

WHEN THEY ARE FIERCE.

SIXES WHEN THE LION WILL ATTACK A MAN.

One is His Approach Toward a Female Lion With Cub—The Other When the Lion is Half-Famished and Fierce With Hunger—An Old Hunter's View.

'As a rule the mountain lion is a shy beast, which retreats from the presence of man and rarely will attack him even when wounded,' said A. H. Davis, formerly a prospector and hunter on the Pacific slope. 'I have brought one down from a tree with a bullet, and on striking the ground instead of showing fight the creature tried to crawl away to escape. Owing to the suddenness of its senses the mountain lion is usually forewarned of the approach of man in time to take itself out of the way unseen; and when confronted with humanity in the wilds it often displays a singular confidence and gentleness. But there are two conditions which completely change the mountain lion's ordinary disposition toward man and render this animal his inveterate and dangerous foe. The one is the approach of man toward a female lion with cubs; the other is when the lion is half-famished and fierce with hunger. At such times the lion's fears and tolerance of mankind alike vanish, and it does not hesitate to attack him, even when the odds seem greatly against its success. Then its infinite ferocity, strength and agility, backed by its terrible equipment of teeth and claws, make it a truly formidable enemy.

'In twenty years' hunting and prospecting along the Sierra Nevada and Cascade Ranges, I have personally known of three instances in which the mountain lion attacked man without provocation, and in each of these instances it appeared to have done so because of hunger. The first was many years ago in Oregon. Two men were driving a herd of hogs from the interior toward the coast when, while passing through a wild canon, a huge mountain lion sprang from a tree upon the shoulders of the foremost man and tried to tear his throat. It being cold weather the man had an overcoat of California overalls stuff, as strong almost as canvas, with the wide collar turned up about his ears, and this saved his neck from the lion's teeth. The other man had no firearms, but he ran to his companion's aid with the long blacksnake whip used in herding. A blow from the long lash of such a whip in the hands of a man who can use it cuts through hair and skin like a knife, and with his blacksnake he whipped the lion till it dropped from the man's shoulder and retreated. The drovers took their herd along to the next town, when they told their story, and a party of hunters went out, next day, and found and killed the lion, which measured ten feet from nose to tail. This is a foot longer than any mountain lion I have ever seen, but the statement as to its length was made to me on excellent authority, and I do not doubt its truth.

'The worst instance I knew of a mountain lion's attacking a man resulted in a tragedy. A party of five of us were in the Sierra Nevada in November hunting. The peaks were already white with snow, and every snowfall drove the deer further down into the valleys, which were our hunting grounds. Deer were scarce that year, and for that reason, all the carnivorous animals that prey on them were unusually bold and hungry, and the ranchmen already were complaining of losses of stock through bears and wolves. There came a morning with a light snow, fallen the night before, just deep enough to track a deer in well, and three of us set out among the foothills in the morning. One of our three was a young fellow named Tillman, not long out of college. In the course of the day we got separated. About the middle of the afternoon my partner, Ferguson, and I came together, but Tillman did not turn up. Fearing he might have got lost we went in search of him. We came at last upon his tracks, and, following them up, we came, just at dusk, upon Tillman lying lifeless in the snow, his throat torn and his clothes partly stripped from his body. We at first thought it was the work of a bear, but the tracks in the snow showed it to have been a mountain lion which had leaped upon him from a thicket of Mountain cedar. The fact that Tillman's rifle had not been discharged showed that the lion had been the aggressor. After killing this young man and lapping his blood, the lion had dragged some brushwood over him and gone away. It was a startling sight to come suddenly on, and after we had laid poor Tillman's body out in decent shape, Ferguson and I stood looking at each other undecided what we'd better do next.

'It's five good miles to camp, and no trail. We never can carry him there to-night. Ferguson said at last. 'I'll stay here and watch the body, if you'll go to camp tonight and fetch the rest of the boys out first thing in the morning.

'So I gave Ferguson what grub was in

my havercack, and matches, and the axe, and started for camp, leaving him cutting wood for a fire. I got to camp all right before midnight, and told the boys what had happened, and, next morning, at earliest daylight, we were on the move for the scene of the tragedy. When we got there Ferguson was sitting by the fire with Tillman lying there stark and stiff on the ground with a handkerchief over his face. After we had talked a bit Ferguson pointed out to us an opening in the bushes twenty yards away.

'There's the murderer,' he said. It was a mountain lion lying dead with a bullet hole in its forehead. It was a big and terrible looking brute, gaunt and lean, as if it had been near starvation before the bullet knocked it over.

'I was looking for him to come,' said Ferguson. 'He came before midnight growing about the camp. The fire kept him back for a while, but he kept coming nearer, until at last I got a fair chance to aim by his eyes. One shot settled him. If it hadn't—'

'Well, it did not need be said what might have happened if the shot had merely wounded the lion, for the brute was fierce with hunger and already had tasted human blood. We made a bier from saplings and got poor Tillman's body to camp and then out of the mountains, and thus our hunting trip disastrously ended.

THE YARMOUTH ROUTE.

Between the "Hub" of the Universe and the Land of Evangeline. Those who are disposed to fasten the charge of non-progressiveness upon Nova Scotia enterprises might possibly discover, were they disposed to look about them, that the lack of progressiveness was in their standard of observation and not our native industries, says the bridgetown Monitor.

One of the most notable illustrations of the truth of the above is to be found in a brief glimpse at the history of the Yarmouth S. S. Company. This is a purely native enterprise; originated by provincial brains, promoted by provincial energy and financed by provincial capital. The history of this transportation line is but brief—only a decade—yet its rapid development, the remarkable foresight and energy displayed in its management and its great influence in stimulating every minor enterprise in Western Nova Scotia are without a parallel in the history of the province.

Less than a dozen years ago the steamer Dominion was amply sufficient for the freight and passenger business between Yarmouth and Boston. She was a screw boat, something over 400 tons, with an average speed of nine knots and stateroom accommodation for about 40 passengers. Suddenly it became rumored abroad that a scheme was afoot, with Hon. L. E. Baker as its ruling spirit, to place a new boat on the route. The wisecracks shook their heads and wondered that a level-headed man of Mr. Baker's calibre should promote and invest money in such a scheme.

As an instance for foresight it is indeed remarkable for the leap from the faithful old Dominion to the Yarmouth was a long and daring one that few men would have ventured to attempt. The Yarmouth was not created by the business, but the business was created by the Yarmouth, consequently the scheme was a bold one. Its success was quickly assured by the same indefatigable energy that originated it, and in a year or two those who had prophesied its speedy ruin were fain to adopt the tactics of the Spanish courtiers when Columbus demonstrated that an egg could be stood on end.

But the building of the Boston, four

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years later, again sets heads and tongues wagging; and, indeed, when a little provincial town of a few thousand inhabitants sent from her harbor the fastest single screw boat of her size in the world, elegantly fitted and furnished, with accommodation for 700 passengers, and of nearly 2,000 tons burden, to join with her sister ship the Yarmouth, of nearly the same speed and tonnage, in a business that four years previously had been easily handled by a nine-knot boat of 400 tons, there seemed ample reason for dismal forebodings as to what the end would be.

Regularly, safety, speed and comfort is the motto of the line, and results no far leave nothing to be desired. No other line has the same enviable record and no other line can boast of giving greater satisfaction. While other lines maintain but one weekly trip during the winter months, the Clyde-built lassie of the Yarmouth line maintains her two weekly trips in all kinds of weather.

But, great as were the changes in the transportation facilities, still greater were the changes produced in the business. Through the extensive advertising system of the Yarmouth S. S. Co., Nova Scotia became known as a land of promise, in the light of a summer resort, to our American cousins. The "Land of Evangeline" no longer existed as a hazy, mythical conception in the American mind, but was clothed with a breezy, beautiful reality, and events speedily proved that they were not slow in availing themselves of the magnificent facilities afforded for transportation to the new tourist resort.

Perhaps the day may not be far distant when a daily service will be established between Yarmouth and Boston, but be that as it may, no person with an atom of patriotic sentiment can fail to wish the Yarmouth S. S. company every success, or to admire the perseverance, foresight and energy of its originator and promoter, Hon. L. E. Baker.

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No other school is so interesting as a "real business" school; so few know it, though. Joseph, a student, signed a check. C. Wallace picked it up and waited till Joseph had a good account in the bank and then got it cashed. This all came out in the "audit." This work is as fascinating as play—it is play in business. Learn at home? SNELL, Truro, N. S.

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**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

In the nature of what may be called a special musical event is the presence in our city and the appearance in concert last Thursday evening of Signor Foli, Madame Vanderveer Green, and Signor Scarpa. Signor Foli is called the great English Bass but the fact is that he is an Irishman, and his name is Foley, the present version being a sort of Italian finish. Why he should be ashamed of his nationality is something I admit beyond my comprehension, because musically speaking it seems to me that Mr. Foley ought to be able to sing as well as Signor Foli. Of the merits of the concert and the performers there is unfortunately no opportunity for remark this week as the concert occurred too late for further notice.

Quite an enjoyable occasion was the entertainment in the lecture room of St. Andrew's church last Tuesday evening. The music was contributed by some of our best local talent, among which was the Orpheus club, Mr. W. J. Starr, Miss Drake and Mr. Manning. The work of all these is well known in this city where they have been so frequently heard and as frequently commended, and it would be but the merest repetition to say aught beyond the remark that they fully maintained their previous record. Speaking of the Orpheus quartette reminds me that I accidentally omitted mention of their work when dealing with the concert of Prof. Titus a short time ago. It is but just therefore to say that the enthusiasm their singing evoked on that occasion indicated the satisfaction of the audience.

Musical people generally will be pleased to know that Mrs. Fred Spencer arrives in the city today from New York where she has been diligently and industriously prosecuting her musical studies under Madame D'Arona, who takes rank as one of the best, if not indeed the very best voice trainers in that metropolis. Mrs. Spencer is home for a vacation and rest I believe, so may not be heard in public, although it may be hoped otherwise. It would not surprise me very much if, in case she should take part in some programme, she would astonish all admirers of her vocal powers.

Tones and Undertones.

Mlle Zilie deLussan has been engaged for the next season at the Metropolitan Opera house by Mr. Grau.

Miss Ida Tarbox, the soprano, sang at a complimentary concert given to Miss Lizzie Blair Olive, "a popular amateur vocalist and pianist" in Boston, last Monday evening.

Sonsa's Band played in the Tremont Temple, Boston, last Monday evening which occasion was the closing entertainment of the Star course. Mrs. Elizabeth Northrup was the soprano and Miss Martins Johnston, the violinist of the concert.

Madame Calve, appears in concert to-night in the old Music Hall, Boston. She is assisted by Barron Berthald, tenor, Signor Giuseppe Campanari, baritone, and the Boston Festival orchestra of sixty performers. Madame Calve sings the Bird song from "La Perle du Bresil" by David, and in the trio from the fifth act of "Faust" also in the fourth act of Ambroise Thomas' Hamlet, which is given in its entirety and in costume.

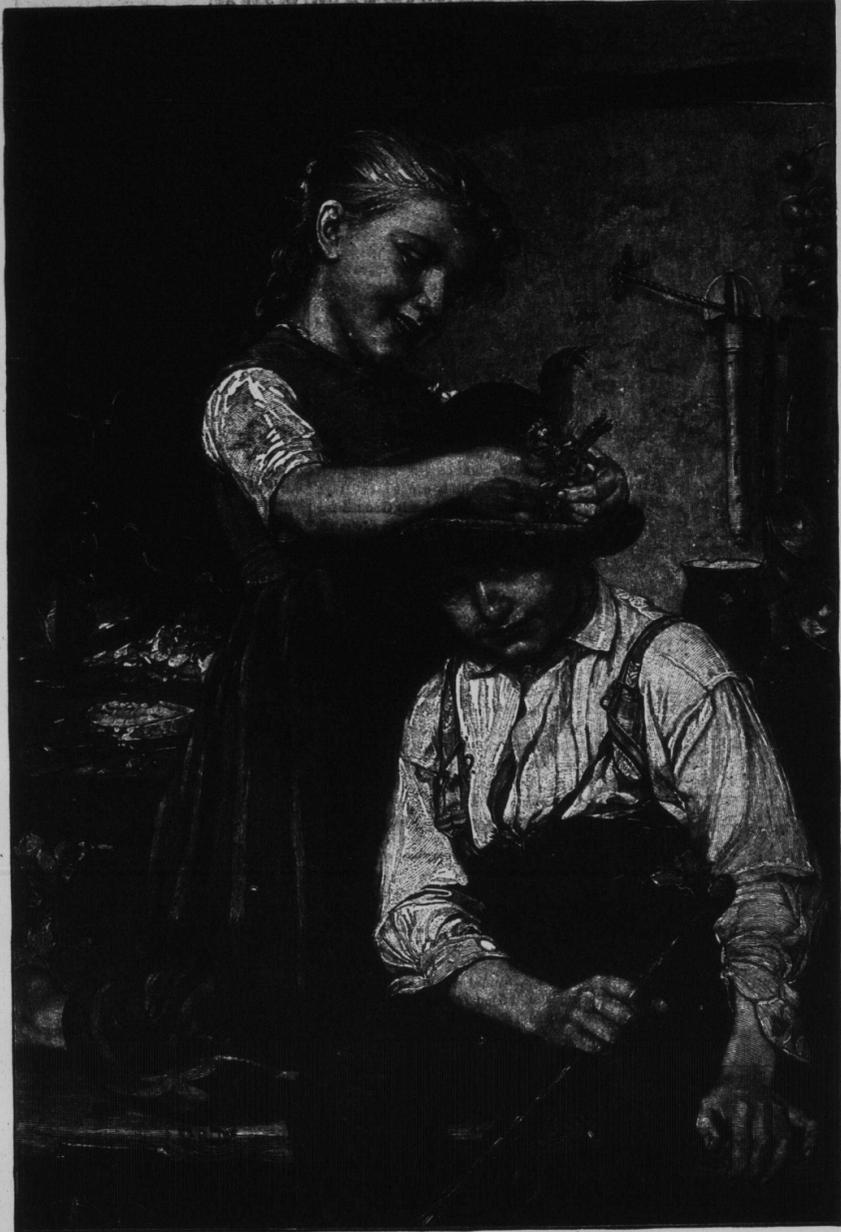
Myron W. Whitney and Mr. George J. Parker will be the soloists at the last Apollo club concert of the season in Music hall, Boston, to be given on Wednesday next.

An organization known as the Mendelssohn orchestral club of Boston, will do concert work next season in New England. The club will be under the leadership of Fredrick Mahn of the Boston Symphony orchestra.

A new offertory "Terra Tremuit" written by Signor Rotoli, was sung at St. James church, Harrison avenue, Boston, on Sunday last.

Not for ten years past has J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn" been given in Boston until the Sunday before last, when the composer wielded the baton, on the occasion of the Handel and Haydn's society closing concert of the season. Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" was also given with Miss Ella Russell as soprano soloist. The critics are disposed to consider Miss Russell's work altogether unsatisfactory, and are disposed to be rather silent about her merits. They do say however that the chorus work was not particularly good. Mr. Watkins Mills is commended for his efforts in the bass solo "Spes modo vivitur" in "Hors Novissima" an oratorio by H. W. Parker, which was also given on that occasion.

Funket Green gave a recital in Bennett



THE FAVOURED KNIGHT.

Hall, Boston, last week to a large and fashionable audience "discriminatingly appreciative and irrepressibly enthusiastic." It is said he "has a natural voice of superior quality, rich, strong, heroic, manly, and deliciously resonant." He is also credited with "several tricks of delivery which are jarring in the effect of his fine voice and excellent use of it."

"Au clair de la lune" the latest operatic work of Max Hirschfeld which was given its premier production at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, last week, consists of a prologue and two acts. The scheme of the opera suggests "Nanon" as it is based on an old French ditty, the favorite song of a Parisian actress. The work is described as being "woefully sad from beginning to end."

John W. Isham has now in hand an organization which he calls "The Octoroons" of which a young and very pretty octoroon named Mamie Flower and who possesses a very sweet, sympathetic voice, is the star. Among the other members of the company are the well known Hyer sisters, who were before the public as long ago as the time of the big Peace Jubilee concerts in the Coliseum, Boston. They are at the Howard Atheneum, this week.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The first half of this week a melodrama entitled "The Slaves of Gold," held the boards at the Opera House. The play had never been given in this city previously and though it afforded opportunity for and did present "thrilling situations," the houses were not noticeably large. The play itself is not without good features but in part is quite too talky and drags somewhat as a consequence. Mr. Arnold Reeves, who is the star of the piece gives much satisfaction by his work throughout and in his pantomime work, as it may be called, is very happy. There are several instances of artistic work during the piece as, for example, when Grace Hope (Miss Katherine Hunt) tries to recall her impressions received as a child, and in the commendable character work of

Mr. Edward Powers as Ben Burnley and of Mr. Robert Ransome as Colonel Clifford. Miss Katherine Carlisle, in the role of Julia Clifford, was very successful and consistent in the interpretation of her role. The other members of the company call for no special mention. The genial and popular "Gus Heckler" who made many friends here during his stay, is connected with the venture. "The Slaves of Gold" notices is booked at the Bowdoin Square theatre, Boston, for next Monday evening, for a week's stay.

Jose Mills and Company are booked to appear at the Opera house here, on the 10th inst.

James J. Corbett with his dramatic company, has been playing at the Boston theatre this week, presenting "A Naval Cadet." Among the members of his company is noticed the name Cecil Kington, who appeared here with Harkins' company in Mechanic's Institute, some few years ago.

Katherine Rober is still appearing in her repertoire of plays and this week is giving "Esmeralda" in Lothrop's New Grand theatre, Boston.

O'ga Netherole is like Ellen Terry probably in no other respect than that she played her first important part under the management of John Hare, as did Miss Terry.

Rose Coghlan has been engaged to play at the Avenue theatre, Pittsburg, Pa. for a short season of two weeks, beginning on the 10th inst. She will, with the support of the Stock company at that house, present "Peg Woffington" and "Forget me not."

"The Wife" is the play with which the Summer Dramatic company will begin their season at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, next Monday evening.

W. S. Hart who was leading man with Mlle Rhee, when last seen here, will star next season beginning on Aug. 9th at Lexington, Kentucky. In his repertoire will be two new plays by Paul Kester. Other pieces it is said will be "Lady of

Lyons," "The Corsican Brothers," "Romeo and Juliet", etc.

It may prove interesting to readers of this department of PROGRESS to know the real names of some actors and actresses whose stage names (as they are called) are not unfamiliar to lovers of the drama. For instance Sir Henry Irving's family name is Brodrick; Maurice Barrymore's real name is Kline; Joseph Arthur is properly Arthur F. Smith. W. H. Kendal is W. H. Grimstone; Louis Aldrich is really Louis Moses; while Louis Harrison is Louis Metz; and William Terris' right name is Arthur Lewis. Of the actresses many are married but retain their stage names which also frequently are far removed from reality. For example Agnes Booth is Mrs. Jehn Schoeffel; Anna Boyd is Mrs. Harry Morris; Annie Russell is Mrs. Eugene Presbrey and Annie Sutherland is Mrs. Richard M. Carroll. Annie Ward Tiffany is Mrs. Charles H. Green and Bijou Heron is Mrs. Henry Miller; Madame Janaschek is properly M. s. Frederick Pilot, while Josephine Baker is Mrs. John Drew. Beatrice Cameron, now Mrs. Richard Mansfield was originally Sannie Hegeman. Alice Atherton now the wife of Willie Edouin was really Mary Alice Hogan and Ida Vernon in reality is Bridget McGowan. Clara Morris is Clara Morrison; and Marie Jansen is Mary Johnstone, and—"there you are."

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FOSSIL BONES OF A SEA SERPENT.

The Creature was one of the Ancestors of the Snake Tribe.

The University of Denver has come into possession of a very interesting fossil. It is an ancient reptile. The parts preserved are in an almost complete vertebral column, about 16 feet long and containing about ninety vertebrae, portions of the head and a few of the arm bones. Several teeth are in almost perfect condition. Nearly all the bones are well petrified, but some retain a half bony structure. Prof. Lee of the university thus writes about it:

"The specimen is a gift to the university from John Keegan of Flagler. The manner in which it was found is interesting. One day a Mexican herdsman rode into Flagler and reported that his horse stumbled and fell over a string of bones. The man picked up one of the bones and was surprised to find it as heavy as stone. He carried a piece to the town and Mr. Keegan saw that the bones might be of scientific interest. He drove to the place and found about twelve feet of the vertebral column lying on the ground, as it had lain through countless thousands of years. Their it had been left when the rock decayed from around it. About four feet of the tail was still imbedded in the solid rock. This was carefully dug out and the whole skeleton preserved by Mr. Keegan, who sent it to the university, where his son became interested in the study of geology in this institution.

"Mr. Keegan reports that while the specimen was in his possession it was examined by several geologists. From them we learn that the bones are from the uppermost cretaceous formation of that region. The place of preservation was so near the division between cretaceous and tertiary rock that they could not determine the age. Further study, however, shows that the reptile is a cretaceous form.

"During cretaceous time, not only a greater part of Colorado but the greater part of the western half of the continent was a shallow sea, dotted here and there with islands. The age of reptiles was nearing its close. Those clumsy overgrown monsters which we are familiar with as inhabitants of the Denver region, had reached their culmination and were ready to pass out of existence forever as soon as the new conditions were inaugurated at the end of the age. Among these reptile forms we find the ancestors of the modern serpents. During the cretaceous period the seas were inhabited by long snake-like reptiles called by Cope Pythonomorpha or Mesasauria. He gives three genera—clidastes, platycarpus and mesasauria. It is in one of these genera of sea serpents that our monster must be placed. It is difficult to locate it definitely because so many of the characteristic parts are destroyed.

"I sent some of the bones to the department of the National Geological Survey at Washington, D. C., and received word that the specimen is probably clidastes, although the jaw is more massive and the teeth more compressed than in the only specimens we have. I think that you probably have one of the most complete vertebral columns of this group of marine reptiles in existence. The tail is particularly fine and gives me a much better impression of the depth and compression of this part of the body. After careful examinations of the published descriptions I was led to the opinion that the species had not been described heretofore.

"If one can imagine a long slender reptile, sometimes seventy feet in length, not quite so slender as the modern serpent, and having two pairs of short paddle-like feet, one will have a fairly good idea of this class of reptiles. They were great sea serpents and were covered with bony scales as Prof. Marsh has shown. I have referred to them as the ancestors of snakes; the form of the body was very snake-like and the long jaw shows a mechanism similar to that of serpents which makes it possible to swallow the food whole. Their habits seem to have been serpent-like and they lived during the age immediately preceding the introduction of true snakes. It is an easy step from an animal like clidastes to the modern serpent. Just drop off his limbs or make them rudimentary and make the body a little more slender and the change is complete.—Denver Republican.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 1.

WHERE PIPES ARE MADE.

The town of Ruhla in Thuringia is noted as being the locality where the largest proportion of German pipes are manufactured, and these are exported, it may be said, to all parts of the world. The German papers give some remarkable data as to the industry, as carried on at the Ruhla works, showing that for some years the annual production of bowls, independently of stems or handles, amounts to 540,000 meerschams and nearly 5,500,000 of imitation of meerschams; the total of wooden bowls produced is not far short of 5,000,000 while the average number of that popular variety, the china pipe, attains the prodigious number between 12,000,000 and 13,000,000 of these about 9,500,000 being of common porcelain and the remainder of fine ware. But in addition to these there are also produced some 15,000,000 of pipes made of other materials those enumerated above. The same manufacturers are engaged in turning out annually 15,000,000 of pipe stems of different kinds also millions of 'accessories' such as flexible stems, chains and stoppers.

A writer in L'Industrie describes a simple process devised by the chemist YELINA, namely that of using petroleum or mineral tar only for enriching culm and other inferior and formerly worthless combustibles, and from this mineral producing briquettes, the heating power of which is represented to be 30 per cent, higher than that of good coal. In this process a mixture is first prepared consisting of petroleum or lutuminous shale tar, olefine and soda in suitable proportions, by this means the culm, slack or coal dust being cemented together. Three kinds of briquettes are produced in this way. It is well known that brown coal has heretofore been the principal resort for the making of briquettes; later, however, experiments with briquettes of solidified petroleum or residuum have been made as a presumable improvement—these failing to result satisfactorily, at least in the case of boilers, which were unable to withstand the intense heat developed by such fuel.

A New York paper remarks that it is fast becoming conspicuous to walk. Nearly everybody rides a bicycle, from the small boy or girl whose wheel must be made to order to the grandmothers and grandfathers. The news that Gladstone has learned to ride, at the age of 87, surprises no one. This ever-increasing popularity of the wheel is by no means a fad. The bicycle is not likely ever to go out of fashion because it saves time, saves money and gives health—three considerations which will recommend it as a means of locomotion. Moreover, it has already worked radical reforms in society. It has done more to bring people out of their indoor sedentary life than any other form of outdoor exercise.

Somebody complains that there is too much Yankee sentiment in some of the St. John papers, and asks the citizens to allow common sense to guide them in selecting a name for the park. That is precisely what the majority are doing, as is evidenced by the way in which Rockwood is being supported. The park is not intended as a memorial of Her Majesty's jubilee and it is supremely ridiculous to attribute a want of loyalty to those who wish it called by some more appropriate name than that of VICTORIA. It is strange that no one has suggested that every female child born in St. John this year be called after Her Most Gracious majesty. It would be quite as sensible as to permit the Jubilee sentiment to influence the naming of the new park.

The death of Mr. GEO. W. DAY, the veteran printer of St. John, removes a well-known figure from the citizens, and a man

who was esteemed by all who knew him well. He was a printer, and an active one, to the end of his life. Many of the newspapers of this city came from his office first. The kindly remembrances of the craft and of the people will always be his.

As hits these warlike times the English war office is testing the deadliest known manlyer, being a machine gun capable of discharging 1000 shots in 123 seconds. On the occasion of a brief sharp attack the gun fires eleven shots a second. A steel collar keeps the barrel cool, and the firer wears an asbestos glove.

A present of some deer from Her Majesty the queen is said to have brought to the French Colony of New Caledonia a pest similar to that of the rabbits in Australia and the mangoose in Jami a. The deer have multiplied with great rapidity, and now invade the plantations causing great loss to the farmers.

The conflict for world leadership in regenerating Asia, in largely shaping Africa, in determining the bent of civilization in Europe, lies today between the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon. Great Britain alone offers to Russia the one great barrier as she presses southward.

The Boston Congregationalist says: It is noteworthy that, while bequests to the missionary societies in nearly all denominations have fallen much below those of recent years, bequests to colleges and other benevolent institutions have been unusually large.

A distinguished Frenchman has contributed to current literature a bold essay which treats of the tendency of modern civilization to cowardice. He says very plainly, and arrays some fitting facts to prove it, that men are no longer brave.

What wonderful things a man can see if he only happens to pick the right place to see them in. Chicago's first milkman, who died recently, saw that city grow from a mudhole to a metropolis of nearly 2,000,000 people.

The French government proposes to construct forty-five large warships and 175 torpedo boats at a cost of \$160,000,000 within the next eight years.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE has, he says, "mastered" the bicycle. There isn't much in this world he cannot master.

In religious circles the oyster supper will soon give place to the strawberry festival.

The amateur photographer has many queer views of life.

The sack cloth has all been stored away for another year.

The first of May.

THEIR IMPROVED PREMISES. Messrs Emerson and Fisher have Enlarged Their Store.

One of the most progressive firms in this city is that of Emerson and Fisher, who are always times abreast of the times, and quite up to date in any idea that will promote the standing, and advance the interests of their house.

Their latest move is an extension of their premises; the ground entering from Prince William street, and the one above a part of the building has been taken, that was before used for other purposes. An entirely new arrangement of the retail department has been made possible by the removal of the partition which gives a much greater amount of room than hitherto.

Another new and attractive feature is a show case counter running down to the floor, which enables them to make an excellent display. It is the only one of the kind in the city, and adds greatly to the appearance of that particular department. Shelves are arranged in the most modern style, with boxes for cutlery, shell hardware, etc., the whole being most effective. The new woodwork is all done in oak and is beautifully finished.

The display of stoves, refrigerators and ranges is most imposing, the gem of the lot being one known as the Prince Royal. The grate is splendid; its chief merit is it can be taken out at will without removing the linings and a pressure of the foot opens the oven door, a fact which housekeepers will appreciate.

On the second floor are three rooms, each 90 feet long, in one of which is an elaborate array of mantels, artiles, and iron, fenders etc., the second has cutlery, tinware, woodware etc., and the third is used as a show and store room with a travellers room adjoining. The third floor has the packing and other departments; and on the top is the tinware manufacturing rooms which presents a busy scene at all times. It is well lighted and ventilated and about fifteen men are constantly employed in turning out tinware. Emerson & Fisher have four travellers on the road, and between 30 and 40 employees in their city establishment. The stoves and ranges are made in Sackville at the Enterprise foundry, whose output they control.

IN SCOTT ACT MONCTON.

Is Fanaticism Being Carried too far in That Over Zealous Town.

MONCTON, April 29.—The Scott Act is being vigorously enforced in Moncton, and the so called christians who are never so happy as when they are advancing the cause of christianity according to their own ideas on the subject, and at the same time oppressing and persecuting all who come within reach of their holy zeal, are rejoicing exceedingly over their work, and triumphing with a pious and a godly triumph over the law breakers who have at length fallen into their merciless clutches! No grand Inquisitor of Spain ever gloried more in his high and holy calling than these saintly people who spend the greater part of their time working with intemperate zeal in the glorious cause of temperance, or furnished a more striking object lesson of blind fanaticism than these people who—it is charitable to suppose—are really convinced that they are only doing their duty.

Meanwhile a large majority of people in the city, who are neither loudly professing Christians nor recent converts to the fervid ek quences of some lowly minded but high priced revivalist, but are merely God fearing and humane—are considering the advisability of starting a crusade against the evils wrought by the Scott Act prosecutors, as opposed to those for which the liquor traffic is responsible. Already these scalots can be held indirectly responsible for one of the most melancholy deaths that ever occurred in Moncton—that of a poor woman who became distracted over the rumor that her crippled and bedridden husband was to be arrested and sent to jail on an old Scott Act conviction, and who, hearing on every side of the numerous arrests made, many of them on account of long standing fines, kept the doors of her house locked against the expected officers of the law, and finally from constant brooding over the fancied danger, decided to take her own life, and ended her troubles with a dose of "Rough on Rats," dying at the bedside of her helpless husband, leaving him and her little children to face the world alone.

One would have imagined that a single incident of this kind would have the effect of slightly checking the zeal of the Scott Act officers against the more feeble and helpless of offenders, especially as they announced at the time, they had not intended arresting Mr. Wilbur, but their appetite for the joys of the chase seems to grow with indulgence and yesterday what would be considered in most cities less religious but more humane than Moncton nothing less than an outrage was perpetrated in the name of the law.

Some few weeks ago an appeal to the charitable appeared in the local papers in behalf of a certain Mrs. Bower, who was said to be a deserving object as she was ill, her husband being unable to pay a scott act fine, which I believe was an outstanding one, had been taken to Dorchester to serve out his sentence and she and her little children were without either a fire or a mouthful of food in the house while the husband and father was unable to provide for them, being incarcerated to satisfy the demands of justice! Kind-hearted people looked after the family and kept them from starvation and they dropped out of the public mind as such cases will, until forcibly recalled by the following announcement in the local papers of last Tuesday.

"Mrs. Bower was arrested yesterday on an old scott act commitment and taken to the lockup. Her husband is now in Dorchester serving out a sentence, and their five young children, one of them an infant, will be taken to the almshouse today. Mrs. Bower's furniture has been taken on a distress warrant for rent." "The Daily Times" mildly remarks by way of comment. "All in all, it is a pretty hard case." It would strike most people not blinded by prejudice that it was rather more than a pretty hard case, that it was one of the most barbarous cases on record! First, from a motive that it could have no good origin, the family are deprived of their protector and bread winner, and forced to subsist upon charity, made paupers against their will; and the father being unable to work is of course unable to pay the rent, so the furniture is seized, the mother arrested and taken to the police cells which are unfit for the housing of a well brought up dog, and her little children, one of whom is an infant, are sent to the almshouse. Fiat justitia ruat coelum—let justice be done though the heavens should fall,—said the ancients, and the Scott Act people seem to agree with them, but all the same this last proceeding is a disgrace to civilization and some action condemning it should be taken by the citizens. The liquor traffic is bad enough in all conscience, and if half the temperance lectures say about it is true, it is to be held accountable for many evils, but one has yet to learn of any such results attending it in the city of Moncton, as these two instances of the ill

effects of the intemperate enforcement of the Scott Act.

As an instance of the system of terrorizing which is adopted by these people, and the lengths to which they are allowed to carry their authority, we quote the following from the report on an examination of a witness in a Scott Act case in Moncton, which was published in the Daily Times of April 19:

One of the witnesses in this case, a young man named Fred Dryden, was committed to jail for eight days for contempt of court. In the course of the usual examination Dryden stated that he had not been into Tibbodeau's on Friday and purchased no liquor from the defendant Donnelly. Officer Belyea asked: "You had a bottle of whiskey in your possession yesterday, had you not?"

Witness—"Yes sir!"

Officer Belyea—"Where did you buy the liquor?"

Witness—"I can't answer that."

Officer Belyea—"Do you mean you don't know where you got it?"

Witness—"No I know where I got it but I won't tell you. I am here as a witness against Dick Donnelly, and I won't answer any question like that."

The presiding justice being appealed to by Mr. Belyea said that the ruling of Judge Landry in a precisely similar case in Newcaston sometimes ago was that the witness could be compelled to answer or else be committed for contempt or court. What ever might be his personal opinion as regards this precedent established by Judge Landry, if Mr. Belyea pressed the question the witness would have to answer.

Mr. Belyea pressed the question and the witness replied, "well you had better send me down, I won't answer that question," and he was accordingly committed to Dorchester jail for eight days.

It was generally supposed that it was the privilege of a witness to decline answering questions not connected with the case in hand, but it seems this is a mistake, and that witnesses may be coerced and browbeaten at the discretion of prosecuting officers even to the extent of being imprisoned for refusing to reply to a question entirely aside from the subject at issue. If such a precedent is established it is hard to say where the matter will end, or how far individual liberty will be affected, since fearful and wonderful things are done under theegis of The Canada Temperance Act.

HE DIDN'T SUIT THE LADIES.

Therefore Rev. Mr. Smith Was Obligated to Seek New Pastures.

HALIFAX, April 29.—"The Rev. Frederick Smith formerly of St. Augustine's and St. Alban's missions, this city, has received a good appointment as Priest Organist of St. John the Evangelist church.

This is the way one of the city papers notes the removal from Halifax of the assistant rector of St. Luke's Cathedral, this city. Another of the papers devotes a column or more of its space to a story showing how both St. Augustine's and St. Alban's sections of St. Luke's parish were to lose the services of Rev. Mr. Smith, and the disastrous consequences likely to follow the refusal of St. Luke's to retain his services.

St. Luke's is the ultra fashionable church in Halifax. There are many fashionable people in other churches of course, but it is fashionable to go to St. Luke's. Rev. Mr. Smith was assistant rector to Rev. Mr. Crawford, but he devoted his attention particularly to the spiritual interests of the well church of St. Alban, in the vicinity of Point Pleasant Park, and St. Augustine's on the other side of the northwest arm. He made a great success of his work in those places, and congregations that a year ago were to be numbered by a mere handful of people have grown to gatherings that crowded the church doors. This fact was very well known to the authorities of St. Luke's, yet notwithstanding this the vestry of the church decided that it could not afford to keep Rev. Mr. Smith and gave him notice that his services would not be required after this month.

The reasons for this decision were ostensibly financial ones, but other reasons are given privately. These are that Rev. Mr. Smith had alienated himself from the affections of members of the vestry by an outspokenness of manner which was not relished either by the vestrymen and some of the leading women in the church. St. Alban's church, in the past, has been managed by a number of good women, whose devotion to fashion's duties did not interfere with conscientious attention to church work in St. Alban's. They made a hobby of St. Alban's. One or two little incidents occurred, prompted by Mr. Smith's impetuosity of manner, and perhaps impatience of female restraint, which lost him one or two influential friends in St. Alban's and through them weakened him with the vestry.

All this time, though, Rev. Mr. Smith was appealing to the masses, and his losses with the classes, so to speak was infinitely outnumbered by his gains with the people. St. Alban's and St. Augustine's had hitherto been ministered to chiefly by lay workers of whom in St. Luke's, notwithstanding its fashion there are not a few. Yet when the people found a regular minister, and one after their own heart, coming to them they appreciated the difference, and the churches speedily filled. When the rumors spread that St. Luke's would not retain Rev. Mr. Smith but would revert to the



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lay reader system, they replied in rather indignant but forcible language that they would not submit longer to be instructed by "second hand soul-savers." They gave this very distinctly to be understood. The argument that the vestry could not afford to pay Mr. Smith's salary was met by them in a practical way when they said they would themselves raise the amount of his salary, at least for the full proportion of his time devoted to their interests. This offer they made known to the bishop and it was intended also for the ears of Rev. Mr. Crawford and the vestry. There was some hitch in the proceedings as regards the bishop and St. Luke's authorities and nothing came of the offer.

As a last resort the new and overflowing congregation of St. Alban and St. Augustine's announced that unless Mr. Smith were retained they would abandon the Church of England and betake themselves to other denominations. All was of no avail, however. The people of the two sections interested will have to content themselves with the services of the lay readers and with preaching by Rev. Mr. Crawford and other ministers as frequently as circumstances will permit.

The upshot of this little controversy between St. Luke's vestry and the outlying sections of the parish at St. Alban's and St. Augustine's will be watched with some interest not only by churchmen but by members of other denominations.

HE HID IN THE PANTRY.

And Came out at the Invitation of the Proprietor.

A merchant, whose family residence is on Leinster street, had a little experience the other day that leads him to believe that even a pretty servant girl is not always as guileless as she seems.

The gentleman in question was coming out the front door of his home a few evenings ago when he noticed a young man making his way cautiously around to the back. In this house a young girl is employed and lately the family have begun to suspect that she had too many admirers. On this particular evening, the master of the establishment made a little investigation of the back yard, which led him to believe that the young man had entered the house. Returning by way of the front door, he went to the kitchen, and there found the pretty maid of all work apparently deeply interested in a book, and blissfully unconscious that any naughty man was in her neighborhood. Upon being asked if any one had entered through the back door she replied in the negative. This did not detract the suspicious proprietor from making a search of the maid's special domain. He was only at work a few minutes when in one of the pantries he found a young man crouching down behind a tin boiler, which only partly concealed him. It is needless to say that his exit through the back door was more hurried than his entrance had been. The servant still retains her place but has promised to have fewer followers in future.

A Unique Advertisement.

Some novel advertising is being done by Waterbury & Rising this week, in connection with a special line of goods, that is attracting much attention. Electric lights form a line across the street and as they play upon the windows of the establishment make a very attractive showing. On Thursday evening Harrison's Orchestra was in attendance and rendered an excellent programme from 7.30 to ten o'clock. The store was beautifully decorated with tall flowering plants and the orchestra stand at the back of the store was very artistically arranged. Messrs. Waterbury & Rising's method of advertising is one of the most novel that has ever been attempted in this city and is creating much interest among the patrons of the popular establishment.

It is Fashionable.

For ladies to wear shirt waists. We are making a speciality of them this summer. Try us. Ungar's Laundry and Dye work. Phone 58.



The concert at Rothesay on Wednesday evening was very largely attended, a number of city folk going out by train. The spacious rooms of the Stella View were at the disposal of the patrons of the affair, and everything possible was done to make the evening a pleasant one for those attending.

The programme, including vocal and instrumental music was as follows: Piano duet: Country Dance, Charles Gregory and Mr. Collinson; song, Martin the Blacksmith, Mr. Sealey; duet, bar, and guitar, La Mia Stansfield, the Misses Furlong; song, Good Bye, Sweet Day, Miss Kathleen Furlong; piano solo, Air de Ballet—Chimanda, Charles Gregory; song, By the Fountain, Mr. Sealey; song, Beauty's Eyes, Miss Kathleen Furlong.

Miss Kathleen Furlong and Mr. Sealey were both compelled to respond to encore. At the close of the entertainment refreshments were served by the ladies sewing society.

St. John people will be interested in hearing of the marriage of Mr. John J. McCaffrey clerk of the Dufferin hotel here, to Miss Mary Leonard Smith youngest daughter of the late Robert F. Smith of St. John, which took place at Woody Rest, the home of the bride's sister Mrs. H. G. Farham at Woodbury, N. J. this week, Rev. A. L. Dunstan, rector of Christ church performing the ceremony.

The entire house was profusely decorated with apple blossoms, and the bride who was seated in a travelling gown was attended by Miss Edith Farham who looked charming in her bridesmaid's dress. The bride has many friends during her stay in Woodbury, whose best wishes follow her new sphere. Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. McCaffrey left on a wedding trip, the usual throwing of rice and old shoes following them down the avenue of pines at Woody Rest.

Mr. and Mrs. McCaffrey will take up their residence in St. John after the honeymoon is ended. Both have many friends here who will extend good wishes for their future happiness.

Mrs. Jane McMillan gave a small card party on Monday evening for the entertainment of her sister Miss Annie G. McLean who is her guest.

Mr. C. H. and Miss Mabel Clarke of St. Stephen paid a brief visit to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Fuller of Woodstock made a short stay in the city during the week.

Mr. J. S. Ford was in Montreal this week where he gave an organ recital in the church of St. John the Apostle.

Mr. A. R. McDougall of Truro, has been visiting St. John during the past week.

Lt. Gov. McClellan spent Sunday in the city and attended the morning service in Centenary church. Capt. C. can of Toronto returned home the first of the week.

Mr. W. H. Pike of Calais is in the city for a day or two.

Mr. W. J. N. Gerrits of Philadelphia has been visiting St. John lately.

Mr. J. D. Wilkinson of London, Ontario, was in the city the first of the week.

Mr. S. Christie of Halifax was here for a short time lately.

Mrs. M. B. Daley and Miss Daley of Halifax, wife and daughter of the Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia spent Wednesday in the city returning to their native province on Thursday morning.

Mr. Harry Palmer of Toronto and Mr. James Manson of Walkerville, Ont., were among the city's visitors during the week.

Messrs. F. Stanley and E. Boisseau have been in the city for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Fenety and Miss Fenety, who have been spending the winter at the Duffin, returned yesterday to Fredericton, where they will occupy their residence Linden hall, for the summer.

Mr. T. H. Radford of Montreal made a short stay here this week.

Mrs. Young, Miss Young and Mr. Robert Young of Boston were in the city this week.

Mr. Ernest Jones left the first of the week for Fredericton to write his examination for entrance.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Jones of Halifax were here for a short time this week.

Mr. Walter Mackay of Berwick, N. S., has been visiting the city during the week.

Mr. L. T. Joudrey of Moncton spent a short time here this week.

Mr. Alfred Baxter is very seriously ill with an attack of congestion of the lungs.

Rev. J. O. Crisp, Mrs. Crisp and child were in the city for a short time this week.

Mr. Thomas Macdonald of Edmundston paid a short visit to the city this week.

Mr. J. D. Weldon, Shelice, was here for a day or two lately.

Mr. and Mrs. William Irvin and child left this week for Nelson, B. C. where they will make their future home.

Mr. Justice Vanwart, Mrs. Vanwart and Miss McIntyre of Fredericton arrived in the city Tuesday. The justice returned to the capital the same day but Mrs. Vanwart will remain for a week or two for the benefit of her health.

Mr. P. D. Taylor of Ottawa paid a short visit to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Waring gave a delightful little party last week to a number of their friends. The evening was spent in playing whist, dancing and music. Supper was served about midnight.

Among the guests were: Mrs. E. E. Brown, Mrs. Ham- ing, Mrs. J. N. Morrison, Miss Jennie Byles, Miss Kitty Munro, Miss Eva Lilley, Miss Nellie Patchell, Miss Lily Codner, Miss Edna Brown, Miss Maud McShane, Miss Katie Foley, Miss Jennie Haylett, Miss Polly, Miss Hammond, Miss Mabel Pinkington, Miss Goddard, Miss Beattie Waring, Miss Edith Brown, Miss Addie Waring, Miss M. Case, Mr. McNaughton, Mr. F. Foley, Mr. F. Brown, Mr. Fred Case, Mr. James Munro, Mr. Dan McKinnay, Mr. Fred Barton, Mr. Len Munford, Mr. J. N. Morrison, Mr. Hal Crawford, Mr. Harry Codner, Mr. Hartley Case, Mr. Charles Casard, Mr. William Nagle, Mr. Arthur Woodley, Mr. G. Runciman, Mr. Harry Woodley, Mr. George Waring, Mr. Willis Waring, Mr. Frank Waring.

of the bride and groom, who were unattended. Rev. A. G. Blair tied the nuptial knot, after which the newly married couple left on the I. S. S. Co.'s steamer Cumberland for a two week's trip to Boston and New York. Upon returning to this city Mr. and Mrs. Rehncke will take up their residence on St. Paul street. The high esteem in which the contracting couple is held was testified to by the large number of wedding gifts they received. The display of many work was a very creditable one, many new and novel pieces of needle and knitted work being offered for sale. The opening of the new coffee rooms was in every way successful. The ladies who had charge were untiring in their efforts to make the sale and tea successful. The new rooms on Germain street are bright and airy and are a decided improvement upon the ones lately occupied by the Union.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. MacNeill left yesterday for Nashville, Tenn., to attend the exposition.

Hon. A. G. Blair has been notified by a severe cold to his residence, in Ottawa, for several days.

Mr. J. H. Baird and Miss Ethel Baird returned this week from a lengthy visit to the United States.

The regular recital of the pupils of the St. John Conservatory of Music took place on Wednesday evening when the following excellent programme was rendered: Piano solos by Miss Mary Rose, Alice Smalley, Alice Mahoney, Milly Isaac and Edwin Farmer; vocal solo, Ramsay Wilson; reading, Miss Mary Bailie; piano solos by Nellie Gregory; vocal solo, Lizzie Foster; piano solo, Julia Doherty and Agnes Donovan; reading, Alberta Fowler; piano solos, Jessie Wilson and Maude Cummings.

The marriage of Mr. Fletcher Kirk, formerly of this city, but now of Montreal, and Miss Clara Williams took place Wednesday afternoon at the bride's late home on High street, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Mr. Peena in the presence of a number of the friends of the happy principals.

The bride, who is a bright, charming young lady, wore a very becoming travelling costume of blue cloth with hat to match, and carried a pretty bouquet of blue and white blossoms. She was attended by a handsome bouquet of roses. She was attended by Miss Celia McDonald who was prettily gowned, while the groom received support from Mr. M. D. Sweeney. After a wedding reception held at the residence of the bride's father Mr. and Mrs. Kiley went to their future home on Moore street. An unusually large number of elegant presents testified to the esteem in which the bride is held by her friends.

The marriage was solemnized on Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father Mr. James R. Ferguson of Queen street, of his daughter Miss Elsie Louise Ferguson and Mr. Frank Skinner of Messrs Skinner LeBlanc & Co. Rev. John Read of Centenary church performed the ceremony in the presence of relatives of the family only. Mr. and Mrs. LeBlanc left immediately on a wedding trip that will include the principal Canadian cities. The young couple were the recipients of many beautiful remembrances from their friends.

Mrs. Stead of this city has been in St. Stephen this week a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Graham.

It is pleasant to announce that Mrs. Allison Cushman and family who removed to Moncton in the Autumn will shortly return to St. John.

Mrs. Fred Jones has returned from a pleasant visit to London, where she was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Dangle.

Those interested in the Victoria School are very much pleased at the success of three of its former pupils at McGill. This week the results in the arts faculty were declared, and in the fourth year for the degree of B. A. the first rank honors in English language and history were awarded to Miss Margaret Holden, daughter of Dr. Holden of this city. The young lady was also a close competitor for the medal. In the third year Miss Marcella Carr, daughter of Mrs. (Rev.) de Soyres, led her year in everything, gaining first rank honors, and first rank general standing with prizes in latin, Greek and physiology. In the second year Miss Parks was fourth on botany.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Samuel C. Drury and Miss Annie Danahy, daughter of Mr. Wm. W. Street of Bathurst. The groom who is vice-president of the Log Cabin Fishing club, was presented by the members of that organization with a handsome silver ice pitcher appropriately inscribed.

Mrs. Henry Ketchum of Fredericton has been visiting the city during the week.

Mrs. A. F. Randolph, Mrs. Steadman and Mrs. Henry Chestnut were here this week from Fredericton attending the funeral of Mr. Turnbull, whose death from paralysis, occurred the first of the week.

An early morning wedding took place in St. James' church on Wednesday when Rev. A. D. Dewdney united in marriage Miss Margaret Jessie Vall daughter of Mrs. Robert Vall and Mr. John A. Davidson. The bride who was unattended was attired in a becoming navy blue travelling dress. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson left on the American boat for a short trip to Boston and vicinity. Among the many beautiful presents received by the bride was a very handsome onyx table lamp from the choir of St. James' church of which she is a prominent member.

The Mikado rehearsal was held last evening instead of Thursday evening as usual in order to give the members of the society an opportunity of hearing Signor Foli.

Miss B. Rodgers who has been chief bookkeeper here for many years for the Singer Mfg. Co., left for Halifax on Tuesday, where she will reside. Her brother Mr. John C. Rodgers who is manager for the company there accompanied her.

The concert given in St. Andrew's church school room on Tuesday evening was very largely attended by an audience that was thoroughly appreciative of the excellent programme prepared. The orchestra which was composed of ladies and gentlemen from Queen Square Methodist church assisted by others played several excellent selections and Miss E. V. Beth the organist of St. Andrew's church, played the accompaniments on the piano. The Orpheus Quartet composed of Messrs. Ross, Perkins, Ritchie and Allan, contributed two songs. Both were excellently rendered, and encored. There was a flute solo by Mr. George Warwick, a tenor solo by Mr. William Starr, a violin solo by Mr. Edward Manning, and a soprano solo by Miss Drake, all of which were well received. Miss Drake's solo was particularly pleasing and was given in her usual admirable manner. A humorous sketch, entitled A Love of a Bonnet, was given by six young ladies, Miss Frances Rahnke, Miss Fleming, Miss Bertie Rahnke, Miss Kano Sosa, Miss Hazel Rahnke and Miss Florence Rahnke, all of whom acquitted themselves in a most admirable manner. Miss Daisy Sears repeated her parents performance, Ye Olden Times, in a thoroughly whimsical and charming manner. Her dainty grace as she paid her respects to the two queens elicited much admiration. She was attended by the masters Hugh McLean and Jack Sears who in their pages dress of velvet seemed in reality the youthful scions of a noble house. One of the most pleasing features of the evening was The Begonia and the Begonia which was given by Miss George Scamell and Miss Hilda Jolke. Miss Scamell showed much ability in her part and the children also acquitted themselves well. Master Hugh McLean made a decided hit and was heartily encored for his pretty little song. The last number was a tableau representing Queen Victoria as she was when she ascended the throne and as she is now. Miss Nellie Parker represented the youthful queen and Mrs. William Logan, the aged queen, and in both cases the likeness was striking. At the close of the program the audience were invited down stairs to the lecture room, where ice cream and cake were served by an able corps of young ladies and gentlemen. Much credit is due to all concerned, and especially to Mrs. Worden, who took a leading part in making the arrangements, which resulted in such a decided success.

Mr. George Dunn of Houlton was in town on Thursday. His father Mr. E. G. Dunn has returned to La Grande.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Carrey left Thursday for a trip that will include a visit to Mrs. Carrey's home in Jackson, Mich. Mr. Carrey will return next week.

Dr. Foster Macfarlane has removed from Princess street to King square.

Mr. Peter Harris of Philadelphia is spending a few days in the city.

Dr. E. S. Harding went to Montreal on Monday to visit the staff of the Montreal General Hospital. The best wishes of his Amherst friends go with him.

Dr. Jane Hearty of Chicago was the guest of her sister Mrs. T. N. Campbell for a short time this week. She left on Tuesday for Truro.

Mr. Tom Sayer has returned from Baltimore and Mr. B. E. Green of Boston is in town.

Mr. Ed Rhodes has gone for a trip to Toronto and Montreal.

A benefit concert for Miss Helen Miles is in order for this evening. Prof. Sterne and Miss Jones pianists and Miss Wetmore, Miss Hillson, Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Witter and Mr. J. Curry are among the vocalists who will take part assisted by other excellent local talent.

The Ladies committee of the Y. M. C. A. intend holding an art exhibition the first of the month for the benefit of the association. It will include oil and china painting water color and charcoal drawings and art needle work by many of our best local amateurs.

The friends of Miss Fannie Pipes will be sorry to hear that she has been dangerously ill from pneumonia, but at present is considered out of danger.

Mr. Bryant of Sackville was in town on Monday.

AMHERST.

[Fragrances for sale at Amherst by W. Smith & Co.]

APRIL 29.—Mr. and Mrs. J. McQueen of Dorchester spent this week in town guests of Dr. and Mrs. Allen.

Mr. Arch Foster and little son of Springhill are visiting Mrs. Foster's parents Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Fidd.

Mr. Robert Furnley went to Montreal on Tuesday on a business trip.

Miss Fleming who has for the past three months been visiting relatives in the maritime provinces left on Tuesday enroute for her home in Brandon.

Dr. E. S. Harding went to Montreal on Monday to join the staff of the Montreal General Hospital. The best wishes of his Amherst friends go with him.

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BATHURST.

APR. 23.—Hon. Robert Young and wife were in town last week on their way home from Ottawa.

Mrs. J. White returned on Friday from Chatham where she has been spending a few days.

We are pleased to learn that Miss Minnie Doucet who has been ill for some weeks past is improving.

Mr. F. E. Butcher of St. John passed through here on Friday.

Mr. W. Wilson of Chatham was here on Friday.

Mr. J. A. Morrison of Chatham was in town a few days this week.

Mr. E. C. Hall of Montreal spent a few days of last week here.

Messrs. Adams, Burns & Co., are fitting up their lumber mill and deal yard with electric light.

Miss Gilbert who has been spending a few weeks with her brother Mr. Geo. Gilbert has returned to her home at Rothesay on Monday last.

Mrs. James Miller is the guest of her sister Mrs. Gilbert.

Word White.

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant, When life flows along like a song; But the man worth while is the one who will smile, When everything goes dead wrong; For the test of the heart is trouble, And it always comes with the years, And the smile that is worth the praise of earth, Is the smile that comes through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent, When nothing tempts you to stray; When without or without a voice of sin, Is luring your soul away; But it's only a negative virtue, Until it is tried by fire, And it is the one that is worth the honor of earth, Is the one that resists desire.

By the cry of the sad, the fallen, Who had no strength for the strife, The world's highway is cumbered to-day; They make up the item of life, But the virtue that conquers passion, And that throws that hinders a smile— It is these that are worth the homage of earth, For we find them but once in a while. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Coleman's SALT DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION CLINTON, ONT.

Last Month For Opportunity to Get ... A Free Bicycle DON'T FORGET that the competition for the BRANTFORD RED BIRD BICYCLES (4 new \$100 1897 Ladies' or Gentlemen's Wheels, at option of the winners) to be given away by the WELCOME SOAP CO., closes MAY 31st, 1897, when the wheels will be awarded promptly for the 4 largest numbers of "WELCOME" SOAP WRAPPERS sent in from the Maritime Provinces. Buy the Famous "Welcome" Soap AND SAVE YOUR WRAPPERS. THE WELCOME SOAP CO., - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

It Will Not Spot... From rain or sea water—is perfectly shower proof. Saves money when travelling—saves your appearance, as it fits well and hangs well—saves your appearance, as it is durable, not easily ruined. Just the goods for boating, for the seashore or the country. Wrapped on "THE VARNISHED BOARD." Priestley's name stamped on every five yards. WATERWITCH SERGE.

Royal Gordon... 10 Years Old—the Perfect Scotch Whisky. Royal Gordon Perfection... 15 Years Old—the very oldest and finest Whisky shipped from Scotland. McINTYRE & TOWNSEND, St. John, N. B., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA. FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY JOHN O'REGAN, St. John, N. B. BIGELOW & HOOD, Truro, N. S. JOHN TOBIN & CO., Halifax, N. S. J. & T. MORRIS, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

USE ONLY Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines. THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. MARCH 15TH, 1895. E. G. SCOVIL, AGENT PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. DEAR SIR,—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPE JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in my house. Yours, JAMES H. DAX, Day's Landing, Kings Co. Tea and Wine Merchant, 63 Union Street, St. John Telephone 532, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

Illustration of a woman in a long dress and hat standing next to a table with various bottles and a sign that says 'Progress New York City'. The sign also mentions 'Hudson's Bay', 'Ward's', 'Scribner's', 'Century', 'Doubtless', 'Cosmopolitan', and 'Quebec Progress'.

FREDRINGTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredrington by W. T. H. Fensby, 111 E. Beetham St.]

Apr. 23.—We have had no Easter dances and no social functions of any sort but a few afternoon teas...

Another wedding to follow soon after will take one of our greatest favorites to St. John to make her home.

Later on in the month a young gentleman from Halifax will claim the only daughter of a prominent citizen.

Eight of the prospective brides will make their homes in other cities.

Mrs. Kingston gave a ladies' afternoon tea at "Boitreaux House" on Saturday at which quite a large number were present.

On Monday of this week Mrs. W. P. Flowering gave a five o'clock tea, the third of a series of teas which she has been giving.

Mr. Wm. Dowell of Montreal is spending a few days in town.

Among the strangers in town this week are Messrs. E. B. Jones, Geo. Bejes, Jewett Smith, Robertson, and Gillespie of St. John.

Mrs. E. H. Allen and children leave tomorrow for Antigonish where they will spend the summer with Mrs. Allen's brother, Mr. Jack Gregory.

Mr. Ralph March of Hampton is in the city. Mrs. George Brown of Hampton is here visiting Mr. F. S. Creed.

Mrs. Frank Creed who has been so very ill, after undergoing an operation at the Victoria hospital is today, much improved.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robertson of Montreal are visiting friends in the city.

Mr. Hedley Bond of Toronto is in the city. Miss Kate Block will return home tomorrow from her visit to Boston.

Mayor Vanwart has gone on a business trip to Boston.

Dr. Fred Gunter has returned to his home in Cambridge.

Miss Bessie Everitt has been visiting at her home here for a few days.

Dr. Macdonald is in the city the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. M. Wiley.

Mrs. W. T. Whitehead has returned from a pleasant visit with Mrs. A. G. Blair at Ottawa.

Mrs. Henry Ketchum is visiting St. John for a few days.

Messrs. Ferguson, Thornyke, Mitchell and Hooker of Montreal are among the visitors in town this week.

Mrs. A. F. Randolph, Mrs. Steadman and Mrs. Henry Chestnut have returned from St. John where they went to attend the funeral of their brother Mr. Turnbull.

ST. STEPHEN AND GALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen by Master Ralph Trainor, and at the bookstores of G. S. Wall, T. H. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at 10 "Cross" St.]

April 23.—There is very little in the way of society doings this week. The ladies seem to be engrossed in shopping preparatory to the coming summer months, and also in directing cleaning and spring improvements in their houses, and have but little time or inclination for parties of any kind.

Invitations have been given for an informal dance in the Grand Army hall, on Friday evening.

The operetta "Frogs of Wryndham" will be given in the St. Croix hall on Wednesday evening of next week. A number of our society people take part, and it is expected to be the best amateur entertainment ever given here.

General Samuel Gallagher of Togus, Maine, recently spent several days in Calais.

Mrs. George Tarbox pleasantly entertained the members of the Park society on Saturday afternoon and evening.

Rev. William Williams of the Congregational church Milltown, resigned his pastorate and preached his farewell sermon last Sunday evening. The church was filled to overflowing, many could not gain admittance. Mr. Williams has been very popular during his stay in Milltown especially among young people and his departure is a matter of sincere regret. Mr. Williams leaves at an early date for his home in Wales where he will visit for some time.

Mrs. T. J. Smith's many friends both at home and abroad, will regret to learn she is extremely ill this week.

Mrs. Kennedy of Minneapolis and Mrs. Stead of St. John, have been guests this week of Collector and Mrs. Graham.

Mr. Cyrus Acheson of Elmville is in town for a brief visit today.

Miss Mary Carter's friends will be glad to learn she is recovering from her illness.

Miss George Holt of St. George is the guest of Mrs. J. M. Millidge, Oak Bay.

Mr. John Stewart of Woodstock made a brief visit here on Friday, and was the guest of his brother Mr. Duncan Stewart.

Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Swen entertained during the past week Rev. and Mrs. LaMarsh, who were delegates to the Methodist conference held last week in Calais.

AN INBROT DUEL.

How They Fought a Battle to the Death, and Their Tactics.

A professor, while camping out, saw a fight to the death between a wasp and a spider. A wasp had partly built his mud-house on the tent-pole, and a big spider had spun a web across the corner of the tent so as to shut out the wasp from his half-finished house, unless he passed through the web.

The spider, an ugly-looking, black-fellow, stood on guard, watching the movements of the wasp. The wasp flew backward and forward, looking for an opening to his domicile. Finally he alighted on the tent-pole within an inch or so of the edge of the web.

While I was still contemplating the two foes, the wasp flew off the pole and directly toward the spider, which had been keenly watching him. As the wasp flew past his enemy, he curled the under part of his body up so that the part containing the stinger would come in close proximity to the spider.

The spider was evidently accustomed to such warfare, however, for he got out of the way in a twinkling. Maddened at his failure, the wasp took a turn and went back again. Once more the spider eluded the venomous stinger, but at the same time he appeared to be trying to bite the wasp.

The spider might have retreated so far from his web fort that his enemy could not have touched him until the obstruction was broken down, but he evidently did not intend to have his carefully constructed fly-trap destroyed without a struggle.

There were several skirmishes of the kind already described, and then the wasp again alighted on the tent-pole, as if reconnoitering and getting breath for a grand onslaught.

After remaining on the pole for a few seconds, he flew and poised himself in the air a foot or so below the web. Then he darted directly for the spider, and went completely through the web at the exact spot which had been occupied by the spider a second before.

For an instant both combatants were lost to view, and I heard the battle raging in the peak of the tent. Almost before I had had time to wonder which was getting the better of it, both insects dropped to the ground close to me. The spider was holding fast to the wasp's head with his small but effective mouth, and the wasp was running his stinger in and out of the spider's lightning-like rapidity.

There was a short struggle on the ground, when both insects began to grow weak, and their movements less rapid. Finally they fell apart, but neither moved. I examined them both, after watching them for a few seconds. The poison of each had done the work for the other, and both were dead.

HE WAS EXAMINED.

He Had the Necessary Qualifications and Was Admitted.

Successful missionary work in heathen countries is done only by missionaries who possess a rare combination of personal traits. In too many cases the examination of the candidate fails to reveal the presence or the absence of this combination. But the following story tells how an unusual examination, a sort of X-ray, made known that a certain young man was just the sort of missionary needed.

It was winter; the examiner sent the candidate word to be at his home at three o'clock in the morning. When the young man arrived at the appointed time, he was shown into the study, where he waited for five hours. At length the old clergyman appeared, and asked the other how early he had come.

'Three o'clock sharp.'

'All right; it's breakfast-time now, come in and have some breakfast.'

'\$19.500 GIVEN AWAY IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS During the Year 1897.'

For full particulars see advertisements or apply to LEVER BROS., LTD., 22 SCOTT ST., TORONTO

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'All right; that will do. Now do you know anything about figures?'

'Yes sir, something.'

'How much is twice two?'

'Four.'

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'Fifth—I examined him on humility. I asked him to spell words a five-year-old child could spell, and to do sums in arithmetic a five-year-old child could do, and he didn't show any indignation; didn't ask me why I wanted to treat him like a child or a fool.'

'Sixth—I examined him on self-denial, prompt, patient, obedient, good-tempered, humble; he's just the man for a missionary, and I recommend him for your acceptance.'

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Kajones—'What would I do? I'd let her wear them! I guess you don't know Mrs. Kajones!'

Chicago Tribune.

THE PARSONS OF VALUE.

The parson—Did you hear that sermon of mine last Sunday?

The deacon—Yes, I did. I'm not near as good a sleeper as I used to be.—Yonkers Statesman.

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Jack Dashing—Under the constitution all men are born free and equal.

Penelope—Yes, but they get married.—Truth.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

She—What are you thinking about?

He—Oh, nothing!

She—How egotistical!—Yale Record.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: 'I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Farmeole's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.'

Satin—Did you bring your credentials? Shade of Reporter—Here's my fire badge.—New York Sunday Journal.

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She—What is the difference between a trust and a ring?

He—The—dear Mabel, if you can only trust me I will get the ring tomorrow morning.—Detroit Free Press.

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'Is so daddy's bestest girl?'

'Oh, papa, is is so sudden.'—New York World

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Gold is King

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Great reputation for the cure of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.—Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: 'Farmeole's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe headache, but these Pills have cured her.'

Please, sir, send me over to borrow your dress suit, but if you'd prefer to let him have your wheel as soon as you get a ride.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why will you allow a cough to lacrate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive grave, when by the timely use of Sickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

Jack Dashing—Under the constitution all men are born free and equal.

Penelope—Yes, but they get married.—Truth.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

She—What are you thinking about?

He—Oh, nothing!

She—How egotistical!—Yale Record.

Mr. T. J. Humes, Columbus, Ohio, writes: 'I have been afflicted for some time with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and find Farmeole's Pills the best medicine for these diseases. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required. They are Gelatine Coated and rolled in the Flour of Licorice to preserve their purity, and give them a pleasant, agreeable taste.'

Satin—Did you bring your credentials? Shade of Reporter—Here's my fire badge.—New York Sunday Journal.

Why go limping and wheezing about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

She—Our minister does not jump at conclusions. He—I should say not. I never knew him to reach a conclusion in less than an hour.—Brooklyn Life.

THE COMING and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. Dr. THOMAS' Bronchus Oil, obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

She—What is the difference between a trust and a ring?

He—The—dear Mabel, if you can only trust me I will get the ring tomorrow morning.—Detroit Free Press.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secure the gastric juices without which digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of Headache, Farmeole's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont. writes: 'Farmeole's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock.'

'Is so daddy's bestest girl?'

'Oh, papa, is is so sudden.'—New York World

CROCKETT'S Catarrh Cure.

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Gold is King

Plant your home claim with Steele, Briggs

THE HISTORY OF BUTTONS.

Gigantic Catches, Once Set in Diamonds, Now Reduced to Little Eggs. Recently at the Hotel Drouot there was a sale of a curious and interesting collection of ancient buttons...

The buttons of the eighteenth century bring high prices in the market at the present time. There are some of them that Fragonard, we are told, decorated with his marvellous pencil...

Isabeau, in his biographical notes, says that when he came to Paris he worked for a living by making copies of Vanloos and Bouchers on the lids of snuff boxes...

Two years after this period in the life of Bachaumont buttons abandoned erudition to take up edulthood. All the fine monuments of Paris were carved on them...

The oldest buttons at present in the museums and among the collections are the gold buttons discovered at Mycenae, at the time of the excavations undertaken by Dr. Schliemann...

But the richest things of the kind, beyond a doubt, are those that were worn by Louis XIV, M. Maza-Sancier, in the "Register of Diamonds and Presents to the King..."

Feb. 3, 1685—Montarcy presented to the King eighty diamond buttons, valued at 180,080 livres. May 7, 1685—Made and delivered by Sieur Bosc, six diamond buttons, 30,000 livres.

July 26, 1685—Handed over by Montarcy to the Marquis de Saignelay for the King seventy-five diamond buttons, 586,703 livres. Aug. 1, 1685—Two diamond buttons, 67,866 livres.

Aug. 16, 1685—Three diamond buttons 69,660 livres. Dec. 20, 1685—Four diamond buttons, 83,775 livres.

Another item in the same year: July 26, 1685—Furnished by Montarcy to the King...

July 26, 1685—Furnished by Montarcy to the King...

Scrofula

Makes life misery to thousands of people. It manifests itself in many different ways, like goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum and pimples and other eruptions.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. Thousands of voluntary testimonials tell of suffering from scrofula, often inherited and most tenacious, in every possible form, positively, perfectly and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 1s. 1/6d.

ECZEMA Most Torturing, Disfiguring, Humiliating

Of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly skin and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

Cuticura

REMEDIES speedily, permanently, and economically cure, when all else fails. CUTICURA SOAP, CUTICURA OINTMENT, CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

PIMPLY FACES Purified and Refreshed by CUTICURA SOAP.

arcy for the King's vest: Forty-eight gold buttons, each set with a diamond, and ninety-six clasps, forty-eight of which were composed of five diamonds each, and forty-eight of one diamond each, 185,123 livres.

"Also 384 clasps for the doublet of five diamonds each, and 162 of one diamond each, 1,006,845.

"In addition, there were seven ornamental clasps of three diamonds each, 201,270 livres.

"Sundry presents, thirty-three ornamental clasps, 574,366 livres."

"That looks up a total of about three millions for the buttons of the "Great King" for the single year of 1685. The preceding year Louis XIV. received a lot of buttons that were valued at 1,071,000 livres. In these enumerations there is no mention of the diamonds for the shoes, the garters, the cuffs, and the hats of the monarch.

We are obliged to admit, with our coats and overcoats garnished with miserable little cloth and bone affairs, we cut a poor figure in fancy button business compared to the dukes of the days of Louis XIV.

A KING AND HIS BONS.

Something Interesting About the Royal Family of Greece.

The present revolution in Crete has had one effect, which, perhaps, nobody fore-saw. It has made the royal family of Greece very popular.

The King of Greece is not a native—and Greece does not always take kindly to alien rulers. Otto of Bavaria, the first to ascend the throne after independence had been won from Turkey, ended by being driven out of the country.

King George was then only eighteen years of age. Little was known of him, save that he was tall and strong and came of a wealthy family, that he had served in the Danish navy, and that he was inclined to be cautious and taciturn in manner.

He began to be personally liked when, in 1867, he married the Grand Duchess Olga, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, great uncle to the present czar. She belonged to the Greek Church, and that helped the Greeks to overlook the fact that George himself is a Lutheran Protestant.

Still the Greeks could not yield full allegiance to a king who was not a Greek. Once or twice, when he followed unwise counsels, the nation seemed on the verge of anarchy. But in 1886, after the Servo-Bulgarian war, he and his subjects agreed that it was high time to fight Turkey; and though England interferred, the Greeks felt that their king had shown the spirit of a patriot.

Needless to say, the attitude of the royal family toward the Cretan revolutionists—who themselves are Greeks in all but name—has bound the throne and the people very closely together.

Perhaps the best-loved man in southern Europe at this time is Prince George, the king's second son. Companion readers have heard of him before. It was he who, by attacking and disarming a mad fanatic in a Japanese town, six years ago, saved the life of the present czar.

The action showed courage and presence of mind, and it proved also that the young man, who will be twenty-eight in June, is very much of an athlete. In fact, he served as referee of the Olympic Games at Athens last spring. Admiring friends say that the prince—who is the captain of a flotilla of gunboats—is the strongest man in the Greek navy.

Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta, the elder brother of George and the heir apparent, has also 'gone to the war,' and is in command of the Greek troops on the Thessalian frontier. He is George's senior by less than a year, but he is married and the father of two sons.

Whether the fine qualities of these young princes shall be displayed in war or in peace is still an open question. The story goes that whenever a Russian minister brings forward a proposal calculated to trouble the tranquility of England, the czar quietly suppresses it, on the ground that 'grandmamma (Queen Victoria) must not be bothered.'

War would 'bother' many illustrious relatives of the royal family of Greece, which is directly allied to the sovereigns of Great Britain, Germany and Russia. Doubtless King George is more anxious for peace than he sometimes seems.

"THROWN UPON THE WOULD."

History of Some Ladies Who are Working in Government Offices

A visitor to one of the government offices where women are employed in one of our cities desires to give in the Companion an exact account of what he saw and heard there. He was conducted by the superintendent, an old man of large experience. The last room inspected was filled with women at work.

The visitor remarked, "This is a higher class of women than that employed at the same work in some other kinds of business. These women have been educated, and have refined faces and voices. I should judge they are not used to manual labor of any kind."

"They are not," was the reply. "In almost every case they are the widows or daughters of men whose income died with them, but who, while living, gave to their families luxuries beyond their means."

"That young girl by the window was in fashionable society in New York two years ago. Her father, with a salary of five thousand dollars, lived far beyond his means. The woman in mourning is the widow of a physician whose income averaged six thousand dollars. He probably spent eight."

"That pale girl is the daughter of a master-builder, who lived comfortably among his old friends until he was seized with political ambition. He moved into a fine house, had his carriage, servants, and gave balls. He died, and his daughter carries twelve dollars a week, on which she supports her mother. There is hardly a woman here who is not the victim of the vulgar ambition which makes a family spend its wealthier neighbors in its outlay."

"That is an ambition not peculiar to us Americans," said the visitor.

"It is more common among us, because in other countries social position depends upon birth, while here it is usually fixed by money. How many families in every class do you know who are pretending to a larger pecuniary wealth than they have?"

The visitor passes on the question to the reader.—Youths Companion.

HE HAILED PRINCE GEORGE.

An American in a Predicament Asked Royal Help and Got It.

When Prince George of Greece was in the United States to attend the World's Fair his presence was hardly noticed, and he was not compelled to run the gauntlet of Chicago interviewers. So it came that perhaps the Prince's first experience with the American method of acquiring knowledge for dissemination was afforded by an American artist who attended the Olympic games to illustrate an article for a New York magazine.

On the day of the swimming contests the artist was unable to find the boat which he, together with a party of friends, had chartered for the occasion. The races took place on the harbor, about three miles from the city, and the artist, armed with camera and sketching tools, wandered about on the crowded shores until he bargained successfully with two men for a boat. After paddling about for a time without seeing much chance of viewing the races he made up his mind to board one of the larger vessels with which the water was crowded. He chose for his piratical designs one of the largest and best appearing of all the gayly decked craft and made his wishes known to his boatmen. Although he did not understand one word of Greek, there was no misunderstanding the fact that they forcibly remonstrated, and the more he commanded the more emphatic became their expostulations. He finally overruled their objections and induced them to row within calling distance of the big vessel. The artist hailed a man on deck in French telling him who he was and what he wanted. The stranger answered in very good English, and, after inviting the artist aboard, he brought a chair and arranged a place from which a good view of the start and finish could be had. Then he excused himself.

The American was very busy for a while, but it gradually occurred to him that the boat he was on was receiving a great deal of attention. After it began to move every other vessel saluted. When the races were finished and his host returned to the deck, the artist learned that he had been received by Prince George of Greece. He suffered a little consternation at the beginning, but the Prince did not appear to notice it and chatted cordially while he showed his guest about the vessel, finally posing before the camera. The artist was set ashore at his own request after a little trip about the bay, in the course of which the missing boat was encountered, and he had the pleasure of nodding to his friends from the deck of the royal yacht.

At one of the fetes following the games, at which there were many Americans—and by the way, it was distinctly white while being an American during the week of the games—one of the young Americans regarded the Prince with some boyish awe, and gravely saluted as he saw the Greeks salute. The Prince told him, tactfully, that he did not salute thus, 'because you are an American.'

Not Much Ahead. The disposition of the irrepressible Yankee not to let a man of any other nationality crop over him crops out in many ways.

We have a lot of national anniversaries

THINK OF THE LITTLE THINGS



about the house that would be improved by being painted. Painting is not the hard work it used to be. You can get just the color you want, mixed, ready to use, and no matching of colors, no fussing, no trouble.

Open the can, stir the paint, dip in the brush, and go to painting. In the time it took to mix paints, by the old methods, you can now have the work well finished.

One kind of paint will not do for a house, table, buggy, and a bath tub any more than one kind of cloth would answer for all sorts of clothing. THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS are made for all purposes. Not one paint for all surfaces, but a different paint for each surface.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS FAMILY PAINT is made for cupboards, shelves, baseboards, etc. It has an oil finish that can be washed. It is made in twenty-one colors.

Our booklet, "Paint Points," is a good thing for you to have. It tells many interesting things about paints—good and bad paints. It tells what to paint, and how to paint it. It is free. A postal will bring it. For booklet, address 7 St. Genevieve Street, Montreal.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO, NEW YORK, MONTREAL.

in our country that you don't know anything about," said an Englishman. "You haven't any Guy Fawkes day?"

"No," replied the American. "We haven't any 'gay fox day' that I've ever heard of, but we've got a ground-hog day, and don't you forget it!"

EXPERIENCE NEEDED.

The Teacher's Theory was Right but the old Man Knew It All. At a village debate—one of a series held in saltville for the discussion of scientific and political questions—nearly all present agreed that the report of a gun was caused by the rushing of the air into the gun-barrel immediately after the discharge.

The chairman of the evening was an old soldier, who listened to the statements of the speakers with an expression of good-natured scorn on his bronzed countenance. When appealed to at last for his opinion, he gave it with great deliberation.

"It's been real interestin' to hear the young fellers talk and expound their knowledge," said the chairman, nodding toward the district schoolteacher and another young man who had set forth their views in high sounding terms, and had been listened to with mingled wonder and delight.

"I dunno when I've been at a more instructin' talk—dunno I ever have. But there's just one thing I'd like to have some of you knowledgeable folks bear in mind: theory is one thing, and practice is another; and your theory that it's the air that makes the noise won't hold for an old soldier like me."

"I'll give ye a case in pint; suppose you drill a deep hole in a solid rock, fill it full o' powder, and tetch it off. The rock, gentlemen and friends," said the chairman, in his best official manner, "the rock is blowed to smithereens, hole an' all! Now what would make the noise in such a case, if your theory was right? I tell ye, it's one thing to read books, and it's another to have experience, an' I've got experience, my friends!"

It is said that among the older members of the audience there were some who seriously talked of the fitness of the district school-teacher for his position. Their feelings were quieted, however, by the chairman's generous statement that 'it wasn't fair to expect a feller only goin' on thutty to know everything.'

Umbrellas Mad - Re-covered, Repaired, Dressed, 17 Waterloo.

A BOY'S DIARY.

Boys get Sentimental Over Belles as Well as do the Girls. A mother describes in the Interior how she came to look upon the rubbish in her boy's drawer as his unwritten diary and the basis of his autobiography. She said to him one day:

"My son, your bureau drawer is full of rubbish. You had better clear it out." "Yes, that would be his great delight; so we began.

"This horseshoe is of no use—" "Oh yes, it is; I found it under gran'pa's corn-crib, and he let me have it." "These clamshells you'd better break up for the boys."

"Why, mamma, I got them on the beach, you know, last summer!" "And this faded ribbon—burn it up." "Oh no! That was our class badge for the last day of school, and I want to keep it."

"Here is that old tin flute yet! Why do you heap up such trash?" "That is a nice flute that Willie gave me two Christmases ago. Didn't we have a splendid time that day?"

"Well, this bottle is good for nothing—" "Oh yes, it is. That is the bottle I used for a bobber when we went fishing at Green's Lake. A black bass pulled that bottle away under water!"

Then the mother thought that to destroy these historical relics would be to obliterate pleasant memories.

TO CHECK EXPECTORATION.

This Might Apply in Many Other Offices Outside of Indianapolis. The following interesting but repulsive story is taken from the Indianapolis Journal, where it appears as the talk of a lady typewriter. It must be that it is much exaggerated, but even so it may do good.

"It testimony concerning the prevalence of masculine expektoration could be taken from type-writers, some startling revelations might be made. I am in an office with seven or eight alleged gentlemen, who

all dictate letters to me, and who all expektorate freely around me as I sit at my machine. After they have departed I throw blotters on the floor all about, to make my surroundings endurable.

"Strange to say, not one of them has ever noticed how my floor is strewn with blotters, except in one instance, when our president remarked, 'Miss Mary, you use a great many blotters.' My response was 'Yes, sir; I have to.'

"The colored porter finally made out the reason of my conduct. He probably apprised some of the men in the office, for matters have been pleasant for me since. To all girls who have been annoyed in this way, I earnestly recommend the blotter system. To attract attention to a reform helps it on.

Not a Coward.

While a number of white boys were skating in Kentucky, a negro boy came to the creek and commenced putting on his skates. The skaters tried to drive him away, but he would not go. This aroused their anger, and one of them challenged him to fight and called him a coward because he refused.

"A little while later the pugilist laid broke through the ice. The white boys ran frantically about from his peril; but the negro threw off his coat, dived into the icy water, and successfully succeeded in saving the life of the younger boy who had called him a coward.

The rescued boy cannot be destitute of the sense of shame, and in this he has not been sufficiently punished without having his name printed.

"Run It by Water."

A young lumberman of northern Minnesota, whose habits of drinking had given the "blind staggers" to his business, reformed and ran his sawmill with profit. While in the transition period he met Tom an old friend.

"How are you?" asked Tom. "Pretty well, thank you; but I have just seen a doctor to have him examine my throat."

"What's the matter?" "Well, the doctor couldn't give me any encouragement. At least, he could not find what I want to find."

"What did you expect him to find?" "I asked him to look down my throat for the sawmill and farm that had gone down their in drink."

"And did he see anything of them?" "No; but he advised me if ever I got another mill to run it by water."

STAR LINE STEAMERS

FOR FREDERICTON and WOODSTOCK (Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7.30 a. m. for St. John. Steamer Aberdeen will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 8.30 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock, on alternate days at 7.30 a. m. while navigation permits.

100 GOOD Second-hand

HACKS, LANDAUS, COUPES, BREAKS, WAGONETTES, DEPOT CARRIAGES, etc., etc., \$100 to \$500. 50 from \$200 to \$300.

75 good strong Hacks, Coupes, Barouches, Depot Carriages, \$25 to \$100. Some odd style vehicles for the price of gear. 2,000 vehicles in stock, new and second hand. Lowest prices.

HENDERSON BROS., North Cambridge, Mass.

Mechanics' Institute

Week Commencing APRIL 26

An entire New Show from start to finish. Not an Old Face on the bill. NEW FAROES. NEW SPECIALTIES.

PRICES 10c. AND 20c. Be sure to see this mammoth show, eclipsing all previous efforts. See the Faro Comedy.

THE SPECULATOR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1897.

WHAT IS THEIR FATE?

WHAT BECOMES OF THE LADY DOCTOR GRADUATES.

Some Reasons Why a Man Would Not Like a Lady Physician Around—What is the Woman Doctor's Place—She is a Failure Where Men are Concerned.

I read an article on the female doctors the other day which I found very interesting. The author—a man—treated his subject from a humorous standpoint and it was very amusing, especially in the picture he drew of the male invalid, attended by the female physician; but all the same there was a large amount of common sense in what he said, which was to the effect that the woman doctor at the sick man's bedside was a large mistake.

I have often wondered what becomes of the numbers of graduates from women's medical colleges of whom we read every year as passing brilliant examinations, and coming out at the head of their classes. It does not seem possible that they can all succeed in their chosen profession when so many men fail either as success, or even a bare living out of the healing art; and it is a noticeable fact that even in large cities the proportion of female physician's signs is only about one in twenty, so I cannot help wondering where all the others have gone. Occasionally one hears of Dr. Josephine Blank, or Dr. Eliza Dash who possess a really large and paying practice and whose opinion is considered of some weight in the medical world, but I do not remember ever to have heard of any celebrated specialist, or great consulting physician who belong to our sex. We have had great musicians, great poets, great artists, novelists, and even great sculptors, but never a great physician or surgeon, and somehow it does not seem as if nature intended us to shine either in the consulting, or operating room. We hear of a few successful ones, but who knows the fate of those who fail, or who can count their number? and it seems to me that to suppose even the most moderate percentage of them to be earning a bare living would be taking an optimistic view of the matter.

I fancy that when one of the bright clever girls who are so often ornaments to their colleges, decides to adopt the medical profession, she starts out with the intention of practicing almost exclusively amongst women, feeling confident that the majority of her sex would be only too eager to embrace the opportunity of throwing off the thralldom women have so long suffered from in being obliged to employ a horrid male man as a physician, or do without one, and have the comfort of a thoroughly qualified practitioner of her own sex, to whom she could tell all her troubles without reserve, and of whose perfect sympathy, and ready comprehension of all her feelings she could feel absolutely certain. But alas that is just where the young enthusiast makes her greatest mistake! It is a strange thing, but somehow we women seem to lack confidence in each other, and however even the most advanced of us may assert our independence, and our firm conviction that we are quite efficient unto our selves and able to regard man as an animal which is on the whole, superfluous, we have a way of turning to some man or other, when we really need a substantial dependence, so it follows naturally that nine women out of ten prefer a male doctor, and would not employ a female one if she would attend them for nothing. I think they have an intuitive feeling that a woman is out of her sphere in handling the forceps and the knife, and slightly beyond her depth in diagnosing complicated symptoms. They cannot get over the idea that she is a sort of amateur who may take it into her head to experiment upon them, so they feel safer when they stick to the genuine article, the real male professional who has enjoyed a monopoly of bone setting, blood letting, and pulse feeling for centuries.

Curiously enough women have the most absolute confidence in a trained nurse, and will obey her unquestioningly, when they would not have the slightest scruple about going directly against the orders of a female physician. Therefore, if we take away from them the probability of practicing amongst their own sex, what prospect of a career is left for the hapless girl who has studied medicine, and laboriously now the right to place the letters M. D. after her name? She can scarcely look forward to an extensive or lucrative practice amongst men, because however much a man may love our sex, if

there is one time above another when he absolutely declines to have a strange woman around him it is when he is ill. Of course the nurse does not count, she is absolutely necessary and he clings to her with the absolute dependence of a child upon its mother, he simply could not live without her and he is fretful and uneasy if she is out of his sight for a moment.

But when it comes to a woman doctor, who may also be young and charming, and whom he only sees once or twice a day, and whom he has no opportunity of getting used to—why that is quite "another story."

What man in his senses would care to have a strange woman come into his room and take a cool, calm, dispassionate stock of him when he is under the double disadvantages of lying in bed comfortably, but by no means becomingly, arrayed in a night shirt, and with all the classical outlines of his face veiled by a three or four days growth of stubble? Imagine that man's feelings when the female practitioner removed her hat, extracted a stethoscope from it and unbuttoning his night shirt with cold blooded deliberation, proceeded to apply the instrument to his undraped chest, and listen with cool professional unconcern to his labored breathing! I am sure his breath would become so short that the doctor might be pardoned for diagnosing an ordinary case of bronchitis as one of deep seated pleurisy complicated by effusion of both lungs. Besides that, the patient would not have any confidence in her, he would infinitely prefer one of his own rough sex, who would pull his tongue out several inches in order to examine it more closely, press firmly on his stomach and liver in order to find out where the pain was, and question him with brutal candor, as to what he had been drinking lately, and how much of it.

No, the female doctor would not be a success as the medical attendant of her natural enemy, man, and that being the case, and her sister women not showing any disposition to stumble over each other in their efforts to secure her services, we are brought back to the starting point of wondering what that unfortunate person is going to practice upon, and where she is to get her living. I am afraid she has only a choice of two evils before her, one is to either join the army of brave women who are convinced that their true sphere in life is to be found in work in the medical Zanzibar missions, or else to assume the nurse's cap, as a crown, and the nurse's tiny pocket thermometer as a sceptre, and reign the sovereign of an absolute monarchy—and the other is, to win fame and fortune as a veterinary surgeon!

WOODS USED IN FURNITURE.

Points About Mahogany—Timber Formerly Neglected but Employed Now.

Experts in old furniture are much guided in their judgment as to particular pieces by the wood of which they are made. Mahogany furniture purporting to be as much as two centuries old is subject to suspicion, because mahogany was little used in furniture until about the middle of the eighteenth century. A colonial New England piece is much more likely to be of oak than of mahogany unless it belong to the late colonial period. Mahogany was a luxury ever then, and was used in ordinary households as being at once moderate in price and durable.

It is easy to tell whether a professed European piece of walnut furniture is genuine by the quality of the walnut. European walnut is a denser and finer wood than most of our walnut. A piece of furniture made of ash at unexposed points is almost certain to be of American manufacture, but a piece having beech at such points is likely to be of European manufacture. Beech is plentiful in Europe and relatively scarce in this country, and with American makers of furniture ash is a cheap substitute for beech and oak. A chair made entirely of beech is almost certain to be of European manufacture. Such chairs are often beautiful in form, and extremely durable. Modern taste demands, however, that the beech be stained to imitate mahogany.

Near as New York is to the mahogany forests of the West Indies, the best mahogany comes from Liverpool. The Liverpool

SHORT'S "DYSPEPTICURE" acts like magic on all stomach troubles. A positive cure for Chronic Dyspepsia and all forms of indigestion. Prepared by CHARLES K. SHORT, Pharmacist, St. John, N. B. Sold by druggists and dealers at 25 cts. and \$1.

Two Entrances { 27 and 29 King Street, } Furniture Warehouse, 13 and 15
GENERAL TELEPHONE, 123. CARPET DEP'T TELEPHONE, 864. FURNITURE DEP'T TELEPHONE, 979.

NIGHT GOWNS.

- CAMBRIC, Tucked Yoke, Turned Collar, Lawn Ruffle, 57c.
- TUCKED YOKE, Trimmed Embroidery, 75c.
- TUCKED YOKE, Insertion Welt, Lawn Ruffle, 85c.
- TUCKED YOKE, Trimmed Embroidery, \$1.00.
- YOKE OF INSERTION and Tucks, \$1.10
- V Yoke of Insertion, Trimmed Embroidery, \$1.35
- POINTED YOKE OF INSERTION, Trimmed Embroidery, \$1.50.
- SQUARE YOKE OF SOLID TUCKS, Trimmed Deep Embroidery Ruffle, \$1.90.
- SQUARE YOKE OF INSERTION, Trimmed Embroidery and Ribbon, \$2.25.
- FANCY YOKE OF FINE TUCKS, Prettily Trimmed with Embroidery, \$2.50.
- Square Yoke of Fine Tucks, trimmed insertion, ribbon and embroidery, \$3.00.
- NAINSOOK, Empire Neck, Trimmed Valenciennes Lace, \$3.15 and \$3.25.
- LONSDALE, Empire Neck, Trimmed Embroidery, \$3.25.
- LONSDALE, Large Sailor Collar of Embroidery, \$3.75

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

pool timber merchants have long controlled the mahogany trade, and they get most of the best logs from the West Indies and latterly even from Mexico. Much mahogany is brought to New York directly from the mahogany ports, especially those of Mexico, but for special choice logs New York importers still look to Liverpool. Indeed, English timber merchants own a good deal of the mahogany now lying at the Lewis street inspection yards. Some of it has lain there nearly ten years, subject to damage by the elements, while the British owners wait for better prices.

New woods have come into use of late years, partly because timber of the sort that used in furniture making has become scarce, partly because modern machinery makes it possible to work woods that in earlier times could not be profitably worked. Birch, which is tough, crooked, and difficult to work is coming into use for factory-made furniture. This wood warps easily, but it looks well and serves the needs of the factory-makers. Aspen also is coming into use for the manufacture of furniture, though it, too, is a crabbed wood, unfit to be worked save by modern cutting machinery. Another of the woods that the furniture maker has been driven to use is sycamore. It is fairly abundant and cheap in the United States, and its makings are distinctive and beautiful, but it is untrustworthy because of its tendency to warp. It is sometimes used as a veneer over less beautiful but more trustworthy wood. Some of the North River ferry boats are veneered with sycamore. All of these troublesome woods have been improved for use in furniture by modern methods of rapid seasoning.

Birch, sycamore, and the other crabbed woods are not used by the cabinet makers because their furniture is hand made and the labor and expense of working these woods without the aid of machinery make them unprofitable for cabinet-made furniture. Mahogany is much softer and more easily worked than these woods. Some New England folks before the middle of the present century had a craze for furniture made of ironwood, otherwise known as horn beam, and cabinet make furniture of this material is found now and then in Connecticut. The wood is regarded by modern wood workers as utterly unfit for working into furniture. New York cabinet makers avoid the use of beech, and it is used in this country, mainly for fine tool handles, in places and the like, just as mahogany is in furniture castors, blocks for palaces, and other small articles.

Very old furniture in cherry is almost as highly prized as mahogany, and fine old pieces in maple fetch high prices. The best walnut furniture of good old pattern is also highly prized by the cabinetmakers, as walnut has become very scarce wood in this country.—N. Y. Sun.

Strange Death.

Death is brought about by many strange things, and it seems as if new diseases were being constantly discovered. But it is difficult to imagine the sort of mortality described of late by an old Irishman.

"And what killed Mrs. Mulcahey, I dunno?" inquired one of that person's former neighbors, running into Mrs. Doonan's kitchen one morning, with her shawl over her head. "It's an hour ago I heard the news she was gone."

"It was a strange case," said Mrs. Doonan, shaking her head mournfully; "a strange case was Molly Mulcahey's, as I never heard, and 'twas herself that knew it. It's the dropsy they say I've got, Mary Doonan, she was either remarkin' to me many's the time; it's the dropsy they say I've got; but it's little they know, doctors or no doctors. It's me vital spot that's the real trouble," says she, poor thing.

"CLUBFOOT'S ADVENTURE."

A Little Incident that Reconciled Enemies to Each Other.

A few years ago there flourished in Montana a scout who had an extraordinary equipment for his occupation. He was a tall, strong man, well built except in one respect: his feet grew the wrong way, his toes pointing backward instead of forward.

This would have been a serious drawback to any man who went much on foot; but it was almost no drawback to "Clubfoot George,"—this scout was called,—because practically he never went on foot at all. He had a saddle with stirrups adapted to his deformity, and could ride a horse as well as any other cowboy.

He was an expert at trailing Indians, and seldom had to dismount in order to distinguish even the smallest detail of Indian "sign." His keen eyes took in everything from his seat in the saddle.

He is said to have known personally all the Indians from Fort Bertbold to the Blackfoot Agency, and was equally well known to them. But he was their enemy and they were his enemies. The war was apparently relentless between them.

In the dead of a certain winter, many years ago, Clubfoot George had occasion to go from old Fort Browning to Fort Benton. He was alone, and had to camp overnight on the way. Even a famous scout on this occasion hobbled his horse, a rather wild and flighty animal, so insecurely that in the night it got away, and started back to Fort Browning.

In the morning, therefore, Clubfoot George had to confront the necessity of walking to Fort Benton. It was an unpleasant thing to do, since it would take even a good walker about two days to cover the distance, and Clubfoot George's specialty was not walking; but he started out manfully over the snow.

He had walked until about the middle of the afternoon, when a party of hostile Indians, out for white men's scalps, came upon his trail. His tracks were visible in the snow; but of course they pointed in the opposite direction from that in which George was going.

There was nothing about the tracks to show that they were Clubfoot George's; and besides, the Indians, though they knew George well, had never before seen the print of his boots. So they started pell mell in the direction in which the tracks led, thirsting for this white man's blood.

come so far on horseback and then lost his horse, the Indians looked at one another in astonishment, until one of them said, "Clubfoot!" Then they all inspected closely the tracks they had been following. Who says that Indians have no sense of humor? No one who knows them well. These Indians certainly had, for they roared with laughter, though the joke was on them. But they determined to transfer it to the white man.

So they turned back on the trail and rode furiously all the rest of the day and part of the night, until they came to a place where the queer heel-first track went over a bank. Then one of the Indians lay down on his face and called over the edge of the bank, in his own language: "Clubfoot, are you there?"

And a voice came back in the same tongue: "Yes, I am here! Is that you, Howling-Dog?"

What could be done with such a man? The Indians were already more than half-modified toward the scout by their enjoyment of the extraordinary joke that he had, quite unintentionally, played on them; and when, in the best of humor, George invited them to come down and share his camp and make themselves at home, they did so, and never molested him.

Their unexpected friendliness must have made an impression on Clubfoot George, for the chapters of his adventures end with this incident. He gave up scouting, and ever after lived a peaceful life.

A Difficult Problem Satisfactorily Solved.

In the past the ladies have had thousands of dollars worth of valuable goods ruined through the use of inferior and adulterated dyes prepared for home dyeing. The greatest loss that we can point to is in the coloring of all mixed goods—fabrics composed of cotton and silk, and silk and wool.

The manufacturers of Diamond Dyes put up special dyes for the coloring of all mixed goods, giving colors that are fast to soap and sunlight. Diamond Dyes for mixed goods are the only reliable dyes in the world, and are all guaranteed to do perfect work.

Every druggist and dealer of any standing in Canada can supply you with Diamond Dyes for mixed goods. Do not accept imitations or substitutes; compel your dealer to give you the "Diamond."

"That Fellow"—The dark-browed man's voice shook with emotion and things would sink to any depths for the sake of wealth. It was true; the chap he cursed was a diver by trade.—Cincinnati Tribune.

"Have you seen Redding's new book?" "Gracious! Has he also turned author?" "Oh, no. Better than that. He has designed the cover for somebody else's book."—Philadelphia North American.

Pistols and Pestles. The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Cathartic" with a hundred others. Free. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

OF THE THINGS... would be im-... Painting... be. You can... fixed, ready to... ng, no trouble... go to painting... can now have... y, and a bath... rts of clothing... all purposes... surface... for cupboards... washed. It is... to have. It tells... will bring it... IAMS CO... me, and who all ex-... and me as I sit at my... they have departed I... the floor all about, to... gurable... not one of them has... y floor is strewn with... one instance, when our... "Miss Mary, you use... My response was... er finally made out the... duct. He probably... the men in the office... been pleasanter for me... who have been annoy-... nrestrly recommend the... attract attention to a... Coward... of white boys were... a negro boy came to... menced putting on his... rs tried to drive him... not go. This aroused... e of them challenged... ed him a coward be-... the pugilistic lad broke... the white boys ran fra-... die peril; but the negro... ved into the icy water... ed in saving the life of... ad called him a coward... cannot be destitute of... and in this he has no... ntly punished without... ted... by Water... man of northern Minne-... of drinking had given... to his business, re-... sawmill with profit... ion period he met Tom... ked Tom... k you; but I have just... ave him examine my... r couldn't give me any... least, he could not... find... spect him to find... ok down my throat for... that had gone down... anything of them? I... ed me if ever I got an-... by water... me, spirit, Perforated... STEAMERS... and WOODSTOCK... (Standard Time.)... Weston and Olive... cept Sunday) at 8... rmediate landings, and will... y day (except Sunday) at... Steamer Aberdeen will... TUESDAY, THURSDAY... a. m. for Woodstock, and... on alternate days at 10... O. F. BAIRD, Manager... Second-hand... COUPES, BREAKS... WOODSTOCK... COUPES, BARONCHES, Depot... Some odd style vehicles... 2,000 vehicles in stock, new... est prices... RYSON BROS.,... Cambridge, Mass... es' Institute... APRIL 26... om start to finish... at an Old Face on the bill... ROES... ECIALTIES... C. AND 20c... ammoth show, clipping... efforts. See the... COMEDY... CULATOR,

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

His majesty's ship Gazelle steamed into the harbor of Simonstown after several weeks of a stormy, difficult passage.

Requests for leave of absence came pouring in and were gladly granted, for the first officer was in a happy frame of mind.

The anchor maneuvers passed off without a flaw, and the commander had expressed thorough satisfaction with the brilliant drill.

As the time drew near for the cadets to go ashore the noise in the messroom increased with every moment.

So we turned our back upon Simonstown hired a rig and were driven to Cape Town, where cosmopolitan amusements awaited us.

At a pretty little inn we found good Cape wine, and the innkeeper's daughter, a lovely maiden of 17, served it to us in old English bumpers.

In the messroom we talked on of Nelly, and night after night found us gathered at the hospital's tavern.

Without a moment's hesitation I dropped into the chair and let my hands wander over the keys.

In time pretty Nelly chose for her favorite place the one next to mine at the piano.

The first officer had put me in charge of the messroom, and with many onerous duties was combined the privilege of going ashore in the afternoon with the steward.

On these afternoons Nelly and I sat on the bench before the house, unobserved by the tavern keeper and his wife.

Anybody might have listened to our conversation. It dwelt upon the most innocent topics.

Propinquity led to sentiment on both sides. Unconsciously our hands clasped and when I caught her glances with too ardent admiration the beautiful child veiled her soft brown eyes with their sweeping lashes.

Once while thus dreaming and reveling in each other's presence Nelly arose suddenly. Her eyes swept mournfully over the distant sea.

"How beautiful you are!" I could not help exclaiming as my eyes feasted on the slender, virginal form of the budding woman.

"Tomorrow night when the tide is on we shall sail for Melbourne," the first officer had announced at the morning drill.

The last of our jolly evenings at the tavern had come. I was sad and strangely apprehensive. Glass after glass of crimson wine was emptied to Nelly's health between songs that told of parting and glad reunions.

At 6 o'clock the officer of the guard came on deck. He was ordered to go ashore to report the ship's departure to the harbor captain.

The following day was full of bustle aboard the Gazelle. The ship was made ready to clear and arduous duties were resumed.

purchases to make for the mess. The officer looked at me incredulously.

"Come along," he said finally, "and be quick about it!"

"I have been waiting all day," she said, "and feared you might not be able to come again."

"Would it have grieved you much, little Nelly?" I questioned.

"My time is measured by minutes. Bid me far-well and tell me that you will remember the German naval cadet?"

The dark lashes shrouded her tender eyes, and a tear fell on my hand.

"Nelly!" Slowly she lifted her lovely face. Her tear dimmed glance drove discretion to the winds.

"I cannot! Stay with me—stay!" Her burning kisses pleaded for her. Her slender arms held me in a vise.

"Don't leave me," she begged. "Remain with me!"

"I will be faithful to you until death!" I promised in the agony of the moment.

"I'll die!" she repeated faintly, pressing her hand to her heart.

"I knelt by the side of the dying woman. 'Forgive me, beloved. I could not live without you!'"

"The knife! I shrieked, trying to wrest from the rigid fingers the cruel weapon.

"Come," he said as he led me rapidly away. "She is past help."

"You must live," said an inward voice. "You life belongs to that flag."

"At midnight I was relieved from duty. 'Cadet Gerhard, come down to my cabin and let me dictate the logbook's record to you,' said the officer of the guard."

"At your age an experience like this is hard to bear," he began as he turned his face to the wall that I might not see the sadness in it.

"Go to bed, now, Cadet Gerhard," he added, "and try to regain your peace of mind."

"Many years have passed since the tragic event recorded. I have become a serious, thoughtful man."

"On the wall of my cabin hangs a life-size portrait of my first and only love. Nelly's parents have sent her photograph to me as she was when we loved each other, and from this a famous artist made the painting. It is my faithful companion on all my journeys.—From the German.

DEATH'S COLD SWEAT.

Stood out in Great Beads upon His Face—A Victim of Heart Disease Snatched from the Grave by the Prompt Use of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—Relief in all Cases in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart positively gives relief within 30 minutes after the first dose is taken.

LONGEST TUNNEL IN THE WORLD

It will be Under Pike's Peak and Will Cost \$30,500,000.

Two gangs of workmen have just begun digging in Colorado the longest tunnel which man ever attempted to construct.

The starting point of the main tunnel is at the foot of the mountain leading up to pike's Peak, near the old town of Colorado City.

The main tunnel will pass directly under the cone of Pike's peak at a depth of nearly 7,000 feet and 2,000 feet beneath the town of Victor.

The main tunnel will pass directly under the cone of Pike's peak at a depth of nearly 7,000 feet and 2,000 feet beneath the town of Victor.

Under present circumstances the distance—the shortest way—from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek is fifty-four miles.

"Epilepsy or the 'Falling Sickness' has been known for many centuries, and for as long a period of time no cure has been discovered.

"The price of Kootenay Cure is \$7.50 per bottle. If your druggist does not keep it, send to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. Chart book free on application.

"The duties of the true laika," he says, are of an extremely varied nature.

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WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

Start wash day with good soap, pure soap, that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP

is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.

It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name, SURPRISE.

The ribs are big and long. The chest is deep and broad. The legs are for running, while the coat is thick, having 'cotton' under the hair, which makes it warm.

"PAINE'S."

The Name and Reputation Imply Much.

Paine's Celery Compound Establishes Safety, Health and Strength.

Never Allow any Dealer to Persuade You to Take Something Else.

"Paine's!" Glorious talismanic name that speaks a wealth of hope and health to the thousands of disease-burdened man and women!

"Paine's!" Marvellous healer that cures when all other medicines fail!

"Paine's!" Thou bright loadstar of the despondent that brings a world of joy and new life after the doctors have declared the case to be incurable!

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HE WOULD GRUMBLE.

Though the Fruit Crop was Good he saw no Cause for Thankfulness.

A stranger tramping in mid-June through 'the garden of England,' as the county of Kent is called, sees posted on boards and fences notices announcing that the growing crops of fruit—cherries, gooseberries, currants and strawberries—growing in fields and gardens, and observes the great barns bursting with thousands of bushel-baskets waiting to be filled with the ripe fruit and sent to London.

The stranger, should he express his admiration of the orchards, hop-fields and market-gardens to a countryman, will be surprised at two facts: The peasant proprietor never thinks of eating any of the fruit he grows, and the more plentiful the crops the less pleased he professes himself to be.

The report of a conversation between a traveller in Kent and a fruit-grower—taken from the Dover Road—shows the fruit-grower a born grumbler, who, in his own opinion, is a most unfortunate man.

"Good day to you!" said the tourist, meeting Hodge, who nods his head and mumbles:

"Morn'n!" "Splendid crop you have down here! I should think things must be going pretty well in these parts?"

"Ay, goin' down-hill fast now, I see warrant."

"Oh, how'd you make that out?" "Make it out, is it? Why, look a-here at them trees turnt; d' yer iver see sich poor things? Ay, an' all the root crops is bad 'em can be."

"Yes, but you're all right with your fruit—cherries and apples?" "My, there's a dale of fruit this year. A sight too much to please me."

"But you can't have too much of a good thing, can you?" "Can't you, though? Look at the price down ter now, as you may say. Get it for the asking!"

"But I didn't get cherries for the asking. I had to pay eightpence a pound for some I bought at Chatham."

"Oh, I desay. Wish I o'd git a penny a pound. But that's jist like them 'ere staves 'em rob 'em and cheat 'em folks! Wouldn't give 'em so much 's the parings of their finger-nails if they c'd help it!"

"Then why don't you make preserves of some of your fruit?" "Preserves? What's that, mister?"

"Why, jam, you know. Besides, surely you eat some of your own fruit, don't you?" "Fruit to sell, not to eat."

"Well, then, if you can't sell it, don't preserve it, and won't eat any of it, what do you do with it?"

"Give it ter the pigs, in coorse." "Yes, but why did not eat some of it yourself?"

"Heat it! D'yer take me fur a bloom'n Nebuchadnezzar? Besides, it's that there ongergettable—"

"But Nebuchadnezzar didn't eat fruit. He hadn't the chance, poor fellow! He could only find grass to eat."

"Grass 'odn't be so ongergettable as fruit, I reckon. You town folks think a man can live on nothing. Now a pound or two o' steak, a few rashers o' fat bacon, an' a few heags fur breakfast—that's more my line. Hexpeck a Christian man to heat fruit!"

"But you expect people to buy yours don't you?" "Naw, I don't hexpeck nothink."

"Then why do you grow it?" "Because I suppose I'm a fool; that's about the size o' it. Good day t'ye, mister!"

A Characteristic Reply.

The incurability of General Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was above all suspicion. A characteristic anecdote is told of him by J. J. Spencer in the Review of Reviews:

At one time, when General Walker held a government position, a place shared in a measure by another, he was approached with the suggestion that, since the whole department was under their control, by working in harmony they could have whatever they desired.

"I have no desires," said General Walker. "But, general," said his coadjutor, "do you not see that we can push forward our friends and relatives into good places?" "I have no friends," was the reply.

Chase's K. & L. Pills Cure Dyspepsia.

For the last eight years I have been a sufferer from constipation and dyspepsia. I tried dozens of different medicines, but nothing gave me relief until I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which cured me.

JAMES HEARD, Woodville, Ont.

Sunday Reading.

DUTY OR LOVE: WHICH?

'I wish there wasn't any such thing,' said Lettie, as she reluctantly put aside the book she was reading. 'It's always interfering with things you want to do. I must go to see Aunt Jane and be pleasant to her, no matter how cross she is, because it is my duty. I must treat Anna Frank just as well as I do Lina Grant, because it is my duty. I must go where I don't like to go, and do things I dislike to do, because duty compels me.'

Grandfather West looked at the dissatisfied face of his granddaughter and said: 'Under the circumstances I don't know as I dare ask you to do something for me.'

'Why dear grandpa,' said Lettie springing up, 'you know I like to do things for you; what is it you want?'

'I'd like to go down to your father's of fice, but since I've got so unsteady on my feet your mother doesn't like me to walk about alone. Would you mind going 'round that way as you go to Aunt Jane's?'

'Of course I'll go. Just wait till I get my hat,' and Lettie ran upstairs, returning soon, ready for the walk.

They were obliged to go slowly, as grandpa West was quite lame, but Lettie did not seem to mind. They stopped often to admire the flowers in the yards, and finally, in front of a small cottage, Lettie gave an exclamation of delight as she saw at one side a long stretch of morning-glory vines full of pink, white and blue blossoms. She could not see what they were trained on; as she faced them, she could see only the high, green wall and the beautiful, dainty, nodding flowers.

'We haven't been this way since last spring,' said her grandfather. 'Do you remember seeing Mr. Grant putting in the seeds alongside of the old shed that used to be such an eyesore? The owners wouldn't remove the old building, and it is right within range of his sister's windows. She is an invalid and it was very unpleasant for her to sit and look out upon the bare weather-beaten boards, and finding that the shed must remain, Mr. Grant said to his sister, 'We'll cover the ugliness with glory.'

'That's just what he has done,' said Lettie; 'you can't see a bit of the old shed; you'd never know it is there.'

'Still it is there; and were it not for the solid, substantial background, the vines could not raise themselves heavenward and show the full glory of their blossoms.'

As they stood looking at the beautiful wall the old man laid a hand on the girl's shoulder, saying: 'Lettie dear, duty sometimes looks stern and compelling, but it need not be so. We may plant the seeds of cheerful obedience, faith and love, and the good Father will help to make them grow, so that in time the stern and disagreeable duty may become a glorious privilege.'

'You do things gladly for me because you love me; cannot you learn to love Aunt Jane and others with whom you come in contact?'

When they reached the office, Lettie left her grandfather and went on down the street to the little house where Aunt Jane lived. She thought of the 'glory wall' and wondered if what grandpa said about duty could be true. Could she ever learn to love any one so hard and unloveable as Aunt Jane?

As she went up the path to the door she saw her aunt sitting by the window sewing. In answer to my knock came a curt 'Come in.'

Following an impulse which was the out-growth of her grandfather's talk, she went to her aunt's side and, kissing her, laid in her lap a beautiful rose which she had been carrying.

'Why, Lettie, child!' said Miss Jane, surprised out of her usual sternness.

'Isn't it a beauty?' said Lettie, following up the advantage she had gained; and then she went on to tell her walk, and the flowers, and gave a description of the morning-glory wall.

Aunt Jane's hard face softened and she told Lettie of the morning-glories that she used to see over the porch at her old home in New England; and the girl listening to the stories told by this gray-haired woman, of the time when she too had been young and full of hope, forgot that this was a duty call and was surprised to hear the little clock strike the hour of eleven. She started up saying: 'I didn't mean to stand so long. I must hurry now, for grandpa will be waiting for me to take him back to dinner.'

When she reached the office and found the old man waiting for her she raised a beaming face to his and said, 'I've started my glory-wall. I've planted the first seeds.'

THE FLOWERS' MISSION.

Even Those Who are Limited in Means May Thus Help Others.

Some poet has called flowers "sweet letters of the angel tongue," and when one knows the messages they bring to saddened hearts, the appellation does not seem exaggerated. A writer to the "Ladies' Home Journal" tells an incident which suggests that those of us who are limited in means and opportunity can still find a way of helping others.

She was a hard-working, over-burdened creature, our washerwoman, with a good-for-nothing husband and a large family of unruly children. It would seem that all love for the beautiful must have been crushed out of her nature, but I had often noticed the rapt expression that would steal over her face as she would pause in her work to look at a plant covered with magnificent bloom which occupied a conspicuous place in our conservatory. I was often tempted to give her this plant, but selfishness always suggested the gift of a commoner one—indeed, it seemed hard to think of parting with any of my plants. It was not pleasant to think of the squalid surroundings which might await them in her shiftless home, but conscience whispered: 'You ought to do it; this lovely plant blooming so constantly with so little care may accomplish much.'

After much indecision selfishness was conquered, and at the close of an unusually hard day's work, when the poor woman had seemed completely discouraged, and had revealed some of her troubles, I resolved not to hesitate any longer.

'And where am I to carry it, missus?' she inquired when I offered her the plant, and prepared to remove it from its place of honor in the conservatory.

'It is for you to keep,' I answered.

'For me?' she gasped. 'Not that—not the very prettiest one in the hall lot! Oh, I'd love to have a bloomin' plant, but I can't take your prettiest! But when I convinced her that I really wanted her to have it she clasped it in her arms, and said in a whisper: 'And I've been so wicked all day, I was almost doubtin' if there was a lovin' God watchin' over us all, and I was so clean discouraged I was thinkin' there wa'n't no use in tryin' to do right, for the women in our street who drink and steal seem to have a better time than me, and their children ain't no worse 'an mine, but I won't give up now; it will be easier with this to help me. I don't know how to thank ye, ma'am, and again she struggled to keep back the tears as she gave a queer little courtesy and walked rapidly away.'

A week passed by, and again she came to do the weekly washing, but that discouraged expression in her face had gone, and her first greeting was: 'Oh, missus, I can't tell you how much its come for us all. The children is keeping the winder clean so's it can git the sunshine, and they's 'shamed to have the room look dirty with them blessed blossoms lookin' on.'

Another week she exclaimed with beaming eyes. 'The old man do'n't have the room full of smokin' men no more; he's 'raid the smoke will hurt them flowers; and he stays home now, and when the room gits straightened up he draws his chair close to the plant, and works at his trade just like he used to before he got to drinkin.'

Every week brought fresh message of joy and thankfulness, until I wondered how I ever could have hesitated for a moment about allowing the plant to accomplish its mission.

KEEP IN THE SUNLIGHT.

This Command is the Beautiful Secret of Cheerfulness.

Walking along the street one bright October morning when the sunshine was warm and the skies were blue, although the wind brought with it from the northwest a chill that hinted of what would follow later, we heard a bit of good counsel which it is only kindness to pass around the family circle of 'Young People's Weekly.'

Playing on the lawn in front of a pleasant home was a wee man in a scarlet coat and cap. He had drawn his express wagon and other playthings into the shade of the house, and was sitting on the grass a

HEART WEARY DAYS AND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS. HEART HEART HEART HEART. "Better to Live Than to Die." The following from Mrs. E. Jones gives no uncertain sound as to her opinion regarding the virtue of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in cases similar to her own. "I am now entirely cured, and every symptom of nerve trouble has left me completely. These wonderful pills have restored my nerves to a healthy condition, given me a brighter view of life, and restored to me the feeling that it is better to live than to die." (Signed), "MRS. E. JONES."

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No. 77

moment before beginning some new project, when a sweet-faced woman came to the door and called: 'Don't stay in the shadow, darling. Keep in the sunlight.'

'Wise mother!' thought we, as we see her draw the wagon out into the brightness, put 'the gingham dog and the calico cat' into it, and then re-enter the house with a loving backward glance and a gay word to the little lad. 'Wise mother! She knows that croup and colds and coughs lurk in the shadows these days, but that the sunlight has in it health and happiness and general well-being for little folks.'

'And for big folks, too,' was the thought which followed close after. 'Folks big, little, and half-way between, would be infinitely better off if they would shun the shadows of life, and persistently keep in its sunny spots. How many chills we should avoid, how many fits of 'the blues' we should escape, and how many of our dull hours would be bright if we would resolutely turn our faces from the gloomy to the bright side of things!'

Would you know the beautiful and precious secret of cheerfulness? It all lies in that mother's loving command: 'Keep in the sunlight.' Shadows there are, even in the brightest day, and if you choose you can sit down and stay in them the whole day through, but it is not the part of wisdom to do it. So every life has its gloomy aspects, and these may be dwelt upon and brooded over until a mental and spiritual 'hard cold' is the result, a malady far worse than its physical counterpart. But when one moves out into the sunlight, what a change! The shadows are not nearly so dense and so wide in extent as they were thought to be. In fact, they are small and few, when compared with the golden expanses of blessing whose warmth and cheer bring happiness and contentment to the heart again.

Does some sad one say that dark days come when no ray of sunlight breaks

through the gloom? Even on the dreariest day, 'behind the clouds is the sun still shining.' Always, everywhere, there is the unchanging love of God, sunlight clear and strong and steadfast, shining behind the clouds of sorrow. Rest in the assurance of His personal care over every detail of your life, and be sure that what He sends into it is for good and not evil. 'He careth for you'—you. Keep in the sunlight of this truth, and you cannot be cast down.

APPEAL TO THE NOBLE NATURE.

By This Means a Lady Escaped a Very Great Danger.

A lady who was recently obliged to pass at night through a dark and little frequented portion of the city in which she lives, tells the following story of a peculiar experience: While hurrying along a lonely street, to her great terror she found that she was being followed. She had no means of defending herself if attacked, and hastily resolved on a unique course of action. Turning abruptly, she advanced to meet the man whom she had seen skulking along in the shadows behind her, saying as she came up to him, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but you seem to be going in the same direction as I. Will you allow me to walk with you? I'm not very well acquainted with this part of the city, and the streets are so dark that I am just a little timid.'

Completely taken by surprise, the man hurriedly slipped some suspicious-looking object into his pocket and assented to the request as courteously as it was made. The lady continued to talk with him in an easy, friendly way while they passed along the deserted streets, and when at length they reached a neighbourhood with which she was familiar, thanked him for his escort and said she would not trouble him further, as she was not far from home and no longer afraid. He, however, insisted on accompanying her the whole distance, and left her on her own door-step, lifting his hat with a bow when he said good-night, as any gentleman would have done under similar circumstances.

This is a very striking illustration of one of life's greatest facts—that an appeal to the nobler nature is almost sure to meet with a ready, generous response. Unfortunately, we do not recognize this fact as clearly as we should in every-day life, for in some way we have become possessed of the idea that it is only to be used in emergencies when all else fails. It would be far better if we exercised this principle daily instead of at long intervals, applying it to common affairs, and not reserving it for great occasions only. The better self would be strengthened by the demands made upon it, and the duties of daily life would be dignified by the application of this rule to their performance. Think of this, teachers in public schools

and Sabbath-schools; you, too, older brothers and sisters, who must in some degree shape the character of the little ones in the home circle. Resolve in your own life to act from the best and purest motives, and you will find the horizon of every day made broader and more beautiful. Then, when it falls to you to direct and control others, appeal to the better nature and see how readily it responds to the noble impulses and lofty ideals.

WHERE RHEUMATISM IS UNKNOWN.

No Matter How Intense the Pain South American Rheumatic Cure will Remove It Quickly—A Lady of Highgate Tells What It Did for Her—Permanent Cure of a Case of Years Standing.

It has been declared by scientists that every disease has a remedy. The difficulty is to always find the remedy. In rheumatism South American Rheumatic Cure has been found a certain antidote for this painful disease. It is always effective. Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of a well-known manufacturer of Highgate, Ont., says: "I was seriously affected with rheumatic pains in my ankles, and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything, as I thought, and doctor'd for years without much benefit. I was induced to use South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight, the first dose gave me more relief than I had had for years, and two bottles have completely cured me."

Successful Egg Farming.

Egg farming, when properly carried on, has proven to be one of the most profitable branches of the poultry industry. The writer has it in mind a young farmer who runs a fruit, truck and egg farm, and in a recent conversation with him, learned that the income from his egg farm supported his family, while that from fruit and vegetables was put in the bank. Five acres are devoted to poultry, on which are kept 500 hens, divided between the Brown, Leghorn and Hamburg. The five acres are subdivided into ten yards, giving 50 hens to the yard. These hens average 125 eggs per year apiece, making 6,250 dozen, which brings an average price of 15 cents, making \$781.20.

Not to be Trifled With.

No one has a more solemn time in the world than the professional maker of jokes. One such man tells how the "humorist's wife" called away her little boy from his papa's door.

'You must not trouble your papa just now, dear,' she said; 'in his present mood he is not to be trifled with.'

'What is he doing, mamma?'

'He is writing things to make people laugh, and he's awfully cross!'

Skin Eruptions Cured for 25 Cents—Relief in a Day.

Eczema, tetter, salt rheum, barber's itch—all itching and burning skin diseases van- ish where Dr. Agnew's Ointment is used. It relieves in a day and cures quickly. No case of piles which an application will not comfort in a few minutes. If you have used high priced ointments without benefit, try Dr. Agnew's Ointment at 25 cents and be cured.

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Notches on The Stick

The Shepherd Magdala His Gift, and is Famous.

"In Edam's vale the tinsel Thomson sang;" The Shepherd decked on Ettrick Shaws his bower."

So sang Thomas Lallo, in his delightful poem of old times. "The School Examina-tion," pointing to the Scottish haunts sacred to the poets; how "artless Allan" sprang from the "bleak Lead hills," and how Ferguson came to his power in the haunts of "auld Reakie; how Campbell "graced the happy hour" in St. Mungo, and how "by fair Kinross Michael Bruce sought the lyric gold." But none were more remarkable than the Shepherd. How he "decked in Ettrick Shaws his bower," let his cheerfully egotistic journal tell us.

"In 1801, believing that I was then become a grand poet, I most sapiently determined on publishing a pamphlet, and appealing to the world at once. Having attended the Edinburgh market one Monday with a number of sheep for sale, and being unable to dispose of them all, I put the remainder into a park until the market on Wednesday. Not knowing how to pass the interim, it came into my head that I would write a poem or two from my memory, and get them printed. The thought had no sooner struck me than it was put in practice; and I was obliged to select, not the best poems, but those that I remembered best. I wrote several of these during my short stay, and gave them all to a person to print at my expense; and having sold off my sheep on Wednesday morning, I returned to the forest. I saw no more of my poems until I received word that there were one thousand copies of them thrown off. I knew no more of publishing than the man in the moon; and the only motive that influenced me was the gratification of my vanity by seeing myself in print. All of them were sad stuff, though I judged them to be exceeding good. Notwithstanding my pride of authorship, in a few days I had discernment enough left to wish my publication heartily at the devil, and I had hopes that long ago it had been consigned to eternal oblivion, when, behold! a London critic had, in malice of heart, presented a copy, and quoted liberally out of it last year, to my intense chagrin and mortification.

Hogg was by William Laidlaw, introduced to Sir Walter Scott; and by his advice and encouragement he profited in succeeding adventures. This help he recognized in some lines complimentary to the "Border Minstrel," at the conclusion of the "Queen's Wake,"—with some deprecation of Scott's former attempts to dissuade him from his devotion to poetry:

"Blest be his generous heart for aye!
He told me where the relic lay;
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wondered at my minstrelsy;
He little weened a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung."

[We have omitted to notice how the Shepherd's mother, like the mother of Burns, had charmed the evening hours for her household, and her postson, in particular, with the wondrous lore of fairydom,—brownies, kelpies, spunkies, and all the mystic people of the Scotch wilderness,—as well as with ancient legends, and the Border Minstrelsy, in which Scott, and others became so interested. But to the rest of our quotation; which, it is said, grieved Scott, that his friendly counsel should so have been made public, and taken so poignantly to heart by him to whom it was given. Unhappily, such advice is apt to be resented, as possibly proceeding from envy, or want of faith in the aspirant's ability, and, in the end, it is never found of much avail.]

"But when, to native feelings true,
I struck upon a chord was new;
When by myself I gan to play,
He tried to wile my harp away.
Just when her notes began with skill,
To sound beneath the southern hill,
And twine around my bosom's core,
How could we part forevermore?
'Twas kindness all—I cannot blame—
For bootless is the minstrel flame;
But sure a bard might well have known
Another's feelings by his own!"

Surely it was neither modest in the Shepherd nor just to the kindly Sir Walter to say in eff ct,—As soon as I entered on a poetic province peculiar to myself, he tried to beguile me from it, in order that he might cultivate it without a rival. If any one of all the literary set at Edinburgh, was the imitator or follower, it was not Scott, but Hogg,—who was always full of wounded vanity in reference to literary matters.

His first appearance in a literary periodical was the publication of "The Mistakes of a Night," in the *Scott's Magazine*, in Oct., 1794. His "Mountain Bard" appeared in 1807, the success of which was augmented by the recommendation of Scott.

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

Hood's Pills

said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." See C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

This together with his "Treatise on the Diseases of Sheep," realized him the sum of £300; with which he was able to purchase a farm in Dumfriesshire. But he was successful in none of his worldly schemes. It seems as if nature had said to her peculiar children—You have enough to reap your harvest of eye and heart; you shall not see your rye and oats flourish, nor shall you be prospered in your sheep and cattle. You have much; you cannot have everything. So she seemed to say very plainly to Burns; this was her ultimatum, it would seem to the shepherd. Three years sufficed to ruin him financially, and to return him crestfallen to Ettrick, where, it is said, his neighbors looked coldly on him. They seemed to say,—Thou fool, who has squandered thy substance on a stock farm, and comest back to us for employment:—and no man hired him. In his despair as a shepherd, he revived as a poet, went to Edinburgh, and threw himself upon his pen. [Feb. 1810].

The weekly literary paper, *The Spy*, continued for something less than a year required a better manager than himself. All he did in the way of literature, whether it were "musical farce" "musical drama" ended in insolvency, until he published [1813] "The Queen's Wake." This was immediately successful, lifting him to the height he had long dreamed of reaching; the cry of praise was heard from many a tongue,—and no marvel. It was happy alike in conception and execution, and contained some of the purest poetry that had been produced in that era. It comprised a series of legendary tales and ballads, strung together by a connective thread of rhymes like that in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," by Longfellow. These are supposed to have been said or sung by Scotia's native bards to Mary Queen of Scots, during a royal wake held at Holyrood, that there might be an opportunity to disclose

"The wondrous powers of Scottish Song."

The man who wrote this has claim to a high place in the Scottish Pantheon. But the matchless jewel of the whole is "Kilmenny." It is as rare a legend in its way as that which was wrought into Tam O'Shanter. The tradition is of "a beautiful cottage maiden, who disappears for a time, and returns home again, but, as it were, glorified and not of the earth. She has, for her purity, been transported to the land of spirits and bathed in the river of immortal life. But Kilmenny, "longing once more to revisit the earth and her kindred at home," is permitted to return, to the surprise of her mother and kindred:

"Kilmenny, Kilmenny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought bath bolt and dean;
By inn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
Yet you are hale and fair to see,
Where gat ye that jup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
As I these roses, the latest that ever were seen?
Kilmenny, Kilmenny, where have you been?"

"But on earth the spell of heaven was upon her. All loved, both man and beast, the pure and spiritual Kilmenny; but earth could not detain her."

"When a month and a day had come and gone,
Kilmenny sought the greenwood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves so green,
And Kilmenny on earth was never mair seen.
Bat O the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder and words of truth;
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kenned na whether she was living or dead
It was na her name, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain;
And returned to the land of thought again.

Pure this is as the dew-drop; delicate as a wind-flower; full of rarest most poetic suggestion. This is its meaning; "that purity of heart makes an earthly creature a welcome denizen of heaven; and the tone and imagery are all fraught with a tenderness and grace that are as unearthly as the subject of the legend." No wonder if the poem ran rapidly through many editions, and if it recommended him to Blackwood, as his future publisher, and brought him into contact and upon familiar terms with many of the literary men of his time. Yet, with all his complacency and satisfaction, there were some seeming slights, exceedingly irksome to him. He says that Jeffrey never noticed the poem till it had got into the third edition, and that he never paid attention to any of his after writings. He supposes Jeffrey wished to atone to Anster for some odious comparison between Hogg and himself; but thinks he can contrive to sail his poetic ship without any wind from the prince of reviewers.

"On the appearance of Mr. Wilson's "Isle of Palms," says the Shepherd, "I was

so greatly taken with many of his fanciful and visionary scenes, descriptive of bliss and woe, that it had a tendency to derect me occasionally of all worldly feelings. I reviewed this poem, as well as many others in a Scottish review then going in Edinburgh, and was exceedingly anxious to meet with the author; but this I tried in vain for the space of six months. All I could learn of him was that he was a man from the mountain of Wales, or the west of England, with hairs like eagle's feathers and nails like birds claws, a red beard, and an uncommon degree of wildness in his looks. Wilson was then utterly unknown in Edinburgh except slightly to Scott who never introduces any one person to another, nor judges it of any avail. However, having no shift left, I sat down and wrote him a note, telling him that I wished much to see him, and if he wanted to see me, he might come and dine with me at my lodgings in the road of G. briel, at four. He accepted the invitation, and dined with Grieva and me; and I found him so much a man according to my own heart, that for many years we were seldom twenty-four hours asunder when in town. I afterwards went visiting him, staying with him a month at his seat in Westmoreland, where we had some curious doings among the gentlemen and poets of the lakes." He had now met the man who was destined to give the Shepherd quite as great a vogue as he had attained by his own most successful writings.

PASTOR FELIX.

Delay Means Death.

One Dose Relieves—A Few Bottles Always Cure.

"For ten years I have suffered greatly from heart disease. Fluttering of the heart, palpitation, and smothering spells have mad, my life miserable. When droppin' out in my physician's hands, I must prepare my family for the worst. All this time I had seen Dr. Azenew's Heart Cure advertised. As a last resort I tried it, and think of my joy when I received great relief from one dose. One bottle cured my droppin', and brought me out of bed, and five bottles completely cured my heart. If you are troubled with any heart ailment, and are in despair, as I was, use a remedy, for I know it will cure you!"—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y.

IN PRISON AND OUT.

The Strange Sensation of Prisoners Upon Obtaining Liberty.

How does it seem to come out of prison after many years of confinement? Nobody can answer, unless it be those who have experienced it. The *West Lebanon Gazette* quotes the talk of Warden Harley, of the northern penitentiary, a kind-hearted man, who says that after a convict has been in prison for twenty years it is often a cruelty rather than a mercy to pardon him out.

"There are exceptions," Mr. Mr. Harley says, "but the rule is that such prisoners have no friends in the outside world, and soon find themselves miserable and longing again for prison. One such exception is that of a man who was in prison for murder, and was recently pardoned by Governor Matthews. He had served twenty-nine years on a life sentence. I received a letter from him the other day. He is in Nebraska with his brother, and is bubbling over with gratitude.

"Sometimes a small favor granted to a prisoner appears a great one to the poor fellow who is cut off from the outside world. The other day I asked a 'lifer' from Tippecanoe County, who has been in prison twenty-nine years, if he had ever seen a street-car. He said no. 'I will show you one,' I said, and took him outside the prison walls. He was all of a tremble when the car came by.

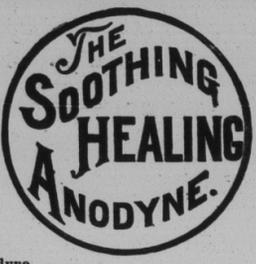
"Two dogs were running past at the same time. He was greatly interested in the dogs. 'How beautiful they are!' he exclaimed. As a matter of fact, they were the commonest of curs. 'Why,' said he, 'those are the first dogs I have seen for fifteen years!' Fifteen years ago,' he said, meditatively, as if calling up an exceedingly choice and pleasant recollection, 'I saw a little dog one day in this prison-yard.'

10 YEARS A SUFFERER.

From Kidney Disease—Gravel and Stricture—An Absolute Cure Found in South American Kidney Cure—A Remedy that Never Fails in the Most Distressing Cases.

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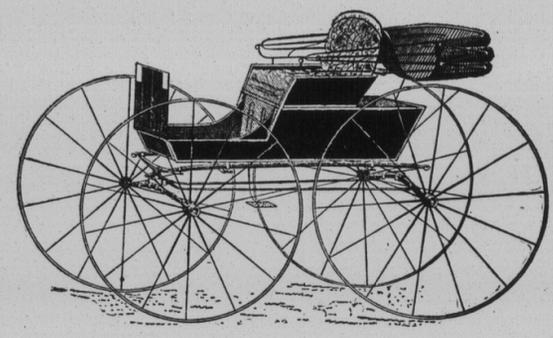
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Woman and Her Work

Even though Easter is past, it is interesting to read about the beautiful gifts with which the sons and daughters of wealth marked the season for each other. In the American cities, especially in New York, Easter now comes only second to Christmas and the New Year, as a time for making presents to one's friends. Jewelers in New York say they are as busy for the two weeks before Easter, as they are in the Christmas holidays; and book-sellers, stationers confectioners and the keepers of fancy shops, have the same tale to tell, while with the florist it is the busiest season of all, and their powers are taxed to the utmost to supply the demand for their wares. Amongst the less expensive Easter offerings nothing can be more appropriate or in better taste either from the lover to his lady, the husband to his wife, or from one friend to another, than a jardiniere full of growing flowers; lilies, hyacinths, lilies of the valley, daffodils, or primulas, are all beautiful and suitable blossoms, and really give more pleasure than the most elaborate assortment of cut flowers. A Dresden china jardiniere filled with either Parma or white neapolitan violets is as dainty a gift as any maid or matron could receive on Easter morning, and of course the jardiniere may be as elaborate and expensive as the taste of the giver and the thickness of his pocket book may suggest. Beautiful jardiniere in wrought silver are shown by all the leading jewellers, the genuine article in sterling silver costs a mere trifle of thirty dollars, but an equally handsome one in quadruple plate can be purchased for three dollars, these are used almost exclusively for table decoration, and are filled with ferns. The vinaigrette is a favorite Easter gift perhaps on account of the heat in large city churches which are usually overcrowded, and the tendency to faintness that is so often the result of the heavy perfume from the flowers, and the heat combined. These pretty toys are of either gold or silver, and crystal and are sometimes jewelled; made to order they cost sixteen dollars. Bonbon boxes are also popular gifts for Easter, and perhaps the most elegant offering of all is a prayer book bound in silver, gilded and enamelled. The enamelled design is the figure of a novice in a scarlet robe bearing a spray of Easter lilies aloft in one hand and a prayer book in the other; the price of this placed it beyond the reach of all but the rich, as it was one hundred dollars. Purse galore have been utilized as Easter offerings; the newest are the chain purses something like those so popular at Christmas, but with an improved clasp which makes them very easy to open and get change out of.

Amongst the odd gifts that few people would think of, are steamer rug pins for holding the heaviest of rugs snugly under the chin, pitch keys for musicians, and boatswain's whistles in jewelled silver, to be presented to gentlemen friends who are fond of yachting, besides jewelled cigarette cases, and match boxes in gold and jewels. Some of the trifles are far prettier than the more elaborate gifts, for example an immense full blown tulip in silk and satin conceals a bag in the centre which is filled with bonbons and has proved to be so popular that other flower designs are to be brought out, and from being merely an Easter novelty it will continue as a standard bonboniere. Filled with choice bonbons the price of these pretty things is seven dollars and a half. Willow baskets shaped like an egg, satin lined and filled with "goodies" come next in popularity, the straws of which they are woven is usually in two shades, green and pink or olive and pale blue, and the lining is of the same color, while the lid is decorated with a big bow of ribbon. The smallest size costs six dollars and a half, while the largest comes as high as twenty.

Of course the toilet table was not forgotten at Easter, the fad for everything connected with the toilet having been so general at Christmas that it was sure to last at least until something newer came to take its place. As an instance of the extent to which the fancy for expensive toilet novelties has been carried the very newest thing in toilet materials limoges enamelling, and a small powder box of crystal glass with top of the new enamelling, showing a cupid resting on a spray of wild roses, on a background of green enamel, cost just sixty dollars.

The children were not by any means forgotten, and if their gifts were less costly, they were none the less new, and beautiful. Strange to say the rabbit seems to be almost as much a part of Easter as the egg or Easter lily, one is sure to see him at this season, and he is usually sitting up on his little hind legs stuffed full of sweets,

and only waiting to have his funny head removed in order to display the inward charms, of which his outward attractions are but the index. Beside the rabbit there were fish with doll's heads that were removable and showed an interior well lined with sweet things, and fluffy swans with outspread wings and tail, and also provided with a doll's head and a quantity of lovely candies inside.

So there was something to make everyone happy at the Easter season from the oldest to the youngest; those who could only admire the beautiful things in the jeweller's windows had only to pass on to the nearest florist's and go away perfectly happy carrying a glorious white hyacinth in the fullest bloom which cost the modest sum of twenty five cents, and is quite as lovely as if it grew in a silver jardiniere instead of an earthen flower pot, and which will give quite as much pleasure to the recipient. The confectioner has gorgeous Easter eggs holding quite a number of candies, for ten cents each, and even the jeweller can give you the sweetest stick pin in the shape of a butterfly, a winged cherub, or an Easter lily, of sterling silver in return for a single quarter of a dollar. So no one need lack some little remembrance which, however small might be made priceless by the love that went with it. It is a pretty idea this Easter giving, and I hope it will not go out of fashion very soon.

It will not be long now before we are needing parasols and sunshades to keep the hot spring sunshines from daz'ing our eyes and freckling our noses, and fashion, ever thoughtful, has already prepared a stock of the newest and sweetest things imaginable in that line. Such is the fickleness of fashion that the Dresden china handle is no longer the best style. The very newest and most fashionable handles are of bright green jade carved by the skillful hands of Chinese artists into all manner of fanciful shapes. Spheres of the odd green stone set in crown prongs of gold, are the first favorites but the head of a Chinese lady in court coiffure, a cluster of lotus blossoms, or little owls with jewelled eyes are also amongst the most approved designs. From gay and original Paris come parasol handles in the form of crystal balls enclosed in a gold and jewelled frame, or with a fretwork of silver such as we see sent bottles set in. Long, wedge shaped handles encrusted with imitation pearls and diamonds, lovely enamelled designs, and handle of rough wood with the bark still adhering are all fashionable. Amongst the very most fashionable handles are those of rough hickory, peach, willow, or plum wood which look as if they had been hastily hacked off the tree without taking time to shape them. Instead of ribbon bows, these rustic handles have full rushes of silk, satin or tulle, whichever may be the material of which the parasol is composed, furred like an Elizabethan collar around it, just where the ends of the ribs come, when the parasol is closed.

The newest parasol brought out from Paris is called the Sunburst, and at a little distance it looks very much like a Chinese sunshade, but on closer view it is shown to be composed of very delicate ribs covered with delicately tinted taffets, over which is a cover of figured silk, lawn batiste, foulard or even gingham, closely accordion plaited. A charming variety of the sunburst is of white muslin decorated with graduated widths of velvet ribbon in all shades, from the faintest lavender near the point, to a rich dahlia at the outer edge. It is quite a usual custom with imported gowns to send out a parasol made of goods to match, and trimmed to harmonize with the dress trimming. For the conventional dome shaped sunshade there are all manner of eccentric and original trimmings, and nearly all of them have puffings or frills of tulle concealing the ribs or the inside, as few are lined throughout. Double puffed frills finish the edges, and many of the most elaborate parasols are trimmed all over the outside with a series of puffings.

Barege covers laid over a changeable silk are lovely, and pink and white gingham ones trimmed with white lawn embroidery, are not only charming but economical, as they can be easily washed and

Children's Shoes

... Are a large item in the family bills.

Customers like their Shoe Bills to be as small as possible. We are trying to meet their wishes this Spring, and our CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT contains many lines at very low prices — SO LOW the most economical buyer will be compelled to admit our prices and values are the best in the city.

WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King and 212 Union Street.

are new again after each visit to the laundry. By the way, some of the handles have a hinge in the middle like those our grandmothers used, so they can be readily folded up.

The recent trouble between the Greek, and the unspakable, and abhorrent Turk has had a curious effect upon the fashions even in our far away Canada. It has settled the destiny of the bolero jacket for at least another summer, and given that funny but convenient little garment a new name; it is now the Moslem, the Candia, or the Cretan coat, and it is, whether with or without sleeves making a simple, close fitting dress bodice an utter impossibility for the present. This is all very well for the small and slender woman, but the short, or even the tall and stout one looks perfectly ridiculous if she allows her dressmaker to persuade her into wearing one. The bolero is no longer out in Spanish, but in Greek or Turkish fashion, and is decorated all over with Greek and Turkish chain stitch embroidery.

The quaint little braided tailed coat for street wear that accompanies so many costumes, and appears so often in the fashion plates, is called a mess jacket, and those shown by the best houses are exact copies in color and braiding of the jackets worn at mess by the men of famous English regiments; the Coldstream Guards and Scots Greys being amongst the most popular. The coat itself is important of course but a great deal of emphasis is laid upon the color of silk with which it is lined, so that an effective contrast is obtained between the exterior and the lining. For example a navy blue coat should be lined with lettuce green, a Lincoln green coat with sky blue, a black one with a delicate shade of rose, and a grey one with dandelion yellow. Green and sky blue is, however, one of the favorite combinations. The flare of many of the cuffs is a great feature of spring fashions, they are cut almost bell-shaped, and if we do not want our wrists to have a bare, unfinished look, we shall soon be going back thirty years and wearing the underselves in which our grandmothers delighted.

Tucks seem to be dividing the honors with ruffles, and when a muslin skirt is not flounced to the waist, it is pretty certain to be tucked at least half way up the skirt. One pretty dress of figured grenadine has the skirt tucked from the hem to the waist, the sleeves tucked from shoulder to wrist, and the blouse bodice composed entirely of horizontal tucks; it was a pretty dress but when one thought of the amount of work it represented, and the probable length of the dressmaker's bill a decision in

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A Fair and Beautiful Complexion

Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Blackheads, Redness,

And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of

Dr. Campbell's **SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS**

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MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

ONE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Waters by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six are boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to
H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
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favor of a less elaborate style, would probably be the result.

A new idea with many dressmakers is to discard the silk slips so long used as foundations for dresses of lawn and organdie, and substitute a particularly stiff coarse tartan which is said to give a much better "set" to the dress. The tartan skirt is made separate, gathered very full both in back and front, and finished with a deep hem.

ASTRA.

GLACE GLOVES BACK NUMBERS.

Suede Kid Alone Permitted by Present Fashions—The Colors Allowable.

'Except in white, glaze gloves are back numbers,' said a well-known importer and manufacturer of gloves when asked about the latest styles. 'At last women seem to be waking up to the fact that suede gloves make the hand look far better. Why? Because glaze gloves, no matter how fine the quality, have a tendency to make the hand look larger in length, breadth and thickness.'

'Dealers are selling a few white glaze gloves to swell women now for street wear, but they demand suede for everything else. In Paris no woman would any more think of wearing a glaze glove after 12 o'clock than she would think of going bare-handed, and most Parisians never wear a glaze glove. Those women know better than any others in the world how to bring out their good points and how to cover up their bad ones; so fat women, thin women, women with pretty hands, and women with awkward, ungainly digits cling almost exclusively to suede gloves.'

'The soft shades of tan, mastic, yellow, and gray are the most used. Many of them are stitched over in black, figners and all, and finished with a black hem and black buttons. They are very chic looking. No woman of refined taste would make herself conspicuous by wearing what the French call eccentric colors. You couldn't go into a shop in all Paris and buy a pair of red, blue, green or purple gloves.'

'French women ought to be authorities on gloves. The raising of kids for the skin is a leading industry among the mountaineers of that country. In fact, many of them make their living in this way. Perhaps if some of the women who wont wear the plumage of birds on their hats and bonnets knew a little about the kid industry they might be inclined to discard kid gloves too. Softness, delicacy of texture, and freedom from blemishes are principal factors in determining the value of kidskins. To secure perfect ones great pains have to be taken. So soon as a young animal begins to eat grass its skin immediately begins to grow coarser and hard, and its chief merits, so far as the glove-maker is concerned, vanish. This being the case, the mountaineers keep the kids closely penned to prevent them from getting any grass, and also to prevent them from accidents which might scratch, bruise, or otherwise blemish the skin and impair its value. When the kids reach that age when their skins are in the best condition for the glover's use they are killed and the hides are sold to travelling buyers, who in turn carry them to the great centres of the tanning industry.'

'One can readily see why suede gloves should be much finer than the glaze. Only perfect skins can be made into suedes, while many blemishes are often concealed in a pair of glaze gloves. True suede gloves resist wear less than the glaze, but they look much better while they do last, and many women claim that for rough and

ready wear black suede proves more satisfactory than anything else.

'No glove except a suede should ever be worn in the evening, no matter whether the wearer is in full dress or not; and as for colored gloves to match an evening gown—well, there aren't adjectives enough in the English language to describe the bad taste of a woman selecting them. White of course, is more used than any other color, but the dainty pears, delicate tans, and soft yellows are also very much used. One parting word. Women should beware of highly colored gloves as they do a plague.'—N. Y. Sun.

Wanderings of the London Bus.

The omnibuses of one London company cover just about 20,000,000 miles in the course of a year—half as much as is covered by the trains of the London and North-western railway—a distance sufficient to take them nearly three times around the world every day.

ENAMEL STARCH

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MONCTON, N. B.

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Dressmaking done in all up to date fashions.
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The "Lyschetsky Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners.
Apply at the residence of
M^{rs}. J. T. WHITLOCK

CITY OF GOD MANNERS. Politeness a General Characteristic of the Inhabitants of Florence.

If you wished to teach an awkward child youth or girl good manners by example I should send him or her to Florence. There may be ill-mannered persons there, but I never saw one. Poor people behave with the saue dignity which is used in England to stamp the lady or gentleman. Most persons are brainy, but cleverness is not eager to shine. It is very subdued and more oily than corrosive. The charm of Florence steals on one like the wit of its clever inhabitants. The senses are soothed in all directions by harmonious manners and objects. Architects understood chiaroscuro not less than the great painters and sculptors. One never wears of the streets and public buildings; their aspects constantly and strongly vary, according to the course of the sun. Lights and shades at 10 in the forenoon are wholly different from what they will be at 4 in the afternoon. The Florentine women have interesting, though not beautiful faces. But one has only to walk into the market to see country girls who would have done for models for Raphael's virgin mother. One is struck in the galleries with the nice judgment with which the pictures are hung. What more lofty in sentiment than the tomb of Lorenzo De Medici? Politeness is an attribute of Florence architecture, palatial or domestic. The doors of private houses might pass in England for portals. One feels them to be great facts in their way.

Talking of harmonious things reminds me of the Boboli gardens. Is there a spot in England, the land of stately and lovely seats, that at all approaches them? In situation and tranquil, generous loveliness, I can only think of one—the Duke of Northumberland's terraced gardens at his place in Surrey. The Boboli Eden, where the Prince and Princess of Naples still court seclusion, has the advantage over the Surrey paradise of being under a revealing sky. Every shade of greenery, every floral hue is well brought out. One sees the faultless texture of statues and fountains mellowed by time. In so strong a light a well-ordered design is required, and one has it, the marbles are the climax. They are to the horticultural beauties as brilliant to the lace and satin of a fine woman's dress.

Florence is not what it was in the grand ducal days. Still, it retains the air of a capital with a long and illustrious history. The ladies' dresses are only provincial when measured by the Paris standard, to which Italian women above the peasant class generally submit—more's the pity—Paris fashions only suit French women, unless applied by French hairdressers and femmes de chambre. An English or a German face under a Paris hat or bonnet is at a dreadful disadvantage if the hair has not been first dressed by a French artiste capillaire. He places the hat, through the medium of the hair, in harmonious relation with the face. I fancy these French coiffeurs are not much employed by Italian Ladies.—London Truth.

A REMARKABLE "REDUCTION."

Wanted the Granted Reduced From One Tenth to one Seventh of a Mill.

That the American people are too highly educated will not be believed by some of those who overheard a recent legislative debate in a state which maintains a state university. This institution has been justly the pride of all in the state who are interested in the advancement in the cause of education. But at a recent legislative session a member who, presumably, had the advantage of a superior education, rose and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I believe that the state university is getting all together too much money from the treasury. It is getting by law one-tenth of a mill on the state valuation. That's more than we can afford and I propose that its share be reduced to one-seventh of a mill."

A broad smile spread over the assembly, and the member who had made this proposition was astonished to see a member who was known to represent the wishes of the university on the floor rise, and to hear him say:

"Mr. Speaker, the University of—has ever been modest in its demands. I have no doubt that it is willing to accept with humility the rebuke implied by the member from—, and I shall heartily support his proposition that its share of the state valuation be changed from one-tenth of a mill to one-seventh."

When the legislator who had made the proposition heard this warmly applauded, and saw everybody apparently laughing at him, he began to realize that he had made a fool of himself.

An Ancient Sign.

A curious relic has recently come into possession of Joseph H. Vanzant, of Bristol, whose old curiosity shops rivals in point of picturesque interest the famous creation of Dickens. Mr. Vanzant's latest treasure is an old swinging sign, said to be 130 years old, which formerly hung in front of the Washington House at Emile, several miles above Bristol. The old hostelry was recently changed into a store, when Mr. Vanzant rescued the sign. The storms of over a century have left their mark upon the relic, but the outlines of Washington, standing at his horse's head, can still be traced upon its surface.—Philadelphia Record.

CHASE AND SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE. ONLY IN 1lb and 2lb TIN CANS. FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

Bishop's College School LENNOXVILLE, P. Q. 52nd YEAR.

CHAPLAIN, REV. THOS. ADAMS, M.A., D.O.L., St. John's Coll., Cam. HEAD MASTER, H. J. H. PERRY, M.A., Bishop's College. SECRETARY, H. D. NICOLLS, M.A.

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French P D Corsets

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The Celebrated P. D. CORSETS are absolutely without rival, and occupy the first position in the Corset trade throughout the world. Every pair of P. D. Corsets are tailor cut, and are made of the very finest materials only, and are known the world over for their grace, comfort and durability.

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Give the Baby a Chance with Martin's Cardinal Food. The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids. KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

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 and be convinced. One Package equal to two of any other make.

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue.

OSTRICH FARMING. Profitable Industry Undeveloped Lately in California.

A California correspondent writes as follows:

It is estimated that seven ostrich farms in Southern California have sold over \$190,000 worth of feathers during the last year, and that now, after more than twelve years of costly and discouraging experiments, a majority of the ostrich farms in this region pay dividends. Several of the enterprises are pronounced successes, and have paid good interest on the capital in them for several years. The greater part of the money invested in the production of ostrich feathers and in the big birds in California has come from England and New York. The industry is a popular one for young Englishmen, fresh from college or the academies, and possessed of ample means and a spirit for novelty of business pursuits. There are over fifty bright young men from England now engaged in managing ostrich farms in this part of California, and there are others recently from London who are in search of suitable localities among the valleys and foothills in this region for new ostrich farms. It takes a capital of \$15,000 to establish any sort of an ostrich farm, and \$25,000 to \$30,000 is required for a first-class, well stocked and scientifically arranged farm.

The men who have been in the ostrich plume industry in Southern California since 1884 say that there has never been such a demand for ostrich plumes as this season. Dime Fashion has made their business suddenly become most profitable, and every man engaged in ostrich farming is hoping that the present fashion for wearing ostrich plumes in profusion will continue for several years. Last month the heaviest consignment of ostrich plumes ever made from Southern California went to Paris from Los Angeles.

Ostrich farming was first made an experiment at Los Angeles and Fallbrook in 1883 by a company of Frenchmen. The profits from the several ostrich farms in this section have grown each year as the habits of the birds have been learned and the ostriches have become acclimated. There are now successful ostrich farms at South Pasadena, Anaheim, Fallbrook, Santa Monica, Coronado and Pomona.

There are about 400 ostriches in Southern California, and they have become so common that none but tourists, who come to spend the winter seasons here, take any curious interest in the birds. The capital invested in ostrich farming in this region is roughly estimated at \$300,000, and there will probably be \$50,000 to \$70,000 more invested in the industry before this year is over.

A DUEL BETWEEN ELEPHANTS. The Parties to a Fiercely Fought Battle Both Killed by Human Hunters.

Hearing sounds that indicated serious trouble in a herd of wild elephants on the Upper Congo River, a native hunter named Keema, and a sportsman named Robard fled precipitately to a sturdy tree nearby. What happened after that is told in Outing.

'They had scarcely reached their perches when a second division of the herd came rushing down the path which the men had just left, shrieking and trumpeting in anger and fear. The tree shook as the tornado of brutes swept by. On the left the shrieking was varied with cracking and lashing as of ropes against a mast. Keema climbed higher in his tree, and through a break in the forest discovered the cause of the trouble. In an open space two bull elephants were fighting. One of them was the leader of the herd, the other an old warrior bull tramp who had lost a tusk.

'It is the regne Illunga,' whispered Keema, 'and he will cure the other beauty—no use to try to stop him.'

'The hunters watched for a chance to fire as the brutes drew back a little and sprang together with lowered heads and big ears outspread, the skulls coming together with stunning force. On recovering they came together again rising on their hind legs and striking down with their tusks as with a sword, shrieking with rage, and using their trunks as whip lashes. The men came from the tree and drew near to the fight through the bushes.

'Shoot the leader,' said Keema. 'It is no use to try for the other.'

'Then it dawned on Robard that the savage deemed the wanderer an evil spirit not to be trifled for, since it possessed magic power. The man came into sight of the leader of the herd behind Illunga, as the native called him, and the leader drew back startled at the sight of a deadlier enemy than the wandering bull. The shrieking of the leader gave the tramp a chance, and like a fencer he gave a sharp thrust with his tusk. The leader staggered, but a shot behind Illunga's ear killed the other elephant. The leader leaned forward as if to rush to attack Robard, who had fired, but Keema was just behind the elephant, and with a keen, heavy knife hamstringed the beast with a single blow, disabling it. A bullet above the eye finished the creature.'

From New York.

I am a commission merchant doing business in the West Indies. I used some of your Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor when in Canada, and think it is the best cure for corns I have ever seen. Please send me a few dozen for friends and customers in South America and the West Indies.—William Gould, New York City.

THE ADVANCE AGENT OF HEALTH

WARNER'S SAFE CURE. KIDNEY AND LIVER. BRIGHT'S DISEASE. URINARY DISORDERS. FEMALE COMPLAINTS. GENERAL DEBILITY. MALARIA. SAFE CURE CO. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Ladies!

You will save time and patience if you

USE Glapperton's Thread

It is STRONG, EVEN, RELIABLE. WILL NOT BREAK NOR SHRINK. ALL DEALERS SELL IT.

SHARP'S BALM OF GOSHAWK. Cures Croup, Coughs, Colds. 50 YEARS IN USE. Price 25 cents a box.

When Your Wife Has Callers

Does she serve them a cup of COCOA? Just ask her if she has found any beverage that is as good value as MOTT'S BREAKFAST COCOA, in 1-4 lb. tins, at 15 cents.

JOHN P. MOTT & CO.

ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI AIDS DIGESTION. Save coupons inside of wrappers for prizes.

DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. IT NEVER FAILS. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

DOUBLE ROYAL WEDDING. Ceremony Followed by Most Unique Feast of Modern Times.

Max von Blinzer, who served as 'A page at the Berlin Court' upon the occasion of the double royal wedding, in 1877, graphically describes the ceremony and attendant festivities in the Ladies' Home Journal. 'At 11 o'clock in the morning of the 18th of February, 1877,' he writes, 'the day of the wedding, we found ourselves posted again en espalier down the 'White Hall.' As the royal procession entered the chapel adjoining a magnificent chorus intoned one of Mendelssohn's psalms. The illustrious group ranged themselves before the altar, and Dr. Kogel, court chaplain, began the impressive ceremony. As the wedding rings were exchanged heavy artillery boomed forth the King's salute of one hundred and one guns. The royal families exchanged congratulations, and the cortege returned again to the 'White Hall' for a short reception, and at 5 o'clock we were summoned again for the great wedding banquet. Unquestionably this banquet was the most unique feast of modern times.

'Covers for one hundred persons were laid on tables arranged in the form of a horse-shoe in the 'Hall of Knights.' None but those of princely blood were to sit at these tables. The most noble and distinguished vassals of the Emperor were to serve their royal master and his guests. Count von W—and myself were detailed to Leopold, King of Belgium. However, we were but links in a chain of notables along which the viands were passed to His Majesty. Next the King, and immediately back of his chair, stood the commander of an entire army corps; next in the rear stood a court chamberlain, to whom we banded the various dishes. He in turn, passed them to the General, who personally served King Leopold. The Emperor William I., was served by the most powerful nobles of the Empire. Count von Stolberg-Wernigerode, Grand Master of the Hunt, carved the game; Prince von Pless, the Grand Cup Bearer, filled His Imperial Majesty's crystal goblet with the rarest wines of the 'Waterland.' But, curiously enough, none of the recipients of this remarkable homage seemed at ease, with the exception of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, who was evidently much interested in the Grand Duchess of Baden, the lady on his right; they alone talked and laughed in an unconstrained manner. The wedding ball followed this remarkable banquet.'

The Dragon-Fly.

One of the most useful of insects is, owing to the ignorance of the public, forever being killed. It is known as the dragon-fly, the needle-case and the devil's darning needle. Says a writer of authority:

In its larval state it subsists almost entirely on those small squirming threads which can be seen darting about in any still water, and which hatch out into the sweet-singing mosquito.

As soon as the dragon-fly leaves its watery nursing ground, and climbing some friendly reed, throws away the old shell and flies away. Its quarry now is the house-fly.

Not long ago the writer saw one of these insects knocked down in a veranda, where it had been doing yeoman's service, and the children and women seemed delighted although they shrank back from the poor, wounded dragon-fly. They all thought it had an awful sting at the end of its long body; a cruel injustice.

When the writer took the insect up there was general wonderment, which was increased when a captured fly was offered it and it ate it greedily. The boys of the household will never harm a dragon fly again.

Ambiguous.

A noted evangelist is fond of telling of his experiences in preaching to the negroes in the South.

At the close of one of his meetings a very large old colored woman came up to him and shook his hand warmly while she said:

'God bless you, Brudder Jones! You's evahbody's preacher, an' evahbody loves ter hear you reach, an' evah niggah love to hear you; an', Brudder Jones, you preaches mo' like a niggah than any white man that evah lived; an', Brudder Jones, you've got a white skin, but 'ank de Lawd, you've got a black heart!'—The Outlook.

Most Complimentary.

'Do you know, Miss Barker, I'm mighty thankful.'

'And what, Mr. Jones, are you thankful for?'

'That all my meals are not eaten in your company.'

'Dear me; not very complimentary, are you?'

'Indeed, I am. I should starve to death just gazing at you.'—Harper's Bazar.

Why buy imitations of doubtful merit when the Genuine can be purchased as easily?

The proprietors of MINARD'S LINIMENT inform us that their sales the past year still entitle their preparation to be considered the BEST, and FIRST in the hearts of their countrymen.

AS THE ANGELS

'There's simply no use in stopping here any longer, Fred. We've exhausted the place.'

'Think so, old man? Now, I don't.' 'Well, what is there to stay for?' 'Look there, Morris: the answer is visible.'

'The "there" was a wide expanse of field, stream, forest, lake and mountain. The vantage ground was a grassy hillside dotted with trees. Under the shade of the grandest maple reclined the young men who had been undecided where to spend their vacation, and had drifted to this spot on their wheels, led by the glowing description of a friend as to the charming scenery and the quiet life of the inhabitants.'

'They will take you into their hearts as well as their homes,' he said. 'You will be asked to high tea, and if there's a wedding you will be invited as surely as if you were near of kin; at a funeral, you will be expected to mourn with those that mourn. It is a sweet, primitive place now; it will be spoiled when the tourist find it.'

And so, scarce caring where they went as long as it was away from city sights and sounds, Fred White and Morris Garth, one a writer, the other a bank clerk, had come to the little nook among the hills in the up-country.

'They found a boarding place with a Quaker family, consisting of a widowed mother, with a son and daughter. The house was a fit habitation for the quiet, gentle friends. It was set in a large garden, filled to profusion with old-time, always-sweet blossoms. There were stately hollyhocks of gorgeous hue, halm and sweet williams, spice pinks and bachelor's buttons, and day lilies. The front door had a heavy metal knocker which, when struck, brought to the porch the mistress of the house, who, whether to friend or stranger, would always say: "This is very welcome."

'Certainly I'll go. May I ride my wheel?' 'These might, but I wish these wouldn't. It savors too much of the world for the Lord's day, don't these think? There is room in the wagon with us, and these is very welcome.'

'Thank you; I will come with you. But why is one wheel more worldly than four wheels?' Gentle Mrs. Russell thought a moment, and said, with a smile: 'Really, friend I cannot tell, only a wagon does not appear so unseemly, at least, it does not attract so much attention.'

It bade fair to be a silent meeting indeed, save for the song and twitters of the birds in the trees. The men sat on one side of the white-walled room, enjoying perhaps, the only wakeful hour of absolute rest they had during the busy summer's week; the women sat in long rows opposite looking so demure and spotless in their soft gray attire, that it seemed to the critical worldling who watched them that they could have no sins to repent of, no shortcomings to bewail.

The silence was growing oppressive when an old man rose slowly in his place, and with closed eyes, and hands clasping the rail in front of him, began to speak. After he had ended a few moments' silence followed by the benediction, and all arose, gravely shaking hands, feeling strangely strengthened and comforted.

'I'm glad Friend Royce felt called upon to speak today,' said Mrs. Russell, on the way home. 'It's a helpful thing to be instructed by one so near to the Kingdom as he is. He's eighty-two years old and has always lived in the faith. Did these enjoy the meeting, friend?' 'I was much interested in it, Mrs. Russell.'

The young people sat on the porch that night, watching a glowing sunset. 'If it is wicked to love gay and beautiful things,' Rachel said, 'why does the sky look like that?' 'My dear child, it is right to love all beautiful things! Who says it is wicked?' 'I've always wanted a dress, pink, like that palest bit of cloud there, but it would be sinful for me to wear it; it is sinful for me to want one, or a bonnet with flowers on it.'

'Rachel is getting some vain notions,' said her brother. 'I feel sometimes that the Friends are too strict, though I ought not to say it.' The mother came out and sat in the glowing light. On her face was such a look of full content and serenity that the restless questioning died away, and over them all settled the holy peace of the Sabbath evening.

The following week there was excitement in the hamlet. It was caused by a marriage and not only the kindred but the near neighbors were bidden to it, as a matter of course. This was specially mentioned, Friend White, said Mrs. Russell, when Fred declined going. 'They are not of our people, but they are very worthy. They would tell hurt if these did not come.'

LANOLINE Toilet Soap advertisement with logo and text: 'LANOLINE Toilet Soap', 'For Health, Beauty, and Soft SKIN.', 'Toilet Preparations', 'Delicate and Sensitive Skins.', 'From all Chemists.', 'Wholesale Depot: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.'

not seen her since spring. She thinks we ought to have a doctor. Does she think that she is fading away—my Rachel?' 'My dear Mrs. Russell, no! She doesn't complain or even cough, does she?' 'No, oh, no! She never is really ill, but so tired always of late; these must have noticed how little she eats; and her sleep is much broken.'

'But she is so young, Mrs. Russell. She will soon outgrow this weakness. She ought to have advice and a tonic, however.' 'She's been taking a strengthening medicine right along for months. I hoped she was better; I couldn't see she had changed so much.'

'Probably she hasn't; don't worry about what that visitor said; she was very indignant, and also mistaken. Children often grow too fast, you know, and when your daughter is grown up, she may be as strong as any one.'

'Why, Rachel is grown up! She is nearly twenty.' 'Mrs. Russell! I thought she was about fourteen or so. She seems like a child to me.'

'I know she is small, but I can't hope for her to grow taller—or stronger. I'm afraid. Her father and all his people were frail and short-lived. Hush! She's coming.'

Rachel came up the walk, flushed with her exertions and bright and happy over some exquisite blossoms she had found. The mother's spirits rose as she looked critically at her. Friend Newell had been mistaken, and she herself had been foolish to disturb her general boarder with her forebodings.

For he did look disturbed. He was thinking of many things which Rachel, in her child-like innocence had said; of words he had spoken lightly, thinking they fell on a child's ear; but now he feared they had struck into a woman's heart. She was frail and ethereal looking, surely. The flush soon died away from her delicate cheeks, and the sparkle out of her eyes, and her hands were such tiny hands! Poor little Rachel Carew!

FOOD FOR THE DEAD.

Celestial Rites Observed in the Burial of a Chinese Laundryman. A Chinese funeral is a rare spectacle in Washington, and Moy Tung Fung was accompanied to his grave by more people than his rank in life warranted. He was a laundryman of Chicago and died of consumption. When he was taken ill he came to Washington to be treated by Dr. Sing Moy, who is a famous physician among the Chinese. The skill of Dr. Sing Moy availed him not, and Fung passed into those blissful realms which are supposed to await all true disciples of Buddha. Immediately after death the little room on Four-and-a-half-street where Fung died was filled with the odor of incense, which was kept burning night and day. His body was prepared for burial by Undertaker Lee, and Chinamen from every section of the city gathered at the rooms of the undertaker from which the funeral party started. Immediately after the funeral procession left a Buddhist priest began to scatter small pieces of brown paper along the street each piece had nine small holes pierced in the centre. These fragments of paper are to exorcise the evil spirits which are said to hover about the dead. These scattering of paper was continued until the cemetery was reached. The funeral party alighted at the cemetery gate and walked slowly to the grave. Before the coffin was removed from the hearse, all gathered around the open grave waving their arms up and down and uttering some sort of a litany in a rapid tone of voice. Then the body was removed from the hearse by eight of the number and laid by the grave. Little wisps of scented paper, on which were inscribed many words of Chinese writing, were lighted and waved over the coffin and then over the open grave, while the peculiar monotonous cry of the mourners continued without ceasing. Then an immense basket containing provisions of all sorts was taken out of the carriage and placed beside the coffin. After several minutes of the old service, the coffin was lowered into the grave and then the chant grew louder and more rapid. A few shovelfuls of earth were thrown upon the coffin, and the cry of the mourners became less violent. A priest stepped forward and took from the basket of provisions a chicken some apples, and a bowl of cooked-rice. The chicken and the apples were dropped upon the coffin near the head, while the bowl of rice was placed at the foot. Other provisions and confections known only to Chinamen followed, until the coffin was literally covered. This food, they believe, will be necessary, for the body of Fung cannot escape and be translated into the domains of Buddha while it lies in this unconsecrated soil. In the mean time he is supposed to be struggling to escape from his grave. He will need more food, they think, and thirty days from now a large stock of provisions will be taken to the cemetery and planted on the grave. It will remain there several hours, and then will be removed and destroyed as its nourishing qualities are supposed to have been exhausted by the body in the grave below. This ceremony of feeding the corpse will be kept up for perhaps a year, and if the relatives of the dead man do not have the body taken up and carried to China the placing of the food on the grave will be discontinued.—Washington Times.

When the Load Falls Off. We all remember how Bunyan's Pilgrim said he felt when the heavy load tumbled off his back. Well, there's a prodigious lot of pilgrims in this world who don't talk so much about their experience as he did, and yet carry pretty heavy loads of many sorts. Perhaps the commonest of these loads is the load of disease, and the things that are piled on the top of it.

Yes, and when anybody comes along or turns up by the side of the road, who is able to cut or untie the cords which bind that load on our aching backs—so it will tumble off finally and forever—we thank him with all our might. We ought to, anyway.

Just read this little tale from one of these pilgrims. She had no biographer; she writes it herself.

'Nearly all my life," she tells us, "I have suffered from indigestion and dyspepsia, and the pains and troubles that go with it. I was nearly always tired, weak, and weary. I had a foul taste in the mouth, especially in the morning, and felt sick as if I should vomit. After eating I had a gnawing pain at the chest and at the pit of the stomach.'

'I lost all relish for food, and when it was placed before me I couldn't eat, owing to the awful bitter taste in my mouth. Often I was too weak to do any work, wasn't always the same, however. Sometimes I felt better, and then again worse, but I was never well and strong like so many other women I saw around me. For years and years I bore the burden of disease.'

'As time went on I got so weak and thin that my friends were frightened to look at me. I tried doctors and chemists, one after another, and took all kinds of medicines, but none of them did me any real good.'

that an idle mind is the devil's workshop. History has proved it true. Idleness is a chief factor among the influences toward evil. Another cause of crime is licentiousness. Its influence is fearful to behold. Two men are in Auburn's prison to-day awaiting the death penalty, and brought there through this passion. It ruins men and women. Its pernicious influence is a canker upon society. Indirectly there are many influences contributing to the growth of this sin. The low dance hall and the cheap theatre both play their part. Our laws are very faulty as regards these evils. A great reform is needed. Another cause of crime is a one-sided education. As well put in charge of an engine an engineer who knows his engine's machinery, but does not know how to run it, as to teach a child everything except how to live. Our educational system has neglected the moral side in its training. This should be corrected. And one more of the causes of crime is found in a failure to inspire the young with a right estimate of life. After teaching them to live they need to know of how much value is life, that they may be stimulated to live aright.

'Lastly, I mention a cause of crime that I do not mean to place as least because I put it last. It is intemperance. What shall we do against this evil? It drives otherwise noble men and women into insanity that commits the most heinous crimes. It makes a kind husband murder his wife; it impels a loving parent to kill his children. The blood of its victims cries out against it. May we heed the call of duty to arouse ourselves and strive single-mindedly against all these crime-producing influences.'

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THE DRAGON

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SOME CAUSES OF CRIME.

Set Forth by Dr. Seales, Formerly Chaplain of the State Prison. 'The first great cause of crime is found in inherited criminal tendencies, says Rev. Wm. Seales in a lecture on crime. "Hereditary is inexorable in its laws, and thousands are born into the world with a pre-decided character that drives them remorselessly in the downward path. The famous case of the Jukes gives most startling statistics. From Margaret and her two sisters there sprang forth such a family of criminals that Margaret has ever since been called the "mother of crime." In 100 years their descendants numbered 1,200 and of their number 300 were paupers and 300 accused of crime. The aggregate of their terms served in prison amounts to 700 years, and he family cost the State of New York over a million and a half dollars.'

SOME CAUSES OF CRIME.

'The second cause of crime is disrespect for law. This is found among the old and young of the lower classes. They have an entirely wrong idea of what law is and what it is for. They regard it lightly. Consequently it has little restraining influence with them. A third cause of crime is non-employment. Nothing is truer than

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT CURES advertisement with image of a hand pointing to a box: 'That Red Blotchy Face', 'Skin Eruptions', 'Rough Skin', 'Black Heads', 'Pimples', 'Eczema', 'Salt Rheum', 'Tetter', 'And All Itchy Skin Diseases'.

CHASE'S OINTMENT Is a Guaranteed Cure PRICE 50 CENTS PER BOX

An Irish Gamekeeper's Extraordinary Shot

David Reid, a gamekeeper at Aberlow Castle, Tipperary, writes to the London Field to tell about a shot which has seldom been equalled. Reid was hunting woodcock on a preserve late in the season with a shotgun, when he saw two deer jump up and run away. He raised his gun and fired when the animals were about thirty yards off. On going to the place the hunter found that he had killed both deer with No. 6 shot. Other men have killed two deer, elk, or even bears with one rifle bullet, but Reid is probably the first man to kill two deer with such fine shot as sixes.

