollar out,' she soliloquized. With this thought still uppermost in her mind, she sought her teacher as soon as the service closed and with a heavy heart said, 'Miss Allen, can't you get that dollar back?'

'Back? echoed Miss Allen in surprise. 'Why, Hetty dear, you are not sorry you gave it to Jesus, are you?'

'Oh, no! not that,' sobbed Hetty, but I did not do without something I wanted, to earn it. Papa and Uncle John just gave it to me, and I made believe I earned it.'

'Oh, you did not say how you got it, returned Miss Allen soothingly.

'No, but I acted like as if I had denied myself to save it, and when Mr. Bay told about it and looked at me, I was pleased and wanted everybody to know who that little girl was. Won't you tell Mr. Bay and Uncle John? You know Jesus is sitting over against the treasury, and he knows I tried to deceive you and him, too.'

'I'll tell him,' said Miss Allen, quietly. 'And then Jesus will forgive me?' questioned Hetty, looking keenly into her teacher's face.

'Yes, dear, if you ask him, I am sure he will,' responded the teacher, deeply moved. 'I have asked him over and over again,' said Hetty, as Miss Allen crossed the aisle to the superintendent.

'I must be more careful about the requirements I make in the future,' said Mr. Bay, after listening to Hetty's confession through her teacher. 'Perhaps she is not the only little one offended in the days offering. Self-denial gifts are always acceptable to the Master, but there is no safer way of teaching children to give than the one laid down in the Bible—that of systematic tithing, and it is as safe as it is sure.'

By Faith—Not by Sight. In his description of the antediluvian patriarchs in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, Paul writes—'These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off.' This experience is the common lot. Certainly it is a grievous disappointment not to receive a good for which we have toiled long and ardently; to see it in the distance, hoping in events near at hand, yet not enjoying the fruition of its accomplishment.

When, at the close of the battle on the Heights of Abraham, General Wolfe's life was ebbing away through the gaping wound, he heard the cry, 'They fly! He inquired, 'Who fly?' and when told 'The enemy,' he said, 'Then I die content.' Yet he died without himself entering into possession of that for which he fought.

We are now as it appears at the end of the ebb tide of business, and the inflow has set in;—at least business men of all pursuits tell us it is so, and we are bound to believe them, especially in view of the proofs supporting their statements which are seen on every hand. And yet there is always room for unfulfilled desire, for unsatisfied expectation. Succeeded as we may in one direction, there is always loss to be encountered in another. The merchant makes his profit on one line of goods; he as surely counts loss in another. So it is, we accumulate money, it may be, but we lose the beloved relative or friend whose value nothing can supply. Perhaps we are ambitious; our sons shall occupy positions of honor, our daughters shall be settled in happy homes; but years roll by and on, and these things so greatly desired are not realized.

It is perhaps not occasion for great surprise that these unrealized ideals should disconcert us. But they really ought not to. Rather they should serve to warn us not to be so confident in ourselves as to lose sight of Him with whom lies the ordering of our way. Let us not be self-

confident in despair. We are often apt to regard life a failure because we have not wrought out our ideal pattern. But this may involve the failure of our plan, not God's. Assuredly, it is true of all the faithful servants of the Lord, that they build better than they know. One of the wonderful revelations of the future will undoubtedly be the discipline of denial. From childhood to old age we are constantly passing through this disciplinary process; yet it destroys our fancies, detaches our idols, and blasts our expectations. Albert Barnes once remarked that his life had been wholly different from that which he had marked out for himself, and a mother who passed through hardships severe and long continued in the rearing of a large family who occupied useful positions; but in her old age, recounting those hardships she exclaimed, 'I'd do it again.' One of the most important lessons of life, and one that carries a test of character, is this—not to permit your disappointments to affect your attitude to God, to yourself, to others; above all, you will not conclude the failure of this or that procedure in life because in it you have not made the success you hoped for yourself; you have little idea what may remain for you beyond!

And so we fall back upon faith—a humble, reasoning faith in ourselves, a genuine faith in others, a firm faith in God. Especially should this triple faith be the possession of those of us who have passed the meridian of life. The lovely Quaker poet has expressed the perfect confidence which is the fruit of such a spirit in his poem 'My Psalm,' which was written upon the occasion of his first birthday and in reference to a question which was put to him, if he did not regret that some of the hopes of his earlier life was not realized. The poem is too long to quote in full, but these lines are suggestive:

No longer forward nor behind I look in hope or fear, But grateful take the good I find, The best of now and here.

All as God wills, who wisely leads To give or to withhold, And knoweth more of all my needs Than all my prayers have told.

Enough that blessings undesired Have marked my erring track; That where'er my feet have strayed, His chastening turned me back.

Further on toward the sunset, Bonar takes a similar retrospect and sings:

Life ebb a pace, my night is coming fast; My cheeks it was, my hair is gray; I am not what I was, when on me blazed The noon of youth's bright day. Make haste to do for me what thou I plead, O Thou, the succorer, of my great need, O, love and comfort me!

Such sweet content and resignation may well find place in every Christian's prayer, whether enjoying the spring time of youth, or whether in later years his face is wistfully turned towards the Sunset Land.

Growing a Grandmother. He was a wee little man, only three years old, but very brave and uncomplaining. The family had gone to a new country, in the Far West, the mamma, this little man, and the sister, a little older. It was a very new country, very different from the city in the East where they had left many friends, relatives, and nearest of all a dear old grandmother. The mamma was so busy in her new home that she had little time for the babies except to see that they were clean and well fed. So they were lonesome, as mamma found out one day in a way that brought the tears to her eyes.

The little three year old had been very busy and very quiet making a big hole in the ground with such earnestness of purpose that she went to see what was being done.

The hole was completed when she reached the spot, and in it had been placed

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

A positive cure for all Throat, Lung and Bronchial diseases. Healing and soothing in its action. Pleasant to take, prompt and effective in its results.

Mr. Chas. Johnson, Bear River, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat, which the doctor pronounced Bronchitis and recommended me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I did so, and after using three bottles I was entirely cured."

Take a Laxative Pill before retiring. 'Twill work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, sick headaches and dyspepsia, and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

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something that she took out and examined with wondering curiosity. It was the strangest thing to go into a hole in the ground—an old daguerrotype, a picture of the dear grandmamma at home.

'Why, baby,' exclaimed mamma, 'what are you doing with this?'

'I fought,' said the little man, with a quivering lip and all pent up loneliness and homesickness in his voice, I fought, maybe, if I planted it, another grandmamma would grow.'

Why Briton Loves her Colonies. Most people imagine that the Colonies are popular because they are full of our kith and kin, of whom absence tends to make us grow fonder. An Indian publicist thinks he has found a stronger, more cogent reason. We live and learn. Says he:—'The ties which bind the Colonies to the Mother Country are, everyone knows, thought light as air, as strong as links of iron. Burke once said something of this sort after dinner, and there can be no doubt that gastronomical ties are, although ignored, among the most powerful.'

'The possession of India is brought home to the majority of Englishmen solely by the fact that centney, a mysterious compound which is obtained somehow from a mango tree, probably by tapping the trunk comes from India. Centney is the real tie that binds—England to maintain India.'

'Recently the British public went wild over kangaroo-tail soup. Last year there was a consignment sent to London, and for some six weeks the British public raved about kangaroo soup. Then came despair; there were no more kangaroo-tails and only just now have 1,100 more kangaroo-tails been obtained. The British public is displaying genuine emotion over their arrival, and if the Australian Government tried to raise a loan we believe they would get it on the security of the remaining kangaroos in the Colony.'

That is how imperial Federation is promoted. When the Indian Finance Minister wants money, we may remind him that there are still a few kangaroos in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens.

Against Roots and Fruits. Vegetarianism gets a blow straight between the eyes from Dr. Amadeo, a Porto Rican physician, who had just made a careful report on the mental and physical condition of his fellow-islanders. What he sees is the effect of insufficient nutrition, extending through the whole working class—that is, through the whole class which thanks to Spanish tariffs, was forced to live on roots and fruits. He implores his his new rulers, the Americans, to avoid the murderous policy of their predecessors, and to put within the reach of the toiling thousands in Porto Rico the very food which so horrifies and disgusts the vegetarian enthusiast. Meat, says Dr. Amadeo in conclusion, is the remedy for wasted muscles and inactive brains.

The Longest Beard in the World. Probably the longest beard in the world is that of a metal worker in Marsailles. The man is seventy four years old. When fourteen years of age he had a beard 6 in. long. It grew from year to year, and now his hirsute attachment, when unrolled, reaches the respectable length of 10 ft. 10 in. When this man goes out walking he carries his beard rolled up in a big sash under the arm. Since he is rather small in size, measuring but 5 ft, 3 in., the beard is more than twice the man's height.

A Hugh Frosen Meat Factory. The largest frozen meat factory in the world is at Barracas, a suburb of Buenos Ayres, and belongs to the Sansonena family. The establishment is capable of an output of 3 500 sheep per diem, or 100 000 mutton carcasses per month. The freezing-rooms have a capacity of nearly 100 000 cubic feet, and have hanging room for 6 000 sheep. The store-rooms in which the sheep are stowed after freezing to await shipment have a capacity of 120 000 cubic feet and can contain upwards of 60 000 sheep.

Magnetic Dyes have been giving satisfaction to thousands of home dyers for twenty-five years. None give better results.

'The Biggest Man in England' The funeral took place recently at Guilden Morden, Cambridgeshire, of a young man named John Sanderson, who was probably, what was claimed to be 'the biggest man in England.' Sanderson, who was thirty nine years of age, weighed thirty stone. He was 6 ft. 11 in. in height, and of extraordinary breadth across the shoulder.

ere and chest—nearly 3 ft. He is a familiar figure in the carrier's cart which he drove to and from Ryepton, and frequently attended his stall at village fairs. Some time ago he visited a show where 'the fittest man in England' was being exhibited, and, to the amusement of the spectators, showed that he was bigger than the 1st man.

MR. CHARLES SHAW.

Tells Shogomac People About Dodd's Kidney Pills.

There is a Constantly Increasing Demand for Them, Showing That They Cure all Kidney Diseases, and that People Know It.

Shogomac, N. B., Apr. 3.—Any person who desires to ascertain the estimation in which the people of this district hold Dodd's Kidney Pills, can easily do so by asking Mr. Charles Shaw, one of our most enterprising business men.

Mr. Shaw has been in business here for years, and his store is the largest and most up-to-date in the place. He is never without a full stock of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which are in constant and ever increasing demand.

'Dodd's Kidney Pills are the very best selling article we carry.' Mr. Shaw states: 'There is a steady and constantly increasing demand for them. I have good reason to know that there are very few households in this district, in which Dodd's Kidney Pills are not kept, and relied upon as the only cure for all forms of Kidney Complaint. It is a fact which it would be a folly to deny, that the most gratifying success has followed their use in every instance. In fact, every case of Kidney Disease in this district for which Dodd's Kidney Pills have been used, has been cured, completely and permanently.'

'As a general tonic and blood purifier, Dodd's Kidney Pills are in use throughout this entire district, and have never been known to fail in any case.

'Hundreds of my customers and a quincentenas have been made strong & hearty, vigorous, by the use of this grand medicine.'

It is a fact, proven hundreds of thousands of times, by experience, that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the one sure and untailing cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Heart Disease, Urinary Troubles, Female Weakness, and all other Kidney Diseases.

Sentence of 189 Years' Imprisonment. The Tribunal of Modica, in the Sicilian province of Syracuse, has just pronounced a sentence which is declared to have no parallel in the judicial annals of Italy, as it is probably few in those of any other country. A man named Lupo Salvatore, of Comiso, had passed himself off as an advocate, and had with consummate skill committed sixty-three different acts of serious fraud, in which he succeeded in using the machinery of the law. He had forged the signatures of the president and judges of the High Court, of the King's Procurator, and of the Chancellor of the Court. From this last mentioned official he had even taken the seal of the Chancellor for a short time with the seal of his fraudulent documents. The sentence is even more remarkable than the crimes. Salvatore was condemned to three years' imprisonment on each of the sixty-three cases, which brings the total of the sentence to 189 years, though the longest incarceration which the convict can be legally made to undergo is thirty years. The penalty inflicted in each case the minimum for the offence. Had the Court decided upon the maximum, which is ten years, the aggregate term of imprisonment would have been 630 years.

Catching the Train. The following anecdote is related of a celebrated earl. He had appointed to meet a friend at a small country station, as they intended to travel in the same direction. The train arrived, but not the friend. Away in the distance his carriage was seen driving along at a gallop. It would take about five minutes to get to the station. The earl entreated the station master to stop the train, but the latter refused, as the train was already late. An altercation ensued, and the earl at last passionately exclaimed, 'We will see about that! Sitting down between the rails in front of the engine, he would not budge until his friend had got safely into the train.

Not In Their Line. 'Here is Bigg, Stocks and Company's great store. Let's go in.' Mother: 'No, no! No matter what we ask for, they will be sure to have it.'

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on, or, no doubt he also would have... it was Shirley, headless of her sister's... and to the open door, near which a... group of men were earnestly talking... my determination made way for her to... policeman, who was standing just be... gravely saluted her. 'I want to see Mr. West,' she said, feel... if her heart was beating in her throat... an I see him at 3:30?' 'He mass looked doubtful. 'don't know, miss,' he said. 'I shaps... aren't aware that he is under arrest? I... know; but I must see him.' 'I want to find out if it would be allow... while she waited, in an agony of... with her teeth set hard over her... during hip, and her hands clenched to... to was not kept many minutes before... man returned, and motioned her to fol... woman had been taken to a smaller room... policeman stood on guard. 'I moved on one side for Shirley. 'I noticed them not; she saw me and... her lower, as with a little passionate... of pain, she went to him. 'Shirley!—you?' he said, in surprise. 'dear one, you ought not to have come... They should not have let you come... as if they could have prevented me?' in... of count of scorn. 'Oh, Vivian, what a... roscful shame that you should be treat... like this! Are they all mad, or what?' 'They have made a mistake, that is all... evidence looked very black; but when... come to put two and two together, I... will find I am not guilty, and this will... an unpleasant experience.' 'I spoke with an assurance he was far... feeling. 'His position was a grave one and he... it. 'was impossible to tell what the end... of it. 'innocent men had been hanged before... to draw her a little nearer to him. 'I will soon be over,' he said. 'I shall... before the magistrates on Monday, and... it will be all right.' 'I'll then,' she said, forcing back a sob... will be in prison. And it is all my... I. I have brought upon you, I seem... bring you nothing but pain.' 'He tenderly regarded the lovely sorrow... 'You have given me all my happiness,'... said. 'You have made life worth the... ing. Don't ever think otherwise, for... I'll tell you is true.' 'The police sergeant came forward then... am sorry sir,' he said, 'respectively... the trap is here, and we cannot wait... longer.' 'I am ready,' Vivian replied. 'Will you... Miss Lorraine lie over and carriage?' 'Then... turned again to Shirley, who was cling... despairingly to his arm. 'You must... now. Good-bye—good-bye!' 'He lifted her face to his, caring nothing... other eyes, conscious only that she was... wing from the man she loved—leaving... in trouble, to suffer hardships, per... insults; her heart felt bursting with... grief. 'The last kiss, one long look, and she... blindly following the sergeant down... narrow passage to the open door, be... which the Royal Heath horses were... sternly pawing the ground. 'Shirley never forget that drive... the heat and dust seemed intolerable... in Henry talked in angry gusts; but... anger was all for himself. 'He had been slighted, insulted and he... not intend to let it pass quietly. 'A judge listened in quiet weariness. 'What a fool he is!' she said to herself... a weary disgust. 'He had often felt like this of late. 'What had passed unnoticed before now... cened her. 'When he was coarse, or foolish, or... Val, she thought of Lord Carborough... her, grim, and stern, yet as polished a... a sleman as one could find in the whole... breadth of Europe. 'She had thought to speedily forget him, she... found herself continually thinking... him, and, though she would not own it... to herself, regretting his absence.

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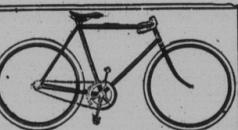
The illness of Rudyard Kipling is destined to have a very appreciable influence on his literary fame and fortune. He has given the world a gauge by which to test his importance, and they have applied it in an unmistakable manner. "Kipling will awaken," one writer, to find himself famous anew. Journeying back from the gate of Death he will see fresh laurels awaiting him in the hands of Life. His will be the unique satisfaction of reading in convalescent flesh the obituary eulogist's comments of the American and English press upon him and his status in the world of letters: "The ill wind that parted him in his holiday will have blown the good will of kingdoms and republics to the 'Browning of the Brutes', and in its current carried a storm of banknotes—the price of literary pleasure paid by the buyers of books that are stamped with the hall mark of a rare productive mentality." As indicating the great stimulus given to the sale of his books all over the country, a California newspaper says: "When his brain passed into eclipse behind the menacing cloud of a dangerous illness, the people of San Francisco, who read literature, went to the bookstores. They went so early and so often that a Kipling famine threatened the bookshelves. Old editions were soon exhausted and new ones rushed to press. The popular demand was for 'Departmental Ditties and Barrack-Room Ballads,' although, Kipling's prose found an eager market, the 'Junglebooks' being rather in lead. The boom is on. It invades the bookstalls of two continents."

Kipling has found out that two railroad stations, on the upper peninsula of Michigan, have been named after him, and he has been joking about that happy fact. One of the stations, located in an agricultural district, is named "Rudyard," and the other, in a part of the country where iron ore is mined, is named "Kipling". On learning of this matter Kipling is said to have sent Mr. Fred D. Underwood, the manager of the road, a photograph of himself, with the following lines written on the back:

"Rudyard" and "Kipling".
 "Was it the child who knows his sire,"
 The ancient proverb ran.
 But wiser far the man who knows
 How, where and when his offspring grows,
 For who the mischief would suppose
 I've sons in Michigan?
 Yet am I saved from midnight ills,
 That war the seal of mine.
 They do not make me walk the floor,
 Nor hamper at the doctor's door;
 They deal in wheat and iron ore,
 My sons in Michigan.
 Oh, tourist in the Pullman car
 (By Cook's or Raymond's plan),
 Forgive a parent's partial view;
 But maybe you have children too—
 So let me introduce to you
 My sons in Michigan.
 —Rudyard Kipling.

Kipling is an author of the most unquestionable originality, owing less to books than to the force and clearness of his own penetrating imagination, and the opportunity he has had for observation and experience. Only once has his claim to literary properly been called in question, and in relation to a now very obscure English author; but, even in this case, it is not certain but that this is only one of the curious coincidences of literature. Richard Flecknoe, an Irish wit and poet, of Jesuitic inclination, who belonged to the age of Dryden, and whose work and name survive by that great writer's unjust but powerful satire, more than by superior merit,—wrote a fable on "Love and Death," which runs as follows:

Love and Death o' th' way come me setting,
 Having used a friendly greeting,
 Sleep their weary eyes-lids closing,
 Lay them down th'elves reposing;



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When this fortune did befall 'em,
 Which after did so much apparel 'em,
 Love, whom ofers care in vantage,
 Could it sleep, but, while Death rested,
 All in haste away he posts him;
 But he hastes full dainty on his him;
 For it chanced, that while he doth sleep,
 Both had given their death in sleeping
 Like Night, who (as our mother)
 Gladly knowing not th' one from th' other,
 Gave Love Death's, and us'ere perverted he,
 Whilist as blindly Love received he;
 Since which time, their date confounding,
 Love now kills instead of won sleeping,
 Death, our hearts with crookedness filling,
 Quietly wounds, instead of killing.

The conception is worthy a poet, and the four concluding lines have the touch of beauty. Kipling, with more incisiveness and greater neatness, has written:

The Explanation.
 Love and Death once ceased their strife,
 At the Tavern of Man's Life.
 Called for wine, and threw—alas!
 Each his goblet on the grass.
 Love's goblet he most heedful
 Misted arrows on the ground.
 Gladly they gathered then
 Each the love and lives of men.
 Ah, the fatal dawn occurred!
 Misted arrows each one showed;
 Death's dread arrow was blood
 "With the shaft he most heedful,
 Love's light quiver grained beneath
 Venom-headed darts of Death.
 Thus it was they wrought our rue
 At the tavern long ago.
 Tell me, do our masters know,
 Looking blindly as they fly,
 O do me love, while young men die?

Andrew Lang writes of Kipling: "His favorite subjects are too remote and unfamiliar for a world that likes to be amused with matters near home and passions that do not stray far from the drawing-room and the parlor. In style, he has brevity, brilliance, selection; he wastes no words, he knows no padding. He can understand passion, and makes us understand it. He has sympathies unusually wide, and can find the rare thing in the midst of the commonplace. He has energy, spirit, vision. Refinement he has not in an equal measure; perhaps he is too abrupt, too easily taken by a piece of slang, and one or two little mannerisms become provoking. What seems cynical, slighty, too brusque and too familiar in him should mellow with years. I do not believe that Europe is the place for him; there are three other continents where I can imagine that his genius would find a more exhilarating air and more congenial materials. He is an exotic romantic. His muse needs the sun, the tramp of horses, the clash of swords, the jingling of bridle-reins; vast levels of sand, thick forests, wide gleaming rivers, the temples of strange gods. This, at least, is a personal theory, which may readily be contradicted by experience. But I trust that it may not be contradicted, and that Mr. Kipling's youth and adventurous spirit may bring in tales and sketches and ballads from many shores not familiar, from many a home of Patians, Kafers, Pawness, from all natural men. He is not in tune with our modern civilization, whereof many a heart is sick; he is more at home in an Afghan pass than in the Strand."

We learn from the Toronto Globe, that Mr. I. E. Suckling, of that city, seeking to make an arrangement with Mr. Kipling, by which the poet might visit Toronto, and appear before the public there, received the following letter, from which it might be inferred that his talent is purely literary and not histrionic:

Dear Mr. Suckling.—In reply to your note of the 18th inst. I can only say that it is very possible that I may some time go to Toronto; but I can't imagine myself making a public appearance in any way. I write stories, but I don't read them—in pity to the public.
 Very Truly yours,
 Rudyard Kipling.

I. E. Suckling, Esq., Massey Music Hall.
 Nevertheless the testimony of a Mr. Ribbontrop, Inspector General of Forests in India, might lead us to believe the Naulakha Bard the equal of a Dickens or a Riley in histrionic ability, if he would but attempt to charm a public audience.

"Very few people know it, but Rudyard Kipling is one of the best actors I ever saw. On one occasion in Lahore the people got up on an amateur theatrical company, and put on a play called 'Plot and Passion,' where, in one Fouché, a character who is at the head of the police is introduced. This part was played by Rudyard, and when the initial performance came off, Rudyard, having meanwhile done very badly at the rehearsal, played the part so well, and with such marvellous understanding, that the entire cast was thunderstruck. He went at it like an old hand, and had the audience with him from the start. Everybody in Lahore advised him to go on the stage at once, but he refused, and stayed by his pencil. I tell you it was the best piece of amateur acting I ever saw, and I begged him to follow the life of an actor, but he only laughed and continued to call me the 'Gigantic Head of the Indian Forest' in his stories."

Perhaps "The Seven Seas" is Kipling's greatest accomplishment in verse; at least, it rises, here and there, above the level of

his best work in preceding volumes. Of "the meaning and origin" of the title, Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole gives us a conjecture. "Many people have tried to explain the meaning and origin of the title of Mr. Kipling's last volume of poems, some even reckoning on their fingers the various seas that the author might be supposed to have crossed in the course of his wanderings. I think it more likely that the title is derived from the last line of the forty-seventh quatrain in the 1872 edition of Fitzgerald's 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam':

As the Seven Seas should bear a pebble cast,
 The term 'Seven Seas' (in Persian, 'Haft Kalum') is used as the title of the great Dictionary and Grammar of the Persian language, containing many Persian poems."

It may be that Kipling has written for effect, that he does not know everything, that he may misjudge what he sees, etc. etc.; but this is what he says, in discussing the subject of American abuse of England: "When we had chanted 'The Star Spangled Banner' not more than eight lines, we adjourned. America is a very great country, but it is not yet Heaven, with electric lights and plush fittings, as the speakers profess to believe. My listening mind went back to the politicians in the Saloon, who wasted no time in talking about freedom, but quietly made arrangements to impose their will on the citizens I went to a saloon where gentlemen interested in ward politics nightly congregated. They were not pretty fellows. Some of them were bloated [referring to such local politicians of San Francisco as Rainey and Kelly], and they all swore cheerfully till the heavy gold watch chains on their fat stomachs rose and fell again; but they talked over their liquor as men who had power and unquestioned access to places of trust and profit. . . . Then I began to understand why my pleasant and well educated hosts in San Francisco spoke with a bitter scorn of such duties of citizenship as voting and taking an interest in the distribution of offices."

George Martin, the Canadian poet having escaped the clutches of "Mons La Grippe," has been, with his wife, wintering at Palm Beach, on the East coast of Florida. That he finds the place a delightful one is evident from recent communications: "In five minutes, after leaving the train, I was environed by palms, oleanders, hibiscus and other growths, new to me. . . Such palms! Some fifty feet high, some bearing clusters of coconuts, all picturesque, and so graceful in the curves, and arching of their drooping branches. They awakened in me a feeling of reverence, such as I had never before experienced in the presence of any inanimate thing. We were down on the sea beach this forenoon. My wife gazed on the face of old Ocean—whereon was no wrinkle but a smile of serene joy instead—and she grew eloquent in her admiration. She says she will never again believe in what she has been told of the terrors of the sea, the roar of its waves and merciless engulfings. She is ready to embark for any port of the earth, anxious to be waited over the illimitable deep. . . We sat out among the palms in front of the Hotel yesterday eve, listening to the band and watching the dancers as they illustrated 'the poetry of motion,—at till a late hour. The grounds were illuminated by a vast number of colored electric lamps, making altogether a picture unequalled by anything in the Arabian Nights. The garden of our famous sire, Adam, was but a potato patch in comparison.' In the Palm Beach Daily News the poet vents his admiration in rhyme:

I heard of the beauties, Palm Beach,
 Beyond the north-bound cry line,
 But 'tis not in the power of speech
 To picture such glories as thine.
 One must see thee to know what thou art,
 Not trust to a traveler's tongue,
 A joy that sinks deep in the heart,
 A charm to thy aged and young.
 Well named, from thy Eden of Palms,
 Whose grass no artist can trace;
 Ere-brothers pay homage, in psalms,
 And sweet in their gentle embrace.
 Oh! Ocean comes up from the east
 To scatter his gifts at their feet;
 Like Worth, on the east, like a priest,
 Chante laurels the song birds repeat.
 Fare well to thy glories, Palm Beach,
 Rejoice that I bid thee adieu!

Among the books mentioned in the Spring List at the William Briggs firm, of Toronto, are Mr. Henry Morgan's "Types of Canadian poetry, edited by Dr. Theodore Harding Raud, entitled, "A treasury of Canadian Verse," which will, as says the Globe, in some sort supplement Mr. Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion." PASTOR FELIX.

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The we're and thy paleont teach
 What Nature had fledger can do.
 In the North, where winter winds blow,
 Palm Beach, I shall dream of thy flowers
 And wish when winter-mothered in snow,
 For a day in thy tropical bowers.
 Palm Beach! I'll be swell on the name—
 It is its honey-dew in the month—
 Thou art worthy the notch of fame,
 Thou champion gem of the South.

The following lines are by the Hon. Charles H. Collins, of Hillsboro, Ohio, addressed to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Laura G. Collins of Marysville, Ky., upon the publication of her late volume of poems, "Immortelles and Asphodels" by the Robert Clarke Company, of Cincinnati. (Mrs. Collins has also published some memorials of her highly-gifted husband, who died at New Orleans, L., June 10, 1890. This young lawyer inspired large hopes of a successful career, was the friend of the well known Sargent S. Prentiss; and one of the last pieces to fall from the orator's pen was an editorial memorial, which is included in this little book before us:

Eve's lastings.
 The river flows beside the hills
 Where friends await your call,
 The mistrears it of loving hearts,
 In cottage and in hall.
 For you the ivy, as of yore,
 Trails pleasant in the light,
 For you the woodbine's fragrance
 Is borne upon the night.
 The breath of summer fills the soul,
 And grace shall crown your hours,
 And fairy birds on whistling wings
 Shall greet you 'mid the flowers.
 Your "Immortelles" recall again
 That dreary fore-dawn,
 When for you rang out loud and clear
 Youth's joyous wedding chime.
 Yet still supreme you reign in love,
 The heart still has its throne,
 And home's has its heritage,
 As all are made your own.
 No years can dim the kindly face,
 Unstained by thought of guile,
 Whose trust has crowned a life with faith,
 And charmed it with a smile.
 The world, dear friend, is still as young,
 The trees are still as green;
 No winter snows more pure than thou,
 Who still to us art queen.
 The earth for you shall not be bare,
 Nor time add to your care,
 As long as those you know of old
 Your lot still live to share.
 How pleasant then, with faithful friends
 Still clinging to your side,
 To gently float with ebbing years:
 Out with receding tide,
 As Autumn leaves in golden tints,
 Fall softly to their rest.
 May you whose life is perfect day
 Find future still as bliss.
 CHARLES H. COLLINS,
 Hillsboro, Ohio, Mar., 1899.

When the city of London entertains distinguished guests it lavishes its money, says the London Tit Bits, with a profusion more fitting an Eastern potentate than a body of thrifty city men. It is, indeed, no uncommon thing for the city father to spend on the entertainment of a guest much more than his own weight in gold, a compliment surely of which even emperors may be proud.

The city was never moved to more prodigal hospitality than in 1876, when it entertained the Prince of Wales on his return from India. In honor of the 'return of the wanderer' the Lord Mayor and corporation spent \$137,888, or sufficient sovereignty to outweigh two princes, even of his present ample proportions. Nine years earlier the city was equally lavish, when it entertained the Sultan of Turkey for \$128,069. In 1898 it cost the corporation \$53,035 to welcome the Shah of Persia, although in the following year the Shah was brilliantly entertained at a cost of nearly \$15,000 less.

Thanksgiving day cost the city \$65,945, or almost as much as the Queen's reception; and the jubilee rejoicings of 1887 left the city poorer by \$68,000. The Prince of Wales' wedding, thirty-five years ago, was the signal for a great display of city hospitality. The amount spent in entertainments alone was \$63,900 and, in addition to this, the corporation spent \$16,000 on the diamond necklace and earrings presented to the Princess.

When the Queen attended the Lord Mayor's banquet in 1887 the corporation spent \$40,860 in entertaining her, and the outlay when she again honored the city fourteen years later, was \$38,770. Thus on nine entertainments alone, the city has lavished no less than \$669,055, or an average of \$74,340 for each guest. In contrast to this regal entertainment, it is interesting to note that in 1787 George

TRIPLE WORKS
 STAMPED
 1847 ROGERS BROS.
 ARE GENUINE
 GUARANTEED
 BY THE
Meriden Britannia Co.
 THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS
 IN THE WORLD.

It was entertained at a cost of \$188,000; King Victor-Emmanuel in 1893, for \$6,690; and Mr. Stanley, eight years ago, for \$7,755. The marriage of the Duke and Duchess of York cost the city \$19,240; in 1891 the German Emperor was entertained for \$18,820; the Shah, in 1889, for \$10,340; and the King of Denmark, in 1893, for the very moderate sum of \$6,825.

It marks the unstable character of city hospitality that it cost to entertain an Emperor, a Shah and a King less than one-third the sum lavished on the Sultan in 1867. A DERIVATIVE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE. Winter is the most trying season of the year so far as health is concerned. Confinement indoors overworked and impure air, makes even usually strong people feel dull, languid and generally run down. A tonic is needed to assist nature in regaining lost energy. April is the month of all months when a tonic is of the most service. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the only true tonic medicine. They do not purge and thus further weaken the already enfeebled constitution. These pills make rich, red, energy giving blood, and transform listless, tired and worn-out men and women into smiling, healthy, happy work-loving people. E Sims, of the Salvation Army, Kingston, writes: "At the time I ordered some of your Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was physically run down. I felt a lack of energy, and always had a tired feeling. After using your pills for a time I felt as well as ever I did. Thousands—some of them your neighbors—have been made well by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but you must get the genuine, which are sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full name, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' Sold by all dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

No Amateurs for Her.
 "Ah, no," she sighed, "I am not worthy of you." The man stood as one stricken with a palsy. A steady pallor overspread his countenance; he tried to speak, but his tongue would not obey him. Meanwhile the maiden's cheeks blushed, and her eyes flashed. She clenched her little white hands so fiercely that the nails of her fingers cut into her tender palms. At last, with a mighty effort, Vivian Osgood pulled himself together, and cried out:—"Oh, this will break my heart! I cannot survive it!" Then he sank down into the chair from which he has risen up in his strong young manhood but a moment before, and resting his elbows upon his knees, and burying his face in his hands, sobbed piteously. Beatrice-Bushkirk moved upon him as a tigress approaches her prey. Grasping him a shoulder, she shook him roughly, and angrily cried out:—"What do you mean by acting in this way?" He looked at her with wonder on his visage. "Explain your self, sir," the beautiful girl fiercely continued. "No man can come into my father's house, and carry on as you have been carrying on for the past three minutes, without an explanation."

"But—but," Vivian Osgood said, "you have told me that you are not worthy of me." "Idiot!" she returned, "you should have declared that it was false—that you would take me in spite of it! Go away somewhere, and serve an apprenticeship at low-making. Then come back to me, and we shall see!" He begged for pity, but she was obdurate, and as he stumbled out into the unsympathetic night he was followed by a low, mocking laugh.

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 THE BEST
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A DEPRESSING SEASON.

It is just now people feel most the effect of long months of indoor confinement.

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FRILLS OF FASHION.

Large corps of women employed have five companies among the employees.

The Princess of Wales seems to have been a good deal of a mascot, at any rate to the eight bridesmaids who attended her at her wedding thirty six years ago. In the language of an English paper, 'the whole of those ladies are still alive, and nothing unusual has occurred to dim their happiness, although on Jan. 1 their united ages totalled up to the not insignificant figure of 447.' The Princess, with her daughter Princess Victoria, is now cruising on the Mediterranean on the Osborne.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who was Miss Constance Vanderbilt, is expected to do some elaborate entertaining in London during the season which is about to open. She and her husband have taken Arlington House, which is one of the famous mansions of the big capital. Over there, gossip is saying that the Duchess's father, Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, has given her half a million dollars to be spent on entertaining in her town house.

An English girl had a sad experience recently. She bought part of her trousseau on credit, saying that her father would pay for it. When the bill reached the gentleman, however, he said he knew nothing about it and refused to pay it. There has been so much trouble about giving credit to married women that an English Judge has proposed that there should be a register in which husbands who will not be responsible for their wives' debts can enroll themselves.

Mme. Lilli Lehmann, who is a vegetarian, says that her daily bill of fare is about as follows: A glass of milk at 7.30 A. M., with a little rye bread and sometimes fruit; at noon, vegetable or rice soup and a plate of vegetables; at 4 P. M., a cup of milk, and at 7 o'clock, some green salad and two eggs or some cheese. Now and then during the day she eats fruit. When she is to sing at night she takes a plate of rice at noon and eats nothing more until after the opera, generally about midnight. She says that when an old friend comes to see her, as Teresa Carreho, for instance, they take a glass of beer together, but she very rarely indulges even in so mild a dissipation as that.

The Easter festival, glorified by the most gorgeous display of fragrant blossoms that scientific floriculture can produce, is here again with its accompanying parade of fashion in varied degrees of newness. The extent of the display of new gowns is more or less determined by the weather, and very materially affected by the tendency among the most elegant and fashionable women to reserve their new costumes until a later day as the one way in which they can acquire distinction in dress. Easter Sunday is not so distinctly an opening day in Vanity Fair as it was formerly; but all the same it is the dividing line between winter and summer fashions, and the advent of new modes is at least one of the anticipated features of the day. New gowns and hats especially are quite as much a part of it as the flowers, and serve to complete the background of a very charming picture.

One very attractive element of the new fashions so soon to be launched is the exquisite harmony of coloring among the new gowns. Violent contrasts are eschewed all together, apparently, and the more subdued combinations substituted. Certainly exquisite taste and refinement were the guiding influence which originated the models shown at the openings thus far. They abound in skilful hand sewing, machine stitching and extravagant details of trimming which bring the price up to an appalling figure, but the merit of elegance in materials and finish remains as a tribute to the genius of the designers.

Transparent fabrics and effects prevail to a great extent, and nun's veilings and silk and wool bareges have blossomed out in the prettiest gowns imaginable. To be sure, they are expensive beyond anything which the material itself can suggest; but then women are being educated up to the required standard of high prices for gowns and nothing in that line can tease them. In fact, the higher the price the more desirable the costume appears. The new nun's veilings are so short and fine that they display the use of tucks to great advantage, and tucks without end are a feature of their decoration. Entire overdresses and bodices are tucked closely in fine tucks with only the least little space between. These are run in by hand in the material before the garment is out. Pale tan, gray and a dull soft blue are the popular colors in this fabric, and yards of wide and rather heavy cream lace insertion are used in trimming, supplementing the tucks. One stunning model in tan nun's veiling tucked closely all over except for the underkirt is cut so that the tucks meet in a bias seam down the middle of the back of the bodice and overdress which is perfectly close fitting all around. This rounds down in the back, forms a shorter scallop

to say the least, a marvel in the variety it displays.

The first gown illustrated is of tan nun's veiling with tucked tunic, trimmed with two rows of batiste applique embroidery. The yoke is of cream batiste laid in fine tucks, with insertions between, and a band of the embroidery is set in below on the front of the front of the bodice. The tucks meet like stripes in a bias seam down the back of the tunic and on the top of the sleeves. A gown of cashmere in the new shade of pastel blue shows a deep insertion of black grenadine embroidered in colors, edged on either side with black chausson insertion. Pale tan cloth forms another model, with white silk, black velvet and narrow lines of jet for trimming. A cloth tunic, covered with an applique of cloth in a lighter shade, is worn with a crepe de chine skirt of the same color, trimmed with tacked ruffles. Another striking model is in green and white foulard, trimmed with black chausson insertion. The vest and collar of tucked white chiffon are decorated with tiny straps of turquoise blue velvet and rhinestone buttons, and the wide belt is of white silk, spotted with large blue velvet moons.

A special novelty is shown in another model which is a combination of cloth and checked foulard, the cloth forming the underskirt and odd-shaped slash on the bodice, with small brass buttons down either side. The overdress cut in double scallops at the bottom, is in straight breadths laid in knife plaits stitched down flat in yoke shape around the hips. Two rows of stitching are the width of a seam apart, entirely covering the yoke, which rounds down in the back in nearly the same shape as the front. Folds of cloth are stitched around the scallops, the silk in the bodice is plaited and the round yoke is of lace. A pretty effect is made with narrow black velvet ribbon on the next gown of gray nun's veiling. The velvet is gathered and sewn on the edge of the guipure insertion all around, while wider velvet stripes the deep yoke. A model in white and black checked silk is trimmed with cream guipure and black velvet, and the yoke, collar and vest at the side are of pink silk shirred on fine cords. Gold and electric blue brocade silk are combined with grey crepe de chine in the next gown adorned with cords and olive-shaped buttons. The revers are trimmed with guipure lace.

Two pretty cloth gowns show some of the fancy effects in collars. One of white silk cut in umbrellas points is trimmed with black velvet ribbon, while another, also of white silk, has black satin ribbon gathered on both edges. A novelty in a blouse waist to wear with a pink cloth skirt is of white silk spotted with pink, trimmed with pink silk bands, and boasts a detachable cape of pink silk made of bias folds. The swell thing, however, in separate waists is made of cream lace, rather heavy in quality, over white or delicately tinted taffeta silk. These will be worn with white pique and light cloth skirts, and no truly fashionable wardrobe will be complete without one or two lace waists.

Something altogether new in the way of trimming is the use of cloth cut in narrow stripes, not much wider than baby ribbon, and threaded in through a lace yoke, forming a design. The gown in one instance is soft red and white foulard and the cloth a deeper shade of the same color. The upper half of the sleeve, or at least a portion beginning a little above the elbow, is also of lace with cloth decorations. Many of the new sleeves are made in this way with the upper part matching the yoke, which, of course, is not entirely new except in the idea of extending the trimmed portion so nearly down to the elbow. Sleeves of all the dressy gowns are very much trimmed with tucks or insertions of lace, but quite close fitting.

The bodice is a modified example of those which have been worn for a year. At least the pouch front is still in sight, with very little fulness, and while the backs are plain in some of the gowns others have the becoming little plaits at the belt. The collar bands are high at the side and neck, with some sort of tabs turning over, or not as you like. They match the yoke in almost every instance, but a pretty effect is made by using folds of colored panne at the upper edge, or taffeta silk if a lighter effect is desired.

Pale blue in all the mauve shades and white and soft, dull red and white are the most fashionable combinations of colors in the foulards. The daintiest of all however, are the crepes de chine and nun's veilings, the latter in pale gray with white embroidered dots being especially pretty. Whenever the material may be, light delicate colors are the thing fashion favors. The general tone of dress, in every degree of thickness or thinness, is light in color, and the dressmaker will tell you that the few dark materials she ventured to import did not suit at all. Wide insertions of cream lace and batiste applique continue during trim-

ing the man's veilings, and black and white accessories are the feature in trimming many of the summer gowns.

A Remond of Genes, a Quatre romances of commerce is associated with the firm of Day and Martin, which has just been formed into a limited liability company. In 1741 Mr. Martin wig maker and barber of Doncaster, shaved a soldier, and moved by a somewhat pitiful story lost him sufficient money to pay his coach fare to York. As some return for this generosity the soldier, in refunding the loan, accompanied it with a recipe for boot polish which he said, was much admired by the officers of his regiment. Mr. Martin found that the blacking was all that could be desired, and confided the secret to a friend, one Day, in business in Tavistock Street, London, with the result that the firm of Day and Martin started on its prosperous career.

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Some of the overdresses are cut without any seam at all, except in front or at the side where they open. The effect might be extremely ugly if it were not for the wide bands of lace insertion which enrobe them their entire length. One very novel overdress on a foulard gown slopes down one side to a decided point, falling as long as the skirt underneath, and rounds up back and front to the knee at the other side. A ruffle of the silk trims the edge of this, and other ruffe fill in the skirt below, following the outline of the overdress.

Milliners' folds are one of the varied forms of trimming revived this season, being especially noticeable on the foulard gowns. Three folds, with one row of very narrow cream white silk braid sewn on near the upper edge, trim a red and white foulard around the scalloped overdress. A narrow knit plaiting of the silk finishes the edge, and the folds are sewn on above, with a space their own width between them. Tiny insertions or hemstitched effects are very popular, and the only trimming on the overdress of one pretty blue and white foulard is a two-inch hem set on with an open-work stitch in blue silk. Another dainty finish is a pique edge of lace sewn on the silk plaitings and ruffles.

Something especially dainty and pretty is a flowered silk gauze made with a skirt composed of three circular ruffles edged with three plain gauze folds in three shades of the color in the flowers. The greatest novelty in the way of combinations of materials is the use of satin faced cloth with foulard, the cloth forming the underkirt, deep cuffs or stitched collar falling below a round yoke of lace and narrow bands being in the edge of the scalloped overdress. A white pique chemisette vest crossed with narrow stitched bands of itself is the striking feature in one of the new foulard gowns. Lace bolero fronts in odd shapes are a pretty feature of the new bodices, which is,

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Insist upon getting Diamond Dyes every time you buy, as inferior and adulterated dyes are sold by some dealers.

Hope For the Rich Men.

"Why do you hoard your wealth?" said the tramp, who was trying to make a loan. "You cannot take it with you when you die."

"Yes, I know the quotation," replied the capitalist, "about its being easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. But I'm not dead yet," and he stepped in his carriage and rode away, but before the philosophical tramp had returned:

"Don't worry about it. Some rich men are so small they can easily pass through a needle's eye, so heaven will be cram jam full of rich men!"

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Something altogether new in the way of trimming is the use of cloth cut in narrow stripes, not much wider than baby ribbon, and threaded in through a lace yoke, forming a design. The gown in one instance is soft red and white foulard and the cloth a deeper shade of the same color. The upper half of the sleeve, or at least a portion beginning a little above the elbow, is also of lace with cloth decorations. Many of the new sleeves are made in this way with the upper part matching the yoke, which, of course, is not entirely new except in the idea of extending the trimmed portion so nearly down to the elbow. Sleeves of all the dressy gowns are very much trimmed with tucks or insertions of lace, but quite close fitting.

The bodice is a modified example of those which have been worn for a year. At least the pouch front is still in sight, with very little fulness, and while the backs are plain in some of the gowns others have the becoming little plaits at the belt. The collar bands are high at the side and neck, with some sort of tabs turning over, or not as you like. They match the yoke in almost every instance, but a pretty effect is made by using folds of colored panne at the upper edge, or taffeta silk if a lighter effect is desired.

Pale blue in all the mauve shades and white and soft, dull red and white are the most fashionable combinations of colors in the foulards. The daintiest of all however, are the crepes de chine and nun's veilings, the latter in pale gray with white embroidered dots being especially pretty. Whenever the material may be, light delicate colors are the thing fashion favors. The general tone of dress, in every degree of thickness or thinness, is light in color, and the dressmaker will tell you that the few dark materials she ventured to import did not suit at all. Wide insertions of cream lace and batiste applique continue during trim-

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Some of the overdresses are cut without any seam at all, except in front or at the side where they open. The effect might be extremely ugly if it were not for the wide bands of lace insertion which enrobe them their entire length. One very novel overdress on a foulard gown slopes down one side to a decided point, falling as long as the skirt underneath, and rounds up back and front to the knee at the other side. A ruffle of the silk trims the edge of this, and other ruffe fill in the skirt below, following the outline of the overdress.

Milliners' folds are one of the varied forms of trimming revived this season, being especially noticeable on the foulard gowns. Three folds, with one row of very narrow cream white silk braid sewn on near the upper edge, trim a red and white foulard around the scalloped overdress. A narrow knit plaiting of the silk finishes the edge, and the folds are sewn on above, with a space their own width between them. Tiny insertions or hemstitched effects are very popular, and the only trimming on the overdress of one pretty blue and white foulard is a two-inch hem set on with an open-work stitch in blue silk. Another dainty finish is a pique edge of lace sewn on the silk plaitings and ruffles.

Something especially dainty and pretty is a flowered silk gauze made with a skirt composed of three circular ruffles edged with three plain gauze folds in three shades of the color in the flowers. The greatest novelty in the way of combinations of materials is the use of satin faced cloth with foulard, the cloth forming the underkirt, deep cuffs or stitched collar falling below a round yoke of lace and narrow bands being in the edge of the scalloped overdress. A white pique chemisette vest crossed with narrow stitched bands of itself is the striking feature in one of the new foulard gowns. Lace bolero fronts in odd shapes are a pretty feature of the new bodices, which is,

Magnificent Results at Small Costs.

Diamond Dyes Guarantee Success.

Diamond Dyes are without exception the grandest home agents for money saving. Many a woman with one or two ten-cent packages of these dyes has dyed her old dress a beautiful and fashionable color, so as to save the expense of a new one. Old clothing can be made over for the little ones, and by dyeing it with Diamond Dyes no one would recognize that the dresses and suits were not new. Diamond Dyes are a guarantee of perfect work and satisfaction when the simple directions are followed.

Insist upon getting Diamond Dyes every time you buy, as inferior and adulterated dyes are sold by some dealers.

Hope For the Rich Men.

"Why do you hoard your wealth?" said the tramp, who was trying to make a loan. "You cannot take it with you when you die."

"Yes, I know the quotation," replied the capitalist, "about its being easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven. But I'm not dead yet," and he stepped in his carriage and rode away, but before the philosophical tramp had returned:

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A Week's Trial

Will do more than Six Months' Talk

To convince you of the superiority of

PACKARD'S

Special Shoe Dress

THE HEAD WAITER'S CASE.
Head Waiters Get Them All Because He Is the General Out-let.

The head waiter institution is among the odd customs of Austria. In every hotel, restaurant, cafe or other resort where food or drinks are sold there is a functionary who goes about among the guests, as they summon him with the word "bezzika," and collects the pay for what they have drunk or eaten. Each man tips him to the extent of 5 or 10 per cent. of the bill. No other waiter can receive any money except a personal tip. The head-waiter gets no salary for his services. On the contrary, he often pays the proprietor a good sum for the place. He is held responsible for everything—cattables, drinkables, crockery, glassware, silverware; in hotels, even for room rent, carriage hire, and broken windows. His compensation comes from the tips, which sometimes amounts to many thousands of guildens a year (a golden florin is equivalent to 40 cents.) The proprietor of the leading hotel in Reichenberg came up from its head waiter, while one of the largest banking houses in Bohemia was founded by a former head waiter from his accumulated tips.

The possibility of gaining wealth in this profession rests on the public honesty. Guests in a restaurant or cafe pay when they have eaten or drunk to satiety. Often this is hours after they began. Summoned by "bezzika," the head waiter produces a slip of paper, if the guest has consumed several different articles, and writes thereon what the latter says he has eaten and drunk, handing the slip to the guest as his bill. The head waiter cannot possibly know in every case, or even in most cases, that the guest's statement is true. He has behind the scenes method of checking up what has been served, but these cannot be used in every individual case of payment in a crowd.

A great music hall in Vienna illustrates the easy possibility of heavy loss under this system, through dishonest patrons. The place is furnished with many small tables. Some people take supper there. Everybody else at these tables drinks several glasses of beer, or a bottle of wine or mineral water. Near the close of the performance, the tables meantime having been generally cleared of dishes and bottles, the head waiter passes around on his collecting tour. Each of the hundred or more people tells what he has eaten or drunk. In accordance therewith, the collector fills out the customary slip. No doubt there is in the kitchen a list of articles recorded against each table, but the head waiter does not carry this with him for reference, and it is not conceivable that he could commit it to memory before starting on his tour. There is, besides, nothing to prevent a dishonest person from leaving the hall before the head waiter appears. Between the numbers of the programme people are moving all about the place and in and out of the lobby in crowds. Any person could walk away without paying his bill.

So far as is known nobody attempts to dodge his dues in Austrian cafes and restaurants. The fact that this custom is universal throughout the empire, that it continues year after year, and that head waiters make a large profit out of it, though they are personally charged by the proprietor with every crumb of bread and drop of drink, shows a degree of honesty hardly to be expected in a world where dishonesty so abounds. But the system places every one on honor, and is a sort of training school in honesty. People grow up and grow old under its influence and become immovably fixed in their relations to it. Some of them might be dishonest in other directions, but the settled habit of years makes it impossible for them to cheat the head waiter.

The Appetite of the Shark.

A considerable part of the food of fishes at the Aquarium is composed of other fishes—herring, cod, and so on cut into thin strips and slices and pieces of one size and shape and another, according to the wants of the fishes to be fed. Only clean and slightly food is put into the tanks, and so in cutting up the food there may be more or less refuse, heads and tails and other parts that must be thrown away. This depends, however, on how many sharks there are in the Aquarium. Just now there are twelve in the big central pool, and there is no refuse thrown away. They are not very big sharks, the biggest of them about four feet, but their appetites are good, and twelve sharks, even if they are not very large, can get away with a good deal of food. They eat all the refuse food and like it. There are two sharks in one of the Aquarium's large double tanks which get for food nice shiny pieces cut of the side of the fish, but it is probable that they

would rather be with their twelve brothers in the pool, rolling on the heads and tails.—New York Sun.

Quick Love-Making.

Last autumn, at the English Opera House in New York, a gentleman fell suddenly in love with a young lady, who sat with her mother and sisters a few seats from him. Tearing a blank leaf out of his pocket-book, he wrote with a pencil, "May I inquire if your affections are engaged?" and shortly afterwards she wrote underneath his question, "I believe I may venture to say they are not; but why do you ask?" and returned him the paper. The gentleman then wrote on another leaf:—
 I love you dearly,
 I am single,
 I have £1,000 a year,
 I am not in debt,
 I have a good house, and
 I only want a good wife to make me completely happy.

Will you be mine? If you will I promise (and with every intention of keeping my word) to an affectionate, indulgent, and faithful husband to you, and what more can I say?

The young lady was so much pleased with the declaration that they immediately became acquainted, and in the course of four months afterwards he led her, with consent of her parents to the hymeneal altar.

Run Down Nerves.

Nothing Like
Paine's Celery Compound
 For the Nervous System.

It is the World's Best Spring Medicine

As far as the sick and the suffering are concerned, time is too precious in their estimation to waste in reading any long dissertation on their condition based on a medical or scientific standpoint.

The suffering and distressed know well of their perilous and low condition of health, and sad hearts yearn for release from the chains of death's agents.

Each broken down, weak and suffering man or woman should know that the underlying cause of their burdens and ailments apparent in headaches, dizziness, back-aches, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, neuralgia and rheumatism, is a faulty nutrition of the entire nervous system.

The blood is pale, watery and hampered in its life-sustaining work by humours and impurities. The nerves cannot assimilate proper nourishment, no matter how much food is taken into the system.

When your condition is such as we have described, Paine's Celery Compound is your sure deliverer and rescuer. It quickly arouses a hearty appetite, regulates the bowels and brings about a normal action of the liver.

At this season, Paine's Celery Compound frees the system not only of rheumatism, eczema, salt rheum and other blood troubles, but also of neuralgia, nervous headaches, dyspepsia and kidney disease.

Let the advent of spring be to you a time of cleansing, toning and repairing of your entire system. Paine's Celery Compound will do this blessed work in a way that no other medicine can do. It is the only prescription that your druggist or medical adviser can honestly recommend.

No other remedy can take the place of Paine's Celery Compound for your case. The use of one bottle will bring quick conviction to the greatest doubters.

A Bold Desperado.

Australian papers which have recently arrived in this country contain columns about a stage hold-up sensation which developed into a comedy. The first report had it that a mail coach in New South Wales was held up, and that bushrangers had made a big haul of checks and postal orders. Most of the passengers by the coach lost their jewelry. Mounted police were in hot pursuit and arrested a man named James King. Then it came out that there was only one robber who really had the passengers while he had a dummy figure standing by the fence. Moreover, he held up the coach with a toy pistol. The police have found upon him five or six caps of the sort that children use with make-believe firearms.—N. Y. Times.

A Boon for Catarrh Victims.

We offer our readers a new remedy for catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, cold in the head, droppings in the throat, and kindred affections in Catarrhons. There is no mystery about it, but the effect is magical. Ointments, washes, and snuffs cannot reach the diseased parts, and have been proved worse than useless, but Catarrhons is carried directly by air to the diseased parts, and is like a breeze from the pine woods. Outfit, \$1.00. Send 10 cents for sample bottle and inhaler.
 N. C. POLSON & Co.,
 Kingston, Ont.

An Enormous Reservoir Dam.

The foundation-stone of the great reservoir dam at Assouan on the Nile has just been laid by the Duke of Connaught. The dam will consist of a huge wall of granite, mile and a quarter in length, 76ft. high &

THE NIGHT CLERK'S STORY.
A FACE LIKE CHALK.

A very bad attack of the Grippe one year ago last winter left my system in a very weak state and my nervous system completely unstrung. After getting over the dangerous stage of the disease I naturally expected to gain strength, but, unfortunately, did not do so. On the contrary, my blood became weaker. I daily lost strength and vitality, and my nervous system became so weak that it was a constant source of suffering both day and night. I lost appetite, the sight of food nauseated me, the weak state of my system caused shortness of breath and unnatural action of the heart, such as fluttering and violent palpitation, and my face was like chalk. I was in this condition and constantly getting weaker when I began taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I had read the books they distributed and their advertisements in the papers, and thought, "Well, I have taken so much medicine without benefit it is useless to spend any more money. However, I finally made up my mind. It is a form hope I can but try. If I am not benefited I will not be hurt. So I bought one box and received great benefit therefrom, so continued their use, and to-day am a well man in consequence; my blood is strong, my face has the ruddy hue of health, my appetite has returned, I sleep well, I have not the slightest indications of nervousness or heart trouble, and from a sick, weak, nervous man Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have transformed me in six weeks to full health and strength." I am yours very truly,
 (Signed) WILLIAM WILLARD,
 Night Clerk Grand Central Hotel,
 Peterboro.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of Information free.

in places, and 30ft. to 40ft. in width. This enormous structure, unparalleled by any similar work, will intercept the current of the Nile, and form an artificial lake occupying about 670 square miles in area, three times the size of the Lake of Geneva, and 1,000 million tons of water. It is computed that from this great reservoir 2,500 square miles of desert will be converted into cultivated lands by means of irrigation canals, which the fellahen are adepts at making.

Made Him Tired.

The other day a farmer went into a watchmaker's and stood hesitatingly about for some time. Finally he edged up towards the counter and addressed an assistant thus:

"I say, could one of you fellows go out in the country about five miles and repair a watch?"

The proposition paralyzed the jeweller. He finally rallied enough to ask why the watch could not be brought in and attended to.

"Why, you see, it's this way," said the farmer; "the watch belongs to a sick man, and he has to have it beside his bed so as to tell when to take his doses."

"Then the watch must be going all right," said the jeweller.

"Yes, the watch runs, 'cause the feller makes it run. He lays there and keeps the balance wheel going with his finger all day. He says he's getting tired of poking the wheel and wants one of you fellows to come and put it straight."

Mr. Rockefeller's Wealth.

The latest estimate of wealth of Mr. John D. Rockefeller the "low flash" millionaire, is that he is worth considerably over £40,000,000. Seventy five thousand people are dependent on him for a living.

The remarkable thing about his fortune is that every penny has been made by him without at all, less than his fortune amounted to over £40,000,000. He controls 20,000 miles of pipe lines, and owns 200 steamers; he has 40,000 oil tanks, 3,500 tank cars, and 7,000 delivery wagons for the supply of small customers.

A Necklace That Cost \$100,000

The necklace presented by Mr. George W. Vanderbilt to his bride on the occasion of their recent marriage was probably the most valuable in the world. It is composed of diamond and rubies, the smallest of the latter costing £800, and the largest £1,500; the entire necklace taking no less than £100,000 to purchase. It can safely be asserted that no Royal lady possesses a necklace of this value. The size within all; less than a year his fortune amounted to over £40,000,000. He controls 20,000 miles of pipe lines, and owns 200 steamers; he has 40,000 oil tanks, 3,500 tank cars, and 7,000 delivery wagons for the supply of small customers.

All Helped.

In a West Indian paper, which gives an account of a church festival, it is stated that "the choir, assisted by a string band, consisting of a bass drum, tambourine, accordions, and a triangle, opened the expectations of the day."

Furthermore, we are told that this orchestral accompaniment "tended greatly to improve the singing."

Musket-shots also, fired off in the churchyard, served to make the gathering a happy one.

PATENTS

When you want to procure or sell a patent—beware of firms who offer schemes—Our 20 years personal experience is at your service. Write us for information and terms.
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 CUTLER & SANDAM, 125 Sluery St., Montreal.

FLASHES OF FUN.

A recent advertisement in an Irish paper announced that Mr. So-and-so extracted teeth with great pains.

"We have a new preacher," said Clericus. "How do you like him?" asked Quercus. "I can't say; my wife hasn't met his wife yet."

"So old Tabuley is dead, eh? Well, well! Did he leave anything?" "Yes. It broke his heart to do it, but he left everything."

Indignant Mother: "How dare you suffer him to kiss you, Marguerite?" Sweet Servant: "Oh, I there wasn't any kissing about it, ma, dear."

Little boy (to sister): "Look here, Kitty we must be very naughty to-day, so that we can please mamma by promising on her birthday to-morrow that we will be better."

"How could you distinguish the waiters from the guests?" asked one gentleman of another.

"Japan says she proposes to demolish China," said Mr. Blykins. "She ought to have our servant girl," replied his wife, wearily.

She (just after he has been introduced): "It seems to me that I have seen you somewhere before."

He: "Probably; in fact, I am one of the men you were engaged to last summer."

Snips: "How did you enjoy your outing?" Quips: "Oh, just fine. Gained 190lb. in weight. It's right. And, by Jove, she's coming down the street. I'll introduce you."

New Lady Lodger: "The sun never enters this room." Genial Landlady: "That will make it 21. 6d. a week more. You can sit by the window without the danger of getting freckled."

"Dearest," she murmured, "I'm so afraid you'll change." "Darling," he answered, "you'll never find any change about me."

Which was painfully true in a double sense.

Freddy's mamma had a caller one day, who several times during her stay said, "Now I must go, always resuming her seat near the door."

Upon another repetition of the remark, Freddy said, solemnly, "Don't you believe it until she's gone, mamma."

"Don't misunderstand me," said Weary William; "I ain't down on work." "You don't seem to have much affection for it," replied Plodding Pete.

"Yes, I have. Work is a good thing. If it wasn't for work, how would all these people git money to give us?"

The nine points of the law are thus concisely, it somewhat cynically, given: (1) Good deal of money; (2) A good deal of patience; (3) A good cause; (4) A good lawyer; (5) A good counsel; (6) Good witnesses; (7) A good jury; (8) Good luck.

Husband: "What was that you were playing, my dear?" Wife: "Did you like it?" "It was lovely!—the melody divine, the harmony exquisite!"

"It is the very thing I played last evening and you said it was horrid." "Well, the steak was burnt last evening."

Mrs. Nubons: "My husband is a perfect brute." Friend: "You amaze me."

Mrs. Nubons: "Since the baby began teething, nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his father's whiskers—and, yesterday, he went and had his beard shaved off."

Pupil (in riding school): "I thought you said that after twenty lessons of an hour each I should know how to ride this wretched bicycle?"

Riding-Master: "So you would, sir, if you hadn't unfortunately spent the best part of that time on the ground instead of in the saddle."

Algernon (aged nine, soliloquizing): "Hevins! to-night she refused ter kiss me at partin'. 'Wot kin it mean? Has she discover'd dat my wealth is a myth? Has she found out dat mi claims ter aristocratic descent are false? Has she been informed dat the expectations of a lieutenant's commission in the regular army are ephemeral—or has she been eatin' onions?"

A suburban widower married a second time, and his choice was a wealthy lady about fifty years of age. When the bride and bridegroom returned home from the wedding, the husband, introducing the wife to his children, said: "My dear children, kiss this lady. She is the new mamma I promised to bring you."

After taking a steaky look at the "new mamma," little Charlie said: "Pa you have been cheated. She isn't new at all!"

Mrs. Guff: "What might be the matter, Mrs. Miam?" "Sure and ye look mighty puzzled!"

Mrs. McDuff: "And I am that, Mrs. Guff; I want to buy a quarter of a pound of tay and a new glass butter dish, and by this and that I don't know whether to buy my tay at the shop where they give away the butter dishes, or to purchase my butter dish at the place where they give away the tay."

who was of the company. "Down in Lincobshire the fog is sometimes so thick that the driver has to get out and lead the engine."

New Assistant (after hair-cutting, to Tibbs, who has been away for a couple of weeks): "Your 'air is very thin to-day, sir. Try singin'?"

Tibbs (after a pause): "Yes, I think I will."

New Assistant (after singing): "Shampoo, sir? Good for the 'air, sir."

Tibbs: "Thank you, yes."

New Assistant: "Your moustaches curl up yet?"

Tibbs: "Pleaso."

New Assistant: "May I give you a friction?"

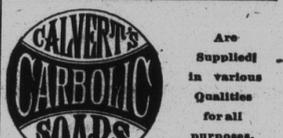
Tibbs: "Thank you."

New Assistant: "Will you try some of our—"

Manager (who has just sighted his man in stage "chaper"): "You idiot! He's a subscriber."



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This is what she wrote:

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who was of the company. 'Down in London... New Assistant (after hair-cutting, to Tibbs, who has been away for a couple of weeks): 'Your air is very thin to-day, sir. Try singing? Tibbs (after a pause): 'Yes, I think I will.' New Assistant (after ringing): 'Shampoo, sir? Good for the air, sir.' Tibbs: 'Thank you, yes.' New Assistant: 'Your moustaches curled? Tibbs: 'Please.' New Assistant: 'May I give you a frizzle? Tibbs: 'Thank you.' New Assistant: 'Will you try some of our... Manager (who has just signed his name in stage whisper): 'You didn't like a subscriber.'



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

Permanent Cure of Salt Rheum. The permanent cure after permanent cure that is being published week by week has placed Burdock Blood Bitters far above all other remedies in the estimation of the sick and suffering. Even the severest and most chronic diseases that other remedies fail to relieve yield to the blood purifying, blood enriching properties of B.B.B. Salt Rheum or Eczema—that most stubborn of skin diseases, which causes such torture and is so difficult to cure with ordinary remedies—cannot withstand B.B.B.'s healing, soothing power. The case of Mrs. Jas. Sanderson, Emerson, Man., shows how effective B.B.B. is in curing Salt Rheum at its worst, and curing it to stay cured. This is what she wrote: 'Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Salt Rheum three years ago. It was so severe that my finger-nails came off. I can truly say that I know of no more valuable medicine in the world than B.B.B. It cured me completely and permanently, as I have never had a touch of Salt Rheum since.'

Continued from Fourth Page. Yet no thought of recalling him entered his mind. He had gone—she had sent him away. It was the right thing to do, and hitherto she had never flinched at what she considered a duty. Shirley never opened her lips during the drive back to Royal Heath. She sat looking straight before her, a weight of ice crushing her down. A terrible insurmountable barrier had suddenly sprung up between herself and Vivian West. He was no longer free to come and go. However much she longed for him, he could not come to her. She pictured him in a cell—alone—with common sense to order him about. The thought was anguish. Some of the house party came out to meet them as they arrived home, eager to hear the latest news. Shirley slipped away to her room, while Sir Henry gave an account of what had occurred. Some twenty minutes later, Madge followed her young sister. She found her kneeling by the window, her elbows on the broad sill, her hands clasped about her head, her hair lying on the floor beside her, where she had flung it on entering the room. She neither moved nor looked up, when Madge stood beside her. 'It is no use making yourself miserable,' the latter said, not unkindly. 'It is a most unfortunate affair; but it cannot be helped.' 'It is all my fault,' Shirley sobbed. 'If I had not told him about Gilbert, he would never have gone there.' Madge sat down on the window-seat. 'I don't see how you can blame yourself. No one could have foreseen what was going to happen.' 'I felt something dreadful would come of it—I told you so. I remember now how I longed to go after him, and persuade him to return. Oh, if I only had!' 'It is foolish to fret like this, over what can't be helped. Nothing very awful has happened yet—I mean nothing very serious—and on Monday he will be released.' 'Not serious or awful to be put in prison?' 'He is only detained on suspicion. Of course it is abominable that they should have suspected him, and it means two miserable days for him, poor fellow; but they will soon pass away.' Madge stooped, and, picking up the hat, smoothed the feathers with her small white hand. The placid, contented action irritated Shirley, who was suffering as only warm-hearted, passionate people can suffer. She seized the hat, and flung it across the room. 'Don't—I can't bear to see you—you treat it all as if it were nothing, while I feel as if I should never see him again. You are so certain he will be released on Monday. Why are you? If the evidence was all dead against him to day, why will it be different on Monday? He said it would be all different then; but I am sure, quite sure, he didn't think so. He said 'good-bye' as if—as if it were for a very long time.' The words came brokenly through stifled sobs. Madge gently touched her slender heaving shoulder. 'You are not showing much pluck,' she said, reprovingly. 'Vivian was naturally down-hearted. It is not so very agreeable to be suspected of murder for even a day. The dressing gown sounded some time ago I cannot stay longer now.' 'You won't expect me down this evening?' 'I shall think you very foolish if you stay up here and mope.' 'What else can I do? Do you think it would be possible for me to sit, and eat, and talk?' 'You should force yourself to do it. It will take your thoughts away from Vivian.' Shirley slowly rose from her kneeling posture. Her eyelids were red, her hair was dishevelled. Madge, cool and trim, regarded her pityingly. 'You must bathe your eyes with some warm water and eau-de-Cologne,' she said. Shirley turned away with an impatient gesture. 'Does it matter what I look like tonight?' she questioned. 'I am wretched. I only want to be alone. You mean to be kind, I know; but you don't understand what I feel. You have never loved anyone; you don't know what it is. I think I will go home, and then I shall not be in the way.' 'You will stay here,' Madge said, with a touch of authority in her tone; 'and on

Monday you will see what a silly child you have been.' She was sorry for her. If she could have comforted her she would have done so; but, as Shirley said, she did not understand. CHAPTER XXVII. The papers were full of the Matherell Court mystery, and the arrest of Vivian West. All the fashionable world, who, for one short season, had adored the young artist, took an eager interest in the case. It was so shocking—such a sudden and terrible ending to an exceptionally brilliant career. For, strangely enough, the majority of those who had known him while he had been a universal favorite, were ready and willing to believe him guilty of a vile crime. Strangely; but, after all, it is not the world's pleasant little way to believe the worst of everyone? The case came before the magistrate on the Monday, but Vivian West was not released. The examination was adjourned, and again adjourned, and, finally, after much suspense and delay, the prisoner was committed for trial. Shirley received the news very quietly. Since that day of the request she had shed no tears; but her eyes had a look in them which made Madge uneasy. It was she who broke the intelligence of Vivian's committal, striving vainly to soften the cruelty of the blow. Shirley was pacing up and down the border in a fever of unrest when Madge came to her. She stood still as the door opened. Her very heart seemed to cease beating. She knew she was going to hear the best or the worst. Her eyes asked the question her lips refused to utter. 'Henry has come home,' Lady Ayerst said. 'They still insist upon detaining Vivian. It cannot be for much longer, Shirley. You must try to be brave and patient.' 'It is adjourned again?' The hoarse voice sounded not at all like Shirley's. 'Yes, dear; that is, I believe they have decided he must go through a proper trial. It will be much better for him in the end. He will have justice done him then.' Shirley paid no heed to her words. She passed her hand over her eyes in a wild, helpless way. 'I must go to him,' she cried, piteously. 'Madge, if you have any kindly feeling, take me to him.' 'If it were possible, I would do so.' 'I will see him. I can't go on like this—it will kill me.' 'Be reasonable,' Madge implored. 'I am sure Henry will try to get you granted an interview. I doubt not he will be able to manage it. All that can be done will be done. Henry says that Duffrime, Vivian's solicitor, is a splendidly clever man. There is nothing really to fear. The waiting and anxiety are, of course, hard to bear. They are moving Heaven and earth, one may say, to discover Dorrien. He is the guilty man; there can be no shadow of doubt about that.' So she talked, knowing full well that the shadow of doubt lay darkly upon Vivian West—so darkly, indeed, that those who had believed in his innocence, began to feel their faith shaken. Everything pointed to fact that he, and he alone, had done the deed. At his solicitor's earnest entreaty, he had told the cause of his anger on that fatal afternoon. Shirley had to appear. She stepped into the witness-box, she looked eagerly towards the prisoner. He met her glance, and smiled reassuringly. The moment her evidence had been given Sir Henry hurried her outside the court. 'You will not be wanted again,' he said. 'I'll put you into a cab, and send you down to the station. You will be able to catch the twelve-thirty.' 'Surely,' she cried, entreatingly. 'I may see him. I can't go away like this without speaking to him.' He drew his thick black brows together in a frown. 'You really cannot,' he expostulated. 'You cannot be waiting about a place of this sort, on chance of seeing a man who is charged with murder.' Her eyes flashed. 'If he were charged with fifty murders,' she declared, with suppressed passion, 'I would still think it an honor to see him.' 'You talk like a little fool,' he said rudely, 'and, honour or no honour, the authorities here won't allow you to see him.' 'Will you ask?' He went unwillingly, in search of a policeman. He very soon came across one, into whose hand he slipped half-a-sovereign, with the whispered injunction. 'Tell the young lady over there that she will not be allowed to see the prisoner.' The man did so at once. It was quite impossible, he said. It was against the rules. After that, Shirley submitted to being placed in a cab and driven to the station. It was market day, and the streets of the town were crowded. She sat looking, with wide unseeing eyes, at the people elbowing their way along the pavement. Now and again a hat was lifted to her, or the occupant of a passing carriage bowed and smiled; but she made no return—one face, one form, was before her eyes; she saw nothing else. 'Unless Dorrien can be found,' Sir Henry said on the evening of the day of which Vivian had been committed for trial, West will either hang for this, or remain under suspicion for the rest of his life. They may not be able to prove that he did the deed; at the same time I'm bothered if I can see how they can prove that he didn't.

'They have not yet found the weapons which were used,' Lady Ayerst said. They were seated at dinner. The trial had been the core theme of conversation. There were but a few guests remaining at Royal Heath. Many had gone at the beginning of the week, and those who were to have filled the vacant places had sent various excuses for not doing so, the simple truth being that they feared the house would be infected by dull while the fiancé of Lady Ayerst's sister was being tried for murder. Lady Ayerst's circle of friends were worldly folk, caring for nothing but gaiety, and abounding all trouble and worry as they would a plague. 'Poor little Shirley!' said Madame de Lisle, who sat on Sir Henry's right; 'she does not appear to-night. She is sad, is she not?' Sir Henry was helping himself to some peas from the silver dish the footman was holding. 'She is in love madame. Do you know what that means?' 'Ah! I do not! Have I not been in love millions of times?' 'But you do not take the complaint very seriously.' 'Love is not serious. Those who take it so are the foolish ones, who crush a butter-fly with a vengeance.' 'She is young. In a little while she will be wiser; she will console herself with another, and think him, oh, so much more charming than the last.' 'The last is always the best,' said Sir Henry, and his eyes looked meaningfully over the brim of the glass he was holding to his lips. 'Firi!' whispered Madame de Lisle. 'Ah, shocking!' And the girl they were so lightly discussing was lying face downward, on her bed, dead and dumb, and to all outward things broken hearted, hopeless, despairing. She was still lying there when Madge passed the room to her own, locked in to say 'Good night.' She imagined she had fallen asleep so, and gently shook her. 'Shirley, it is twelve o'clock; we are all going to bed.' The face that was slowly lifted from the outstretched arms was a shock to her; it was plucked and drawn with suffering—the eyes looked dull and sunken. She sat down beside her, and put her arm round her shoulders. 'You must not give way like this,' she said. 'It is wicked.' Shirley paid no heed to her. She brushed her ruffid hair from her forehead, and looked around the room as if it were strange to her. 'You have been asleep,' Madge said, cheerfully. 'Louise shall come and undress you.' Shirley shook her head. 'She is not asleep; I am not tired. I would rather you did not send Louise.' 'Will you go to bed at once, then?' 'Yes, indifferently. And you won't think too much about this?' 'If you mean Vivian, I can think of nothing else.' 'It can do him no good, and it is making you ill.' 'When am I to see him?' Shirley questioned. 'Every moment now is torturing you.' Her voice had no tone or life in it; it was just a poor little whisper. 'Henry will find out,' Madge answered, evasively. 'She had agreed with her husband that it would be impossible for Shirley to go to the prison to see Vivian West.' 'We are mixed up in this unpleasant af-

fair quite enough without any of that sort of thing,' Sir Henry had said. 'We can't have her name figuring in the papers in a sensational account of her visit to the prisoner. It is too absurd; you must tell her so.' 'She is so headstrong,' Lady Ayerst sighed. 'She will not listen to reason.' 'She will have to on this occasion.' 'Do not be hard on her, Henry; she is very unhappy; and, unless Vivian is acquitted without a shade of suspicion, the engagement must naturally be broken off. We know he is innocent; but, of course, it is what the world thinks.' 'I am not so sure, after all,' Sir Henry said, screwing up his eyes in a knowing way, 'that the world is right time.' Madge looked horrified. 'What! You think—?' 'That the whole thing looks uncommonly funny. Yes; I can't believe that Matherell would have cried out 'Help!—murder!' as he was heard to do, because he was receiving a few cuts with a stick. Then that broken link. No; there is more in it than we thought at first.' 'I cannot believe it,' Madge declared. 'It is simply a case of circumstantial evidence.' He shrugged his shoulders. 'West met Matherell while he was in a towering passion. That little Roxier girl, in her evidence, said he looked furious.' 'Cora is the sort of person,' Madge said, dubiously, 'who would take a wicked pleasure in making the worst of everything.' 'No doubt she feels bitter,' he responded indifferently. 'She has lost her chance of making a good match. She may not find another fool like Matherell.' To say that Cora felt bitter but inadequately expressed her feelings. When alone she would gnash her teeth with impotent rage, and behave like a maniac, shaking her clenched hands, and cursing under her breath. The ground, as it were, had slipped from under her feet. In the very hour of her triumph everything had failed her. Gilbert, who was to have given her wealth, position, and title, was dead; Jim Hartland, the man she hated and feared, had escaped her; and her hold upon Sir Martin, which at one time had appeared so strong, was now of the most slender description—so slender, indeed, that she daily expected him to defy her, and cast her adrift. With that fear of being cast adrift upon her, Cora kept out of the baron's sight as much as possible, and, as a matter of fact Sir Martin wrapped in his own misery, almost forgot her existence. So the days dragged on. August had set itself out and the trial of Vivian West began. Once again Shirley had to appear. She went up to London with Sir Martin, and sat in the dreary waiting-room of the Old Bailey until Hattobette came to fetch her. Without a word she got up and followed him; but, just as they were entering the court, she drew back overcome by a sudden faintness. 'I cannot—I cannot!' she gasped. 'They won't keep you many minutes, miss, he said encouragingly. 'You won't find it so very terrible.' Shirley was thinking nothing of what she would have to do. She had felt a momentary shrinking from seeing Vivian again. She dreaded to look at him after the dreary weeks of prison life. Would he be much changed? Would the hateful degrading life have placed its mark upon him? She was afraid to look, and, for the first moment or so, kept her eye fixed upon the man who began to question her. When at length, she gained sufficient courage to look towards the dock, she scarcely recognised the man standing there for the dark beard that had grown about his chin. He looked older, and careworn, but, if possible, even more strikingly handsome than ever. He was standing in an attitude of an studied grace and ease, his proud head thrown slightly back, his bright fearless eyes meeting hers compassionately, as if he knew how awful it was for her. The question which was then being put to Shirley had to be repeated twice before she heard it, and she was sharply asked to pay attention to what was being said. The trial took three days, and the whole of each of those days Shirley and Sir Martin spent at the Old Bailey, waiting, with fainting hearts, for the verdict. Cora was there one day, but she effaced herself as much as possible, and left directly she had given her evidence, which was far more favourable to the prisoner than it had been before. Oddly enough, Shirley felt happier during those three last days than she had been since the inquest. She felt nearer to Vivian West. Sir Martin was allowed to visit him, and carried messages from one to the other. It was little enough to make one happy; but, after the terrible weeks of separation, it seemed almost like Heaven to be near him again. Then came the last day; the trial was fast drawing to an end. Shirley sat staring at the dingy buildings opposite, waiting for someone to come and tell her what the verdict was. She dared not hope; it seemed to her, that afternoon, worse than madness to do so. The gloom of the long room deepened. It was raining; the streets were sloppy and dismal; a stream of wet umbrellas for ever passed to and fro. In a little while—a few moments, she thought—it would all be over. She tried to pray, but no words would come to her mind or lips. She closed her eyes, and leant her head against the wall. Then the sound of voices and hurrying aroused her.

She started up. People were passing the door, and going down stairs. Sir Martin came in. She looked eagerly beyond him. He was alone. She staggered a few steps forward, holding out her hands, and uttering little piteous moans. Sir Martin caught her as she almost fell at his feet. 'It is over! I be cried, and the tears were coursing down his cheeks. 'Over and he is acquitted!' For the space of a minute Shirley lost consciousness. When she opened her eyes, Sir Martin was still supporting her and the tears of still wet upon his cheek. 'Thank God!' she heard him say, with deepest reverence. And from her heart she echoed.— 'Thank God!' 'Oh, I am so happy!' she cried a moment later. 'I never thought to be so happy again. But, where is he—why does he not come?' 'He wanted me to take you back to the hotel. He will follow us there.' 'I want him now,' she said wistfully. 'It is cruel of him to keep me waiting even half an-hour longer.' 'He says,' Sir Martin answered, 'that he smells of the prison. He will not come to you until he has washed away the taint.' Shirley laughed. It was the first time since that afternoon when they had parted after the inquest. What years ago it seemed; what a lifetime of sorrow she had lived through since then! It was all over now. Her face was wreathed with smiles as she passed out of the gloomy building into the soaking street. An hour later, Vivian was ushered into the sombre, furnished room Sir Martin had engaged at the hotel. Shirley was alone. She flew to him like a half-frightened bird and nestled in his arms. 'You have come!' he said, but nothing could exceed the gladness of her tone. 'Come back at last,' he said, holding her closely to him. 'My poor little love, how white and thin you have grown!' 'And you,' she exclaimed, tenderly touching his face. 'Oh, Vivian, what an awful time it has been! I did not know the world could hold such misery. I grew afraid to think, or hope, or last.' 'It is over now.' He shuddered as he thought of how his life had hung in the balance; of those last few terrible hours in court, ending in such hideous suspense, while twelve men retired to decide his fate. He felt that the horror of it would never leave him, but would cling to him always, dimming the brightness of his future life. She put her arms about his neck. 'Smile,' she whispered, lovingly. 'I cannot bear to see you look like that.' He smoothed her sunny hair caressingly. 'I cannot realize it all yet,' he said, gravely. 'This morning I was a prisoner; now I am free—free! I never understood the full meaning of the word before. It means life.' The next day they went down to Codrington. Everyone was glad to see the young fellow again; all declared that they never had thought him guilty. Sir Martin had begged him to come to Matherell Court. 'It is but a dull place to ask you to,' he said; 'but I should like to have you, my boy; and Shirley must spend all the time she can with you.' So it had been arranged. Vivian West was glad to accept the invitation. He wanted no gaiety just then. He had gone through a severe ordeal—a long strain upon his nerves and mind—and the rest and peace of Matherell Court with Shirley for his daily companion, made him feel that he had entered an earthly Paradise. Beautiful, indeed were those early autumn days, when the leaves were beginning to change from green to gold and scarlet, and the berries were ripening in the hedges. Hand-in-hand, by sea and shore, Shirley and her lover wandered, happy, as few are for long in this chequered life. The Ayersts were away in Scotland, where they were entertaining a large shooting party. Reports of their doings, and names of distinguished guests, now and again appeared in the society papers; which also chronicled the fact that Lord Carborough was visiting the Duke of Clarence. Sir Henry had had the termination of the Matherell Court mystery case wired to him. He found the telegram awaiting him on his return from a day's shooting. To be Continued.

MUSIC-SONG AND STORY is the magazine for you, if you care for good music. Every issue contains 6 to 10 pieces of brand new sheet music—both vocal and instrumental of every variety, but only the best quality. A complete illustrated literary magazine besides, containing the best of stories, poems, recitations, mythic, folk, and fairy-tales, musical and dramatic instruction, etc., and the most beautiful illustrations. THERE IS NO HANDSOME MAGAZINE IN EXISTENCE. It costs but 10 cents a month or \$1.00 a year. [It was at your dealer's stand 10 cents for a trial copy with 5 pieces of love music.] S. W. SIMPSON, PUBLISHER, 70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

Women Need Not Suffer. From those terrible side aches, back aches, headaches and the thousand and one other ills which make life full of misery. Most of these troubles are due to impure, imperfectly filtered blood—the Kidneys are not acting right and in consequence the system is being poisoned with impurities. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS are daily proving themselves woman's greatest friend and benefactor. Here is an instance: Mrs. Harry Fleming, St. Mary's, N.B., says: 'The use of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to complete health. The first symptoms I noticed in my case were severe pains in the small of my back and around the loins, together with general weakness and loss of appetite. I gradually became worse, until, hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box from our Druggist. I am pleased to testify to their effectiveness in eradicating the troubles from which I suffered.'

A LITTLE BOY Has a good Appetite. GENTLEMEN:— My little boy was very much troubled with nervousness. I tried several remedies but they failed to do him any good until I tried Doctor Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills. He has only taken one box and they have given him a good appetite and I can truthfully say he is a great deal better. I would recommend them to any one suffering from nervousness. Yours truly, Mrs. Parkman, Main St., Kenville, N. B. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of Information free.

The Stalled Train.

The north-bound train on the Philadelphia and Erie was in the midst of the wilderness of hills and forests that is so picturesque and even grand in the summer season.

It was Saturday afternoon, and the fifty emigrants and travelers—men, women and children—expected to get into Erie and make a connection with the Shore road early on the morrow.

It had been snowing snow feathers all day from a sky of leaden gray, that grew more sombre as night approached.

At midnight the train came to a stop. The driving people started up, rubbed the glass and looked out. The faint light from the window revealed snow, and only snow, rising up to the black sky.

'Are we at the station?'

This question was asked of the conductor by a low, sweet voice, and stopping he saw a beautiful girl. He had noticed her frequently during the day, and resting against her shoulder was an elderly lady, evidently an invalid.

The conductor stroked his brown beard nervously, and bending over, as if he did not wish the passengers to hear, he said:

'There's something of a drift ahead, miss but we hope to get through.'

As he went off with his wire bound lantern swinging from his arm, the train began to back and kept backing till it had gone some distance. Then came another stop, then another forward movement. The puffing grew louder, the speed greater, and the engine, like a desperate charger under the spur of a daring rider, plunged into the drift that filled the long cut.

Again the train was brought to a stand, and still in ceaseless descent the snow came down on all sides.

A tall, muffled man, with a dark mustache and large, bright eyes, rose from the seat behind Mrs. Paundling and her daughter, Julia, and as he passed them Julia asked:

'Would you please, sir, to let us know if there is any danger?'

'Certainly, miss, replied the stranger, and as he spoke lifted his hat and went to the front of the car and out on the platform. Here he met the conductor and the engineer talking in anxious tones.

'Try it again, Jim,' urged the conductor. 'But where's the use? We have no fuel, and the steam is down to 20 pounds and still a-sinking.'

'Can't you back out of the cut?' asked Martin Reynolds, the young stranger.

'Back out of the cut, sir?' repeated the engineer as he drew his blue sleeve across his swarthy brow. 'Way, bless you, the cut runs back for six miles, and the snow in parts of it is high as the smoke-stack by this time.'

'How far does the cut extend ahead?' asked Martin Reynolds, who was the coolest of the three.

'About two miles, and after that the road gets worse and worse.'

'Are there any farmhouses near here?'

'No, sir; I doubt if there's a human being outside of the train within ten miles of us,' replied the conductor.

'It is now midnight,' said Martin Reynolds, 'and I presume nothing can be done till morning.'

'I doubt if we'll be able to do anything in the morning. We must wait till they find us, and heaven only knows when that will be.'

Martin Reynolds went back to where Julia Paundling was sitting supporting her mother, and not wishing to tell them the worst, he said:

'We can't get on till morning, so we might as well make the best of a bad bargain by being as comfortable as possible.'

As the car was by no means full, he arranged two seats, and some wraps of his own, which with those of Mrs. Paundling made a comfortable bed, and then he insisted that they should both lie down and sleep.

He was one of those men whose presence begets confidence, and whose voice carries with it an authority that melts resistance and makes obedience a pleasure. Having made the invalid and her daughter as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, Martin Reynolds went off and did the same for emigrant women and children in the other car. And so it was that by morning even the conductor and engineer—having exhausted their own native resources—obeyed him as if he had a commission to direct.

All the remaining fuel—it was not much—was taken back to the two passenger cars and orders were given to use it economically.

When daylight came a number of men, Martin Reynolds in the advance, succeeded in cutting a track to the top of the embankment. From this point the train was nearly hidden, and before and behind, far as the eye could reach, was one vast snow-land.

Martin Reynolds had learned that there was food enough on the train to last the people for that day; now he saw that many days must elapse before they could be reached, if indeed their whereabouts could be learned by those anxious for their safety.

'I wish we only had a telegraph operator and instruments on board, we might send word where we are and how we're fixed,' said the conductor.

'While you're wishing,' said the engineer, 'it occurs to me to wish out of this scrape. Can't you see that the telegraph lines are all down?'

'Come with me, help me to dig up one of the wires—all of the wires,' said Martin Reynolds, himself setting the example.

'What good will that do?' asked the conductor, working like a beaver, nevertheless.

'I am a telegraph engineer, and understand operating,' replied Martin Reynolds. 'But you have no instrument to send or receive a message?'

'That's me,' was the reply.

After much shoveling the wires were found where they had fallen with the poles: Quick as a flash Martin Reynolds cut one wire, and kneeling down placed an end in each corner of his mouth and against his teeth. He waited for a few seconds; no current passed through, so he cut it away.

Another and another wire was tried with the same result, till only one remained.

So far Martin Reynolds had been very calm, but as he raised the broken end of the last wire to his lips—the wire on which the fate of so many people depended—his strong hands trembled.

The chimes watched eagerly. The wires had been in his mouth but a few seconds when they saw his face flash and a glad light came into his handsome eyes. Holding the wires against his teeth, he read:

'Who calls?'

'Look Haven; who are you?' was the answer.

'Cleveland; all the wires to the south-east are down but this.'

'Have you any news of the P & E train that left here Saturday morning?'

'No, and don't expect to have for a week. Good-bye.'

Quick as thought Martin Reynolds brought both wires together. If the batteries were not shut off he might win.

Rapidly the edges clicked the alarm.

'Who calls?' asked Cleveland.

'The P & E train.'

'Where are you?'

'In deep snow north of Kane. Women and children in danger. For God's sake send help.'

At this instant the circuit was broken, but the news was flashed of their whereabouts.

Cleveland was two hundred and fifty miles away, but the people there were told that human beings were in danger of perishing, and soon a million brave men would know it.

Martin Reynolds went down and made the people give him all their food. This he divided into rations, and locked up what he did not serve at once.

He took care of the poor invalid, cheering her with the hope of a speedy rescue, and promising Julia to stand by her till he saw her safely landed in Cleveland.

With the two dull train axes he made the men cut fuel and carry it down to the cars, so that when another night came there was no danger of freezing.

Sunday passed; Monday came and passed, and the last scrap of food had been dealt out to the hungry children.

Tuesday came, and the men who were famishing proposed to make their way through the snow mountains to some settlement, but Martin Reynolds prevailed on them to wait.

It was late in the afternoon when a shrill whistle was heard far up the road, but it sounded like music and gave the people heart.

It was near dark when the men reached the train laden with supplies. And it was another day before the train got through to Erie.

The people blessed their deliverer, but he replied that he had done nothing that any other man with his knowledge would not have done.

Julia Paundling refused to believe this. The man had become a hero for his gentleness and modesty.

Martin often blesses the storm that promised such disaster and brought him such a blessing. He thinks the invalid, now restored to health, a model mother-in-law, and he has won the legal right to protect Julia under all circumstances.—New York Ledger.

BEDTIMING A RANCH.

Children were put to sleep and propped up by the fire.

The announcement that ex-Judge Steve Osborn of Salina will become a candidate for speaker of the Kansas House, recalls a story Steve used to tell himself. In the early days of Western Kansas he was a poor but industrious young man, striving to practice law at the little town of Ness City. About all the practice there was to do was before the United States land office at Wakarusa, and whenever Steve had a case in that tribunal his poverty compelled him to cross the forty miles intervening between the towns on foot. One snowy night in late November he found himself lost from the road, but before darkness came entirely he made his way to a ranchman's house, where he was cordially welcome for the night. The remainder of the story in Judge Osborn's words goes as follows:

'The house was one of a familiar plains type, being a big, one-room affair, built of sod. At one end was a fireplace, which served alike for giving warmth and cooking, and included in the rest of the furniture was one solitary bedstead. Inasmuch as the family consisted of the man and wife and six small children, I soon commenced to wonder where they all slept, and what manner of provision could be made for myself, the guest.

'After the chores had been done and the ranchman had made his stock safe for the night we all sat down to a good ranch supper. After supper we men drew up to the fireplace and smoked our pipes while the women cleared up the supper dishes. The evening passed pleasantly, and about 9 o'clock the mother prepared three of the children for bed, after which she tucked them into the only bedstead in the house. They went off to sleep presently, and then she crept noiselessly from the bed and sat them up against the wall close to the fireplace, after which she put the three

remaining children to bed in the same manner. I began to catch on to the game by this time, and it tickled me half to death. By and by the last three children went off to the land of Nod, and they, too, were carefully removed to a place along the wall. Then, turning to me, the good people told me that the bed was ready for me whenever I saw fit to turn in.

'Naturally, I protested against taking the only bed in the house, and declared that I could sit up in the chair and sleep as well as not, but no amount of protest could move these hospitable people, and at last I reluctantly turned in, leaving my host and hostess nodding by the open fire. I never slept better in my life. I had been dead tired by the long walk of the day before, and my suit had been very seductive. I did not wake until day was breaking, and then I encountered the most astonishing thing I ever met with in my life.

'What was it? queried the boys, who had been listening to Steve's entrancing story.

'I found the man and woman in bed, and I was sitting with the kids along the wall.'

Frost Positive.

Two men were standing outside a jeweller's window, admiring the gorgeous display of glittering gems that lay before them. Presently one of them, pointing to an object in a red plush trap, said:

'Just look at that scarp-pin representing a fly. Anyone can tell that's not real.'

'Well, I should think so,' answered his friend. 'Whoever saw a common fly with such a bright appearance? Why, it makes me weary when I think that the jeweller who produced that fondly hoped that someone would purchase it to deceive his friends.'

'If I saw that on a man's scarf I could tell directly that it was emerald imitation.'

At that moment the object of their condemnation moved across the tray, flew in the air, and vanished. The two men looked at each other and gasped, and moved away without a word.

IMAGINATION.

Hard Up: 'Liner writes about the responsibilities of great wealth, and he isn't worth a penny.'

Henn Pock: 'Yes; and about the joys of married life, and he is married.'

The true test of virtue is the amount of temptation that a man has gone through to get it, and the amount he can stand to keep it.

BORN.

- Windsor, Mar. 25, to the wife of J. A. Shaw, a son.
- Oxford, Mar. 15, to the wife of Everett Peet, twins.
- Sunday, Mar. 20, to the wife of H. Brown, twins.
- Hallfax, Mar. 19, to the wife of Walter Conrod, a son.
- Windsor, Mar. 27, to the wife of Mr. Spencer, a son.
- Caledonia, Mar. 16, to the wife of R. K. Paterson, a son.
- Dartmouth, Mar. 19, to the wife of R. J. Matheson, a son.
- Arlington, Mar. 27, to the wife of Wm. A. Marshall, a son.
- Shelburne, Mar. 25, to the wife of Jas. McCarthy, a son.
- Hallfax, Mar. 14, to the wife of Chas. R. Conrod, a daughter.
- Oxford, Mar. 10, to the wife of Mr. S. Kanter, a daughter.
- Hebron, Mar. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Archie Blackadar, a son.
- Bridgetown, Mar. 22, to the wife of Frank Wagner, a son.
- Amherst, Mar. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. Denis Madden, a daughter.
- Mt. Dennis, Mar. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert White, a son.
- New Ross, Mar. 28, to the Rev. and Mrs. C. D. White, a son.
- Colchester, Mar. 18, to the wife of Samuel McMillan, a son.
- Hantsport, Mar. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. William Fris, a son.
- South Brookfield, Mar. 20, to the wife of James Stewart, a son.
- Hallfax, Mar. 25, to the wife of Capt. B. C. Johnson, a daughter.
- Kenilworth, Mar. 24, to Dr. and Mrs. Percy Woodcock, a son.
- Lower Turro, Mar. 22, to the wife of Lorne C. Wetherby, a son.
- Weymouth Bridge, Mar. 27, to the wife of A. H. Brooks, a daughter.
- Partridge Island, Mar. 21, to the wife of Wm. Atkinson, a daughter.
- Willow Park, Mar. 25, to the wife of William J. Delaney, a daughter.
- Weymouth Bridge, Mar. 27, to the wife of George St. Louis, a daughter.
- Annapolis Royal, Mar. 25, to the wife of L. Herbert Kenicmar, a daughter.
- Pleasant Bay, C. B. Mar. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. James Timmins, a son.

MARRIED.

- Kentville, Mar. 22 by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Walter Weston to Jane Neville.
- Oxford, Mar. 25, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Chas. E. Wilson to Maud Skidmore.
- North Sydney, Mar. 25, by Rev. T. C. Jack, Jas. J. Coppin to Mary E. Moore.
- Albion, Mar. 22, by Rev. Allan Spidel, Elizabeth S. Stans to Lila Fraude.
- Hallifax, Mar. 25, by Rev. N. LeMoine, John A. McMillan to Clara S. Hoome.
- Lanesburg, Mar. 11, by Rev. Oskar Gronlund, Lottie Outh to Horatio Hiltz.
- Springside, Mar. 25, by Rev. J. W. Bascort, John A. Stewart to Mrs. Mary W. York.
- Glouce Bay, Mar. 25, by Rev. William Grant, Norman McLeod to Flora Anderson.
- St. John, Mar. 25, by Rev. L. B. McNeil, James Stewart to Mrs. Mary W. Smith.
- Georgetown, Mar. 19, by Rev. A. W. K. Hardman, Albert Young to Clara Llewellyn.
- St. Margaret's Bay, Mar. 17, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Arthur Ziegler to Mrs. Lydia Cowey.
- Mag's Head, Mar. 23, by Rev. Francis C. Berry, Jas. E. McDowen to Ella Marsah.
- South Berwick, Mar. 22, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, Elizabeth to Mrs. Mary W. Smith.
- Boorp's Point, Mar. 22, by Rev. H. A. Harley, Geo Winchester to Mrs. Susie Dumas.
- Southampton, Mar. 25, by Rev. F. J. Jobb, J. Miller Leavitt to Miss J. Adams.
- New Glasgow, Mar. 25, by Rev. Arch Bowman, John E. Fraser to Henrietta Oliver.

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F. A. YOUNG **736 Main St., North**

Loch's Creek C. B., March 9, Sarah Johnson, 25.
Weymouth Centre, March 8, David Simpson, 67.
Moore's Brook, March 24, Flora M. McMillan, 61.
Granville Ferry, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. March.
Hullifax, March 23, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Sanders.
Woolport, Northampton, March 15, Frederick C. Thomas C. Rose to Margaret L. McDonald.

DIED.

Truro, March 24, Jean Johnson, 1.
Millie, March 29, James Collier, 67.
St. John, March 25, Mrs. E. Foster.
Truro, March 19, Thomas A. Fair, Malandian, March 4, Daniel Brown.
Medford, March 25, James Eaton, 52.
St. John, March 29, Thomas Carr, 27.
Westville, March 21, Mary Dallas, 5.
New Ross, March 23, Henry Windsor.
Yarmouth, March 25, Ira Colbeck, 16.
Grand Falls, March 15, Sarah Brown, 33.
Grand Falls, March 6, Annie Messen, 3.
Pugwash, March 25, Robert Baskin, 64.
R. Kirby, March 24, Hugh R. Gills, 40.
Chesley, March 24, Henry Murphy, 52.
Belbrook, March 20, Edward Maise, 55.
Lloyd River, March 19, Mary Mack, 20.
Quebec, March 25, Mrs. (Rev.) MacRae.
Jenny Bride, March 21, Emma Brown, 9.
St. John, March 21, Charles Getchell, 28.
Graywood, March 14, Anthony Spurr, 65.
Salmon, March 13, Ira M. Hughes.
Medford, March 23, John Franc's Tule, 2.
St. John, March 23, Mrs. Geo. Barons, 24.
Upper Fusan, Nov. 23, Robert Gould, 75.
Barton, March 16, George W. Blaney, 69.
Barrington, March 17, Mary A. Atwood, 20.
St. J. H., March 21, Mrs. Frederick Jenkins.
Farrboro, March 27, Mrs. Thos. Carroll, 47.
Toney River, March 20, Alex. Falconer, 94.
St. John, March 23, Mrs. Frederic James, 74.
Colorado Spr. March 13, Mrs. Fred Ellis.
South Brookfield, Mrs. Hannah Cameron, 76.
White Rock, March 19, James Henderson, 51.
Yarmouth, March 23, John McKinnon, 9 moos.
Acadia Valley, March 20, John E. Warme, 44.
Boston, March 25, Mrs. George Simmonds, 79.
Millstream, March 24, George Hartley, 3 moos.
Milton, Queens, March 26, Abner Hartley, 31.
Karsda, March 9, Mr. Cornelius Bogart, 87.
Long Beach, March 23, Mrs. Joel Crawford, 76.
F. City, March 16, Jeremiah Nicholson, 71.
Dobert, March 21, Mrs. Lorena D. Carter, 21.
Hampton, Annapolis, Mar. 18, Robert Hall, 31.
San Point, March 21, Kenneth D. Peterson, 9.
San Francisco, March 15, James McParlane, 55.
Brooklyn, Queens, March 24, Isaac Stouffer, 67.
Bir Pond, C. B., March 10, Stephen McNeil, 73.
New Glasgow, March 25, Louisa MacKichan, 29.
East French River, March 24, Andrew Glessa, 56.
Barrington, March 25, Mrs. George Glessa, 56.
Alameda, Cal., March 11, Capt. John Burns, 65.
London, Eng., March 2, Dudley R. DeChabr, 69.
Sydney, March 19, wife of Capt. John Lowry, 60.
St. John, March 31, Mrs. Andrew Harrigan, 95.
Jamaica Plain, March 23, Mrs. Wm. Hughson, 42.
Manitoba, March 25, Mrs. James Cunningham, 29.
South Boston, March 24, Mary McKinnon, 19 moos.
Providence, R. I., March 19, Mrs. Arthur Fitching.
New Glasgow, March 17, Mrs. Wm. L. Graham, 24.
Chal lotetown, March 21, Mrs. William Haggar, 42.
West Laurencetown, March 20, Mrs. John Sellar, 74.
Kilkeany Lake, C. B. Feb. 20, Daniel McDonald, 58.
Medford, Mass., March 5, Mrs. Edith Richardson, 60.

RAILROADS.

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New in effect for second class passage from St. John, N. B., to

Edmonton, Sask., Regina, Trail and Vancouver, B.C.	\$54.55
Vancouver, Victoria, New Westminster, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland, Ore.	\$57.05
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For further information enquire of Ticket Agents or to

A. H. NOYMAN,
Asst. General Passenger Agent,
St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Leve. St. John at 1:15 a. m., arr. Digby 10:00 p. m.
Leve. Digby at 1:00 p. m., arr. St. John, 5:45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Leve. Halifax 6:30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:30 p. m.
Leve. Digby 1:00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 5:30 p. m.
Leve. Yarmouth 6:00 a. m., arr. Digby 11:45 a. m.
Leve. Digby 11:55 a. m., arr. Halifax 6:45 p. m.
Leve. Annapolis 7:30 a. m., Mon, Wed, Thursday and Saturday
Leve. Digby 8:30 p. m., Monday, Tuesday and Saturday
Leve. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

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F. GIFFKINS, superintendent,
Kensville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fredericton, Moncton and Halifax	7:00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Sydney	7:15
Express for Quebec, Montreal	11:45
Express for Boston	11:45
Accommodation for Moncton, Fredericton, and Sydney	12:15

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 for Boston.

Trains and boats call on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Boston	6:30
Express from Halifax	6:00
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal	11:15
Accommodation from Fredericton and Moncton	11:45
Accommodation from Moncton	11:45
All trains run by Eastern Standard time.	

CITY TICKET OFFICE,
114 Prince William Street,
St. John, N. B.