

# PROGRESS.

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## MR JACK ON THE STAND.

**HIS MEMORY IS NOT AS GOOD AS IT MIGHT BE.**

Mr. Skinner says the School Board did not order Mr. March's arrest and that Mr. Baxter is not the lawyer of the trustees—trying to place the order.

The hint thrown out by PROGRESS last week that it might be well to know who was responsible for the order to have the necessary papers made for the arrest of Mr. Ernest March upon so serious a charge, appears to have been acted upon at the last examination in the police court when the chairman of finance D. R. Jack was on the stand.

Mr. Jack has been a member of the school board for some time and whether by chance or mischance has at length been selected chairman of finance for that body. His duties are probably more of a critical nature than anything else and the only really important matter which has brought out the fact that he was chairman of finance has been this bond suit. The evidence seems to have indicated that trustee Jack in his official capacity had a good deal to do with the order for the apprehension of Mr. March. Where he and his transient adviser, Mr. Baxter, found their grounds to move on is what has been puzzling those following the case closely. So far they have not shown sufficient proof for well grounded suspicion, let alone arrest. It was truly unfortunate that Recorder Skinner was absent from the city at that juncture for with his experience and caution he could hardly have failed, with a complete knowledge of the facts so far as known then, to have advised delay.

According to the official evidence Mr. Skinner stated in arguing with Mr. Pugsley that the board of school trustees had not authorized Mr. Manning to lay the information against Mr. March. Who did then? Surely trustee Jack and Mr. Baxter did not take such a step upon their own decision! Again, according to the evidence, at the meeting held in Mr. Jack's office the only other trustees present were the chairman Judge Barker and Mr. W. C. R. Allan. Mr. Jack's memory, while on the stand, was so defective that he could not remember the details of this most important meeting, in fact he seemed to be in doubt as to who and how many were present. This was in the face of the fact that the meeting was held not as many weeks ago as it has been years since the bond was issued and yet, as Mr. Pugsley said, Mr. Jack could not remember the fact that his client could not remember all the details of his office work of that period. This was a hard shot at the hesitating witness but there was a harder one in store for Mr. Baxter when in the course of his attempt to get some information concerning the authority for the arrest from Mr. Manning, Mr. Pugsley made that gentleman say that "Mr. Baxter was the lawyer of the trustees in this case" to which Mr. Skinner's prompt rejoinder was "Mr. Manning has no right to say that because it is absolutely incorrect."

PROGRESS has obtained an extract from the official minutes showing how Mr. Pugsley tried to get information in regard to the authority for the arrest.

Mr. Jack was on the stand and Mr. Pugsley examining him:—

"Did the Board of School trustees direct Mr. Manning to lay this information against Mr. Ernest March?" Objected to by Mr. Skinner.

"Did you, Mr. Jack, or did the Board of School trustees direct Mr. Manning to lay this information against Mr. March for the recovery of this bond?"

Objected to by Mr. Skinner on ground that the school trustees had not authorized it and even had they done so it had nothing to do with the guilt or innocence of Mr.aley's client.

Edward Manning, being recalled, in reply to Pugsley Q. C. said the information which was in J. B. M. Baxter's writing was signed by him. On being requested by Mr. Pugsley to tell who Mr. Baxter was, the witness after repeated objections by Mr. Skinner, said:—"He (Baxter) was the lawyer of the trustees in this case."

At this Mr. Skinner arose protesting, stating that "Mr. Manning has no right to say that because it is absolutely incorrect."

Had Mr. Manning been given an opportunity he might have gone further and stated that Mr. Baxter was an alderman of the city and that he seems to be particularly fortunate in being associate counsel in city cases. In the absence of Mr. Skinner he was asked for his advice in this case in the first instance but, having given it, it will occur to most of the taxpayers that recorder Skinner needed no further assistance in the conduct of the case. Mr. Baxter, however, appears to be retained and takes what part he can in the examination as it proceeds. Who will pay him is a question for future consideration and the council may then take the opportunity to decide whether the precedent in the Connolly cases is going to be a costly one in the

## TOUCHED THE BUTTON.

**SOMEONE TRIED TO TRICK ALDERMAN MOSHER**

And Keep Him From a Council Meeting by Sending an Alarm of Fire on His Number—But the Alderman Was There and Connolly is Oaf.

HALIFAX, April 2.—Halifax people seem to like to "fight to a finish" in any contest upon which they enter. When they separate into factions they leave no stone unturned to secure victory. The contest over the fire chiefship is an example of this. John Connolly some weeks ago was elected chief but Alderman Hubley gave notice of reconsideration. The winter port delegates went to Ottawa and while they were absent no meeting of the city council was held to dispose of the reconsideration. A meeting was called, however, before Alderman Stewart's return. This would leave the Ryan party one less in voting strength than they were when the question first came up. Accordingly the Ryan men decided there should be no quorum and thus postpone the meeting till Alderman Stewart should be able to take his place and vote. Alderman Hamilton was a Ryan man, but he professed disgust at the way the question had been prolonged and would not agree to the no quorum plan. This action gave the Connolly party a possible quorum. But there was yet another move to be made. Alderman Creighton and Mosher were known to be on their way to the council chamber between 8 and 8.30 on Friday night. They live far north, and if they could be detained even for fifteen minutes 8.30 would have passed before they could arrive at the city hall and the half hour of grace allowed for securing a quorum would have passed. So a false alarm of fire was sounded from box 27. The cold-blooded city fathers, however, were not to be turned back, even though box 27 was near their homes. Nero fiddled while Rome burned, and a house might go up in smoke round the corner from their residence, but that quorum at the city hall had to be made a certainty. Yet they could see no reflection, and doubtless hoping the alarm meant nothing they redoubled their speed toward and reached the council chamber in good time to answer to their names, make the necessary quorum, and vote reconsideration. The wily alarm ruse failed, and Connolly was finally elected chief.

The question comes up, how was that alarm sounded from box 27? The man who holds the key says no one obtained it from him, and so far as he knows the box was not opened. The alarm, therefore, must have been sent in from elsewhere by some official possessed of another key. The theory set afloat, in explanation of the matter by the anti-Ryan faction is, that some one high in the department sounded the alarm from a box in one of the engine houses, where he would not be observed, by opening the inner door of the box and sounding the number of a box near Mosher's house by hand. After opening the outer door only the legitimate number of a box can be sounded, but if a private key is used and the inner door opened, any number can be sounded by hand, regardless of the outer automatic number of the box. Taus was this matter fought to a finish.

## REV. ROBERT LAING AMAZED.

**The Evening Papers Help to Create Two Sensations.**

HALIFAX, April 2.—Rev. Brother Robert Laing of the Halifax ladies college was an angry man on Saturday evening when he picked up one of the Halifax evening papers, for there he read an announcement of a new subject in the curriculum of the college, which neither he nor the board of governors, nor the shareholders, had authorized, or even intended should be taught. Presbyterian money built the college, and Presbyterian money keeps it going, why then should this unauthorized study be introduced without this approval, to distract rather than improve and train the fair young ladies who crowd those scholastic halls? The worthy president of the college ran his hand wildly through his wavy hair as he read in cold type that:

"The spring term of the Halifax Presbyterian ladies college will commence in a few days, when among the other branches taught, special attention will be devoted to the study of electrocution."

Shades of Sing Sing! said the horrified president: is that something that comes under the eye of the director of the conservatory, or is in the English department, or is in it in the faculty of anatomy and physiology or must I see to it?" When last seen Rev. Mr. Laing had not yet made up his mind what it all meant, but it was expected the teacher of physical culture and elocution, or some poor reader, would be able to throw a "current of light" on the deadly question.

Another of last Saturday evening's Halifax papers caused a sensation by publishing a picture which was labelled:

"Mrs. H. B. Haggarty, one of the chorus who will sing at the Albatross concert on Wednesday."

As people rubbed their eyes and looked at the alleged likeness there were threats

## THE SAME OLD TRICKS.

**CHIEF CLARK STARTS OUT WITH A NEW LAW.**

And Seeks Violations on the Back Streets—A Widow Woman Reports it with Two Others—A New Phase of the Law Which Will Be Fought out.

Inspector Jones and the commissioners were sworn in Wednesday and at once started to make the regulations necessary to govern the dispensing of drinks. They have hardly got to work yet but announce that they will consider applications for licenses on the 15th instant.

Still, if the commissioners have not got to work the chief of police has shown that he is still in the ring and that he has not lost any of his tactics with his inspectors. Whether the new law acted as a sort of an energetic tonic or whether he wanted to show that, after all, the chief of all the police is all powerful, is perhaps immaterial, but the fact remains that on the evening of the day the new officers were sworn in the chief sent his officers out upon the war path. The result was reports against Jas. H. Slater, Mrs. Bartlett, of Erin street, and Patrick Cotter of Water street.

These places are widely separated and the police must have been very weary tramping all over the city hunting for violators of law. How they ever got as far as Slater's without passing several places where the law was a dead letter will remain a mystery. But they did get there and took what stock they could get their hands on. Then in order that the reputation of the chief might be kept up, the residence of Mrs. Bartlett, a widow woman on Erin street, was visited and a small quantity of whiskey and a keg or two of ale captured.

No doubt the men were acting under orders and proceeded directly from the central station to the places reported. It is absurd and ridiculous to think otherwise. If the chief wanted to be vigilant, it he wanted to show the people that he was still the chief of police, if not inspector, why did he not man fashion, report some of the influential law breakers? Why did he send almost out of town to a quiet street and seize the stock of a woman and report her for violation of the law? Why should his officers pass a dozen places in their endeavor to get a chance at Slater, who it is pretty well known has not been in the best of luck. He has been fined again and again and in addition to that lost his stock while his more influential neighbors in the business have pled their trade from morn till midnight under the very eyes of the chief and escaped comparatively free.

Why pursue such tactics? Why not treat everybody alike? No one will find fault with the officers for doing their duty if they will keep their eyes open all over the town—but to keep them shut on one street and open on another is a method condemned by every one. The reports against women have been so frequent that even the magistrate has noted that and when Mrs. Bartlett appeared before him Thursday and acknowledged the charge he imposed the lightest possible penalty coupled with some remarks certainly not complimentary to the vigilance that reported widows in out of the way places and permitted more extensive violators in the heart of the city to escape without notice.

But there was an additional charge made and a new one under the new law. It was against the Messrs. Jones for selling ale to an unlicensed vendor. Mr. Skinner represented the defendants and he made out a pretty strong case for his clients. It is not at all likely that this case will end in the magistrate's court. The wholesalers claim that the law is inconsistent and unfair to them, particularly in this respect and they propose to fight it if they can do so with any prospect of success. In Halifax those in the wholesale trade have for years refused to take out licenses and only a few days ago, the police magistrate of that city gave the law another back eye by declaring it in his opinion ultra vires.

The claim that the law is inconsistent is founded upon the fact that a Montreal house, for example, can take out a license in this province, send their travelers here and sell goods and there is no chance to prosecute for sale to an unlicensed vendor.

But there are plenty of points in the new law and by the time they are all thrashed out the people will probably have an intimate acquaintance with its provisions.

A Suggestion For Easter Buyers.

A good many people have an idea that it is necessary to have something new for Easter. Many a man dons a new suit of clothes, while the favorite article of adornment for the ladies is a new bonnet, and others look around for what they need most and buy that as some sort of celebration of the festive season. Messrs. Waterbury & Rusing suggest that new boots or slippers are just as much in this line at

## HOW HE HAD HIS REVENGE.

**The following one-act pantomime was amusingly carried out a short time since.**

A newspaper man, a grocery clerk and an ice chest playing the leading roles. It appears that at one time the newspaper man had occasion to "roast" the grocery clerk who in turn vowed he would repay the scorching with interest. His day at last came and early in the week as the scribe was passing the well known grocery in which the clerk was employed, the latter ran into the street and hurling an ancient egg hit "his man" in the neck. A hot chase ensued in the shop, the proprietor of which was out at the time, around the counter over barrels etc., the journalist with blood in his eye and every prospect of fistic carnival. The clerk held the fort behind some barrels for a time but was forced to retreat before the advancing foe. At last a bright idea struck him and with the agility of a cat he closed himself in the big refrigerator. The scribe held the door for over a half hour until the proprietor put in an appearance when he released the "ice-bound" egg-twisier. He had his revenge and grinned a broad grin as the grocery-clerk knocked an icicle off his nose, combed the frost off his mustache, and reached for his overcoat.

## GETTING IN THE FIELD.

**Candidates Announcing Themselves For the Coming Civic Election.**

Alderman McLaughlin's announcement that he will be a candidate for mayor puts a new and interesting face upon civic politics. It means that there will either be a fight between him and the present mayor, or that he will probably be returned by acclamation because he is not likely to have an opponent other than Mayor Robertson. It means that Dr. Daniel will be in the field for Queen's Ward also. The doctor's friends will welcome his return to civic politics to which when in the council he gave careful attention, and his sound judgment had much weight at the council. The cards of D. McArthur, J. B. Hamm and G. G. Ruel are out for their respective wards, but Mr. McArthur is a candidate for alderman at large. He is sure to poll a large north end vote and is sure of a certain vote all over the city. His friends will rally around him with energy and that means much on election day. As the elections do not take place until two weeks from Tuesday those who propose to be candidates probably think they have plenty of time to announce themselves. Mr. Seston, however, is a candidate for Victoria, and Mr. Holder, a former alderman in the north end, is coming for Stanley ward, which has been held so long by Mr. McGoldrick. Mr. Holder is a protestant. Alderman-at-large McCarthy will of course offer again. Next week this time there will be a chance to see who are in the field and to gain some idea of their chances of success.

Windsor Salt, Furze and Best.

## THE MEN ARE IN EARNEST.

**HALIFAX, April 2.—The charges preferred by the non-coms and men of No. 3 company, H. G. A., against the officers of the battalion, have been forwarded to Ottawa by Lawyer J. T. Bulmer on behalf of the men. Similar charges to those made against No. 2 company, commanded by Major Hesselein, have been made against the officers of Nos. 1 and 4 companies so that Major Oxtley and Major Garrison will also be put on their defence in this matter.**

Whether the government will appoint D. A. G. Irving, or D. A. G. Maunsell, to hold the inquiry, is not known, or whether indeed, they will appoint any one. The chances are, however, that very soon an investigation by the militia department with these wholesale charges will be vigorously on foot.

## A New Firm's Announcement.

The advertisement of March Bros. on another page of this paper is so attractive that it should be read. This firm has three lines of wheels any one of which is well worth inspection. They also call special attention to their repair shop.

## COUNTRY LIFE IS AWFUL BLOW.

**So Thought Susie McDougall a Young Petticoat Matron.**

PETITODIAC, April 1.—A short time ago L. McDougall of Lewis mountain went to Havelock Corner as he often had done before to do a little shopping. When he returned his wife and \$25 had disappeared. He went at once to Pettitodiac but could not find her. Calling at the Union House, Pettitodiac, Mrs. Harrington declared she had not seen her, but one Mr. Milton afterwards stated that he positively saw Mrs. McDougall go in to the Union House. They searched the roads and all streets and watched trains when convenient but did not search any houses. Scarcely a fortnight had elapsed when her sister, Miss Annie Bleakney, received a letter from her with a Boston stamp on it, and several statements in it regarding her whereabouts. She was in then Boston, had struck a job at good wages, but Mrs. McDougall did not give any address. Within two days her father was on the road for Boston, with really no clue, but a determination to succeed. It was Monday he started on what many called a "Tom fools errand" and on Thursday evening he arrived home with his daughter, Mrs. McDougall. Mr. McDougall is a hard working, quiet man, who came from Nova Scotia in 1894 and purchased a farm on Lewis mountain for which he paid cash down, and is reported as having a little money invested in his native province. During last summer he made several visits to the residence of Wm. A. Bleakney a quiet farmer of North River. Mr. Bleakney had two unmarried daughters, the eldest Annie about 25 years of age and well experienced in house keeping, and the youngest Susie some 16 years of age and founder of our door life than housekeeping. Their mother died when the youngest was quite small, and the duties of housekeeping had devolved upon Annie while Susie had her own way, drove anywhere she liked and enjoyed life generally. Strange to say Mr. McDougall's favorite was Susie, and in a very short time he proposed and was accepted. When Autumn leaves were falling, Susie raved her bargain, withdrew her affection and pursued the even tenor of her way among her favorite horses. But the appearance of a widow on the scene and the thought of that widow taking her (Susie's) place, or the place she could have had, at Lewis' board, where she might preside as mistress was too much for her and she went back to her former love. Lemuel and Susie were married in due time and Susie for the first time took upon herself the cares of housekeeper and all went merry as a "marriage bell." One day after they had enjoyed wedlock some ten days or a fortnight she went to the village to do some shopping with "fifteen dollars in her inside pocket." She took the train for St. John where her father went and brought her back. She first declined to go back to her housekeeping, being tired of that business, but afterwards concluded to do so and did so, and no one thought she would make another escape. But a good many people thought it was not a case of love at first sight or of love at all, but she had married in haste and perhaps would repent at leisure. She had only been married some three or four months when she again astonished the natives as first above related. What the outcome of this last escapade will be, many, or all here are awaiting with interest.

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TROUBLES OF THE GRITS

IN THE CITY AND COUNTY OF HALIFAX.

The Young Men Explain the Reason Why They Fought the Fight for Russell—Who Forged the Convention Tickets Is Now a Burning Question.

HALIFAX, April 2.—The breach in the liberal party of Halifax shows as yet no sign of healing. Wire-pullers in the two factions are bitter in their denunciations of each other, and are not backward in charging all manner of evil-doing against those with different views of the situation. PROGRESS last week referred to the charge made by the Jones workers that the convention had been "packed in the interest of Russell, when the Russell men read that the first thing they did was to retaliate by saying that there was just as much "packing" on the other side.

"Why," said a prominent Russell wire-puller, "I saw five men at the convention, not one of whom had any right to be present, and who were all Jones men. They were J. W. Creighton, (though he did not vote), J. H. Barnstead, Mr. Walsh, Thomas Cook and James Fraser. The delegate's ticket held by at least one of these men was not genuine."

"What was wrong with it?" PROGRESS asked. "Only this," was the reply, "that C. B. Burns, who was acting secretary, says the name 'C. B. Burns' which was affixed to J. H. Barnstead's ticket was not his signature, that his name on that ticket, in fact, was a forgery. And it was not alone on that ticket this liberal wire-puller went on to say, that the name C. B. Burns was forged, there were other tickets like it handed in to that convention by Jones men."

It will be seen from this how serious is the rupture between the old and the young men in the party in Halifax, or between the Jones and the anti-Jones men. In proof of the statement that the anti-Jones workers ran scores of "delegates" into the convention who had no right to be there, the Jones men tell as an instance how Dartmouth sent over 23 "delegates," who sat, took part, and voted in the convention, whereas the town has a right only to four delegates. Russell is a Dartmouth man himself, so that those 23 were doubtless taken there to the convention to vote for the professor, though it is denied that they voted in a body for him.

"How could this kind of thing be done, if it was done?" is a natural question. The convention was originally called a year ago, and the body that met recently, when Russell and Keeffe were nominated, was only an adjourned meeting. A list of the delegates who bore credentials was made when the convention first met. That list was the basis of membership in the adjourned meeting, of course. And so it would have been, had the list not been lost. When it was decided to call the convention together a second time, to receive the reply of Messrs. Roche and Dwyer, or to nominate their successors, the discovery was made that the names of the delegates had been lost. No one knew who they were. Accordingly the notice summoning the convention asked all delegates to come to the secretary and get convention tickets of admission to the convention. Whether the list was actually "lost," or not, very few know, but there are more than a few who say that it was not lost at all, and that the story that it was missing was only a clumsy device to place the convention in the hands of those who wished to control it against Jones, and for either Roche or Russell, as the case might be. Things must have reached a pretty pass in the liberal party of Halifax when such charges as this are possible, that the membership roll of a nominating convention should be lost and that then a section of the party should feel justified in stating that it had been intentionally lost in order that the body might be packed in the interest of a particular candidate.

The tickets, bogus and good alike, were printed at the Recorder office. The good ones were not all personally held by C. B. Burns for delegates. The tickets were handed to ward chairmen for distribution—to all who had a right to them—but, the Jones men charge, to those faithful to the young men's section in particular. This may account for 23 coming over from Dartmouth, while poor Mr. Barnstead, a lie-long, daylight to dark, liberal, who had the misfortune to be a Jones adherent, was refused admission to the convention even though he had a ticket. But his ticket was one of those with a signature which C. B. Burns repudiated. There are hints regarding the place of printing of these questioned tickets, and the signing of Burns' name to them, but, in Barnstead's case, that gentleman says he was given his ticket in Burns' office, in response to a letter which he presented showing that he had been regularly appointed a delegate for Jeddore or some such district. Yet when Mr. Barnstead showed himself at the convention door he was ignominiously challenged, his ticket disclaimed, and had he not been a determined man of considerable force of character and physical ability, he would have been turned out to the street, as, indeed, he and C. C. Blackadder, as well as some others,

had been on a former occasion. The objection to Barnstead, even with his questioned ticket in his hand, was that he could not be a member of the adjourned convention, though bearing a letter of appointment from a section, for he had been appointed since the first meeting of the convention. As it was merely an adjournment, none who had not held seats in the original body could hold seats at the subsequent meeting. Thus the young men tried to rule Barnstead out, and as some of his friends say, at the same time admitted many from Dartmouth, a place entitled to only four, or perhaps eight delegates. From this it may be seen how effective for good or evil such a catastrophe as losing the membership roll of a political convention may become.

One year ago when William Roche and Michael Dwyer were nominated by the liberal convention how bright the outlook was for that party. Mr. Roche is worth \$700,000 and Mr. Dwyer \$500,000. The latter declined on the ground that his health forbade him entering upon the campaign, and in taking that course every man on both sides of politics knows that, while devoted heart and soul to liberalism, Mr. Dwyer was merely performing his duty to himself. The present trouble has been brought about by Mr. Roche declining at the eleventh hour, to remain a candidate, yet the men who are responsible for this are those who induced Mr. Roche thus to withdraw.

A history of the "conspiracy," for that the Russell men do not hesitate to call it, which carried Mr. Roche out of the fight is told to PROGRESS by a friend first of Roche, then of Russell, but always opposed to Jones:

"The first we heard that anything was wrong was some considerable time ago when we were collecting subscriptions to a local fund for campaign literature. Gideon Martin was going round asking for the money for this object, and after a little effort in this direction Mr. Martin explained his lack of success by saying that he could not get subscriptions from certain persons till they were informed definitely who the candidates were to be. Then Dr. Barnstead took up the cry that those people would not subscribe because the candidate was Roche, and before long these names, among others, as representing a class of malcontents, were taken to Mr. Roche:—Wm. Chisholm, John Murphy, George Mitchell, and Hon. H. H. Fuller. Another citizen taking a warm interest in the intriguing going on was H. D. Blackadder, who lost no opportunity of informing Mr. Roche's friends, if not himself, that he did not think it would be possible to elect Roche, and he is said to have tramped the streets of ward 5 at midnight talking over matters with the candidate.

"Those who were satisfied with Mr. Roche's candidacy had Mr. Jones letter of a year ago formally declining to again become a candidate, not to speak of his announcement after the last Dominion election that he would retire from Dominion politics. On subsequent occasions Mr. Jones continued in his policy of retirement. At the banquet of Hon. George Murray, after the latter's defeat in Cape Breton by Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Mr. Jones named Roche and Wallace as the coming liberal candidates Wallace taking the place vacated by the retirement of Mr. Dwyer, and lastly, one month before the reassembling of the convention, Mr. Jones again, at a meeting of the liberal executive committee, once more announced Roche and Wallace as the party's ticket. If Mr. Jones had ever given the party any idea that he desired to run" said the speaker, "he would have been unanimously nominated, but they took him at his word, and considered him forever out of the battle.

"Three days before the convention the Jones boom openly started, without, however, any direct authority from the old leader. H. D. Blackadder in ward 5; a crowd of young lawyers throughout the city, John H. Barnstead and other would-be organizers of the party in the South-end, had so successfully done their work that Mr. Roche was on the verge of declining the nomination offered him. A few hours more completed their work, and on the day before the convention re-assembled Roche succumbed to the conspirators who had been plotting against him in the interest of Jones."

The news of his declining came like a thunderbolt but it angered rather than terrified the Roche men, who had now become anti-Jones partisans. Done out of their legitimate candidate the choice of the convention, and the delight of the young men, they made their watchword "no surrender!" "Done up" as regards Roche, they were bound at least that they would fight under some other standard than that of Mr. Jones. Hence they took measures to secure a convention which would nominate Russell, for he was the man whom the young men fell back upon in their extremity. And the Jones men, busy all day, were not altogether idle either.

The Russell men say that their candidate will go to the polls, but they have a difficult task in getting a colleague for him. Keeffe is the best that can be run, but Keeffe does not want to run with Russell as a mate. A new convention will doubtless have to be called, and there

certainly is yet a lot of hot fighting in sight for the liberals, old and young, of Halifax city and county.

SONGS WE ALL KNOW.

Who Wrote Them How, and When Some of Them Were Written.

"The Campbells are comin'" is a very old Scottish air. Copies of it date back to 1630.

"One Bumper at parting" is one of the best known of Moore's convivial songs. The tune was called, "Moll Roe in the Morning."

"Come, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl," dates from the time of Shakespeare. It appears in one of Fletcher's plays.

"Cheer, Boys, Cheer" was the work of Charles Mackay, the music being by Henry Russell. It was the out come of an evening of conviviality in 1843.

"Drink to Me only with thine eyes" is from a poem entitled "The Forest," by Ben Jonson. The air is an adaptation from one of Mozart's opera melodies.

"Allan Water" was written by Matthew Gregory Lewis, better known in literature as "Monk Lewis," whose weird tales were the fashion when Scott was young.

"What are the Wild Waves Saying?" a duet that was once immensely popular, was suggested to Dr. Joseph Edwards Carpenter, by the conversation in "Dombey and Son."

"Rule Britannia" is usually credited to James Thomson. It first appeared in a play, entitled "Alfred," by Thomson and Mallet, in 1740. The air was by Dr. Thomas Arne.

"The Wearing of the Green" exists in several forms and versions. The best-known one was written by Dion Boucicault the dramatist. It is sung by "Shaun the Post" in "Arrah-na-Pogue."

"Scots, Wha Hae" was by Burns. It was written on a dark day while the air

was on a journey. The tune is "Hey Tut-tie Tattie," an old march that is said by tradition to have animated Bruce's men at Bannockburn.

"A Life on the Ocean Wave" was the work of Epes Sargent, an American poet, the idea being suggested to him during a walk on the Battery in New York, one day, when a high wind was blowing in from the sea. It was set to music by Henry Russell.

"The Last Rose of Summer," one of Patti's favourite songs, was the work of Thomas Moore. The melody is a very ancient Irish tune, formerly known as "The Groves of Blarney." This tune has been found in collections of Irish music at least two hundred years old.

"The Blue Bells of Scotland" was the work of Annie McVicar, afterward Mrs. Grant, the daughter of a Scottish officer in the British army. The melody was long believed to be Scottish, but is now known to be of English origin, being an old English folk song.

"Kathleen Mavourneen" was written by Mrs. Crawford, an Irish lady, whose songs ninety years ago were in high repute. The music was by Crouch, an eccentric genius, who in his old age and poverty begged his way into a concert given by Triens, that he might hear his own composition fully sung.

"Love's Young Dream," one of Moore's best, was set by him to an Irish tune called "The Old Woman." Moore heard the tune from a blind fiddler, wrote it down, and, discerning its beauty, determined that it should have better words than the non-sensical verses to which it was sung by the Irish peasantry.

"I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow-Tree" has attached to it a bit of royal romance. It was written by a young nobleman who became deeply enamoured of Queen Victoria a year or so before she ascended the English throne, which event destroyed his hopes of winning her hand. The words first appeared in an English magazine, and were set to music by Wellington Guernsey.

"Auld Lang Syne" is of uncertain origin, there being several versions of this deservedly popular song. One of the best is by Burns, but only the second and three stanzas are by this poet, the remainder being from the pen of Ramsay. The song is of uncertain antiquity; one version is dated 1716, another is said to date from the sixteenth century.

An amusing story comes from a French provincial city where a stock company at a small theater were playing "Hamlet." A herald announced "the king," and as the actor stepped into view, a sarcastic voice came from the gallery: "What, him a king! why, he owes me two francs."

Maine's forests are being made into paper at the rate of about twelve thousand tons of pulp and paper every year. Some five thousand men are employed in the pulp and paper industry, and \$18,000,000 of capital is invested in it.

One hundred and nine thousand locomotives are at present running on the earth. Europe has 68,000; America, 40,000; Asia, 3,800; Australia, 2,000; and Africa, 700.

Something New.

Save half your time and money at a "real business" school—Learn shorthand in a week then do your bookkeeping in shorthand—three times faster than longhand. Take both courses in time of one. Lesson in shorthand free.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Box P. Truro, N. S.

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WANTED—Young or middle aged men of character, to circulate "The sword of Islam or Suffering Armenia," a thrilling book. Graphic account of the Eastern Question, the Turk, Armenian and Mohammedan with its horrible massacres. Numerous startling illustrations taken on the spot. 48 pages, only \$1.50. Send 50c. for canvassing book. Agents make \$15.00 to \$25.00 weekly. Bradley Garretson Co. Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE. Small yacht Engine Cylinder 4 1/2 x 4 1/2, very powerful and in perfect condition. J. E. FRY ORLAND, Dock St., St. John, N. B.

WANTED—EARNEST MEN AND WOMEN, to circulate "The sword of Islam or Suffering Armenia," a thrilling book. Graphic account of the Eastern Question, the Turk, Armenian and Mohammedan with its horrible massacres. Numerous startling illustrations taken on the spot. 48 pages, only \$1.50. Send 50c. for canvassing book. Agents make \$15.00 to \$25.00 weekly. Bradley Garretson Co. Ltd., Brantford, Ont.

WANTED—MEN everywhere to paint signs with our patterns. No experience required. Thirty dollars weekly. Send stamp for patterns and particulars. BARNARD BROS. Toronto, Ont.

WANTED—Copies of the "Exhibition Number" of PROGRESS of 29th September, 1895. Persons having copies of the same can obtain full price, five cents per copy, and will greatly oblige by forwarding same to this office.

WANTED—RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our Water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Rothesay for sale or to rent for the summer months. This pleasantly situated house known as the Titus prob cry about one and a half miles from Rothesay Sta and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec coast. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenety Barrister-at-Law, Pugsey Building. 24-4-96

STAMPS For Hand Printing, Banks, Railways, Man and Merchants supplies, Linen Markers, Monograms, Stencils, Seals, etc., to order ROSSIGNOL PATENTERS STAMP WORKS, St. John, N. B.

PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT FOR SALE.

THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former I Queen's Printer), all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It can be sold in two parts—one part containing Hand Press, Tip, Stone, Galley, in fact all materials just as used up to the last on the Gazette. The second part consists of the Adams Power Press, Motor for driving it; said press is capable in six days of performing the finest work, while the Water Motor is precisely the same as it was on leaving it complete in all its appointments. To be sold on accommodating terms, and the building will be rented low on the articles being disposed of. Apply at the book store of W. J. H. FENETY, opposite the Post Office, Fredericton—N.B.

OFFICE OF JORDAN, MARSH & CO., Boston, Oct. 1, 1895.

Dear Mr. KERT:— I have been in Boston a little over two weeks and have been working here about two weeks, so you see I was not long in getting a situation. As I look back to the pleasant time spent last winter and find that the training I got has done me a world of good.

(Signed) S. E. STEVENS.

Recently Mr. Stevens writes to his father; I have just been promoted, and expect advancement again shortly, as the head book-keeper has reported me capable of doing any of the office work. This is what we fit our students for. Catalogue free. S. E. STEVENS & SON, Odd Fellows' Hall, St. John Business College.

Columbia and Hartford

W. H. THORNE & Co., Ltd. Market Square, St. John. Agents.

BICYCLES.

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English Cutlery.



Knives, Razors, Scissors, Shears. A large and well selected assortment at reasonable prices. T. M'AVITY & SONS, 12 to 17 King St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Your Attention is Directed

To our Display of Wood Mantels in Oak, Cherry and Walnut.

Slate Mantels, Register Grates, Plain and Fancy Tiles, Brass Andirons, Brass Fenders, Gas Logs, Artistic Fire Places.

Write for Illustrations and Prices.

EMERSON & FISHER.

One hundred and nine thousand locomotives are at present running on the earth. Europe has 68,000; America, 40,000; Asia, 3,800; Australia, 2,000; and Africa, 700.

Proof of the Pudding is in the Eating.

We have had practical experience in Bicycles for five years and have had opportunities of testing all the best makes of Wheels in our Bicycle Academy and Repair Shop and are now prepared to give you the benefit of our experience. The thrice lines of wheels which we recommend are the

Stearns, Eclipse, Waverley.

See our samples or write us for information.

Quick Repair Shop.

THERE WILL BE NO DELAY, for we realize how much a rider dislikes to part with his wheel, even for a day. We hope to make friends by being prompt.

MARCH BROS.

Bicycle Academy. - - - Singer Rink. Fifty second hand Bicycles in good order for sale cheap.



SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

HALIFAX NOTES. The past week has been quite festive in a small way and a number of small things have been on the first to record being the rink party given by the officers of the staff and departments last Saturday.

Monday afternoon Mrs. Montgomery-Moore gave her usual weekly tea from four to seven. A large number of people attended and the afternoon was very pleasant. It will not be long before this hospitable lady will be off for England and her weekly dollops have grown so popular they will be much missed.

Mrs. Fred Jones gave a charming tea at her residence on Morris street, lately at which a number of men were present, always a sign of a favorite hostess. The tea table was beautifully arranged with cut flowers, surrounding the lighted silver candelabra, and its handsome silver service.

Major and Mrs. Longe, who have been on this station for a number of years, expect to leave Halifax in about two weeks time. Both Major and Mrs. Longe have made a number of friends in Halifax, and they will be much missed.

Colonel Isaacson left by the steamer Taymouth Castle on Thursday for a short visit to Bermuda. He will return via New York, where he intends remaining some weeks before again returning to Halifax.

Mrs. Kenney's marriage to Mr. Briceon of the Royal navy takes place in England this month. Mrs. Kenney is at present in England, and Mrs. Kenney sailed last Saturday to join her, a brief tea being given in her honor on Thursday evening.

On Friday there was another tea and there have been any amount of luncheon and poker parties so that the change of diet does not apply to the week.

This week the only breaks were Madame Albani's concert. The houses on both evenings were unusually pretty as the majority of the audience were in evening dress.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. 100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

Carriages should be ordered now to have them ready for use during May and June. It takes some time to make a good carriage and plenty of time to properly dry paint and varnish. We have a good many orders. Better let us have yours.

Price & Shaw, 222 to 228 Main Street, St. John, N. B.

Spring Painting That well-known Painter and Decorator,

Cornelius Gallagher is prepared to take orders for Painting and Decorating. Work guaranteed to be satisfactory and prices reasonable.

SIANT JOHN Rural Cemetery Co.

THE GENERAL ANNUAL MEETING of the Proprietors of Lots in the St. John Rural Cemetery will be held on Monday, the Sixth Day of April next at the rooms of the Church of England Institute, in the Orange Hall, Gernani street, at the hour of four o'clock in the afternoon.

A CELEBRATED CASE OLD BLENDED GLENVIEW WHISKY JAMES WATSON & CO DUNDEE

AGENTS WANTED for the only complete CARPET STRETCHER and TACKLER. Draw your weight with the Carpet. No stooping, no pounding fingers, or getting down on the knees. Operator stands upright to stretch and tack Carpet. Will drive tacks in corner. Sample sent prepaid on receipt of \$1.00. Every machine guaranteed. Send stamp for circulars and terms.

Fergus, Ontario BEEF, Mutton, Veal, Spring Lamb, Turkey, Chickens and Fowls.

THOMAS DEAN, 13 and 14, City Market, Choicest Liquors.

THOMAS L. BOURKE, Water Street, St. John.

Miss Campbell and Miss McLean of Halifax, are the guests of Miss Annie Mitchell, Victoria street. Miss Rogers of St. John paid a short visit to Mrs. E. Lamb last week.

Mrs. M. K. of Truro has been the guest of Mrs. J. Alder Davis, Havelock street. Mrs. J. Mowatt and children who have been spending the winter with Mrs. Mowatt's mother, Mrs. Clarke in St. Stephen returned home on Tuesday.

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evening and report the club in a good condition. new members were elected and other business transacted. The president was Mr. R. Smith, president; Clifford Lynch, vice president; and E. A. Croft, treasurer.

The religious meetings continue to be largely attended and as this is holy week, there are no social functions whatever to record.

TRURO. (Progress is for sale in Truro by G. O. Felton and D. H. Smith & Co.) Mrs. H. W. Crow, Miss Helene Lawrence and Miss Christie, Mrs. D. B. Cummings and Mrs. H. W. Crow presided in the dining-room. Mrs. Kent's Miss Lawrence and Miss Christie, dispensing the edibles and looking after the comfort of the guests.

PARROBRO. (Progress is for sale at Parrobro Book Store.) April 1.—Mr. F. H. Roddham, Mr. Will Gillespie and Mr. H. B. Johnson returned from a visit to the athletic tournament at Spring Hill. Mr. Johnson proudly wearing the gold medal. Misses Lizzie and Alice Atkman went to Halifax this week to hear Albany.

Miss Gertrude Howard is at home from Sackville and Miss McDougal and O'Neil from Truro for the Easter holidays. Mrs. George's child is issuing invitations to a birth day party and preparations are in progress for an enjoyable entertainment on Easter Monday evening. A prohibition social is to be held this evening at Mrs. and Mrs. C. R. Smith of Amherst made a brief visit to friends here last week.

Mr. Bigelow has been spending a week in St. John. Mrs. B. York has returned from a trip to St. John. Mr. J. May Jenks has been visiting her sister Mrs. W. Black at Amherst. Capt. Gore is back from the West Indies improved in health.

Mr. Walter Lawson of Windsor was in town on Friday. Mr. Jackson of Amherst is at the Evangeline hotel. Mr. J. H. of Halifax is here for a week on a business trip. Mr. Robert Atkman has returned from Montreal. Mrs. E. Henderson is at home again after a visit of several weeks at Amherst. Dr. Townshend spent Sunday at Amherst.

RICHBUCTO. (Progress is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore F. Graham.) This is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Logan and the one of a quiet though pleasant life last week on a holiday. Those who enjoyed Miss Lynn's hospitality and the excellently appointed dinner, were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Murray, Miss L. M. Tupper, Messrs. W. D. Dimock, M. P. P. of the New-C. W. Loan, Handlight, A. C. Miles, Times Graham, and G. B. Faulkner.

Miss Emma's Black is home from Sackville for the Easter holidays. Master Dave Muir is home from Rothesay for Easter. Miss Mattie Jones has returned from Mrs. Wadsworth's to her sister Mrs. Fitch, Pleasant and Duke streets.

Dr. Ambrose Randall, our lately established dental surgeon leaves on Saturday for a short stay in Baddeck, C. B. on his return he takes up a permanent residence here. Those who enjoyed Miss Lynn's hospitality and the excellently appointed dinner, were Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Murray, Miss L. M. Tupper, Messrs. W. D. Dimock, M. P. P. of the New-C. W. Loan, Handlight, A. C. Miles, Times Graham, and G. B. Faulkner.

ANNAPOLIS. (Progress is for sale in Annapolis by Geo. K. Thompson & Co., and by A. E. Aldie at the Royal Drug Store.) April 1.—Mrs. West entertained a few young people at a tea on Wednesday evening. On Thursday evening Miss Fickett gave a small card party.

Master Willie Perkins gave his young friends a very pleasant hodge podge party on Friday evening. Those present were, Misses Daisy Cunningham, Annie Becker, Lottie Corbett, Florida Goucher, Alice Sutherland, Kitty McFadden, Fanny Riordan, Grace Harris, Alice McMillan, Nellie McMillan, Miss J. D. Murray of Red Bank, Northumberland County, was here for a short time on Monday en route to Sackville.

Miss J. J. Ritchie, a Miss Nellie R. Gibson. Mrs. Lily Harris returned on Saturday after spending several weeks in Wolfville. Mrs. Ballock returned to Halifax on Tuesday.

If You Want To be satisfied with your Spring Suit see that it is correctly made—all the little details that have so much to do with style must receive attention. The cutting, making and pressing of our tailor-made suits may cost a trifle more than the ordinary kind, but you get the difference in style and finish. The above represents our \$15.00 Norfolk Tweed Suit. We have numerous other designs from \$6.50 to \$25.00. Our representatives are now in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It will pay you to write us about Spring Suits. DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S.

Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Richard A. McCurdy, PRESIDENT. For the year ending December 31, 1895. Assets: \$21,717,721.25. Surplus: \$2,247,247.25. Total income: \$48,097,438.41. This is about \$10,000,000 more than the annual revenue of the Dominion of Canada.

A WORD IN YOUR EAR, Madam! Are you not feeling as well as usual this year? Is that tired run-down feeling getting the upperhand? Do you sometimes feel nervous enough to fly? Are you sometimes even cross with the children? Do you not yearn that poor, patient husband of yours to Get a Half Dozen Bottles of PUTTNER'S EMULSION OF PURE FISH LIVER OIL.

Millinery, Dress Making. Mrs. J. A. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT, MONCTON, N. B. Will be found the latest Parisian styles and new modes. Dress making done in all up to date fashions. Each department under the highest class supervision and all work guaranteed. Write for particulars and prices.

I CURE FITS! I have treated hundreds of cases of Fits in my private office, 35 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

AMHERST. (Progress is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Purdy.) April 2.—Two very smart teas came off on Wednesday afternoon up town which were very happily planned as regards time and guests so that both proved most successful events. Mrs. G. B. Smith's pretty home was the resort for a good number of elderly matrons at five o'clock who without doubt were charmingly entertained. Mrs. E. J. Logan served tea a little later to many of her married friends; the gracious young hostess was assisted by Miss Loverton and Miss Ellison who poured tea. Mr. J. M. Curry and Mr. F. W. B. Moore performed the new role of tray bearers. Invitations have been received by a large number of society folk to the ball which comes off at Dorchester next Thursday evening and I am told that they purpose going.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Harrison's orchestra gave a second concert as a matinee at the Opera house on Saturday last to a fair sized audience.

The many friends and admirers of Mrs. Fred Spencer will regret to learn that they will be deprived of the opportunity of listening to her fine voice for some time to come.

There was a sacred concert in the Carlton Methodist church on Thursday evening at which a programme of musical excellence was offered.

The festival of Easter when the whole Christian world rejoices is with us again, and tomorrow the choirs of the various churches will have opportunity to manifest their musical labors at the rehearsals in preparation for this great feast.

CATHEDRAL IMMEDIATE CONCERT. Grand Postlinal High Mass at 9 o'clock. The choir will sing Farmer's Mass.

11 a. m. Hymns: 149, 135, 125 A and M. Proper Psalms to selected chants.

Invocation Easter anthem, S. Anthem Christ our Passover, J. Goss, Author.

High Mass at 10 a. m. Farmer's Mass in D. St. Vespers at 7.15 p. m.

High Mass at 10 a. m. Farmer's Mass in D. St. Vespers at 7.15 p. m.

Invocation, Morning. Beautiful Morning. I know that my Redeemer liveth.

Chorus The resurrection. The Lord is Risen. Anthem Glory to God in the highest.

Chorus The resurrection. The Lord is Risen. Anthem Glory to God in the highest.

Madame Albani, assisted by Mrs. Vanderver Green and others, gave two concerts at the Academy of Music, Halifax.

last Monday and Wednesday evenings. An effort to secure the company for a concert here proved futile for the present.

The Damrosch season of German opera closed in New York last week. "It had its successes and its failures" says a comment on the season.

From Klafsky, the German prima donna is said to be a great artist as well as a large one. A critic says "Her Isolde is marvellous for its adiposity and passion; it reminds one of an incandescent light glowing through a lump of smut; it is fat and divine."

Tomorrow, Easter Sunday evening, the Handel and Hayden Society of Boston will sing "the Creation." The soloists will be Madame Emma Albani, soprano; Mr. Ben Davies, tenor; Mr. Myron W. Waiter, bass.

Madame Calve's real name is Emma de Roquer. She was born in Madrid. Her father, who was a Spaniard, was a civil engineer and died leaving several children of whom Calve was the eldest.

A company calling themselves the Royal English Handbell Ringers, and said to be the finest organization of the kind ever heard in America, will shortly appear in one of the Boston theatres.

This afternoon Paderewski is giving a recital in Music Hall, Boston. It is his last appearance there for the season.

Only two characters appear in Mascagni's new opera "Zanetta." It is described as "a very curious work."

Though in his early years Wagner's earnings were very small, when he had made a name for himself he was able to command very substantial sums.

Madame Fatti's income, it is said to be about £40,000 per year. She selects all her servants for their voices and uses them in chorus work when she gives an opera at her home.

Mlle Delais at the Opera Comique in Paris is the rage at present. Her voice is grand, its tones are like an organ and as she is young she is lavish in their use.

Rebel Noah, who during the Lanergan theatrical regime in this city, was one of the greatest favorites of the footlights, is teaching elocution in Boston.

It is stated that the late Jennie Kimball in her younger days played Salcata in "The Black Crook" at the old Continental theatre.

Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske has put on a play recently in New York which is called "Casarino." Dumas wrote it and a notice of the production intimates that the author would have been amazed.

At a recent performance in Denver of

Edwin Milton Ryl's new drama, "Mexico," a lady in one of the proscenium boxes was weeping copiously at one of the pathetic passages when, glancing aside an instant, her eye fell upon a man seated near by in the parquette, who was also busy trying to keep back the tears by a vigorous use of his pocket handkerchief.

Miss Marie Millard, daughter of the late composer Harrison Millard, is a member of the "Brownie" company this season and is shortly coming to Boston.

Miss Anna M. Scott, a native of San Diego, California, who has much musical talent is studying at Florence, Italy, under Maestro Vanini.

Dr. Fenderson of Boston, who, with his talented wife met many of our most prominent citizens when visiting Judge Forbes last summer, amuses himself quite frequently by putting on amateur dramatic performances.

Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrie Bollew close their engagement at Daly's New York theatre this week.

In accordance with the usual custom the Lyceum theatre, New York, will be closed on Good Friday night. There will therefore be no performance of "The Prisoner of Zenda" that evening.

Charlotte Behrens, the actress, was divorced from her husband on Wednesday

Cyclists Attention!

The following facts will interest every rider and prospective rider in the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and P. E. I.

There are many ways of introducing goods into a new market, and we have decided that the quickest and most effective for the season of 1896 will be to offer our machines

Direct to Riders at Agents Prices

YOU CAN DISPEL ANY SUCH IDEA QUICKLY, BY CALLING ON OR WRITING TO ANY OF OUR REFERENCES AS GIVEN BELOW.

We Guarantee our Goods to be Worth the Full List Price, and that no Superior Goods exist in their Respective Grades; and more—

Old Riders "King and Queen of Scorchers"

we can show you something UNEQUALLED.

You can save from \$20 00 to \$35 00 by Buying our machines, and SURELY THIS IS WORTH INVESTIGATION.

It is Your Loss if Your Friend Rides a Cycle as Good, or Superior to Yours, and paid Agent's Prices for Same, having the other \$25 00 or \$35 00 in his Pocket.

Get our Catalogue and Trade Prices.

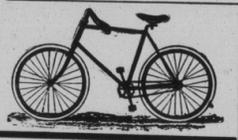
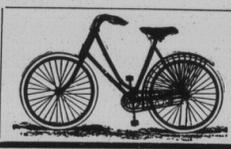
Our Cycles list from \$55.00 to \$125.00 and are right up to Date having all the Latest Features and Improvements, and are Guaranteed for One Year.

References: Canadian Wheelman, Simcoe; Cycling, Toronto or the following few amongst those who have already purchased: L. M. Jewett, St. John, N. B., Rev. J. W. Manning, St. John, N. B., Isaac Burpee, Fredericton, N. B., R. D. Stiles, Pictou, N. S.

Certificate.

PROGRESS certifies to having examined a number of agent's contracts, and quotations being made by letter to residents of the Maritime Provinces, and finds them in every case identically the same.

E. C. HILL & Co., Sole Agents and Importers for Canada Toronto.



Want

See with your eye that it is all the little things that cost so much to get must receive the cutting, pressing of our suits may cost more than the ordinary style and finish.

you to write us Suits.

ST, N. S.

ual Insurance any

York.

McCurdy, ENT.

December 31, 1895.

General Manager and Vice President.

social Agents.

OUR EAR!

As well as usual this year feeling getting sometimes feel you sometimes not to men-

and Bottles

MULSION

and a charm will this evening, medicine when is pleasant and \$2.50.

king.

Donald's N. B.

styles and new.

ITS!

"Cravenette" A dress that will look well, and at the same time defy rain or dust, would seem to be the ideal after which ladies have been longing.

Grand Concert. OPERA HOUSE, Thursday Evening, April 16. Under the management of Mr. L. W. Tins.

3 DAYSURE SEND your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure.

DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. J. H. Williams' Golden Specific.



PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Catherine street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies Can be Purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, or Five Cents each.

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Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher, in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher, in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The Circulation of this paper is over 15,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Half-Yearly Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Grandville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 4.

PUT SENTIMENT ASIDE.

The death of Mr. WELDON makes it necessary for the liberals of the city and county to choose another candidate in his place and it is reported that the party will soon be called together for that purpose. The convention that nominated Mr. WELDON was not unanimous in its selection; though the vote was made so in the end. In fact it will be remembered that there was a determined effort on the part of the young men of the party to obtain a candidate more representative of their ideas and, in their opinion, more likely to win. They met with much encouragement and in certain sections of the city had a most united following. But sentiment prevailed and the "old war horse" was chosen. The reasons for this were plain at the time but they narrowed down to the one main sentimental consideration that it was not treating Mr. WELDON with proper courtesy and respect to cast him out from the leadership of a party of which he had borne the standard with varying success for so many years. So Mr. WELDON was chosen. Since then, his death has again opened the nomination and with him the reason for his selection has faded from view. There is no man now with any sentimental claims upon the party; there is no one to whom the party is in debt, no one to whom it owes a nomination. And yet, it report can be relied upon, it is true that certain of the liberals are thinking of honoring the memory of their former chief and leader by keeping the nomination in the family. In fact, certain grip newspapers outside of the city, but yet with pretty accurate sources of information even go so far as to assert that Colonel TUCKER will be the choice of the liberal convention.

Shades of ISAAC BUMPER! To what has the party come, when it cannot find a man in its ranks known to the people and acceptable to them. Socially, Colonel TUCKER may be a pleasant gentleman, a boon associate and agreeable to the kid gloved club portion of the party but if he is forced upon the people the result can easily be foreseen. He has not been a "fighter" in the best sense of that town, he is unknown to the masses and, (though this is his misfortune and not his fault) he has not the necessary ability and eloquence to speak for so important a constituency as St. John in the Commons of Canada. If the liberal party has a chance to elect a representative let them send a man who can speak for himself, who can defend and support St. John against her competitors at any time, and in any place.

THE EASTER SEASON.

PROGRESS, once again, extends an "Easter greeting" to its numerous readers; first to those who have always been with us, then to those who within the year have become our patrons. Apart altogether from its religious bearings the Easteride should be a season of general rejoicing. Like the Christmas vacation it makes a break in the almost endless and unrelenting grind of this workaday business life—a time when men may throw down the cares and trials that the winter has occasioned and look forward with renewed energy and cheer to the prospects that summer may bring. With the ladies it is not a period of rest unless with them certain duties are classed as holiday making. With them it is the time for putting their houses in order, with securing the indispensable Easter hat ("and dress to match"); but it they call this work they invariably meet it in a joyous manner, as if with them it is joy indeed. The origin of Easter is hidden in the dust of ages, and while Christian observance is given this special day or week it is true also that heathen nations celebrate the paschal tide with ceremonies far more elaborate and expressive than any practiced at the present day. In these observances the religious and the secular went hand in

hand, the people vying with the priests in the decorations and gifts that were presented indiscriminately. No one knows why the "egg" should be the symbol of Easter, but time has hallowed it, and while time lasts it will be the distinctive mark of the close of the Lenten season. The religious observance of Easter as Christian nations know it, is based upon the resurrection—the "Rising Lord." It is a beautiful conception, this blending the graceful and choicest tributes of the earth—flowers—with the rising of Christ from the dead. In Russia tomorrow the Czar will greet his subjects with the remark: "Christ is risen." They will reply: "He is risen indeed." All throughout Christendom the bells will ring on this Easter morn the tidings that a "Saviour has risen." Everywhere on this broad earth where Britain's language is spoken, where the nations of Europe hold sway, or where the semi-civilized world, Easter will be observed with ceremonies very different indeed, yet all pointing to one object, man's happiness, the coming of summer, the beginning of another season of sowing and reaping.

The press has been generous—though not too much so—in its congratulations to the Canadian Drug Company, the new business establishment which can now be said to be fairly at work in its commodious quarters on Prince William street. St. John has long been known as a splendid distributing centre and a wholesale house was to be added to any line of business perhaps this was the most favorable, since competition from Maritime houses has not emanated from many establishments. The new drug company starts with an abundance of capital and skilled and capable employees who know the requirements of the trade thoroughly. The business is in good hands and should prosper accordingly.

BEAUTIFUL RUGS AND CARPETS.

Some of the Nice Things seen at A. O. Skinner's Warehouses. A visit to Mr. A. O. Skinner's carpet ware rooms on King street is decidedly one of the most pleasant ways in which to spend a little spare time. The magnificent array of carpets is certainly a delightful surprise to the visitor and one for which they are scarcely prepared, as the lower part of the store fronts on King street is very unpretentious. The lower floor is devoted entirely to heavy grade oilcloth and linoleums. The second floor, 40x85 has the front room filled almost with tapestries, brussels wilton and axminster carpets. A beautiful variety of artistically combined colors meets the eye in this department, rich reds warm browns, dark greens and all the more delicate shades being arranged with a view to the nice effect obtained. Astral axminster, is a new carpet this year and is said to be much superior in finish and coloring to the old axminster while it has the advantage of being considerably cheaper. In the rear of this room is the part formerly occupied by Mr. Harold Gilbert and which is now used for oilcloths, matings, Japanese matings, beautiful art squares, wool carpets, rugs that seem too dainty to be trod upon, wool carpets, draperies, curtains and curtain poles. The third floor is devoted to cutting and making carpets and for storing reserve stock. The prices in carpets are most reasonable and from the great variety one cannot fail to find something that will please in every way.

Mr. Skinner has been in the carpet business nearly thirty years and can furnish goods in his line as cheaply as any other Canadian firm as he buys from the manufacturers at the lowest prices given to any dealer and has capital which enables him to give customers excellent terms. His assistants are all thoroughly trained in the business and have had extensive experience in matching and selecting colors. Mr. Skinner's customers are assured of the most courteous and intelligent treatment from his employees.

That Windsor Church Matter.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: Your correspondent's article of March 26th, in regard to the action taken by the baptist church of Windsor, N. S., and that a majority of the church was for calling Rev. A. T. Dykeman to its pastorate was correct but there is one claim we beg to take exception to: that is the Rev. A. T. Dykeman did not come here looking for the church; neither did he send an application, but he, his devoted wife and little daughter were here visiting friends and relatives on a vacation kindly given him by his much esteemed church at Digby. The church in Windsor, being pastorless he was invited to supply it on the Sabbath and was received with much acceptance. A Church Member. Windsor, March 30th 1896.

P. S. The indignation of some of the above mentioned majority is easier magnified than described. A. C. M.

Go and See Mr. Dean.

Mr. Tho. Dean of the city market, is to the front as usual this year with his supply of splendid beef and other meats for the Easter trade. Those who patronize Mr. Dean can always rely upon the article he gives them, and it is safe to say that during the festival seasons he draws a large portion of the transient trade of those who have heard of his reputation in this respect. It would be impossible for PROGRESS to speak particularly of the assortment of meats and poultry that he has in his stall. Those in search of something good for tomorrow will do well to visit him.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

HARMONY HALL. A DEDICATORY POEM, WRITTEN TO ORDER. Above the Penobscot's circuitous tide There's a place on a hill where so ladies reside; They have lady like mien, and issue their call To enter and dedicate Harmony Hall.

The place is called Harmony, so I have been told, For a warrior doughty, a patriot bold, Who, when a naughty King Chapley stepped over the line, Stood up on his buckhorn,—(they call it a spine.)

Soon the tyrant was headless, so faithless and sleek Yet not so these ladies of whom we hear speak; For in all sorts of wars, and in all sorts of weather, They scarcely could go but they all went together.

In this town stood a church—'tis standing there still A lady ark soon spied on the brow of the hill; But with its old time had such liberties taken That by God and by man it seemed almost forsaken.

To winds and dust was left pulp and pew; And a different order of things has been seen; The weeds grew around it unshowered and bare, And bushes grew up through the path of the door.

The fast-rotting belfry had threatened to fall; The bell had grown rusted, nor leaved its call, Till some of our men said the whole must come down, Let it should disfigure our fine little town.

And sometimes the Methodist preacher looked grim When to him from abroad were beginning to come, And, getting astray in their dubious search, They took the first one for the Method.ist church.

But the ladies in council began to convene, To straighten the crooked and make the dull shine; They cut down expenses, and made the thing go, And we will not demolish, but shortly repair.

Where a way may be found there is surely a way; And, if something is done, with every day, In the end it is certain, will something be done—So, up in a jiffy—the work was begun!

The joiners and painters all in masses combine To straighten the crooked and make the dull shine; They cut down expenses, and made the thing go, For men will work cheap for the women, you know!

Now look all around you! When this is done brown, 'Twill about take the shine from all places in town! 'Whoever would think, going in hit or miss, They'd ever turn out a spick-span like this!

But the women are prophet; and so, it is true, They should all share the profits when this thing is done; They had faith to begin with, and faith to the close, And they smiled at all gallinging—under the rose.

A day was appointed,—that day of the year When started Miss Anthony's mortal career, They made their arrangements, they issued their call, To enter and dedicate Harmony Hall.

So here we all are, and the feast is begun, For father and mother, for daughter and son; Our joy should be great, and our courage not small, For this is the birthday of Harmony Hall.

The plain truth, if told, should not be an affront;—There are some things we'll do here, and some that we won't. The grab bag, the shake-down, the bottle and ball, Can never edge into this Harmony Hall.

The brothers and sisters who work for reform Shall find the lamps lighted, and feel the house warm; The sister and speaker may hither repair, These walls all do echo the sermon and prayer.

So here to the ladies in Hampton who dwell, Whose deeds these rough verses endeavor to tell; Long, long may their brothers respond to their call, And long may they flourish in Harmony Hall!

Along The Song Sweep River. Along the song sweep river side, I hear the young spring call; The wild woods and the meadows wide; The blue bell blossom small.

The lily with its pure white sheet, And through it peeps to see; The blue sky over it smiling sweet, A welcome smile to me.

The great heart of the ocean deep, Beats strong against the land; And over there in restless sleep, Whispers among the sand.

How often there thro' hearts is vain, Together drawn have heard; A farewell in the sea's refrain, The last and spoken word.

Love comes in spring with freshest glow And 'er the far blue waves; Life gives blazes a greeting low From wild flowers in their graves.

God's purpose ever true and kind, The daisy and the rose; The lily with its pure white mind, Awakens from repose.

O love we held one spring time sweet, As with the river shore; It's sweet voice gladly came to meet, The dear one I adore.

The words know where we met, And through the yielding ground; Looked up to see with blue eyes wet, Affection golden bound.

We stood there in each other's arms, Love rushed into my blood; And wrapped in all its verbal charms, We laughed by that flood.

Along the song sweep river wide, Where fresh the spring winds blow; For ever in our hearts abide, Love's deep and silent thro.

"EXTRA LADIES" DUTIES.

SOMETIMES THREE PAGES AND THEN THEY'RE OVER LADIES.

Several Hundred Women in New York and Brooklyn Who Are Used to go on the Stage at \$1 a Performance, Either for the Fun of the Thing or the Money.

"Extra ladies" is the name that dignifies them. They are the several hundred young girls and women in this city and Brooklyn who perform the most trifling duties on the stage for the fun that there is in it or because necessity drives them to it. They scan the amusement columns in the daily papers with more eagerness than the average country bride and bilgeon who come here to pass the honeymoon, and, not content with that, they read the theatrical criticisms to see if they can get an inkling of a change of bill in any of the playhouses. It is the custom for managers to make such changes on Monday night. Wherever one is to be made, Monday morning usually finds a long line of extra ladies waiting to see if there is anything that they can get to do in the new play, and if the manager shakes his head and says, "No extras needed in this piece," off they scurry to another theatre where a change of bill is advertised.

The duties of this branch of the profession are varied but light, and this adjective also describes the pay that the extra ladies receive. One week a woman may be a magnificently attired court lady, while the next will find her a simple peasant girl and the third sees her a page to one of Shakespeare's kings. In each instance the salary is the same—\$1 a performance.

Many extra ladies are employed in offices and shops during the day and cannot get off to present themselves where a bill is to be changed, and these, with many others, depend upon men who make a specialty of supplying extras to the theatres to find them places. Edwin A. Pratt has been in this business for ten years. When asked to tell something about these people, he said:

"I don't bother with furnishing men any more, but devote a great part of my time to securing good looking, refined women for plays wherein extra ladies are needed, and I now have on my waiting list over 100 girls, from 16 to 25 years of age, whom I can command at any time. They are all well bred, and most of them live with their parents or husbands.

"Observant people often remark that the extra ladies seen in performances nowadays are such fresh-looking, well-built women. That is easily explained. Managers don't want the old staggers, whose faces are known to the public, and they won't have them. The last time Mrs. Langtry was here she came to me personally and said:

"Now, mind you, I want real elegant-looking extra-ladies, who know how to wear good clothes and to enter a room and sit down gracefully."

"I picked out such from my list as I thought would please her, and at the end of the engagement she congratulated me on securing a set of women with such fine figures and presences. I've been told that the extra ladies who worked with Duse in 'Cavalletta Rastocana' and with Mr. Bull and Mrs. Potter in 'Romeo and Juliet,' were very fine looking and had excellent stage manners, and I'm sure that both of these things can be said of the women who acted with Min in his Shakespearean plays, though it was a first experience with several of them.

"I have innumerable applications, personal and written, from three classes of women in all of the leading cities of the country. First, there are the women who need extra money to supplement meagre salaries earned in other ways; next there are the young, unmarried women who have comfortable homes, but wish to earn a little pin money for themselves, and, last we have the girls who are stage-struck, who imagine that they have talent, and wish to go on that they may learn how to present themselves on the stage and become familiar with stage life.

"Many things have to be considered in choosing extra ladies to go on in a play. For instance, short, rollicking girls wouldn't do to put on as court ladies, and the tall, elegant looking woman, such as come from the ranks of cloak models—and there are a great many of them—would look ludicrous skipping round in a peasant's dress on a green. When a woman makes personal application to go on as an extra lady, the super captain, manager, or whoever it is that she applies to, considers her face and figure first, and then her intelligence and training in society ways. I've seen a great way toward success or failure. The parents of these girls often raise very serious objections to their going on the stage, but the girls themselves are generally a very determined lot. I never keep anything from those who come to me to be put on my list, but tell them of all the temptations of stage life, and advise them against making a hasty and unacquainted decision. They generally come and go by twos or threes, and, as a rule, are a quiet, well-behaved lot of women, though very jolly and good-humored with each other, which is natural, as they have little responsibility.

"Many who go on with the idea that they are embryo Duses or Bernhards change their minds after two or three months, and decide that instead of having talent and ability which will advance them as actresses, it is only ambition that they possess. They soon drop out discouraged. On the other hand a fair proportion of young ladies, who work as extra ladies merely for the money that is in it, show talent and develop quite rapidly; few rise to be leading ladies, but very frequently they get parts that pay from \$25 to \$40 a week. Lansing Rowan, the leading lady in the Frawley stock company, which is the principal one in San Francisco, started out as an extra lady. She belongs to a fine family and had a good income, but preference is for comedy or light emotional roles, and one thing I'm determined on and that is that I shall never play a part which requires rights as a costume."

"Bah," said the little page, "When you are an extra lady you have to take what you can get. Wait until you are a star before you begin to dictate," and off they rushed to do high tragedy in 'Hamlet.'—N. Y. Sun.

A DAY OF FLOWERS.

The Pretty Custom of Sending Floral Gifts to Friends at Easter.

A beautiful idea that is rapidly becoming a custom throughout this country is that of sending gifts of flowers to friends at Easter and many a message of good will and peace the fragrant blossoms bear in their dainty petals. The practice is one that is not likely to be abused and is to a certain extent within the reach of all, for the hardy flowers of the street corners bring in many cases quite as much brightness as the most gorgeous hot house blooms. A visit to the floral establishments just now is something to be remembered. The beauty and variety of the stock displayed in the flower stores is certainly a great surprise to the visitor. The rooms are kept darkened and cool in order to preserve the freshness of the delicate violets, roses, lilies, carnations, hyacinths, etc., which abound in magnificent profusion. The violet which was so much affected last year is still a great favorite though the carnation seems to be winning its way again into the affections of the fickle goddess of fashion and it is truly a closely followed by the hyacinth, because of its fragrance, and the ease with which the graceful spike can be managed in bouquet. For church decorations, the stately Easter lily, the white, pink and red azalea with their hundreds of beautiful blossoms, still hold their own.

The various charitable institutions will not be forgotten tomorrow, neither will the inhabitants of the city of the dead and Easter will see many a flower strewn grave in the silent city. Many a weary invalid will be remembered by generous friends, and will thus be enabled to catch a little of the hope and gladness of this day of flowers.

BALLAST FOR DUCKS.

A Scientific Discovery that Elucidated a Puzzling Mystery.

"Few people credit a duck with the sense he really possesses," said Fred Ozanne, a disciple of Nimrod. "For years I had been wondering what had caused the presence of a good-sized pebble bank on the shore of the lake in the Grandivola section of the Louisiana marsh. Had it been a sand bank I could have understood it, but it was composed of pebbles, all very much alike, rounded and smooth almost to a size, and apparently differing from the small stones found in the gravel beds of the South. Several of the hunters in that section had seen the pebble beach and, like myself, they could not understand it. All winter long it seemed fresher than at other times, and during the summer the grass would partly cover the upper portion of the mud from the fresh water dim the lustre of the stones near the edge. There was not another beach like it in the marsh.

"One winter, in fact it was just when the first cold spell had struck us, I was hunting with a friend in the lake I spoke of. It was one of the finest ducking spots in the State. This was before they had begun to make glue from the eggs in Canada. When we reached the lake there was not a duck to be seen. The next morning I was hiding in the grass near the pebble beach when I heard a sound of wings and a large flock of mallard settled near me. Before I could raise my gun the entire lot walked out on the pebble bank and, to my astonishment, began to dig a lot of small stones like the ones already there. This occupied but a short time and the flock began quacking and called into the lake and I shot several. This settled the mystery of the pebble beach. In the spring I was again hunting in the lake, and when the first warm weather came the ducks began to go home. They would come to the beach, and after a few preliminaries swallow a lot of pebbles, then fly around for a few minutes in order to see if their balance was all right. If they were too heavy they would disgorge a few stones, or if too light swallow a ball dozen more."

"I found by observation that in order for the ducks to make long flights they were necessary for them to fill up with a certain number of stones to secure a proper equilibrium for the return trip. After I found this out I always had plenty of game to show my friends."

Eli Perkins.

The people of St. John who attended the Opera House next Friday night, will find a great treat in store for them, when the famous humorist, Eli Perkins will deliver a lecture upon The Philosophy of Wit and Humor. He has lectured in every part of the United States always drawing crowded houses and delighting his audiences. The boys of the Grammar school are bringing Mr. Perkins here. The proceeds will go toward their summer camp at Baywater. By the large number of blank seats already sold Mr. Perkins is guaranteed a large audience. The plan of seats will open 5 o'clock Monday afternoon at T. H. Hall's. 35 cents for reserved seats to all parts of the house.

Go to McArthur's for Wall Paper.

many temptations and hardships connected with a theatrical life, but I don't b leave there are any more than in any other career, and in time I hope to work up to very good paying parts, though I do not anticipate doing anything great. My preference is for comedy or light emotional roles, and one thing I'm determined on and that is that I shall never play a part which requires rights as a costume."

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PROGRESS... J. LOUIS & CO... APPG... MIS... NO... IND... GO... 1896... E. D. C. O...

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master...

April 1.—There has been but little social life...

The "Travellers" club met at the home of Mrs. Charles King on Monday afternoon.

The "Current News" club postponed their meeting...

Doctor Frank Blair has gone to Ottawa to visit...

Mr. Henry B. Eaton who is president of the Boston Rifle Club...

The entertainment "The Wife," which Miss Ella Wheeler...

Mr. Rankine Brown of Woodstock is spending his Easter vacation with friends here.

Miss Annie Stewart's numerous friends will be pleased to hear...

Dr. and Mrs. Lawson will occupy their home on Tuesday evening...

Several of our young society ladies are taking private lessons...

Mr. John C. Henry is visiting Bridgewater, Nova Scotia on business...

Mrs. Fredrick MacNeil left on Monday for a visit in Boston.

Miss May Morris of St. Andrews is the guest of Mrs. Henry Todd.

Mrs. Fredrick T. Waite's friends will regret to learn she has been confined...

Mr. Frank H. Street of Montreal was in town during this week.

Mr. F. H. Grimmer of St. Andrews was in town Monday for a short visit.

Miss Mabel Clerk's friends were delighted to welcome her home on Thursday.

Mrs. C. W. Young and Miss Abbie Todd have been visiting St. John during the past week.

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Master Jack Dibble is home from Roxbury for the Easter holidays.

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Mr. Harry Rice went to St. Stephen this week to make a short visit.

The ladies athletic association a newly organized club has quite a large membership...

Mr. George Sanders went to Montreal for a short visit on Tuesday.

Miss Mabel Phillips left for Fredericton Tuesday to spend some weeks...

The boys brigade will give an entertainment in Graham's opera house on Thursday...

Mr. and Mrs. William Terrance of Halifax are the guests of Judge Stevens.

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Sarsaparilla Sense

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market 50 years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas — but only one Ayer's. It cures.

Still have doubts? Send for the "Curebook." It tells about the cures of dozens of ailments. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT advertisement with logo and text.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT advertisement with logo and text.

The Display IN MY WINDOW advertisement for Thos. Crockett.

THE DUFFERIN advertisement for a popular hotel.

Early Seeds advertisement for W.C. Rudman & Allan.

NO MONEY REQUIRED advertisement for indigestion medicine.

A Comfortable Style advertisement for Fibre Chamois.

Get Rid of Nerve advertisement for a medicine.

Advertisement for a medicine or product.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Mrs. C. W. Harrison sang "Rejoice greatly" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in a beautiful and effective way. She received most flattering applause. The other numbers were solo by Mr. Toms and a violin solo by Mr. E. B. Manning.

Miss Eveson paid a short visit lately to Mrs. E. Lashby of Amherst. Miss Lily Allison returned to her home in Wind last week after a visit to friends here. Miss Allison's friends were deeply shocked to hear of her father's sudden death the day after her return home, although in his usual health up to the moment of his death.

Mr. George Clark of St. Stephen is visiting friends here this week. Mrs. C. W. Young and Miss Abbie Todd of Calais have returned to Calais after a visit of several days here.

Miss O. H. Hannah is spending a few days in St. Stephen with her sister Mrs. W. M. DeLainat. Master Foster is in Calais visiting Mr. J. M. Johnson.

Mrs. B. York who has been visiting here returned to Parrboro last week.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hastings of Dundee, Ont., were here the middle of the week. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hatheway and Miss Hatheway have taken apartments at the New Victoria and are comfortably settled for the season.

Mr. J. E. Thompson of Portland, Me., spent part of this week in the city.

Miss Anna Blair arrived home from Fredericton Wednesday to spend the Easter holidays.

Mr. J. Frater Gregory paid a short visit to Fredericton this week.

Mrs. Spencer Inch of Fredericton has returned to her home after a visit to friends here.

The marriage of Mr. E. B. Seelye and Miss Annie Goodwin, daughter of Mr. J. F. Goodwin, takes place at the home of the bride on Germain street next Wednesday.

Mr. G. J. M. Money of Boston spent a short time here during the week. Mr. J. F. Eagan of London Eng., is staying in the city.

Mr. Lord Chesley and Miss Maggie Chesley are spending a few days in Lawrencetown. Mrs. Weston-Jones returned to Windsor last week after a visit of a week or two with city friends.

Miss Isabel Christie accompanied by her aunt, is spending a short time in Halifax.

The friends of Mr. George Milligan, son of Mr. E. M. Milligan of this city, will be interested in hearing that he has taken a B. A. degree at Fine Hill Theological seminary. He returns to St. John in about a month where he will spend the summer; in the autumn Mr. Milligan will likely go to Europe.

ST. GEORGE.

(Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of "K. O'Brien.")

April 1.—A very interesting missionary meeting was held in the Baptist church on Monday evening under the auspices of the W. M. A. Society, the speakers were: Rev. J. Manning, St. John, Rev. Mr. Goucher, St. Stephen. Readings were given by Mrs. E. O'Brien, Mrs. J. S. Clark, Miss Florence Lavers and others, music by the choir; Mrs. Samuel Johnson, president, presided.

Grand Master Whitlock with a delegation from St. Stephen were entertained by the members of St. George lodge with an oyster supper on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Charles Ludgate spent a few days in St. Stephen and Moore's Mills last week. Mrs. Ludgate returned from a pleasant visit in Musquash on Saturday.

A few friends spent Friday evening at the residence of Rev. and Mrs. Laver's; those who had the pleasure of being there enjoyed it very much.

The marriage of Miss Ada Douglas, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. H. Douglas, and Daniel Campbell takes place on this (Wednesday) evening at a quarter after eight, at the residence of the bride's parents.

This being the week before Easter or Holy week, services are being held in the Episcopal and R. C. church every evening.



Mr. Jacob Wilcox of St. Thomas, Ontario, is one of the best known men in that vicinity. He is now, he says, an old man, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has made him feel young again.

"About a year ago I had a very severe attack of the grip, which resulted in my not having a well day for several months afterwards. I was completely run down and my system was in a

Terrible Condition. I lost flesh and became depressed in spirits. Finally a friend who had been benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla advised me to try it and I did so. I continued taking it until I used twelve bottles and today I can honestly say Hood's Sarsaparilla has restored me to my former health." JACOB WILCOX, St. Thomas, Ontario.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. It cures when all other preparations fail. Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic, 25c.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

I WILL BE A CANDIDATE for the office of ALDERMAN for

**KING'S WARD**

at the ensuing Civic Elections. I elected I will use my best endeavors to further the interest of the City, and trust by diligence and carefulness to merit your approval. I would respectfully solicit your support. J. B. HAMM.

St. John, N. B., March 30th, 1896.

**CONSUMPTION.** Vegetable Compound and other medicinal preparations for the cure of Consumption, Cough, Bronchitis, and other pulmonary affections. Sold by all Druggists and Grocers. Price 25c per bottle. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Williams, Lowell, Mass.

Various Growths



of various trees are due to the various conditions of soil and atmosphere. The place a tree grows in has much to do with what kind of wood it is. In high mountains trees grow slowly on account of the dryness of soil and rarity of air, whereas in the lowlands a more rapid growth is made owing to moisture. The grain of high grown trees is hard, fine and close, and after seasoning, does not absorb as much moisture from air. These reasons make the high grown trees the best for use in pianos, and the most select trees of our high Laurentian mountains have been picked out by Mr. Pratte personally for piano use.

The PRATTE PIANO is most carefully, most scientifically and most successfully made. It is an artist's instrument. On exhibition at our war-rooms.

Read these ads for points on piano making.

**Pratte Piano Co.**  
1676 Notre Dame Street,  
MONTREAL.  
Represented in Halifax by  
**THE W. H. JOHNSON CO.**  
Corner Granville and Buckingham Streets.

**Eli Perkins.**  
—THE—  
World Famous Lecturer,  
Under the auspices of the  
Grammar School Boys.

OPERA HOUSE - - APRIL 10th.

The Philosophy of Wit and Humor.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

I will be a candidate for the office of

**MAYOR**

of the City of Saint John at the election to be held on the third Tuesday in April instant, and solicit your votes. Your Obedient Servant CHARLES MACLAUGHLIN

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

I will be a candidate for the office of Alderman for

**DUKE'S WARD.**

at the ensuing Civic Elections. I elected I will use my best endeavors to further the interest of the City, and trust by diligence and carefulness to merit your approval. I would respectfully solicit your support. G. ERARD G. RUELL.

St. John, N. B., March 29, 1896.

THE FIGHTING ALSTONS.

Grim Stories of the Duelling Days in Georgia.

The great problem of the future in Georgia will be the disposition of the convicts of the State. There are now over 2,500 persons under sentence. Of these fewer than 200 are white.

The excitement attendant upon the disposition of the convict question has been sharpened by an investigation which was held by the Governor into the treatment of the convicts.

It was during the military Government of Gen. Thomas H. Roper in 1865 that the convicts of Georgia were first farmed out. The leading lessee at that time was Chief Justice Jos. E. Brown, who had served four terms in the United States Senate. It may well be imagined that the convicts lease system, placed upon the State by the military arms of the United States, in which the beneficiaries were leaders in the Democratic party, was beyond the criticism of ordinary people, and that it would require a brave man to raise his voice against it.

This man, however, came to the front in the Georgia Legislature of 1874 in the person of Col. Robert A. Alston, who in his place charged upon the system the vilest of crimes and abuses and raised such a howl that it set the lessees by the ears, and threatened for a time to break up the entire system. The enemies which Col. Alston made by this fierce denunciation followed him until they brought him to death in a manner as tragic as sensational.

One of the men who was strongly attached to Gen. Gordon was Capt. Ed Cox. Cox was a bluff, hearty, ready-fingered man—one whose friendship was without limit, but whose readiness to avenge an insult or to resent a slight made him considered dangerous. Between Col. Alston and Cox there arose a feud which the public never understood at the time or since. There came a day when both men met in Atlanta, armed to the teeth, and yet each pursuing a diplomatic avoidance of the other. They would pass on opposite sides

of the street, or perhaps enter the same building by opposite doors, but so evident was the danger of a tragedy during the day that prominent citizens became aware of it and instead of placing the parties under arrest, watched their proceedings with curious interest.

It was well toward evening when the two men met suddenly in Gov. Colquitt's office in the State Capitol, and without a word, pistols were raised and the firing began, which resulted in the death of Col. Alston and the supposed mortal wounding of Capt. Cox. The tragedy occurred in the very presence of the Governor, with all the State House officers called to the spot by the firing.

In time Capt. Cox recovered, was tried, and convicted, with a recommendation to mercy, which saved his neck, and gave him a life sentence in the penitentiary. Gloomy indeed did his future seem to be, for the Governor was the ardent friend of his victim, as was also the late Henry W. Grady, who was at the time swinging the influence which controlled the politics of the State.

The unexpected entrance of Vice-President Alex. H. Stephens of the late Southern Confederacy into the campaign for the Governorship of the State upset most of the alliances which had hitherto controlled affairs, and his election brought hope into the prison of Capt. Cox. Gov. Stephens was very anxious to get the signature of Mr. Grady to the petition for Cox's pardon. A local political leader undertook to secure it, succeeding in obtaining it just as such signatures are usually added, for Mr. Grady immediately sent word to Gov. Stephens that he had signed the paper through an accommodation to his friend, and not that he really wanted the pardon granted. The message came too late, however, for Mr. Stephens held Mr. Grady to his written signature rather than his verbal message, and Capt. Cox became free.

This Capt. Cox, by strange fate, has been for nearly three years superintendent of the very prison in which he was once a convict, and the many grave charges against the treatment of the convicts are placed at his door. He established a punishment known as ducking of prisoners, and was accused of belittling their efforts at religious exercises, referring to their devotions as prayers to wooden gods. It was a highly sensational moment when this man was brought before Gov. Atkinson and his court to answer to the charges thus made. His answer began:

"How could I do such things when I was once a convict myself?"

There was a difference of opinion as to the full truth of all that was told before Gov. Atkinson, but one thing is certain, and that is that the convict lease system is damned.

The appearance of Capt. Cox, after having passed under the shadow of death, exercising supreme control over the prison house in which he once served without a ray of hope for the future, recalls interest in the sad tragedy, which began with the agitation against the lease system, and makes the whole story read more like romance than reality.

Col. Robert A. Alston belonged to a remarkable family in North Carolina, known as the Fighting Alstons of Halifax. It has been for half a century a tradition in the family that its men died with their boots on. For generations after generations his race has proven true, and the history of this audacious strain of blood is interwoven with the history of those days when gentlemen fought at the dropping of a hat, and a slight move of the pistol finger was the answer to all the matter.

The Alstons were gallant men of gentle blood and usually large fortunes. They were free livers and utterly reckless fighters, and frequently became involved in difficulties that drained their estates with the best known of them, Col. Ben Alston, had several affairs of honor and wounded his antagonist every time he went to the field. He was an impetuous, imperious man, and was as cool under fire as he would be in his own drawing room. His most notable duel was with the great Hayne of South Carolina, whom he wounded in the knee. On one occasion he was visiting in Augusta when a gentleman, mistaking him for an acquaintance, tapped him across the shoulders lightly with a riding whip. Alston wheeled as quick as lightning. The gentleman apologized in the most ample terms. Alston took the whip from his hands, lashed him across the shoulders and said: "Now, sir, your apology is accepted." Of course, a meeting followed. It is said that Alston once fought a gentleman who disputed the age of some wine of which Alston had been boasting, throwing some in his face that he might get the full flavor.

The Halifax Alston's estates lay about Halifax, N. C., and they dominated that whole section for years. They were enormously wealthy, and travelled from one of their estates to another in almost regal style. They had hundreds of slaves, and always travelled with a coach and four and a small army of retainers. The men were princely in their habits of expense, and put the code above the Bible. The women were high-strung and spirited.

Col. William Alston, known as "Honest Willie Alston," fought a dozen duels in one winter, numerous quarrels having sprung up from his attack on the State Treasurer. He killed two men and was

himself frequently wounded. His favorite weapon was an old-fashioned "Yager," which was a sort of blunderbuss, carrying a double handful of buckshot, and of fearful execution. A volume might be filled with the bloody exploits of these two brothers, but this article will deal only with the sons of Col. Bob Alston.

Old Col. Alston, who was himself killed in a duel, had three sons, Willis, Gideon, and Augustus. Willis Alston was the father of Col. R. A. Alston, late of Atlanta. Each of these brothers came to his death by violence, or died, as the family tradition runs, "with his boots on." Gideon Alston, the first of the three to die, came to his death in a peculiar manner. His brother Willis was in Nashville on a lordly frolic, when he became very much enamored of a lady who afterward married Sam Houston—a Miss Trimbe. He paid her assiduous suit for several months, and while engaged in the dalliance formed an acquaintance with a young Spanish boy named Pelat. This boy was friendless, and poor, and Alston adopted him, taking him home with him when he left Nashville. It appears that there was some feeling between Gideon and Pelat. At one time they left the house at night and went into the yard for the purpose of "practising" with their pistols. Gideon was then a college boy, having just turned a sophomore in the State University. A few minutes after he left the house with Pelat he was found with a pistol bullet through his brain. Pelat said he had shot himself accidentally on the matter.

And now comes one of the most remarkable tragedies in this section so full of tragedies. There was living in Florida, then a primitive region, young Leigh Reed, a young man of great ability, gentleness, and courage. He was almost idolized by the people of his State for his gallant service in the fierce Indian wars, having by his skill and fearlessness several times saved the colony from destruction by the Seminoles and their allies.

A story is told of him which will illustrate his character and at the same time show how delicate was the sense of personal honor at that time. Gen. Reed was a political opponent of Gov. Call's son, and at the same time his personal friend. Political feeling ran very high, and on his election day a Mr. White made some reflection upon the personal integrity of Gov. Call. Reed at once challenged him for a duel. The men went, were both desperately wounded, fighting with bowie knives, their left hands being strapped together.

Some time afterward Reed came involved in a difficulty with the Alstons. An article appeared in a newspaper reflecting on Gov. Call. Col. Augustus Alston, who was leader of the Call faction, demanded the name of the author. He was furnished with the name of Gen. Reed, who was the leader of the opposition faction. He at once challenged Gen. Reed, and a duel meeting was arranged. The weapons selected were "Yagers," a favorite with the Alstons. Col. Alston was attended by Mr. Kenon, his brother-in-law. At the

word "one!" Col. Alston's gun exploded, being hair-triggered; the contents were discharged into the air. Gen. Reed, aiming with deliberation, fired, and Col. Alston dropped dead.

His sister a most spirited woman, was almost crazed with the news of his death. She secured the lead that had killed him, and with her own hands moulded it into bullets and sent them to her brother, Willis Alston, and implored him to come and avenge the death of his brother. She wrote that he had been murdered, and the Alstons adhered to this belief, although the general statement is that the meeting was a fair one, Gen. Reed using only his right hand in firing after the explosion of Alston's Yager.

At any rate, it was very well understood that Willis Alston would seek revenge for his brother's death, as the family had for generations made one of all their quarrels. The first meeting between Alston and Reed was dramatic. The Legislature had met, and Reed was elected Speaker. He was a young man of exceptional power and popularity, and his life promised to be brilliant and illustrious. He had invited his friends to the usual legislative supper, and the banquet was in progress and everything going merrily and well. Suddenly a tall figure, muffled in a swinging cloak and with a slouch hat drawn over his face, stalked through the open door. Without a word the stranger made for the head of the table, where Gen. Reed was sitting. Instantly cries of "Alston!" "Alston!" ran down the table. At these cries the cloak was thrown back and Alston was recognized. Reed rose from his seat, and, whipping a pistol of his pocket, levelled it at his assailant and fired. The ball struck Alston in his upturned hand, carrying away two fingers. This did not stop him, but, brandishing a bowie knife, he closed in on Reed. Before the men had been parted Reed was pretty severely cut and Alston wounded again. Alston was taken into the room and for several months nothing more was heard of the matter. One day Gen. Reed was walking down the streets of Tallahassee, when he was fired upon by Alston. The contents of one barrel of a shotgun were poured into his left shoulder and as he turned to front his assailant the other lead went into his heart. He fell, and died instantly.

Willis Alston went to Texas, where he lived for some time. He settled near Brazoria. There was a Dr. Stewart, who for some reason or other, pursued the matter of the Reed killing and used remarks derogatory to Alston. Alston, hearing of it, wrote the remarks down, and, meeting Stewart on the prairie one day, asked him whether or not he was responsible for those remarks. Dr. Stewart took the paper, and, while pretending to read it, put his hand in his holsters and drew his pistol. He jumped off his horse on the side opposite Alston and fired into him. A desperate fight ensued, in which Alston was shot twice and his stomach so cut that his bowels protruded. He killed Stewart, however, pouring a load of buckshot into him after he was prone upon the earth. He was taken to jail almost dead.

Skinner's Carpet Warerooms.

SPRING, 1896.

HEADQUARTERS FOR CARPETS.

Ahead in Carpets Always, that's our Position. Why? Because we make a Specialty of the Carpet Business. Not only having the best assortment of Carpets and house furnishing goods, but the Lowest Prices. Look at the following: A Splendid Brussels Carpet with Border to match.



only \$1.10 per yd. New Patterns in Linoleums, 4 yds wide, the most durable floor covering made, only 50c per square yard. A word or two about Japanese Matings and Rugs. Our Japanese Rugs and Matings most artistic and pleasing.

Our patterns cannot be found elsewhere

Matings from 15c. to 60c. per yd.

Rugs from \$2.50 to \$18.00 each.



A. O. SKINNER,

58 King Street, Saint John, N. B.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1896.

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX AND HIS TALK ON SOME LITERARY MEN.

Comments on the Style of Different Authors and the Particular Charm of Each.—John Russell Hayes and His Impressions of Benjamin Leggett.

Comment such books to us as are pleasant to the taste, mildly stimulative and nourishing to the spirit, and which linger as a perfume in the memory through after days, books which are at once literary, artistic, and typographic satisfaction, and which are laid not upon lumbering shelves, but in the sacred closets with the treasure-boxes, whither we come again to court our intellectual coins, and appraise our favorite ideal jewels. Such books are Dr. John Brown's "Spare Hours," Thackeray's "English Humorists," or J. J. Fields' "Recollections of Authors." No "wreaths so sweet with birch and fern, a sweeter memory blow."

than come from these garden treasures of genial minds, with the breathing of all the past has of choice and happy. To this irreproachable list we are inclined to add "A Shell of Old Books" by Mrs. James J. Fields, the widow of the poet-publisher, and friend of authors whose memory is like precious ointment poured forth in the bibliography of his time.

The charm of this book is its free, quiet, conversational style, and the rare engravings. What precious things are here! What noble forms and faces, how genial and friendly, look out with easy familiarity from these pages! The significance of Browning's question,—

"Ah! did you once see Shelley plain And did he stop and speak to you?"

comes to us, as we look at his pictured face, most suggestive of a being just descended from a superior realm, where spirit is supreme. Instinctively we look over his shoulders for wings, and forget all censure of this "eternal child," the pet of the muses, whose appearance or change would at least provoke an momentary feeling of wonder and awe. He went away in the tempest and the fire, and his ashes are not as common dust:

"Thou wert the morning star among the living, Ere thy fair light had fled;— Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving New splendor to the dead."

We understand better than we did why the young Milton was called "the Lady of Christ's college," since looking at this old print of the bright spirit—"Ioannes, Ætatis XXI," with its fair remoteness and pure, elevated expression. A calm nobility of mien here contrasts with the rugged battered grandeur of the "Bust of Milton, about 1654." It was the slightest Milton then, the Milton of the Paradise and the Agonistes. He has no rival as a harmonist in English blank verse. "He surely," declares, if any, was what he calls a "mint-master of languages." And here is a picture of Milton's early home at Horton, whitish old church, and clock tower, mantled in ivy, where perhaps that favorite owl of poetry "does to the moon complain."

And here is the Samuel Johnson that Reynolds painted in 1770 for the Duke of Sutherland. It presents him in a new point of view. The great bear of literature has his paws in the attitude of seizure. One might say, He seems to be counting with his fingers, and they forebode that tentative restlessness that made it a necessity to touch lamp-post between the clubhouse and his home. He is high in our love and respect, that just old man, who wrote Goldsmith's epitaph, and was the friend of Collins, and the presumptuous critic of Milton and Gray. Here is Garrick's villa, the luxurious domain, amid which the sage admonished his friend that his possession might make a death-bed trouble. Reflections of the sort were very common at that time. Dr. Young has put a remarkable number of them into still-enduring verse. The heart leaps up with a sense of youth at a chubby boy-like face of Thackeray, when about thirty years old. He is the fellow who gave you a jolly sense of good-companionship, and when he went away left "a great trail of sunshine and kindness behind him, which has never faded."

One will not pass hastily the portrait of Sir Walter that Sir Thomas Lawrence painted for George the Fourth. This is a grave, well-ordered, elegant presentation of the Wizard, but it is the same humane, sagacious, powerful presentation we are accustomed to. In the child-picture, the miniature of the poet made at Bath in his fifth or sixth year, you see how "the child is father of the man." It is a sweetly-sensative face, rather drooping and meditative, and sheltered under the curling locks that roll down to his shoulders. This is the Child Scott, who learned to love the Child Marjorie, as Dr. John Brown tells us,— Marjorie whose portrait has a thrill of wonder and surprise for us just a few pages over. How those great dark eyes glow, in that weird, white face! She was a little conjurer to fascinate him who was wizard to everybody else. When you turn to the portrait of Anne Rutherford, the mother, you see whence Scott derived his physics! The same nose and lips, and forehead! His

father, so far as the portrait notices, accounts for little. If he was Scott's father, however, he was somebody to us; for the son is, in a literary sense, "human nature's daily food," to a most satisfactory extent. His eye-glance, magical as the sunshine, "glides the most indifferent objects and adds brilliancy to the brightest."

But what shall we say of the portrait of Burns, from a miniature daguerreotype in Mrs. Fields' possession? These were the exact features, without idealization or adornment. This is the face Scott saw and described, these are the marvelous eyes of which we heard long ago,—the eyes, of which Mrs. Basil Montagu said: "I never saw such a pair as flashed from under his noble forehead." And when, coming with the turned leaf, on the face of some Allen, from an edition of his poems published in 1751, the lines of Burns come to mind, as if suggested by the life-likeness, and genial expression of Ramsay:

"Come forth! Honest Allan! Thou need'st no junk behind the halban, A chief's see clever, The tooth of time may gnaw the halban, But thou'st the forever."

This is much to say of one who came to fill a gap in Scottish poetry until Burns appeared.

And here he is, called by the irritated Tennyson, rusty, crusty, fusty Christopher. He has a look of immensity, with his jovial head, not yet denuded of its flowing locks, resting on his ample frame, somewhat heavily. He stands in bronze in that city where once his living person drew the admiring gaze. "De Quincy," writes Mrs. Field, "used to say of him 'that it was good to dwell in his shadow.' Mr. Field said that the opium-eater being one of the smallest of men in stature, and Wilson taller and broader than his race, he supposed the little man felt a physical security beside him." Sir Henry Taylor said of him: "He looked like one of Robin Hood's company; or he might have been Robin himself—jovial but fierce—as if he would be the first at a feast but by no means the last at a fray; full of fire and animal energy, and of wit and sarcasm, and hardly seeming to heed anybody about him—a man who has always been the king of his company." Such is a fit description of the man who wrote the "Notes."

In such good company who would not love to linger? Of Leigh Hunt we have two excellent portraits; that by Sir Samuel Lawrence, and the one from a drawing made in 1815. The pictured face of Barry Cornwall has gravity, sweetness and purity. It draws the heart by its attractiveness. Consumption and poetry are writ large in the drawing of Keats by Severn; and the modern Greek looks from the features of the bust by Miss Whitney. But to none of these portraits do we turn with a larger sense of delight and veneration, than to those of John Brown, and his father,—the author of "Rob," and that reverend sire with whom he made us so pleasantly familiar.

These portraits, and a rare collection of early editions of classic books, furnish the raison d'être of Mrs. Field's volume. Its unpretentious excellence commends it beyond our words, and to the lover of beautiful books, and of old literary memories and associations, it will, having been once enjoyed, remain "a joy forever."

A partial friend, in reading our stanzas on the Belle Borne Brook, confesses to some reminiscence of the "Elegy" of Gray. It leads to the reflection how, without any imitative effort, some of the spirit of a work of art passes through the soul of another leaving, its traces in his product.

What a poem that is. Who that loves poetry has not felt its power? What wonder if reflections of it appear, here and there in English literature, since his time. You feel much of its spirit in Thomas Buchanan Read's "Closing Scene." It came to us, and has filled our mind with its charm from our earliest years. Often its images and phrases come to us with elevating and consoling force. We are reminded of what Whittier has written in his preface to "Child-Life in Prose," concerning "the surmised existence of an unknown element of power, meaning and beauty." We wonder how many unknown beside himself, the poet has spoken where he says: "I well remember how, at a very early age, the solemn organ-roll of Gray's 'Elegy' and the lyric sweep and pathos of Cowper's 'Lament for the Royal George' moved and fascinated me with a sense of mystery and power felt rather than understood. "A spirit passed before my face, but the form thereof was not discerned." Freighted with unguessed meanings, these poems spoke to me, in an unknown tongue indeed, but like the wind in the pines or the waves on the beach, awakening faint echoes and responses, and vaguely prophesying of wonders yet to be revealed."

The verse of John Russell Hayes, introduced last week to the readers of PROGRESS, leaves such an odor in the mind of the summer world outside our homes, and gives such a pleasant impression of a joyous and genial spirit, that they may not

be altogether incurious with regard to his impressions of a very kindred spirit and a brother poet. Writing to Benj. F. Leggett, he says: "The pieces I like best (in the latest volume) are these: 'An Idyl of Duke George,' 'An Invitation,' 'In September,' (with its memories of Keats' Ode to Autumn), 'Wayside Rhymes,' 'October,' 'My Garden,' 'December,' 'Endymion,' 'Midnight and Dawn,' 'The Passing of Summer,' 'Little Saint Elizabeth,' and 'The City of Doom.' Many couplets and single lines in these and others of your poems I have marked for their beauty and felicitous phrasing, as,—

"And o'er your mountain soaring high, A lone gray eagle climbed the air," "The daisies print the turf with bloom," "From gulches' gold a breath of morn," "By lichen'd stone and leaning slate (So accurately and picturesquely true of said Alloway's quaint grave-yard.)

"The waters sleep forever In the ocean's mighty dream," "Where Africa dreams in drowsy tropic noons," "Where c'astic He has lifts her temple breeze Above the sweeps of blue Toulon seas." I have been interested to note resemblances to other poets, as to Riley in such lines as—

"The old barn, memory-haunted, Filled with the golden sheaves, "And the spider's web is seen All in diamond dusted sheen,

and in the whole of such poems as "Where the Morning Glories Taint," "An Invitation," and "The Passing of Summer,"—to Keats, with his exquisite touch, in lines like these,—

"From ransel-crooked wrinkles of the hills, "And with late stars star the stubbled wold," "I also catch echoes of the splendor and sweep of 'Child Harold' in your 'City of Doom.' I like your handling of your apparently favorite stanza, (which Ben Jonson used so finely in his 'Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes'), which I think you use with special force and grace in "December," "My Garden," and "A Fallen Star." Your pictures of the changing seasons delight me,—the 'greening wold' of spring, 'sun-browned summer,' 'autumn's ruddy gleam,' 'the amber days of Indian summer.' My favorite is the last in the book, where you paint Pompeii "beside the storied sea," with all the wealth of glow and color befitting lovely Italy and the deep blue Ægean. . . . The power of painting glowing pictures shown in that panorama of idyllic Mediterranean scenes is what makes me like also your 'Capri.' "From her grove of lemon, cool and sweet, The airs of summer blow," "The dead volcano's white breath climbs the air And mounts the summer skies."

Such lines make this poem, to me, the best in the 1837 volume. Next to it I rank "The Comet." It has the same largeness of utterance and fine sweep which I admire in your 'City of Doom,' and which must come from your study of Byron.

"Round the cape of the sun's red gold, We seem to plough 'the charless seas' of the heavens in such lines. In both volumes I take pleasure in your felicitous and repeated references to the shifting year, from leafy April to the last pale days of 'the waste and waning year.' I find your expression often shaped after that of Tennyson, and I take you to be a lover of his,—are you not? I should like to tell you of the lines I marked as especially good. Here are some of them:

"As still as the rose blow," "The white day comes again," "The Zodiac's masters shine," "His stormy passion crumbles into rain," "The silent forest's awful," "Wild organ forests beat," "The music sung Not alone by lip and tongue," "Within these wild-wood temple halls,"

Parts of your "Age of Gold" chime like the Pompeii poem. In European scenes I think some of your best work lies, and I trust you will continue to draw from their exhaustless stores. Your frequent allusions to old poets adds to the charm of such pieces. I have found your "Word for Shakespeare" in my copy of Mrs. Silsby's "Tributes." To a lover of Burns I should have written my letter one day earlier, on the poet's natal day."

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in some degree from his position as foster-chieft of the "Haliburton," but his aid and advice are not altogether wanting, and in the person of Prof. A. B. DeMille, the accomplished son of an accomplished father, (Prof. James DeMille, of wide literary repute) he has a worthy successor. The issuance of a second literary venture is now in contemplation, as soon as the means can be accumulated for the purpose. A series of papers, prepared under the supervision of Prof. Roberts, on "The Poets of Canada," and which appeared in the Kings College Record, are to be revised and collected in an illustrated volume. Of this there is to be a sort of limited edition de luxe, at \$2.50 per copy, and a plainer, yet substantial and attractive edition, at \$1.00 per copy. It is desirable that all friends and patrons of the society and its enterprise, send in their names, and so expedite the work, as soon as possible.

Having made some allusions to Judge Thomas Chandler Haliburton, in a letter to Hon. Charles H. Collins, of Hillborough, Ohio, We promptly received the following postal card reply, which shows how wide the fame of our native humorist has flown, and how justly he is appreciated: "I read Sam Slick in 1845,—before you were born. I know all about Haliburton. I read 'Sam Slick' when a boy. I have it now, (two or three copies.) I also have Sam Slick Attacks in Europe. I am familiar with the man's writings and character. Nevertheless I thank you for your description of him. He gave to the world the ideas of Yankees first which it still holds."

Rev. Burton W. Lockhart, of Manchester, N. H., preaching on "The Open Vision," [John 1: 51.] closed his discourse with the following sentences: "Nor should we treat disdainfully those seeming-slight, but perhaps each-making hints of another world given through what is called automatic hand-writing, mere dot-and-jotism though they be cast by the invisible deep on these human shores. Some unknown power manipulates the automatist's hand and communicates facts not known to him or to any one present, but known to some deceased person whose communication it purports to be, and who is himself a total stranger to the writer of the message. These and allied phenomena have convinced very able men in our time, that the world of immortality has at last broken open to scientific research, and if we may not see the great White Throne, and Him that sits upon it we may at last discern the hiding of His glory, the outposts of his army, the waving of his banners."

"Thus our condition in this world is not like that of a man imprisoned in a cave through whose roof no opening lets a vision of the sky. But we are rather like one who dwells in a house well supplied with windows which let in the sunlight on all sides. Faith, hope, love, knowledge, and the vision of the greater souls, are all windows. But, as in the best lighted house a mole or a blind man could not see, so here there are sightless souls for whom all windows are in vain. As there are men for whom music does not exist, and others who have little perception of the universe of beauty, and others again to whom a heroic deed would seem foolish, and stiff, others again who are strangers to all the finer forms of feeling, so there are men for whom the world when humanity reaches its goal of being in which we are immersed are unknown and unlet. These are the ignoble martyrs of our race, whose pain, so far as we know, issues in no gladness, whose loss has no compensating gain. We can only hope that when humanity reaches its goal we may see that nothing was in vain, not even those sightless eyes that gazed upon the sky without being able to discern the traces of a God."

Several of the papers most highly prized by us come to our study recently in form somewhat changed. The Portland Transcript has enlarged its news department, without any abridgement of its purely literary and domestic pages. The printing seems a trifle poor in spots, but as this is the first issue there is much allowance, and future editions will doubtless appear more satisfactory in all mechanical and artistic respects. The Monthly has been absorbed in the twelve pages which are hereafter to be given the patrons of

The Transcript, and no much-prized feature, familiar hitherto, is to be omitted. A story, which promises well in commenced in the current number, by Mrs. Clara Marcelle Greene. The Middlesex Hearstone is to be changed in form to that of the standard Magazine, and will not appear in its new dress until April. The week presents a smaller page,—a distinct advantage. It would be better if made still more book-like, and better adapted to their purposes who wish to have their back numbers bound. Hon. J. W. Longley, in the issue of March 13th, vindicates himself, as to his loyalty, which had been called in question: "I have never spoken a word or penned a line which justified any person whomsoever in impugning my loyalty to the Empire or my devotion to the great Dominion to which we owe our best allegiance, and around which our fondest aspirations cluster." PATERFEX.

A Living Without Work. "I recall an experience I once had down in Indiana says a prominent actor. "We had been playing one night stands for ten days or more, and our company was in a very demoralized condition. Early one morning we boarded a freight train (with a rickety old passenger coach attached) in order to reach the point where we were billed to perform the following evening. It was impossible to even try to sleep, for the roadbed was rough and the car was as wretched an old box as could be conceived of. However, I curled and twisted myself on one of the seats and shut my eyes through sheer exhaustion, while other members of the company distributed themselves about the car and sought to beguile the tedium of the journey by story telling. Presently I became interested in the chat of two farmers who sat across the aisle. The two old worthies were discussing the weather, crops, and similar subjects of common to the average tiller of the soil. By and by one asked the other: 'I wonder who them folks be that are havin' such a good time back there, laughin' an' carryin' on?'

"Well, I don't know," said the second farmer; 'I've been watchin' 'em for some time, an' I've kinder made up my mind that they was a theatrical company.' "Yes, I reckon they be," said the other, and then he added with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders: 'Curious thing about some people, ain't it? Anything to make a livin' without work!'—Chicago Record.

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Emoluments of an Executioner. M. Deibler's name having been a good deal before the Parisian public lately in connection with a case in the law courts, advantage has been taken of the circumstance by the partisans of "economy at all costs," who maintain that his emoluments are too high to demand a reduction of at least one-half; while the opponents of capital punishment would carry out a more fundamental retrenchment by abolishing the post altogether. "Without seeking to advocate or contest the opinions of one side rather than the other," says Le Progrès Medical, "it seems to us that the sub-record extracted from the archives of old Paris possesses sufficient interest to warrant its publication. Our readers will see from it what a terrible thing the capital penalty was in former days, and at the same time learn that the gentlemen who acted as executioners, with their assistants and torturers, did not labor for glory alone."

They are Grateful. John D. Mishier says in the Dramatic Times: "Newspaper advertisements are read when they contain information and tell the truth. Don't become an annoyance to the proprietor and his representatives by asking for columns of local when you give in return a two dollar advertisement. Make the interests mutual and they and you will get along pleasantly. The theatrical profession can never repay the obligations we owe to editors and representatives of the American newspapers for the prominence they have given our business and their untiring willingness to assist and befriend us."

Turquoise and Topaz. A well known lapidary cautions those who own turquoise rings to remove them when washing the hands, lest the color be injured. The explanation of the change from blue to green, that sometimes takes place in the stones is that they are affected by the emanations from the skin, as well as by certain elements in some kinds of cologne and other perfumes. The changes in the color of the topaz are believed to be due to light and heat, as experiments with the stones show that strong sunlight will bleach them.

Why

do we experience hard times at different seasons of the year? It is quite natural for each occupation to have a bright and dull season, and the latter is generally made harder to put through than necessary. When the bright season comes on everything has got to go and you never look ahead for the future. If you were to study economy at all seasons, how much better off you would be.

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A FOLLED PLOT.

CHAPTER I.

This is a strange story, but a true one. For six months prior to my "coming of age" I appeared to be a confirmed invalid.

"Ah, my lad," the old doctor once said, "you are becoming an admirable candidate for the churchyard."

I remember I returned the compliment by making an old joke. "Do you think a churchyard is a particularly healthy place?" I asked.

Dr. Harrison was not good at counter-drums, and he reflected seriously for a moment, and said, "No, I cannot say it is."

"Then why do you send so many of your patients there?" was my parting thrust. I was in a very peculiar position. My father, a wealthy cotton broker, had left me £50,000, and had appointed his brother executor under the will.

By strategy I succeeded in getting a skillful specialist into the house and I took a sudden change for the better. I appeared very likely to cheat the churchyard, my uncle and his mercenary doctor at one stroke.

The specialist assured me that I was not likely to die soon, but, with a shake of the head, told me he suspected there was a good deal of poison in my constitution.

With this sudden change in my condition, my uncle's resources as an actor seemed to terminate. His face became fearfully and wonderfully elongated, and a terrible look was in his eyes every time he came near me. He was trying to secure the £50,000.

Almost every evening a friend of mine, George Wilcox, visited me, and afterward spent a long time in consultation with my uncle in his study, which was just beneath my bedroom. Though I had every confidence in Wilcox I was seized with an intense longing to know the precise nature of these long consultations.

While my uncle was away in the city one day I pulled up the carpet and bored a hole right through the floor of my bedroom. The boards and the plaster were so thin that this was an easy task, even for an invalid. When Wilcox left me that night I got out of bed, and placed my ear to this hole. It has become a proverb that eavesdroppers never fear anything good about themselves, and I certainly was not an exception to the rule.

"Look here, George; in spite of all our precautions he's getting better. During my absence in the city he sent for Dr. Henderson, and he has upset our nice little game, and I am not so sure he has not discovered traces of poison in our victim. We must keep a sharp eye on both. There is another matter. I was surprised to get that £50,000 at a comparatively early date that I borrowed a large sum from my employer—without his consent—and lost it on the Grand National. If I do not replace it within the next fortnight I shall be placed in a terrible position."

This was very pleasant information for me, but worse followed.

"That's bad enough, Mr. Hewitt, but I am in a worse position than you," responded Wilcox. "I should not be at all surprised if a detective laid his hands upon me within twenty-four hours."

"Well, to the point. He must die. He has every confidence in you. You must lead him to his death, but you must be very careful to do it in a natural sort of fashion. I am not anxious to see you with a hempen cravat around your throat."

There was a long silence.

"Yes, I'll do anything you suggest, if it shows a possible chance of getting me out of my difficulties."

After I left the sick room, Wilcox, true to his fearful compact, sought, to lead me into excessive drinking. I resisted all his overtures. At last my uncle's home became intolerable to me, and I made arrangements for leaving it. On the last night I was walking through Lime street when a young man ran up to me and effusively greeted me.

I looked at him. "You have the advantage of me," he said.

"Nay, Hewitt, surely you have not forgotten your old chum Wilson—Dick Wilson."

"You Dick Wilson? Well, a few years have made a great difference in you. I am delighted to meet you again."

While we were talking together it began to rain pitiously, and my companion literally dragged me into a brilliantly lighted hotel. He called for two hot brandies. We were alone. He paid for the drinks, and then my attention was directed toward a very beautiful mirror of exquisite workmanship. While I was looking through it I saw my companion pull a small bottle from his coat pocket and empty its contents into my glass. In a wild frenzy I seized him by the throat. There was a sharp struggle. A false beard came off his face into my hand, and, by all that was terrible, I was once more face to face with George Wilcox. In that moment of recognition I think I must have been mad. I held him by the throat until I was startled by the horrible sound of the death rattle. I flung him from me, and he fell to the floor with a hideous thud. I had killed him, and I cannot say that I was sorry for it. I emptied the contents of my glass on the floor, seized an overcoat, and dashed out of the hotel.

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CHAPTER II. The instinct of self-preservation compelled me to hail a cab and call to the driver: "Central Station! quick!"

When I reached the platform a train was steaming, ready to start. One of the arms of a semaphore bore the word "London," and, tick-tock, I made a dash for the train. Fortunately I secured an empty carriage.

It was while on the long journey that I began to take stock of my exceedingly dangerous position. I had killed a man. What were my hopes of escaping? I was well supplied with money. While debating with myself I looked at the overcoat. I had never seen it before. It must have belonged to my victim. It must have been when we entered the hotel we both pulled our dripping coats off and threw them over the table. I dived into one of the pockets and fished out a letter. As I read it a ray of hope gleamed across my path. It contained this startling statement: "After the station and get to London as quickly as possible. I have engaged a cabin for you on board the Nora, and have deposited with the captain a letter containing a check for £1,000. For obvious reasons I have made out the check in the name of Wilfred Englefield, and the cabin has been engaged in that name. When you reach Cape Town you can cash it at the bank of Messrs. Wild & Co. I will cable to tell them of your expected visit. Mr. Wild is an old friend of mine, and when you reach him your course will be plain. Do the work neatly and then lie quiet in South Africa for a few months. I will see that you are well supplied with cash."

CHAPTER III. I had been in Africa about six months when a strange thing happened. After a hard day's hunting I threw myself down on the summit of the hill, and I think I fell asleep. I was awakened by the sound of singing. In that wild country, far away from the center of civilization, I heard in sweet girlish notes the song of "Home Sweet Home."

I jumped up, ran to the other side of the hill, and looked down the valley. There was a fair scene. There was a large kraal, surrounded by a neatly kept garden. In the center of the garden the songstress was sitting sewing.

It was a strange meeting. The singer was an English woman, and a very beautiful one into the bargain. As I walked toward her she rose and extended her hand in welcome. From that moment I loved her. In a few simple words she explained to me that she was the daughter of an English missionary, who had died at his post of duty and had committed her to the care of a chief, who, under his teaching, had accepted the new faith.

Well, to make a long story a short one, I married her according to native custom. But trouble followed us. One morning a hostile tribe put in an appearance and several shots were fired into our kraal. Hastily the old chief summoned a few men, and we did our best to defend those we loved. I took up a position in an upper room and plied my breech loaders with vigor. But ours was a useless game. The enemy broke through our defense, and I was just on the point of running down the rickety stairs when once more I was face to face with George Wilcox.

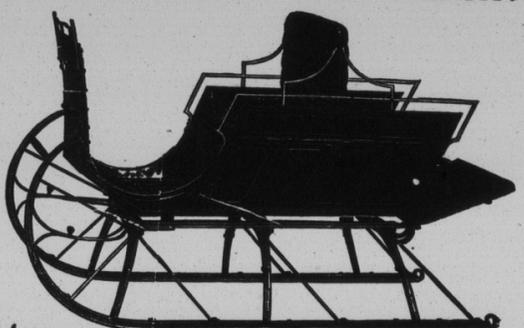
Wilcox approached me and dragged me from my horse. "We meet under different conditions," he sneered. "You had the advantage of the last deal. Now I am going to kill you, as I have killed your wife."

The four men who had till then stood by him, seeing his condition, emptied the bottle and were soon in a similar state of utter prostration. Now was my time. By a tremendous effort I burst my bonds, seized the revolver, and just for a moment was seized with a horrible desire to empty the contents into the unhallooed brutes upon the floor. Once, twice, thrice, I put my finger on the trigger, but I dared not pull it.

After a fearful struggle with myself I ran out of the tent, mounted a horse and rode into the blackness. Through the night of agony I rode, and when the gray streaks of dawn crept over the hill I saw the remains of my kraal in the distance. My poor wife had a bullet in her heart.

Truly Wilcox was right when he said that he had the advantage of our second meeting. I came back to England and found that my uncle had been sent for a long term of penal servitude for robbing his employers. I had cheated him and Wilcox, but at a terrible cost—the cost of a broken heart.

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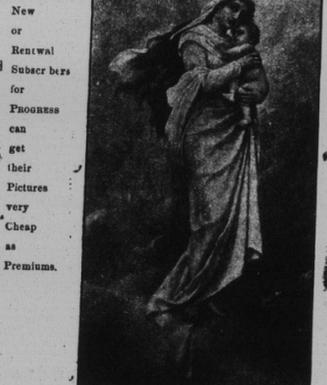
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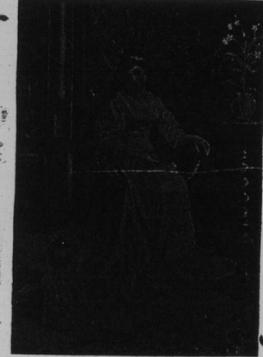
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The Ira Cornwall Co., L'td., St. John, N. B., General Agents for the Soule Photo Co. of Boston.

THE APPEAL OF EASTER.



But this is cheerful—the promise of sun and summer is in the blood. We begin to long for the outer air. The birds and the four-footed ones, all nature, and the gypsies are up and on the road again.

Yes, but confess. The east—the far-off Bible country, the land of romance and fairy tales, the scene of the life of Christ—seems to most of you, as to me, more than a geography for being so familiar in the book.

The telling of this has drawn me unconsciously near another subject, one bearing most directly on this offering of Easter sentiment. That religious drama, "The Sign of the Cross," has become the fashion.

What is this world? A little tarrying place, a tiny bridge between two great eternities—that we have traveled from that toward which we go.

Following this most happily are these musical lines from the popular pen of Mrs. Wilcox. The verses discover their own beauty. For young people fond of clipping they make a charming autographical souvenir of the season:

A truth that has long lain buried At superstition's door I see in the dawn uprising In all its strength once more.

It stands in the light transfigured; It speaks from the heights above; Each soul is its own redeemer; There is no law but love.

Perhaps because Mrs. Monilton and the English editor William Sharp seem allied by their tributes to the memorable work of poor Marston, I follow with this chanting Easter quatrain fresh from the author's pen.

Shall blossoms greet the spring? Shall birds come home and sing? And shall the longing soul Not find its heavenly goal?

Alas, I have no Easter sentiment! All religion is to me superstition, and Easter would scarcely be the proper time at which to say so.

Thus Mr. Peck, in the following, struck a familiar chord. And yet in a strange that Easter should provoke memories of flowers and children.

But the poet explains that during recess months he has not been able to write verse and goes on to say: My memories of Easter are all of the south. I do not think that those who have never seen the southern spring can realize the bliss and beauty of Easter.

Here is something from a hand more versed in cutting away disease than penning sentiments. With the great English surgeon, Lawson Tait—the stickler for plain manners who will not even attend the queen unless he can enter and leave her presence with no more ceremony than he would give to an anti-

With the Easter motto I can do nothing better than Sir John Sackling's well known lines: "No sun upon an Easter day Is half so fine a sight."

Like little mice, stole in and out, As if they feared the light. But, oh, she dances such a way! No sun upon an Easter day Is half so fine a sight.

And just here the ever popular novelist, Captain Charles King, U. S. A., who draws in such warm lights the charms of young women for whom one happy side of Easter was surely made, ventures a modest excuse from this list—an excuse which is forgotten when living with a good woman who had pitied him and taken him to her home.

Rejoice to have this opportunity afforded me of greeting my friends—friends familiar to me and friends who insist that rejoicings at Easter cannot be too solemn would say that the thought is surely a solemn one which reminds a man who is greatly dependent upon the smiles of friendship of friends to whom he is indebted for much sympathy, many kindnesses, whose hands he may never clasp, whose names even he may never know.

As long as the race continues, as long as the moon pursues her silvery course through the heavens, as long as the stars glisten in the diadem of night, so long will Easter morning be unlike any other day which greets us with the assurance of eternal love.

Tears for the departed will keep the grass of the cemetery green, but behind the tears at separation is the hope of reunion. Even earthly love may be eternal, for God will not part for long the souls that really belong to each other.

HER EASTER ANTHEM

BY VERA-SMITHSON.

Jeanne Marie leaned against the door of the church and wept. Jeanne Marie had been a pretty little woman. Her people were Gascons, but she and her husband Tonta lived in a plain white painted house on the roadside near the city limits of New Orleans.

It came about in this way: They had a child, a beautiful boy, and when he was scarcely 3 years old he died. Then there came another one, a weak, tiny babe, to fill the dead one's place. But he was deformed. His hands were shriveled and twisted. They were dreadful to look at.

"I love him all the more for his misfortune," said the father. "Dearest, have pity on your own flesh and blood." She laughed in a satirical and unmotherly way.

"He can never work; he cannot earn his living. We shall have to support him all his life," she said. When the boy was old enough to understand, he soon found out that his mother did not love him. One day he begged her not to be so angry with him, but she paid no heed to his tearful words.

Years passed, and Jeanne Marie was a widow. She lived alone, unloved and desolate. At night she lay awake and thought of her lost ones, her husband and her child. But it was always the first born, not the second.

Jeanne Marie saw nothing. Her thoughts were wandering. But gradually a sense of peaceful joy crept over her, filled her soul. She knelt motionless as if entranced, giving herself up to the new sensation, though she knew not whence it came.

"Come home, my son," cried Jeanne Marie over the kneeling throng. And the people listened devoutly, some with tears in their eyes, some with faces radiant and joyous.

Then when all was over and the people went out of the church the lonely woman still knelt, with her face covered by two figures—a man and a woman kneeling near the door—as Jeanne Marie rose and walked slowly out.

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

He went out of the church the lonely woman still knelt, with her face covered by two figures—a man and a woman kneeling near the door—as Jeanne Marie rose and walked slowly out.



And the other woman looked at them wistfully. They stopped near her, and the man put on his hat. As he did so Jeanne Marie saw that his hands were deformed.

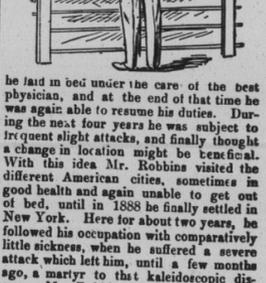
"I was cruel and hard, but you will forgive me, I am so lonely!" "My father is dead, you say? Poor mother! You are indeed alone."

"Will you kiss me, mother dear?" She strained him frantically to her heart without speaking, then watched him put the other woman's arm in his again, lead her carefully down the steps and out of the churchyard.

And in the glad Easter sunshine the childless mother leaned against the door of the church and wept.

Then when all was over and the people went out of the church the lonely woman still knelt, with her face covered by two figures—a man and a woman kneeling near the door—as Jeanne Marie rose and walked slowly out.

the Telegraph printing office, was suddenly seized with sharp pains all over his body, accompanied by extreme swellings. He reached home, but a short distance from the office, with difficulty, and on the doctor being called he pronounced it inflammatory rheumatism. For six weeks



After spending many weary months within its walls he was discharged with an awful verdict—"incurable." More from a sense of duty than of hope he tried other hospitals in the city but with the same result.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from this system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these are superior to all other treatment.

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

A recent expert estimate of the extent of the anthracite coal fields in the United States places their contents at 11,621,400,000 tons. The annual production averages of 45,000,000 tons, at which rate the supply would last some 265 years.

Whilst pain will sometimes accompany kidney trouble, this is not always so. It may obtain a strong grip on the system before the victim knows he is under its spell. What numbers are dying of Bright's disease and diabetes, apparently in good health, and yet the system undermined. Security is found in the use of South American Kidney Cure, which purifies the blood of all poisons, and unlike pills and powders, speedily dissolves the hardened substances that locate themselves in the system, an outcome of kidney diseases. Physicians will sometimes say these can not be removed, but South American Kidney Cure does it. The Rev. Jas. Murdock, of St. John, N. B., was cured of this trouble by taking only four bottles. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Advertisement for Bells the Country SLEIGH? Gladstone put made. Sons.

A PHANTOM CITY.

Mirage Shows, it is Surmised, a Settlement at the North Pole.

Some one revives, every few years, the legend of the Silent City seen as a mirage over Muir Glacier, in Glacier Bay, Alaska, 150 miles above Juneau. What professes to be a photo-engraving of the city, with affidavit attached, was published and sold some years ago, and at least half a dozen white men profess to have seen the city, while the natives of the Alaskan coast cherish the tradition of its existence. The mirage is usually visible about this time of year. One man declares that he saw it on July 5, 1889, and two others, it is declared, have made affidavits that they saw it three days before that date. John M. White, a Virginian, who after ten or fifteen years spent in various parts of the west has settled down in Philadelphia, solemnly declares that he saw it on June 21 some years ago.

Mr. White's account of the phenomenon is circumstantial in the highest degree, and he joins to it a theory as to what the city is and where it lies. He declares that he studied the mirage for nine hours through a powerful glass as it was spread above the glacier on the sides of Mt. Fair Weather. He affirms that the city is walled, that its houses are battlemented, and the chimneys surrounded by chimney pots; and within the walls there is a tall monument surmounted by the sculptured figure of an Indian in full headdress and feathers. His glass revealed to him some of the inhabitants, men in knee breeches and jackets. The only beast visible was a donkey-like creature, with a body as large as that of a horse.

The mirage appeared at first about 11:30 a. m. as a mist, and out of this rose the tower and battlements of the city, as did those of ancient Troy. By noon the city was as clearly outlined as New York is from the Jersey Heights.

Mr. White rejects the various guesses that the phantom city is Antwerp, Montreal or Salt Lake City. Its architecture is unlike that of any city he has ever seen. That it is a real city he is certain, from the fact that he has seen three photographs taken of the mirage one of which shows a tower rising amid the houses, and a later one the same tower finished. He believes that it is a mirage of a city at the north pole, on the edge of the traditional open polar sea. He believes that when the sun is at its highest northern point, as it is on June 21, the mirage of the Arctic metropolis is reflected to the point where it ap-

pears over the Muir Glacier. The legend of the Chiloats of Alaska supports this theory.

They say that many centuries ago, when Alaska was a warm and densely peopled country, there came from the north, through the ice barrier, a savage people, fully armed, who laid waste the region and put its inhabitants to the sword. These are savage warriors he believes to have been the ancestors of the American Indians, and he is convinced that in coming through the ice barrier they left behind a warm region about the pole, where the remnant of their people continued to develop and at length build the metropolis seen on St. John's day in mirage above the Muir Glacier.

The pictures purporting to have been made from photographic negatives of the mirage represent an ordinary modern city without walls or battlements, but with spacious, comfortable-looking houses, surmounted with broad chimneys and interspersed with trees. In fact, they look like photographs of wash drawings made by an artist that was not too careful to follow the details of the legend.—New York Sun.

DEAD WITHOUT A WORD OF WARNING.

Left Home Well in the Morning to be Carried Home Dead a Few Hours Later.

There is no fiction in the suddenness with which death is coming to many people in the present day. Apparently in the best of health, an hour later they are in the throes of death. Heart disease has obtained a terrible grip upon the man and women of this day. No greater duty under these conditions falls upon one than to proclaim to the world that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a medicine that absolutely cures this disease. Mrs. John Jamieson, of Tara, Ont., suffered so severely from heart trouble that it did not seem possible that she could live. This medicine was brought to her notice, and at a time when she was suffering intensely. Inside of 30 minutes after taking the first dose relief was secured. She continued its use, and says: "It was the means of saving my life."—Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

To Build a Railway in China.

A New York man, Col. Jeffard, who reached San Francisco lately from China, says he has received permission, if not a concession, from the Government of the Flowery Kingdom to build a Grand Trunk railway, north and south, in that vast country. It is to be 1,400 miles long, and extend from Peking to Hankow, and thence to Canton, but the division between Peking and Hankow is to be first considered. A large portion of the route proposed is over desert and plains. The capital is to be 100,000 shares of 100 taels each, a tael being equal to \$1.35 Mexican money. The cost of the road is estimated at 40,000 taels per mile.

MENDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH.

How the First Performance of the Great Work was Received.

Fifty years have now elapsed since 'Elijah,' the greatest work of the immortal Mendelssohn, was first produced on Monday morning, Aug. 26, 1846, at the great Birmingham festival, the master himself going specially to England to conduct it. Though the programme of this festival was made up from the master works of men like Handel, Haydn, Beethoven and Cherubini, the new oratorio produced such unbounded enthusiasm, that despite the rigid injunction of the committee that the public should not testify its approval by applause, the delighted feeling of the audience could only express in loud acclamations and thundering salvos of hand clapping. 'It was,' said a spectator, 'a great day for the festival, a great day for the performers, a great day for Mendelssohn, and a great day for art.' There were eight encores, and at the close the composer was called out to receive the homage of the immense throng in the great Town Hall of Birmingham.

The oratorio opens with Elijah's prophecy of famine, followed by the wails of the sufferers; then the departure of Elijah, the restoring to life of the widow's son, the destruction of the priests of Baal, the opening of heaven; followed by a noble chorus full of thanksgiving, that now the waters are poured out. This closes the first part. The second part includes the persecution and flight of Elijah, his translation, and the prophecy of the Messiah.

In the following April Elijah was given at Exeter Hall, the Queen and Prince Albert being present. What they felt on that occasion is best described by Prince Albert himself, who, on the following morning, sent to Mendelssohn the book of the oratorio which he had used to follow the performance, on the first page of which was the following inscription in the prince's own handwriting:—

"To the noble artist, who, surrounded by the Baal-worship of corrupted art, has been able, by his genius and science, to preserve faithfully, like another Elijah, the worship of true art, and once more to accustom our ear, lost in the whirl of an empty play of sounds, to the pure notes of expressive composition and legitimate harmony. To the great master who makes us conscious of the unity of his conception, through the whole maze of his creation, from the soft whisperings to the mighty raging of the elements.

Written in token of grateful remembrance, ALBERT.

Buckingham Palace, April 24, 1847. The death of Mendelssohn, which shortly followed, was felt as a general calamity. One whose life was throughout pure and spotless and whose rare faculties were entirely devoted to the highest ends of art, was taken from us in the meridian of life, when, according to the ordinary chances of mortality, scarcely more than half of his glorious career had been accomplished.

The fame of this illustrious musician may and probably will reach into future ages, but a knowledge of the qualities which distinguished him as a man, can never be adequately communicated to posterity. Those only who possessed the blessed privilege of calling him their friend, or who either know or feel how much of virtue, genius, and charm of character, was distinguished in the person of that miracle of humanity, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

A FAMOUS HAT.

It was Worn by the Martyred President Abraham Lincoln.

Years ago Mrs. Lincoln, as she was leaving the White House, presented to Dr. Gurley an old white felt hat which had been worn for a long time by the president. Dr. Gurley prized it highly as a souvenir of his distinguished parishioner and personal friend. Some years afterward Dr. Gurley died and the furniture of his house was distributed among his heirs. The hat, however, was missing. Nothing was seen or heard of it by the sons and heirs of Dr. Gurley until a few weeks ago, when one of them happened to drop into the Peterson house, in which Lincoln died, and which is now kept as a Lincoln museum. There the hat was found on exhibition. Though nearly thirty years had passed it was instantly recognized and its return demanded. The museum keeper, who had purchased it in a regular way and had properly authenticated receipts therefore, of course declined to give up his precious relic. A legal demand followed, which in turn was also declined. A suit was entered then before a magistrate and the case went to trial.

A most interesting lot of testimony was taken. It was shown by the evidence that the hat had drifted into the possession of the government and that it at one time was exhibited in the United States patent office. From there, by some peculiar means, it found a lodging in the Smithsonian Institute museum. There are plenty of persons still living who had seen the hat in Dr. Gurley's house and also in the government museum and who had heard Dr. Gurley's story in connection with it. They occupied nearly two days telling their stories to the court. Finally it was decided to restore the hat to the heirs of Dr. Gurley, who now that they have been declared the legal owners of it, in all probability will allow its exhibition to be continued, as they will loan the valuable and now much-discussed relic of the martyr president to the museum for that purpose.—Chicago Record.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment



It is the original. It is the best in use. It is unlike any other. It is the oldest on earth. It is superior to all others. It is the great vital and muscle nerve. It is for internal as much as external use. It is used and endorsed by all athletes. It is a soothing, healing, penetrating Anodyne. It is what every mother should have in the house. It is used and recommended by many physicians everywhere. It is the Universal Household Remedy from infancy to old age. It is safe to trust that which has satisfied generation after generation. It is made from the favorite prescription of a good old family physician. It is marvellous how many ailments it will quickly relieve, heal and cure. Our Book "Treatment for Diseases and Care of Sick Room," Mailed Free. Sold by all Druggists. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 21 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass.

How He Quieted Them.

A hot tempered "down East" parson was for some time disturbed by the members of the choir. Finally he found a way of quieting them. After a long prayer one Sunday he announced a hymn, as usual, and added: "I hope the entire congregation will join in singing the grand old hymn, and I know the choir will, for I heard them humming it during the prayer."

"77"

For Spring Colds.

- The most tantalizing of all are the colds of Spring, Influenza with its running rivulets, repairing the over-ready handkerchief in hand, and so dangerous, after the long siege of winter the system is in just the condition for La Grippe, and the slightest carelessness, in dress or exposure, may bring on the chill, pain in the head, or back-ache the first symptoms of Grip or Pneumonia. "77" is a shield between you and danger. When taken in time, it never fails to ward off the disease and is a positive cure for Colds, Grip, Influenza, Catarrh, Pains in the Head or Chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever. Sold by druggists, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price, 25 cents, or five for \$1.00. May be ordered, Humphreys' Medicine Company, 111 William St. N. Y.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL

"THE PILE OINTMENT." For Piles—External or Internal, Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain. PRICE, 50 CENTS. TRIAL SIZE, 25 CENTS. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

AN EASY HEAD!

CLEAR BRAINS.

With a Sound Body.

Are Bestowed Upon All Who Use Paine's Celery Compound.

Sweet, gentle spring is with us, presaging leaves, buds and flowers, and of course, happier times. Thousands will welcome the balmy air and zephyr breezes, while a multitude hovering between life and death, are unable to enjoy or even appreciate the blessings of a kind Providence. A host of men and women and young people are laid low owing to diseases contracted during the winter season. Impurities of the blood, cause it to flow sluggishly, and the results are, continual headaches, heavy and clouded brains, neuralgia, rheumatism, and a host of other symptoms that endanger life. For all these troubles, Paine's Celery Compound is the great and unfailing cure; it acts like a charm on the nervous system, producing pure blood, a cool and easy head, clear brains and a sound body. Paine's Celery Compound is as superior to the ordinary nervines, bitters, sarsaparillas and pills as strength is better than weakness. The use of one bottle will soon convince the ailing that Paine's Celery Compound has virtues unknown to any other medicine.

A BIRD IN CHURCH.

Words by A. SIMMONS. Music by EDUARD HOLST.

Musical score for 'A Bird in Church' with lyrics: 'dost thou share our hu-man need Of vo-cal worship and of creed? lift-ed quiv-ering to thy goal, A bird no long-er, but a soul? ... Dear lit-tle bird, why didst thou stray From thy safe haunts so far a-way, Didst think perchance that thou couldst learn Some ten-der trill, some hap-py turn. ... Didst hear the or-gan's migh-ty tone And chanting voi-es loud and sweet? And Some joy-ous and ex-ult-ant strain? Or didst thou fan-cy thou couldst rise On deemed the mu-sic lacked thine own clear pip-ing note to be com-plete, Or lof-ty waves of sound, and gain the bliss-ful heights of pa-ra-dise, Up-love and song, When life is full of love and song.'

Musical score for 'A Bird in Church' with lyrics: 'dost thou share our hu-man need Of vo-cal worship and of creed? lift-ed quiv-ering to thy goal, A bird no long-er, but a soul? ... Thy heav-en is in the sum-mer air, The leaf-y woods and thy fond mate, And why for fu-ture rap-ture long, When life is full of love and song, When life is full of love and song.'

into... attire... have... abe... high... abe... On... black... ed t... utely... the... bow... wide... back... bow... and... ruf... w... front... with... and... rather... effect... soft... the... fact... Another... taffeta... falling... boon... worn... excelle... throat... With... ing bo... woman... wonder... neck... and... be... upper... to be... annoy... a fortun... will di... Father... Velv... hour... ever... rich... rib... when... endless... ed and... But... the... age... which... velvet... are wor... those... perish... not, sub... wash... The out... skirt... these ve... to relie... white; i... a special... tions th... collars... ruffles o... costume... satin, at... while th... least the... neck fas... bow is... white sil... applique... with a fri... make a... and black... way, wit... A dre... plainly... bodies... toric, or... design... skirt. In... have bee... wet and... chiffon... much to... wardrobe... the separ... this spring... a renewed... more elab... new mus... come in;... must be... taste, has... sk... of t... too sensit... tion to... of an... light and... tioned, as... so easily... the plain... foregone... For som... eigners... to bring... but their... assured... the huge... is to be... their entire... tion set... short slash... top of a clo... really very... sleeve app... gowns, and

WOMAN and HER WORK.

The ruff seems to be rapidly developing into the most important feature of feminine attire and I really think some of the specimens shown would cause Queen Elizabeth herself to open her eyes, and wonder how she could ever have been satisfied with the height and amplitude of the ruff to which she gave her name.

One which was shown recently was of black chiffon, and not only reached to the wearer's ears, but absolutely covered them, and touched the line of her hair. An enormous bow of black satin ribbon fully four inches wide, and of very heavy quality finished the back, there were six long loops in this bow, and each loop stood out beautifully, and was six inches long. The ends of the ruff were in fish shape, and fell over the front of the jacket to the waist, finished with a jet ball. It was wonderfully stylish and becoming though the description has rather an exaggerated sound, and the effect of this elaborate neck dressing when soft fluffy materials are used, is to soften the face in a most surprising manner. Another beautiful ruff was of opalescent taffata ribbon with quantities of yellow lace falling over it. These ruffs are really a boon to thin women as they are so much worn with evening dress and serve such an excellent purpose in covering up a thin throat, and too aggressive collar bones.

With one of the new square necked evening bodices, and a pierrot ruff, the thinnest woman may defy criticism. By the way—I wonder why it is that the back of a woman's neck, and her shoulders will remain plump and beautiful, long after the throat, and upper part of the neck in front, have ceased to be firm and white and pretty? It is so annoying and yet so inevitable, that a fortune awaits the man or woman who will discover some method of cheating Father Time a little longer, in that respect.

Velvet seems to be the material of the hour and it is more universally worn than ever before. It is by no means the plain rich material we are accustomed to think of when we mention velvet, but comes in an endless variety of striped, watered, stamped and shaded designs known as art velvets. But those who are thinking of getting a velvet costume will find it to their advantage if they select the plain silk velvet, which is certain to be in good style always; velvet skirts in any of the dark rich shades are worn with waists of fluff chiffon, by those who can afford so expensive, and perishable a material, and those who cannot, substitute silk, either some of the soft wash silks, or the more fashionable taffata.

The outside coat is of velvet matching the skirt. Gray is a very popular color for these velvet costumes, and the colors used to relieve it are usually either green, or white; indeed white trimmings seem to be a special feature of all the bodice decorations this year from the white cuffs and collars seen on the new shirt waists, to the ruffles of chiffon on the most elegant velvet costumes. White collars, vests of white satin, and white waist trimmings abound, while the dress which does not display at least the band of white ribbon around the neck fastening at the back with a large bow is the exception. Large collars of white silk muslin covered with a pattern of applique lace and trimmed around the edge with a full of the muslin edged with lace, make a charming addition to any toilette, and black silk muslin is used in the same way, with cream lace applied.

A dressy appearance is given to a plainly cut gown by partly covering the bodice which with heavy lace, passamenterie, or jet, and running a corresponding design down the two front seams of the skirt. In spite of all the efforts which have been made to banish the separate vest and do away with the blouses of silk, chiffon and muslin which have added so much to the variety and beauty of women's wardrobes for the past two or three years, the separate waist is very much in evidence this spring, and shows every indication of a renewed lease of life, and it seems to be more elaborate than ever, since the lovely new muslins, lawns and organdies have come in; of course these dainty fabrics must be worn, and the woman of good taste has long ago discovered that the skirt of black silk, satin or mohair, is too sensible and convenient an institution to be readily discarded in favor of an entire costume of the light and fluffy materials I have mentioned, as the skirt of a dress always soils so easily, and therefore the popularity of the plain skirt and elaborate bodice was a foregone conclusion.

For some reason of their own the dress designers and modistes are making every effort to bring the close sleeve back into favor, but their success is not yet by any means assured though almost every size from the huge balloon, to the tight coat sleeve is to be seen. Some are ruffled or puffed their entire length with bands of jet insertion set in between, while others have a short slashed trimming with insertion at the top of a close, unwrinkled sleeve, which is really very picturesque. A full bishop sleeve appears on many of the summer gowns, and is finished at the shoulder

with pointed epaulettes of the material, edged with some fancy trimmings.

Another picturesque sleeve is laid in plaits almost to the elbow where it flares out into a full puff, the plaits start again below the elbow and are continued to the wrist where the sleeve is finished with a band of ribbon and a bow tied on the outside.

A very pretty style of bodice is cut perfectly plain, and fits like a glove, from the shoulders down to the waist line; it is then cut out in V shape and the space filled in with gathered silk, satin, or chiffon, in full vest shape; the edges of the material are often outlined with handsome passamenterie or jet, where it is cut out.

The wrinkled sleeves seen on so many new costumes are said to have been originated by Barnhardt, who has, as is well known, rather slender arms.

TIPS ON CANDY MAKING.

Some Secrets of Success—The Reason For These Delicacies at Hand.

To make candy that requires cooking, and to be successful, the sugar must be boiled to just the right degree. Several technical names are used by confectioners for the different degrees of heat to which the syrup is brought in the operations of candy making. The smooth degree indicates thick syrup; dip a stick into it, and if it is oily to the touch the degree is reached. This may be used for crystallizing purposes. The thread state is reached when the syrup, taken from the stick with the finger, separates quickly and hangs in small threads. The leather condition is when it may be drawn out, like fine hairs, without breaking. The ball degree is reached when on taking the stick from the syrup and dipping it into cold water the sugar can be worked like putty. The crack degree is when the sugar leaves the stick clean when dipped into cold water and snaps into pieces when hit. The caramel is the last stage. In it the syrup becomes dark colored and care is required that it shall not remain too long over the fire. A smooth stick is the best thing to use for testing boiling sugar. Dip the stick first into ice water. At or sugar is melted it should not be stirred.

A pinch of cream of tartar added to the sugar when first placed over the fire will often prevent its graining. If the sugar boils until it is too hard, add a spoonful of water and try it again, and if the sugar begins to grain when working it, a little water must be added and it must be boiled once more.

Uncooked Creams.

Although boiled sugar is preferred for cream candies, an uncooked cream may be quickly and easily made, and is very satisfactory. To prepare the cream, beat the whites of two eggs to a froth, add as much water as there were eggs before they were beaten, and gradually stir into this confectioners' sugar until it is a paste thick enough to be moulded with the fingers and retain its shape.

Colorings.

To color the creams pink, place in a glass a quarter of an ounce each of powdered cochineal, alum, and cream of tartar; mix and add four ounces of warm water and the same quantity of alcohol, cover and allow the mixture to stand over night, strain and bottle; stir a few drops at a time into the cream until as deep a color is obtained as required. For coloring yellow, take half an ounce of saffron and add to it two ounces of alcohol and four of water. Let the mixture stand several days before using. It has a deep orange color and used in small quantities gives a beautiful yellow shade. To color green, crush and cook a few spinach leaves in water, strain them, and use the liquid. Fruit juices also makes an excellent coloring for creams.

Chocolate Creams.

Of all the delicacies from fondant perhaps that most generally liked is chocolate cream drops. To prepare them take the cream, flavor it and form it into little balls or cones and place on plates. Let the cones harden slightly on the surface—an hour will be sufficient—before covering. Break into small pieces a cake of plain chocolate and place in a saucepan, set the pan in another containing boiling water and stand over the fire until the chocolate becomes entirely melted; drop two or three of the cream balls into the melted chocolate at one time and roll around to cover all sides; lift them out with a two-tined fork or a piece of wire twisted into a loop, hold a moment to allow the extra chocolate to drain off, and place them on paper or buttered plates until they become cold. When less chocolate is required the covering may be prepared thus: Put half a pound of chocolate in a pan and set over boiling water. When it is soft add four ounces of confectioners' sugar and flavor with vanilla extract; mix well and cover the cream balls with the plain chocolate. Chopped nuts may be mixed with the cream to make a variety.

Burnt Almonds.

Put into a saucepan one and one-half cups of brown sugar and three tablespoonfuls of water; stir until the sugar is dissolved when the syrup boils put in one cup of shelled almonds, and stir until the nuts are well covered and a little browned; turn them into a buttered dish and separate each nut; repeat the process if the almonds require a thicker covering.

Filled Chocolate Candy.

To make pulled chocolate cream candy, boil together four cups of granulated sugar and half a cup of sweet cream. Dissolve a pinch of soda in a cup of water and add with one tablespoonful of butter. Cook the mixture until it is a thick syrup. Place

in another sauce pan half a cup of sweet cream and four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and cook slowly over the back of the fire until the mixture is quite thick. When the white of eggs is ready to take from the fire stir into it quickly two tablespoonfuls of vanilla extract, then stir two large spoonfuls into the chocolate mixture and turn the remainder into a buttered dish. Pour the chocolate mixture (ver this, and as soon as it is possible to handle, pull it and cut it into pieces. This makes a striped candy.

Peppermint Drops.

Place over the fire, in a granite pan, one large cup of granulated sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of hot water. When the mixture comes to a boil, cook just three minutes. Meanwhile have ready four tablespoonfuls of confectioners' sugar and a few drops of peppermint. Turn this into the boiling syrup and stir quickly. Take from the fire and set the pan containing the mixture in one of hot water, and with a spoon drop the liquid in spots the size of a nickle on marble or on oiled paper.

Molasses Candy.

Old-fashioned molasses candy, such as was made by our grandmothers in the days when French creams were seldom seen, will always be welcomed. Into a kettle holding at least four times the amount of molasses to be used pour the required quantity of Porto Rico molasses. Place over a slow fire and boil half an hour, stirring all the time to keep the contents from running over and from burning. When a little dropped in cold water becomes hard quickly, and snaps apart when hit, add a teaspoonful of soda, stir in quickly, and pour into buttered tins to cool. When the candy is sufficiently cool to handle rub the hands with butter to prevent the candy from sticking to them, and pull it. The more the candy is worked the lighter it will be in color.

A Little Went a Long Way.

"We acknowledge the compliment of a serenade from the Greenville Silver Cornet band on the occasion of its visit to our city a few days," wrote Editor Clugston of the Spiketooth Breezeard. "While truth compels us to say that the music was simply infamous, yet we recognize the kindly spirit that prompted the serenade, and admire the band's superb exhibition of nerve. Come again, boys, and play a shorter piece."

THEY WILL AMUSE THE CHILDREN.

Handsome Dolls With Change of Dresses.

We have secured a new and very taking novelty known as the "Diamond Dye Doll." These dolls are clothed in bright and handsome dresses and will prove a great attraction for the little ones.

A Set of Six Dolls with Six Extra Dresses will be mailed to any address on receipt of four cents in stamps. Thousands are going to all parts of the Dominion, giving universal satisfaction to all who receive them.

Users of Diamond Dyes will please bear in mind that it will be to their advantage to examine each package of dye that they buy, as worthless imitation are now being sold. See that the name "Diamond" is on each package. Wells & Richardson Co., 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

The Inventor of the Polka.

The origin of the polka is not generally known, the inventor of the dance having been a young Bohemian girl named Hanicka Selzka. She was a blooming young peasant maiden, and lived in the village of Costelec, on the River Elbe, and used to perform solo dances of her own invention at the various village festivities. It was in the year 1830, at a national dance, and Hanicka named it polka, as she said it was danced in short steps; from polka came polka, and finally polka, the dance three years later, in 1830, becoming popular in Prague, and in 1839 it was already danced at Vienna balls, and one year later became the most popular dance in Paris. Hanicka Selzka is still alive, surrounded by numerous grand-children and great-grand children sprung from her own six sons and daughters.—The Etude.

THE POWER THAT PULLS DOWN.

I want to present a single idea in the fewest and clearest words at my demand. Here goes for a try at it. From the time you are first able to stand on your feet, up to the time you can stand no longer, there is always a power pulling you backward and downward. You resist, and it persists. It wins partial victories over you every day, and finally it lays you by the heels. Now, what is the name of that power? Don't be too quick with your answer. It is the over confident cricket who gets bowled out. Perhaps the reading of these letters may help you.

"In the spring of 1891," says a woman, "my health, previously good began to fail. I am naturally as energetic as most persons enjoy being up and doing, but now for some reason I felt low, weak, and tired, and I had no relish for food of any kind, and what I ate gave me pain at the chest and a feeling of tightness and oppression around the waist, with shortness of breath. "After a time the pains went to my shoulders and all over me. The distress after eating was so great that I hesitated before swallowing a mouthful, well knowing what the result would be. I took many medicines, but none of them gave me any ease. As time went on I became weaker and weaker, often leaving my household for a few days, and as the debility increased upon me my spells of work got shorter and my spells of rest longer. "Sometimes feeling a trifle better and then again worse, this was practically my condition month after month. I saw a doctor, but his medicine did me little or no good. He said I was suffering from weakness, and would have to get my strength back gradually. The autumn and winter of 1891-2 slowly passed and I was about the same, only more thin and feeble.



All the requirements of the feet, and they are many, are fully met in our \$1.99 SHOES.

We unhesitatingly say we have never offered so much value, so much style and such good wearing qualities as will be found in our MEN'S MEDIUM and POINTED TOE BALMORALS and CONGRESS at

\$1.99.

There are many Boots at double the price now on the market which will not give the wear these will.

Waterbury & Rising,

61 King and 212 Union St.

RIPANS ONE GIVES RELIEF.

I had almost given up hope of getting really well again. "In April (1892) I was in our shop one day and heard a customer speak about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and what remarkable cures of different ailments it had done in the district. 'It may be the right thing for me,' I said, and sent for it that very day. After taking one bottle I could eat better, without any distress or pain to come after it. With the additional food I gained strength, an one week after I had more work and feeling less rest between time. I took only the 'Seigel's' no other medicine. I could stand and walk once more without thinking about it, and was soon in as good health and spirits as ever. You are free to print my letter if you desire. (Signed) Mrs. Emma Cottingham, wife of G. W. Cottingham, Grocer and Ironmonger, Scotter, Lincoln, April 29th, 1895.

Get Well in Three Days.

South American Rheumatic Cure, for rheumatism and neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

At the Pasteur Institute in Paris 1520 persons were treated last year, of whom but two died, the smallest proportion yet attained. In ten years 17,337 persons have been inoculated, 85 of whom died.

Advertisement for Sunlight Soap. Text: 'There are soaps and soaps but only one Sunlight Soap which is the soap of soaps and washes clothes with less labor and greater comfort. Makes homes brighter Makes hearts lighter. For every 15 Wrappers sent to Laver Bros., Ltd., 30 Scott St., Toronto, a useful full paper-bound book will be sent.'

N. D. HOOPER, St. John, N. B., Agent for New Brunswick.

Advertisement for 'No tongue to speak' medicine. Text: 'No tongue to speak but had the power of speech he would tell you plainly that BIRD PIANNA is what he wants. It will keep Cassin's in constant song all the year round, even when shedding feathers. Especially valuable during breeding. 50c. per package. Birds love it. BIRD BOOK or many other books. From Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.'

T. J. COOKE & Co., Canadian Depot, 20 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Advertisement for The Sun newspaper. Text: 'The Best of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA, Editor. The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever! Daily, by mail - \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, - \$8 a year. The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday News paper in the world. Price 5c. a copy; by mail \$2 a year. Address THE SUN New York.'

Advertisement for Men & Women health product. Text: 'A box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at a cost of 25 cents will regulate the system, purify the blood and make a new person of every sickly man, woman or child. Dr. Chase's Liver-Kidney pills may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturers, Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. One pill a dose, one cent a dose. Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine is the latest scientific discovery for coughs and colds. Largest bottle on the market; only 25 cents.'

Advertisement for Cure Fits! Text: 'CURE FITS! Tablets contain and bottles of medicine and Free to my fellow sufferers. Write for name and address. K. C. 1007, N. C. 101 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.'

Advertisement for Sewing for the Poor. Text: 'Sewing for the Poor is a double pleasure when you use thread that does not snarl nor break, and is perfectly even, such as Clapperton's Thread. ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELUCATION. 158 Prince William Street. Full term opened Sept. 9th 1895. Branches taught: Piano, Violin, Vocal Music and Elocution. Free classes in Harmony, Physical Culture and Singing. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leschetzky Method"; also "Synthet System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.'

Advertisement for 'HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex.' Text: 'This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age. Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service. It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation. Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort. For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. Price 75 cents. Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk; if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.'

Advertisement for Compound. Text: 'COMPOUND Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service. It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation. Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort. For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. Price 75 cents. Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk; if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.'

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THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE APPEARANCE—His Life a Simple One—Estimates of His Character.

The Early days of this Celestial Monarch's Life—What he is like in Person's Appearance—His Life a Simple One—Estimates of His Character.

Just now the most talked-about potentate in the world is Abdul Hamid II., the Sultan of Turkey. Since the horrible atrocities in Armenia his Government has been threatened by the great powers of Europe, and his life has been threatened by his subjects.

By way of introduction to a sketch of his career, it may be well to refer briefly to the lives of his immediate predecessors. In 1839 Mahmud II., Sultan of Turkey, died, and was succeeded by Abdul Medjid, his son. This man reigned until 1861, leaving a brother and two sons. He was succeeded on the throne by his brother, Abdul Aziz, an ignorant bigot whose extravagance brought his country to avowed insolvency in 1875. The only remarkable thing that he did was to travel. No Ottoman Sultan had ever before left his own dominions, except for purposes of war, but Abdul Aziz ventured even as far as London. On the 29th of May, 1876, he was deposed, and on June 4th he was found dead. It was said that he had committed suicide, but the probability is that he was assassinated. He was succeeded by Amurth V., the son of Abdul Medjid, who within three months was removed as an imbecile. Then came Abdul Hamid II., the present Sultan.

He was born Sept. 22, 1842, and became Sultan on Aug. 31, 1876. On July 27, 1878, two weeks after the treaty of Berlin, Lord Beaconsfield said of him: "He is not a tyrant, he is not dissolute, he is not a bigot, or corrupt." But either Lord Beaconsfield was strangely deceived or he strangely tried to deceive the world, for it is not possible for a truly good man to be for nineteen years the absolute master of subordinate so tyrannical, so dissolute, so bigoted, and so corrupt as those who rule the Turkish people. It is only fair to judge the man by his works.

When he was a boy the present Sultan lived at the beautiful kiosk of Knyathny, where he learned to ride on the fiercest horses. As he grew older he led a life of greater activity than was usual among Turkish princes; he was much in the saddle; he loved hunting; he enjoyed long rides into the forests and along beautiful rivers. He was of a thoughtful and serious nature, and spent much time in study. Political economy was a favorite subject, and after the reading of many books he was led to make a study of the methods of government particularly in the Turkish provinces. When he was called suddenly to the throne he knew more than most of his predecessors had known of Turkish history and the Government and resources of his country. There were many evils to be remedied, and it is said that under the direct orders of the Sultan many of them were remedied. When Abdul Hamid went on the throne the country was bankrupt; now its credit, though by no means the best, is at least measurable. Then there was only the torn and battered remnants of an army; now Turkey has many thousand well disciplined and well equipped soldiers. A year before his reign began it was almost impossible to publish a newspaper in Turkey. On the slightest provocation a paper was seized by the soldiers, who distributed the type in the waters of the Bosphorus. Now there are many newspapers, some of them edited with conspicuous ability; but the press is not free, because the editors may not discuss Turkish politics. The Sultan is credited with the desire to encourage arts and sciences and to develop the mineral, industrial, and agricultural resources of Turkey; but if there has been the will, the deed is still sadly lacking. The personal appearance of the Turkish ruler has been described as follows:

The Sultan's general appearance is characterized by a sort of tired dignity, mingled with an expression of melancholic sadness. His black beard, now slightly tinged with gray, is short, thick, and trimmed almost to a point. The forehead is broad, lightly bulged above the eyebrows, hollow at the temples, and wrinkled all over. The lines running down to the base of the nose, which indicate profound and meditative thought, are accentuated. The eye is dark gray, large, well formed, pensive, slightly veiled, penetrating, kindly, very changeable, and anxious. The eye is that of a thinker, of a suspicious mediator, with a subjective will power. The nose is long and thin at its base, bony and strong at the nostrils. The mouth is large, and the teeth, rather yellow than white, are widely separated. The lower lip is stronger and thicker than the upper one. The expression is energetic and reveals a mixture of pronounced sensualism and real kindness. The Sultan's hair is black and cut short. The skull recedes toward the top; the little brain is strongly marked. The ears are long and vigorously cut. The complexion is a darkish brown. The hands are fine and nervous; the finger nails rosy and cut short. The feet are arched and slender. Abdul Hamid's voice is sympathetic and sonorous. He speaks lower than his subjects, and smiles but little in the presence

Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World. The only Coffee served at the WORLD'S FAIR.

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON, MONTREAL, CHICAGO.

TURKISH DYES

EASY TO USE. They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant. SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

Have YOU used them; if not, try them. One Package equal to two of any other make.

For sale in St. John by S. McDIARMID, T. B. PARKER & SONS, and S. J. MARONEY, J. G. LORAN.

CRESCENT ENAMELED WARE



Every utensil for kitchen use is made in "Crescent" enameled ware, and each piece is guaranteed. Ask your dealer for "Crescent" enameled ware. If he does not keep it, drop a postal card to The Thos. Davidson Mfg. Co., Ltd. MONTREAL.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE.

THE QUESTION "WILL IT WEAR?" NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF 1847 ROGERS BROS. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX "1847" IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Fifty Years

BEFORE THE PUBLIC AND SALE STILL INCREASING.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum

FOR COUGHS, COLDS and all LUNG AFFECTIONS. 25 cts. a bottle. Sold everywhere.

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.



SHARPS BALM OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEEL. GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, 30, BARRIE STREET, N. B.

CAFE ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. PINNER A SPECIAL. WILLIAM CLARK.

of strangers. He has an excellent memory for faces, out recalls names with difficulty. The Sultan of Turkey owns some of the fairest palaces that man has ever raised. One of them was reared at a cost of \$30,000,000, and yet so great is Turkish prodigality and superstition that but one Sultan has ever dwelt within it, and he was there but a single night. This was Abdul Medjid. He had an evil dream, quit the palace the next day, and neither he nor any successor occupied it thereafter. The Sultan's residence is at Yildiz Kiosk, on the apex of some beautiful hills, built by Abdul Medjid, and is about two miles from the Bosphorus, which is nearly three miles wide at this point and sends its refreshing breezes up the hill. One who has visited the palace has given this description of it: "Around it is a high wall, and the view from it is magnificent with the beautiful Bosphorus winding in and out and around picturesque spots—the Seraglio Point, the Mosque of St. Sophia, the hundred of slender, gilded minarets and graceful domes gleaming out from among the dense green of the cypress and plane trees, the sad solitude of the cemetery at Scutari, the dim Princes' Islands in the distance, and even a faint shadow of Mount Olympus, far off in Asia, shows in the pure atmosphere of this charmed spot. The interior of Yildiz is beautiful beyond the power of words to describe. It is not crowded with ornament and bric-a-brac, but there are a few priceless vases, pictures, and magnificent rugs and carpets. There is an atmosphere of quiet and repose all through it. There are a few portraits."

The daily life of the Sultan is a simple one. He rises early, takes a light breakfast, and then gives consideration to the affairs of the State. He reads despatches, dictates replies, confers with officials, and issues his orders. He works often until three o'clock with no intermission except for prayers and a slight repast. After the business of the day is over he either walks, or drives about the grounds; sometimes he hunts a little, occasionally he rows on the lake. At six o'clock he dines in his private apartments. He eats little, and drinks nothing but water. After dinner he smokes and reflects and it is dangerous to disturb him then. On Friday, which is the Turkish Sunday, the Sultan must visit the mosque, even if so ill that he has to be carried. (The occasion is one of pleasure to the people. There is a military display and a sort of review of the troops as he passes. Various appeals are made to the Sultan and many of them are granted. Sometimes, on his journey to the mosque, the Sultan rides a white Arabian horse; at other times he sits in an open carriage. Foreign residents and visitors through the streets to see him as he passes. The last of Ramadan, which lasts forty days, is the most important time in the year for the poorest laborer in the kingdom. On the twentieth day of the fast he goes to the mosque where the most precious relics of Islam are preserved; the silver caskets are opened; the relics are taken from their places and the Sultan reverently kisses them. Of these relics, the most valuable is the sword which was used by the prophet. Another relic consists of a few hairs from the prophet's beard; a third is one of his teeth. After the relics have been kissed, they are put back into their casket and the Sultan seals it with his own seal. The casket is left exposed to public view during the remaining days of the fast; then it is locked up in the strong boxes until another year goes by.

Under the rule of the present Sultan the Ottoman empire has lost some of its fairest provinces, and the Sultan has been forced, lasting nearly a year. When the Czar could have taken Constantinople, and when, as is clear enough now, he should have taken it, England and Germany interfered. A treaty was signed by representatives of Russia and Turkey at San Stefano in Europe and Ardashan, Kars, and Batoum in Asia. It is somewhat the fashion to praise the Sultan. Oscar S. Straus, ex-Minister to Constantinople, wrote a letter to the Sun on Dec. 5, 1885, complaining of the injustice of some of the criticisms of that paper. He was anxious that the people of this country should not be misled by the exaggerated stories of the suffering of the non-Muslim population of Turkey, and declared that the Sultan was "a humane sovereign"—a man of serious character, very benevolent and kind hearted, and anxious always to relieve the suffering of the people, "irrespective of race or religion;" a "kind, benevolent ruler, whose aspiration is for the good and welfare of his subjects."

There has been much eulogy of this kind, and our present Minister, Mr. Terrell, has indulged in some of it; but there may be no basis for it beyond that admiration which royalty seems to command from ordinary people on whom it looks kindly. And his personal character is of little account since he is the responsible head of a government founded in fanatic conquest, enriched with the plunder of an old civilization, long a menace of art, progress, personal liberty, and freedom of conscience, and a constant blight upon the prosperity and happiness of one of the grandest places of the world and some of the brightest races of mankind.—Post Express.

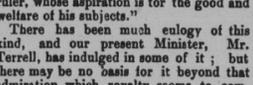
OUR MAIL.

Our mail brings us every day dozens of letters about Burdock Blood Bitters. Some from merchants who want to buy it, some from people who want to know about it, and more from people who do know about it because they have tried it and been cured. One of them was from Mr. J. Gillan, B.A., 39 Gould Street, Toronto. Read how he writes: "GENTLEMEN,—During the winter of 1892 my blood became impure on account of the hearty food I ate in the cold weather. Ambition, energy and success forsook me, and all my efforts were in vain. My skin became yellow, my bowels became inactive, my liver was lumpy and hard, my eyes became inflamed, my appetite was gone, and the days and nights passed in unhappiness and restlessness. For some months I tried doctors' and patent medicines of every description, but received no benefit. Being advised by a friend to try B.B.B., I am glad to have the opportunity of testifying to the marvellous result. After using three bottles I felt much better, and when the fifth bottle was finished I enjoyed health in the greatest degree, and have done so from that day up to date. Therefore I have much pleasure in recommending B.B.B. to all poor suffering humanity who suffer from impure blood, which is the beginning and seat of all diseases. J. GILLAN, B.A., 39 Gould St., Toronto.

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.

Relieves Your Cough in Ten Minutes.



HAYMAN'S BALM OF HOREHOUND. For Influenza Coughs, Colds, Etc. "Never known to fail to give relief." Mr. Eli Bonser, Fern Cottage, Lambourne. "Finds it invaluable for bad coughs and colds." Mrs. Bacon, London Road, Slensford. STOPS COULD. CURES COUGH. Sold Everywhere. Price 50c. and 10c. Sole Wholesale Agents for Canada, EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto.

BICYCLES

Consumption and lung troubles are the cause of fully one-third of the mortality in America. Prevention is better than cure. If you catch a cold, take at once some of Hawker's Balm of Tolu and Wild Cherry. It is a sure cough cure. The slight or small food sometimes sickness you get is because your bile is out. Hawker's liver pills cure biliousness and all bilious ills. Not what we say, but what the people say, that Hawker's catarrh cure, cures.

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

Scott & Bowen, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00.

VIGOR OF MEN



Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

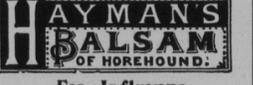
OUR MAIL.

Our mail brings us every day dozens of letters about Burdock Blood Bitters. Some from merchants who want to buy it, some from people who want to know about it, and more from people who do know about it because they have tried it and been cured. One of them was from Mr. J. Gillan, B.A., 39 Gould Street, Toronto. Read how he writes: "GENTLEMEN,—During the winter of 1892 my blood became impure on account of the hearty food I ate in the cold weather. Ambition, energy and success forsook me, and all my efforts were in vain. My skin became yellow, my bowels became inactive, my liver was lumpy and hard, my eyes became inflamed, my appetite was gone, and the days and nights passed in unhappiness and restlessness. For some months I tried doctors' and patent medicines of every description, but received no benefit. Being advised by a friend to try B.B.B., I am glad to have the opportunity of testifying to the marvellous result. After using three bottles I felt much better, and when the fifth bottle was finished I enjoyed health in the greatest degree, and have done so from that day up to date. Therefore I have much pleasure in recommending B.B.B. to all poor suffering humanity who suffer from impure blood, which is the beginning and seat of all diseases. J. GILLAN, B.A., 39 Gould St., Toronto.

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.

Relieves Your Cough in Ten Minutes.



HAYMAN'S BALM OF HOREHOUND. For Influenza Coughs, Colds, Etc. "Never known to fail to give relief." Mr. Eli Bonser, Fern Cottage, Lambourne. "Finds it invaluable for bad coughs and colds." Mrs. Bacon, London Road, Slensford. STOPS COULD. CURES COUGH. Sold Everywhere. Price 50c. and 10c. Sole Wholesale Agents for Canada, EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto.

BICYCLES

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HAVING AN ARRIVAL

A College Bachelorette of Revery a Quarter of a Century Ago.

If all the Armenians had something of the spirit possessed by a young man who came to the United States from that country more than a score of years ago, they would give the Turks some lively tussles. His name was Avedis P. Mardrosian. He strayed to Constantinople, and there heard of the New World. He found the Captain of a sailing vessel that was coming to New York, and the Captain agreed to bring him to this port for a specified sum. Mardrosian boarded himself during the passage. The young man from the East went on shipboard with a big bag of crackers over his shoulder, a silver coin worth 25 cents in his pocket, and in his heart an abiding hope that if winds favored him crackers held out he would learn something about the civilization of the Western world. He could speak one English word, "bread" and by that term he called his crackers.

How Mardrosian passed the critical period immediately following his arrival in New York with a capital of 25 cents he never told, but he at length found he knew something about a certain branch of weaving which he could utilize, and in that way he earned a little money. He fell in with some missionary workers, who gave him the first kind word he had received since he landed. They helped him in his industrious picking up of English words, and he liked them and their teachings so much that he adopted their religion. He learned to read their Bible, and he read it literally, striving to take on that humility of spirit and gentleness of manner which the book commends. In his personal appearance he was one of the most ferocious of men, hatchet-faced, with prominent teeth, coal-black eyes, hair that would not be combed, and heavy black mustache that mounted an angle under his nose, and whose ends pointed toward his broad shoulders. Probably no other conscientious, gentle, mild-mannered person ever looked so ferocious as Mardrosian did.

He got along well with his English, his civilization, and his Christianity, and at length decided that he would get a liberal education, study theology, and go back to his native province as a Christian missionary. Friends helped him to take a course of study preparatory to entering Hamilton college. He was admitted as a freshman without conditions. The sophomores took an unusual interest in the fierce looking freshman till they found out that "The Turk" as they called him, was apparently of the gentlest and quietest disposition, and that he had only one object—conscientiously to fit himself for the work he had in view. Everybody in the college had the most kindly feeling toward him.

One evening, before the close of the year, a party of some twenty-five sophomores came up the hill at a rather late hour. They had been discussing the relative strength of the lower classes, and a strong class feeling was awakened. Somebody suggested that they drop around and pay "The Turk" a midnight visit. Another said that it was hardly fit for anything to disturb Mardrosian, the hard-working, handicapped student, and it was agreed that he should not be severely hazed, but that they should wake him up, have him sing them a song and make a speech in his native tongue, and wind up his entertainment with an Oriental jig or breakdown on his centre table, after which they would bid him go to sleep and gain strength to tackle his next day's lessons in civilization, in and out of the curriculum.

Mardrosian's room was in the fourth story of one of the college dormitories. He roomed alone. The sophomores clambered noisily up the three flights of stairs. Two or three were more eager than the rest. The one who arrived at Mardrosian's room first burst open the door with his heel and the window yelled: "Wake up, Turk!" He woke up; there is no conflict of testimony on the point. It was some time before the main body of the visiting sophomores, who were ascending the last flight of stairs when "The Turk" awoke, were in the room. The sophomores clattered noisily up the three flights of stairs. Two or three were more eager than the rest. The one who arrived at Mardrosian's room first burst open the door with his heel and the window yelled: "Wake up, Turk!" He woke up; there is no conflict of testimony on the point. It was some time before the main body of the visiting sophomores, who were ascending the last flight of stairs when "The Turk" awoke, were in the room. 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things taken away." The suggestion was adopted. "Papa says he is afraid there is a touch of east in the air, so he will read the paper you brought, Dick, where he is. I believe the dear likes forty winks after luncheon or dinner, but will never acknowledge it. What were you talking so eagerly about, Alise, as I came up?"

"A most delightful idea, Kate. Dick is going to take us to the theatre to see Hancock's play, and we are to dine with him. Won't that be lovely?" "What! all of us?" cried Kate, her eyes lighting up joyously. "Yes, I hope to get a box at the Adelphi next week. I'll let you know. Then you must come in good time and adorn my rooms, honoring them at the same time; and we'll be all very jolly together."

"Of course you shall! You are too delightful, Dick." "I'm very glad you recognise my value. Hitherto you have been somewhat blind to my many pretensions. This is rather a nice bit of garden, you will find. One can almost forget we are in a suburb." "Yes, it is pleasant now; but it was tearfully dreary when first we came. When all the houses are built at the other side, and the place made trim it will be better; but heaven knows where she shall be then," she sighed.

"Exactly! Prince Charming may have come and whisked you away to Fairyland!" "I fear we have ceased to believe in princes or fairylands," said Alise. "The last two years have been 'eye-openers,' as the Americans say."

"Mr. Winckles will be my Prince Charming," murmured Kate, thoughtfully. "What is the new work, Kate?" asked Travers presently, after some miscellaneous talk. Whereupon she began at the beginning, and described both her interviews with Winckles, greatly to the amusement of her brother.

"Copy legal papers, Kate!" he exclaimed. "I am afraid you will never manage that, my sweet cousin."

"Oh, yes, I shall," she returned, with a little decided nod of the head. "I am determined to acquire a good legal hand. You will not make enough to buy your shoe-strings! Don't cramp your pretty hand trying it!"

"Oh, yes, I shall! I mean to become a proficient! Here is Papa! I will go in presently, and then, if you follow, I will show you my work. I do not want him to see all the trouble I have taken and the small result of it."

When Travers followed her a few minutes after, he found she had spread out various sheets of paper, all covered with writing, on a table at the end of the room. "Why, Kate, you have been industrious!"

"These are by no means all I have done. I have torn up a great many. I have made about five copies of this page every day since Mr. Winckles gave it to me! I have kept the first and second, then a few specimens, and there—there is the last. Isn't it an improvement? I wrote it this morning before I went to church."

"This is a most unexpected development, Kate!" said Travers, drawing a chair to the table, and looking carefully over the papers. "I did not expect such energy and perseverance from you. You have made immense progress. How long have you been at work?"

"I began last Thursday morning. No, you thought last Thursday morning. So I had darned linen and everything else better than I do. But I like knitting. Then while my fingers are at work my thoughts may wander in any direction."

"You should always think of what you are doing," said Miss Winckles sententially. "Do you always think of your stitches?" asked Kate, in a tone of wondering curiosity. "You were knitting something the last time I came. I wished so much to ask about the pattern, but I was afraid you might think it a liberty. But perhaps," in an insinuating way, "you will show it to me one day, if I am a good girl; and her sweet, smiling eyes seemed to hold Miss Winckles' cold, steady optics."

"If it is of any use to you, I should be happy to teach you one or two of my patterns. Young people ought to be industrious." "Yes, indeed, Miss Winckles, and then it is miserably dull to be idle." "I am glad you think so—I am generally pretty free of a Tuesday afternoon," said Miss Winckles, a little ashamed of yielding to the advances of a girl she was determined to distrust, but feeling Kate's attractive personality, "and if you care to come in about halfpast four I might give you a few hints."

"Thank you ever so much, I shall come gladly." Here the entrance of Mr. Winckles interrupted her. He held a paper folded lengthways, in a long envelope, into which he proceeded to put, and Kate's specimens of her calligraphy. "There," he said, listening intently, "I trust you will soon acquire facility. It is an unusual occupation for a young woman, but perseverance can conquer many difficulties."

"Well, I'll come and look for you in an hour's time and just walk indoors," he called after her. "It is no weather to stay outside."

Kate was a little late this time, so she found Mr. Winckles seated in his reading chair with a thick volume, and his sister busy with some delicate darning of a tablecloth.

"It is a bad evening," said the little man, rining, with something like a smile on his small grim face. "It is not raining quite so heavily now," returned Kate, "but," addressing Miss Winckles, "I thought it better to leave my cloak in the hall; it is too wet to bring in here."

"That was well thought of," returned the lady of the house. "And now let me see how you have got on," said Mr. Winckles. "With a beating heart Kate unrolled her parcel and flattened it to the best of her ability."

"I hope it is not a very bad attempt! I have tried hard." She looked imploringly at him, while the soft colour rose in her cheek as she hung upon the words. "Ahem! This is not so bad," said Mr. Winckles, after some agonising minutes, which seemed an hour of suspense to Kate. "Yes, you must have taken pains. That's right. 'Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.'"

"How nice and kind you are!" cried Kate, resisting an inclination to take his hand and squeeze it, fearing that the cast-iron sister might disapprove, which she certainly would; indeed, the warm tone of gratitude with which she spoke was slightly offensive to Miss Winckles, as smacking of too much equality between the protégée and her benefactor. Between employer and employed.

Hearing it, she took one or two unequal stitches, but a dim sort of smile flickered in her brother's eyes as he replied, shortly, "Diligence deserves recognition! I have a short deed by my own property, or of course I should not experiment upon it. I shall let you copy it, but if I consider the writing at all defective I shall not pay for it, and I shall require you to copy it again."

"I am quite willing to do it over and over again," said Kate enthusiastically. "I would not expect pay for indifferent work, and you think I can manage to write like a clerk by and by?"

"Well, yes. When there's a will there's a way. I will give you a fortnight to copy the document, for you will want more practice before you begin it. Then there are various phrases frequently repeated, which may mislead you and cause error."

"Yes, it is awfully puzzling," returned Kate, "but I take great care and always stick a pin in the word I have last copied. I was always losing my place, before I thought of that."

"I should think pin-holes would look rather curious and unbecoming in a legal document," said Miss Winckles, solemnly, and much scandalized. "You would not see them. I always rub a paper quite over them, and you can't see them," cried Kate, radiantly.

"I'll fetch the document of which I spoke," said Mr. Winckles, and he left the room. Silence reigned for a minute or two. Then Kate could hold her tongue no longer. She rose and took a seat near Miss Winckles. "How beautifully you darn," she said. "I can only darn stockings, and that not particularly well. My sister can darn linen and everything else better than I do. But I like knitting. Then while my fingers are at work my thoughts may wander in any direction."

"You should always think of what you are doing," said Miss Winckles sententially. "Do you always think of your stitches?" asked Kate, in a tone of wondering curiosity. "You were knitting something the last time I came. I wished so much to ask about the pattern, but I was afraid you might think it a liberty. But perhaps," in an insinuating way, "you will show it to me one day, if I am a good girl; and her sweet, smiling eyes seemed to hold Miss Winckles' cold, steady optics."

"If it is of any use to you, I should be happy to teach you one or two of my patterns. Young people ought to be industrious." "Yes, indeed, Miss Winckles, and then it is miserably dull to be idle." "I am glad you think so—I am generally pretty free of a Tuesday afternoon," said Miss Winckles, a little ashamed of yielding to the advances of a girl she was determined to distrust, but feeling Kate's attractive personality, "and if you care to come in about halfpast four I might give you a few hints."

"Thank you ever so much, I shall come gladly." Here the entrance of Mr. Winckles interrupted her. He held a paper folded lengthways, in a long envelope, into which he proceeded to put, and Kate's specimens of her calligraphy. "There," he said, listening intently, "I trust you will soon acquire facility. It is an unusual occupation for a young woman, but perseverance can conquer many difficulties."

"Then I shall not fail for want of trying! And oh, Mr. Winckles, your sister as kind as yourself. She says I may come to see her, and she will teach me some new patterns in knitting. Is it not delightful?" "I trust it may prove so!" returned Winckles. Here the front door bell rang somewhat loudly.

"Ah, I am sure that is papa!" cried Kate. "I will put on my cloak at once so as not to keep him." She took the papers from Mr. Winckles. "I hope to make a great improvement before I come again. On Tuesday, about half-past four, dear Miss Winckles, and many thanks for your permission."

"She was gone, there was a murmur of voices outside, a pleasant laugh, and the front door was closed with some noise, and a silence which might be felt settled down on the brother and sister, while the ticking of the clock made itself heard. At length Mr. Winckles spoke with his tongue. "I am pleased, Bess," he said, "that you gave that young person permission to come and see you. You may be of service to her, and she seems to be industrious and deserving."

"Yes, Sam, but does it strike you that her manners are rather free, a little wanting in respect to persons of our age and your subordinate, considering her father is your subordinate?" "No, she is not wanting in respect, but these people are gentry and accustomed to the society of their equals. Their father would be a very capable man if he had a grain of common sense; as it is he is perfectly honest, though scarcely trustworthy, are there many young women like her, Bess? I am no judge."

"I cannot say exactly. I am disposed to believe her earnest and industrious, only for her manner, and I do not quite like that." Mr. Winckles cleared his throat with a loud "hem," but no words followed, and he took up his heavy volume and read till bedtime. It was a delightful triumph to Kate to be able to tell Cousin Dick of having opened the page of Miss Winckles with decided success, and she reported the conversation, mimicking the voice and manner of both brother and sister to the great amusement of her father.

"That's just him!" he exclaimed when she reproduced Winckles' little peculiarities. "Faith, you'd think it was himself speaking." "Don't think that I am nasty and ungrateful," said Kate. "Mr. Winckles is a dear good soul to me, and I am going to love him dearly."

"Verily he hath his reward," exclaimed Dick. "Let us drink his health and more power to him, Mr. Carey."

They were all at dinner in Travers' room previous to the visit to the theatre, which for a wonder fulfilled over Kate's brightest anticipations and proved a storehouse of happy recollection through many a month of chequered experience. So Carey and his girls settled down to their new life, which was by no means all unclouded, but it was bright spots, however, most of them due to Dick Travers, but some to Samuel Winckles, in whose good graces Kate steadily progressed. (To be continued.)

**W. K. MOLLISON.**

Of Mollison Bros, St. John.

VICTIM OF GOLD IN THE HEAD, THROAT AND CHEST.

Pillow saturated With Blood From Excessive Fits of a Racking Cough—At Once Relieved and Then Completely Cured.

W. K. Mollison, of the well known wholesale dry goods house of Mollison Bros. & Co., St. John, needs no introduction to the public.

What he says needs no embellishment. He tells of a remarkable cure and recommends a great remedy. Here are his words:—

"I began taking it a cold that settled in my head, throat and chest. It was accompanied by a severe, racking cough, so much so that one night I woke from a fitful sleep to find my pillow saturated with blood."

"Next day I got three bottles of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry. I began taking it and it gave me relief at once. After four days I found the cough had entirely disappeared. I continued taking the remedy and find that I am perfectly cured of the cold."

"I have no hesitation in most highly recommending Hawker's balsam to anyone suffering from cough or cold."

"Thousands bear the like testimony. Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry is sold by all druggists and dealers in 25 and 50 ct. bottles and is manufactured only by the Bottler Medicine Co. Ltd. St. John, N. B."

**A Serious Affair.**

Clara—"Oh, mother, we had such fun at the party! Young Smith proposed that he and I should go through a mock marriage ceremony—just in fun you know; and it was too funny for anything. Afterward, some of the older people who heard of it said we were really married; but we're not, are we?"

Doting Mother—"Of course not. Besides, young Smith couldn't support a wife if he had one."

"Oh, it wasn't that Smith. It was the other Smith, from Gold City, the one who owns a business mine, you know."

"Eh? That Smith? My dear, a marriage like that before witnesses is binding."

**DIED.**

- Somerville, Margaret J. Lowry, Yarmouth, Mar. 24, Wm. Trask, 44.
- Boston, Mar. 15, Rufus Gilmore, 68.
- Halifax, Mar. 27, Samuel Wells, 76.
- Halifax, Mar. 26, Thomas Hinch, 35.
- St. John, Mar. 26, Edward Quirk, 42.
- Halifax, Mar. 27, John B. Bowie, 23.
- Moncton, Mar. 25, James R. Gibson, 6.
- Halifax, Mar. 19, Wm. H. Geste, 77.
- St. John, Mar. 27, Samuel Wells, 76.
- Gaspereau, Mar. 22, Joseph Eagles, 74.
- Lunenburg, Mar. 17, George Ritchey, 90.
- Arlington, Mar. 20, John W. Loyal, 96.
- Halifax, Mar. 27, William B. Phalen, 20.
- Arlington, Mar. 20, Mrs. John McDonald, 80.
- Kentville, Mar. 24, Mrs. Wm. Martin, 66.
- Lower Onslow, Mar. 24, Samuel Hamilton, 78.
- Bouvarderie, Mar. 24, Hugh McKinnon, 78.
- Upper Brighton, N. B., Eugene A. Day, 31.
- Windsor, Mar. 18, Miss Mary Campbell, 80.
- Victoria, P. E. I., Mar. 4, Wilson Wilkie, 3.
- Albertville, Mar. 27, Mrs. Siles Martin, 66.
- Woodstock, Mar. 19, Matthew McCaffrey, 76.
- Lunenburg, Mar. 16, Mrs. Henry Shankle, 63.
- Shubenacadie, Mar. 26, Spencer Sutherland, 64.
- Halifax, Mar. 26, Arthur, son of John Williams, 24.
- Kentville, Mar. 24, Mrs. Wm. Martin, 66.
- Halifax, Mar. 26, Thomas McMill Barnaby, 80.
- Halifax, Mar. 26, Teresa, wife of W. E. Moran, 84.
- Northside, Bouvarderie, Mar. 19, Bella Campbell, 84.

**QUEBEC LARGE OF ONE OPINION**

M. E. Bernier, M. F. S. Hymelsthe, and F. Bochar, M. P. I. Iverville, Que., Solid for the Measure.

There are other questions besides that of remedial legislation, in which the people of Quebec and those of the entire Dominion are intensely interested. It is a matter of individual concern, when one is a sufferer from catarrh. This was the case with M. E. Bernier and F. Bochar, two well-known members of the House of Commons from Quebec. With many other members of Parliament at that Province, they had used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and today have given their signatures to the statement, telling of its beneficial effects to any who suffer from this disease. They know all about it, for they have tried it themselves, and whatever view they entertain of other matters, on this they are solidly of one opinion. Sample bottle and Blower given gratis on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

**BORN.**

- Truro, March 23, to the wife of W. Kelly, a son.
- Truro, March 23, to the wife of Wesley Smith, a son.
- Pembroke, March 23, to the wife of G. L. Allen, a son.
- Marcton, March 15, to the wife of Arthur Swell, a son.
- Lakeville, March 24, to the wife of Henry Gould, a son.
- Whiteburn, N. S., to the wife of Hugh McGuire, a son.
- Richibucto, Mar. 15, to the wife of Peter Babine, a son.
- Sackville, March 23, to the wife of Frank Palmer, a son.
- Parroboro, March 21, to the wife of Mr. Adams, a son.
- Richibucto, March 17, to the wife of Fred Davids, a son.
- Canaan, March 21, to the wife of Ezra Fallerton, a daughter.
- Halifax, March 21, to the wife of R. Crove, a daughter.
- Saxex, March 5, to the wife of Rev. James Gray, a daughter.
- Halifax, March 24, to the wife of J. A. Johnston, a daughter.
- Marcton, March 17, to the wife of Henry Trenholm a daughter.
- Edm. Falls, March 11, to the wife of A. W. Black, a son.
- Newton Mills, March 19, to the wife of George L. Johnson, a son.
- St. John's, March 29, to the wife of John Cashman, a son.
- Grand Pre, March 20, to the wife of Lewis Hard, a son.
- Parroboro, March 19, to the wife of Clarence Ripley a son and girl.
- Wolville, March 26, to the wife of Henry Ernest a daughter.
- Eldon, P. E. I., March 13, to the wife of K. R. Morrison, a daughter.
- Milton Cross, P. E. I., to the wife of Wm. Wolff, a daughter.
- Middle Stewick, March 19, to the wife of Benjamin Rutherford, a daughter.
- St. Elizabeth, P. E. I., March 2, to the wife of Stanley G. Compton, a daughter.

**MARRIED.**

- Belleisle, March 18 by Rev. J. B. Giles, Thomas L. Hall to Edith Geeser.
- Saltary, March 25 by Rev. R. S. Crist, Asael Nichol to Maggie Lewis.
- Halifax, March 24, by Rev. C. A. Borden, J. A. Hamilton to Lizzie Nauffus.
- Brookville, March 24, Ernest Forbes to Abbie Smith of Shelburne, N. S.
- Parroboro, March 9, by Rev. J. Sharp, George Wilton to Mary Grant.
- Kentville, March 19, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Robert E. McAloney to Bessie Ely.
- Saxex, March 25, by Rev. James Gray, Frederick St. John, March 25, by Rev. H. W. Stewart, Wm. Flecken to Louisa Anderson.
- Stewick, March 25, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Robert J. Lohr to Laura E. Fisher.
- Johns River, March 4, by Rev. John A. Clark, George B. Irvine to Eliza A. Oulton.
- Truro, March 19, by Rev. James McLean, John McCabe to Florence Urquhart.
- Belleisle, March 19, by Rev. J. B. Giles, John E. Saumon to Mrs. Fannie Walsh.
- Fredericton, March 19, by Rev. William McDonald, George Briggs to Jennie Grant.
- Dalhousie, March 25, by Rev. George Fisher, Harry Johnson to Mary Jamison.
- Sackville, March 17, by Rev. Vincent, Hance Albert Cole to Georgina A. Wry.
- Lunenburg, March 17, by Rev. Jas. L. Batty, Eliza Cole to Mrs. O. O. Ozer.
- Milford, March 24, by Rev. E. Dickie, R. R. Stevenson to Jessie Woodworth.
- Laurocton, March 25, by Rev. J. E. Warner, John Wadick to Annie D. Roberts.
- Chatham, March 22, by Rev. J. Van Wyck, William B. Snowball to Bertha H. Harris.
- Yarmouth, March 20, by Rev. E. B. Moore, Geo. H. Crane to Clara L. Burto.
- Dunsmuir, March 9, by Edwin R. Gardner, Moses E. Long to Lizzie Dudley.
- Lockport, March 14, by Rev. Addison F. Browne, Henry Samuels to Eliza C. Roberts.
- St. Stephens, March 18, by Rev. W. C. Goucher, Fred Smith to Eliza Kingston.
- Fewick, N. March 24, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Ritchey Nelson to Winnie Roberts.
- Northampton, March 18, by Rev. J. Sharp, Wm. George Jardine to Ella a Month.
- Acadia Mines, March 18, by Rev. J. A. McKensie, Arthur Taitrie to Fannie Braughton.
- Upper Economy, March 18, by Rev. C. P. Wilson, Samuel W. Hill to Louisa M. Roberts.
- Kentville, March 19, by Rev. S. R. Ackman, Wm. A. Newcombe to Theresa Wamboldt.
- Gaspereau, March 17, by Rev. D. Sutherland, John E. McCormack to Mary Jane Campbell.
- David O. Forbes to Lillian E. Roberts.
- West Dublin, March 14, by Rev. Henry Crawford, George Henry Morash to Julia E. Baahan.
- Woodville, March 18, by Rev. J. W. Glendenning, James B. White to Mrs. Amy Stone.
- North Sydney, March 24, by Rev. Dr. Murray, Angus Macdonald to Mrs. E. B. McD.
- Chipman, N. B., March 19, by Rev. D. McD. Clarke, St. Clair Fraser to Diodora E. Chase.

**BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.**

**RISE SUN STOVE POLISH**

DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn bright. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when mistaken will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS

**NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the partnership heretofore existing between Ward C. Pittfield and Samuel Hayward, doing business as the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, under the name and style of W. C. Pittfield & Co., has this day been dissolved by the closing of the time limited for its existence. Saint John, N. B., Jan. 2nd A. D. 1896. WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

**NOTICE OF GO-PARTNERSHIP.**

The undersigned, desirous of forming a limited partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, HEREBY CERTIFY:—

- (1) That the name of firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pittfield & Co.
- (2) That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of such articles as are usually bought and sold by dealers in dry goods, cloths, &c.
- (3) That the names of all the General and Special partners intended to be admitted and sworn, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the third day of January, A. D. 1896.

Dated this second day of January, A. D. 1896. Signed, WARD C. PITFIELD, S. HAYWARD.

**PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, SS.**

BE IT REMEMBERED that on this second day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety six, before me, James A. Bayles, a Notary Public in and for the Province of New Brunswick, by Royal Warrant bearing date the 24th day of January, 1896, and lawfully appointed, admitted and sworn, residing and practicing as the City of Saint John, in the said Province, personally appeared as the said City of Saint John, Ward C. Pittfield and Samuel Hayward, the co-partners named in the foregoing and signed Certificate of Co-partnership, and severally acknowledged that they signed, executed and delivered the said Certificate of Co-partnership and their respective act and deed and to and for the uses and purposes therein expressed and contained.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF I the said Notary Public have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the second day of January, A. D. 1896. J. A. BELLEA, Notary Public.

Boston, Mar. 24, Ada C. wife of William D. Clarke, son of James D. Clarke.- Donalston, Mar. 10, John Henry, son of James Bass.
- St. John, Mar. 26, Jane, widow of Dr. Henry Cook, 87.
- Pictou, Mar. 10, Maggie W. wife of Rev. Robert G. Quinn.
- New York, Mar. 18, Augusta, wife of Capt. J. E. Scott, 48.
- Sandy Cove, Mar. 6, Emma, wife of Benjamin Young, 42.
- South River, Antigonish, Mar. 8, Donald McDonald, 65.
- Pouquetville, Mar. 27, Laura M. daughter of George MacLean, 18.
- Port Mouton, N. S., Mar. 7, Malissa, wife of Peter Latham, 42.
- Chicago, Mar. 25, John Quinn, son of John Quinn, 21.
- St. John, Mar. 17, Matilda, wife of Preston Wheeler, 24.
- Aylesford, Mar. 21, Hattie E. daughter, of John N. Coleman, 18.
- New Glasgow, Mar. 19, Malcolm, son of Alexander MacLean, 18.
- St. John, Mar. 26, Alice daughter, of David and Sarah Ellison, 3.
- St. John, Mar. 28, John Alston, eldest son of John B. Alston.
- Napan, Mar. 21, Ernie, child of the late Wm. and Mrs. McKnight, 2.
- Harbourville, Mar. 18, Annie, daughter of Capt. Peter Conner, 25.
- Black Brook, Mar. 19, Edward M. child of Frances and Mary Flaherty, 5.
- West River, Antigonish, Mar. 17, Hugh, son of the late John Smith, 17.
- Malden, Mar. 24, Ella M., wife of Edward N. Sawyer of N. S. 23.
- St. John, Mar. 26, Amelia E. Bailey, daughter of the late John Smith, 11.
- Margdale Antigonish, Mar. 10, Catherine, widow of Alexander Chisholm, 10.
- Maitland, Mar. 18, Henry, only daughter of Angus and Mary McDonald, 65.
- Bristol, Mar. 11, Edith L. only daughter of the late John Smith, 17.
- Philadelphie, Mar. 8, Capt. Ambrose D. Kelley formerly of Yarmouth, 69.
- Little Bras d'Or, Mar. 10, Amos, K. son of Amos and Bertha Knox, 18 months.
- Halifax, Mar. 26, Winnie, daughter of the late Arthur and Lucy Wrayton, 12.
- White Rock, N. S., Mar. 19, Lena, L. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Chase, 11.
- Halifax, Mar. 26, Mabel M. youngest child of Joseph and Mary Alexander, 2.
- Milton, P. E. I., Alfred Arthur, daughter son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McPherson, 7.
- Wolville, Mar. 26, Irene Elizabeth, youngest of J. F. and Margaret Armstrong, 4.
- Chebecoche Road, N. S., Mar. 22, Catherine, daughter of Daniel and Rebecca Fisher, 2.
- Halifax, Mar. 20, Jane Dorothy Shitree, widow of Thomas Vondy, of Chatham N. B., 72.

**What is**

**"Orinoco?"**

Ask your Tobacconist

and

Try it.

**Intercolonial Railway.**

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September 1896, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:

**TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN**

Express for Campbellton, Fergusham, Fictou and Halifax..... 7.00  
Express for Halifax and Moncton..... 11.30  
Express for Quebec..... 12.00  
Express for Sussex..... 12.40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec (and Montreal) take through sleeping car at Moncton at 12.0 o'clock.

**TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:**

Express from Sussex..... 6.00  
Express for Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30  
Express from Moncton (daily)..... 10.30  
Express from Halifax, Fictou and Fergusham..... 12.00  
Accommodation from Moncton and Campbellton..... 12.40

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are hauled by steam from the locomotives and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lévis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGER, General Manager.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY**

**PASSENGER TRAIN SERVICE**

From St. John, N. B. IN EFFECT JAN. 1896.

Leave (Eastern time) at

6.30 A. Yanket-week days—for Fredericton, Woodstock and North Vancouver, Bangor, Toronto, Boston, &c.

8.30 A. Accommodation-week days—for Fredericton, Bangor, Portland, Boston, &c.

4.00 P. Pacific Express-week days—for Sherbrooke, Montreal and all points West. Woodstock, St. Stephen, Canadian Pacific Shipper, St. John, Montreal, Dining Car to Riverview, Jc. Pullman Sleeper to Boston.

4.40 P. Express-week days—for Fredericton and all intermediate points.

7.40 P. Night accommodation, week days, for Woodstock, McAdam Jc., Megantic Jc., and for Woodstock, except Saturday.

For tickets and other information enquire at offices Chubb's Corner and at the station.

D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, Gen'l Pass'g Agt., Montreal. St. John, N. B.

**Dominion Atlantic Ry.**

THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND BOSTON.

Trains run on Eastern Standard Time. On and after Monday, March 24, trains will run (Sundays excepted) as follows:

**STEAMSHIP PRINCE URBAIN.** Daily Service.

Leave St. John 8.30 a. m.; arrive Digby 11.15 a. m.; Digby 1.03 p. m.; arr. St. John 3.45 p. m. DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS.

Leave Yarmouth 9.30 a. m.; Digby 12.30 p. m. arrive Halifax 7.00 p. m.

Leave Halifax 6.8 a. m.; arrive Digby 12.45 p. m.; Yarmouth 3.15 p. m.; arrive Halifax 8.30 a. m.

Leave Halifax 3.15 p. m.; arrive Kennebunk 6.20 p. m.

Buffet parlor cars run daily except way between Halifax and Yarmouth.

**ACCOMMODATION TRAINS.**

Leave Annapolis at 5.30 a. m.; arrive Halifax 8.30 p. m.

Leave Halifax 6.00 a. m.; arrive Annapolis 8.30 p. m.

Leave Yarmouth Mon., Wed. and Fri., 12.18 p. m.; arrive Annapolis 8.10 p. m.

Leave Annapolis Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 6.45 a. m.; arrive Yarm