

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The success scored by the Bicycle Club Minstrels at their concert last Monday and Tuesday evening, surpassed the most sanguine anticipations of their friends, and reflects much credit on every one engaged in the programme or connected in any way with the entertainment.

The Circle was so arranged as to provide a very pleasing view when the curtain rose, and the idea of the concealed chorus prior to this was a good one. It put the audience at once on the qui vive and in touch with the entertainers.

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she sang in the duet that follows her meeting with the king. The common doubtless was intended to be a joyous one, but somehow only resulted in a sweet sound.

Taken altogether, and viewing the entertainment from an amateur standpoint, which is the true way to regard them, these young minstrels have every reason to be satisfied with the work they have done.

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A chorus of monks, made up of the best singers of the Cadet chorus, will be a feature of the entertainments to be given at the Tremont theatre, Boston on 10th, inst.

MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO., OF NEW YORK. Richard A. McCurdy, President. Company's Statement for the Year Ending December 31st, 1894. ASSETS, - \$204,638,783.96. INCOME. Received for Premiums, ... \$36,123,163.82. Received from all other sources, ... 11,897,706.12. DISBURSEMENTS. To Policy-holders for Claims by death, ... \$11,929,794.94. For all other Accounts, ... 9,789,634.18. BOARD OF TRUSTEES. SAMUEL D. BARCOCK, OLIVER HARRIMAN, ROBERT SWELL, ROBERT A. GRANNISS, CHARLES E. MILLER, ISAAC F. LLOYD, 2nd Vice-President, WILLIAM J. EASTON, Secretary, JOHN A. FONDA, Assistant Treasurer, WILLIAM P. SANDS, Cashier, JOHN TATLOCK, Jr., Assistant Actuary, CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor, GUSTAVUS S. WINSTON, M. D., ELIAS J. MARSH, M. D., GRANVILLE M. WHITE, M. D. Jacob A. Johnson, * General Agent: Maritime Provinces, Newfoundland and St. Pierre. ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier of St. John Branch. Richard Rodgers, M. McDade, and Chas. E. Scammel, General Agents for New Brunswick.

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of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Music Hall on yesterday afternoon, at 2:30 and this evening, March 2, at 8:00, the following programme was given: Symphonic poem, "Prometheus da Rimsky-Korsakov. Solo vocalists. Duet. Chorus. The New York Evening Sun of recent date prints: "A dinner party, given in honor of Miss Sybil Sanderson the other night the business turned to the prima donna and her jewels. Do you know, Miss Sanderson, the jewels you wear in Moscow are the most beautiful I have ever seen. Oh, but these are stage jewels, cried Miss Sanderson. Good heavens! You surely didn't think they were real, did you? I should have had to be dreadfully naughty to have earned all those...

twenty-six weeks. The average European actor's pay is about \$16 per week. Robert Feltor has recently placed with an sculptor in London, Ont., an order for a mausoleum to be erected over the body of his late wife Annie Feltor, and that one in Woodlawn cemetery. Mrs. Josephine True is said to be singularly like Sarah Bernhardt in face, manner of dressing the hair, gesture and even in speech. She is a pleasing artist, and has considerable emotional power and good judgment in making her roles. Mrs. Miriam O'Leary-Collins, who, before her marriage and retirement from the stage, was an especial favorite of the patrons of the Boston museum, presented "The Oracle in the Hearth" in Boston College hall last Monday evening for a deserving charity. Rachel Noah, an old time St. John favorite was also in the cast. Charlotte Hardidge, whose stage name is Charlotte Durand, an actress of the Irving place theatre company, was recently married to F. D. Conway, a young man from Budapest, who has been travelling in the United States to learn something of the institutions of that country. He says Miss Durand on the stage and fell in love with her. Judge Ehrlich performed the ceremony and one of the witnesses was Count Hermann Zichy.

ASTHMA PREVALENT. MANY CASES IN ST. JOHN. A Noted Physician's Views on the Subject. Asthma has hitherto baffled the skill of our best physicians. Within a comparatively recent period Dr. E. Shiffman, of St. Paul, Minn., who has devoted many years of study to the treatment of asthma, bronchitis, and croup, has prepared a remedy for these affections which is meeting with great success wherever introduced. With this remedy there is no waiting for results. It is not a nauseating compound to be swallowed, but is used by inhalation, thus reaching the seat of disease direct. Its action is immediate and certain. Acting directly on the mucous membrane of the air passages, it relieves the spasm and constriction, instantaneously, facilitates free and easy expiration, and induces comfortable rest to those otherwise unable to sleep, except in a chair. All druggists have this remedy in stock, but in order to secure every sufferer who has in vain tried every other means of relief may test its efficiency, the doctor's representative will give away a free trial package, solely as an advertisement, to every one who applies within 3 days from date at G. A. Moore's Drug store, 109 Brunson St., cor. Richmond, St. John, N.B., thus convincing the most skeptical. Persons living at a distance who wish to try a free sample package should address Lyman, Knox & Co., Wholesale Agents for Canada, 374 St. Paul street, Montreal.

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Social and Personal.

THE CELEBRATED



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HOT or COLD, WHICH?

If you want to keep warm this winter, come to our store and buy a HEATING STOVE, and your home will be warm. We have a great variety. Hard or Soft Coal or Wood; all sizes, all prices. It is worth your while to see our stock of RANGES and HEATING STOVES.

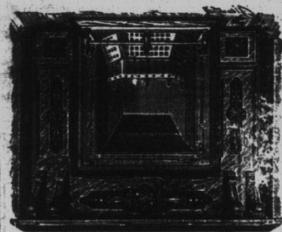
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New Arrivals.

Dress Materials. including all the Latest Novelties in

French, English and Scotch

All-Wool

Dress Fabrics.

in Tweed Effects, Small Checks and Plain Goods.

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11 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

John South End.

Judge Faxon, who last week accompanied his daughter to Boston where she will spend the remainder of the winter, returned home this week. Mr. James Reynolds and two daughters, left this week for a trip to New York, thence to New Orleans, returning home by way of Savannah and Charleston. They expect to be absent some two months.

Rev. R. McKim, the new rector of St. Luke's church is expected to arrive here in time to officiate in his new pulpit on Easter Sunday.

Leut. Colonel Mansfield, and Miss Mansfield, of Fredericton, spent several days in the city this week.

Mrs. G. Brennan Suberlin, who has been making a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Bell, of this city, has returned to her home at New Glasgow.

Mrs. John V. Eld, who has been making a visit to Washington, has returned home.

Mr. S. S. DeForest, Mrs. DeForest, and Miss Lela DeForest, who have been spending the last few weeks in Boston, have returned to the city.

Miss Alice Fielder left on Thursday for Edmondston, where she will visit her sister; she will be absent a year.

Mrs. Lockhart, who has been spending some weeks in friends in Le-city, returned this week to her home in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Seely are making a visit to Boston and New York.

Mrs. T. B. Wilson is confined at the home of her daughter Mrs. A. C. Jardine, Rockwood road, with an attack of grippe.

Mrs. E. W. Eaton entertained the primary classes of German street baptist Sunday school and their teachers at a slight dinner Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Fennell are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little daughter.

Miss Nellie Black, who has been visiting the Misses Schofield, Wright street, returned this week to her home in Bathurst.

Mrs. and Mr. Thomas Linton, who have been spending some weeks in New York and Brooklyn, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. May has returned from a pleasant visit to friends at Hampton.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred White, of St. Stephen, were visiting friends in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Forbes, of Montreal, arrived in the city on Thursday last. They will, for the present, reside at the Queen hotel.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Isaac A. Dodge was held from her late residence, Princess street, on Monday afternoon. The services were conducted by Rev. Canon DeVeber, assisted by Rev. Mr. DeWdney.

Mr. and Mrs. John Connor and Miss Connor, who have been making a visit to Fredericton, returned home this week.

Miss Ross, of Georgia, who has been spending some weeks with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. George McAvity, returned home this week.

On Friday evening a most enjoyable parlor concert was held at the residence of Mrs. E. C. Skinner, King street east, with an excellent programme of music rendered to an appreciative audience.

One of the pleasantest sleigh drives of the season was that given on Thursday evening, under the management of Mrs. E. C. Skinner, M. Colwell, Walter Goddard and Ralph Dyer. The sleigh left the residence of Mrs. E. W. Hillwell, Crown street, at half past seven o'clock, and after a drive of some miles out to the road the company returned to the residence of Mrs. Hillwell to spend the remainder of the evening. Supper was served shortly after the return of the company, and with much of the evening was spent rapidly away.

Mr. Robert T. Brittain, one of the oldest and best respected residents of the West end passed quietly away on Sunday evening, at the age of eighty-eight years. Deceased had been in ill health, his death was entirely unexpected. He leaves a wife and seven children only three of whom reside in the city. The funeral took place from his late residence, Ludlow street on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Sullivan, formerly of this city, received congratulations at their home in Boston on the arrival of a little daughter.

Miss Nettie Dakis who has been spending some weeks with friends in the city, has returned to her home in Derby, N. S.

Miss Gertrude Allison is visiting friends at Sackville.

Mrs. A. R. Melrose entertained a number of her friends on Thursday evening at her residence, Watledge street.

Miss Hayford, who has been on a visit to St. John, has returned to her home in Sackville, where she will visit friends.

The marriage of Miss Blanche Thompson to Mr. Malcolm McDonald, of Charlottetown, took place in the Methodist church yesterday morning. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Grace Thompson, and the bride and bridesmaid wore costumes of navy blue serge, with little black bonnet trimmed with black feathers and purple flowers. The bride carried a magnificent bouquet of cream roses tied with white ribbon, and Miss Thompson's bouquets were of pink roses. Mr. Arthur Thompson, brother of the bride, supported the groom. The happy couple left for their future home in Charlottetown.

One of the most beautiful pieces of interest in our charming little city at present is a visit to the ample grove of Miss Ada Schiller; almost any fine morning you will see a lovely of ladies lingering around the many sweet scented flowers; by which, vale lilies and narcissus taking the precedence just now.

Mrs. Alex. Hanning, of St. John, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ann Vanwart.

Miss Maud Gidding, who is visiting her sister, Miss Albert Edcombe, is spending some time with her friends to a drive while party.

Last evening Miss Jessie Gibson, of Maryville, entertained a large party of friends at a skating party and after had supper and a dance at her home.

Mrs. Green entertained a few of her friends at her home on Thursday last in honor of her fifty-fourth birthday.

Miss Ethel Hall leaves tomorrow for Sackville to visit friends there, and will attend the "H. M." given by the members of the senior class of Mount Allison.

The Misses steering entertained the dancing club on Friday evening and invited about twenty extra, making in all a party of sixty, who danced until evening.

Mrs. Walter Fisher gave a pleasant drive while party last evening in honor of her sister, Mrs. Gordon Kingston, even to see all worked hard for the prize, which was won by Miss Johnston, a very correct posture, a little of perfume. Mr. T. Fowler won the gentlemen's prize, a paper knife. The booby prizes were awarded Mrs. C. Beckwith and Mr. Harry McLeod. At twelve o'clock a delicious supper was served. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, Kingston, Mrs. W. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Flower, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Crockett, Dr. and Mrs. Vanwart, Miss Tibbitts, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edcombe, Miss Anna Tibbitts, Mr. E. McLeod, the Misses Edmondston, Miss Young, Mrs. C. W. Beckwith, Mrs. Harry McLeod, Mr. S. Campbell, and Mr. T. Fowler.

Proposals for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and by Mr. B. Jones.

Fun T. A very enjoyable drive while party was given by Mrs. Blanche Ward last Wednesday evening. There were also tables and the guests who played were Mr. and Mrs. D. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Broad Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Dyke Robb, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Wilton, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Parry, and Mrs. J. H. Hanning.

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

Colonial House, MONTREAL.

New Goods.

We are now showing this Season's SPRING MANTLES, DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, Cotton Goods, Cretonnes, etc. N. B. Mail orders promptly and carefully attended to.

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EARNSCLIFFE GARDENS, WOLFVILLE, N.S. WITH FRUIT CANNERY.

"Evangeline Brand"

In Plums, Gravenstein Apples and Choice Crab Apples. Put up in Pure Sugar Syrup. This Brand is high grade canned goods. Ask your grocer for them. W. S. ARCHIBALD, Prop.

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WANTED 1000 MEN'S FELT AND FUR HATS

To Re-dye and Finish Gents, you can save from \$1.00 to \$2.00 by not throwing away your HAT because it is soiled, faded and out of shape. See Specimen Samples at our office and be convinced.

American Dye Works Co., Works: Elm Street, South Side King Square, North End.

The Seductive Politician Wins Votes by

"Ways that are dark And tricks that are vain,"

But an honest cigar wins regard because of the superior quality of the tobacco and the skillful care exercised in manufacture.

The undermentioned brands can always be relied upon, and the smoker who cannot find among these a weed to his taste is hard to please indeed.

"Sonodora,"

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"Creme de la Creme,"

... and ... "Fortier's LaFayette."

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Warm, Dry and Comfortable. Latest Styles. Beautifully Finished. Perfect in Fit. Always Satisfactory.

GRANBY RUBBERS WEAR LIKE IRON.

Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. ALWAYS CURES. Proof Positive. Read It.

Dr. Lavolette, M. D. 222-224 St. Paul St. Montreal.

Advertisement for a medicine or product, mentioning 'SICK HEADACHE' and 'THE REMEDY FOR IT'.

Advertisement for 'SICK HEADACHE' and 'THE REMEDY FOR IT' by Rev. H. Hamilton.

Advertisement for 'THE PLAIN FACTS FROM PROMINENT PEOPLE' and 'THE GREAT CURATIVE POWER OF THE FREE PAIN-KILLER'.

Photography. SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP. REFINED FINISH. HAROLD CLIMO.

Bar. J. M. Robinson, of Montreal. The special session by the club was very much appreciated.

THE ONLY CAYENNE. It is the only cayenne that is suggested it will develop into Colic of the stomach.

THINGS OF VALUE. His father called him William, and his sister called him Bill.

CONSUMPTION. Valuable medicine and two bottles of medicine sent free to patients.

MISS JESSIE CAMPBELL WHITLOCK, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. JOHN'S CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

My VACATION, Where? Summer, 1895. Basking days, inclusive from CUNARD'S.

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The 'QUADRANT' Rothwell AND ROYAL ENFIELD. Are my leading lines for 1895.

F. H. TIPPET, St. John, N. B. Good Agents wanted where not represented.

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Dominion Atlantic Ry. LAND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE.

Consumption. Valuable medicine and two bottles of medicine sent free to patients.

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SILK ELASTIC Stockings AND ANKLETS.

V.C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S. 36 KING STREET.

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Are you WEAK? NERVOUS? TIRED? SLEEPLESS? PALE? BLOODLESS? THIN? DYSPLEPTIC? you need HAWKER'S Nerve and Stomach TONIC.

Advertisement for 'I CURE FITS!' with details about the medicine.

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Advertisement for 'SILK ELASTIC Stockings AND ANKLETS' by V.C. Rudman Allan.

Advertisement for 'T. A. OROCKETT'S DRUG STORE' and 'PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED'.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1895.

A FLAW IN THE LAW.

THIS THERE APPEARS TO BE IN WESTERLAND.

Cases which show that the enormity of the offense is not taken into consideration by the judge.

Doncaster, Feb. 27.—Two boys are inmates of the common goal here, each serving out a term of six months. Locky McLeod "went up" in the city of Doncaster, spending his days on the streets and his nights wherever he could find a roof to cover him and the rest of a plank to sleep on.

Max Belliveau is a French lad who arrived at "The Corner," where he had previously worked for Mrs. Joshua Chandler, on the afternoon of the twelfth instant. He was well and neatly dressed, and had in his pocket a good silver watch with a gold chain attached.

When Mrs. Chandler discovered that her money and rings were gone she sent for her brother-in-law, the sheriff and other of her neighbors. A tramp had been seen the previous evening around "The Corner" and the theft was at once put by some to his credit.

Max was brought up for trial last Monday before Judge Wedderburn and pleaded guilty to the charge of breaking and entering and stealing. A number of certificates were read from clergymen, professors, doctors and engineers.

raised the shower of his eloquence on the duck's back, and wound up with the sentence that he should be imprisoned in the common goal for six months with hard labor.

One thing the judge overlooked. The certificate all read that the mother was "about seventy, and her baby boy sixteen."

A few words about the unsteady tread of justice in Westmorland. A few years ago two young men were arrested for a criminal assault on a servant girl.

Two young men, as bad as they make them in Westmorland, were arrested, tried and convicted for theft. The only extenuating circumstance was, that they were respectively respected. They were sent to the reformatory.

A young man was convicted of breaking into a dwelling-house and stealing therefrom. He was respectfully connected and was sentenced to "the common goal for nine months."

In last December two boys, the oldest not over sixteen, were sent to the penitentiary for breaking into a shop and stealing therefrom. Two of their accomplices were tried in January, and one sent to the common goal for six, the other for nine months.

I have carefully stated the different cases that have come to my knowledge in as few words as I could use and make the circumstances plain to your readers.

Indian's Suit for Loss of His Hair. Hot Bolt, an Indian of the Umattilla Reservation, Oregon, had his hair cut off by the Indian Court last week for drunkenness.

FEMALE SHOP THIEVES.

MANY WELL-TO-DO WOMEN WHO STEAL GOODS.

From the Leading Store of Boston—Some Will Pay the Money, Some Will Not.

Boston, Feb. 26.—While looking up the subject of shoplifting a short time ago, I learned among other things of interest about people who are caught in the big department stores, that a large percentage of them are women from the province, or, as Mrs. Outthank, the matron of the Woman's Prison, termed them, "dressmakers from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, who seem to have an idea that when they see goods in such quantities on the counters of the big stores, it is common property, and they help themselves."

Shoppers to have rather peculiar ideas about provincial women, but strange to say, although she has been connected with the Tombs for a long period of years, and has had to do with nearly all the female offenders who have been arrested during that time, she has a good deal of sympathy for shoplifters of the unprofessional class, which comprises the large majority of those arrested.

The extent to which stealing is carried on in stores such as Jordan, Marsh & Co., Houghton & Dalton's, and White's is surprising. Each of these stores has a large force of floorwalkers and other who have an eye open for people with a propensity for appropriating that which is not their own, and within a short time women detectives have been employed, under the direction of Joe Knox, the inspector from headquarters who has been for many years detailed especially for the shopping district.

Shoplifting has been going on to such an extent recently, that the merchants began to talk freely about it, complaining that those arrested were sent dealt with in such a manner as to have the desired effect. They also complained that there was too much sympathy shown to shoplifters at the Tombs, and that conditions were such that a woman could be arrested, bailed out and fined the next morning without even her husband knowing about it.

There have always been persons around the Tombs and the court on the lookout for prisoners willing to pay good interest on money loaned for bail or fines. When a shoplifter is arrested, no matter whether she be a professional or one of those unfortunates who could not resist the temptation to help themselves, her first thought is about getting out again, or to look out for prisoners willing to pay good interest on money loaned for bail or fines.

In last December two boys, the oldest not over sixteen, were sent to the penitentiary for breaking into a shop and stealing therefrom. Two of their accomplices were tried in January, and one sent to the common goal for six, the other for nine months.

The stories told of women arrested for the first time, many of them are wives and daughters of well known and well-to-do people, are decidedly interesting, as showing how hard it is for some to resist the temptations which beset them in the big stores, and their grief and anxiety when they are caught and come to a realization of what they have been doing.

"The professional shoplifters are seldom caught," she said when speaking on the subject. "I do not believe that in the 10 years I have been here I have had more than 10 professionals. The amateurs are easily caught, and I think that very many are arrested before they have stolen enough to pay even a small fine."

Those who merely stole because they could not resist the temptation when they saw so much lying around loose in the stores do not cry or take off half so much as the professionals, or those who have been stealing now and again for some time and have not been caught before.

Carpet Department. - NEW SPRING CARPETS - Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, Tapestry, Wool, Linoleums, Oilcloths and Cork Carpets. Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John.

were found on her. The judge thought nobody but a professional could wear a schene like that and gave her one year. She appealed the case, but the higher court sustained the decision of the lower one and she had to go to prison.

"I have felt so sorry for some of these women that I could not refuse to help them myself, but I only remember of one case where I got my money back again. That happened a short time ago. A woman was brought into the prison for shop-lifting. She lived a short distance out of town, was fairly well dressed, and I do not think anybody who saw her could doubt that up to the time she was caught she had been very respectable and associated with a good class of people.

"I loaned her enough money to pay her fine, and she left some parcels, which were about half the value of the money, as security. Although I had considerable sympathy for her and thought she had told me the truth, I did not expect to hear from her again. A few days afterward, however, she came in here and asked me if a woman of the name of the one I had loaned the money to had been arrested. When I answered in the affirmative she seemed a bit startled; then she told me that she was her husband, and that she had told him that she had been arrested, but, as she had been sick up to the time she had come into Boston, he thought she had gone out of her mind, and was laboring under the delusion that she was a shoplifter. When she told him about it first, he paid no attention to what she said, but when she asked him a number of times to go into Boston and pay the money she claimed to have borrowed to pay her fine, he finally decided to visit the Tombs and find out how much truth there was to what she had said."

"I do not think half of those arrested realize what they have been doing until after they have been brought here. The temptations offered them in the big stores are so great that they cannot resist it. Perhaps a woman is waiting for change, and is standing at a counter piled up with hosiery. It seems the easiest thing in the world for her to slip a pair into the bag without being seen. I have no doubt that the number doing this right along and who escape detection is very large."

"Some come in from the country, and seem to be dazed at seeing so much that they want lying within easy reach. A young girl brought in here at one time said she could not understand how the police had seen her take the article she had stolen, and asked me if anybody else had been arrested."

"I remember another case and it was a very sad one. The woman got a year at Sherborn, the judge deciding that she was a professional. She told me all about her case, and I cannot help believing that she never stole anything in her life before that day. She was a housekeeper in a family a few miles outside the city, had always borne a good reputation and was generally respected."

"She told me that she had come into town to do some shopping, and had seen so many things that she could not resist the temptation to take some of them. She took first one thing, then another, and it seemed so easy to conceal them, without being noticed that before she knew it she had more than she knew what to do with. She went into the toilet room, and, finding a piece of string on the floor, took all she had stolen and tied them around her waist; then went out into the store again, and the very next article she picked up she was caught. When she was searched the other articles

Mr. Isaac S. Cohen is an affable little Hebrew who furnishes bail for shoplifters who either have no friends they can send for or are afraid to let their friends know that they are under arrest.

"I think I have done a great deal to help some of these unfortunate people," said Mr. Cohen, "for in many cases the husbands of the women arrested could not bail them out if they were notified without having their friends know it and bringing disgrace on the family, which it would take a long time to live down. Why, it is only a short time ago that I furnished bail for a minister's wife. She knew that her husband could not appear in court without somebody finding it out, and the result would probably have been the loss of his church as well as his social position. After it was all over this minister came to me and thanked me for what I had done."

"Just before that I bailed out the daughter of the pastor of a church in Cambridge, and I have been of service to a good many school teachers and the wives of clergymen, lawyers and business men who have been caught shoplifting. They are willing to pay any amount of money rather than appear in court, but I usually induce them to appear and get off with a fine."

"I recall one woman who was arrested, and who had \$50 in the bank. She wanted me to take \$200 and forfeit the bail of \$150 so that she would not have to appear. She gave me an order for the money, and handed over the bank book, but I did not draw any. I simply took her up to the court, and a fine of \$30 was imposed. Then I gave her the book. If I had not taken it the night before she would not have appeared in court, the bail would have been forfeited, and she would have drawn the money herself to pay me."

"The law allows anybody arrested to get bail if they can, and I believe a great many of them are saved from disgrace by being able to send for me. It is not long ago that a young woman was arrested who had only been married a week. She came of a good family, moved in good society, and her husband is a prominent business man. She told him what had happened, and I never saw a man take on so in my life. He almost went crazy over it, although his friends do not know anything about it to this day."

"I know another respectable young woman who had only been married a few days, and was caught stealing a pair of gloves. But I find that shoplifters of this class always learn a lesson they never forget; or, at least, I never hear from them again. I think that the only person sent for me twice was a policeman's wife, who was arrested a short time ago for larceny. I refused to go her bail the second time."

"When the persons arrested are poor, and have not enough money to pay their fines, I find it pretty hard to refuse them, for when a woman finds that she will have to go to jail because of her inability to raise \$15 or \$20 a man cannot listen to her very long without giving her the money. It is in cases of this kind that I sometimes lose. The largest amount I ever lost was \$50. Two Charlestown dressmakers were arrested, and I bailed them out. They were fined \$25 apiece, and they pleaded with me to let them have the money. They were very respectable, but poor, and I let them have it. I got a ring worth about \$10 as security, and that is all I ever got, although I have tried to collect the money a number of times."

"I remember one case where the woman said her husband was a business man in Lynn. I telephoned to a friend of mine there, and found that there was a man doing business under the name and at the address she had given, but I felt suspicious of her, and when we reached the Union depot I decided to go along to Lynn. When we reached there I had just about 10 minutes to catch the next train back. The woman showed me the place which she

NOW IS THE TIME:-

Look over your blankets and see if they need doing up. UNGAR does them up soft and nice, and no danger of shrinking. Look over your spring clothing. If you want anything cleaned or dyed now is the time to have it done.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS, St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

FORTIFY YOUR SYSTEM

against PNEUMONIA and LA GRIPPE by using ROYAL EMULSION

For Chest, Lung and Bronchial Troubles, having or been equalled.

A WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN PHYSICIAN STATES:

I cheerfully recommend the Royal Emulsion; I have suffered from a yearly attack of Bronchitis but this year, for the first time, I have escaped and I attribute it to the use of ROYAL EMULSION.

Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00. Wallace Dawson, CHEMIST, Montreal.

had said was her husband's, pointed to the sign, and said they had rooms above the store. I left her there and she went up stairs, but I somehow felt that she was not telling me the truth. I knew that if she did not live there she would come out again after she heard the train start for Boston, so I went across the street to a doorway and waited. Pretty soon I saw somebody come down stairs and look up the street. At last a Swampscott car came along, and the woman came out and got on board of it. I followed her, and also got on the car. Then I went in and sat down beside her.

"Don't you think you have gone far enough?" I asked. "Then she began to take on, and I persisted that she must come back to Boston with me. She told she would take me to her mother's house, and after some talk, I consented to go. Her mother felt very badly over it, and promised me that her daughter would appear in court in the morning."

"She came to me in the morning, and wanted me to take \$200 and forfeit the \$200 bail, but I wouldn't do it, and she had to appear." Grand opera is engaging the attention of Bostonians with big pocket books this week. Seats can only be had at a premium, if at all. The majority of the tickets passed through the hands of messenger boys and men of leisure who usually make their headquarters on the common, but who did not object to standing in line before the box office window for two days and two nights waiting for the sale to begin.

Mr. S. A. Wetmore read a paper before the Boston Master's club at Young's hotel one evening last week. The subject was "The Modern Newspaper."

Mr. John Gleason, of W. C. Piffard & Co., St. John, was here on a vacation and business trip last week, and met a number of former St. John friends. R. G. LARSEN.

IT WAS A YOUNG WOMAN.

FIRST JENNIE HOLDREDGE DISGUISED AS A SAILOR.

She follows a First Mate From the Sea—Her Treatment at the Hands of the Man She Loved—Rescued and Married.

There was a romance connected with the dingy old coal barge American Eagle of the Scully towing line of New York which was on the fire last recently at Point Judith Mass. Before being degraded into a coal barge the American Eagle was a spanking American bark of about 600 tons. She was built at Jacksonville, Fla., in 1858, and for several years she was engaged in trading between New York and islands in the Pacific. She was owned in New York, but on one voyage was to start from New Bedford. The year was 1865, the captain's name was Rix, and the first mate's was Johnson.

It is concerning the mate, who is still living, that the story is told. Johnson lived in eastern Massachusetts. When he received orders to join his ship he sent his luggage by express to New Bedford and started to walk down to this city. It was at the pleasant season of the year in the country, the first part of June.

While on his way he was driven by a storm to take refuge in a smart looking farmhouse. Here he found as one of the household an unusually pretty young woman. She was Jennie Holdredge, the daughter of Abner Holdredge, the owner of the farm. Johnson was brown-complexioned, tall, and athletic, a true type of an American sailor. He was detained by the storm all that day and the next and made a strong impression upon the family not only by his tales of his voyages and the fact that he was chief mate of a ship about to sail for the other side of the globe, but also by his personal qualities. Upon leaving the following day Johnson shook Jennie's hand heartily, bidding her good-bye. They were alone, and the girl, her face suffused with blushes, said:

"Do not forget Jennie Holdredge, for she will always remember you." Then she fled into the garden.

Three days later found the American Eagle booming out into Buzzard's Bay. She had dropped her pilot, and made all sail, when the mate noticed for the first time that there was a boy among the sailors. The boy did not seem at all prepossessing in his make-up to Johnson, who did not like boys on shipboard, and he asked Capt. Rix how he came to ship the lad. The skipper, a kind old seaman, said he had shipped him because he was hungry and destitute, and that he had given every evidence of being a good cook's helper and cabin boy, and useful for general service.

The boy was known as Tom, and Mate Johnson made it as uncomfortable for him on the passage out as he conveniently could. Tom took his punishment pluckily, and won admiration from all hands except Johnson. He was never heard to complain except on one occasion, when he told a shipmate that "a sailor's life was all hard and all wrong." This was the longest speech he made for three months.

The sailors liked the homesick boy, and did him many a kindness when Johnson's back was turned, but he made no intimacies among them, disappearing in his nest in the stowage when his tasks were done. In this sleeping place the boy could be by himself, and was so contrived by the skipper.

In good time the bark arrived at Honolulu, and there underwent a thorough overhauling. Here Tom was worked harder than ever, the mate apparently trying to make the boy disgusted with the ship.

"Perhaps," said he to the second mate, "if he is crowded hard enough the little scamp will run away and we will be well rid of him."

So matters ran on until just before the American Eagle was to load to sail. One day Johnson ordered the boy aloft. Tom was to be hoisted in a boatswain's chair to the main royal mast head, almost to the main track. Sailors working about decks noticed Tom's face blanch as he watched the preparations for his aerial trip. When all was ready he took his tar pot and slowly climbed to the foretopmast head. There he entered the boatswain's chair, and in a feeble voice, which could scarcely be heard on deck, piped out, "Hoist away." In a moment he was at the head of the main royal stay, and he began tarring the rigging there.

The boy did his best, but when he found himself alone by a thin rope between heaven and earth, with nothing near him except one or two equally slender stays which seemed to grow smaller as he eyed them he could work no more. Then he looked down and for the first time he saw the bark beneath him, as narrow as a coffin, any way it seemed to him shaped like one and not much larger. This swaying around proved too much for Tom's head. He began to grow dizzy, and he fell back, hanging by his legs from the boatswain's chair. Tom heard Johnson's voice of warning from below. To a call to out to him that he was going to fall. He also screamed:

"I am Jennie Holdredge."

Johnson proved just the man for the emergency. The bark was light and top heavy and he yelled at the sailors to rush some heavy casks of water to starboard, across decks.

All this time Jennie, for it was she, was slowly slipping out of the boatswain's chair; but before she fell the ship left the effect of the heavy casks on the starboard side and listed over until the end of the main yard was almost in the water. All hands held their breath as the girl's feet slipped clear of the boatswain's chair and she turned a somersault in mid air; and then struck in the sea, clear of the ship. At the same instant Johnson dived into the water after her. He succeeded in finding and buoying her up until a boat came to the rescue and they were taken aboard the bark. Jennie at once made for her room.

As soon as the crew were on deck again the jack tans of the crew, fairly uneasy at the unexpected development in the absence of Capt. Rix on shore, crowded aft for some sort of explanation. But they got none there. Johnson for the first time in his life found himself at a loss. A few moments before he thought he had a boy to order about. Now there was a young woman shut in her room. There was but one explanation of her presence on the bark and that was her desire to be near Johnson.

The matter, like all troublesome affairs

on shipboard, was sent to the captain, or rather the captain was sent for to settle it. When the skipper appeared on board, the first thing he noticed was his men standing about idle, and as he crossed the deck he asked for an explanation. Mate Johnson explained the trouble in a few words. Then Capt. Rix went below. He returned shortly and burst out to Mate Johnson: "Why don't you get your young man, how long would it have taken me at your age to settle an affair like this? Here you are, a young man capable of taking charge of a ship, while down below in the cabin is one of the finest New England girls that ever trod a plank. Right there on shore is the missionary parson. Why not make it a merry wedding and take the bride along with us? I'll give the bride away and let her have the cabin fixed to suit herself. Now go and make up with the girl while I go and see if the shore end cannot be fixed for a wedding."

Jennie required two days of teasing from both the mate and old Capt. Rix before she would consent to the marriage so soon. News of the romantic wedding flew fast, and many were at the parson's house when the marriage ceremony was performed to catch a glimpse of the plucky New England girl.

The bride's father told her husband that after he had gone from her home that morning in June she felt that he would never come back, and she determined to follow and go on the bark with him. She arrived at the vessel and shipped before Johnson got there, having first rigged up in a cabin boy's outfit and written to her family what she was going to do. As for the harsh treatment she received while masquerading as a boy she would say nothing except that she knew everything would come out all right finally.

The bark arrived at her home port in due time, and Johnson and his wife settled down on the farm where they first met. It is one of the prettiest farms in South-eastern Massachusetts, and a picture of the homestead was in the cabin of the American Eagle when she finally buried her bones in the treacherous sands off Point Judith recently. Their old friend Capt. Rix was a frequent visitor and died at their house only a few years ago.

VICTORIA'S GREAT NERVE.

How it was Shown During her Numerous Escapes From Death.

A station-master upon one of the English lines confessed, some two or three years ago, that the Queen had once had a narrow escape from death, of which the historians and the public knew nothing. It was the occasion of one of her last visits, with the Prince Consort, to the Emperor of the French; and the royal train left London considerably after the hour set down in the programme for its departure.

In fact, there was a fearful tempest raging all night in town, so that the officials of the railway had begun to think that the distinguished travellers would certainly postpone their journey, and order the "special" for the following day.

But the Queen has a wonderful nerve. Very rarely will any consideration of weather or season deter her from her intentions. On this particular occasion she waited at Buckingham Palace for some hours, and then determined to brave the voyage. The royal train was duly dispatched, and the customary exemplary precautions were hedged about its passengers.

As usual, look-out men were stationed at all the crossings; points were spiked; signalmen were forbidden to let any other train pass over the rails for twenty minutes previous to the "special" coming. Nor does one doubt that these precautions were stringently observed. The station-master who tells the extraordinary story, followed them most faithfully. There was but one pony siding to his little station, and the points of this he spiked. He kept back a trolley laden with workmen anxious to return to their homes; and the poor fellows sat huddled together in the wind and the pelting rain for two or three hours, momentarily expecting the Queen to pass by, angered and disappointed by the long delay and the absence of the royal train.

After waiting until nearly eleven o'clock at night, the station-master concluded at last that the "special" was not coming, and that it was absurd for him to postpone the ordinary business of the line any longer. He gave the order that the trolley men go, and told the look-out man to remove the spikes from the points.

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when he heard a shout from the watcher on the crossing, observed the waving of a green lantern, and saw in the blast the rain beat down so mercilessly that he could scarce run against it. But run he must, and in an agony of fear and hope, he pursued the whirling trolley.

And now the "special" was approaching the station. The distant glow of red light had become a volume of golden sparks; the hum of the wheels echoed from the rails—even the shrill whistle of the locomotive was to be heard. At that time the trolley was not a hundred yards from the track; the station-master was twenty yards behind it. Should he go on, or should he call to the men? Wisely, he chose the latter course; he roared the word "Stop!" with all his lungs. A lull of the wind let the men hear. They looked up to observe the position, and, with a loud cry, they dug their heels into the ground and tried to stop the rushing trolley.

For a moment a catastrophe seemed unavoidable. The trolley was travelling fast; the express was approaching at a speed of fifty miles an hour. Happily, however, the men were strong; they realised what such an accident would mean, and, flinging all their weight to the work, they brought their truck up at a measured distance of forty feet from the main line. And so the "special" passed on, to darkness and to safety; nor was it until more than a quarter of a century

had passed that the world knew how very nearly her majesty and the Prince had perished in one of the most lonely parts of Kent.

There must, of course, have been many occasions when the Queen has escaped danger as narrowly as on that remarkable night, but no record of them exists. Twice, upon the continent, she has been in a slight railway accident, but in neither case did she suffer harm. The same cannot be said of her carriage mishaps, of which the most serious was that near Altonham, on the 7th October, 1863. The road was a difficult one; the night was intensely dark. Her majesty had taken one of her favourite drivers with the Princess Alice and H. Lena, and was returning to Balmoral about the hour of dinner. The exact cause of the catastrophe will never be known. Smith, the usual coachman, lost his head entirely. The darkness and the narrowness of the Highland path robbed him of his senses; and after losing his way many times, the famous John Brown got down to assist him and to lead the ponies.

Two or three minutes after this, the carriage was suddenly overturned, and the Queen fell almost under it. It was a miracle that she escaped death. Her favourite driver with the Princess Alice and H. Lena, and was returning to Balmoral about the hour of dinner. The exact cause of the catastrophe will never be known. Smith, the usual coachman, lost his head entirely. The darkness and the narrowness of the Highland path robbed him of his senses; and after losing his way many times, the famous John Brown got down to assist him and to lead the ponies.

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Curiously enough, our Sovereign has suffered her greatest dangers in open carriages. She was in an open barouche when the mad Oxford shot twice at her upon Conisford Hill, in the year 1840. A similar carriage was used by her when the notorious hunter, Francis, imitated Oxford's deed, in the year 1842. In the month of July in the latter year, she was again driving in an open carriage when the crazy cripple, John William Dean, pointed a pistol at her, but, by good luck, had no courage to fire it. And she was just about to step into an open landau when a lieutenant of the 10th Hussars—a man by name Paté—struck her upon the head with his stick, and very nearly ended her life there and then.

Some will think, however, that all these were dangers of a trifling nature, when they are set side by side with one of the Queen's terrible experiences at Buckingham Palace in the early days of her reign. For some years after she came to the throne she was pestered by lunatics. One travelled all the way to London to marry her! Another followed her on horse-back whenever she appeared in Hyde Park; a third flung a letter into her carriage with such force that it cut her face. But the climax came when a miscreant, who was mad, obtained admission to her Majesty's private sitting-room in the Palace, and promised for a moment to kill her as she sat.

The Queen's nerve, however, has already been spoken of. On none of these occasions did she lose it. Immediately after Francis shot a bullet at her, she drove cheerily to St. James's Palace, and the Duchess of Kent for her safety; the very same night she received a magnificent reception upon her appearance at the opera-house. When Paté struck her with his stick, her first wish was to tell everyone that she was unhurt. And when the lunatic got into her room, she quickly rang the bell, and he was carried off before he began to relate his grievances.

So in all her accidents, her Majesty has come to unscathed. She has twice been in terrible gales at sea, and made light of them; she has been in a carriage when the horses have bolted, and has laughed at the experience; she has been lost in a snowstorm blowing up the mountains of Scotland, and has considered it a good adventure. Nor does any possible conjunction of unpleasant circumstances seem able to upset her.

HAD TO COMPOSE.

A Captain who Warmly Appreciated Music and Patronised it.

Benvenuto Coronaro—the famous composer of Claudio, which was recently performed at Milan—was serving his time as a conscript soldier, and was ordered to take part in a long march. On the way a melody came to him. He could not get of it. He heard it above the braying of the trumpets and the rat-tat-tat of the drums. The soldiers also—his comrades—seemed to be marching to its rhythm. It would not leave him.

Suddenly the fear possessed him that he might forget the melody; it was necessary to write it down.

Taking courage, he drew his note-book from his pocket and began to write. Of course, he lost his place in the rank, and a sergeant hurried towards him. "Are you crazy?" he asked. "Take your place in your company at once!" "But I cannot!" cried Coronaro; "I must write this down." And he began to write it in the face of his superior.

"That was too much," says the comrade. "He drew his sword and was about to strike me, when our captain appeared. 'What are you writing?' thundered the captain. 'I handed him the note-book, which he read quickly. 'The man is to continue writing,' he went on; 'but if that piece' and he pointed to the sheet of paper in his hand) 'is not played by the regimental band tomorrow morning he will be put in prison for eight days.'"

The band played the piece on the following day.

Thirty years ago a law was passed in Germany under which any mother or nurse who slept with a child under two years old was punished with imprisonment. Since that law came into force infant mortality has greatly decreased.

Porous glass window-panes are being made in Paris. The minute holes in the glass are too fine to permit of a draught, and yet large enough to afford a pleasant and healthy method of ventilation.

"GOVERNOR" APPETITE.

You have seen, or heard of, the apparatus in a steam-engine called the "governor." Its object is to regulate the quantity of steam applied by the boiler to the engine, so as to keep it running evenly, whether the power required is more or less. Very good.

Now, there is another governor on a machine of much greater consequence than any steam-engine—namely, the appetite, or sense of hunger, in the human body. The will machine that governs the food is located in the middle of the body—down in the dark. You never see it or touch it. You swallow your meals, and if all is right with the machine, you have no further business with it. The stomach has a peristaltic or oscillating motion, by which it shakes up and down the contents; but so clean and smooth is it that you have no more sense of it than the earth's revolution. But when it is out of order, notice of the fact is served on you, even quicker than a notice to quit on non-payment of rent. This notice comes through the Appetite—the Governor, Manager, or Executive Officer. Yet people are foolish enough to think that loss of appetite is had in itself, and that they ought to do something to force it, or to coax and coddle it.

Drop that notion and never pick it up again. When your appetite fails, say this: "I've got no stomach; that's what the doctor doesn't want for breakfast; what's the matter down there?"

Take the experience of Mr. Walter Burkinshaw, of 290, Dunlop Street, Carbrook, Sheffield. He says that in June 1891, his appetite fell away, and he could scarcely touch the food that was placed before him. He had a foul taste in his mouth, and a disagreeable phlegm covered his teeth and tongue. When he did eat a morsel he had a deal of pain at his chest and round the sides; and he thought the food caused the pain, as in fact it did. Presently he got weak, and felt tired and droop up. His ears were full of ringing noises, and he couldn't even hear the clock strike. When in company he says he felt miserable, because he was like a dummy; he couldn't hear what folks were saying. By-and-by he got so weak—he is a jolking blacksmith by trade—that he had to give up work. At night he couldn't sleep much, as he was constantly belching up wind and a sour fluid. Well, things were this way with him week after week and month after month—a most dismal, unhappy, and unprofitable time, indeed.

He took all sorts of medicines, as we might expect; "but," he says, "the physic gave me no strength." That everybody does not expect. But it is true all the same. Nothing but digested food gives any strength. The right kind of medicine enables the stomach to digest food, and so you get strong. But let us keep to our tale.

After telling us all the foregoing, Mr. Burkinshaw ends his letter in these words: "When I found there was no chance of getting back to my work" (he was at Dods-worth, Barnsley, Yorkshire, when taken ill), I returned to Sheffield, and dragged on till the middle of July last (1892), when I read in a book about what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done in cases like mine. I sent to Boot's Drug Store, High Street, Attercliffe Road, and got the medicine. It was indigestion and dyspepsia, which can't be cured by ignoring it, even if you could ignore it. But when Mother Seigel was consulted, and her help accepted, matters improved in a twinkling, the stomach soon resumed business, "Governor" Appetite proclaimed the fact, strength and power grew in the body, and my friend, as he says, "was a well man."

The date is October 15th, 1892. The address we have already named. Now, of what did Mr. Burkinshaw's failing appetite inform him? Simply that no more food was wanted. Beyond that point he didn't understand what happened. His stomach was inflamed, and—mechanically speaking—dead. For the time it was like a closed factory. There was a lock-out. To force down food was only to make matters worse. It was indigestion and dyspepsia, which can't be cured by ignoring it, even if you could ignore it. But when Mother Seigel was consulted, and her help accepted, matters improved in a twinkling, the stomach soon resumed business, "Governor" Appetite proclaimed the fact, strength and power grew in the body, and my friend, as he says, "was a well man."

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made at the next Session of the New Brunswick Legislature for an Act to incorporate a company to be called "The Colonial Iron and Coal Company, Limited," with a capital stock amounting to one million of dollars, having power to increase to two millions, one-half the shares to be preferred and the remainder common stock, and having authority to issue bonds to the amount of the capital paid up. The objects of the Company are to acquire coal, mineral and other lands in any of the Counties of this Province or elsewhere; work mines and deal in minerals; build and operate coke and smelting works of all kinds; manufacture and deal in all the by-products of coal; sell and supply gas produced therefrom for heating power and lighting purposes; laying down pipes and mains wherever necessary therefor and generally to carry on the trades of a mine and coal owners, chemical and gas manufacturers, iron-masters, founders and smelters of metal and on and metal dealers, and in connection with their business to lay down and operate railways and establish lines of steamers, barges and vessels of all kinds for the transport of freight and passengers; and for the purpose aforesaid to acquire compulsory powers and incorporate the provisions of the New Brunswick Railway Act, the New Brunswick Joint Stock Companies' Act; to acquire patent rights and the good will of any existing business carried on for any of the above named purposes, and also to construct, stock and build, of any company to construct, maintain telegraph and telephone lines and carry on the business of telegraph and telephone Company on their line of works and railways.

Dated at St. John the 5th day of January, A. D. 1895. R. G. LOCKER.

Burns's Mary. A statue of Robert Burns's Highland Mary is to be erected on the Firth of Clyde on the rocks in front of the ruins of Dunoon Castle, not far from the farm-house where Mary was born. It is hoped that the statue can be unveiled on the hundredth anniversary of the death of Burns, July 21, 1896. Buffalo Bill Beaton.

"Blink's wife has reformed him entirely; he doesn't drink a drop now."

"How did she manage it?"

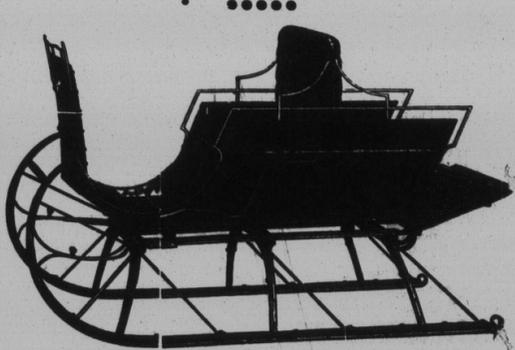
"Easily enough. She spent all he could earn on dress."

USE SURPRISE SOAP on Wash Day. Follow the directions on the wrapper.

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PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU. PORTRAITS, BUILDINGS, AND LANDSCAPES. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED.

Notes of Provincial Industries.

SAW MANUFACTURE.

How the Test of Steel are Made at the Lawton Saw Works.

The Lawton Saw Company, Limited, whose works on Johnston's wharf, this city, were lately visited by fire, have completed the slight repairs made necessary by what might easily have been a disastrous conflagration, without serious interruption to their business. None of their machinery or stock was injured, the only damage being to belting, windows and interior wood-work in the grinding room.

The Lawton works manufacture saws of every description—gauge, circular up to 73-inch diameter, crosscut, drag, buck and hand saws, in short everything in the saw line except band and inserted-tooth saws, and they are about putting in a plant for the manufacture of the last named. They employ from eight to twelve skilled workmen, are well equipped with special machinery and appliances, and run by electric power—a 25 h. p. motor supplied with electricity by the street railway company.

The process of saw manufacturing is most interesting. The rough steel is imported from Sheffield, England, in circular disks and straight plates of varying sizes and thickness. The first treatment to which the material is subjected is that of flattening or blocking, which consists of flattening or straightening out the plates upon an anvil. In the case of circular saws, however, the first thing is to bore a hole in the centre—an essential which, although of first importance, is yet a trivial operation. The second process is that of tooth-cutting or punching out the teeth. The third operation is tempering—the most important of all, requiring not only the skill born of long experience in the work, but the greatest care as well. The process consists of passing the plates through a furnace where they are heated to a certain intense degree, then plunging them into an oil bath, from which they emerge hard, but brittle. Then there are subjected to a reheating in the furnace, to draw the temper down and toughen the steel, and allowed to cool slowly in the open air. The fourth operation is smithing again, or hammering on an anvil, and the fifth and last is the finishing process—that of grinding and polishing. Much of the work is done by hand, but various special machines are employed, besides grindingstones of small to huge dimensions and emery wheels of all sizes and descriptions.

The company keep a large stock of saws constantly on hand, of the myriad sizes and styles, but they also manufacture largely to order. They make many small saws and drag saws for Small and Fisher, the Woodstock machinists, for use in the shingle machines of the latter's manufacture. They have lately filled orders for new gangs and circulars for Alexander Gibson, at Gibson and Blackville, and for parties at Campbellton, Chatham, Boiestown, Connors station on the Temiscouata railway, and Bridgetown, N. S. Their trade extends over the maritime provinces in general, and to the South Shore in Quebec. They have besides a large local trade, and do a great amount of general repairing, which is an important feature of their business. They also deal in emery wheels, belting, files, and mill supplies of all kinds.

The chief officials of the Lawton Saw Company are W. H. Thorne, president; E. B. Ketchum, secretary and manager. William J. Crow is foreman of the factory. Mr. Ketchum states that about \$75,000 worth of saws are annually imported into Canada, notwithstanding the tariff duty of 32½ per cent. There are seven saw factories in the Dominion, of which the lower provinces have three, all located in St. John.

The Truro Foundry and Machine Company, Truro, N. S., shipped last week two 33-foot boilers for use at the Joggins mines.

Rhodes, Curry, & Co., Amherst, N. S., have another large order from the Dominion coal company, this time 225 underground trolleys.

The Robb engineering company, of Amherst, N. S., are repairing the boiler and engine of S. A. McAuley's gristmill at Lower Millstream, Sussex, N. B.

The St. Croix Cotton Mills, St. Stephen, are putting in fifty new Crompton looms, from the Crompton machine works, Worcester, Mass., for high grade work.

At Victoria mines, N. S., a dozen or fifteen pairs of coal cutters have been started at work in narrow places in the mine, to make room for summer operations.

The Halifax Mail says, that on the first of February, the day that fly-fishing commenced, ten salmon were caught in the Medway river, at Mill village, Queens county, and that more or less have been hooked on every fine day since.

Several building lots have been located at Lower Millstream, Sussex, upon which operations will be commenced at the opening of spring and it is reported that one of the wealthy citizens of the village will erect a large building for a general store.

The Logan & Byme lumber mill at

Hampton Village, N. B., has been purchased by Mr. Johnson of that place and is now running, giving employment to about thirty men. This is said to be one of the best rotary mills in the province, and will cut on the average 23,000 a day.

Nelson Rice, Wilson's Beach, Charlottetown county, is building two large centre-board boats for parties in Nova Scotia. The St. Croix Courier says that this kind of boat is coming into very general use and favor in the waters. Carrying a large spread of sail they are especially adapted to the channel fisheries during the summer months.

During 1894 there were sent to United States ports by the Dominion Coal Company 50,000 tons direct from Cape Breton, and 30,000 tons found their way there via Montreal. Springhill mines sent 35,948 tons, composed of 15,312 tons run-of-mine, 18,942 tons culm and 1,694 tons nut. The General Mining Association sent 2,677 tons and Joggins 2,400, or a total of 120,000 tons. In addition to coal shipped, the Albion mines shipped 16,288 tons of coke. The light stocks in Montreal at the present time encourage the belief that 1895 will witness brisk shipments.

The Sussex Record says: The proposition to have a provincial exhibition in St. John the ensuing autumn seems now as if it would be consummated. The local government has generously and wisely offered to aid the enterprise to the extent of four thousand dollars on condition that provision be made for a suitable display of agricultural products. The beneficial effects of a properly conducted exhibition can not be questioned, and no province or state can afford to give such a go-by.

The nearness to St. John, and the ample facilities the farmers and dairymen of this country have of sending their products there should stimulate them greatly to make the exhibition a success, as well as to place this country in the front rank of competitors for first positions in all the departments. We need not know any more. A word to the wise is sufficient.

President E. M. Whitney of the Dominion Coal Company, F. S. Pearson, Consulting Engineer and J. S. McNeilan, Treasurer, have just returned to Boston from one of their periodic tours of inspection in Cape Breton. The Sydney Advocate says: The recent visit has been one of unusual interest as whilst here the directors in company with D. McKean, M. P., their resident manager, and the chief officials, were able to run the first train over their new line to historic Louisburg, and also to open their fine suite of general offices just erected at Glouce Bay. The past season's work was reviewed and pronounced on the whole satisfactory and extensive plans made for construction on surface and development in the mines with a view to raising 1,500,000 tons next season. The surface works include new boiler ranges at Reserve, Stirling, International and Gowrie, new bulkheads at Dominion No. 1, Hub and Reserve, extension of the endless haulage system at Reserve, Gowrie, International, Stirling and Caledonia, and other general works of less magnitude. H. F. Donkin, C. E., will superintend the safe construction works and in the absence of Mr. Keen, who has gone south for a three months' trip for the benefit of his health, the assistant manager, W. Blakmore, M. E., has been entrusted with the general charge of the mines, etc., as Mr. McKean's deputy.

Rehearsing the Wedding.

It is said that very often when a grand wedding is about to take place in connection with church in the States, the officiating clergyman is called upon to attend a full-dress rehearsal—and not seldom, indeed, two rehearsals. The church is lighted, the organist is in his place, the whole bridal party is present, the required signal is given, they march up the aisle, and at the altar the whole ceremony is gone through, with the exception of answering the questions. The expectant bride and bridegroom are instructed not to say "I will" at the wrong time, told when to kneel down, when to get up, and how to go through the difficult and generally trying operation of putting on the ring. Sometimes the bride and bridegroom go up the aisle a dozen different times, with different steps and degrees of rapidity, before they hit upon what their circle of friends and relatives think the correct thing. The bride often tries half-a-dozen positions, and many more expressions. In one position she leans a little forward; in another she walks erect. The way the veil looks best; the adjustment of the train at the altar, so that she can turn round easily; the proper attitude in coming back—these and various other matters have to be considered and planned carefully in advance. Not long since, in Philadelphia, a few days before the wedding, the bride and bridegroom exchanged rings at the altar, and after the preparatory ceremony embraced in the presence of their friends.

Decorated Crows.

The crows that live near the soldiers' barracks in India are all shy thieves, but our men like the rogues too well to kill them, so they decorate them instead. The birds, despite their astuteness, are caught by being decoyed into a room. A piece of wire is next passed between the holes in the upper beak, and a little bell, or button, or, indeed, any round piece of metal, is fastened—each batch of soldiers having its own badge—to it, and the crow is then set free unharmed. Very soon nearly every crow wears its distinctive mark, from which it is easy to tell to what troop or company it belongs. Unhappily, instead of feeling that their ornaments are symbols of shame, they are all proud of them—of the bells especially; and one can easily believe that it is very funny to see a row of these black rogues perched on a roof shaking their heads and tinkling their bells.

The Dangerous Elk.

The elk and large deer are more dreaded than the king of beasts himself. The only case of a keeper being killed in the history of the London Zoo occurred about two years ago, when a keeper named John

Ford was killed by an elk. Going into the pen one dark evening to get his coat, an elk charged upon him, bore him around the pen, and before his cries could be heard he was so mangled and trampled that he died in about an hour. His present successor, Frank Geiger, is one of the best of the corps of keepers, who loves his handsome, intractable charges almost like children and has a most successful way with them. His brother, John Geiger, has charge of a number of smaller animals, chiefly those of the cat species. Though such small incidents and accidents as being knocked down by deer, etc., keep his work as care-taker from becoming too monotonous, Geiger himself declares he likes the work better than anything he ever engaged in.

ABANDONED RUNAWAY.

And An Ingenious Contrivance to Prevent Such Accidents.

"In Newark, once," said a New Yorker, "I was standing in front of a store a baby carriage with a baby in it propped up by a pillow and covered with a flannel white robe. I suppose some very heavy passing truck must have jirred the street, for the baby carriage started down the slight incline of the sidewalk. Moving very slowly at first, and then more rapidly, it rolled across the sidewalk and off into the gutter and tumbled bottom up, with the baby underneath. The mother was standing just inside the door of the store. She looked out just in time to see in the baby's carriage turn over in the gutter."

"She threw open the door and ran for the baby, followed by another woman, who was with her, and by a clerk. She pushed the carriage aside and picked up the baby. It was quite unharmed; it had somehow fallen with its pillow and things under it and it hadn't even been disturbed by the fall. The clerk righted the carriage and stood it on the sidewalk; the other woman fixed the pillows back in place again, and then the mother put the baby back in its carriage and they went on."

"In West Seventh-street, in this city, the other day, I saw a nursemaid pull up from the area in front of a house a baby carriage, which she stood on the sidewalk at the foot of the front steps. Then she pulled out from underneath the carriage, against the bottom of which it was held by some sort of attachment that permitted it to slide in and out, a little rod that pulled out square toward one of the rear wheels. At the end of this rod there was a little claw, or jaw, just big enough to hold a spoke in it. The nursemaid fixed the jaw upon one of the spokes and then the wheel couldn't turn any more; the baby carriage couldn't run away. Then she went in for the baby."

AUTHORIZED TO DRINK.

A Delicious Little Story of President Andrew Jackson.

Lewis Carr, Secretary of War under Jackson, was at the White House one day with some important papers for the President to sign, among them being a committal sentence.

"Carr, what is this?" inquired Jackson, as he was about to sign the document.

"It is a court-martial," answered Carr.

"What have I to do with it?" asked the President.

"It dismisses the officer from the service; and the President must sign such orders," Jackson toyed with the paper, and said musingly: "Dismissed from the army, eh? Why?"

"Drunkness—falling down on parade!"

"Who ordered the court?"

"General Scott."

"Who is the culprit?" asked the President with more interest.

"Inspector-General Kraun."

"What?" shouted Jackson. "My old friend, Colonel Kraun? Carr, just read what that paper says!"

The Secretary read the report.

"This sentence is disapproved!" scrawled Jackson. "Colonel Kraun is restored to his duty and rank!" He passed the paper back to the Secretary, and said, with some important papers for the President to sign, among them being a committal sentence.

"Carr, when you and Scott have served your country as well as Kraun, you can get drunk every day!"

Lady Churchill's Uncle.

They used to tell a story in the New York clubs, about the first visit paid Lady Churchill by her uncle, Lawrence Jerome, after her marriage. I believe Mr. Jerome originally told it of himself. He modestly approached the portals of the Churchill's to house and accused a choice edition of Jameson's Yellowplush: "Is Mr. Churchill at home?" The footman shivers. "Me lad is in Ireland." "Humph! What's he doing in Ireland?" The footman is frozen into silence with horror. Mr. Jerome tries again: "Is Mrs. Churchill at home?" The footman quivers with suppressed indignation. "Me lady is not down stairs yet!" "Not downstairs? In bed at this time of day? Does she know what o'clock it is? Here's a pretty how-do-do! Well, you go up and tell Mrs. Churchill—"

The footman, growing every moment more desperate, here turns deadly pale and clears his throat nervously, being about to call aloud and summon assistance, to eject this audacious intruder, when a silvery voice, with a musical laugh behind it, is heard over the bannisters from the second story hall: "Oh, that's you, Uncle Larry, isn't it? Come right in!" The footman writes in an anguish of self-abasement at once, bowing low and retreating. "Oh, sir! Oh, me lud! Pardon me! If you please, me lud, this way—this way!"

Two Ways to Treat that Headache.

After the barber had begun shaving him the man in the chair said: "I have a kind of a headache this morning. Would you please put a cold cloth across my forehead?"

"Certainly," replied the barber; "but wouldn't you rather have the cloth hot?"

"My head's too hot. I want to cool it off."

"Very well, you know what you want, but you have a head on you. The hot towel will do more good than a cold one."

"Go ahead, then, and try it; but it seems to me that cold water would be better."

"Some say one and some another. The man who wants a cold towel says it sends the blood away from the head and cools the skin. The fellow who wants a hot towel says it draws the heat to the surface and sort of relieves the fever, and in a little while the head feels cool and clear. It's funny that hot or cold water should be used for the same purpose, but it's a fact."

THE TYPEWRITER



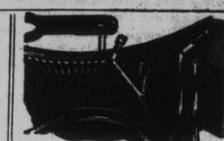
Has ceased to be a luxurious toy. It is now an indispensable business accessory. You have been thinking of buying one for a long time, and are now convinced that you must have Writing Machine to keep up with the business methods of the age.

You Want THE BEST? Which is it? Why, THE YOST.

No. 4, New Model for 1895.

It is The Best.

face of steel type. Because of its PERFECT AND PERMANENT ALIGNMENT, secured by the wonderful centre guide, which causes every type to print exactly in line, as it is mechanically impossible to strike the paper except in the proper place.



Then the YOST PAD (which is guaranteed for six months) does away with the clumsy and expensive Ribbons, with all its train of annoying machinery to watch.

The YOST TYPE-BAR of the Yost is peculiar and unique. It is at once the lightest, strongest, and quickest type-bar on the market, actual mechanical tests prove that a Yost type-bar will run continuously for twenty years without being worn out.



THE POINTER.

It always shows where the next letter will print. No calculation or consulting of scales required. Just move the carriage along until pointer is at the place where the next letter is desired, and it will print there.

THE SCALE on the front rail is helpful in tabulated work, and its use is generally well understood.

THE KEYBOARD is the universal arrangement, the same as used on the other machines. Each character has its own key—no shifting for capitals, etc.

Look at the Carriage of our New Machine.

See how easily the paper is inserted without lifting any pawl or other device. The paper can be turned backward or forward to the place desired without effort.



The New Release Key is Very Convenient.

It can be used either when the carriage is raised or lowered, and, being fastened to the left end of it, is easily manipulated. The carriage can be stopped at any desired point, and stays just where placed without moving a space or two.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents:

Messrs. R. Ward Thorne, St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; VanMeter & Bucher, Moncton; H. A. White, Sussex; A. M. Hoare, Knowles' Book Store, Halifax; J. B. Dittmar, Grand Pré, N. S.; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. P. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; G. J. Coleman, "Advocate" office of Sydney, C. B.; W. F. Emslie, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Burrell & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; E. Carleton Newcomb, Antigonish, N. S.; Clarence E. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.; T. W. Butler, New Glasgow, N. B.; F. J. Gogan, Miramichi, N. B.; H. F. McLatchee, Campbellton, N. B.; R. B. Murray, Spring Hill, N. S.

A Word With the Ladies.



YES,

I Tell you Children will grow up to have a clear and healthy skin if they use

BABY'S OWN SOAP,

and don't you forget it and get some cheap substitute. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. TWO TRIPS A WEEK For Boston.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lobeck, Portland and Boston, every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7:00 (standard) Retaining will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m., and Portland at 9 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen.

Freight received daily up to 6 p. m.

C. E. LAEHLER, Agent

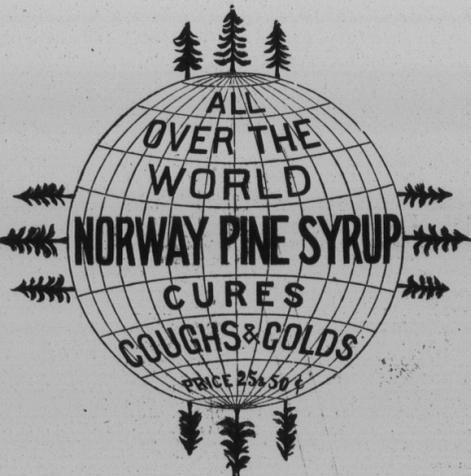
Beautiful Lady May

Cygnus Gold's New Song, will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents, addressed to C. G. Music, care "Progress" Office, St. John, N. B.

Coughing Yet?

BEWARE! Take heed before too late. CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE has cured many. Why not try it? It is recommended by doctors as a modern scientific combination of several powerful curatives. A trial bottle will soothe, a regular treatment will cure your cough. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

K. CAMPBELL & CO., Montreal.



"PROGRESS."

Gives the Best Results. * It Reaches the Homes.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

It seems that the paradise of the New Woman, the Utopia for which she has been searching and fighting so long, is to be found, after all, in the old world, not the new! Norway, if one may believe all the articles which have been written about that little known country lately, the real

The result of this constant familiarity between the sexes is a curious coldness and an icy purity of morals amongst young people, and an independence of thought and freedom of action on the part of young girls which would astonish any one accustomed to the cast iron rules and restraints

change the order of affairs.

When this wonderful girl marries her marriage is scarcely ever a failure, it is rather a brilliant success, an almost sublime example of conjugal happiness. Perhaps this may be largely due to the fact that she enters the marriage state calmly, reasonably and without any illusions, therefore she has no violent awakening to dread. Marriage with her, is not the wonderful change, the violent rending sunder of old associations, that it is with girls in most other countries. She will still live her own life almost as independently as in her girlhood, she will keep all her old friends, and retain all her old habits; visit and receive whoever she likes, be they men, or women, without question or objection on the part of her husband. In short her life is just as much her own as ever, only that a part of it is willingly and lovingly given to her husband, and a part to her children.

And while the Norwegian woman has been learning all this almost masculine breadth and freedom of life, the Norwegian boy has grown up with a deep respect for woman, and has learnt to regard her as his equal in every respect. He recognizes her personal rights, and perhaps for that very reason values her pure un-



FOR THE KIRMESS.
The fancy aprons represented in this picture are made of ribbed silk trimmed with black or white lace and narrow ribbons in suitable colors. The one at the lower left is of white embroidered pongee. Above is a light wrap of cashmere with a shirred crepe collar, intended for kirmess or for any evening costume.

emancipation of women exists and has existed from the earliest times. The ideal liberty which even the young girls of this far away colony enjoy, is most surprising to us, with our advanced ideas on the subject, as they seem to enjoy as a birthright what some of us are still struggling frantically to obtain—perfect equality with the other sex.

From her earliest youth the Norwegian girl is accustomed to study in mixed classes side by side with boys, and she aspires to intellectual equality with them just as naturally as she demands to breathe the same air as they do. Through childhood and girlhood she shares the same studies and almost the same pastimes—boys and girls dancing, skating, playing and arguing together just as if they belonged to the same sex; and in cases of heated dispute or actual quarrels the boy is not more active with his fists than the girl is with

of modern good society. The girls are serious, earnest, reserved, and seem to have no time for such frivolities as coquetry or flirtation. Indeed, so destitute of personal vanity do they seem that their indifference to the charm of dress might almost be called carelessness; they prefer to please only by the charm of the intellect, and rather despise all the little allurements of dress and the harmless vanities, so dear to the average feminine heart in more southern latitudes, as beneath the consideration of an intellectual woman. They draw their hair tightly back from their foreheads, cut it short like a boy's, shun corsets, and generally ignore all the external attractions so highly prized in other countries. But oh what a gloriously free creature a Norwegian girl is! She skates all day with a young man, and then goes to the theatre in the evening quite alone, returns home late and lets herself in



THEATER WRAP AND HOME COWNS.
The sortis de bal, or theater wrap, is of gray elderdown flannel with self cape and revers of black fur. The hood is of crepe lines. The central figure is a dark brown silk frock trimmed German style with narrow black velvet ribbon. The gown on the right is of ribbed two toned goods with fancy bordering down the breadths and on the waist.

selfish love more highly than most men. He is willing to take his partner without any marriage portion, and accord her all the privileges of an equal member of the firm. But if she deceives him she need expect no indulgence. Their marriage is a contract of honor, and any breach of it will be regarded as annulling the contract. This applies to the man as well as the woman, so that might be said that public opinion was the guardian of their mutual fidelity.

In all social questions the laws of Norway favor the women; so that the Norwegian woman is really triply armed against mishap, not only by her temperament but also by her education, and the laws of her country.

Long engagements are almost always the rule, and the period of waiting is employed by the man in a constant effort to raise himself to a position of independence, while the girl spends the same time in perfecting herself in all the arts of housewifery, and preparing to be a true helpmate for the man she loves.

STAR, St. John.—I do not think it is done in St. John now—there was one physician in the city who practiced electrolysis, but I understand that he has removed, and I have not heard of any successor coming to take his place. There is no possible danger, and I do not think it is expensive.

ST. JOHN.—No apology is necessary, and if I knew of anything I would tell you willingly, but though I could give you numerous receipts, all good in their way and anyone of which might help your friend, I know of no "sure cure." Such things are not to be cured in a day or a week, but require careful and intellectual treatment, but I am sorry to say that it is frequently incurable. Your friend should consult a good physician who will probably do her more good in one day, than I or any other writer knowing little about the subject, and less about the patient could do in a year. I am sorry I cannot help you more.

Use a Celluloid Thimble.
"I wish I were a man," exclaimed Nannie, throwing down the center-piece, she was working, "at least just long enough to use a little plain and forcible language.



EARLY SPRING NOVELTIES.
The gown on the left is of tufted brown and red cheviot trimmed with velvet and fur. The richest costume is a princess coat of black velvet bordered with fur and with braiding over an cloth down the front. Revers and cuffs of tan rope.

her tongue. This custom of the co-education of the sexes is said to be productive of the best results, the industry and application of the girls having the effect of spurting the boys on to redoubled effort, while the firmer grasp of the masculine mind on some subjects has an equally stimulating effect on the girls.

with her latchkey just as her brothers do, and no one makes any remarks, she is merely doing as her countrywomen have done for generations. She even stays at a hotel in a strange town quite alone and nobody ever glances curiously at her, it is the custom of the country and the strange thing would be any effort on her part to

Weather Probabilities!

Don't walk from now until Spring; you want to be careful these days. Poor boots and LaGrippe are old comrades, you know, and go hand in hand. You can't have one without running the risk of having to entertain his friend.

Take Care

Of your feet by using our Waterproof Boots. We have been considering your wants and have on hand a variety of Boots for Men, Boys and Youths to be worn without Rubbers at very low prices, Solid Leather only. Kept by

Waterbury & Rising,

61 KING ST., TELEPHONE 225. 212 UNION STREET, TELEPHONE 225 B.

Just look at that," she continued, holding up the dainty piece of linen for sympathetic inspection; "I should have finished it a week ago if it were not for catching the silk in the tumbler just as I got to the end of a leaf or petal, and then having to pick out the whole thing carefully to get rid of the snarl."

"I can feel for you," said Martha, "for I used to have the same trouble myself and it took away all the pleasure I had in



FEATHERBONE

Corsets are now recognized to be the Standard Corset of Canada.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

ASK YOUR DRY GOODS DEALER FOR THEM.

while it is heating beat 1 egg, and to it add 3 spoons of sugar, 1 heaping spoon of cornstarch; when the milk boils stir the mixture, in gradually and boil till it thickens; when cold add 1 teaspoon of flavoring.

Walnut Cake.

Four eggs, the whites beaten dry, 1 1/2 cups of sugar, 1/2 cup of butter, 2 cups of flour, 1/2 cup of sweet milk, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon of soda, 1 cup of walnuts chopped fine. Mode of making: Cream the butter and sugar together, then add the whites of the eggs; put the soda in the milk and cream of tartar in the flour, also stir the nuts into the flour; beat the whole together.

EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner, Prince William Street, in the city of St. John, in the city and county of St. John, and Province of New Brunswick, on

SATURDAY, THE THIRTIETH DAY OF MARCH NEXT,

at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, A. D. 1894, in a cause therein pending wherein Charlotte Ann Morrison is Plaintiff, and Samuel Morrison, Jane Morrison his wife, Archibald Sinclair and James Collins are Defendants and by amendment wherein Charlotte Ann Morrison is Plaintiff and Samuel Morrison, Jane Morrison his wife, Archibald Sinclair, James Collins and Susan Weldon are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the lands and premises described in the said Decreeal Order as follows:

A LL that certain lot, piece and parcel of land being the westernmost half part of lot number forty-one, situate in the Parish of St. John, in the city of St. John, and in the county of St. John, the division of the said lot being by a line running lengthwise through the same parallel with the side lines thereof, and dividing the same into two equal parts or portions containing each one hundred and thirty acres more or less, as appears in reference to the plan of partition thereof made and executed between Robert Power and William Hawkins, bearing date the second day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, will more fully appear, the same being registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in No. 5, page 205. And also the lands conveyed and described in the Plaintiff's Bill later aforesaid all that other certain lot of land and premises situate at Black River in the Parish of St. John, and formerly owned by the father of the said Samuel Morrison. And the balance of the lands (if any) owned by Thomas Morrison, deceased, at the time of his death.

For Terms and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor or to the undersigned Referee. Dated this sixth day of January, A. D. 1895.

J. KING KELLEY, DANIEL MULLIN, Plaintiff's Solicitor, Referee in Equity. T. T. LANTALUM, Auctioneer.

School Teachers Beware!

A Profession Not Overpaid that has Many Dangers.

BADLY VENTILATED SCHOOLS AND CONTACT WITH DISEASE.

Paine's Celery Compound Cleanses the Blood and Keeps up Strength and Vitality.

It Banishes Langour, Despondency and Irritability.

The majority of our public school teachers, male and female, have many dangers to face in a profession that is never overpaid.

Many teachers are suffering to-day from maladies and diseases contracted in crowded and badly ventilated school buildings; the seeds of fatal troubles are taken into the system from imperfect drainage, and contact with children who carry infectious diseases from their homes.

At this moment hundreds of school teachers are invalids, or go about the performance of their duties in a half-dead way. Nervous troubles are prevalent amongst teachers; headache, dyspepsia, langour, irritability and despondency are common troubles, and make life truly miserable.

The school teachers' friend and life-giver, Paine's Celery Compound, has done a wondrous work in the ranks of the afflicted ones. During the year 1894 scores of cases have come before our notice, of sick and suffering ones having been restored to new life, energy and activity through the use of nature's wonderful medicine.

Paine's Celery Compound has been a true blessing to every teacher who used it. The great medicine has done its work promptly and efficiently. It always begins its operations at the great nerve centres; it cleanses and purifies the blood, and takes all impurities from the system; it strengthens every digestive organ, and builds up the entire system. Every school teacher in the land, male and female, should use Paine's Celery Compound if sound health and perfect bodily strength is desired.

Madame Warren's DRESS FORM CORSETS.



Pronounced by the most fashionible dressmaker to be the only Dress Form Corset made over which a dress can be fitted to perfection. Extra long waisted and absolutely unbreakable. For sale only by

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO., 77 King St.

The Belle of the Ball

Never has A Red Nose, A Rough Course Skin, A Brown Neck, Pimples, Rash, Blackheads, Freckles, etc., etc.

ARE YOU annoyed by any of these blemishes? If so

THE PRINCESS COMPLEXION PURIFIER

will cure you. We have remedies to meet all cases. Superficial blemishes permanently removed by electrolysis by experts. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for description.

THE GERVASE GRAHAM INSTITUTE 21 Avenue St., (College St.) Toronto.

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 8.

There are, of course, missionaries and missionaries, and much very much, can be said perhaps on either side in commendation or disapprobation, and many of these poor people's children of simplicity and innocence in their ways and manners may have learned from some of these false prophets to eat the mongu and the cocoon and wear blue jean pantalons and straw hats instead of lurching on such unfortunate jack tars and roaming around in blissful ignorance and innocence, wearing nothing more than an idiotic grin or a straw hat occasionally they have something to remember and regret when they think of the wrongs and the misery that have come upon them from men and women who have come among them from other lands and who have very often abused the confidence and welcome that was given to them by these simple minded and ever confiding dwellers in these islands of tranquil delights. My first Sabbath, however, in Honolulu was to me a beautiful and interesting object lesson in the good that may be accomplished by a patient, persevering band of men and women who are working in the proper lines and who are seeing, day after day, the great benefits arising from their noble self-sacrificing and unselfish labors. One portion of the church was thronged with children, nearly all girls, whose faces, although dark, were bright with an innate and steadily growing intelligence. A troop of good sisters moved among them like ministering angels, and as their dark eyes flashed back the love and affection from the prayer books in their tiny hands to the sweet faces of those good women who were devoting their pure noble lives in order to give them a start in life with so many advantages at their command, one could only see the beauty and the joy of it all—the future mothers of a race of people who would not, like their dusky ancestors, seek through sensuality and ignorance their own devouring slavery. At the service on that bright and rosy Sabbath morn I was much pleased and edified (not that I want to parade my church going proclivities in any way, and if I must say it I have done my share of it for a tramp of my temperament and restless disposition) but in all my wanderings and experience in that direction it was the first time I saw a Chinaman worshipping God in a catholic church. I had scarcely found a place in the congregation there assembled, where a neatly dressed and scrupulously clean child of the Celestial Empire, with the progressive Japs are trying to batter down, sailed into the pew by my side. He was dressed in immaculate white and his queue was coiled around his well shaped head in the most approved oriental fashion. I observed him pull an old newspaper out of his pocket and awaited development, thinking, perhaps, he had found some startling news from home or a prayer or two in the journalistic literature of the age, and was about to utilize it then and there, but I was mistaken, for he quickly unfolded his little treasure and carefully placed it on the kneeling bench to save his white pantalons from the contamination of the little dust that might have accumulated there. It was a small thing, of course, but it spoke in eloquent silence of the frugality and other good qualities of a sometimes much abused race. He crossed himself reverently and pulled the beads from his pocket and followed the service like the rest of us. Scattered here and there through the cathedral aisles beneath the image of some saint were men and women of his own nationality who had forsaken the graven gods of their pagan fathers, worshipping the God we all adore. In what is called christian and enlightened lands, these poor people are being often treated in such an unchristianlike manner that perhaps we cannot blame them if they cling so tenaciously to their ancient pagan rites and usages. One of the events in the social life and manners of the town and in the fleeting days of the curious and observant stranger is the coming and going of an ocean steamer. The incoming traveler of the ocean blue brings some friend or dearly loved one, some transient bird who thought his home a cage, or a message from over the sea. The outgoing vessel takes these little things that make life worth the living in such a place, away with her over the stormy sea. I have witnessed several of these departures and a faint description of one is in a measure only a picture, however feebly drawn, of the others. It was a warm day and there are no cool ones in Honolulu. It was nearing mid-day and the blazing sun was flooding everything with a shimmering glow as I wandered down the quiet street to where the big cruiser of the mighty deep was resting after the first stage of her ocean journey from the busy city by the Golden Gate. She proved to be the Oceania, a big four masted steamer that links the Orient with the Occident. The starry banner floated in the soft sensuous air of this tropical land from the fore top and the red cross of St. George was flying in graceful folds from the mainmast peak. The decks were swarming with Japanese and Chinese en-

route to these far off times to fight perhaps for the "Land of the Morning Calm." There were missionaries and tourists, globe trotters of different nationalities, or merchants in quest of more wealth and more business beneath the burning skies of India or amid the flowers of Japan or to scale the walls of the yellow Chinese. There were ladies on board, clad like angels, all in white or in other light and gauzy drapery. Dresses perhaps that had been doing duty during the sweet summer time upon the fashionable sands of New port or Atlantic City in the gay and giddy whirl of these and other famous Eastern seaside resorts. The wharf was crowded with people of every hue and color, listlessly gazing on the lively scene, or bidding relatives or friends sweet and fond adieus. The natives, however, were wreathing garlands and chaplets of flowers and disposing of them to those who wished to deck some manly breast or marble brow and who understand the language of these pretty souvenirs that nature and an eye for the beautiful he so beautifully supplied these people living beneath these rare skies. The government band, one of the finest in the world, was very much in evidence, its members, clad in immaculate white, treating the departing stranger and those that were left behind on terra firma to music rare and sweet. The lines are cast off, the big engine commences its restless movement once more, the calm and liquid waters are churned into foam as the steamer slowly swings away from her moorings. Amid a flutter of handkerchiefs the band plays "Auld Lang Syne" or "Home Sweet Home" as a tear trickles down some fair cheek when the vessel turns her prow towards the open sea and the land of the Mikado and the descendants of the wise Confucius. The little dark skinned Kanaka boys sport like elves around the vessel's side, on the alert for a nickel or a dime thrown to them from fair white hands or of who little crews who kiss the coin that her fingers dropped into the shining sea. There is music in the air here all the time and strange to say not plentiful or in any great variety. But there is a couple of bands here that are in a par with Gilmore's in the heyday of its glory or any other famous organization of the kind in the world. This may seem an exaggerated statement but I must force myself to believe that it is nevertheless true. One is called the Government band, under the leadership of an exceedingly clever German musician named Berger. This splendid musical aggregation is maintained by the government and is composed of men of different nationalities with a sprinkling of natives. They do nothing else but play. When a steamer sails away they are on the pier giving a gratuitous parting musical farewell to the wandering stranger. They play in the mornings on the Palace grounds just to encourage the President and his Cabinet in their fresh republican ideas; they play in the afternoon and at night on some of the many pretty squares on the lawn in front of the Hawaiian hotel, the great hostelry of the place. It may be in honor of some celebrity who is lingering within her gates or envoy extraordinary who is only perhaps an ordinary individual otherwise but the band plays "Sweet Marie" or "Annie Laurie" just the same. Then there is what is called the Native or Hawaiian Band, which is superb in every way. Your Kanaka is nothing if not musical, and you will never forget the music, both vocal and instrumental of these people, for it will surely linger long in one's memory, so weird, so beautiful is it all.

ROTHSCHILD AS A BEGGAR.
How a Student's Gift to him was Repaid Ten-thousandfold.
In Paris art circles a new story runs in this way: Dining on one occasion with Baron James de Rothschild, Eugene Delacroix, the famous French painter, kept his eyes turned upon his host in so marked a manner that when the company rose to leave the dining room Baron James could not help asking his guest what it was that so attracted his attention. The painter confessed that for some time past he had vainly sought a head to serve as a model for that of a beggar he intended to hold a prominent position in a painting on which he was then engaged, and that, as he gazed at his host's features, the idea suddenly struck him that the very head he desired was before him. With this explanation he ventured to ask the baron whether he would do the favor to sit for him as a beggar. Rothschild being a great admirer of art in all its forms, and pleased to be considered one of its chief patrons, readily consented to assume a character never before undertaken by a millionaire. The next day found him at the painter's studio. Delacroix placed a tunic round his shoulders, put a stout staff in his hand, and made him pose as if he were resting on the steps of an ancient Roman temple. In this attitude he was discovered by one of the artist's favorite pupils, who alone had free access to the studio at all times. Naturally concluding the model had only just been brought in from some church porch, and never dreaming of the character assumed by him was far from his true one, he seized an opportunity when his master's eyes were turned to

slip a piece of money into the beggar's hand. Baron Rothschild thanked him with a look and kept the money. The pupil soon quitted the studio. In answer to inquiries made, Delacroix told the baron that this young man possessed talent, but no means; that he had, in fact, to earn his livelihood by giving lessons in painting and drawing. Shortly afterward the young fellow received a letter stating that charity bears interest, and that the accumulated interest on the amount he had so generously given to one whom he supposed to be a beggar was represented by the sum of 10,000 francs, which was lying at his disposal at the Rothschild office.

THE IDEAL FEMALE ANK.
Expressiveness, as Well as Beauty, an Important but Rare Feature.
"I find great difficulty in getting a model with good arms," said a well-known sculptor recently. "It is astonishing how few women there are with arms that conform to the standard. A perfect arm, measured from the wrist to the armpit, should be twice the length of the head, the upper part of the arm should be large, full and well rounded. There should be a dimple at the elbow. The forearm must not be too flat, not nearly so flat as a man's, for instance.

"From a well moulded shoulder, the whole arm should taper in long graceful curves to the hand. It is better to have an arm that harmonizes, even if the parts do not conform to the generally accepted lines. For instance, a full, round upper arm which is joined to a flat or thin forearm has a very bad effect. Perhaps it is only a little worse, however, than a graceful, well rounded forearm tacked on to a thin scrawny upper arm.

"Correctness of form is not the only thing necessary for a good arm. The owner must possess the power of expression with her arms. American women are deficient in this, as a rule. Those nationalities which show the most expression with the arms are the Spanish, French and Italian. The warm admirer of Sara Bernhardt would not claim that she had beautiful arms, yet no one can say that the divine Sara ever appears ungainly in consequence. Much more lies in the faculty of arm expression than is generally supposed."

This Dog Knows Money.
"A man named Harrison, in Sioux City, has a setter dog that is a pretty valuable animal, and a good many people in Iowa would be willing to pay a good, stiff price for him," said W. W. McCann of Des Moines. "He has brought his master on several occasions money he has found in the street, and quite recently he came in with tail wagging proudly and a pocket book with over \$200 in it held in his mouth. Shot—which is his name—seems to be as familiar with the worth of the articles he may happen to come across in his skirishes around town as he is with the value of the result of early training. His owner when the dog was a puppy, patiently taught him to retrieve various articles, and frequently used bills and coin in his practice. In this way, probably, the animal learned to distinguish the peculiar scent of money, for it has been seen to pick up a coin lying on the ground and carry it home, and when carried on the person. But no matter what its secret is, Shot is a lucky dog in every sense of the word, for he never comes across money that he does not eagerly pick it up and race home with it. And he'll bring lots of other things that evidently appear to him to be of value. If there is an old cast-off hat in his course he'll carry it to Harrison, and old rags of clothing are as dutifully taken the same way. He's an excellent field dog also, but has never been known to retrieve a bird. So Shot is a sort of canine paradox in his run-and-fetch qualities."

Queen Things Dug up in Michigan.
A remarkable collection of pottery, said to have been taken from mounds in Mecosta, Isabella, and Montcalm counties, Michigan, is on exhibition. Five caskets of nearly equal size and shape were shown. The exterior bear what appear to be likenesses of the pyramids of Egypt, as well as Egyptian and Phoenician letters and characters. There is a sixth casket, different from all the others. One side presents the pyramid of Egypt and the other side two male figures, one round headed, with spear aloft in a threatening attitude, and the other an American Indian with tomahawk poised. There are two tablets. One, said to represent the ten commandments, being numbered from one to ten, and the other a representation of the flood, from the warning of the Pharaohs, and the coming forth of the inmates. From one casket were taken three brass coins, four stone coins, and nine pieces of stone type. From another a nugget of solid gold weighing about two ounces, stone amulets, and pipes, lamps, and vases, said to be of the time of the Pharaohs, were taken. There is a perfect square, adorned with Masonic emblems, alleged to have been taken from a mound, upon which remained a stump over four feet in diameter. The rings showing the tree to have been over 600 years old.

A Chinaman's Tribute.
There was a touching incident at the funeral of Dr. A. J. Gordon, in Boston, the other day. With the floral tributes that poured in upon the church officer in charge came a letter containing a sum of money. It was from a pupil in the Chinese Sunday school, and read as follows: "Goon Way gives the inclosed for missions instead of flowers, as he thinks Dr. Gordon would have desired."

Heredity.
Mother (policeman's wife): "Willie, I've been shouting for you this half-hour. How is it you are never to be found when you are wanted?"
Son: "Well, mother, I suppose I inherit it from father."

The life of a locomotive is fifteen years, during which time it will run 240,000 miles carrying 600,000 tons, or 600,000 passengers, and cost \$250,000; its ordinary power is 800 horse, and its first cost \$3,000.

The turf seems still to reward some of English devotees. In a recent article the names of sixteen horses were given which within ten years have won altogether in stakes alone \$275,439, or nearly \$280,000 a piece.

WEAPONS OF THE INDIANS.
The Present Day Indian has Adopted Rifles and Revolvers.
The Indian of to-day had in a great measure discarded his primitive weapons of war and adopted the rifle or revolver shell as well as a white man. How he does it is a mystery, for the white man needs a special lot of tools for the purpose, and the Indian has some that are not improved. The fact remains, however, and was so well known to General Miles that when campaigning after Geronimo in 1886, he published an order that soldiers should turn over to their officers all empty shells, in order that they might not be left on the ground and utilized by the Apaches.

The bow is used in war when a stealthy attack is meditated, and quite generally in hunting, for there it answers as well, and is more economical. The degree of skill attained by the Indians in archery is truly astonishing, but it is the result of long and constant practice. The Indian boy's first lesson is to shoot with a small bow and blunt arrow. Finally he receives the strong bow, and with it fits himself for war.

These latter are powerful weapons. One that an Indian would, with the greatest ease, draw to the arrow's head, could scarcely be bent four inches by a white man. They will send an arrow 600 yards, and put it through a board an inch thick. On one occasion a man's skull was found transfixed to a tree by an arrow, which had gone completely through the bones and embedded itself so deeply in the wood as to sustain the weight of the head. He had probably been tied up to the tree and shot.

The Sioux make the best bows. Cedar and hickory are favorite woods. The wood is carefully seasoned by being hung, sometimes for months, just out of reach of flames of the tepee fire. The bow is four feet long, and an inch thick in the middle. A warrior with a sharp knife and a file, will take a week to make a bow, which will sell for about \$5 in trade.

The Crows make bows of elk horn, each bow requiring three months, nicely fitted to each other, and applied and wrapped together. When ornamented, carved and painted, these bows are beautiful, and rapidly sell for \$15 or \$20. It takes an Indian about three months to make one.

Before they came into contact with the whites, the Indians frequently used poisoned arrows. The Sho-shones made the poison of ants, dried and powdered, and mixed with the spleen of some animal. The mixture was then placed in the sun, and allowed to decay. The result was such a deadly poison that if the arrow ever broke a person's skin it was sure to produce death.

Arrows are made very carefully, for upon their construction depends the bowman's success. Three or four are the limit of a day's work, even when the rough material is at hand. The branches from which they are made are cut in the fall, when the sap is not running, and are then up in bundles, so that they will not warp. They are then hung up in the tepee, in a similar manner to the bow wood. The shaft is usually channelled, or grooved, so as to allow of blood from the wound. Arrows pertaining to different tribes may be distinguished by the feathers, or by the points of the feathering, painting or carving. Indeed, it is said that individuals of the same tribe can tell each other's arrows in the same way.

The tomahawk and war club are hardly used at all. Their place has been taken by the knife, or being always in my hand, carried by a wild Indian in a sheath attached to his belt. Used principally for skinning game, these knives are, nevertheless, at close quarters, deadly weapons of attack or defence. They are also used for scalping. Scalping is not a religious ceremony, as many have supposed. It is simply a proof of killing—evidence beyond a doubt, most people think.

It would seem that scalping is fatal, but in itself it is not necessarily so. Numerous instances of survival, even when the victim had been wounded in addition, are on record. One spring day in 1868 Thomas Cahone and Willis Edmonston, freight conductors of the Union Pacific railway, were fishing in a small stream near Sydney, Neb. They were unarmed, feeling sure that the handful of regular troops stationed at Sydney would keep off any prowling Indians.

Suddenly a party of mounted Sioux swept down upon them. They put eight arrows into Cahone, one of which passed under the point of the right shoulder blade, and came out an inch or two under the breast. Four arrows were fired into Edmonston.

The scalp proper of Cahone was taken by one Indian, while the second took a piece about four by seven inches from the left side of the head. Edmonston was not scalped, for at this juncture the soldiers and citizens of Sydney hurried out, and the Indians took to flight. The wounded men were taken to the town, where the arrows were taken out. Later Cahone was seen, and said he was in excellent health, having never suffered from his wounds or the scalping.

THE SERPENTS OF INDIA.
Cobra, Scorpions and Centipedes Frequent and Sober.
"Along with the insects come the serpents. The cobra is the most dangerous. It seldom comes into the houses for some reason, though my small sister slept on a pile of mats under which a sleeping cobra was afterward found. The cobra, however, comes into the compound and often bites the natives. Europeans are seldom bitten by the cobra or other snakes, because the European goes about in boots that give the serpent notice of their coming, and also perhaps protect him from the bite. As a matter of fact serpents commonly met in India do not voluntarily go after human prey, but are probably more afraid of man than man of them. A barefooted native, treading noiselessly, gives the serpent no notice of his approach; and may unconsciously step upon him, and then the creature bites in self-defence. I knew a native gardener was bitten by a cobra. He filled himself with whiskey and

walked to keep himself awake. An Englishman whom I knew well, was bitten by a cobra, and his friends promptly applied the same remedies. They walked him all night against his drowsy protests and his earnest prayer that he be permitted to sleep. His life was saved, but he never really recovered from the shock, though he lived many years after. The cobra is a familiar and venomous little wretch that takes pleasure in coiling up in one's boots during the night or in sitting in the holes of one's garments. One soon learns to shake one's boots before putting them on. The natives have a curious aversion to killing snakes, and they have a superstition, shared by some Europeans, that if a cobra be slain its mate will come to avenge the act. Of course, there is no foundation for it, save perhaps that a widowed cobra comes in search of her mate and incidentally meets the slayer.

"Rats abound in India and get into houses and swarm aboard a ship. The great Indian rat, the bandicoot, with a scent like a pig, visits one's bed at night and chews the ends of one's hair. I know a red-headed fellow on board ship who used to grease his hair with oil or bear's grease. He was visited one night by a bandicoot, and came upon deck next morning with the oddest evidence of the bandicoot's bartering. The muskrat swarms in India, and is the source, as all sorts of wild creatures do, since the doors are merely unclosed openings. His smell is something tremendous, and when he merely crosses the cork of a soda water bottle he seems to scent the contents.

"The bite of an insect, even though slight or a small sort of any kind that would soon heal in a temperate climate, may hang on for days or weeks in the heat of India, and a slight illness greatly weakens one. Europeans luckily seldom take the native diseases, and, though cholera is constantly present in India, it is only in cases of peculiar widespread epidemics that it reaches the European population. There is no yellow fever there, but small-pox ravages the natives. It is amazing to see how many natives are pock-marked. The natives have small faith in European doctors, but they always take the European cholera mixture. Of course no European gentleman would ever be in a duty bound, brought his prisoner back into the middle of the hall and presented the terrified girl to the assembly. A unanimous regret was frankly expressed for the fate the young maiden had incurred, but they agreed there was only one issue. "Oh, no, gentlemen," said Lord Doneraile, "I am not going to lose my only daughter; you must find some other way out of it."

"There can only be one other way," replied the spokesman, "but she is not a man; if she were she might be sworn in a Freemason." "Then," said Lord Doneraile, "she must be sworn in without being a man." The conclusion was accepted, the young lady was sworn in then and there, and proved as loyal to her oath as the best man among them.

Mr. Cleveland's Protectors.
No president in the history of the States has been so carefully guarded as Mr. Cleveland. It started with the Coxy craze. Before the Commonwealths began their march toward Washington but six policemen of the metropolitan force were detailed to do duty in the White House grounds. Besides the regular watchmen of the White House watchmen and door-keepers. But when the Commonwealths came Marshal Wilson asked Major Moore, chief of the Washington police, to detail twelve more of his men for White house duty. Since that time Mr. Cleveland has, perhaps, never received a more careful guard, for the entire force of eighteen policemen, besides the regular watchmen and secret service men, yet guard over the White House and its occupants. Three sentry boxes with lookout windows have been erected in front and on either side of the building, in these armed guards do duty day and night, while others patrol the grounds. In the daytime ample guards are about the house and grounds watching for cranks or others who may enter with malicious designs. Whether the president personally or his friends insist upon his personal guard is not known. Certain it is, however, that no information can be got from any of them. They as carefully expel the camera fiends from the grounds as they do a crank, and have so far prevented a snap shot at even a sentry box. When the president drives he is accompanied by a well armed secret service man, who trails along a short distance behind the executive carriage in a buggy driven by a companion. Several times he was found to attract least attention, and to be preferable.

A Wonderful Watchmaker.
Jules Curzon, a Polish mechanic, who was presented with a gold medal for his inventions, performed a most extraordinary thing when he succeeded in manufacturing a complete watch in the space of eight hours, and from materials on which any other watchmaker would have looked contemptuously. It appears that the czar of Russia, hearing of the marvelous inventive genius of Curzon, determined to put him to the test, and forwarded him a box containing a few copper nails, some wood chippings, a piece of broken glass, an old cracked china cup, some wire, and a few crumpled paper scraps, with a request that he should transform them into a timepiece. Nothing daunted, and perceiving a golden opportunity for winning favor at the court, Curzon set about his task with enthusiasm, and in the almost incredibly short space of eight hours had dispatched a wonderfully constructed watch to the czar, who was so surprised and delighted at the work that he sent for the maker, and conferred upon him several distinctions as well as granting him a pension. The case of the watch was made of china, while the works were simply composed of the odds and ends accompanying the old cup. Not only did it keep good time, but only required winding once every three or four days. This remarkable watch is believed to be still in the possession of the Russian royal family.

Buffalo Bill's Stunts.
Hagenbeck is about to give a London exhibition of life in Africa. He is importing a complete Somali village, comprising eighty native hunters, with their bows and household appliances, twenty-five African hunting hares, twenty-five young domesticated, and specimens of all the wild and game animals of British East Africa.

Advertisement for 'The Teeth of Jerry' and other products, including 'The Teeth of Jerry' and 'The Teeth of Jerry'.

TWO BITES AT A CHERRY.

The train ran into the little country station of Airside, and Brian Leigh jumped out quickly, and, almost before the train had left the station, was half way up the High Street of the village.

Brian went upstairs, and presently, in his own room, sat down to write a letter to Jessie, informing her of her husband's death.

WASHINGTON'S JUMP.

George Washington was a wonderful jumper. Thackeray, in "The Virginians," gives him the magnificent record of twenty-two feet three inches for a running broad.

BORN.

Hillhouse, Feb. 16, to the wife of James Blight, a son. Broad Cove, N. S., to the wife of Solomon Teal, a son.

MARRIED.

Dorchester, Feb. 20, Michael Wyns to Bessie Lane. Halifax, Feb. 19, by Rev. Dr. Freley, James Flinn to Agnes Martell.

DIED.

St. John, Feb. 20, John Carson, 76. Westport, Feb. 19, Isaac Peters, 78. Halifax, Feb. 17, David Phillips, 62.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. THE ONLY TRUE TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE. Fast Express train leaves from Union Station, St. John, N. B., at 4.00 p. m. Daily, SUNDAY EXCEPTED.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY, the 1st October, 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

WARNING. \$100 REWARD. We are informed that unscrupulous dealers are in the habit of selling plugs and parts of plugs of inferior quality.

T. & B. Myrtle Navy. The genuine plug is stamped with the letters "T. & B." in iron. Purchasers will confer a favor by looking for the trade mark when purchasing.

VOI... A SI... SOME... HAL... a more... the city... Eastern... held in... Of ten... thousand... arrayed... the party... the opp... Coroying... ered up... this scri... away abo... and direc... of more... with pro... The in... the direc... party abo... one of th... E. Shald... delogatio... combined... company... hand, the... another c... enterprise... The East... years, and... went thro... These... ance com... not been... In this c... hear a ve... year 1895... companie... and Febru... the state... share-hold... bad. The w... the most... for a fight... and they... carry their... taking wh... he assets... as pronou... the smoke... found the... They ca... Dominion... the East... \$500,000... up, so th... the liability... Parliament... 000 of th... as a reser... \$200,000... Nova Scoti... be done, j... condition... If this leg... tors are t... best. The win... defeated, l... employes a... the affairs... Black, of a... pany six m... ciding up... the meanin... three mon... will not b... It is sa... that the D... any such l... cutting dow... holders' li... From th... at night th... question... tery assai... ground of... Corey's sal... the compan... red rag to... millionai... the extrava... Halifax fir... money, we... each satisfie... man such... a pension of... \$18,000. V... of these th... themselves... should have... agreement rep... were not gr... done than t... losing money... better day i... made by th... Quebec an... that had r... risks in N... was intimat...