

PROGRESS.

VOL. XII, NO. 619.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

MR. LYNCH'S PLAIN TALK.

He Tells About His Transactions With Judge Vanwart—How He Came to Lend Him \$500 and His Unsuccessful Attempts to get it.

From time to time PROGRESS has published court records and information of the proceedings against Judge Vanwart, but there has been much surprise expressed that some one of his many creditors did not come forward and make some statement regarding their transactions with him. The only creditors who have made any row have been Photographer George A. Buckhardt and Mr. Timothy Lynch of Fredericton. They did not hesitate to press their claims and they asked for an examination of the judge the same as they would of any other man who owed them, and whom they thought could pay.

The lawyers of Judge Vanwart thought that a member of the Supreme Court bench should be exempt from such an indignity as an examination before a County Court Judge and they appealed after a time to the Supreme court to sustain their idea. But the brother judges of their client could not see the matter in that light and the decision given by Judge Barker against their contention was clear and convincing.

Then Mr. Lynch asked that the Judge be examined to see if he was not in a position to pay his judgment claim of \$561. The story of the court proceedings before county court Judge Wilson has been but partially written and even that part must have brought the blush of shame to those who held the reputation of the judiciary dear. The latest phase of the proceedings when the law was suddenly amended while the case was going on adds a new and unpleasant feature to the case. Now Mr. Lynch has come to the front with a letter explaining his side of the case and he puts the facts in a straight forward way. The excuse of his explanation is perhaps found in the first paragraph in which he speaks of the attempts that have been made to fasten some personal interest upon Mr. Geo. F. Gregory who is his lawyer. After stating that Mr. Gregory only proceeded as he instructed him and even then not quickly enough, Mr. Lynch says:

Prior to the second of March, 1899, I had no connection, business dealings or transactions whatever with Judge Vanwart. We had never had any particularly friendly relations and he had no claim whatever upon me for friendly assistance. On several occasions the judge had applied to me to indorse his paper, but I had resisted his importunities until on the second day of March, 1899, he asked me for a cash loan of \$200, and on my declining he pressed me more determinedly than ever before to indorse his note for \$200, and after much persuasion and argument on his part I consented. He immediately proceeded to draw up a note and while in the act of doing so, said: "Let me make it \$500. I know just where the money is coming from to meet it and you will never hear of it again." After much hesitation I consented. A note was drawn up for \$500 at two months and I indorsed it for him; he discounted it and got the money.

While the note was current the judge made frequent applications to me as he would meet me upon the street and in hotels and by telephone to indorse for him a further sum of \$2,000, urging that he had a chance and could make a hundred per cent on it if he had it even only for a few days. These applications I resisted and firmly refused to comply with.

When the \$500 note became due the judge did not pay it, took no trouble about it, nor even communicated with me upon the subject. The note fell due on the 5th of May and I had to pay it.

Before putting the note in suit I personally applied to the judge to make some arrangement, offering to give him time, as much as he would require, if he would secure it to me, and if he could not secure it to accept \$10 a month until it was paid. He said he could not secure it and he did not think he could pay \$10 a month. Nothing that I proposed seemed to awaken in him any interest or response.

In the latter part of June, hearing of the judge having procured a cash loan of \$10,000 upon mortgage of his property I instructed Mr. Gregory to apply to him for some payment or settlement of the

note, but no satisfaction or proposal of any kind was received from him, and on the twelfth of July I commenced suit. The judge put in an appearance to the suit for the purpose of defending it, the effect of which would be to hinder and de-

will have an exhibition of how dishonorably a judge of the Supreme Court can conduct himself and how successfully he can frustrate enquiry; and all at my expense.

Mr. Lynch's explanation has made it possible for others to speak and new lawyers are speaking of their clients cases. They come from all over the country and some of the circumstances in connection with the claims are of a truly remarkable character. What the outcome will be is hard to forecast.

Pickle St. John.

Despite the very sensible letters written



WALTER DAVIDSON.

One of the best young speed bicyclists in Lower Canada. (Wheeler's article on page 2.)

lay me and materially increase my costs of obtaining a judgment.

The law is opposed to a man putting in a defence to a claim which he cannot dispute and has no good defence to, and upon application to a judge, but at considerable expense to me. Judge Vanwart's defence was set aside and I obtained judgement against the judge on the fifth of September last for \$561.

Execution was issued, the sheriff visited the judge and was told by him that there was nothing he could levy upon.

In the meantime the judge was apparently enjoying all the comforts of life. I could see no evidence of hard times with him and I learned of his making many payments to other people.

At last wearying of waiting and seeing no inclination upon the part of the judge to make effort to pay me, I gave instructions to have him examined under oath to learn what he had done with all the property and means he had had in his possession and what property and assets he had yet remaining out of which I could realize my debt, the law allowing to every judgment creditor that right.

I had seen that the judge had lived as if comfortably well off. I had become aware of his being very largely in debt and I could not suppose else, and do not still suppose, but that so much debt represented some property acquired and in his hands of some kind somewhere.

Was it not reasonable under the circumstances that I should wish to know what chance there was for me to get back my money?

My proceedings to have Judge Vanwart examined were commenced on the fourteenth day of February last, and by reason of futile objections, obstructions, frivolous excuses and indulgences to the judge and his lawyers, Messrs. Pugsley and Hainington, I did not get the judge sworn for examination until the twelfth day of April, and in the afternoon of that day, after an adjournment of the examination at Mr. Pugsley's request, a bill was passed through the Legislature with extraordinary speed, which had the effect of limiting the scope of my enquiry into the judge's affairs.

My progress has not been rapid, but I intended to persevere to the end, and if nothing more is accomplished, the public

to the public press the populace did not indulge to any special degree in celebrating St. George's day. A few Union Jacks were to be seen fluttering from principle buildings and some stray smaller flags from loyal households, but generally speaking the day was allowed to pass almost unnoticed. Was St. Patrick's day thus? What about the hundred thousand or more English soldiers fighting for St. John and the Empire, what about their patron saint's day?

PROGRESS

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Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired
Bread 17 Waterloo.

AN APOLOGY SETTLED. IT.

A North End Slander Case That Resulted in the Arrest of One Man—His Inability to get Bail—What it was About.

A young man named Williamson got into trouble this week on account of a warrant issued by Mr. Green, the expressman, who had reason to believe that the former had been talking about his wife in such a way that her reputation was in danger. Accordingly he engaged Messrs. Bustin & Porter to take the matter in hand and upon an information being sworn out before Chief Justice Tuck a warrant was issued and Williamson was arrested.

It seems that Williamson was once in Green's employ and during that time had the confidence of himself and his family. When he was married, however, differences began to crop up and the origin of them is said to have been a wedding gift which was not just as agreeable as those tokens usually are.

Much talk followed and when Williamson went to work at the pulp mill it did not cease. Anonymous letters began to be received and one at last was sent to an employe of Mr. Green's which he thought gave him sufficient ground for action.

In the meantime Williamson had returned to the city and started up express business in company with another man and of course in opposition to Green. This did not smooth matters—perhaps it aggravated them—and the arrest for slander followed.

The jury fixed the bail at \$500 and when Mr. Williamson found himself in a fair way to spend the night in the jail he began to look around for some two persons who would be responsible for him. That was easier said than done. The sheriff has an objection to "straw" bail and it was not easy at that hour to find anyone well enough acquainted with the expressman to go his bail. So he spent the night thinking over his case, in comfortable yet confined quarters. The next day the parties had a conference and by reason of an apology or other inducements Williamson was set free and the case dropped.

In the North End were the parties live, many stories are told of the affair that have little foundation in fact, but there is enough truth in some of them to raise a hearty laugh at least.

AN AFFLICTED FAMILY.

Two Children of A. G. Sherwood Have met Tragic Deaths.

With the breaking of river ice the rolling St. John delivered up another of its winter victims on Sunday last in the person of Mrs. W. E. Straight of McDonald's Corner, Queens country, whose death by drowning occurred on the night of December 23rd last. Mr. and Mrs. Straight had left their pretty little family of four children in good care and set out on foot to cross the river to purchase a few toys and sweets for the bright eyed babies at home. Theirs was a Santa Claus errand, but how sadly did it terminate. Both father and mother unwary of the treacherous air holes about in the ice walked into a big opening. Mr. Straight struggled with superhuman effort to keep his wife and himself above water, but the chilling stream and heavy clothing of Mrs. Straight made her recovery impossible and she sank. Her husband sank too, but strange to say appeared on the surface again when he made a last desperate grasp for the edge of ice. Help arrived just before he lapsed in an unconscious state in which he remained for a long time.

All winter long a gloom hung over the quiet country village at McDonald's Corner, the residents knowing that one of their most beloved young women who was everybody's friend, was lying entombed under the ice. A family in this city also put in a winter of deep mourning over the sad event, as Mrs. Straight was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Sherwood of Brussels street, residing in the Centennial School building. Soon after the drowning their daughter's infant child was brought to the home of its grandparents, where it is still being tenderly cared for.

It was on Sunday morning last that a man named Parks was rowing down river in a small boat that he discovered a body floating near the shore. When taken to the land it was found to be that of Mrs. Straight, for whom the good folk round-

about had been grappling for some time. Burial was held Monday, but tomorrow a memorial service will be held in the McDonald's Corner church. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, their son and daughters, left by the steamer this morning to be present.

The tragic death of Mrs. Straight comes with particular pangs to the grief-stricken parents in this city, as it is the second member of their family having met death from other than natural causes. Twelve years ago their manly son left Boston for Concord Junction, N. H., there to board another train to proceed in a different direction. He was too early for his second train, but what actions after that time were, nobody has ever learned. A flying express train in rounding a sharp curve noticed a man's body lying across the track. The train was stopped, but the man was dead. However the doctors and jury said death had occurred a long time before, as his hacked remains evidenced. The body being placed on the track was only a trick of the murderers.

For weeks and months the best detective ability in New England worked on the case, but to no account. The brutal slayers escaped. The body had in the meantime been brought home to the prostrated family and buried. To this day nobody knows who killed young Sherwood although it is thought while wandering about waiting for his train he was accosted and waylaid by murderous tramps, intent on robbery.

The Sherwood home on Brussels street is again in tears and the sympathy of the community goes out to them.

Beer Shops That Need Inspection.

The list of beer licenses granted or likely to be granted has been published. There are many of them and they afford some room for thought. If there were no beer licenses on Sheriff's street for example the character of that noted thoroughfare might be altered. But a beer license is an excuse for a shop and a shop a resort for the unwary. It is safe to say that there is more whisky sold on the sly in such places than in what are known to be unlicensed places. When the inspector calls there is no stock on hand but a bottle or a flask is not a hard thing to hide and the inspector has reason to think that for a long time Amelia Francis kept her stock hid securely. The place was found at last but no one would have suspected it had the usual caution been observed. It almost seems as if some beer shops need greater inspection than the bars.

Prof. Frank Whetsel's Success.

Prof. Frank Whetsel the banjost is home for a few weeks visit, but resumes his musical duties abroad as soon as he leaves town again. Since Mr. Whetsel left this city some months ago he has been constantly employed by the high class vaudeville companies in New York, Boston and the other American big cities, and his playing has been received with the greatest praise by the best critics. In the United States he is known as a classical banjost, his selections being almost entirely of the higher classes of music. Mr. Whetsel is now under engagement to go direct to Germany with Von Schelsa's grand concert company early in June there to play in the principal centres, after which the Russian cities will be toured. Prof. Lansing of Boston, America's foremost banjost instructor, is proudly referring in his "ads." to our young townsman as one of his pupils.

His Friends are Indignant.

The friends of Mr. Geo. K. Burton claims that he was promised the local appointment vacated by the selection of Mr. W. A. Lockhart as collector of customs and the action of the members in ignoring him afterward is to be accounted for yet. There is a good deal of indignation expressed but election day is distant and it will have time to die out as other bursts of a similar nature have.

Boy Wanted.

A bright boy can secure a good situation at office work by applying at Progress office.

Local Bicycle Racing.

Who Will Participate in the Speed Events This Season.

At present the bicycle racing outlook for the three lower provinces appears good. Pretty nearly all the riders of note are already a wheel and some are actually getting into trim for whatever the Queen's birthday may offer in the way of worthy competition. Moncton seems to be the centre of interest from the fact that the management of the track in the railway town have signified their intention of hustling matter all next season, and of procuring as many of the stellar attractions in the wheeling world as possible. An effort will be made to hold the Maritime championship meet there again this year, although the outcome of such effort is doubtful. Now that the Marsh Bridge grounds and track in this city are in new hands the difficulty of last year will perhaps be overcome and the big meet may possibly be held here, as was intended last season. What St. John is sadly in need of though is a brand new and up-to-date track.

Fredericton is contemplating the holding of bicycle sports on the 24th of May, and also St. Stephen, but if the latter town adheres to the idea Fredericton may drop out until the 28th, when the University has its closing. However the desire among racers seems to be for a meet at Fredericton on the holiday, as the track is first class and there is sure to be good lively contests.

Oxford, N. S., is getting to be a real lively little wheeling town and hopes to have a congregation of the speedy ones within her limits before the season flits by. Amherst and Chatham may have meets. The Sussex exhibition track is going to be much improved and races will be held there even if it is as late as the fall fair. Charlottetown is contemplating the holding of no less than three meets, but there seems to be a little bit of strained feeling between the N. S., and N. B., riders and their Island brethren over the alleged unfair riding of the latter at the Moncton championship last season. The new Brunswick wickers and Nova Scotians claim the Islanders come over in force and what they couldn't win fairly, they jockeyed. But this unpleasantness will no doubt be forgotten when the sporting caldron gets to boiling again.

In St. John, Billy Merritt, Ned Dalton, Garnett, Walter Davidson and possibly the skater Fen Parker, will be seen in racing attire. Swatridge the boy rider, will also be on the track. With the exception of Swatridge all these riders are speed skaters and have more or less knowledge of track events. Merritt, Dalton and Davidson are "old stagers" at the wheeling game by this time, especially Davidson whose trophies would fill a barrel.

Up in Fredericton Channey Coleman, Staples, Barratt, Mason and Camber will be competitors in the most popular meets, Moncton intends to be ably represented by Stanley, M. Donald, Smith and Merritt. Among the young riders of prominence and promise in the Maritime Provinces might be mentioned the following:—

Louis Large of Charlottetown will ride an E & D racer this season and will participate in all the principal events on the Island. Probably the only event he will be present at on this side of the Straits will be the Maritime championships. Last season at the C. W. A. meet, Large won the half mile event winning the Brunswick Hotel cup.

Byron Brown of Charlottetown will probably not participate in many meets outside his own province, until the big maritime assembly.

Fred Munford, the Amherst lad will in all probability not be seen on the track this year. His last race was the five mile event at New Glasgow last season, where he was defeated.

Jardine of Antigonish won the five mile championship at Moncton last fall. He will be out right and early again this year for honors. Of strong build and weighing nearly two hundred pounds he is a hard man to go up against. Jardine mounts a Cleveland.

Harry Hills of Oxford, N. S., is more of a sprinter on the wheel. Quick as a flash on the start, he can cut an awfully dizzy pace for short distances, but it has been stated he is not going to race much this year, although he was pretty well up in the Canadian pool last season.

Jack and Harry Grant of New Glasgow are two fast riders and have figured conspicuously in many provincial and inter-provincial events.

Walter Davidson, the Moncton rider, will this year hail from St. John. He will be aboard a Stearns racer and proposes to

appear in all the meets down in this part of Canada. His efforts for the coming season will be particularly directed toward securing an honor place in the grand aggregate of points. Last year he was fifth for points in all Canada and is credited with having broken the Lower Canadian record for one mile by six seconds. The record is 2 1/4. He won the quarter and two mile championships at the C. W. A. meet in Moncton last fall, capturing D. Pottinger's and W. A. Humphrey's trophies. Davidson has several shields full of medals, numerous cups, a silver service or two and many other valuable prizes.

Doing it Well.

Half heartedness never wins in this world. If a thing is not worth doing, do not do it, is a good rule. The late Robert Louis Stevenson was always an enthusiast in whatever he undertook, even when at play.

His stepdaughter, Mrs. Isabel Strong, who was for a time his amanuensis, says that Stevenson used to maintain that no one could write a good story, who was not a good player—who could not enter fully into the spirit of the game. He himself threw all his energies into whatever he might be playing.

At one time he was visiting a house where a small boy was 'playing boat' on the sofa. When the lad got tired he did not wait for the ship to come to port, but got down from the sofa and walked toward the door.

Stevenson, who was watching him eagerly, cried out to him, in apparent alarm 'Oh, don't do that! Swim at least!'

Thanksgiving Day at Guam.

Thanksgiving intelligence from Guam, although somewhat belated, was of a cheering sort, as befits the day.

The governor of the island in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, in speaking of the services in honor of the day, held in

the Roman Catholic church says that the congregation in attendance was so large that it completely packed the edifice and overflowed outside into 'rows fifteen deep.' 'The entire assemblage,' the governor observes, 'seemed to evince a sincere, earnest and devout interest in this their first American Thanksgiving day.'

And throughout the island the people were equally and heartily responsive in their observance of the day, thus testifying to their cordial and faithful acceptance of the radical change in government,' concludes the governor.

HARD TRYING TO SAY ABOUT A BOY.

Harlem Man's Young Hopewell Resents a Negative Compliment.

Two Harlem men were coming downtown the other morning in a surface car, one of whom has a State reputation for his plainness of person. He calls it an absence of personal paltritude, but that is merely an euphemistic distinction without a difference. Part of the way with them came the ten-year old son of the other one, who left the car at a cross street.

'That's a bright boy,' said the fond father looking after him as the youngster hopped out of the way of the next car.

'Yes,' said the homely man, 'I've got one myself.'

'They're a great blessing, aren't they?'

'That depends,' admitted the homely father as if in doubt.

'I don't understand,' said the other in a more or less horrified tone.

'Well, a bright boy,' explained the homely man, 'is all right up to a certain limit, but you don't want him to be too dazzlingly brilliant. That's the kind I think mine is. I'm afraid he'll strike a sort of meteoric career when he grows up and land in the legislature or the penitentiary or some place like those. Last week a friend of mine met him on the street with his mother. It was an old friend who had known us before we were married. 'My, my, he's said patting the boy on the head, 'how very much you look like your father.'

And instead of thanking him and being pleased, what do you suppose my brilliant offspring said? Why he gave a short grunt of disapproval and responded.

'Well I think that's a hard thing to say about a boy that never done anything to you.'

'Didn't his mother reprove him?' in-

quired the other one sympathetically.

'No, she only laughed. I'm beginning to lose confidence in the mothers of the rising generation, too,' and the sensitive father bowed beneath his burden of homeliness.

Dangers From the Cold and Blustering Spring.

From New York Herald.

'The present fall of temperature over a large area of country, and the probability of its continuance for some time, is very likely to affect the public health by the increase of all such troubles as commence with the "ordinary cold." In this connection we cannot lose sight of the fact that grip is still prevailing, and although it has been on the wane there is a threat in the present cold wave of a revival of the former malignancy of the scourge.

We can hardly congratulate ourselves that the danger from pneumonia is likely to be less with the incoming and inclement spring than it was in the months gone by. It goes without the saying, then, that we cannot take too many precautions.'

Dr. Humphreys' Specific "Seventy-seven" ("77") restores the checked circulation (indicated by a sudden chill), the first sign of taking Cold; starts the blood coursing through the veins and so "breaks up" the Cold. Manual of all diseases, especially about children, sent free.

For sale by all druggists, or sent on receipt of price, 25c. and \$1.00. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., N. Y.

Deserved a Cracker.

A Philadelphia newspaper reports the case of a parrot that protected her owner's home from burglars. The thieves entered through one of the front parlor windows, crept through the hall past the bird, and began opening the sideboard in which the silver was kept.

One of them had gathered up the costly Turkish rugs on the floor when Polly spoke out.

'Is that you, Frank?' she asked.

The burglars stopped, and Polly repeated the question in a louder and more imperative key. By this time the noise had awakened her master.

He grasped a revolver, and made for the head of the stairs. There he pressed an electric button on the wall and lit the

lights in the hall. Three men were just then opening the front door.

On getting down-stairs, the master of the house found the parrot in her cage under the piano. The cage was upset, but the bird uninjured. He placed her right side up on the piano, when she lifted her frightened head from under her wing and asked again:

'Is that you, Frank?'

An Old Slave's Devotion.

The St. Joseph, Mo., News gives a touching story of a very old white woman and her former slave. 'Our affections and beliefs are wiser than we; the best that is in us is better than we can understand.' So wrote Stevenson; and this incident illustrates clearly how the best in others, even in the lowliest, is better than we can understand.

A short time ago the commissioner of the poor in St. Joseph heard of an old negro woman living in a house that lacked much of being a mansion, but was clean. She was said to be in need of help, being sick and unable to work, and the commissioner went to see her.

He found an aged white woman in the house. The white woman who is probably eighty years old, used to be the mistress of the old negro woman who lay dying in the house.

The white woman was once rich and aristocratic, but had been left penniless and without a relative in the world. Then the old negro woman took her in. She kept her twenty years, and when the commissioner of the poor offered to send her to the county farm the dying negress, whose name was Matilda Mansfield, objected.

She had sent for her daughter from Iowa she said, and her daughter would take the aged white woman home with her. 'She shall never go to the poor farm while any of us live,' added the old negress.

Matilda Mansfield died and was buried. The daughter took the aged white woman, whose name is unknown, and whose face has been forgotten years ago by those who knew her when she was a woman of wealth.

Only the humble people who knew and served her in those days remember her now; but they provide for her wants, and wait on her as they did in the time when she had the right to command them.

Rats on a Wreck.

A correspondent of the Newcastle Chronicle describes a striking scene witnessed at the breaking up of the vessel Gothenburg City, on St. Mary's Island, off the coast of Northumberland.

The vessel might have been sailing comfortably out of the harbor, for aught that appeared, except that there was no sign of life on board. We had no sooner put foot on deck, however, than we were furiously attacked by swarms of rats.

Great, hungry, lank, lean looking rats, many of them with their tails chewed off swarmed up from below in hundreds and thousands, squeaking and squirming over each other in a manner sickening and horrible to behold.

Those of us who had stepped on deck ran to the rigging, while the others scrambled hurriedly back into the boat.

Our position in the rigging was dangerous in the extreme. It was more than one's life was worth to attempt to run the gauntlet of those fierce, starving rodents, and to remain in the rigging was equally impracticable.

At last we cut off some loose ropes knotted them into convenient lengths, and so armed, descended and fought our way through the squealing hordes, and eventually succeeded in beating a passage to the boat.

It seemed as if the rats knew the impending fate of the vessel, for they no sooner saw us over the side than they began to swarm down the ropes and try to enter the boat. It was with difficulty that we could boat them off before casting clear; and they squeaked in a horrible manner as we rowed away.

A few hours later the Gothenburg City went to pieces.

Criticizing the Minister.

The new minister at Centreville was an estimable and studious man, but his sermons were apt to seem lacking in point.

'How do you like Mr. Green's preaching?' asked one of the deacons, pausing in his ride past the Gannet corn field for a few words with the owner of it, who was setting up an elaborate scarecrow.

'Um!' said the farmer. He's got book-learning enough, I guess, but he's got to find out that the best way to rake aint with the teeth up'ards.'

Rastus (to druggist)—Look hyah, Misteb. Yo' all sol' mo some stuff to make Easteh eggs yistuddy.

Druggist—Well?

Rastus—Well, I feed hit to dem hens, an' dey ain' lay no eggs—dey lay down en' die.



A COOL RETREAT.

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

Iolanthe was given a production in Monoton by the St. John Amateurs on Wednesday evening which at the time of writing promised success.

The Robinson Comic opera company will commence its spring and summer tour on May 21.

The coming of the Boston Sextette is an event that causes much pleasant interest in musical circles.

Mrs. Fred G. Spencer, St. John's sweet voiced singer returned this week from an extended stay in Bgton.

Carrie Bridewell has signed for three years with the Maurice Grau opera company.

The next season of the Maurice Grau opera company will open in San Francisco on Nov. 12.

Proto the graceful little toe dancer is winning additional laurels in the west. San Francisco society is reported to have gone mad over her.

The Mikado was given its annual revival in New York this week with a cast composed of light opera favorites of the Castle Square opera company.

In De Wolfe Hopper's tour of The Charlatan, Jessie Mackaye is duplicating her London success as Katrinka, sharing everywhere the honors with Mr. Hopper.

Madame Schumann-Heink appeared recently in New York in a dramatic production, taking the part of a peasant girl, and proved that she is an artist in that line as well as in opera.

Some of the critics of the city of Mexico seem to have had some doubts as to whether Paderewski is a genius of a Charlatan. The public had no doubts but paid \$16,000 to hear him in two recitals.

The Princess Chic in which Christie McDonald, the young Nova Scotian, sang the leading role, will open for next season on Oct. 6, in New England. Most of the members of the present company will be retained.

News comes from Monte Carlo of the production there of a new opera, "Renaud D'Arles," by De Forcand and Desjoyeux. The work is described as excellent from a dramatic view point, but lacking in dramatic qualities.

Otto Floerbeim wrote to the Musical Courier, after a recent performance of "Tretian und Iselde" at Berlin under Richard Strauss: "He is perhaps the best and certainly the warmest interpreter of the master's most passionate music drama of any now alive. He beats Dr. Muck all hollow for artistic fire and temperament, though, of course, not for quiet circumspection and natural precision."

The critics are beginning to catch up with the public in the appreciation of Liszt's genius. Until a few years ago their chief occupation was to sneer at his compositions. Since Nikiach Weingartner and Richard Strauss have undertaken to interpret him a gradual change has taken place and the audiences are so enthusiastic that the critics no longer dare lay behind. At a recent performance of "Tasso" in Frankfurt the critic of the leading news paper went so far as to intertate very plainly that he regarded it as a reprehensible anticlimax to play Beethoven's Seventh Symphony after Liszt's Symphonic poem, and he hit the nail on the head this time.

A professor in the Leipzig conservatory has written a book entitled "A Practical Course in Ear Training" in which he states that early in his career as a teacher of the piano he found that only a few of his pupils were able to distinguish even the simplest intervals by the ear alone. This led him to institute a course of ear training to which he allotted a few minutes of every lesson. To his surprise and gratification he found that in exercising in relative pitch many gained absolute pitch. He differs from most authorities in declaring is not only a gift of nature but that it can be acquired by any one with no undue amount of effort. In his opinion if a student possess relative pitch to a certain degree—if he can distinguish a unison from an interval, a major from a minor chord, and can sing two or three diatonic tones after having heard

SPECIALTIES

FOR Ladies' and Gentleman.

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Pure and Fragrant Baby's Own Soap. Is specially recommended by many family physicians, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

them—systematic daily practice is the only requisite.

The fact that a musician is so often expected to entertain the crowd at a social function for the price of a cup of tea or a lunch, the hostess being shocked beyond remedy if a polite refusal is offered; leads Wilson G. Smith to ask in the Etude.

Why are not doctors asked to bring their medicines that they may diagnose and prescribe, in case the hostess or some guest should need medical treatment, in consideration for the hospitality extended to them?

Why not discuss jurisprudence at these same social functions and thereby save the expense of legal service? Why not ask a painter to bring his palette and brushes to adorn a canvas, furnished by the hostess to each guest as a souvenir of the occasion?

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Today the Valentine Stock Company closes its engagement in this city, an engagement that has been productive of much pleasure to theatre goers in this city while even those who have not been in the habit of indulging in this form of amusement have laid aside their prejudices in favor of the Stock Company and encouraged and supported the venture by their presence. This evening the Company will say "au revoir, but not good-bye" for they will return next season, opening on Christmas day for an indefinite engagement. The individual members of the company have many warm friends in this city who while looking forward to their return, will wish them every success and prosperity, in the meantime.

"Town Topics" will be the attraction at the opera house the beginning of next week, followed later by the Jere McAuliffe combination in four performances Thursday and Friday and the usual two Saturday performances.

Yvette Guilbert who has been seriously ill is improving.

Kate Davis is reported dying in a Washington hospital.

"A Female Drummer" closed a very successful season last Saturday.

Seymour Hicks is dramatizing Dutton Payne's novel, "Mistress Penwick."

Kyrie Bellew is in Melbourne, Australia. He has not yet recovered from his illness.

Douglas Wood will play the lead in "At the White Horse Tavern" during its spring tour.

William T. Stead has written a novel, for which the Oberammergau Passion Play serves as an inspiration.

An event of last week in Paris was Coquelin's production of "Jean Bart" at the Port Ste. Martin.

Sir Henry Irving will revive W. G. Wills drama, "Olivia" at the Lyceum theatre in London in June.

Florence Gerald who has been seriously ill and out of the cast of "The Girl From Maxim's" is convalescent.

"How Hopper was Sidetracked" will close a successful season of thirty five weeks at St. Louis today.

The Gerry society was out after the little fellow who played the part of the child Anlus in "Quo Vadis."

There is said to be some chance of Eleonora Duse acting in London before the end of the present season.

Neva Carlotta has left the Wilbur opera company, with which she has been con-

nected for a long time, and will go into vaudeville.

Eva Westcott has been re-engaged by Milton Nobles to assume the character of Violet in "A Blue Grass Widow."

Among the companies which closed their spring season this week, was the Bennett & Moulton combination, at Erie Pa.

The Children of the Ghetto which is meeting with much favor in southern cities closes in Norfolk Va. on Monday.

May Irvine's new farce for next season will be written by George V. Hobart and will be called "Mrs. Black is back."

Annie Russel closed her Boston engagement in Miss Hobbs in Boston last week. Her stay in the hub was most successful.

Nat B. Canton has written the new military drama "The Soldiers Queen" in which Josephine Sabel is to star next season.

Malcolm Bradley here with W. S. Harkins several seasons ago has been engaged for a part in James A. Herne's play "Sag Harbor."

Miss Eva Moore is to play the heroine in Vrooms play "Marsac of Gascony" which is to be produced soon in Drury Lane, theatre, London.

Augustus Picton at the close of the present season will retire from theatre management. He is writing a new play for Chauncy Olcott.

Oliver Doud Byron's melodrama "The Inside Track" had an excellent production in Boston last week by the stock company at the Grand.

Mary Sanders has been engaged by Liebler and company for next season to play the leading ingenue role in Joseph Arthur's melodrama "Lost River."

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Several Companies playing near Boston have been embarrassed in the last week or two by a strike of the workmen at the Boston Job Print which does most of the theatrical printing for that part of New England. This has not for some time been a Union shop, although it formerly was and there has been some dissatisfaction among the employees because the concern has not conformed to Union requirements. As it is so late in the season the strike has not made the trouble it would have done two months.

"The Man of Forty" the new play by Walter Frith, which has just been produced in London by George Alexander with what appears to be considerable success is said to be a cleverly written but clumsily constructed piece with characters peculiarly well suited to the chief members of the performing company. The chief

EVERY WEAK MAN

SHOULD send for a Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Successful Treatment of Nervous Diseases and Physical Weakness in Men, including Premature Exhaustion and Absorption (i.e., without stomach medicines). Revised and in progress with the most advanced resources in the subject, together with numerous recent testimonials showing successful cures. Write at once and grasp this opportunity of being quickly restored to perfect health. Sent in a plain sealed envelope, free of charge.—E. ROBERTSON, 31 St. MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C. 4. Established over 50 years.

weakness of the story consists in its miraculous coincidence. Mr. Alexander, H. B. Irving, Julie Opp and others have very effective parts, and there is a large amount of witty dialogue, with several telling situations. The piece is to be seen in New York later on.

HOW RELIEF CAME.

A WELLAND COUNTY MAN'S INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

He Had Suffered For Years From Kidney Trouble—Many Medicines Were Tried, but Failed—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Saved Him.

Mr. James Upper, of Allenburg, is a gentleman well known in Welland county. Mr. Upper was proprietor of the village hotel for over thirty years, and no better landlord ever catered to a traveller's wants. Mr. Upper's acquaintance also extends over Ontario as a sequel to his prominence in Orange and Masonic circles. His present vocation is farming and in this calling he has been very successful. Mr. Upper has been a sufferer for years from kidney trouble and began to think that good health had altogether passed him by; but the time came when he found a complete cure and is again strong, happy and vigorous. In regard to Mr. Upper's sickness and cure he says:—"In December of 1897 I was prostrated with a severe form of kidney trouble. Previous to this I was slightly afflicted in the same way, but at this time matters came to a climax as the result of exposure and over exertion. To say that I suffered does not express it; the pains in my back were terrible. I gradually grew worse and was compelled to keep my bed and for months I existed as though in a hideous dream. I had considerable nausea and loathing for food, was greatly reduced in flesh. The pain daily grew more intolerable, I got little sleep; was left weak and exhausted, and despair of getting well. Different remedies were tried without benefit. Finally I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and procured six boxes. This was about March 1, 1898. I took the pills faithfully and at the end of two months I felt well again and able to attend to any work. The following autumn I experienced a slight recurrence of the trouble and again used a few boxes of the pills and now consider my cure complete, as a year has since passed and I have not experienced a pain or ache. I am now able to follow farming pursuits with perfect ease. My wife also speaks warmly in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as I do, having used them for headache, dizziness and loss of appetite, the pill always giving comfort and relief. Since my illness I have learned that a good remedy is none the less good because its cost was so much less than I expected."

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trouble. I said just now when the creatures were thirsty they would go anywhere and I mean it to the letter. They will climb the rigging like monkeys, and it is a common thing for them to go clear up to the topsails looking for the rainwater that accumulates in the light or fold of furled canvass. Last time I was in port I saw a green sailor get the scare of his life. He had gone aloft to shake out the topgallant and as he did so four enormous rats sprang out and ran up one arm, across his shoulder and down the other side. He was so startled that he let loose all holds and would certainly have fallen to the deck if he hadn't providentially caught on the footline. Many of the fo'castle hands make pets of rats during a long voyage and it is astonishing how easily they can be tamed and made to perform tricks. When a professional catcher comes aboard for a general raid there is always a frantic rounding up these pets to get them out of harm's way until after the battle is over.'

Timely Hints for Home Gardeners.

Two easily transplanted spring flowers are violets and brook ferns, which creep up through the dead leaves almost before the March snows have ceased.

If these plants are imbedded carefully in a shaded spot in the garden, and watered plentifully, they will grow year after year with little attention.

The best method of gathering the materials for a fern and violet bed is to make a pilgrimage into the country with a basket or boxes lined with old newspapers, some twine and trowel.

Both violets and ferns will be found in dark and rather damp places. They will almost invariably be found in the region of running water. A certain species of wild violet is found in dry places, but it is neither odorous nor very large.

In digging ferns choose the young plants in preference to the old, as the shoots will be more tender and graceful, but the violets had best be selected from the older and harder plants, as they will more readily bear transplanting.

Use the trowel to take them from the ground, being careful to bring a liberal supply of earth with each plant.

Wrap the roots in the newspapers and tie them, so that none of the earth will fall away. Have the paper soaked with water before tying up the plants. Do not let the violets and ferns lie in the sun after they have been taken up.

In transplanting choose a shaded spot and soil fairly rich. If it is possible to have it near running water, all the better. In that case the plants will multiply in the course of a couple of seasons. Dig deep into the ground and cover the roots well, pressing down the earth firmly, but gently. Clip off all dead leaves or branches and keep the plants shaded and well watered for several days.

Mrs. Gable—Mr Makum seems to be unusually prosperous.

Mr. Gable—Yes, but whisper—his business is crooked.

Mrs. Gable—There, now, I was just saying today to Mrs Mooney that—

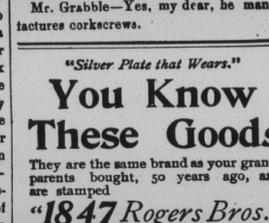
Mr. Gable—Yes, my dear, he manufactures corkscrews.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

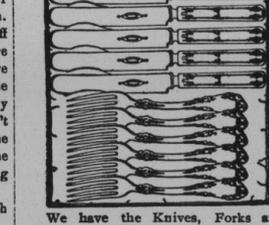
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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APR. 23

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

THE OBSERVANCE OF SUNDAY.

It is to be hoped that the authorities will take a sensible view of the Sunday law that has been held by the Supreme Court to prohibit the sale of cigars and soda water, the hiring of horses and such like on the Sabbath day. The fanatic who can detect harm in a man drinking a glass of soda water or smoking a cigar on Sunday must find offence in many things he sees on week days. If he cannot tolerate the sale of cigars and soda water on the Lord's day how much less should he tolerate traffic much more offensive and harmful. It has been aptly said that it is the middle-someness of inexperienced reformers that does as much as anything to warp the morals of mankind, and, in this respect, laws that are above the average morality of the community in which they are enacted are as harmful as the laws that are the outcome of the bigotry of the few. The remarkable fact is that while the reformers are mightily busy in trying to correct habits that do not need correcting they are mightily indifferent to vices that are strongly in need of the pruning knife.

The gentlemen interested in the Sabbath observance business are not as consistent as they might be. Many of them, we venture, buy articles on Sunday that they could either do without or provide themselves with on Saturday. To how many of their doors does the milkman go Sunday morning? This is simply an article, and while milk may be regarded as a necessity of life there are poor people who think it a luxury. Still milk can be purchased Saturday and the milkman can stay at home on the Sabbath, if the people please. If the sale of cigars and soda water on Sunday was the worst thing that could be urged against St. John and its people this city might well take first place as a moral and well ordered place but if the police will look around they will find so much to do in freeing the city from worse evil that when that task is accomplished the dispensers of soda water and the cigar dealers will be well content to take their turn.

HALIFAX SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

The annual report of the Halifax School for the Blind has been published. It is an interesting pamphlet and gives a comprehensive idea of the work done in the institution. Thirty four blind people are in attendance from New Brunswick and 65 from Nova Scotia. Superintendent FRASER calls attention to the fact that "New Brunswick has recognized the right of those who are blind to a free education, and the provincial legislature has made statutory provision for the admission to this school of all New Brunswick boys and girls who, by reason of total blindness or insufficient sight, are unable to take advantage of the ordinary public schools. That this blessing is appreciated by the blind youth of New Brunswick is shown by the increase in the number admitted to the institution."

Prince Edward Island is backward in making use of the advantages that this institution presents and only five pupils are in attendance from that province. There is no doubt that there are many blind boys and girls in the province who do not find their way to this excellent school. Dr. FRASER has used every effort to make the school known, but in spite of his lectures, public exhibitions, etc., there are many persons ignorant of the fact that blind children may obtain there practically a free education.

During the year the Nova Scotia government and municipalities gave \$9069.57 to

the support of the school; New Brunswick not quite half that amount, \$4268 77, and Newfoundland \$1200. Legacies were received and invested amounting to \$1452 10. A complete list of the legacies since 1866 is given in the report. In that year WILLIAM MURDOCH of Halifax bequeathed the institution \$19,466 and other large legacies since that time include \$20,000 from Sir WILLIAM YOUNG and over \$20,000 from the late JOHN P. MOTT. Miss E. HEMMEL of this city was the only contributor from St. John and her name is down for \$200 in 1895. The late Mr. KETCHUM of Fredericton left the school \$500 and Mrs. L. A. WILMOT remembered it the extent of \$250. Of course many smaller legacies have been left, enough apparently to yield an income of about \$2,500 per annum.

POLICE REGULATIONS.

In Cambridge, Mass., much difficulty exists in regard to the management of the police force. There is one plain speaking newspaper there, The Times, edited by a St. John man, Mr. Livingstone, and he is urging that the control of police affairs be vested in a commission. In view of the difficulties that are constantly cropping up here his arguments are interesting.

The time has arrived, says the Times, for a police commission which will take police affairs out of politics. A commission would leave the mayor and board of aldermen free. A commission is wanted by the good and efficient men on the force; a commission will not be controlled by politics; a commission will be better for the force itself and will be for the benefit of the taxpayers. Some men, when appointed on the police force, seem to think that all they have to do is to kill time and draw their pay. The placing of sergeants on the street by the mayor was a move in the right direction, but he should have gone further and put out all the sergeants. The office of chief could be abolished under a commission, and a superintendent appointed who would make the captains responsible for the state of affairs in their respective districts. The captains should have the placing of men in their districts and hold each patrolman responsible for his route. The time has arrived for a change; it can not come too soon; the taxpayers are sick and disgusted with the management of the force as it is constituted today. Let the change come, for the department is the laughing stock of the community, as it is now run.

The chief of police here and his force is supposed to be controlled by the safety board under the amendment to the act passed a year ago. But that body has never had the time to make by laws for the government of the chief and the force and the department is in much the same shape as ever. We now enjoy the distinction of having three detectives, KING, KILLEN and GARNETT, two captains, HASTINGS and JENKINS, and five sergeants. Is it any wonder citizens complain that patrolmen are scarce?

THE PAY OF LEGISLATORS.

The United States pays its congressmen \$5,000 a year but there are many ways of augmenting that amount. In the first place, there is an allowance of \$125 for stationery, which can be commuted and taken out in cash. Many congressmen do this. Other members sell their quota of garden seeds, while still others make it a practice of disposing of their public documents. Another source of revenue is the \$100 a month which the government allows to each congressman for clerk hire. In very few instances does this money go outside of the congressman's family. No receipt is given except by the member himself, and he can put the amount in his pocket or give it to his wife or daughter for pin money. If public record had to be made of the person to whom the money is paid, the practice of keeping it in the family would not be so common. Although Mr. REED, when speaker, was courageous enough to turn over to his daughter the money appropriated to pay a clerk of the Committee on Rules and her name appeared as K. REED on every monthly pay-roll. The speaker never made any concealment of the fact. It is estimated that a thrifty congressman can add from \$1,000 to \$1,500 a year to his regular salary, and there are many who do not lose the opportunity to do so.

In Canada the allowance of a member of parliament is \$1,000 for the session. This is seldom increased. There is mileage allowed in addition to this sum and as each representative is provided with an annual pass by the Canadian Pacific and, no doubt, by the other railways as well, this means so much additional indemnity. A trunk of stationery and useful articles are also provided. From this standpoint legislators do not fare badly at the hands of the people.

Chief Supt. of Education, Dr. J. R. INCH,

has issued a leaflet calling attention to the order of the Board of Education to observe Empire Day which this year falls on the 23rd of May. One paragraph of the leaflet reads as follows:

The struggle in which England is now engaged, and in which Canada is taking a prominent part, makes it especially fitting and desirable that every proper means shall be adopted to foster among the youth of our country a high national sentiment. To cultivate such a sentiment, our children must be taught something of the traditions, struggles, stages of growth, and glorious achievements through which the British Empire has its present commanding position as an exponent of the spirit of liberty, and the most powerful agency in the civilization of the world.

Canadians may well feel annoyed at RUDYARD KIPLING for his renewed attempt to describe this country as a land of snow. His latest production, printed first in South Africa, has been telegraphed all over the world. In one of the verses Canada figs out thus:

The sh-m'ock, thistle, loek and rose,
With health and wattle twine,
And Maple from Canadian snows,
For the sake of said lang syne,
Maple from Canadian snows! Bosh.

PRESENTATION TO CAPTAIN A. W. MASTERS.

Captain A. W. Masters, United-States manager of the London Guarantee and Accident, celebrated his fiftieth birthday last Wednesday and during the day received a large number of agreeable surprises from all over the country. When he came down to the office he found his desk laden with flowers and telegrams and letters of congratulation from friends far and near. The heads of the departments presented him with a very handsome edition of Shakespeare in six volumes. But the climax was reached in the evening when the Captain gave a dinner to fifteen of his friends and Fred L. Gray of Minneapolis and George D. Webb of this city, as a committee of the general agency force of the United States, presented him with a very beautiful and costly loving cup as a token of their esteem and admiration of his qualities as a man and manager. The cup was engraved with a suitable inscription and the names of the donors. The Captain has a reputation as a ready speaker, but for once he belied his reputation. His pleasure however, was none the less real, and silence in this case spoke more eloquently than words.—Chicago Investigator.

JOY AND WOE OF OTHER PLACES.

Cholera loes. (Union Advocate Newcastle.) As both tickets promise electric lights and water works, we can cheerfully bow to the inevitable.

How It Struck Augusta. (Augusta, Me., paper.) The splashing of the way side brooks, the peeps of the frogs and the song of the crows, tells us that spring is once more with us.

Two Surprised Geese. (Riveride cor. Albert Maple Leaf.) Ward Beecham met with a great surprise on Monday, he shot a wild goose.

Informal, but Official. (Carleton Sentinel.) Without any previous notification or fuss the ice ran out of the river on Sunday night. There was very little jamming on the bridge piers.

An Old Story, and True. (Sussex Record.) A correspondent from Millstream writes the Record making complaint that there are a lot of berry boxes on the market 3 1/2 inches deep instead of 3 1/4 the regular size.

A Seasonable Terror. (Walesport Cor. St. Croix Courier.) A mysterious individual, known as Jack the Painter, has been abroad during the past few nights and several houses, boats, etc., have been daubed in non-artistic style by the unknown person or persons.

A Yankee Kid at Large. (Yarmouth Light.) There came near being a mutiny in one of the lower grade schools of Yarmouth the other day, says the Light. The teacher asked "Who is the governor general of Canada?" A meek little youngster who had just moved into the district from the States answered, "Dewey." After that the teacher had some difficulty in restoring order.

Degenerate Baccharat. (Bathurst cor. Campbell on Events.) Good Friday was not kept as a holiday and the stores were all open as usual. Twenty five or thirty years ago Good Friday was respected but the generation now do not appear to know it from any other Friday. It is to be hoped that Sunday will not fall into oblivion later on.

An Atmospheric Phenomenon. (Jolicure Cor. Amherst Gazette.) We are very sorry to hear that Ira Allen of "Halls Hill" is at present sick with the La Grippe. Take courage Ira there is more candy in the air.

A Suggestive Name. (Bridgetown Monitor.) The resignation of Rev. F. P. Greater X from the rectory of the parish of St. James, Bridgetown, and St. Mary's, Bellisle, took effect at Easter, his charge in connection with these churches having expired over a period seven years. It was especially indicated by Mr. Greater X in accepting this parish that his stay would be limited to five years. At the close of the fifth and sixth year, respectively, he tendered his resignation to the parish, but was persuaded to defer his departure. He has now accepted the charge of a parish at French Village, St. Margaret's Bay, Halifax county.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

A Fielder of Canada. He was a soldier of Canada, Left in the boy's shade; After the battle of Paardeburg! After the canonade. He heard the shout of his comrades, Onward to glory led; Lying all silently there alone, With the vault for his dying bed. Farther away he heard them move, 'Till he slept and in a dream; He saw the staking sun at home On the old church window gleam.

He heard the chimes of the evening ring, For the service sweet and clear; And again he walked to the House of God, With one to his heart most dear. He heard her sing when the choir rose, "Nearer my God to Thee" 'E'en though it be a cross That raiseth me."

He heard the prayers that for all was said, On Africa's burning sand; But he thought he was sick in bed at home And an Angel held his hand!

His mother came and kissed her boy, And the maiden who knew him well; Had many a tender word to say, And the love of her heart to tell.

She kissed him too in a last farewell, And pillow'd his shining head; And the gallant soldier of Canada, Lay under the poppy dead.

So happy are our Canadian homes, That dying where thousands stand; The soldier's spirit will wander back, To the scenes of his native land.

The Girl in the Khaki Dress. There she goes in the shopping square To men look back and women stare, The critics remarks are passing loud As she winds her way through the gaping crowd; But she hears them not and she cares much less, She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

She passes the cop on the shopping beat; He sniffs and points out into the street; The color's the same," he says with a grin, "The same as the mud she's walking in." But she hears them not and she cares much less, She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

The newboy grins; "Get onto her ribs! Now, wadn't dat tickle yer under de ribs, 'Tis awnair stuff with a mustard smear, Take it away! It don't go here!" But she hears them not and she cares much less, She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

'Tis a gauntlet run for a thousand eyes But she braves the "Whews!" and the rude "Oh myrs!" And the etins who gape love to say "She looks like a load on a rainy day!" But she hears them not and she cares much less, She's one of the first in a khaki dress.

An Approaching Storm. Sun comes in de mo'ning, It's hotter stop my sleep; He harrus on to noontime An' de pace I tries to keep. Gallons on to night time An' leaves me feelin' bise About de money dat I needs An' work I didn't do.

I reckon I'd git stabled In purty decent style E'at 'sun would be good natured An' I'd wait a liti' while. But he travels on so hasty Like he had to catch a train Dat I never overtakes 'im, 'Til he comes an' tries again.

So 'is glad to see de blackness Dat is comin' up de sky, Now, Missus Sun, 'is hopin' You'll be peaceful by an' by. Go res' yobse's a little, I'e tired as I kin be, 'E can't be in de cloud-bank An' let up yob chasin' 'em.

Jack and Jill Upstade. Jack and Jill went up the hill, To get a pail of water, Jack leaped down the well too far, Although he hadn't consider.

Jill was scared. Away she fared, The while Jack's language shocked her. "I'll be back," she called to Jack, "And bring with me a doctor!"

The doc she brought. He stood in thought, Down in the well a-gazing "It seems to me a case," said he, "Remarkably amusing!"

"Put this, dear Jill, prescription ill. It is a solidiz powder!" Jill showed her heels the while Jack's squeals Grew louder, louder, louder!"

Back Jill got, the powder brought, As she had been commanded, "Now pour them right, at first the white," The doctor stern demanded.

Down, down it goes, while Jack his woes Is roting, calling, "Now pour the blue!" This Jill doth do In manner phantropic.

With a'm most true she pours the blue, Jack cries, "An outrage this is! But oh such tricks! The powders mix, The combination sizzes!"

It fumes and foams, and up Jack comes Upon the wave, giddyphant! "Ha," cries the doc, "let scold 's mock, But medicine's triumph!"

Neighborly Kindness. Quoth old Father Hubbard, "The world shall find I'm doing my best to help mankind." And this is the way, the neighbors all say, He set about it on a other day.

He planted a portion of Rover's bark To show a dogwood flower in the park. The sandalwood, too, he easily found By p'nting his slipper a foot under ground.

He watered an acre of sand to teach The neighbors his method of raising a beach. He planned a letter—puzzled steady to grow, But it proved in the end a gashed yew.

After sowing his gloves, they were odd ones and old, He saw a fine pear soon begin to unfold. He hid in his garden the year of his birth, And a hoary old date-tree arose from the earth.

He put down a cinder instead of a seed— It grew to an ash with remarkable speed. He planted some wheels while digging the soil, And an axle-tree shortly rewarded his toil.

When the twilight of Arbor day ended his labors, He was sure he had blessed all the world and his neighbors.

One of Dr. Herper's Spells.

As the orchestra finished the last note of the ragtime medley, the girl in the plush coat touched the girl in lace bodice on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, but would you please let me glance over your programme? I forgot to take one as I came in."

"Beg pardon!" exclaimed the girl in the lace bodice.

"I say would you let me see your programme? I forgot to take one as I came in."

"My which?" "Your programme." "Really, you do not call this a programme?"

"No?" "Of course not!" "Well, what do you call it?" "A program. P-r-o-g-r-a-m!"

Indeed! Well, I don't mind telling you that I call it a programme. P-r-o-g-r-a-m-m-e!"

"I say it's a pity how ungrammatical we get at times!"

"But there is nothing ungrammatical about it. Read those bold letters on the cover of your programme. Does it read p-r-o-g-r-a-m? Of course it doesn't."

"Well, you know the man that printed that may not have the advantages of high enlightenment."

"No; and I suppose he never went to the Chicago University, ei—"

Just then an usher terminated the controversy rather suddenly.

"Ladies permit me to say that if you will only adjourn until the fall of the curtain the audience will be able to pay more attention to your interesting discussion."—Chicago News.

A Humanitarian.

Among the passengers in a well filled parlor car coming from Cleveland to Detroit was a lumber salesman from this end of the route. He is tall, has a deep voice, piercing eyes, a strong face and the general appearance associated with the professional man. Near him sat a pale gentleman, who moaned, moved restlessly in his seat and was unmistakably sick.

"What's the matter?" abruptly asked the salesman.

"I feel very ill."

"Pshaw! You don't have to tell me that. Let me feel your pulse. I'm a doctor. Put out your tongue. Indigestion. I'll fix you in five minutes." He hurried to the water tank, poured out a big straw colored dose and hurried back.

"Swallow this."

"But it's whiskey. I never touch the stuff!"

"Drink it or you won't live ten miles, fast as we're going!"

Down he went, and shortly the two were laughing and talking as though neither had ever felt a pain.

"Did I understand that you were a doctor?" timidly from a young matron who carried a kicking, howling olive branch in her arms.

"Yes, ma'am. And he never finched. 'Baby not well! Whew! What a temper!' as his keen eyes informed him that the youngster was a miniature Hercules. 'He's sound as a dollar, madam. Must be a pin. If it's not, spank him.'"

She came back to report that his first diagnosis was the correct one and wanted to pay. So did the man; but the 'Doctor' waved them aside and acted indignantly. "When I'm away from home I only practice for the good of humanity. Need a second dose, my man?"

Show Substantial Sympathy.

St. John people are always moved by the news of a great fire and consequently the disaster that has befallen Hull and Ottawa caused the greatest sympathy here. The city and the citizens will no doubt take such action that substantial assistance will be sent to the homeless and unfortunate.

Curtains, and Blankets, 25c.

Per pair. Carpets dusted and renovated either on floor or on our works, satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Ugar's Laundry Dyeing & Carpet Cleaning Works. Telephone 68.

"They told me," groaned Johnny, in an agony of indigestion. "I couldn't eat my Easter eggs and have 'em, too, but it ain't sol I 'em, and I've got 'em yet!"

ON ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE PAGES AND SEVENTH PAGE.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Proceedings for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.

Monroe & Co. Barrington street. Clarendon Street. Cor. George & Granville Sts. Canada News Company. Railway Depot. J. B. FIDELAY. Brunswick street. J. W. ALLEN. Dartmouth N. St. Queen Bookstore. 100 South St. Mrs. DeFreitas. 181 Brunswick St.

Apr. 26.—M. J. Murphy, of J. and M. Murphy, returned to the city Sunday evening after visiting England and Ireland. He came out to Boston on the steamer New England, and thence to this city on the Halifax.

Capt. Brush, of the Liverpool regiment, who was at Ladysmith during the siege, has been sent home on six months sick leave. Mrs. Brush was at Cape Town during the siege of Ladysmith, and accompanied her husband to England, where they arrived Friday.

U. S. Consul General Foster and A. E. Curran and wife were passengers by the Halifax from Boston last evening.

Miss Forsyth, the obliging stewardess of the Flank Line, who has been on the Olivette in Southern waters during the winter returned on the Halifax last evening and after a brief vacation will assume her position on the Halifax.

Mr. E. F. and Mrs. Smith who left here three weeks ago for a trip through the United States had a delightful time. Mr. Smith returned on Saturday evening. Mrs. Smith will remain in Cincinnati about six weeks, visiting friends.

Martin O'Sullivan, Jr., and Miss Lenora Keane were married on Monday morning by Rev. Mr. Norwood at the residence of the bride's father, Hubbard's Cove.

Captain Glynn (of Liverpool, regiment) of Halifax, has arrived in London on sick leave, having been one of the besieged garrison of Ladysmith.

Harold Stewart, son of W. J. Stewart, has accepted a commission in the Imperial army.

John S. Smith, Mrs. Smith and invalid daughter are at the Chestnut Sanitarium, Kentville.

Mrs. John Barnes of Hillside House, has returned to the city very much improved in health.

Quite a number of young people assembled at the Furness, Withy Wharf Monday evening to bid good-bye to Misses B. Kline and C. Allan, who left on S. S. City of Monticello for an extended trip through Nova Scotia. Miss Allen has made many friends during her stay here.

H. B. Tremaine and C. M. Jack were fishing at Mill Lake, Hubbard's Cove by moonlight Saturday evening and caught one of the handsomest fares of trout that has ever been taken from that lake. No doubt this innovation of fishing at moonlight will become popular from now on.

F. T. Congdon, barrister, Monday evening arrived home from his trip to California and Colorado. Mr. Congdon left Halifax January 3rd, and it is understood that he was on business connected with a big mining transaction.

Geo. Coombes, the C. P. R. Passenger Agent here during the winter, left Monday afternoon for Quebec his home, where he will remain during the summer, returning here in the fall.

George Patterson, Barrister, and B. M. McGee of New Glasgow, are in the city to attend the Dalhousie Convocation.

The Rev. A. M. Hill, son of O. M. Hill, is to receive the degree of Bachelor of Divinity at the convocation of the Presbyterian College.

The annual meeting of the Alumni Association of Dalhousie college and university was held at the college Monday evening. The usual grant to the Faculty of Science was voted, and some important matters discussed, particularly the much discussed matter of obtaining greater representation of the alumni on the board of governors of the university. A resolution was passed requiring the executive to take steps to ascertain if there exists any graduates and one time student a sufficiently strong desire to have such representation on the board of governors, and if so to report the same at a meeting of the association in the fall.

The formation of a local branch of the association for the city and county of Halifax was reported and an account of its operations up to this date.

The meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing year:— President—J. W. Logan, M. A. 1st Vice—Dr. E. D. Farrell. 2nd Vice—J. H. Trevis, M. A. Secretary—A. H. S. Murray, B. A. Treasurer—S. A. Morton, M. A. Committee—Dr. E. McKay, Dr. G. M. Campbell, W. J. Leahy, L. L. B., Dr. J. G. Macgregor, C. H. Caban, B. A., L. L. B. Auditors—R. T. MacIntyre, W. A. Lyons.

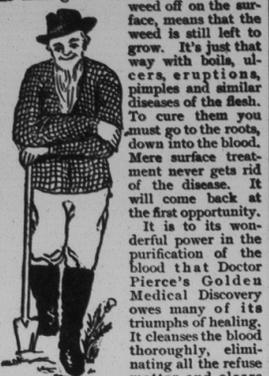
BRIDGETOWN. Apr. 22.—Mrs. Kempton of Wolfville, and Mr. Owen K. city of Acadia College, spent Easter holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Kedy, of Paradise. F. B. Wade, Esq., of Bridgetown, was here last week on business.

Mrs. H. W. Cunn spent Easter in Yarmouth. Miss Jessie Beckwith is spending the Easter holidays at her home, and is accompanied by her friend, Miss Ethel Anderson, of Sharnbrook. Miss Lydia Munro, who is a student at Nevada Seminary is at her home for the Easter holidays. She is accompanied by a friend, Miss Pannan. Miss Jennie Foster, daughter of Mr. T. A. Foster, left for Halifax to attend school at Mount St. Vincent Academy.

Miss Graylock, who has made her home with her nephew, Rev. F. P. Greenleaf, for the past two years, during which she has won the warm regard of many friends, is now visiting a niece in Grandville before rejoining the family of her nephew at French Village, St. Margarets Bay. Mr. Edward Oakes, of Boston, has been among the visitors in town during the week. Master Charlie Munro, who is attending St. Andrew's School at Annapolis, spent Easter with his mother, Mrs. Milledge Munro. Mr. A. S. Curry, who is now engaged in business

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

Every farmer knows that to kill weeds he must go to the roots.



To cut the weed off on the surface, means that the weed is still left to grow. It's just that way with boils, ulcers, eruptions, pimples and similar diseases of the flesh. To cure them you must go to the roots, down into the blood. Mere surface treatment never gets rid of the disease. It will come back at the first opportunity. It is to its wonderful power in the purification of the blood that Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery owes the success of many of its triumphs of healing. It cleanses the blood thoroughly, eliminating all the refuse matter and clears out the waste and poisonous particles which clog the body and so foul the flesh. It eradicates from the blood the conditions which make disease possible. The result is that diseases die out like fires that are unaided.

There is no medicine for the blood which is "just as good" as Golden Medical Discovery. Accept no substitute. I feel it my duty to write to you of the wonderful curative powers of your Golden Medical Discovery. I write you the particulars in my case, and you advised your Golden Medical Discovery, which I began to take from the first bottle I began to feel better, and when I had taken eight bottles the sore was healed up. I wish you success.

Free. On receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay customs and mailing only, Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1000 pages, paper-bound, will be sent free. For cloth binding send 50 stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

at Sydney, spent a few days recently with his wife and son here.

Mr. S. W. Schurman, of Acadia University, who assisted Rev. F. M. Young in his pastoral last summer, spent a day or two in town last week.

Mr. Albert Morse visited his son, Mr. Alfred Morse in Halifax last week, returning Tuesday.

Miss Taylor, telephone operator of Bridgewater, was the guest of Mrs. Harsh last week.

Mrs. E. A. Craig and child are visiting her former home at New Germany.

Miss V. Chester, of Kentville, was the guest of Mrs. Primrose several days recently.

Miss Ida Denison, of Middleton, has been the guest of Mrs. Jas. DeWitt for a few days.

Miss Annie Longley, who is teaching in Clementport, spent the Easter holidays at home.

Mrs. Rice, of Wolfville, who has been visiting her sister, Miss Eiderkila recently, returned home on Friday last.

Mr. Percy Schurman, of P. E. I., a student at Acadia College, who was the guest of his cousin, Mrs. W. D. Lockitt several days, returned to Wolfville yesterday.

Mrs. L. R. Miller and little son Warren, are spending a few days at Clementport.

Mrs. Henry Oakes, of Weymouth B., was a visitor in town last week.

Latest styles of Wedding Invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

ANNAPOLIS.

APRIL 23.—Capt. C. D. Pickels has been on a trip to St. John.

J. B. Mills, M. P. left on Wednesday last for Ottawa. He was accompanied as far as St. John by Mrs. Mills.

At on Irving of Port Williams, spent a few days last week at his home at the Ferry. He returned to Port Williams on Monday.

Rev. Father Sullivan of Weymouth, was the guest of Rev. Father Summers for a few days last week.

Lou Harris of Halifax spent last Sunday at his home here.

Yesterday afternoon, and left for places down Digby Neck, in the interests of the Sons of Temperance. Capt. Ernest Harris of Weymouth, was a passenger to Vancouver on Saturday, to join a steamship at that port. He intends moving his family there in the near future.

TRURO.

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

Apr. 26.—M. J. J. Snook and a small party of friends, enjoyed a few days fishing at his quarters at "Farm Lake," last week, among those who drove over were: Messrs. F. A. Lawrence and I. G. McMillan, M. P. P. F. S. Archibald, Moncton, W. G. Reid, J. B. Hall and Geo. F. Nelson.

Mrs. B. H. McLaughlin was the hostess of two large functions last week, on Monday evening a large party for progressive whist and on the following Saturday a large tea. Among those present for whist were: Mr. and Mrs. Blair McLaughlin, Dr. and Mrs. Yerton, Dr. and Mrs. Angwin, Mr. and Mrs. John Logan, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McLennan, Misses Thomas, Miss Coleman, Miss Yerton, Miss Laurence, Miss Sadie Smith, Miss Somerville, Miss Robbins, Miss Hill, Miss Fleming, Messrs. W. Lawrence, C. R. Coleman, F. C. Cotton, F. McDonald, H. F. Putnam, W. Mahon, A. Mahon, Jardine.

Miss Ethel Bligh is spending a few days with Halifax friends.

Messrs. H. A. Kent and J. S. Bentley, are home from Dalhousie, having concluded their arts course and graduated with distinctive honors.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Beady are home from Halifax, where they were attending Dalhousie's convocation.

AMHERST.

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

Apr. 26.—Hon. T. R. Black was in Parrsboro last week.

Mrs. Davis spent a few days in St. John recently, the guest of friends.

Mrs. R. H. Fye, spent Easter in Fugwash, the guest of her parents.

Mr. A. E. Chosenet of Parrsboro was in town last week.

Mrs. Robert Sharp who had a severe attack of the grippe, has recovered.

Miss Helen of Sackville Bay was the guest of Mrs. Atkinson, Eddy street, recently.

Miss MacDonnell of the Academy spent her Easter holidays at her home in Truro.

The Misses Morris of Great Village were in town Easter, the guests of Mrs. Atkinson, Eddy street.

Miss Roy, a teacher of the academy spent her holidays at her home in New Glasgow.

Miss Helen of Sackville Bay was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Topper, Victoria street.

Mrs. W. P. Stevens of Fugwash Junction is the guest of Mrs. Abram Stevens, Havelock street.

Miss Emma Black, daughter of the late Ezra Black who has been very ill, is improving.

Mr. A. W. Fraser of Mt. Allison college, was in town for the Easter holidays, the guest of Dr. J. W. Cove.

Does Tea Induce Sleeplessness?

No; good pure tea, properly steeped will never prevent a healthy person from sleeping—on the contrary, it is a nerve tonic, and distinctly beneficial.

WOLFVILLE.

Apr. 30.—A pleasant masquerade party was held on Saturday evening last at the home of Mrs. A. E. MacLeod. The guests arrayed in different costumes representing soldiers, flower girls, choruses, etc., much enjoyed the pleasant evening.

Miss Gertrude Mitchell of Halifax was the guest of Mrs. Robert Rand last week.

Rev. Mr. Chute, pastor of the First Baptist church, Halifax, was in town last week.

Mrs. W. S. Wallace and Miss Agnes Godfrey were in Halifax last week.

Miss Minnie Fitch, who has been spending the winter at the home of her brother, Dr. Fitch of Lakeville, is visiting Miss Margaret Bars.

The Misses Edith and Jennie Rand were at home to a large number of their friends on Monday afternoon last.

Mr. Joseph Reid, who has been seriously ill to some recovery, is no better, and there is little hope of his recovery.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. April 3rd, 1900.

DON'T FAIL TO WRITE

For a Copy of The Big Store's New Spring Catalogue

JUST PUBLISHED. Containing 184 pages descriptive matter fully illustrated. Sent to Any Address in Canada, POST FREE.



The Mail Order trade done by The Big Store throughout the Dominion, especially in the Mining Districts, and the Province of British Columbia, Maritime Provinces has wonderfully increased during the past year. The Mail Order Department has been planned and perfected for a still greater trade during the coming year, and the frequent use of it means a great saving to you annually.

Thousands Upon Thousands of Families NOW DO ALL THEIR SHOPPING BY MAIL. That is a saving you never thought of such a thing—they find it pays; why not you? Just send us a trial order, you'll soon learn how simple and economical it is to do your shopping by mail.

SEND A TRIAL ORDER AND YOU'LL BE CONVINCED. Also try for one of the Prizes offered in our Catalogue!

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

attending Acadia University, spent Easter at home here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. McIntyre entertained a number of friends in honor of their guest, Miss Stewart, on Thursday evening of last week.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Folkins will be sorry to learn that their son Willie is not improving any. He has been confined to his bed for more than four weeks with pneumonia, combined with several other diseases. Dr's. Johnson and Murray are in attendance.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

6d., 1s. and 1s-6d. and 1b. 5c. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

6d., 1s. and 1s-6d., Pots.

They have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

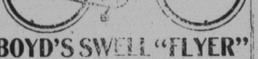
Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL

Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.



BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER"

1900 MODEL. New design, 24 in. tubing, 1 1/2 inch springs, one-piece cranks, high grade in every detail. Fitted with Victor tires, 28 inch with Morgan & Wright tires, 27 inch with Dunlop tires, 28 inch, 29 inch, 30 inch, 31 inch, 32 inch, 33 inch, 34 inch, 35 inch, 36 inch, 37 inch, 38 inch, 39 inch, 40 inch, 41 inch, 42 inch, 43 inch, 44 inch, 45 inch, 46 inch, 47 inch, 48 inch, 49 inch, 50 inch, 51 inch, 52 inch, 53 inch, 54 inch, 55 inch, 56 inch, 57 inch, 58 inch, 59 inch, 60 inch, 61 inch, 62 inch, 63 inch, 64 inch, 65 inch, 66 inch, 67 inch, 68 inch, 69 inch, 70 inch, 71 inch, 72 inch, 73 inch, 74 inch, 75 inch, 76 inch, 77 inch, 78 inch, 79 inch, 80 inch, 81 inch, 82 inch, 83 inch, 84 inch, 85 inch, 86 inch, 87 inch, 88 inch, 89 inch, 90 inch, 91 inch, 92 inch, 93 inch, 94 inch, 95 inch, 96 inch, 97 inch, 98 inch, 99 inch, 100 inch.

TO INTRODUCE these Bicycles, we will ship a sample, collect on delivery with privilege of examination, on receipt of \$100. The \$100 is as a guarantee of Express charges and is deducted from the bill; you pay the Express Agent the balance due us. WE OFFER splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of cash or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to the work done for us. WHEELS SLIGHTLY USED, \$80 to \$250. Price lists free. Secure agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL.

BOURBON.

ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicocele, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 500 Hull Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

Bucouche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bucouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Scribner's FOR 1900

INCLUDES

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by

Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis de Chavannes,

by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PRIBITTO, HENRY MOCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,

Publishers, New York.

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fully illustrated. Sent FREE.

der trade done by the Big out the Dominion, especially Districts, and the Province

BE CONVINCED. Catalogue!

Y CO. LIMITED. St. James Street, Montreal.

Cure For Men.

which quickly cures sexual weakness, premature discharge, etc.

Bar Oysters.

received this day, 10 Barrels of Bucoche Bar Oysters.

TURNER.

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OR 1900

INCLUDES

BARRIE'S "Tommy and (serial).

DOORE ROOSEVELT'S "Cromwell" (serial).

HARD HARDING DAVIS'S and special articles.

Y NORMAN'S The Russian

es by WALTER A. WY. author of "The Workers".

T STORIES by mas Nelson Page, y James, y van Dyke, at Seton-Thompson, Wharton, e Thanot, am Allen White.

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ABLE ART FEATURES FROM WELLL ILLUSTRATED by celebrated American eign artists.

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Illustrated Prospectus to any address.

ES SCRIBNER'S SONS, blishers, New York.

At the TOP of the TREE. Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa "Strongest and Best."—HEALTHY. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

WOODSTOCK.

[PROMISES for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Doane & Co.]

APRIL 25.—J. Grover Watis, Boston, is visiting relatives here.

Thames Jones, Harland, spent Sunday in Woodstock.

Allen Bradley, Harland, was in town the first of the week.

Mrs. William Jenner, Eastport, has been visiting friends here.

Ms. and Mrs. George A. White spent Easter holidays with friends at St. John.

Mrs. W. S. Martin left Wednesday morning to pay a visit to her father in Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fisher, Fredericton, are here visiting her mother, Mrs. R. K. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hall, St. John, have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. A. R. Carr.

William and Woodside Loane of Ashland, Me., are visiting their parents Mr. and Mrs. William Loane.

The many friends of Mr. Charles Whisman the popular C. P. E. engineer, who has been quite ill will be pleased to hear that he is recovering.

Miss East McRobb returned to St. Andrews to day after a very pleasant home visit of ten days.

Mrs. D. F. Merritt came down from Montreal Thursday, intending to spend the summer here; she is at the Turner House.

Mrs. Dimock wife of E. V. Dimock, manager of the Merchants bank, and two children arrived here Thursday from Platon. They are at present at the Caville. They will occupy the East Side of the Dibble house on Conwell street.

CAMPBELLTON.

April 23.—Donald McLean spent Easter in town. The Misses Calder of Broadlands were in town Tuesday of last week.

James Frichard is spending a few days in Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fawcett spent Good Friday at Dalhousie Junction.

S. W. Crawford paid Campbellton a flying visit the first of the week.

W. S. Smith and Chas. Stewart of Dalhousie were in town Saturday last.

E. H. M. Gilker of Regville spent last Sunday at the home of Edward Gilker.

Miss Bertha Nevin of Bathurst village spent Easter in town, visiting friends.

Mrs. Benedict and Miss May returned from Montreal last week.

W. F. Doward of the Bank of Nova Scotia is taking a two weeks vacation in Halifax.

Mrs. C. T. Cool and Mrs. H. J. Currie spent Good Friday at Bel River Crossing.

Wm Currie was in town last Tuesday night on

Dr. Chase Restores THE OLD PEOPLE

By means of his great Blood Bullder and Nerve Invigorator, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Evidence from a lady who was so nervous she Couldn't walk, work or sleep.

Mrs Margaret Iron, of Tower Hill, N. B., writes: "My nerves were so weak I couldn't walk twice the length of the house I couldn't work or sleep and my hands trembled so I couldn't carry a pint of water from one vessel to the other. I thought there was no help for me. If I read a chapter at night or wrote a letter my nerves would be on edge and sleep was impossible.

Since using five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my nerves are fully restored. I can walk a mile without inconvenience, and though 76 years of age and quite fleshy I do my own work and considerable sewing, knitting and reading besides. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food did me a world of good."

"The weaknesses of old age are due to lack of vitality. The blood becomes thin and watery and the nerves cry out for more nourishment by means of pains and aches in the bones, through the back and limbs.

What old people need to brace them up and put new life in their systems is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the greatest restorer of the century.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can be used with most excellent results by any one in the family. For the pale, weak, run down mother, for the brain tired father and for the grandparents, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a tonic and invigorator of incalculable worth; 50 cents a box, at all dealers or by mail from Edmondson, Bates and Co., Toronto. Book on nervous diseases free.

Asthma, bronchitis, croup and all coughs and colds are relieved and cured by Dr. Chase's syrup of Inosid and turpentine, 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 50 cents.

his way to attend a meeting of the shingle men at Riviere du Loup.

Miss Betts of St. John, arrived in town Saturday night and will spend the summer with her sister Mrs. W. F. Gray.

Mrs. F. L. Spearin who has been spending the winter at St. John and Boston returned last week. Mrs. Spearin is just recovering from a severe illness.

Mrs. A. E. Alexander who was spending a few days with her daughter in Halifax returned last week. Miss Lucy has just recovered from a short illness.

Mrs. Wm. Spronl accompanied by her little daughter left Monday last for Havrelock, where she is visiting her sister, Mrs. Scott McElat who is very ill, and according to last word is fast sinking.

Latest styles of wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print MONTON.

[PROMISES for sale in Moncton at Miss Hall's Tweedie's Bookstore and M. B. Jones' Bookstore.]

APR. 27.—Mr. Walter B. Scovill passed through here this morning to Shediac.

Dr. C. T. Parly of Moncton, has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Parly, East Amherst, who are both ill with la grippe.

Mr. Otto B. Moore, son of Mr. Jos. H. Moore, I. C. E. engineer, is visiting his home at Shediac, having returned from Baltimore where he has been attending the dental college.

M. B. Sumner, brother of His Worship Mayor Sumner is in the city visiting his old home after an absence of eighteen years. Mr. Sumner holds the position of Divisional storekeeper in Fargo, Dakota.

Mr. James Bruce of Moncton, in his third year examinations at McGill passed first in Pathology. His many friends in the city will be pleased to learn this. Mr. Bruce has been exceptionally successful in his studies during the three years.

Mrs. A. E. Holstead returned yesterday afternoon from New York, where she has been visiting friends for a few weeks.

Warden Mahoney was in the city to day on his return from a Bathurst, where he was looking after his lumbering operations.

Mr. F. J. Sweeney of Shediac, who is in the city to day, paid over to county Scott Act inspector \$230 including fines and costs collected by Mr. Sweeney in Shediac parish.

Messrs. N. C. Brown and Wilnot Brown of Richibucto were in the city yesterday. They left on the Maritime express last night for Ottawa to consult with Hon. A. G. Blair re the Richibucto break water.

Among the Moncton members of the Orange order, who went to St. John to attend the session of the Grand Lodge, are Messrs. P. E. Heine, J. I. McLaren, R. H. Geddis, D. H. Charters, H. G. Wadman, M. C. Lockhart, A. McDonald, George Stiles, John H. Steves, Dr. E. O. Steves, Owen Doyle, and C. B. Keith.

The funeral of the late Mrs. (Dr.) Coleman took place Tuesday morning from the family residence Bonaccord street, at eight o'clock. Services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Parsley. Among the floral tributes was a wreath from the First Baptist church Sunday school in which the deceased was an active worker. Interment took place at Hopewell Cape in the afternoon, the remains being taken down by carriage.

Miss Belle Jarvis daughter of V. G. M. Jarvis, Truro, is visiting friends in Truro.

Mr. L. B. Archibald superintendent of the I. C. E. Pullman car service, Truro, is at the Brunswick.

Mrs. H. A. Price who has been spending some time in town with her parents returned to Montreal last night.

Miss Grant, matron of the hospital, left on the C. P. E. yesterday for Montreal in consequence of the critical illness of her mother.

Mr. C. C. Hamilton the well known merchant of Shediac, who has recently recovered from a serious illness was in town yesterday.

DALHOUSIE.

APRIL 25.—The choir of the R. C. church are receiving congratulations on the excellence of their good singing and music on Easter Sunday services.

Mr. O'Regan has gone to Truro and Halifax to visit friends.

Mrs. Charles Powell spent the Easter holidays with relatives in Moncton and Sackville.

Mrs. Oswald Smith of Campbellton having spent a week with Dr. A. F. Crockett, returned home on Friday last.

M. Dohr the general purser of the steamer Admiral arrived from his home in Kingston, Ontario, on Thursday last.

D. A. Harquail, Miss Harquail, Miss LaCasse, Miss Shannon, and Miss Beauduchez of Campbellton were in town on Easter Sunday.

NEWCASTLE.

April 26.—Miss Eva Wright left last Wednesday morning for Boston, Mass.

Mr. Warren Cralk left last Monday morning for St. John to undergo the examination for the North West Mounted Police. His many friends here wish him success.

Miss Mary Corbett returned from Boston last Tuesday night.

George A. Booth, Montreal was here last week.

Mr. James Robinson, M. P., Mrs. Robinson and Miss Robinson were in St. John last week on their way to Ottawa.

Mr. Fred Chesnut, Chatham, was in town on Sunday.

Mr. T. W. Butler was in Harcourt, Saturday.

Mr. Abram Bell left on Thursday last for Boston to take a lucrative position in a Washington street drug store.

Mr. J. E. Pettie, Millerton, spent last week in Fredericton and St. John.

Mr. John Brooks left yesterday for Campbellton

where he will be one of the principals in an interesting event.

Hon. Messrs. Pugsley and Tweedie passed through here, Saturday night enroute to Ottawa.

Miss Annie Bower, Chatham, has returned from a lengthy visit to Fredericton.

Miss Gertrude Jardine, Millerton, spent Sunday in Campbellton.

Mr. F. Anley representing Gage & Co., Toronto, was in town last week.

Mr. J. C. Miller, Millerton, was in town Saturday.

Mr. R. M. Grindlay, Blackville, was here last week.

Mr. Thomas Brown, was in town last week representing Schofield Bros., St. John.

E. W. Wesley, Moncton and E. B. Smith, Truro, were at the Waverly last week.

Dr. Keeler of Blackville was in town yesterday.

ST. ANDREWS.

April 26.—Percy Forster, of St. Andrews, was among those who called at St. John for the North-West Mounted Police. He paid his home a hurried visit on Monday night before departing for the west.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules S. Thebaud returned from their honeymoon trip on Friday night and are registered at Kennedy's.

Mr. James G. Stevens, registrar of probates visited St. Andrews on Saturday and was warmly congratulated on his elevation to office.

Mr. Wm. Grant, of Calais, was in town on Saturday.

Mr. John Taggart, of Bonbec, is reported to be seriously ill of pneumonia.

ST. GEORGE.

APRIL 24.—The Easter meeting of St. Mark's congregation took place on Easter Monday evening Mr. N. Meating and Mr. E. Harvey were selected wardens.

Mrs. Chpman McAdam, entertained a party of little girls on Friday afternoon from four until seven for the pleasure of her daughter Mildred.

Rev. Mr. Lavers left last week to attend the missionary convention in New York. Mr. Alex Cameron will supply for him during his absence.

Miss Annie McVicar is the guest of Mrs. A. H. Gilmore.

Mr. Thomas Goss and Mr. Edward O'Brien are confined to their homes through illness. MAX.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Diawiddle—Say, this gin tastes as if it had rain water in it.

Bar—Well, you always said you were looking for soft schandy.

Knows to Thousands.—Farnelle's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels in a state of perfect health. Taken according to directions they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness, and restore the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well-known to thousands who have by experience known how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

'Ma' 'What is it, Jimmy?' 'What you say th' candy ben' at laid these big candy eggs?'

A Sound Stomach Means a Clear Head.—The high pressure of a nervous life which business men of the present day are constrained to live makes draughts upon their vitality highly detrimental to their health. It is only by the most careful treatment that they are able to keep themselves alert and active in their various callings. Many of them are well-known to thousands who have by experience known how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

The Kind Lady—Do you not find it difficult at times to keep the wolf from the door? Weary Watkins—Oh, I got that fixed all right, all right. I ain't got no door.

Bleak's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said to cure. It is a medicine prepared by the most active and active in their various callings. Many of them are well-known to thousands who have by experience known how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

'Mrs. Brimberon always has such a chic look.' 'I wonder if it's because her husband is in the wholesale egg business?'

A Short Road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, flatulism, excoriated nipples, inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of Dr. J. J. Fowler's Electric Ointment, Dr. J. J. Fowler's Electric Ointment.

Old Friend—Lucilla, do you remember you used to say all the nice men were married? Young wife (of about a year's standing)—Yes, and I have found out now that they were.

Neither Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

'Too many people,' said the moralist 'go to church because it helps them in business. That so, right? 'No,' the other replied 'From a religious standpoint, a man must be good for nothing, or he is good-for-nothing.'

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

Riggs—Hear about Mrs. Tiewald? Told her husband she would kill herself if he didn't buy her a new bonnet. Riggs—What did Tiewald do? Riggs—Got estimates on funerals, found he could save \$2 by buying the bonnet, and saved her life.

A Smart Bootblack.

There is a bootblack in Boston, according to the Times, whose "shining enterprise" may some day extend beyond the boots he polishes.

He has a little stand in an alley near a busy street at the West End. The place would not be called ideal, even for a bootblack "emporium." But the genius of the proprietor makes up for all deficiencies.

His price for a shine is five cents, any day or any weather. He has distributed cards, so that people may know where to find him. His premises are always scrupulously clean. He displays a sign which says, "We brush your clothes and then give you a shine, instead of shining first and then covering it with dust."

This knight of the dauber and polishing rag is said to have twenty regular customers who were attracted merely by the "brush first" sign. And he keeps them.

How He Rested.

An artist, recently returned from abroad relates a good story concerning the German artist, Adolf Menzel. Menzel is a man of great talent, and his vagaries afford endless amusement to the Berlin art fraternity.

It seems that Menzel was engaged on a mural decoration. He had rigged up a

That Hang-on Cough

only needs to be attended to in a proper and thorough manner to be eradicated entirely from your system. Liniment rubbing and flannel wraps about the chest and throat are good enough but they are not sufficient, they don't go deep enough. The root of the disorder is pulmonary weakness—build that up—strengthen it with Adamson's Balsam and your Cough is Cured.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam

25 Cents AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Society Printing

IN addition to our already well-equipped stock, we are now adding a new series of the latest faces of Script Type, which will place us in a position to suit all in their choice of

Visiting Cards, Wedding Announcements,

and any other style of Society Printing that may be required.

In addition to this we are also adding other new type, which will be of great benefit for all kinds of Job Printing.

Write us for prices before placing your next work.

PROGRESS JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

HOTELS.

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes. S. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.

WM. CLARK, Proprietor

Retail dealer in..... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

OYSTERS always on hand. PISH and GAME in season

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Victoria Hotel,

81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

A EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Five sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED Bicycle salesmen wanted in every village and town in Canada. Good opportunity for smart young men, clerks, and others, to add to their income. Excellent lines, old established house. Apply stating age, occupation and references to The E. C. Hill Mfg. Co., Toronto, Ont. 4-7-0.

LADY'S BICYCLE for \$25—An almost brand new lady's Dominion Bicycle, of the famous Waltham Cycle Co. make, ridden only a half dozen times. Of the 1899 pattern and fitted with Dunlop tires. Not damaged in the least. The whole cost \$40 cash. A bargain for somebody. Communicate with "Dominion," care of Progress office.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

St. Dunstan's church when Miss Minnie McGinn and Mr. W. E. Seery were made one. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Fisher Murphy.

The bride was crowned in a lawn suit with cerise trimmings and a sash with bouillon lace. She wore a hat to match and carried a bouquet of white carnations and was attended by her niece Miss Josie McGinn, as maid of honor. Miss McGinn's costume was of pink silk with white hat and she carried a bouquet of pink carnations. The groom had the support of Mr. Walter H. McInn the bride's brother. The bride was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. C. H. McGinn of Montreal.

After the ceremony the bridal party were breakfasted at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Patrick McGinn, King street.

The Ladies' Aid Minstrel show was this evening greeted by a packed house as they made their initial bow before the public in the capacity of a darkey minstrel troupe. The setting was Mr. J. F. Richardson—Interlocutor.

Bones Tambour.
F. L. Cooper, W. H. Burns,
Miss McKenzie, Miss T. Tibbits,
James Edney, A. R. Tibbits,
Miss Hilyard, Miss Crookshank.

A fine programme was well carried out, too much praise cannot possibly be given the bones and tambour, the bones were especially good as it is not often we have seen ladies manipulate the bones and those were done with the precision and dexterity expected of older hands.

The choruses were all good and the local hits by edman Mr. Burns were very funny.

There were songs by Mr. A. R. Tibbits, Mr. L. C. McNutt, Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe and Mr. James Edney, who are all favorites with the music loving public. Mr. W. R. McMurphy is a new star lately risen on the horizon but shines with a magnitude which will not soon be eclipsed. Miss Gertrude Fenety sang very sweetly "Honey meet me do" and was encoored.

The coonstow guards—Miss Grace Winslow, Miss Carrie Winslow, Miss Florence Whitehead, Mrs. Edna Coburn, Miss Jean Neil, Miss Ernie Babbitt, Miss May Hilyard, Miss Edith Hilyard, Miss Fannie Palmer, Miss Margaret Johnston, Miss Carrie Tibbits, and Miss Queenie Edgcombe, led by Captain W. A. Adams was loudly applauded and for an encore gave one of Mr. Adams original compositions and a good local hit on our recent increase of taxation. It was one of the gems of the evening.

Onabox singing school by Misses Cowperthwaite and Richards, Messrs. Foster and Richards was much enjoyed.

The grand cake walk by 10 ladies and gentlemen led by Rastus—Mr. Fred Dever.

Miss H. Martin—Mr. C. F. Randolph.
Miss G. Fenety—Mr. J. J. F. Winslow.
Miss M. Hilyard—Mr. Chas. Allen.
Miss McKenzie—Mr. Horace Brown.
Miss C. Winslow—Mr. Frank Sadler.

was perhaps one of the best features of the evening showing as it did the great amount of practice which was necessary to make such a fine execution the success it was, all through the cake walk did well, but the cake was fairly won by Miss McKenzie and Mr. Horace Brown, receiving the greatest applause from the audience.

Miss McKenzie was the recipient of a beautiful bouquet of flowers which were handed over the footlights. CRICKET.

Latest styles of wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale at St. Stephen at the bookstore of St. W. H. T. E. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Treat's.]

APRIL 26.—Mrs. Philip Breen is visiting friends at their residence on Church avenue on Friday evening last.

Dr. and Mrs. Woods entertained a party of friends at their residence on Church avenue on Friday evening last.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Grimmer and Miss Jessie Douglas came from Boston to attend the funeral service of their father, William Douglas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. H. Grimmer left on Monday evening for Boston where they took passage in the steamship New England for Liverpool, England and sailed for that port on Wednesday. They expect to be absent until July visiting London, Paris and different cities in Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Broad are occupying their new home over Mitchell & Ross' store, Water street.

John B. Mark of Pleasant Ridge spent two or three days in town last week, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Short.

Mrs. John P. Nason and her daughter Dorothy, are visiting friends in Providence.

Miss Nellie Davis has returned to Coburn classical institute Waterville.

The engagement is announced of L. Lloyd Thompson of New York to Miss Ethelyn Young of Oak Bay.

Miss Florence Sullivan sang in the Memorial opera house at Eastport on Friday evening before a

well cared for.

You need never be afraid that your linen will not be well cared for here. In all departments it is as carefully guarded as possible.

This insures clean washing and perfect ironing, as well as guarantees that all your pieces will come back to you

AMERICAN LAUNDRY,
98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

GODSOE BROS., Proprietors.
Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medalist Dyers," Montreal.



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"Necessity Knows No Law."

But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous.

To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is therefore a law of health and it is a necessity in nearly every household. It never disappoints.

Erysipelas.—"Had a severe attack of erysipelas, suffering from dizziness and nervousness so that I could not rest at night. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results, and now recommend it to others." M. CHALMERS, Toronto, Ont.

Tired Feeling.—"Was all run down and had no appetite. Was tired all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla was suggested, and a trial benefited me so much that now I would not be without the medicine." Mrs. G. D. BURKETT, Central Norton, N. B.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

large audience, who it is said highly appreciated Miss Sullivan's fine singing.

Mrs. S. H. Blair leaves Ottawa today for Jersey City where she will visit friends a short time.

Mrs. C. N. Vroom has been spending a few days in Calais this week with Mrs. J. H. Meredith.

W. B. Morris of St. Andrews was in town this week.

Rev. R. L. Sloggett accompanied by Mrs. Sloggett was in town for a brief visit on Tuesday but has since returned to Hon ton, Maine.

Mrs. Cary of Houlton who has been Mrs. Sedge Webber's guest has returned home.

Mrs. H. F. Todd and Mrs. F. P. MacNicol have returned from a visit in St. John.

Mrs. G. H. Raymond arrived here on Saturday and will remain during the absence of her sister, Mrs. Hagen Grimmer.

Albert Mullen is improving rapidly from his injury since coming home.

Miss Alice Graham has been spending a few days in St. John this week.

R. D. Sawyer of Calais has been visiting Bangor.

Mrs. C. F. Todd and Mrs. Lewis Dexter are visiting Boston.

James Green, brother of the late Miss Maude Green, who recently arrived in St. Andrews from British Columbia, spent Sunday in town with Mrs. W. C. H. Grimmer.

Miss Fannie Todd has returned to Portland to her studies in Miss Lowell's school.

Mrs. Emily Nash returned to home in Harrington, Maine, on Thursday last.

Mrs. W. B. Weimore and Miss Bessie Wetmore are contemplating visiting friends in Nova Scotia.

Rev. G. S. Newham is planning a visit to Calais, N. S. where he will be the guest of his son, Fred S. Newham.

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member it, it's been a very useful tree," said grandma.

"It is more than twenty years ago," she went on, "that a day was first set apart for tree planting. Everyone was pleased with the idea and wanted to plant trees. And how many they did plant! They planted windbreaks, and street trees and fruit trees, and shade trees in the door yards.

Delia was only seven years old, and no one thought she was big enough to plant trees. But she was full of the spirit of the day, and she got an armful of twigs and made larms all over the back yard.

"Your grandpa and the boys were setting trees along the street. I wanted a maple by the back door, but grandpa said 'it would take too much room; and besides the ground was so hard there, he said, he thought it would do if he set it.

"And little Delia spoke out, just in fun, 'why, I'll plant you a maple tree, mother! And she ran into the front yard and dug up a little seedling that had come up under one of the maples there, and then she ran back and placed it by the kitchen door.

"It was just a part of her play. She never dreamed it would grow; but the queer part of it was, it did grow. There came a heavy rain that night, and I suppose that gave it a good start. Anyway it began to grow, and it's kept on ever since, and we're sitting under it now!" said grandma.

"What!" cried Jessie, jumping up. "This great, lovely tree? Isn't that splendid!"

"Yes," said grandma, "and as I said, it's been very useful. I've done my washing under it in the summer-time for ten years. And when your grandpa gets tired of working, he comes and sits here to rest; and he's never once said that he thought it took too much room. Yes, I have your mamma to thank for this tree, my dear."

Disheartening.

It was a discouraging answer that was made to the doting parents of a country boy, who had gone to New York under the patronage of a prosperous grocer.

After he had been away for a fortnight the mother wrote to the boy's employer, saying that her son was "no hand to write letters," and she was anxious to know how he was getting on. "And do tell us where he sleeps nights!" she pleaded earnestly at the end of the letter.

"To this the grocer made answer within a few days:

"Your son sleeps in the store in the daytime. I don't know where he sleeps nights."

Keeping the Wolf Away.

Sincerely pitying the unappreciated vocalist, the editorial 'we' of the Detroit Journal asked a few leading questions.

"How," we ventured, gently, "do you manage to keep the wolf from your door?"

"Well, in the first place," he replied, "I do all my practising at home!"

Then he started violently, and hastily explained how in this way he saved the rental of a studio.

PARRABORO.

[Progress is for sale at the Parraboro Bookstore

APR. 26.—Miss Annie Reid who has been spending some time with her sister, Mrs. McQuarrie has returned to her home at Avonport.

Mrs. Harry Gillespie of the Commercial bank, Sydney, came home to spend Easter.

Mayer Day and C. Ureolier Whiston went to Halifax on Monday on town business returning on Tuesday.

Mrs. Chambers and her children made an Easter visit to relatives in Dorchester.

Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Jenks have lately been in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. John McAloney and children, Halifax, came up for Easter, staying a few days with their relatives.

Capt. and Mrs. Cook, Dorchester, have been paying a visit to Capt. and Mrs. Cook, Parraboro.

Mr. S. G. McQuarrie who has been very ill is out again.

Mr. H. Magee, Canning, lately spent a few days here, the guest of his uncle, Dr. Magee.

Miss Nellie Baird, Amherst, has been the guest of Mrs. Tucker for a short time.

Mr. Blanchard, N.ville has returned home to Winnipeg.

Miss Hickey of Amherst was the guest of Mrs. Walsh at Easter.

Miss Katie McNamara left on Monday for a visit to her sister Mrs. Blanche in Boston.

Mr. Willie Taylor is at some from Clementsport spending a week with his parents.

Mr. W. O. Puddington was in Windsor Easter.

Dr. J. A. Johnson visiting Master Carl with him went to Canning on Monday of last week returned on Wednesday.

Capt. Charles Howard arrived in port last week. He has been in the south during the winter.

Mr. J. Brown, Amherst spent Easter with friends here.

Mr. H. H. Haines, Halifax was the guest Mr. and Mrs. Spencer last Sunday.

Mr. A. E. McLeod came over from Wolville by the Evangeline yesterday.

Rev. E. Wright, Springhill and C. Munro, Oxford assisted at the special services in St. James' church last week.

The story of the Maple.

"Did you plant trees on Arbor day when you were a little girl, grandma?" asked Jessie, when she had been telling grandma about the Arbor exercises at school.

"No, my dear," grandma replied, they didn't have Arbor day when I was a girl; but my little Delia planted a maple tree on the first Arbor day that was ever observed in Nebraska. I have good reason to re-

member it, it's been a very useful tree," said grandma.

"It is more than twenty years ago," she went on, "that a day was first set apart for tree planting. Everyone was pleased with the idea and wanted to plant trees. And how many they did plant! They planted windbreaks, and street trees and fruit trees, and shade trees in the door yards.

Delia was only seven years old, and no one thought she was big enough to plant trees. But she was full of the spirit of the day, and she got an armful of twigs and made larms all over the back yard.

"Your grandpa and the boys were setting trees along the street. I wanted a maple by the back door, but grandpa said 'it would take too much room; and besides the ground was so hard there, he said, he thought it would do if he set it.

"And little Delia spoke out, just in fun, 'why, I'll plant you a maple tree, mother! And she ran into the front yard and dug up a little seedling that had come up under one of the maples there, and then she ran back and placed it by the kitchen door.

"It was just a part of her play. She never dreamed it would grow; but the queer part of it was, it did grow. There came a heavy rain that night, and I suppose that gave it a good start. Anyway it began to grow, and it's kept on ever since, and we're sitting under it now!" said grandma.

"What!" cried Jessie, jumping up. "This great, lovely tree? Isn't that splendid!"

"Yes," said grandma, "and as I said, it's been very useful. I've done my washing under it in the summer-time for ten years. And when your grandpa gets tired of working, he comes and sits here to rest; and he's never once said that he thought it took too much room. Yes, I have your mamma to thank for this tree, my dear."

Disheartening.

It was a discouraging answer that was made to the doting parents of a country boy, who had gone to New York under the patronage of a prosperous grocer.

After he had been away for a fortnight the mother wrote to the boy's employer, saying that her son was "no hand to write letters," and she was anxious to know how he was getting on. "And do tell us where he sleeps nights!" she pleaded earnestly at the end of the letter.

A pure hard Soap
SURPRISE SOAP
MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Cleveland, Massey-Harris Brantford, Welland Vale AND Gendron
BICYCLES
Are made in Canada by Canadian mechanics, backed by Canadian capital, for Canadians or the world. We are the largest manufacturers of Bicycles under the British flag and our modern and well equipped factories are turning out wheels unsurpassed in quality and finish. Agents everywhere.
Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd.
TORONTO.
ST. JOHN REPRESENTATIVES:
Cleveland, W. H. THORNE & CO.
Welland Vale, H. HORTON & SON.
Gendron, R. D. COLES.
Brantford and Massey-Harris.
OUR OWN STORE 54 King St.

Mr. Tobe Jones.

Booker T. Washington, in urging the fact that the interests of white men and negroes are inextricably blended, says in 'The Future of the American Negro':

Not long ago, I overheard a conversation among three white men. Two of them were berating the negro, saying that he was shiftless and lazy. The third man listened to their remarks for a time, and then he said:

"I don't know what your experience has been, but there is a 'nigger' down our way who owns a good house and lot, with about fifty acres of ground. His house is well furnished, and he has some splendid horses and cattle.

"He is intelligent and has a bank account. I don't know what the 'niggers' are in your community, but Tobe Jones is a gentleman!"

Again a certain colored man was walking through the streets of a little Southern town, when he chanced to meet two white men. The negro has a good education, a comfortable bank account, and owns two or three houses and lots, and the white men knew it. One of them turned to the other and said:

"It's all I can do to keep from calling that nigger 'mister.'"

Now what we want to do is to multiply 'Tobe Joneses,' and place them in every Southern community, and to sow broadcast the type which deserves to be called 'mister.' The race question will disappear.

Quite Sufficient.

An amusing clash of etiquette and wit is recorded as having taken place over the affairs of a wealthy English widow. Her husband had lately died, and she refused to let her hounds follow the hunt, contending that they should not be allowed to go out when they had been so recently bereaved of their master.

"Don't you think," said a sergeant at law discussing the affair with a famous legal light, "that if the hounds had each worn a band of crape around the neck, the impropriety would have been obviated?"

"I hardly think the crape would have been a necessity," was the answer, "if the hounds had been in full cry!"

Discreet Disraeli.

The late Duchess of Teck and Disraeli were excellent friends. She admired his steady going imperialism, and he appreciated her grasp of political problems as well as her womanly personality, but a little story, found in the recent 'Memoirs' of the duchess, indicates that he was not to be charmed into telling tales out of school.

They were once dining together. It was

during a crisis in foreign affairs, and as she was puzzled at the inaction of the government, the duchess said:

"What are we waiting for, Mr. Disraeli?"

The prime minister paused long enough to take up the menu and looking quickly at it, replied:

"Mutton and potatoes, ma'am."

Over and Over.

Mr. William Hawley Smith, in his 'Walks and Talks,' tells of a remark made by an Irish friend, which might be applicable in many cases. He used to be very fond of hearing the bishop preach and always went to service when that dignitary held forth. I met him on the street one Sunday when I knew the bishop was preaching, and asked him why he wasn't in his pew. To which he replied:

"Troth, I don't go to hear the bishop any more."

"Why, what's the matter?" I said.

"

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1900.

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

HUNDREDS OF STRANGE CARS.

St. John has been the winter port of Canada now for nearly a half dozen years, but it is doubtful if the people in this city yet fully realize what a tremendous volume of business passes in and out of the harbor during the months of haste and bustle at Sand Point. This season's about at an end and during the comparatively short time the ocean steamers have been coming here this year the amount of freight which has arrived at and left Sand Point would stagger statisticians and make the mind swim in figures. That little branch railway from Fairville around by the way of Bay Shore to Carleton sees during the winter Port season more real active service than all the railways in America, speaking in proportion to size. And over its rails many millions worth of goods roll to and fro in their journeyings to Europe and in entering Canada.

From morning until night the shunting locomotives in the West Side Yards seem never to rest, their's is an endless task. Four or five big boats are at the wharves, perhaps, and they simply must have their freight without any delay and its faithful railwaymen they depend upon to keep their great maws full. A train of a dozen cars of bulky goods is swallowed as if a mouthful by some of the larger crafts and Oliver Twist-like the cry is for "more!" So great have been the demands at times for freight when more than the usual number of boats have been in port that the yard engines were found unequal to fill all orders and the track system and branch line to Fairville have become choked and congested with cars. Blockades several seasons ago extended far up the line. Each year however the system of moving and handling freight is becoming more perfect and few are the occasions nowadays when delays occur.

To the Sand Point visitor one of the first things to catch the eye and create an interest is the multiplicity of freight cars of all kinds. Some bear the name of a province or state thousands of miles away, others are refrigerator cars, stable cars, grain carriers, etc. Dozens of colors enter into the decoration of them and the trade marks of private concerns adorn many. This sight is not to be seen in any other city in Canada except Montreal.

The C. P. R. officials at Sand Point term all cars not belonging to their line as "foreign." They are kept track of by specially appointed clerks and in the course of months, perhaps years, each freight vehicle lands home again after thousands of miles of wandering. Since the present winter port season set in Sand Point has been visited by strange looking cars from the arid plains of Texas, which were coupled to C. P. R. grain cars on their way from the great west. Again California has sent out her rolling representatives full of luscious fruits and in their wealth of white paint these cars have been novel callers over in Carleton. The Southern States, the Rocky Mountain districts, great grain centres, Texan cattle fields, western meat packing cities etc., have sent forth their trains full of their own particular products to St. John for shipment to the great markets across the ocean.

Railway men have their own way of talking about cars and trains—a dialect

wholly their own, and which an outsider would find it hard work to decipher. With them freight cars are classified as "box," "refrigerator," "flat," "stable" and "combination." C. P. R. box and refrigerator cars are numbered evenly and the "flats" in odd numbers.

Appended is an incomplete list of the lines of railway, cars of which have brought freight to St. John this winter and which conveys more forcibly perhaps than anything else in the line of paragraphs how great and extensive is the business carried on through this port.

- I. C. R.—Intercolonial.
C. E.—Canada Eastern.
W. C.—Washington County.
G. T.—Grand Trunk.
G. R. & L.—Grand Rapids & Illinois.
M. & A.—Montreal & Atlantic.
I. C.—Illinois Central.
C. & N. W.—Chicago & North Western.
C. F. T.—California Fruit Transportation.

- P. D. D.—Provision Dealers Despatch.
M. D. T.—Merchants Dealers Trans.
N. D. L.—National Despatch Line.
S. R. L.—Swift Refrigerated Line.
H. R. L.—Hammond Refrigerated Line.
H. R. L.—Hartog Refrigerated Line.
L. R. L.—Lipton Refrigerated Line.
A. R. L.—Armour Refrigerated Line.
A. R. T.—American Trans. Line.
U. R. T.—Union Trans. Line.
Soo—Soo.

- T. H. & B.—Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo.
W. R.—Wabash Railway.
B. L.—Blue Line.
P. G. R.—Perry Grain Line.
M. C.—Maine Central.
B. & M.—Boston & Maine.
B. & A.—Boston & Albany.
N. Y. C. & H. R. R.—N. Y. Central & Hudson R. R.
N. Y., N. H. & H.—N. Y., New Haven & Hartford.

- St. C. R. D.—St. Charles Refrigerator Despatch.
W. & St. P.—Winona & St. Peter.
B. & O.—Baltimore & Ohio.
S. W. S.—Streets Western Stable.
A. L. S.—American Line Stock.
A. R. M. S.—Arms Stable Car Coy.
T. A. C. C. D.—The American Cereal Co. Despatch.
Big Four.
Canada Atlantic.

- A. A. Ry.—Ann Arbor.
B. R. & P.—Buffalo Rochester & Pittsburgh.
S. I.—Shore Line.
C. H. & D.—Chicago Hamilton & Detroit.
T. & S. F.—Topeka & Santa Fe.
C. & St. P.—Chicago & St. Paul.
C. V.—Credit Valley.
B., H. & D.—Buffalo, Hamilton & Dayton.
M. C.—Michigan Central.
C. & M.—Chicago & Milwaukee.
S. E.—South Eastern.
F. & M. V.—Flermont & Missouri Valley.
G. C.—Georgia Central. (Plant System)

MR. ROURKE HATES TOBACCO.

A Princess Street Resident Who is Fighting the Smoking Weed.

William P. Rourke, whose humble home is situated at the extreme eastern end of Princess street, is perhaps the most enthusiastic anti tobaccoist in St. John, if not in New Brunswick. He is also a man who is so wrapped up in the courage of his convictions, that no difficulty appears insurmountable to him when the cause which he so delights in forwarding is at stake. For a number of years Mr. Rourke has talked and done the more practical thing, acted, the part of a full fledged opponent of the succulent and soothing weed. Though exceedingly small of stature and advanced in years he never tires of arguing against its evils and of trying to make plain the many passages of Scripture which he claims have direct reference to it. On Monday last Mr. Rourke appealed to the Common Council for a lot of land at the foot of Princess street, which he said he wished to make use of as a playground and breathing spot for the small boys he has gathered together—a band of juvenile anti tobaccoists. Ald. Maxwell reported that the committee appointed by the board had looked over the plan. He suggested that Mr. Rourke be heard, and the board decided to hear that gentleman. Mr. Rourke talked at great length, pointing out the bad effects which followed the use of tobacco. It led, he said, to drink and was the cause of breaking up many happy homes. He appealed to the board to give the association ground on which to build their hall. The motion was laid on the table till the city engineer can be interviewed, as these lots will form a part of the construction of Crown street.

A PROGRESS paragrapher sought out Mr. Rourke and learned a good deal of the inside workings of his anti tobacco club of small boys, also of the senior society in which he was the prime mover some years ago, but which has since apparently fallen through. After pointing out the plot of ground, he wishes to rent from the city and which is really only an extension of the dump; but good ground, he unlocked the door of a building nearby which he said was the boys' place of meeting. The building is merely a shell, without inside walls or passage ways, but is soon to be finished. Mr. Rourke built it all himself and at his own expense. A flag-pole with a white flag on which are the letters A. T. A. tops the structure. Inside, crude seats are arranged in one part and trapezes, horizontal bars, archery alley, bowing alley etc, in other sections. While not pre-eminently up-to-date in particulars Mr. Rourke has been successful in arranging the gymnasium in a manner sufficiently interesting for the small boys, who are found there on Saturday afternoon in greater or less numbers. Mr. Rourke said, the anti-tobacco association has had its ups and downs, its trials and a goodly share of tribulations. His own little club of juveniles recommenced its meetings on the 24th of last month after a long lapse of time. There

were over forty names enrolled, including boys belonging to the neighborhood and to various other parts of town, quite a number of whom attend his meetings, which last a half hour on Saturday afternoons, after which play is indulged in. The lads are told of the evils of tobacco and are pledged to fight against its use whenever the opportunity arises. The Scriptures are made frequent use of, as the following quotations from the creed of the association will show:

"Who that turn many to righteousness shall sit as the stars forever and ever." Daniel—12:3.

"Know ye that ye are the temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you. If any man defileth the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

The books of the little Princess street club date as far back as 1888, and contain many names of well-known young men about town. The senior association has the names of Rev. Dr. Wilson, the late Dr. Pope, Recorder Skinner, Dr. A. A. Stockton and as many as twenty-five prominent citizens of today. However this organization seems to have had particular trials for it is not at present in a workable state. Mr. Rourke says it was suggested by some of these seniors that the younger people be taken in hand and instructed as to the evils of tobacco, a suggestion which he took up with zest, and which he has tried to keep alive all these years, though at times the struggle has been hard one. If the Council, he says, grants him the land he wants he will keep the anti-tobacco band in existence but if not he is afraid the good work will have to be sacrificed. He has already devoted weeks of time and many dollars from his scanty means to create an interest in the crusade against the "devil's weed," and if the christian people do not back him up in his efforts he will find himself unequal to the task. With a playground such as he desires Mr. Rourke claims he can gather about him a hundred or more boys in whom seeds of good advice can be implanted with reference to the smoking and chewing of tobacco, and evils which follow.

There can be no doubt about the sincerity and enthusiasm of Mr. Rourke in his self imposed mission, and in that regard he is looked upon as a most unique personage while unthinking people have at times jeered him. Mr. Rourke deprecates the inactivity of the churches in the matter of tobacco using and claims nobody should be allowed to hold office or teach in them, who indulges in this habit. Temperance societies, he says, are exceedingly solicitous and strenuous in their efforts to keep men, women, boys and girls from drinking liquor, but they pay no heed to the root of the habit, which in most cases, he claims, arises from a desire for tobacco.

Speaking of the Common Council and the tendency of many of the Safety Board members on Monday to turn his remarks to ridicule, Mr. Rourke said, "but they're pretty nearly all smokers you know!" Indeed is the East End carpenter in his unfinished stand for the abolition of the pipe, cigar, cigarette and snuff and in his own methods of campaigning to that end, a most extraordinary person!

MORE FLOWERS FOR THE SQUARES.

The False Economy of Our Stagnant Old Council.

King, Queen and Haymarket Squares, also the Loyalist Burying Ground are being made ready for the summer. A small corps of men are cleaning up the grounds and re-shaping the flower beds. Gardener John Beatty has a half dozen hot beds of baby plants pretty well under way in the Burying Ground, but it is hard to believe they will make any kind of a show when distributed over such a large area as the three big squares and graveyard. Surely this is the worst kind of economy on the city's part. To make our really beautiful city parks a laughing stock for outsiders by sticking down a few of the commonest garden flowers, is not the desire of the people who "pay the piper," even if a sometimes stubborn set of city fathers think it a waste of money to add a little more beauty to them. Last summer the only really pretty spot in town was the lower end of the Burying Ground, and it was nothing extra. What the city wants is a hot house of its own such as the Horticultural Association has, where it can grow its own plants all the year and have full and plenty, with variety, to fill the gaping flower beds throughout town. A very few dollars would build such a structure in the northern end of the Burying Ground, but will the council build it, that's the question. See some of the new aldermen about it, they're public spirited men, surely!

A Deckhand Who "Squealed."

A whisper from Indian town imparts the intelligence that the atmosphere took on an indigo hue one day late last week when one of the river steamers had to undergo a second inspection, at the instance of a deckhand who had only a few days before received his walking ticket. The captain of the boat was in a most delightful mood, anticipating a satisfactory "bill of health" from the inspectors, and an early start on the river route, but he forgot to figure on the vengeance-thirsty ax-empire. A few speak points in the boat make up were explained to the man who judges the safety of the river craft, and in consequence the steamer's 1900 debut was postponed for several days. When the boat in question happens to be in port nowadays the informing deckhand seeks his bomb-proof laager, while the irate master mariner takes up the thread of his argument again and speaks threats which smell of sulphur.

Forbidding its own Misdeed.

This story has never before appeared in print and it seems almost too good a one to let pass, when it only takes a few inches of space to tell it. When the first hay boat for South Africa, the Massapagus, was in this port loading they kept piling the bales above the deck. When all ready to sail the deckload was about nine feet in the air, and made the rigging and funnel of the boat look like "thirty cents," as the old phrase has it. The Canadian government was shipping the hay, government officials had inspected it and when the big boat was about to sail another servant of Ottawa stepped forth and forbade the deckload. Consequently the hay was levelled down to the legal limit. It was a unique incident of a government calling itself down.

SAPHO AS SHE IS.

Clement Scott Criticizes the Noted Recent Productions.

We all know—every man of the world knows—that such women as Nana and Sapho exist, but we do not want to see and consume their corruption. They are loathsome women!

For what is Sapho? A woman nauseated with vice in its most ingenious and artistic forms, the kind of woman who destroyed Greece, Rome, Pompeii and Herculaneum—their triumphs of civilization. In her jaunty, brazen, impudent manner she tells us that she has inspired artists not with her mind, but with her body, to create works of genius. Poets, artists, sculptors, painters have become wine in the sty of this Circe. She has come to the end of her tether, and with her 'All that can be has been done,' as Swinburne observes. She is old enough to know better, and her last infatuated craze, at the age of forty or more, is to pour the last dregs of her polluted and polluting love on a young, innocent boy, for whom she has conceived the worst and most unholly passion of her life. This is the degrading and sickening

creature against whom and against whose manner of life Daudet warns boys who are innocent of the dangers through which they will have to pass.

The book, I grant, is artistic; the play even when acted by an artist like Rejane, is not the most delightful thing man or woman can look. It has certainly no right in a theatre that calls to its doors men and women and boys and girls of every age and class.

But, unfortunately, the character seems good to an English actress who has acquired notoriety by coquetting with the most dangerous form of realism for the purpose of tickling the palates of the idle-born, hungry for a new sensation. The smart set that, sitting in the jury-box of art, had encouraged to the utmost extent of its power every form of the decadent and degenerate drama, that had sent our best and most brilliant dramatists away like lost sheep into the wilderness of uncertainty, was surely ripe for Sapho in all her aggressive realism.

America was led into a trap. America had helped to make a fortune out of the "Carmen kiss" and the crucifixion of a real-

istic Camille, and so America was apparently the field for the new Sapho, boomed into existence and flaunted in good citizens' faces on account of an immorality that was utterly unnecessary. It was a case of "trying it on the dog" that had proved faithful before.

London had not tolerated the "Carmen kiss" for forty-eight hours. That bold experiment was never repeated. But London changes with circumstances, and there was just a chance that Sapho, applauded in America, would edge her way into London somehow by means of bold advertisement, effrontery and the silent encouragement of the smart set. Herein lies a very formidable and salutary.—Clement Scott in April "Smart Set".

New Cure for Consumption.

The juice of raw meat is the newest cure for consumption. Zomotherapy is the scientific name for the new treatment, which has been formally approved by the French Academy of Sciences. Its inventors are Dr. Hericourt and Dr. Ribet, two learned men who have devoted fifteen years to the study of tuberculosis alone.

As in France there are more deaths yearly from tuberculosis than from all other ills combined, war facilities include, a lively interest is shown in the new discovery, which has so far been brilliantly successful.

Tuberculosis, reasoned Drs. Hericourt and Ribet some years ago, is a wasting of the tissues that mean life. In such conditions drugs or any ordinary methods of treatment are useless. The imperative thing is to repair these tissues. But rapidly disappearing animal tissues cannot be repaired with vegetable matter.

More animal tissues are needed, and they should be supplied to the patient as quickly and in large quantities as possible. Raw beef taken as food seemed the most feasible way of introducing the needed healthy organic life into the body as a substitute for the organisms being consumed by disease. As cooking would weaken if not destroy this organic life it seemed necessary that the meat should be eaten raw.

The theory was tested on animals suffering from tuberculosis, who were given raw meat to the exclusion of every other

form of nourishment. It worked marvelously. The patients recovered rapidly. But then arose the difficulty of applying the same methods to human patients, who, in the weakened state induced by consumption, are seldom able to digest anything so difficult as raw meat.

The doctors next tried separating the juice from the muscular portion of the meat on the theory that it was the juice alone—in other words, the animal's blood—which was beneficial. To one set of animal patients was given the muscular substances from which the juice had been squeezed, to another set was given the juice alone. The first set showed no improvement, succumbed to the disease and died. The second set recovered as if by magic.

Manager—Why didn't you engage young Ranter? He gives promise of making a fair actor.

Assistant—He wanted too much.

Why, he told me he'd be perfectly willing to go out on the road if we only gave him a chance. You must have misunderstood him. He wanted us to give him a show.

RISE SOAP



or Co., Ltd. 54 King St.

William Hawley Smith, in his "The Irish and Talks," tells of a remark made by an Irish friend, which might be of use in many cases. He used to be fond of hearing the bishop preach and went to service when that dignitary came. I met him on the street one day when I knew the bishop was going, and asked him why he wasn't going. To which he replied: "Well, I don't go to hear the bishop preach."

A Reasonable Pun. "I don't understand it," said a gentleman to the Detroit Free Press, "because it is made of beef fat." "It is undoubtedly right," said his friend. "I don't think that the manufacturers would make it of goat fat."

"Your game?" asked the man who sold the big cigar in the Pullman. "You mean my profession," replied the other, "with dignity, 'I'm a maker of cigars.'"

"I'm a bookmaker," cried the first. "Shake!"

For Jack Armour's Amusement.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER III.

Jack bursts into a hearty and rather scornful guffaw.

"The Reverend Colquhoun! Good Heavens! You don't mean to say that he's after her? Poor beggar!"

"Yes; I'm sorry for him, very sorry, if it's the case," says Mrs. Armour, gravely. "But, of course, it may be merely a fancy of mine; only, I consider myself rather quick over these affairs, and I generally turn out right."

"Ha, ha! I didn't know that one of Pen's admirers was the Irish parson," laughs Jack, greatly amused, in a supercilious fashion, as he contrasts what a poor chance Patrick Colquhoun would have against his brilliant self.

"Now, Jack, don't go and think I've said I know this for a fact," remarks his mother, reprovingly. "And don't laugh like that—it isn't kind. Mr. Colquhoun will not only lose a very wealthy wife, but the dearest and sweetest girl in the world in Penelope. You won't delay, will you? You could ask her tonight."

Jack is silent.

He looks suddenly rather harassed and impatient.

"Couldn't you?" asks Mrs. Armour, as he does not speak.

"No, not tonight," says Jack, harshly, getting up to end the subject.

Before he asks his cousin to become his wife, there is something that must be done—he must break the news to Lizzie Talbot.

CHAPTER IV.

The news must be broken to Lizzie because, although Jack feels a strange fancy for her, a much more natural affection than he has for the girl he has elected to share his future with, he sees their intimacy must end.

It would be far too dangerous to continue it when he has engaged himself to Penelope, and it is expedient that he should adopt this latter course at once if he would not have the young and pretty heiress "snapped up" by some other suitor.

So he determines, much against his inclination, to meet the girl tonight, and place the matter before her clearly.

He has found that Lizzie, despite her humble birth, is as good and high-principled a girl as even Penelope Graham.

All the women Jack Armour is surrounded by are so superior to himself that it is almost strange to one of them has been able to influence him very greatly for good.

Their example is such that he might well profit by it, but he goes on his easy, pleasant way, as he has always done since his birth.

He dreads the interview with the country girl, with whom he has amused himself during the last few months, but he has made up his mind to enjoy Mrs. Stapleton's thousands, and stifles the few cowardly qualms—not of conscience—he feels, and endeavours to lay the blame on Fate, which is his usual practice when things go badly through his own wrong doing.

Lizzie's innocent trusting eyes meet his as he comes up to her on the common tonight, with, it seems to him, more of confidence than usual in their brown depths.

She loves him passionately and he knows it, but the knowledge has no power to stop his premeditated villainy.

"You are later a little to-night, aren't you Jack?" she inquires; adding hastily: "Not this! I mind waiting, you know, and it is such a lovely evening that I've quite enjoyed it. I always know you'll come in the end," and she smiles with a sort of childish sweetness that touches him, although it does not move him in his purpose.

"Yes," he says, bracing himself up. "I am rather late to-night, Lizzie. The fact is, for the first time I didn't want to meet you. I had the idea of it."

He avoids her eyes, which give him an unpleasant feeling.

"Didn't want to meet me?" echoed Lizzie, with a sort of gasp.

"Yes, I have something so deuced hard to say to you; you'll despise me when you've heard it."

He knows he has been too successful in teaching her to love him for her ever to despise him, however much he makes her suffer; but this is the form in which he prefaces the awkward statement he is about to make.

"Despise you I never shall," exclaims Lizzie, indignantly. "What can you mean, Jack?"

"I have something to confess to you," he says, "Lizzie, all this has got to come to an end."

"All what?" demands Lizzie, rather frightened, but uncomprehending.

"Kiss me once, and then I'll try and explain it to you," he says, finding his task more and more difficult.

Bashfully Lizzie turns her face to his, and Jack kisses once again the beautiful lips that she fondly and foolishly imagines will be his and his alone.

"Now tell me what you mean?" she says. "What has to come to an end?"

"This—our friendship," says Jack.

"What?"

She gives a sort of shriek in her dismay, and Jack stops her rather harshly in fear that some chance ear may learn their secret.

"Don't scream like that, darling. I thought you were a brave sort of a girl, not hysterical and foolish. You make everything much harder for me by behaving in this way."

Lizzie is cowed by his manner and too overwhelmed to ask for explanation.

In an instant her smiling blue sky is covered by an ink pall, and if it be true what her lover has told her—namely, that they are to part—she does not very much want to discover the reason, for the fact is enough.

"I have not been behaving very well to you, Lizzie, dear," goes on Jack, seeing she is almost dazed by his sudden declaration. "My love for you must be my excuse. How could I help forgetting everything when I met your sweet little face? I ought to have shut my eyes and my heart to it, but I was weak like all men, and never thought of anything but the present. I ought to have remembered that I belonged to someone else."

"Someone else?" echoes Lizzie, dully.

Yes, my cousin. We have been practically engaged since our childhood. There isn't, as you may guess, much love on my side, though she's a nice enough girl; but she, it appears thinks a great deal too much of me. If she guessed how I have wandered from her, I'm afraid she would feel it bitterly, but she doesn't. She thinks I will care for her. In fact, she expects me to marry her soon, and that's why I've had to make a clean breast of it all to you to-night."

"Jack has concocted this plausible story after much thought."

It is, of course, impossible, he feels, to tell Lizzie boldly that his cousin, Miss Graham, between whom and himself there is not the shadow of a tie, has recently come into a very large fortune, and that he, therefore, intends to marry her.

It is better to put it that he has lapsed from the allegiance he rightly owes her, and must now return to it.

Lizzie gives a stifled moan.

How much kinder it would have seemed to her to have had a knife plunged into her heart than to hear such a story as the one she has just been forced to listen to!

"Go on," is all she murmurs, faintly.

"Well, that's all," replies Jack, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact voice. "That's all, and quite enough, too. I think I'm the most unlucky beggar that ever walked!"

"And are we not to meet again? Am I not to see you now?"

"It would be much better not. You see, the wrench would have to come, however much it was put off, and it's better to bear things bravely, dear," says Jack, un- easily but very firmly. "Hanged if something unpleasant isn't happening all the time in this world! I never cared for a girl before as I care for you, Lizzie, and I never shall; and yet I have to come round to declare that it's better never to see you again."

He is a little surprised that she has not once reproached him or murmured against his decree.

There are so many points against him any other girl would have seen and resented, but his heartless conduct only appears to have stunned her.

He is infinitely relieved, and cannot help congratulating himself that he has got so well out of it, though he is, at the same time, genuinely sorry that his parting has come to an end, and a little bit ashamed of himself and grieved for Lizzie.

Still, he is relieved that she has taken it as she has.

He is suddenly, however, dismayed to find her in his arms, clinging to him, and looking up at him with an almost ghastly face of frantic appeal.

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" she cries, "tell me it is a dream! Say you have been joking! I can't believe it! Oh! you can't mean to give me up—me, who love you so? I can't live if I'm never to see you again, and you're to marry somebody else!"

"Lizzie, Lizzie, what's this!" he tries to remonstrate. "This is very foolish!"

But the girl prevents his going any further.

She is crouching at his feet on the damp turf, clinging to him despairingly.

"Jack, Jack, I can't live without you!" she is moaning.

Her voice and face seem to have altered in these few minutes—to have lost their

girliness and become those of a woman.

"Perhaps you thought, when you first came after me, that I shouldn't feel anything like this so much. You don't know me—you don't know what you've got to be to me! You're all the world to me—all, and if you forsake me—her voice seeming to die away hollowly—I'd rather be dead than go on living."

In vain Jack tries to think of suitable words to assuage her passionate misery—she desperates again.

Nothing will be of any avail here, he can see, and he feels inclined to curse his ill-luck aloud.

Just when he thought all was going smoothly!

He pulls her up, however, from the ground, and holds her firmly, almost impatiently away from him.

"Now, Lizzie, if you loved me, you'd listen to reason!" he says, and forthwith calls up every plausible and well-sounding argument he can think of to persuade her to return to her old quiet life without more ado; but, though the girl listens without protest, he cannot quite flatter himself she thinks there is much comfort in what he says.

She listens apparently, but he cannot be quite sure even of that.

Unconsciously, dull, stricken look is upon her face, and he carefully turns his eyes away from it.

She makes no more appeal to him no effort to detain him—when, after a long farewell, addressed to what seemed to him almost a block of marble, so white and lifeless is the girl who started out brimful of happiness, he at last leaves her—manages to leave her—"manages to leave her," he puts it to himself.

She remains standing, looking at the ground at her feet.

She so stays for a long long time after his departure.

Suddenly, however with a wild, abrupt movement, she raises her head, and dashes forward across the common towards some meadows.

She hurries through them blindly until she comes to a little, narrow towing path running by the side of a dark smooth canal.

It is a deserted looking spot, and one well known to the girl.

Nobody is about, though she does not glance round to ascertain this fact.

She only runs forward in a headlong fashion to the low bank, and then, without even a cry, plunges herself into the depths before her.

It is the morning after his parting from Lizzie Talbot when Jack seeks out his Cousin Penelope, to ask her to become his wife.

He has not attempted it on the previous night, being somewhat shaken out of his usual easy going nonchalance by what he just accomplished, though he is, after all, glad that it is over, as it has weighed upon him, ever since he first heard of Penelope's sudden accession to wealth, as a thing that must be done.

Penelope is in the drawing-room alone, sitting in a pretty wicker-and satin armchair in one of the windows, and she seems lost in thought.

Jack thinks an indefinable but none the less decided change has crept over his cousin of late as his eyes now rest upon her.

She looks slightly harder and graver than of old, though, perhaps, nobody but himself would perceive it.

He wonders if he has chosen a propitious time for his proposal, but the next instant he almost smiles, for he feels any moment would be propitious in this case, as there is no doubt Penelope has been attached to him for years.

He cannot help the regret that crosses his mind at this inopportune instant, that it is not Lizzie Talbot instead of the girl before him to whom he is about to vow himself for life.

Somehow, nobody has ever gained such a hold upon what he imagines his heart as the little country maiden, and possibly never will.

He sits down by Penelope, and begins the conversation by a few commonplace.

After, as he calls it to himself, "dodging about" for some little time, Penelope not affording him much assistance, he comes to the point with a dash.

"I won't put off any longer what I came to speak to you about this morning," he says. "I dare say you can guess what it is, Penelope," and he sinks his tone to one of tender meaning.

"No," replies Penelope, with truth.

Since her discovery of her cousin's clandestine love-affair, she has dismissed the faintest idea from her mind that he has ever regarded herself with affection.

"Why, Penelope?" he exclaims, smiling and seizing one of the hands that lie in her lap. "You must know I love you—you must have known it ages ago. I thought I had shown it plainly enough. Will you be my wife?" and he bends forward eagerly, looking for a response in her face that does not come.

"Be your wife?" she echoes, in a sort of cold astonishment. "Certainly not!"

"Not?" he exclaims, hardly believing his ears. "But why?"

"Because I don't care for you," she replies calmly. "I must love the man I marry with my whole heart."

"But, Penelope," he argues, so amazed and disgusted that he almost stammers. "You do love me, don't you? I thought you did."

"I can't help what you thought, Jack," she replies, as coolly as before. "The fact remains the same—namely, that I do not."

Jack is confounded; never has he imagined a blow like this.

And Penelope looks so undisturbed, so pretty, so almost mocking as she sits facing him, that his mortification increases.

"Penelope," he says, endeavoring to hide his real feeling, remembering what is at stake, "since you say you do not care for me now, I must believe you; but can you tell me as positively that so short time ago—only a few weeks—it was the same?"

Penelope, don't be so cruel to me. Con-



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Penelope has intended to keep her knowledge of his underhand conduct a secret, but at his assumed reproach her anger rises so suddenly and vehemently that it sweeps away all the intentions she has formed.

"Loved you?" she cries. "How dare you insult me by this conversation? How dare you ask me to marry you—you who have plighted your faith to another woman?"

"Another woman?" echoes Jack, though by taken aback. "What do you mean? Who has been telling you such tales?"

"I do not need anyone to tell me 'such tales'!" answers his cousin, scornfully. "I have known the truth some time."

"And what do you call 'the truth'?" she demands, wondering how on earth Miss Graham could have gained her information.

"The truth is this, that while you are asking me openly to marry you, you are making love to a girl named Lizzie Talbot secretly, roused out of her usual quiet depths by her indignation, thus wronging both. Have the goodness never to address me again in the way you have today, nor on the same subject."

"Why, my dear little cousin!" exclaims Jack, suddenly, as he thinks, "seeing light," "you cannot possibly be jealous of a girl like that—"

"Jealous?" interposes Penelope. "Are you mad?"

"You cannot mean you think seriously of a fellow just walking out once or twice with a girl in her class in life—just having slight flirtation with a pretty country lass, a flirtation with no shadow of harm in it?" goes on Jack, little judging the effect his words are making upon his right minded companion. "A man does not ever regard an affair with that sort of girl seriously, Penelope. You couldn't look graver if you thought I intended to marry her."

"Stop!" says Penelope, in a low intense tone of such bitter scorn and loathing that her cousin looks at her in amazement. "If you could guess how low your words render you in my eyes you would cease them. Your making light of the claims of the girl upon you, shows me more clearly that you are no gentleman, but a cur. If any girl is good enough to flirt and amuse yourself with, she is good enough to marry, and if she is not a girl good enough for you to marry, she should not have seemed good enough to amuse you. But it would be useless to try to impress a hold upon what he imagines his heart as the little country maiden, and possibly never will."

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Penelope, don't be so cruel to me. Con-

drowned herself in Sutton Canal, replies Mrs. Armour.

"What?" exclaims Jack, with a violent start.

"Yes, is it not sad? A veritable village tragedy! Her name was Elizabeth Talbot. She was only about eighteen, and quite exceptionally pretty—not of a common diary maid order at all. I have seen her several times, and thought her lovely. It's a terrible thing!

Jack has become as pale as death.

He turns aside, so that his mother may not see his face.

"Terrible!" he mutters.

"The butcher's boy has just told the servant," goes on Mrs. Armour.

"But I don't suppose it is true, cries Jack suddenly. "Such things get about! It is not likely—not at all like!"

He speaks almost incoherently, and disappears, as his mother is looking at him, through the hall door, and into the garden. A terrible horror has descended upon him.

Can this news his mother has just imparted to him be the truth?

Lizzie drowned! Himself a sort of a murderer!

The shock is an awful one.

He feels as if he dare not venture into the village to hear anything further.

He walks about the grounds in a distracted sort of way, or half crouching upon a seat far from the high road.

This latter calamity has quite driven from his mind the chagrin consequent upon his cousin's rejection of his suit, and one day has never proven so disagreeable to him before in his life.

Meanwhile, Penelope, still vibrating with scorn and anger, decides to try and get rid of her unpleasant feelings in a long walk.

She turns mechanically to the common, and crosses it, entering the village.

An unusual stir and commotion strikes her as she walks up the straggling street; some excitement seems to be in the air, and she glances wonderingly at the small groups of chattering men and women in her path.

At last she addresses one of the latter.

"Is anything the matter, Mrs. Morris?"

"Oh! dear, yes! We've had something very mysterious happen here. Haven't you heard nothing of it?"

And the speaker, a pleasant faced, rough-haired woman, stares at her in surprise.

"I have heard nothing out of the way," replies Penelope.

"Why, you haven't heard of a young Lizzie Talbot, tumbled into Sutton Canal last night, when it were getting dark?" exclaims Mrs. Morris, lifting her hands. "Tumbled in, or thrown herself in—people don't know which it were—and she were almost done for by the time she were got out. A man, John Thomas, one of my neighbors, risked her. He heard a splash as he were coming home along the edge of the water, and when he makes out it were a girl, in he goes after her. My word! it was a noble deed, all in the dark as it were! And that Sutton Canal is a nasty place, and very lonesome looking, miss, if you've seen it. I wonder they ever came out alive!"

"And did they? Is the girl livin'?" Did you say her name was Lizzie Talbot?" asks breathlessly.

"Lizzie Talbot, miss, daughter to Mrs. Talbot, the laundry-woman, over there," pointing to the cottage Miss Graham has often visited. "Not a bad looking girl—like most of her class, Mrs. Morris is an admirer of a more florid type of beauty than Lizzie's and speaks very moderately of her attractions—and a good girl, too."

"Did you say there was a suspicion that she threw herself into the water?" break in Miss Graham.

"It's not known, miss, how it happened," replies the woman. "She might have thrown herself in or been thrown, or, as I said, she might have slipped in—"

"But she's not dead?"

"No, miss, thank goodness! she ain't, but she's precious bad, they say, answers Mrs. Morris. "It's give her mother a shock too, poor thing! I see the Rev. and Mr. Colquhoun going in some time ago. Eh, miss, he's a good man, he is! Where there's trouble there he is you may depend!"

Penelope acquiesces with all her heart.

The contrast between the man she has just left and the hard-working creature, whose unprepossessing appearance has often been the jest of Jack Armour, strikes her forcibly.

A thrill of admiration for the trick Colquhoun's noble qualities runs through her at Mrs. Morris' words of praise, and she turns away with a little flush that, if he could but see it, would make his heart beat with joy.

Further on she comes to Mrs. Talbot's cottage.

Many neighbors are congregated around the doors of their own homes.

Penelope walks quietly up the path and the women make way for her, for she is well known and greatly liked.

The mother's first words show her that Lizzie's story is unknown to her.

"There's no making it out, you see, miss. There's no reason Lizzie could have wanted to drown herself, as some of these neighbors of mine—who have retreated and left the visitor with Mrs. Talbot—try to make out. Nor has the child an enemy that I know of. Yet though she's well enough to tell me anything there is to tell not a word does Lizzie say. She lies there upstairs perfectly quiet and never opens her mouth; but, all the same, there must be a lot behind."

"Perhaps she's scarcely strong enough"

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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Sunday Reading

A Talk to Kings' Daughters.

By Mrs. MARGARET BOTTOMS in the Ladies' Home Journal.

God Reveals Himself to His Own.

Blessed are they which hunger and thirst; they shall be filled. You will know God if you get to the place where you say, 'I cannot live without Thee.' If, under the darkest circumstances, you will say, because you feel it,

"Thy shining grace can cheer This dungeon where I dwell; 'Tis Paradise if Thou art here, If Thou depart, 'tis hell."

you will have a revelation. God still reveals Himself to human souls. Do not think you can ever be satisfied with what was revealed to saints of old. Do you think that to read what was revealed to them will satisfy us? We must have the like revelation. Never till we have the experience Charles Wesley wrote of when he said,

"I hear the whisper in my heart, The clouds disperse, The shadows fall, The invisible appears in sight,"

shall we be altogether satisfied. We were made for God, and our spirits must now return to the God who gave them. People come to me distracted because of their troubles. They call the goodness of God in question, when the fact is they have never loved God nor paid any attention to His laws, or commands or promises. They have cultivated every side of themselves but the spiritual side, and now they only complain; they have no eyes to see spiritual things. 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' Jesus Christ said, 'Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again.'

Heaven is Very Near to Earth.

A dear woman once came to me and said: 'I cannot see what you see. You seem to feel that your dear ones are not dead; that they are not under ground; that they are living and happy.' I said: 'You do not see. You do not feel it. Well, I do not see how it could be otherwise with you. You have lived in the seen, and perhaps never really believed enough in the unseen to make it at all a reality; why should you expect to see or feel as you would if you had made the spiritual life your one business?' If we would all strive to realize how near and close Heaven may be, it only we would draw nigh to our loving Saviour, death and separation would have no terrors for us.

The Message the Calendar Brought.

I have just received a note from a dear one who was supremely happy when she wrote, and as there is a lesson in it for some boys I will tell the story.

A boy of about seventeen, who admired and loved his mother as I hope you do yours was thinking before last Christmas what he should give his mother for a present, and a happy thought came to him. He knew how many people loved his mother, so he bought a calendar that had only one date upon it and sent the leaves to his mother asking them to write some sentiment on the leaves and return them to him. Among those who wrote was her son, who has since gone to a more beautiful country than this.

The calendar was prettily bound after all the leaves had been returned, and not until last month did the mother see what her dear boy himself had written. I do not know what the need of her heart was as she tore off one leaf to see what was on the next, but the name of the one now in Paradise was there in his own handwriting and the words were few—only 'In a whisper, I love you'—and then she wrote me, 'To think that he left that for me to have to-day.' He has given a pleasure that makes earth more endurable. Oh, to be, as George Elliot, said,

"The sweet presence of a departed, And in diffusion evermore intense."

Let us All do Good While we May.

Are we really awake to the fact that we are constantly doing that which will be left behind us? Sweet memories or bitter memories: the words may be read or said with such unuttered anguish: 'To think that he left that for me to have to-day.' Our spoken words of love and tenderness will be remembered and lived on long after we have gone, or we may leave such bitter memories that those who are left are bereaved ever of what they might have had. I hope the words may suggest to you what they suggested to me: 'To think that he left that for me to have to-day.' Do not weary of my urging thoughtfulness on you. Life is very solemn. You may so live that when you go all who know you will want to live as you lived, that they may

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children are sick children. Their inactivity and sober faces are not in keeping with robust childhood. They lack vitality and resistive power, and are very susceptible to colds and contagious diseases.

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rejoin you in the land you fitted yourself to live in while here; or you may so live that you will be utterly forgotten.

I am so deeply impressed these days with the majesty of law. You can by no means reverse law; the law of gravitation is sure, and so are God's laws. Take, for instance, 'Give and it shall be given unto you.' You cannot escape that law. If you are selfish, and will not give to others they will not give to you. I am sure some of you will associate these words with me always because I have said them so many times. 'Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,' but if I can only get you to see them and act upon them I shall be glad that I have said them so many times. I do so want you to have the harvest of joy roll in on you that rolls in on me these days even through this magazine. It is nothing to list one out of depression, as more than one has written to me this past month, or thanking me for some thought that I gave? Oh, how many times have I said:

"If a smile we can renew, As our journey we pursue; Oh! the good we may be doing While the days are going by."

Thy Father, My Father, Our Father.

I am so glad that I have Bibles which bear marks made a long way back in my life. I wish you would mark in your Bibles in the sixth chapter of St. Matthew, in the first verse, 'Your Father which is in Heaven.' Then in the fourth verse, 'thy Father'; then twice in the sixth verse, 'thy Father'; in the fourteenth verse, 'your Heavenly Father'; in the fifteenth verse again, 'your Father'; in the eighteenth verse again, 'thy Father,' and in the ninth verse are the words we said so long ago at mothers' knees—they may remember, we do not—'Our Father.'

Now, do we really believe that He is our Father, and that we are all the time giving to the Father, and that death means 'gone to the Father'? If we do we have the ideal life, and in such a life there is no death. I wish I could think the most of you know this life, but I cannot. I think very few of you have it. I think what Drummond says in one of the chapters in the book I want you to read is true: 'There is probably nothing in the world so disorderly and slipshod as personal spiritual experience; with most of us it is a thing without stability or permanence; it is changed by every trifle we meet, by each new mood or thought. It is a series of disconnected approaches to God; a disorderly succession of religious impulses, an irregularity of conduct, now on this principle, now on that; one day because we read something in a book; the next because it was contradicted in another; and when circumstances lead us really to examine ourselves, everything is indefinite, hazy, unsatisfactory, and all that we have for the Christian life are the shreds, perhaps, of the last few Sabbath's sermons and a few borrowed patches from other people's experiences. So we live in perpetual spiritual oscillation and confusion, and we are almost glad to let any friend or any book upset the most cherished thought we have.'

Why I Write About the Inner Life.

The reason I write so often about the inner life is because I know that it is the only life you will have very soon. A life of work will pass away. One thing I can take comfort in, and that is that my motive in writing to you as I do is to save you in hours which I know will come to you, when if you have not cultivated faith in God, you will be a disappointed being. It is no little thing to have God a reality to you. I dread for myself, and I dread for you, unreality; so if I say over and over, 'Now abideth faith, hope, love,' it is because I know that there is nothing else that will abide, and I do not want you to be lone-some. Others will give you what you need on other lines. Let me minister to your spiritual needs, and believe me,

every trial that can come to you of every kind is only to bring you to almost or quite a state of desperation that will make you cry out:

"Father, I stretch my hands to Thee, No other help I know."

The getting, the process of making what we say we believe a reality to us, will be something of great importance in your life and mine. Make up your mind that your education will be costly. The ideal life is what you want and what God wants, and never forget that the only real is the ideal.

Did you ever know a human love that was a revelation to you? Were you ever called by your name unexpectedly, and the tones of the voice that uttered the name penetrated to your inmost nature, and you knew in that moment that you were loved, and your whole soul went out to that one who loved you. Have you ever known this human love? I am not going to speak of all that came after. I am not having anything to do now with the disappointments of your life or of your love. (I only want to know if you have had the experience; if so, you are capable of having such an experience with One with whom there is no 'variableness.'

Our Own Names Should Be Sweet.

You must know the meaning of such words as 'I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine.' I mean you must hear this voice not with the outward ear maybe, but you must have the experience. There must come to you a sweetness in your own name which will make it a new name to you because He has called you by your name, and you must know that He loves you the same and in as satisfactory a way as ever human love was to you. I know this is saying much but it is the much you need. The need of your nature is a love that will satisfy.

Do you say, 'Has he so revealed Himself to you?' Yes, in His own way, so that it is satisfactory. I know by the revelation of the Spirit that He loves me; and it was the need with me and it is the need with you. 'How did you get it?' you ask. It came to me in the depths of hunger of soul or great loneliness of spirit when I felt that nothing, nothing could satisfy me but love—when I did not care where I should be, or what I should have, or what I should not have, if I only had a love that would satisfy me.

I desired it, and I think the real requisition is want, desire. On spiritual lines you get what you desire, but desire is a tremendous thing. The people who have known God are the people who have desired Him. Only think of the language of one of old, 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.' Only think of the poor animal in the chase panting for water, and that was the language the Psalmist of old used to illustrate his desire for God.

We Must Work While we Can.

We must do something and not stand idly by waiting for some great thing to do, but do some little thing, some little kindness—do something; not dream, but do.

Emerson says: 'We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds; the one thing in the world of value is the active soul. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. Bound, therefore, your own world.' I am feeling more earnestly perhaps, in regard to your coming to your heat and with a deeper longing to help you Godward than usual. Dear, dear Daughters, do give yourselves up to help. Help somebody; that is what we are here for, and there is a Holy Spirit whose name is 'Helper,' 'Comforter.' He will help you in your desire to help others if you will only reach out your hands to the poor and needy, the sick and the suffering—to all who need help and comfort.

MEMORIAL TO A BRITISH CONSUL.

Bronze Tablet to Commemorate the Services of Consul Ramsden at Santiago.

The secretary of the Navy has directed the casting of a bronze tablet to commemorate the services of the late Frederick W. Ramsden, her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Santiago, Cuba, as the representative of American interests there during the war with Spain. The tablet will be cast at the Washington Navy Yard. Secretary Long has decided that the tablet shall be erected in Santiago, and has written to Gen. Wood Wood, Governor of Cuba, for a suggestion as to the point where it should be placed. A replica of the tablet may be made for erection at the Naval Academy.

Mr. Ramsden became the representative of American interests in Santiago at the beginning of the war with Spain, under the arrangement, made with Great Britain to have her ministers and consuls care for the affairs of the United States in Spain and her Insular domains. When Constructor Hobson and the Merrimac crew were captured by the Spaniards, Mr. Ramsden insisted on his right to look out for their wel-



Say "No"

and stick to it, if a grocer urges you to take something "that's the same as" or "as good as" Pearline. A washing-powder sold by "substitution" is open to suspicion. Even if it costs a few cents less, will that pay you for the damage that may be done? If any one thing has been proved about Pearline, it's the fact that it is absolutely harmless. Isn't that enough to make you insist on Pearline.



fare, and besides furnishing them with such luxuries as he could secure, got the Spanish military authorities to remove them from the Morro, which was a shining mark for the gunners of Sampson's fleet, to a safer place in the town. Mr. Ramsden looked out not only for the interests of his own country and the United States, but for those of other nations. He was an active participant in the negotiations leading up to the surrender of Santiago. Owing to the privations of the siege Mr. Ramsden's health was undermined. He went to Jamaica shortly after the signing of the peace protocol, but too late to be benefited. His death occurred in that island.

MRS. BERRY'S CASE.

Story of a Common Mistake in Every Day Life.

Thought One Box of Dodd's Kidney Pills Would Cure Her—A Trouble of Eight Years' Standing—in the End Twelve Boxes Were Needed.

HALIFAX, N. S., APR. 23.—The story of Mrs. Berry's case, despatched recently from Bear River, Digby County, is the story of a common mistake the world over. Many people seem to think that because they are not cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills on the first dose, they are incurable. They give up so easily. It is no use expecting great results from half-hearted effort. Persistence and Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure you.

It is a mistake to expect to get cured of an ailment like chronic Kidney Disease in a hurry. Mrs. Berry, of Bear River, had kidney trouble for over eight years before she started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. Then on a friend's advice she bought a box. After taking that first box she was not cured. She had had that disease for eight years. But she left off taking Dodd's Kidney Pills because the first box didn't cure her.

Three years after, having tried other medicines in vain, she was still not cured. She was in fact so much worse that she could not dress or undress unaided, and couldn't sleep more than five minutes at a time through the night. She determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills again. Three years' experience had taught her that she must persevere to succeed, so this time she bought five boxes. When they were used she got seven more. Today she is as well as ever she was in her life. The lesson is that Dodd's Kidney Pills would have cured her the first time if she had persevered.

A SALUTE WASTED.

It Was Intended for the General but the Cook Received It.

The American flag ship Monongahela was anchored off the navy yard at Pensacola Bay in 186-, and admiral Farragut was then in command, and was on board. He had been busy the week before paying official calls on the mainland, and among those who had entertained him was General Canby. When, therefore, word was received that the general would visit the ship the next day, the admiral was determined to have everything ready to receive him in a style becoming his rank.

The old boat was scrubbed and holy-stoned from stem to stern, the bright work was given an extra rub, and things generally were put into the best of order. Captain Heywood, now brigadier general commandant of the marine corps, had a special inspection of his company of marine and not a spot of rust or a dull helmet spike escaped his notice. When night closed in, darkness settled down over a very clean ship and a very tired ship's company.

Bright and early the next morning the admiral's launch was sent off to bring the general aboard. At the last moment it was discovered that there was no fruit for luncheon, and Pompey, the admiral's cook was sent in the dingy to get some.

Pompey was a character in his way, and had been with the admiral for many years. He was very proud of what he called his military bearing, and wore his beard carefully trimmed to a point. His hair and beard were nearly white, and although he was sixty years old, he ruled the other negroes with a rod of iron.

By ten o'clock every one was standing by in full dress, when the quartermaster came aft and reported that the admiral's launch was returning.

The officer of the deck walked to the rail and took a squint at the boat through his glasses. A man clad in blue uniform was seated in the admiral's cane chair in

the stern, but the gunwale struck him just below the shoulder and the awning hid his head, the officer of the deck was not certain that it was General Canby until, as the wind lifted the edge of the awning, he caught a glimpse of a gray beard.

Word was passed that the general was coming off. The crew were beat to quarters the marine guard paraded, and the gun squad, detailed to fire the salute, took their stations.

Everything was in readiness, and the admiral and his staff stood at the head of the gangway to receive the guest. A hush of expectancy settled over the ship.

The boat drew nearer. Just as the launch scraped alongside, boom! boom! came the salute from the guns.

'Present arms!' came the command to the guard, and at a sign from the flag officer the band struck up 'Hail to the Chief.'

Amid all this military pomp and splendor the occupant of the launch was slowly clambering out, feet foremost, and just as the last gun was fired he stood erect at the top of the gangway.

Merciful heavens! It was Pompey, with a bag of fruit in each hand!

Confusion! The honors intended for a general had been rendered a negro cook! As the situation dawned on the men, even discipline could not check a general shout of laughter. The old admiral himself laughed until he could laugh no more.

It seemed that in some way the dingy had gone off and left the old negro, and that he had managed to convince the coxswain that 'Marse Farragut was jes' bound to have dat fruit befo' the general came.'

Pompey wanted to land at the port gangway, but the coxswain insisted that the admiral's launch never went to the port side, and that the old man would have to land on the starboard side, aft.

Had the awning been a little higher, the mistake in identification would not have occurred. As things were, no one could be blamed, and the affair was treated as a joke, while Pompey was nicknamed the 'General.'

When, an hour later, General Canby did come off, he was received with all due ceremony, and on being told the story, laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks, and demanded to see the man who had stolen his salute.

Easy Company.

Frenchmen are born diplomats, yet in a free and unguarded moment even one of that tactful race will sometimes speak his mind without a tinge of flattery.

Such an unguarded speech is recorded of a young Frenchman who, during a visit in London, was taken to see Madame Tussaud's famous waxworks.

'What do you think of them?' asked the friend who was acting as guide on that occasion.

'Oh,' said the young man, with a slight shrug, 'they seem to me very like the people at an ordinary English party, only perhaps a little stiffer.'

ADAMSON'S BOTANICAL BALM.

It is compounded of the best concentrated extracts of barks, roots and gums in the world. It is a safe and reliable medicine, pleasant to the taste and cures coughs, colds, asthma and croup. You can find it at all drug stores. 25c. all Druggists.

Rewards of Fame.

The Chicago Tribune intimates that, even if 'republican are ungrateful,' our great men are not forgotten.

'Still,' said the old friend who had called to converse with the venerable sage, 'in your advancing age it must be a comfort to know your fame is secure.'

'Yes,' replied the aged scientist, 'I am told there is a new disease and a five-cent cigar named for me.'

Tourist—What a statue of justice with out scales? Kentuckian—Yes, suh.

Tourist—What is she going to hold as a symbolism? Kentuckian—A mint julep in one hand, suh, and a gun in the other, suh.

'Mister!' pleaded the wharf loafer 'won't you open your heart and give an old man a chew of tobacco?' 'No, snapped the well dressed man, 'you must think I have a tobacco heart.'

She rings up the great department store. 'Have you anything fresh in Easter lays?' 'Voice at the phone—Yes'm. Eggs or songs?'

And Tumors cured to say cured, at home; no knife, no pain. Canadian testimonials & 150-page write Dept. 11, Mason's Menstrual Balm, 100-1000, Toronto, Ontario.

The Case of the Sailor.

A Plea for Justice for the Crews of Deep Water Ships—
Why Seamen Submit to Abuse That Landmen Would
Resent—Remedies Suggested.

An unsigned book review, treating of Alexander J. Boyd's "The Shellback," contains the following:

"There is at all events this to be said for the officers of a deep water ship: They are very commonly under the absolute necessity of awing into subjection ruffianly crews of potential mutineers who outnumber them twenty to one; and if they resort to rough measures it is fair to presume that they do so quite as much from a knowledge of the men they have to deal with as from mere wanton cruelty.

The writer of this says a few other things to the same effect and of no account beyond the labored correctness of his style. This correctness, his cocksureness and his habit would indicate that he is young and a student of W. Clark Russell, if so the years will probably bring him punishment, tutelage and wisdom, and what follows here is in no sense an answer to him; only as the paragraph quoted above crystal lizes a very common and popular opinion of sailormen it is used as a text for this argument—and flatly denied to begin with.

The deep water sailor does not outnumber his officers twenty to one, or is he a "potential mutineer." With twenty men before the mast there are at the other end of the ship a captain, two or three mates, a steward and cabin boy, and as allies from the forward end, one or two boatswains, a cook and a carpenter—the last very handy with a broadaxe. Here at the most, are ten men to awe "potential mutineers," at the least, six. There are arms enough in the cabin—aside from the broadaxe mentioned—to equip this police force, while the sailors have none, and are seldom allowed to carry sheath knives. As testimony to the efficiency of the system and the safety of the afterguard, at sea with a large number of men in the fore-castle, consider the few cases of mutiny, or even mild insubordination, that have occurred in American ships in the past generation. The deep water sailor is the last man on earth to wish mutiny. He is a rough, ignorant, hard working man, with large endurance, and never having received his share of good treatment, his patience goes hand in hand with his endurance, and his respect for authority is a matter of faith.

Mutineers can be drawn from the rest of humanity, but not from trained sailors. It is safe to predict that if an American ship put out from a New York dock with a crew of landmen, gathered from any grade in life, there would take place this side of Sandy Hook one of the liveliest mutinies ever imagined. It would be based upon the common self respect and sense of injury displayed by tormented kittens, spanked babies, bisected angle worms and other units of organic life in the presence of wrong—which is all but trained out of the soul of the able seaman. He will resent an injury on shore but at sea, while willing to risk his life daily for the good of the ship he will submit tamely to insult and cruelty that would goad the average landman to murder.

There is something strange in the apathetic submission to wrong of a man with muscles of steel and courage above the average—something incomprehensible from the ordinary viewpoint, and only plain to him who has worked before the mast long enough to become imbued with the ethics of his calling. The sailor really suffers from diverted development; his pride in himself as a seaman. He is prouder of his ability to do as he is told—to perform an almost impossible and useless task at the behest of an officer—than he would be of his ability to thraab the officer. Many a man goes to what he knows is his death—over the side in a gale, out forward on a sprung jibboom, or aloft to a rotten and stranded foot rope—from pure inability to realize that he has a human right to his life. In him the first law of nature is subverted; preservation of life stands second to preservation of property.

Such a man should be protected. True, we require the same self-sacrifice and abnegation from soldiers, policemen and firemen, and enact little legislation for their benefit; but living on shore, as they do, they are able to take reasonably good care of themselves from their more intimate acquaintance with common law and the limitations of their fellow men. The sailor ignorant of the world, and of men, and of his own rights, is the subject of more legis-

lation than is any other craftsman, but most of this treats of his duties to his superiors, and the punishments to be dealt him for insolence, insubordination, desertion, smuggling, mutiny, murder and such crimes, while the little that is enacted for his benefit has usually been twisted so as to work to his harm; for instance, the law requiring advance wages or allotment of wages as it now stands, which ostensibly procures him an outfit of clothing to go to sea with, has for generations kept him in the power of the boarding masters, or crimps.

Again, deeming it a hardship for a sailor to be paid off at a foreign port, far from home, some wisacres, now dead, once passed a law that he be brought back to an American port of discharge. This compact was of necessity binding upon the sailor as well; he could not leave his ship in a foreign port without incurring the penalties of desertion, loss of money due and effects left behind, as well as imprisonment if caught. So in foreign ports where men are plenty and wages low, the sailor who has a goodly sum due him and would like to stay by his ship, finish the voyage and be paid off with his own, is first refused shore leave, then hunted, hounded, and hit with fists and clubs, until he is glad to desert to preserve the wholeness of his skin—which is just what the captain wants him to do; for the back wages and clothing left behind are forfeit to the owners, and a man can be shipped in his place at a lower rate of pay. Yet in the face of this distinct advantage to the captain, he will often appeal to the local authorities, put that recreant sailor in jail for desertion, and go to sea without him.

But these two statutes merely conduce to robbery—of his money and of his liberty, and, strange as it may seem, considering

that his pay seldom rises above \$18 a month, it is the least of his troubles, for he rarely enjoys the luxury of spending his own money, and most jails are as roomy as a ship at sea. It is his treatment on board ship—treatment that robs him of his common humanity and wears out his soul—which troubles him most, and at rare intervals brings him into court as a futile complainant. Futile because he is not successful in a legal hunt for redress so long as Judges, Consuls and Commissioners will put him in jail as a witness while they permit the captain or mate to furnish bail, which amount to a license to go to sea. All the laws which may be passed by intelligent lawmakers will not help the sailor unless some means can be devised to compel the instant trial of an accused captain or officer, for the sailor has neither time or money. He must go to sea to live.

Can any such incentive to official honesty be found and employed? There are those, knowing of the horrors of the American "hell ship," who say that the matter will be adjusted when this country needs sailors to man her growing navy, that then wide awake to the necessity of nourishing and protecting a reserve to draw upon, an aroused and anxious populace will rise up in all the force of its oft quoted "public sentiment" and insist upon justice to the merchant sailor.

No such exigency will occur, unless we go back to the old type of wooden men-of-war. For as raw material for the flating machine shops which we call warships, the merchant sailor has but two points of advantage over carpenters, machinists, clerks and other wage earners, his immunity from seasickness and his ability to handle an oar.

Other observers are willing to leave the matter to Providence, saying that the wrongs of the sailor are only a part of the general social and labor problems, and must be left to work themselves out. Exactly, but social evolution comes only of human effort and until the two statutes mentioned above—those relating to discharge in foreign ports, and to allotment of wages—are repealed, the sailor will be robbed by the crimp on shore and by the captain and owner at sea.

Yet such repeal will in no wise effect a mitigation of his treatment at the hands of brutal skippers and mates. He will still be cursed, beaten and worked, up to his ex-

EVERY WOMAN IN AMERICA

should take advantage of this opportunity to obtain a copy of Mrs. Richard's latest book, "Woman in Health and Disease." This book contains over 200 pages of instructive reading matter, is profusely illustrated and is the crowning life work of a woman whose life and labors have been devoted to the study and treatment of ailments peculiar to her sex and to the education of women on a subject which unfortunately has been shamefully neglected. It is her richest legacy to woman-kind. Mrs. Richard wants every woman to possess a copy of this book and will send it FREE of charge to all who send 10 cts. silver or stamp, to cover cost of mailing. This special offer is good for a short time only.

Mrs. J. G. RICHARD, Montreal, P. A. B. M.

treame limits of endurance until his average life of twelve years at sea expiring, he will find rest and immunity in a weighted canvas shroud. And for this state of affairs, in view of the laxity of official action and the present painful estimate placed upon sailors by a Russell taught public, there is no remedy in this generation. As long as the public believes that the harmful, inoffensive, hard working merchant sailor is a "potential mutineer, a scoundrel seeking opportunity to mutiny and murder, to burn sink and destroy," just so long will it be safe for a Consul, a commissioner or a Justice of the Peace to give him full benefit of the laws designed to punish, while denying him the benefit of those framed to protect him.

But there are such laws and they have been on the statute books for years. But what good have they done? How many captains and mates have been hanged, or even imprisoned, within the memory of any reader of this, for the murder of a sailor at sea? The Coast Seaman's Journal of San Francisco has published a list of crimes at sea covering a period of ten years—from 1888 to 1898—in a pamphlet entitled "The Red Record." "The Black Record" would be a fitter name; for a blacker shame does not rest upon this Republic. In these ten years ninety-two cases were tried in the courts of our large seaports, and only seven convictions resulted. Fifteen of this list were cases of murder. Only one of the seven convictions showed a result that looked in any way hopeful for the sailor; First Ma's Smith of the ship Benjamin Sewall, who persecuted a sailor until he committed suicide, was sentenced to Fort Townsend, Wash., to a year's imprisonment and to a fine of \$1,000 and costs. Yet

the maximum penalty for this man's crime is five years' imprisonment and an equal fine. Where were the extenuating circumstances which mitigated his offense? He was not convicted of murder; yet, is deliberate murder, punishable by death, worse than the driving of a man to suicide?

In the other eighty-five cases the accused captains and officers were either "exonerated" or acquitted on the ground of lack of evidence, "justifiable discipline," or because "no official charge has been made. And yet this horrid list of torture and death contains only recorded cases. How much of unrecorded, uncomplained-of-murder and assault has occurred in that ten years?

There are people so constituted mentally that if this bare record of crime were placed before them to read and digest, they could not bring themselves to believe it, because it lacks the "local color" generally given to accounts of crime in the news papers. To such is recommended Paul Eve Stevenson's book, "By Way of Cape Horn." It is a journal written from day to day, on a voyage with his wife during the summer of 1897, around the Horn from New York to San Francisco, is one of the finest American ships afloat. It is written well, and it rivals the Red Record in realism.

On Feb. 20, 1899, a new seamen's law went into effect, which contains a very few good and quite a number of insane and ridiculous provisions—some of the latter contradicting and annulling each other. Allotment of wages is reduced from four payments of \$10 each to one payment of a month's wages. This lessens the amount that the crimp can obtain when a sailor signs from his boarding house, and this provision can only be improved upon by abolishing allotment altogether.

In place of the meagre ration allowed by the former law which was generally superseded by a "full and plenty" allowance at "master's option," which privilege was always inserted and signed to, in the shipping articles, of food, insufficient in quantity and quality, to nourish a small-sized dog, there has been substituted a scale of provisions surprising in its variety and generosity. If properly cooked, this list would run an ordinary boarding house, and it is difficult to conceive how owners will evade this scale. Coffee is prescribed in the "green berry," with sugar enough to sweeten it. This eliminates the bootleg decoction heretofore served to sailors. Water is still limited to four quarts a day, which is not enough, in hot weather, of this cheapest of earthly constituents; but in view of the splendid square meals (provided the cook is a cook) now coming to a class of starved and soury tainted men, who would take exception to one item? The lawmakers who compiled this list must have done so before dinner, when empty stomachs enlivened their imagination. But they could not have been, and in all probability they were not, very thirsty. Good luck to them! May they never be thirsty!

Men can no longer be imprisoned in an American port for quitting their berths, the penalty is merely loss of clothes and wages due. In foreign ports the imprisonment is lessened from three months to one—a distinct improvement, which can still be improved upon.

All forms of corporal punishment are abolished, which means that it is no longer lawful to punish a man with cat-o-nine tails, fusts, belaying pins or capstan bars. But where is the skipper or mate going to sea to day who will concern himself with this restriction, even though another provision of the law makes the captain liable in civil damages for permitting the escape of an officer who anticipates complaint and arrest. They will say, as they have said for generations, "To hades with the law," and will go bravely on, confident of official sanction and sympathy, in the pleasant work of man crippling and killing.

Just after the going into force of this law the ships Governor Robie and State of Maine sailed from New York for Hong Kong. Their crews are now filtering back by transport and tramp steamer with tales of bloody horror equal to any in "The Red Record" or in Paul Eve Stevenson's book. There were scratch crews of landmen; and they fought back; and the stories make humorous reading for the casual reader of the news.

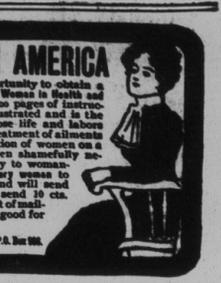
But why did not the Hong Kong Consul who was appealed to enforce the new law? There is not space for the answer.

After this rather pessimistic view of the power of the law, it is only fair to the reader to give what the writer believes to be the only remedy for brutality on board American ships in each seaport, where boys may be trained in the duties of seamen and officers, without becoming brutalized.

By this means, and by no other, may the American ship cease to be a disgrace to a free country and a blot upon civilization.



IT MAY BE FOR YEARS.



Chat of the Boudoir.

If spring has been backward this year in the matter of budding trees and flowers, it has been prompt as usual in opening the budget of new silks, muslins, laces, and all manner of filmy fluff things to wear. The new hats are here also. They come in tulle, crinoline and chiffon, and also in straw as delicate as any of the three materials mentioned. There is an inclination in Paris to turn the rather broad shapes straight up in front of the face, but this is not by any means to be universally followed, as the brim dipping down in front or raised at the side is quite as popular and much more becoming to many faces. Most of the brims are pressed down closely to the head at the back giving that short cut-off appearance at the sides which is so essential. It is to be thankfully noted that the artistic simplicity in trimming is much in vogue. Crowns of leaves and brims of flower form the decoration of the daintiest toques, and one of the very newest millinery items is presented in dyed skeleton leaves lightly stitched over with sequins. These are used in place of the abused quill.

The ubiquitous bolero may be seen in all materials, in all shapes, and trimmed in all imaginable ways, or plain. In short, it seems to be one of the indispensable features of dress for all occasions. The black taffeta bolero, which is for the moment so popular, may be superseded on account of its common use by those of other materials. One new bolero is of black velvet, trimmed with applications of satin and jet embroidery. The wide revers and the facing of the collar are of white satin, black lace and rows of black velvet ribbon. Another short coat which may be made of black or white satin is lined with soft Marie Antoinette silk and has revers, seams, collar and cuffs overlaid with lace or heavily stitched. A fetching bolero is made of pale gray cloth, serge or linen, stitched all over and ornamented with gilded or painted porcelain buttons. These little coats are fastened at just one point in front with a strap or one big button.

Simple but smart frocks are made of home spun in cream color and the pale shades of pink, blue and mastic. Pale blue is to be a most popular color in all materials. A tailor gown of pale blue cloth is set off with little touches of black velvet and dainty embroidery. By the way, these touches of embroidery must be on every gown, no matter what the fabric, and the embroidery is of every description, including threads of silk, chenille and chiffon, sequins and gold thread. Many varieties of the embroideries so used are oriental transparent fabrics.

Costumes of foulard and voile and certainly all of the thinner materials are being made rather full around the hips, a style which suits soft fabrics best. Foulard and linen will be combined, and a feature of the best foulard gowns is the very large chou with long ends of mousseline de soie or crepe de chine coming from the centre of the bust. This central chou of mousseline de soie or lace will be used onlinen or cambric gowns as well. Crepe de chine in many exquisite shades is to be used extensively, and even barbaric in effect. The new foulards are beautiful indeed. The delicate pastel colorings in pink, pale blue, pale green and mauve serve as groundwork for the design in white, which is decided without being startling. A charming costume is of blue figured foulard and the Louis XIII tunic with shawl revers. The tunic opens over a petticoat of worked white silk. The neck and waist bands are of black velvet. Voiles come in the darker shades of red and emerald green. Dark colors are very attractive in such fine, and one graceful frock is in wedgewood blue, set off with insertions of silk spangled Louis XVI shades. The skirt is slightly gathered, and the bodice tucked and swathed.

The delightful convenient blouse shows no sign of waning popularity, and, on the contrary, grows more dainty, more elaborate, more necessary every season. Soft silk, batiste lace and Venetian satin and tulle materials used for fluffy blouses, white brocades, satins and handsome encrustations of passementeries are employed for these which are more elaborate. One new model blouse is of soft heavenly blue silk tucked, with a waistcoat applique of ecru guipure and tucked ecru mousseline. Another of corn color taffeta has a collar epaulets and little cuffs of white linen adorned with appliques of black velvet embroidered over with blue cream silk cords. Another blouse of palest blue silk has a muslin and lace chemisette and undersleeves. It has also an applique of corn colored silk, embroidered with white silk cord and black silk thread. An unusually pretty handkerchief blouse is of white silk spotted with black and bordered with rich Oriental coloring and an effective broad black edge. Two of the most charming details for waists with which fashion has presented women this year the dainty and feminine muslin undersleeve and the little hemstitched handkerchief revers of tinted muslin set in the narrowest tucks. This tinted muslin is much softer and also more becoming to the face than even lace. It is impossible now to buy these muslin accessories ready made, so the clever and enterprising needlewoman may have a season's enjoyment be fore they are popularly worn.

Charming costumes for girls from 4 to 16 thoroughly suitable on account of their freshness and simplicity, are made of tulle in pastel shade of pink, blue and green. These are usually made in smart little tailor suits of coat and shirt. The coats for girls should delight a mother's eyes, since they are comfortable, simple and elegant.

Silk waists dotted all over with fine beads sewn on at regular intervals as if they were pin spots, are one of the Parisian fancies, and with these is worn a collar band pointing down below the accustomed neck line in front and closely beaded all over.

Veils with velvet spots have been the reigning fashion for some time, but the novel feature which distinguishes them now is that you can select your plain net, choose the size and number of spots most becoming, and have them put on to order as far apart or near together as you like. Fancy a pretty woman standing before the mirror arranging the becoming position of the spots on her veil while the girl behind the counter sews in little threads to mark the places, and you will have a new edition of the vanity of vanities but the result fully justifies the means.

Neckties made of silk in the form of batwings are one of the many novelties in neckwear, pastel colorings being the choice.

Shirring is very much in evidence on the new thin gowns. Skirts are shirred around the top, sleeves from the shoulder to the elbow, and usually there is a shirred yoke to match.

Crepe de chine was the favorite material for court dresses worn at the Queen's Drawing Room.

Green Egyptian beetles are one of the fads in hat pins.

Gold braid which is the real thing gives a very chic touch to many of the new gowns. It is only a touch at the belt and wrists, however, and very artistically arranged with black velvet on a soft pale color.

Long silk and satin coats in colors as well as black, are such an evident element of fashion that there must be some reason for their appearance. No doubt the elegant followers of the mode will find them useful at the races, and the watering places later on. A dark tan shade of satin forms one model which is made in lengthwise and short cross bands on a dotted white net all above the knee. Below this point the skirt is of plain satin. The long bands are set in to give a good line to the figure and the short ones fill in between. Flowered panette ribbon is used for a loose lining or a second revers, and extends all

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

THE BOERS AS ST. HELENA.

Quarters Occupied by Groujo's Soldiers on the Little Volcanic Island. On Sunday last the Boer prisoners were landed at Jamestown, on the north side of St. Helena. It was undoubtedly a great event for the people living on that isolated rock. They seldom see strangers now. Before the Suez Canal was built Jamestown was of great importance as a coaling and supply station, but now it is far off the route of vessels. If it were not for an occasional whaler which drops into port for a fresh supply of water and provisions the island would be almost abandoned by the world.

Thirty years ago there were over 6,000 people living on the island; but many hundreds of them, failing to earn a living there have gone to Cape Colony, and when the Boers landed on Sunday they increased the population fully one-third. So large an influx has never been seen before.

When the prisoners entered the harbor they saw a little town, only a quarter of a mile wide and less than a mile in length, squeezed into a narrow valley between two hills that rise to a height of about six hundred feet on either side. The hill on the west slopes steeply to the town and a flight of nearly seven hundred steps, cut in the face of the rock, leads to the flat plateau above. This eminence is known as Ladder Hill on account of the flight of stone steps. The plateau is three quarters of a mile wide near the sea and narrows as it penetrates the mountains on either side. The seaward part of it is covered with military buildings and the plateau is known as Deadwood Plain. This is where the Boers were sent into camp on St. Helena.

Jamestown lies at their feet on the east and in front they have a beautiful view of the sea from a point of vantage 600 feet above the ocean. All the year round the southeast trades blow steadily, but the hill range through the centre of the island shelters the prisoners from the winds, which are sometimes violent, though always warm. They have arrived, however, in the early days of the austral winter, and are probably witnessing a larger rainfall now than they ever saw before. The heaviest rains, however, will soon pass, and as far as weather and climate are concerned, the prisoners could hardly wish for a more agreeable abiding place.

Looking directly east across the hills and the intervening valleys the Boers may perhaps be able to catch a glimpse of Longwood, three and a half miles from their camp, which is famous as the home in which Napoleon, prisoner of England, passed the last six years of his life. Longwood stands on another plateau, extending nearly to the sea on the east and with two or three long arms running up into the mountains. It was on this nearly flat plateau that Napoleon took his daily strolls enjoying in some sort, the period of calm that succeeded the long years of war and political convulsion in which he was commanding figure. If the Boers are permitted to stroll inland as far as the plateau they occupy extends, they will be within two miles of Longwood and a mile and a half from the Valley of the Tomb, where Napoleon's body reposed under a clump of willows until it was removed to Paris in 1840; and now it rests under the dome of the Invalids. From Deadwood Plain, however, it is not likely that the lower portion of the Valley of the Tomb can be seen and so the willows under which the great Corsican was buried are hidden from view.

From the Boer camp there is no road leading to Longwood or the famous valley near it, but to reach the spot where Napoleon spent his last years it is necessary to climb Rupert's Hill by the steep road which surmounts it on the east side of Jamestown and leads to the valley and the little house where Napoleon lived and died. It has never been thought worth while to

Stop the Pain but Destroy the Stomach. This is sadly too often the case. So many nostrums purporting to cure, because they are so loaded with injurious drugs and narcotics, in the end do the patient immensely more harm than good and in many cases so destroy the digestive organs that a cure is impossible. Dr. Von Stear's Pineapple Tablets are a purely vegetable pepsin preparation, as harmless as milk. One after eating prevents any disorder of the digestive organs. 60 in a box, 35 cents.

d wa the front on each side. It also plate in at the back, lining the high collar. Dull silver buttons are the fastening.

Mohair in both dark and light shades is very much used this season. Stylish travelling gowns are made of it, pretty afternoon dresses in the light colors sometimes striped with white, and for skirts to wear with light waists it is very desirable.

Belts are either very wide or very narrow, no medium widths being admissible if you would be up to date.

THE BOERS AS ST. HELENA.

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, AND 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. H. M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK, Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe. Household Linens From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD. Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-cover loom goods. Irish Linen: Real Irish Linen Sheetings, fully bleached, two yards wide, 46cts. per yard; 2 1/2 yards wide, 47cts. per yard; 3 yards wide, 48cts. per yard; 3 1/2 yards wide, 49cts. per yard; 4 yards wide, 50cts. per yard; 4 1/2 yards wide, 51cts. per yard; 5 yards wide, 52cts. per yard; 5 1/2 yards wide, 53cts. per yard; 6 yards wide, 54cts. per yard; 6 1/2 yards wide, 55cts. per yard; 7 yards wide, 56cts. per yard; 7 1/2 yards wide, 57cts. per yard; 8 yards wide, 58cts. per yard; 8 1/2 yards wide, 59cts. per yard; 9 yards wide, 60cts. per yard; 9 1/2 yards wide, 61cts. per yard; 10 yards wide, 62cts. per yard; 10 1/2 yards wide, 63cts. per yard; 11 yards wide, 64cts. per yard; 11 1/2 yards wide, 65cts. per yard; 12 yards wide, 66cts. per yard; 12 1/2 yards wide, 67cts. per yard; 13 yards wide, 68cts. per yard; 13 1/2 yards wide, 69cts. per yard; 14 yards wide, 70cts. per yard; 14 1/2 yards wide, 71cts. per yard; 15 yards wide, 72cts. per yard; 15 1/2 yards wide, 73cts. per yard; 16 yards wide, 74cts. per yard; 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Bill Blake and the B'ar.

A quarter of a century ago, when the valleys and bottomlands of Pennsylvania were decked in the abundant growth of timber which was Nature's heritage, any self-respecting log jobber, if his attention had been directed to the desolate Kettle Creek region, would have turned up his nose disdainfully and passed on to greener fields.

One of those nights came about a month ago. The panthers and wildcats yelled more furiously, it seemed, than they had done before during the winter, and added to their wailing was the voice of the north wind as it tossed the snow against the weather-beaten sides of the shanty.

It was Blake who, on a cold winter's night ten years ago, entered a 'dive' in the 'Pig's Ear' district of Potter county and, with a revolver in each hand, forced the landlord and guests out into the street.

'Say Bill,' said one of the woodsmen, 'what tarnation causedness ever possessed you to leave the good job you had in the Slate Run camp last fall and come up to this pesky hole?'

Bill Blake puffed comparatively at his pipe for a moment, after which he said:

'Well, mebbly I had a purty good reason, if I wanted to tell.'

Then he laughed quietly. Nobody spoke, and when Bill had finally gone over the details in his own mind, he continued:

'You see I'd never gone to the Slate Run job in the first place, but for one thing. Down at the city, where I had a lovely suit as coachman for a rich lady I got knocked out in a love affair. You needn't grin, Shorty. I kept myself purty spick-an-span on that job, an' if I do say it, they wa'n't many han'somer ribbon slingers drivin' down the pike. Wall, who the gal was don't matter, an' it hain't no one's business who the dude was 'at cut me out. I only mention the incident for the sake of explainin' why it was 'at I ever went back to the lumber business at all.'

'You see, everything went sort o' contrary with me in town after that. I got sick of the whole business, and all the time while I was drivin' them spankin' hosses through the streets my mind would keep runnin' back to the camp life, while I knowed they wa'n't like to be no dudes nor no gals to play hide-and-go-seek with a feller's heart. So back I goes to the old Slate Run job, where I was well known an' only had to whistle to get work.'

'Wall, the very first night I spent in the camp I made up my mind it wasn't no use for me to try to get away from the gals. Right in the camp there was two as purty gals as you'd care to see—nieces of the boss's wife, I guess, a visitin' thar, they told me for their health. I found out afore I was in the camp very long 'at they was a little too healthy for that 'p'ace as it was, an' you'll see purty soon what made me think so.

RHEUMATIC! YOUR CURE IS ABSOLUTE!

When the Wall between Suffering and Health Seems Impregnable, South American Rheumatic Cure Comes to the Sufferer's Relief--"Shells" the Stronghold of Disease.

Drives out the Hostile Forces--Breaks the Shackles of Rheumatism's Prisoner--and Guarantees Him Perpetual Liberty.

This Great Remedy is Invincible--Gives Relief in a Few Hours and a Cure in from One to Three Days.

Of all the tortures that disease can inflict upon man perhaps there are none more agonizing than Rheumatism, and its kindred ailments, such as Gout, Lumbago, Neuralgia and Sciatica--and these are no respecters of persons--they attack the old and the young alike.

The active, irritating cause of Rheumatism in all its phases is Uric Acid, a poison that collects in the blood. It is the waste or effete matters of the system, which, from various causes, are not carried away through the natural channels; the joints and muscles become affected; they swell, stiffen and inflame; and the pain and torture of it none can describe but those who have passed through the ordeal of suffering that Rheumatism entails.

In its more acute and inflammatory form it oft times attacks vital parts, such as the heart, and on the evidence of expert testi-

mony it is believed that many cases of sudden death that are today diagnosed as heart failure have really been caused by Rheumatism of the Heart, and it behooves rheumatism sufferers not to dally with so powerful and relentless a foe. It is a relentless disease, but so common that in many cases the suffering is born unheeded when the patient may be within a step of death.

South American Rheumatic Cure is no respecter of cases. It is a never failing specific--a panacea for rheumatic sufferers--it enters quickly into the circulation; it drives out the foreign and irritating matter; it starts in at its work of purification, and in a trice its healing power is felt, and as if by magic, pains disappear, joints are reduced to the normal, natural size, stiffness of the muscles makes way to suppleness, and where was a few hours or days at most, all suffering and all torture, is the calm of peace that comes after the great struggle. South American Rheu-

matic Cure has a thousand times made the erstwhile sufferer discredit that "the days of miracles are past."

The most obstinate, obdurate, acute and chronic forms of rheumatism have been absolutely cured in from one to three days. The remedy is simple and harmless, and leaves no bad after effects. Here's the testimony of one who ought to know its real worth:

Mrs. E. Eisner, a professional nurse, 92 Cornwallis street, Halifax, N. S., sufferer from Rheumatism, and while in my profession I met and consulted many prominent physicians as to my case; none of them gave me any treatment that was permanent. I tried many remedies which claimed to be cures, with the same results. I noted the almost magic relief which came to a patient of mine in using South American Rheumatic Cure and I decided to try it on myself, and I proclaim it here and now a great remedy, the only thing that I ever took that did my rheumatism any noticeable good. When I had completed taking the second bottle I was free from all pain, and although this is some three or four years ago, I have not had the slightest return of it. I do strongly recommend it.

South American Kidney Cure is a searching remedy--it cures permanently and quickly all bladder and kidney ailments. Relieves in six hours.

South American Nerveine is a health builder--it acts directly on the nerve centres--good for the stomach--side digestion--gives tone to the nervous system--richness to the blood. Sold by E. C. Brown.

'The damsels started right in by flirtin' with me, an' they were so winsome 'at I forgot all about the city gal right away. I met 'em half way in the flirtin' game an' it seemed to me 'at I was in clover. The other fellers was all gettin' jealous of the way the gals was shinin' 'round me; but it wasn't exactly my fault if they wa'n't in it, so I didn't bother about that. Wall, things went on lovely for about a week, an' one night the gals says to me, they says: 'Let's go along down an' get some apples.'

'Now the o'chard was quite a ways below the camp an' it was closed in by a big board fence about six feet high. Of course I went. We had a jolly time goin' toward the o'chard an' the gals seemed more lovin' to me than ever. When we got thar an' I seed the high fence I wanted to help the gals over, but they says: 'No, you go just an' then we'll faller.' So of course I went, I put a board up to the fence an' clumb over an' then waited to ketch the gals. Wall, it must have been a minute I waited thar an' I didn't hear a sound from the other side.

'Yes,' says I to myself, 'I see what they're at; they don't want me to help 'em over after all.' Then I says out loud, sort o' pleasant like: 'O, I thought you'd change your minds, purty dearies!' But they wa'n't no answer, an' I begins to get kinder mad. I was jest startin' to look over the fence an' see what was the matter when I heard a growl behind me an' turned 'round quick. Lands o' rattlesnakes, boys, what a sight met my eyes! Thar was a big, ugly-lookin' cinnamon b'ar standin' under an apple tree an' a-lookin' right at me. Well, I bet these beautiful locks of mine stood on end like porcupine quills. They wa'n't no use feelin' for a gun, 'cause I knowed I didn't have any, not even a jacknife or weapon of no kind. It was a leetle hotter proposition then I wanted to tackle jest then, so I bade Mr. Bruin a hasty farewell an' made for the fence.

'But now, boys, come the trouble in earnest. It was an easy enough matter to get over that fence, but when it come to gettin' back, why that was a different thing. I see I couldn't do it nohow an' so I jest stood an' turned my back to the fence an' waited. Bruin was within three feet of me then an' he riz up onto his hind feet an' stood thar movin' his head about in a threatenin' manner an' motionin' at me with his big ugly paws. The moon was shinin' out bright an' clear above us an' as he stood thar between me an' it he was one of the skeery-lookin' sights I ever seen. He didn't appear to be nervous or discontented in the least an' I made up my mind I wouldn't be nervous either. So lookin' straight into his face and reckonin' the distance I picked out a spot on the big fel-lows under jaw an' give him such a kick with my big cowhide boot 'at he yelled with pain.

'You can bet I didn't want to see the result, but I jest took it across that o'chard as if the devil was at my heels, Lordy boy my feet did waltz the ground! At last I seen a hole in the fence whar a board was gone, and at if I went, I reached it all right an' was jest about half way through, when I heard a shufflin' an' pantin' behind me 'at made my blood freeze up in knotty leetle lumps. Boys, did you ever know a b'ar could hunt? Wall, I have had the fact drilled into me in a purty forcible way, for what knocked me through the fence at such a lively gait that night was nothin' more or less than that b'ar's head. I was knocked into a heap on the outside of the fence an' thar I laid, huggin' the ground an' shiverin' an' expectin' every second to find Bruin on top of me.

'I don't know how long it was 'fore I dared raise my head an' look round, but when I din they wa'n't no b'ar in sight! I made up my mind afterwards 'at Bruin was jest as anxious to get outside o' the fence as I was. He must have gone in through that very hole in the fence an' was probably puttin' in his best licks to get out again 'fore I could give him another kick. When I got to the hole ahead of him of course he couldn't very well do anything else than knock me out o' the way.

'Wall, I was purty sore when I got back to the camp, but I didn't say nothin' about that, an' the gals put up a nice leetle story, tellin' me how when they seen the b'ar they was so skeert they couldn't say nothin' an' jest ran back to the house. I took in everything they said, an' the next night when they set me if I wanted to go 'long down with 'em an' explore the old mine. I was jest tickled to death to get the chance. We took an old minin' lamp with us an' when we got thar I started in ahead carryin' the light. The old drift hadn't been worked for years an' dirty water was drip pin' from the roof an' coverin' my best coat as I groped my way in, never doubtin' that the gals would follow. I had only got a dozen feet or so, an' was gettin on all right when I stumbled over somethin' an' went sprawlin'. The light went out in the flurry an' the first thing I knowed they was a deep growl 'at echoed through the mine an' somethin' had a hold of me by the boot leg.

'It was pitch dark in the hole, but a flood of moonlight to one side told me whar the openin' was. With an awful effort I jerked my leg free an' scrambled to my feet with the intention of makin' a dash towards that flood of moonlight wall, I had only jest nicely got onto my feet an' turned around when I felt somethin' shoot between my legs an' tip me back. I clutched wildly in front of me an' got my both hands imbedded in the shaggy hair of Bruin--for I knowed right well by this time what it was. The b'ar shot out of that drift at an almighty rapid gait an' I didn't dare drop off for fear of buttin' my brains out against the sides, so I jest laid flat an' hugged tight, watchin' for a good chance to make a leap.

'Wall, I kin sit here now an' laugh with the rest of you, when I look back at it; but you kin bet they wa'n't no fun in it for me jest then.

'Right outside the mouth of the drift was a little decline, an' at the bottom of it was a pool of water that was made by the leetle stream flowin' out of the mine. I was all ready, an' as soon as I seen 'at I was out in the open air again I jest slid off, easy as you please, from the b'ar's back an' struck right in that pool of water. Wow! But I did get a nice duckin' an' no mistake.

'The first thing I done was to cuss myself for bein' such a blamed fool as to drop

into that water an' then I pulled myself up onto my feet an' proceeded to look myself over. Never lettin' up on my cussin' for a minute I meandered back to the camp an' jest sneaked in an' went to bed without sayin' nothin' to anybody. It was a little late when I got around the next mornin', an' I judge my su'prise, fellers, when I went behind the fence an' seen one of them blamed gals feedin' an old b'ar outen a tin pan!

'I seen how the whole thing was in a second. Them gals had been makin' game of me all the time an' the b'ar 'at had been makin' me so much trouble was nothin' but a tame one 'at wouldn't hurt nobody. Fust I had a notion to go in an' get my shooter an' put an end to the 'barnal thing for spite, but I concluded it was best to curb my temper an' let it go. The fellers had all gone to work an' I knowed if I waited until they got back they'd be onto the thing an' have an awful leg on me, so I jest got my togs together an' scratched out as quietly as I could.

'Yes, this is a lonesome, pesky hole an' no mistake, but they ain't no dudes here nor no gals to play hide-an-go-seek with a feller's heart I'm durn glad of it.'

ment, are terrible things, not to be disobeyed. But this young man saw that obedience in the present instance would create great confusion, if not positive disaster. His superiors had told him to do the wrong thing. He ventured to violate his instructions, and to do the right thing.

The president of the railway summoned the young man before him, and asked why he had presumed to disobey his telegraphic orders in a matter of such vast consequence. Monsieur Witte told him why, and convinced him that he, the station-master, was right, and that the orders were wrong. Instead of removing or punishing him, the chief of the road advanced him.

Afterward this railway president, Monsieur Wichnegradski, was called to St. Petersburg to assume a place in the imperial cabinet. Remembering the man who had so successfully disobeyed, he sent for him and gave him a post under him. After that Monsieur Witte's advancement was rapid, and he rose to occupy the highest 'business' position in the empire--that of minister of finance.

An Aged Student. Monarchs can never afford to leave off learning, whatever their subjects may do. A striking instance in point is furnished by an article in Pearson's Magazine, an article the proof sheets of which were corrected by Queen Victoria herself.

From this article it appears that in spite of all her duties and responsibilities in spite of the fact that she has devoted so much time to the study of politics as to have become one of the greatest living authorities on the practical politics of Europe, Queen Victoria has, within the later years of her reign, acquired an intimate acquaintance with a difficult language spoken by a large number of her subjects.

She makes it a custom, we are assured, to note in Hindustani the daily events of her life, keeping a diary for this special purpose. She speaks the language fluently, having devoted a part of every day for the last ten years to instruction in it, and to acquiring a knowledge of the intellectual treasures of the East.

The queen has surprised many of her Indian visitors by making unexpected observations in good Hindustani. As everybody knows, she is always attended, when at home, by one or more of her picturesque Indian servants. It is not, however, so generally known that she always speaks to them in their own tongue. However small the remark, or however serious the command, it comes to them in Hindustani.

Universal admiration has been expressed at the determination of the queen at an advanced age, not only to learn to speak Hindustani, but also to take an interest in the literature of India, and to acquaint herself with the ideas and aspirations of her Oriental subjects.

BICYCLISTS, young or old, should carry a bottle of Pain-Killer in their saddle bags. It cures cuts and wounds with wonderful quickness. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

Ann Tique--I sometimes think we cannot believe even what we see. Sara Bellum--That must be comforting though when you look in the mirror.

yet, Mrs. 'Well, enough to mother, I've got denyin', rise now and it frills Mrs. 'Mrs. must a hope. 'about this come and to enter a lot of hope. 'Thank Talbot, told me brought sh' to let thing he man, mis. For th and the satisfied, seems to the position. Fenelo day. She g gets of who He do moment The v pugnance He is that even Yet h appear in No in spite of It is she sees, son. And beautiful. She o what it i upon her And t loved him future sp Great has been No v temptation. No w of being ized by r lousness. But sh reme of catches e. Half of wants ill. 'You means o ping an temptu that Lis. 'Still seisin g. 'Mercer was her Penelope how co low with to herse face, fas heart as Faugh I girl and have done he is oer knows a little gr some of pelled. In a f steps to The c Court, flowers--country. She k prise, it The g the hear Mrs. village s shuppin her dau 'Moth Lizzie, 'I can mother, ting do into the Lizzie falls r spite he Her c lops lea and she ment an dismay, covers l into vio The 'I w I'll neve girl exp over 'bet 'her 'and de I don't couldn' ing girl were, y you did were yo Lizzie Graham to force herself presses clandes almost neighb Penelope all, an she cov pier for

They Speak For Themselves. PICTON, Feb. 17.--This is to certify that I have used Polson's Nerviline for rheumatism, and have found it a valuable remedy for all internal pain and would greatly recommend it to the public.--N. T. KINGSLEY.

LEEDS COUNTY, Jan. 9.--We are not in the habit of puffing patent medicines, but we cannot withhold our testimony as to the great value of Nerviline as a remedy for pain. We have pleasure in recommending it as a never-failing remedy.--REV. H. J. ALLEN, BENJ. DILLON, and many others. Sold by all druggists.

The Man Who Dared Disobey. The great soldier is the man who, as a subordinate, on all ordinary occasions obeys orders implicitly, but who, when the great emergency arrives, knows that, to save the day and his country, he must disobey. He breaks his orders on his own responsibility, knowing that the result and the future will justify him. Failure would be his ruin. Success may immortalize him. And if he is great, he knows that he shall succeed.

One of the members of the Russian imperial cabinet, Monsieur Witte, minister of finance, is one of the most powerful and important men in the empire. Highly esteemed and trusted by the emperor, he is respected and honored by the representatives of foreign powers. Yet Monsieur Witte is of humble origin--a fact which, in Russia, where every circumstance favors the man of noble blood above the plebeian, has counted for much against him.

Monsieur Witte, in his early life, after an imperfect education, was made station master at a small and unimportant railway station in southern Russia. The war between Russia and Turkey arose, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers had to be transported into Roumania and Bulgaria. One day Monsieur Witte, in his station, received telegraphic instructions to make certain arrangement in connection with the passage of these troops along the line.

In Russia orders from a high source, connected with the affairs of the govern-

has a thousand times made the sufferer discredit that "the days are past."

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Half-defiantly, half-shamefacedly, he wants till she comes up to him.

"You have heard what you have been the means of bringing to pass?" she says, stop- ping and gazing at him with quiet, con- temptuous eyes. "It is no thanks to you that Lizzie Talbot is still alive! You—"

"Still alive! Is she living?" cries Jack, seizing his cousin's arm.

"Mercifully she is. Some poor laborer was here enough to save her," answers Penelope, passing on. "Great Heavens! how could I ever have fancied myself in love with that—that worm?" she exclaims to herself, with self-scorn. "A handsome face, fascinating manner, and as selfish a heart as ever beat in a human breast! I laugh I have both escaped, that poor girl and I—but how much harm he must have done in his life, and how much more he is certain to do!" and she sighs, for she knows that she herself has been made a little graver by Jack Armour, and that some of her rosy illusions have been dis- pelled.

In a few days, she once again turns her steps towards Mrs. Talbot's cottage.

She carries with her some fruit from the Court, and a large nosegay of choice flowers—such flowers as do not grow in country gardens.

She knocks at the door, and to her sur- prise, it is Lizzie's voice that bids her enter. The girl is sitting in a big old chair by the hearth.

Mrs. Talbot has slipped away down the village street to do some of her humble shopping, and nobody is left in charge but her daughter.

"Mother has just gone out, miss," says Lizzie, in a subdued, dull-sounding voice. "Come to see you, Lizzie, not your mother," says Penelope, kindly, and sit- ting down, she gives the flowers and fruit into the girl's hands.

Lizzie is still far from strong, and a tear falls into the nosegay as she takes it, de- spite her best endeavors.

Her dejection is so apparent that Penelope feels it would be useless to ignore it, and she speaks a kind word of encourage- ment and sympathy, when Lizzie, to her dismay, but not greatly to her surprise, covers her face with her hands, and bursts into violent weeping.

The whole piteous story soon comes out. "I wouldn't do it again, Miss, but I hope I'll never be tried as I was that night," the girl exclaims, through her sobs. "I've lost ever' thing in the world, but I'll try to bet— and live on. I suppose I lost my heart. I felt dazed and dull, and yet wild and desperate, if you can understand; but I don't suppose you can—a lady like you couldn't be treated like a common work- ing girl of my sort, and I expect if you were, you wouldn't feel so wicked as I did."

"But, Lizzie, you haven't told me why you did it," says Penelope, gently. "How were you treated so badly that night?"

Lizzie feels that she can confide in Miss Graham, alone of all those who have tried to force her confidence during the last few days; that it would be a relief to unburden herself to someone of the secure that op- presses her. She dares not confess her clandestine love-affair to her careful, almost severe mother, or to the chattering neighbors; but to Miss Graham, or Miss Penelope, as they call her, a girl like her- self, and a sweet, sympathetic girl also, she could tell anything, and feel the hap- pier for it.

Continued from page 14.

yet, Mrs. Talbot, suggests Miss Graham. "Well, she's weak, miss, but quite strong enough to speak if she cared to," replies the mother, with dissatisfaction. "Of course, I've got that to be thankful for, there's no denying, but all the same there's a cloud risen nowadays between me and the child, and it frets me sorely. She don't seem my little Lizzie any longer."

"Mrs. Talbot, if you want anything, you must send to the Court for it," says Penelope. "My aunt will be very sorry to hear about this accident to your daughter. I will come and see her when she is well enough to entertain a quiet visitor. She will want a lot of nourishing food and wine per- haps."

"Thank you kindly, miss," returns Mrs. Talbot, gratefully, "but Mr. Colquhoun has told me he will see to all that. He has just asked to let him know at once if there is anything he can do or get for us. He's a good man, miss; Heaven will bless him!"

For the second time Penelope agrees, and the image of handsome, smiling, self-satisfied, pleasantly-unprincipled Jack, seems to sink lower and lower every time the poor, ungainly curate's name is men- tioned.

Penelope does not ask to see Lizzie to- day. She goes home, and, just beyond the gates of Stane Court, encounters her cousin, who looks strangely pale and haggard. He does not see her at first, and for a moment she is half-inclined to evade him. The very sight of him fills her with a re- pugnance that is almost uncontrollable. He is the same handsome Jack Armour that ever he was.

Yet how wonderfully different does he appear in her eyes!

No longer charming and attractive, in spite of his good looks.

It is the moral nature of the man that she sees, not the gifts and graces of his person.

And that nature is very, very far from beautiful.

She could never have believed it to be what it is, if the truth had not been forced upon her in so imperative a way.

And to think that she once admired him, loved him even, and dreamed of a rosy future spent in his society.

Great Heaven! what a merciful escape has been hers.

No wonder she shudders at the very con- templation of what might have been.

No wonder she turns pale at the thought of being the wife of one who is character- ized by so mean, and despicable, and vil- laneous a nature.

But she conquers her feelings by a sup- reme effort, and even as she does so, he catches sight of her.

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ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Scott's Emulsion
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE,
FOR DIZZINESS,
FOR BILIOUSNESS,
FOR TORPID LIVER,
FOR CONSTIPATION,
FOR SALLOW SKIN,
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

"I was given up, thrown over, Miss, by someone I—I loved," she says. "I ought not to have loved him really, I suppose, some folks would say, for he was a gentle- man, far above me, but he taught me to think about him. Yes, that was his fault; he taught me, and I thought I was a great deal to him. Where I've been to blame is that I never told mother anything about it. I thought, if I did, she would have stopped it, and I felt as if I couldn't bear that. I wish I had now."

She stops with a long sigh.

"He was all the world to me, Miss Penelope. He used to make me think I was all the world to him. Women would call it cruel. I don't know about men; they have such queer ideas. He was engaged to his cousin all the time, miss, and he suddenly told me all about it that night, and said we must part for ever."

"Engaged to his cousin?" exclaims Penelope, starting up. "Did he dare to tell you that! He was never engaged to his cousin. His cousin came into a lot of money, and he proposed to her the day after he parted from you; but there had never been a word of love between them, or a suggestion of such a thing, until then."

"And—did she take him?" But of course she did! exclaims Lizzie.

"Take him! She would not take him if he were the last man in the world!" cries Penelope, with contempt.

"She did not care for him?" utters Lizzie, in a tone of amazement.

"At one time," replies Miss Graham slowly, and with reluctance, "I am afraid she did. She credited him with qualities he never possessed—she idealized him, in fact. Now, in spite of his good looks and winning ways, she sees through him, and despises him utterly. So, you see, it was nothing but a cleverly thought-out lie to tell you that, Lizzie."

Lizzie is silent.

If she had not seen and comprehended so clearly and thoroughly, the other night, that Jack never intended to marry her, had never entertained any real love for her and had only been amusing himself, she might have felt relief and joy at these tid- ings; but now they do not seem to make any difference to her.

Even if he is not going to marry his cousin, he would have done so if he could. Her idol of gold has shown his feet of clay, and he is an idol no more.

She has suffered so acutely during the last week that she is merely the ghost of herself, and will never be the same careless light-hearted Lizzie Talbot again.

Her power of loving seems gone. Penelope thinks she has never seen such an utter wreck of beauty and sweetness in her life, and watches her with sympathy, while the girl turns her large, hollow, brown eyes to the sky and garden outside, her sad thoughts evidently far from her visitor and the present scene.

While she watches her, Penelope is sud- denly struck by an idea.

It is not, at first, a very palatable one. It forces itself upon her, however, and will not be stifled.

Penelope is a conscientious and right- minded girl, though of course, imbued with certain prejudices of her class, and she cannot rid herself of what seems to her a duty directly it has pushed its way into her mind.

She rises somewhat abruptly, and bid- ding Lizzie adieu with some kind and obsequious words, leaves the cottage.

On her way back to the court, she re- solves her sudden idea over and over in her thoughts until it has become a settled plan, little as in one way she likes it.

On her entry, her first question is for her cousin.

He is writing in the library.

Thither she makes her way without de- lay.

When the door opens to admit her, Jack looks up in sudden surprise.

Oh late she has not favored him with much of her company.

She goes straight to the point, lest her determination to carry through what she thinks is right should fail her.

"I have seen Lizzie Talbot this morning," she announces, looking at Jack straight and full. "In all but birth and education, which could be acquired, she is a lady, and a good and beautiful girl. Are you going to marry her?"

If the ship were to fall, Jack Armour could not look more astonished.

With indignation, he answers in the negative.

He thinks his cousin must be mad and says so.

"Not at all," replies Penelope, coolly. "I fancied you would answer like that. Well I have a proposal to make to you. You know that I have inherited nearly eight thousand a year from my aunt. If you marry this girl, I will make over the half of it to you."

Another pause of amazement, mixed with intense pique and mortification.

Then Jack, cursing angrily, demands to know what it is to his companion that he should give himself to a washerwoman's daughter, and ruin his career.

"I merely offered you a chance of re- deeming your cowardly folly—or sin, rather," says Penelope, sternly. "I believe this girl will die, and, if she does, her death will lie at your door. If you edu- cated her, and married her, she would make you a better wife than you might find among your equals. She loved you— would love you still, perhaps, if you be- haved like a man; and you might be very happy."

"She would, after a time, be recognized by society. I feel sure, that my money would enable you to live in the luxury you covet. You talk of your life being ruined, but by trifling with her affections you have ruined that poor child. She is not made of coarse material. I believe your conduct will end in killing her; you have already broken her heart. Think over what I say to you, Jack, and act rightly for once, be- fore it is too late."

She might as well speak to the winds as to the man before her.

She leaves him at last in disgust, having tried every means in her power to get him to right the wrong he has done an innocent and trusting girl.

Jack Armour is not the man to sacrifice himself in any way for anybody, and, think- ing himself a gentleman, considers that to marry the girl he has taught to love him would be derogatory to his dignity.

Therefore he scores Penelope's appeal, and says to himself that it is possible in the future she herself will relent and continue Lizzie's advocate any longer.

He does not guess that Penelope is her- self, cherishing a love secret.

It is some months since Patrick Colqu- houn spoke to her of his dearest desires, which, in her fancied passion for another, she crushed relentlessly, though gently and sweetly.

Many things have happened since that August day.

The fancied passion is dead—utterly and entirely dead—and in its place has sprung up a true and tender admiration for the man whose deeds speak for him more elo- quently than his unhandsome face and clumsy form.

She often wonders whether Patrick will ever address her again upon the subject.

She has not thought of any reason why he should not if she gives him the encourage- ment she intends to give him in the future when her fan- cied security is overthrown by a con- versation, or rather a few words, the over- hears at a bazaar in the spring which the rector has got up for the benefit of the choir.

"Look at that poor Mr. Colquhoun," she hears. "He is head over ears in love with that pretty Miss Graham."

"Why is he poor?"

"Won't she have him?"

"My dear! Just as if he will ever ask her! Why she is awfully rich—she might marry anybody—and he's only a poor curate."

These words reach Penelope, and for the whole of that day she rings in her ears like a knell.

She had never thought of that before— that is why Patrick, though his eyes follow her everywhere, as the eyes of a faithful dog follow a beloved mistress, never says a word to show her she is still dear to him.

He is frightened by her money—how ever much encouragement she may show he will still be silent.

Her heart sinks and all her gaiety deserts her.

She has never looked at herself before as a rich woman.

Of course, Patrick will never ask her. He ponders and ponders, and finally tells herself that, if she is ever to be happy she must herself speak—must take her courage in both hands and let him know that she has changed.

"Will you take me home?" she says to him at the end of the evening.

She has never spoken to him so sweetly and pointedly before, and his face, lights up with pleasure.

"They go out into the starry May night, and several curious eyes follow them, for the curate's attachment is well known.

Penelope is silent for a long time, con- sidering how she can best say what is to be said.

After all he loves her—she is certain not misunderstand her—and, at last she breaks the silence.

"Mr. Colquhoun," she says, stammering in spite of her resolution, "do you remem- ber something you once said to me last August?"

She pauses, trembling, and then goes on.

"Will you tell me—I wanted to know— please don't think it strange of me—do you feel the same towards me still?"

She turns her head away from him, and her voice sinks to a whisper.

"What can I say?" says Patrick, after a moment's silence. "I cannot deny it; yet I don't want to distress you."

"You have changed!" Mr. Colquhoun gasps, rather than speaks.

"Oh, it wouldn't distress me," she says, very eagerly and quickly. "I wanted to tell you, if you really felt that if you still liked me, that I—I have changed."

"Yes, I have changed. If you will ask me what you did when I will give you a different answer. Oh! Patrick—as he

Seal Brand Coffee
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Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach.

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turns round to her, almost aghast with happiness.—I knew you would never say anything again to me, so I had to say it to you."

Patrick can hardly speak for delight, but under the May moon he clasps her to his heart.

Mrs. Colquhoun has one great pleasure on her return from her honeymoon. Instead of 'going into a decline,' or 'fading away,' as all the neighbours had feared for poor Lizzie Talbot, she is re- joiced to find the girl has had the courage and spirit to cast her trouble into the background and take up her old life with cheerfulness.

The old sparkle is coming back to her eyes and the smile on her lips.

Penelope is delighted.

"Yet Jack has missed a great deal," she says to her husband, as they drive away, "in scorning the love of an honest heart, be it ever so humble. Some day he may see it."

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Have you ever tried to make a handsome Hooked Mat or Floor Rug from old rags or yarns dyed with Diamond Dyes?

If you have not tried the fascinating work send for a free copy of our illustrated "Diamond Dye Rug Book," that fully explains how to do the work and how to procure the Scotch Hessian patterns made by us.

The "Diamond Dye Mat and Rug De- signs" are the newest and most popular sold in Canada. Orders are pouring in each day from all parts of the Dominion. Send address to Wells & Richardson Co., 200 Mountain St., Montreal, P. Q.

AUTOMOBILES WIN IN COURT.

If They Frighten Horses and Cause Run- aways, Is That No Cause for Action?

County Judge Sutherland of New York decided a case in favor of Jonathan West who has invented a gasoline horseless car- riage, and who was sued by the proprietor of the Swiss Laundry for damages done to the company's wagon by a runaway. The horse drawing the laundry wagon became frightened at West's horseless vehicle and ran away. The laundryman obtained a judgement for \$42 95 in the municipal court, and the appeal was argued before Judge Sutherland. The court says:

"It one should find it desirable to go back to primitive methods and trek along a city street with a four ox team and wagon of the prairie schooner variety, it would possibly cause some unbusiness in horses unused to such sights. Yet it could not be actionable, in my opinion, if a runaway should result, provided due care were shown unnecessarily to interfere with the use of the highway. Horses may take fright at conveyances that have become obsolete as well as at those which are novel but this is one of the dangers incidental to the driving of horses and the fact cannot be interposed as a barrier to retrogression or progress in the method of locomotion. Bicycles used to frighten horses, but no right of action accrued. Electric street cars have caused many runaways. Auto- mobiles operated without steam by storage batteries or by gasoline explosion en- gines, running at a moderate speed, may cause fright to horses unused to them, yet the horse must get used to them or the driver take his chances.

"It will not do to say that it is proper to run any kind of contrivance upon the street in which persons may be carried. A machine that would go puffing and snort- ing through the streets, trailing clouds of steam and smoke, might be a nuisance, but this is not such a case. The temporary inconvenience and dangers incident to the introduction of these modern and practical modes of travel upon the highway must be subordinate to the larger and permanent benefits to the general public resulting from the adoption of the improvements which science and inventive skill have pro-

duced. The judgment appealed from is reversed."

The Useful Toad.

That the toad is beneficial to the farmer and particularly to the gardener, is admitted by every one who has observed its habits. Additional facts have been secured by recent observations at the Massachu- setts experiment station, which show the toad's food is composed of insects and spiders, about 80 per cent of which are directly injurious to cultivated crops, or in other ways obnoxious to man.

The toad feeds on worms, snails, sow bugs, common greenhouse pets and the many legged worms which damage green- house and garden plots. It feeds to some extent on grasshoppers and crickets, and destroys large numbers of ants. It con- sumes a considerable number of May beet- les, rose chasers, click beetles or adults of the wireworm, potato beetle and cucumber beetles. It is a prime destroyer of cut worm and army worms.

To all agriculturists the toad renders conspicuous service, but the gardeners and greenhouse owners may make this animal of special value. Every gardener should aim to keep a colony of toads among his growing crops, and the practice of collect- ing and transferring them to the gardens is a commendable one.

Diana of Philadelphia.

At the mint in Philadelphia are a num- ber of coins far more precious than any which find their way into circulation. They are a collection of curios, and many of them date from times of great antiquity.

Perhaps the most interesting among them is a handsome coin bearing on its face the profile of a woman, which has a striking re- semblance to the Goddess of Liberty of our own currency. Underneath is the single word 'Demos,' which is the Greek for 'The People.'

On the reverse of the coin is a beautiful figure of the goddess Diana, arching her bow, and the inscription, translated into English reads, 'Diana, Friend of the Phila- delphians.'

The coin was minted more than two thou- sand years ago at the city of Philadelphia in Asia Minor, where, as we know, there grew up in later years one of the seven churches of which St. John writes. The prize was discovered some years ago in Europe by Joseph Mickleby of Philadelphia, a violin maker, and an authority on coins. By him it was appropriately presented to the mint in Philadelphia.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Head- ache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. C. E. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
G. W. Hobson, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.
R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.
Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Doak St., St. John, N. B.
G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.
C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Doctor—Did you follow my instructions and take those powders in water?
Finnigan—Oh did that, but sure, when O'got in de bat'ub de wather was that coidid it was ather givin' me a chill.

One Boy's Luck.

In the fall of 1879, when I was superintendent of telegraph service on the Southern Minnesota Railroad, a line repairer named Franklin sustained a severe injury by a fall, and during the winter was unable to attend to his duties.

One morning in April I received a terse-ly worded note from the general superintendent, telling me that he had been informed that the lineman on the Andrusian Division was a sixteen year old boy, and suggesting that a man be appointed in his place.

I was not only surprised to learn that my model lineman was a boy, but regretted to discharge him without cause, as he had proved painstaking and efficient.

The general superintendent was a thorough railroad manager of long experience, sometimes gruff but always just, and I was not without hope of inducing him to rescind his order.

There is too much hard work and responsibility in that position for a sixteen-year-old boy, he declared emphatically.

As the superintendent finished speaking and I was about to leave the room a messenger entered with a telegram.

It was long and evidently important, as the superintendent read it through twice.

He folded it into a small compass and slipped it into his pocket, and as I started to leave the room said:

I have changed my mind about that boy, Gregory; you need not discharge him. And when opportunity to do anything for him arises, just call my attention to the matter.

It was two weeks before I knew the meaning of that unexpected change of orders.

Through the long, hard winter—still famous as the 'big winter'—the young lineman had done his work as well as a man could have done it.

From November 14, 1879, until the second week in March following, no trains were run on time between Wells, Minnesota, one hundred and fifty miles west of the Mississippi, and Flandreau, Dakota, the western terminus of the road;

and in all those months not a dozen trains, freight or passenger, passed over the entire length of the road. The prairies west of Jackson were buried under snow drifted to an unheard-of depth, and in many places the tall telegraph poles barely protruded above the crust.

But on every day of that long cold winter the wires west of Jackson were 'worked' and twice between Dec. 1, and the day in March when the big rotary snow-plough cut its way through the disappearing drifts the boy had tramped across the crusted snow, from the point where the three big engines working westward were 'buking' the drifts, to the crew of farmers and sectionmen slowly shovelling their way eastward.

With the last week in March the sun had melted what little snow had been left on the right of way by the shovellers. On the open prairies great bare spots of grass alternated with wavelike drifts—shadows of their former selves,—and every tiny brook and swale was turned into a raging torrent or lake by the melting snows.

The warm chinook, sweeping eastward from the far mountains, tempered the atmosphere; and when the young lineman set out on his velocipede car to inspect every foot of wire on his division, nature seemed to give a mute pledge that spring was come.

Twenty miles east of the Dakota line, in the southwestern part of Minnesota, Rock River finds its way in a southwestern direction to the Big Sioux. Its course is down a valley varying in width from three hundred yards. For miles the prairie is unbroken on either side of the valley when suddenly there is a sharp descent of seventy-five or one hundred feet to another level.

The opposite bank is equally abrupt and the valley looks as if it had been formed by a part of the prairie sinking and leaving a perpendicular base on each side.

The engineers who surveyed the line for the railroad found it hard to determine how this valley should be crossed, the problem not being solved until a narrow gulch was found leading from the east to the bottom of the depression. From the mouth of this gully the line makes a sharp turn northward, running up the valley a short distance to a point where another ravine leads up to the prairie level westward.

The men who constructed the telegraph system avoided the dip into the valley by running their line of poles directly to the top of the descent, on the very verge of the precipice. Here a spile, one of the kind used in bridge work, had been erected, and on the opposite side of the valley another stout post had been placed. From these two poles the wire was strung across the valley, sagging in the middle, and hanging

but a few feet above the tops of cars passing on the track below.

When Hardrubble reached the point where the telegraph-line led slightly to the northward from the railroad, he lifted his light velocipede from the track and walked across the prairie toward the descent. As he approached the spile supporting the eastern end of the wire suspended over the valley, he saw that an insulator bracket was loose, permitting the wire to sag. His climbers were strapped to his feet, and he quickly made ready to replace the loosened bit of wood.

With his task finished, the boy rested his weight on the steel climbers and gazed on the scene before him. The top of the pole at an elevation of twenty feet gave him a view of the prairie for a distance of a dozen miles in either direction. Off to the west the line of rails, winding and twisting across the prairie, led toward the spire and two score brown roots of Pipestone, where a dark blot on the landscape indicated that the east-bound through passenger-train was at that moment leaving the station. North and south, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the valley of the Rock, and down its centre roared the river, in summer a tiny stream that might be forded anywhere, but now a torrent, fed by the melting snow.

The water was brown and white and yellow, and here and there great cakes of ice had jammed, sending the current back against themselves until parts of the valley were transformed into lakes. He saw that at the railroad bridge below him one of these dams had formed, and that the ice was piled high against the structure. And then he saw what caused his heart to beat faster and the blood to leave his cheek. The western end of the bridge had been torn from its fastenings by the pressure of ice and water, and the rails from the west led out of the gully and around a point of bluff, and ended over a gulf filled with a foaming tide and masses of grinding ice-cakes. This meant disaster to the coming train and perhaps death to train crew and passengers, unless warning of the danger were quickly given.

For miles in either direction no bridge spanned the river, and to wade or swim the stream was impossible, the strong current and moving ice making the attempt almost certain of death. Where the gorges had formed, the ice was a grinding mass, and a glance revealed the fact that these could not be trusted.

Young Hardrubble's glances wandered up and down the valley and then across the prairie to the westward, where the faint blur of smoke of a few minutes before had increased to a long, black cloud. In ten minutes the train would be swinging around the sharp curve of the gully into the valley.

Then his gaze returned to the river. The only thing spanning the current was the rusty telegraph wire, leading with a gully droop from his perch at the top of the tall pole to the opposite bluff. Could that aid him? At the middle of the valley, one hundred yards distant, it was not more than eighteen feet above the ground. If in any way he could cross on that frail span it might mean life to the train.

An instant later he drove his steel spurs deeper into the pine pole, and as he clung with one hand to his unsteady perch, he hastily unbuckled the belt around his waist with the free hand. Attached by rivets to this stout strip of leather was a steel snap from which, by means of a ring in the handle, was suspended his hatchet. He cast the hatchet aside, removed the belt, and clasped the steel snap around the wire. Then, throwing his weight on belt and snap and withdrawing his weight on the timber he began the dash across river and valley.

As he released his hold on the timber the steel loop slid smoothly down the slanting wire, slowly at first and then more rapidly, his body carried forward by its own increasing momentum. The bank seemed to glide away from him, and almost in an instant he was above the raging river, the tossing waves sprinkling him with spray as he crossed. Then below him was the brown and red of the western bank, the wire sagging under his weight until his toes almost touched the earth.

Releasing his hold upon the belt, he fell headlong upon the water soaked ground, but quickly gained his footing, scrambled up the embankment to the track, and running panting up the gorge to meet the train. His frantic gesture soon brought engine and cars to a stop.

"Why not Hardrubble?" suggested the superintendent two years later, when I notified him that it was my intention to resign, and that consequently a new superintendent of telegraph must be appointed. The superintendent did try him and after the Southern Minnesota Railroad was absorbed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system, another promotion awaited the former lineman. Today he is superintendent of telegraph on one of the leading railroads of the West.

Landing in Durban, A novel method of leaving a steamer is in vogue at Durban, in Natal. The originality of the method arises from the peculiar character of the bay which is a long, landlocked lagoon, connected with the open sea by a narrow channel, which flows through two breakwaters intended to prevent the formation of the bar, and so to maintain free access for ships into the harbor.

That bar is the battle ground of political parties in Natal. The Bishop of Natal, writing in Good Words, explains that politics turn more on proposals for fighting the bar than on any question of Liberal or Conservative policy.

In the meantime the bar holds its own, and the mail-steamers are too big to get into the harbor. The outside anchorage is a rough and restless place, and nine days

out of ten, tugs are afraid to lie alongside a gangway. Thus it happens that passengers are driven to the alternative of escaping from the ship by the same method by which St. Paul escaped from Damascus—in a basket.

"We owe gratitude, however, to the Empress Eugenie," says the bishop, "for since the day that she came to Natal on her sad errand, the basket has increased its dimensions. It is, in fact, almost as large as the elevator in a London mansion, affording room for three or four people to sit or stand.

In this commodious receptacle the passengers are hauled aloft by a steam crane, and dropped with much care and precision into the tug lying alongside. The sensation of swinging aloft and dropping into that heaving tug must be anything but pleasant.

The shore gained, the visitor to Durban has a chance of making the acquaintance of the Natal rickshaw boy, who will gallop him up to the Royal hotel in good style.

These Zulu boys are good specimens of their race—a race of children. They have tremendous spirits. They would think it very tame to wait their turn for a fare, like the London cabmen. When a traveller comes out of the hotel, here is wild charge of rickshaws across the street. The boys enjoy the race, and shout and leap into the air.

The dress of the rickshaw boys is a picturesque medley. It is a common thing to see one wearing the discarded tunic of a private of an English line regiment, his head covered with a child's or a lady's straw hat, ornamented with a ribbon, under the chin. Others affect the ferocious style, and adorn themselves with enormous feathers or a pair of cow's horns tied to their heads.

HUMANITY'S COMMONEST TROUBLE.

Thousands Suffering in Springtime.

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND The Great Banisher of Dyspepsia Indigestion and Stomach Troubles.

The most prevalent trouble in springtime is dyspepsia in many varied forms. This common but dreaded disease is produced by acute inflammation of the nerves centered about the stomach.

It is a well known fact the stomach is one of the chief nerve centres, and physicians will tell you that without healthy, vigorous nerves, the stomach cannot properly digest food.

It must also be noted that the tissues and all the organs of digestion are quickly weakened by impoverished blood, overwork, worry and care.

The first and greatest work for all sufferers from dyspepsia and indigestion to accomplish, is to nourish and brace the nerves and purify the blood.

Pain's Celery Compound is the chosen medicine of the ablest physicians for producing nerve fibre, true nerve force and pure rich blood. When these blessings have been secured, dyspepsia and its train of evils are completely banished, and solid lasting health is established.

Pain's Celery Compound has done more for dyspepsia than all other combined agencies. Thousands of testimonials from the best people tell the story that Pain's Celery Compound "makes sick people well."

Mrs. E. Trinder, of Simcoe, Ont., says: "For a long time dyspepsia and indigestion made life miserable for me. I was so bad I could not get out of the house, do housework or get regular sleep. I bought six bottles of Pain's Celery Compound from Mr. Austin, our druggist, and commenced to use it regularly. My doctor advised me to continue with your compound, and told me if I had not been using it he would have recommended it to me."

"Your Pain's Celery Compound has worked wonders for me; it has banished my dyspepsia indigestion and sleeplessness, and given me a new life."

Arab Horses. Too much has been written about the respect of an Arab for his horse that it is natural to think of the Arab steed as peculiarly delicate and sensitive to adverse influences. This is not the case. The wants of an Arab horse are few, and he will maintain his health and spirits under conditions which other horses could never endure.

Indeed, not only can he be put up with hardships at a pinch, but he actually deteriorates if too carefully tended. This has been proved again and again by purchasers who have refused to believe the usual three feeds of grain a day to be too much, or the morning hour of walking exercise too little.

The fact is that an Arab is naturally so

high-spirited, and so difficult to tire, that even a single feed of corn is excessive unless he is being subjected to exceptionally hard work. He will answer every requirement as a hunter, if his food is restricted to hay, or even to grass. In the summer he thrives best when he has the run of a paddock, and can regulate his own food and exercise.

These remarks apply to the ordinary Arab horse in every day life. What a picked animal can do when put upon his mettle is almost beyond belief. An officer recently returned from the Sudan says that after a ride of eight hundred miles his horse showed no signs of overwork, although he had cast all his shoes before a quarter of the journey was accomplished. Many of the camels had died on the way, and others had suffered severely, but the Arab horse was unhurt.

It was an Arab that, at Firozpur, carried one hundred and forty six pounds and won a ten mile race in twenty five minutes a feat of endurance rarely, if ever equalled.

"Did you ever bribe anybody?" asked the man who is sadly undiplomatic.

"How dare you ask such a question?" exclaimed the professional influencer. "When I find a man who can be made to agree with my views, I admire him, and I think virtue ought to be rewarded. And I proceed to reward it."

"Have you got the countersign?" asked the sentinel.

"Well," replied the raw recruit, who had left a department store to enter the army, "when I left the counter it was 'This silk's twice less than cost.'"

BORN.

- Fort LaTour, to the wife of E. P. Crowell, a son.
Farrboro, to the wife of Burton Newcombe, a son.
Arcadia, Apr. 11, to the wife of Geo. A. Baker, a son.
Lunenburg, April 13, to the wife of Robt Owen, a son.
Springhill, April 12, to the wife of John Wood, a son.
Kentville, April 12, to the wife of T. E. Robertson, a son.
Springhill, April 9, to the wife of Charles Roblee, a daughter.
Springhill, April 10, to the wife of J. R. Smith, a daughter.
Amherst, April 18, to the wife of R. J. Murray, a daughter.
Hantsport, April 8, to the wife of E. N. Forsythe, a daughter.
Summersville, April 4, to the wife of Frederick Harvey, a son.
Eimdale, April 18, to the wife of Rev. A. V. Morab, a son.
Tusket Wedge, Apr. 13, to the wife of Wm. Porter, a daughter.
Farrboro, April 17, to the wife of David Thompson a daughter.
Kemp, Queens, April 8, to the wife of Charles Allan, a son.
Upper Grandville, April 11, to the wife of Bartlett Goodwin, a son.
Revelstoke, B. C., Mar. 12, to the wife of S. L. Milson, Queens, April 10, to the wife of Horace Cole, a daughter.
Bridgewater, April 15, to the wife of Lawson Manthorpe, a daughter.
Scott's Bay, New, March 20, to the wife of Harmon Ervin, a son.
West Head, Shelburne, April 4, to the wife of Jas. W. R. Nathan, a son.
Baker's settlement, April 13, to the wife of Elias Tupper, a daughter.
Newcombville, Lunenburg, April 10, to the wife of Simon Garber, a son.
Cambridgeport, Mass, Mar. 26, to the wife of Dr. Gray to Mrs. Sessie J. Madril.
Rose Bay, Lunenburg, April 14, to the wife of Rev. Geo. A. Leck, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Cole Harbor, April 17, Lydiard MacKintosh to Jane Tulloch.
St. John, April 19, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Thane Jones to Alice Rogers.
Shimulike, April 2, by Rev. C. W. Swallow, Hazen Jones to Alice Rogers.
Blue Mountain, by Rev. Geo. Lawson, Alexander Melkie to Violet Young.
Yarmouth, April 12, by Rev. W. C. Weston, G. W. Gray to Mary S. Madril.
Westport, April 4, by Rev. F. S. McGregor, Edith Banker to Robert L. Foley.
Lunenburg, April 8, by Rev. F. A. Potter, Stephen Hixton to Annie S. Madril.
Yarmouth, April 12, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Clarence Rogers to Nellie Jeffrey.
Shelburne, April 4, by Rev. J. A. Smith, Arthur Perry to Belle A. Goulden.
St. Croix, April 11, by Rev. M. G. Henry, Oliver Caldwell to Maggie McBurnie.
Westport, April 6, by Rev. P. S. McGregor, Barbara Sutherland to Marie Phillips.
Marareeville, Mar. 23, by Rev. Joseph Gae, Milton Munro to Eliza McLean.
Farrboro, April 11, by Rev. D. H. MacQuarrie, Frances Dow to Lottie Brown.
Advocate Harbor, April 12, by Rev. L. Daniel, Edson Morris to Emma Brown.
Sackville, April 11, by Rev. Howard Sprague, Elias Barnes to Mrs. F. E. Harrison.
Halifax, April 18, by Rev. W. J. Armitage, John MacDonald to Georgia Nicholls.
Yarmouth, April 17, by Rev. E. S. Hartley, Elmer J. Cosser to Albertina L. Morton.
Halifax, April 18, by Rev. W. J. Armitage, William Fyfe to Minnie Weatherston.
New Glasgow, April 13, by Rev. W. H. Smith, Gordon Barclay to Christy A. Reid.
Charlottetown, April 15, by Rev. Adam Gunn, Angus Mackenzie to Emma Maclean.
Halifax, April 18, by Rev. G. W. Schurman, William Morris to Jennie Woodman.
East Sable, April 11, by Rev. C. A. Munro, Wm. Edward Johnson to Idella E. Lloyd.
On the 16th inst. at Calais, Me. E. Lorraine, editor of Railway News, St. John, and consul for the United States of Venezuela at Montreal to Mrs. Joan Patton formerly of the latter city.

DIED.

- Welsford, Mary E. Earle, 77.
Alma, April 4, Moses Haslow, 95.
Windsor, April 11, Jesse King, 5.
Amherst, April 9, Gertrude Law, 15.
Albert, April 5, Thomas Pearson, 75.
Welsford, April 13, John Burrow, 73.
Windsor, April 11, James Forster, 59.
Charlottetown, April 18, Philip Blake.
River Hovers, April 11, John Moffat, 64.
Brooklin, April 14, Stanley Holden, 21.
Mifflin, April 11, Mr. D. Wikwire, 67.
Cavendish, April 14, James Macdonell, 80.
Toronto, April 11, Wilbur Macleod, 4.
Kentville, April 14, Mrs. Carruthers, 66.
Sheffield Mills, April 13, John Baxter, 60.

Berwick, April 15, George Robinson, 16.
Gambier, April 11, Harry Hand aged 37.
Miller, April 6, Mrs. Matthew Carroll 68.
Amherst, April 12, Mrs. Isaac Carter, 75.
Moncton, April 12, Mrs. Wm. Forbes, 75.
Boston, April 2, Bernard MacDonald, 87.
Yarmouth, April 18, Mr. Wm. Currier, 77.
Charlottetown, April 16, Philip Coyle, 72.
Woodville, April 12, Mr. A. Rockwell, 81.
North Spruce, April 17, Leo McManus, 7.
Springhill, April 10, Howard Chapman, 69.
Northport, April 13, Mrs. Jane Aclias, 80.
Farrboro, April 7, Mrs. James Wad, 74.
Windsor, April 12, Mrs. John Reynolds, 84.
E. mpton, April 18, Mrs. James Cameron.
Gays River, April 6, Archibald MacPhee, 88.
Argyle Head, Mar. 24, Solomon MacPhee, 89.
New Glasgow, April 16, Marion Crowell, 79.
Grand Pre, April 12, Mrs. Wm. Forbes, 90.
Stanley Bridge, April 16, Daniel Mackay, 90.
Roop's Point, April 7, Matilda Armstrong, 71.
Yarmouth, April 16, Miss Harriet McGill, 90.
Fargwah Junction, April 10, Mrs. C. Mills, 27.
Bridton, Shel. Co., April 8, Wm. D. Egan, 64.
Wm. Lee, April 17, Mrs. Watson Greenough, 65.
West Head, Shel. Co., April 10, Jas. Ross, 63.
Brown's Plate, April 17, Mrs. Samuel Holder, 76.
Somerville, Mass., Apr. 7, Mrs. Henry Rocks.
Oakland Car. Co., April 15, Jeremiah Tomkins, 84.
Centreville, Annapolis Co., April 15, Mary Gilliat 84.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

FOR PASSENGER FREIGHT RATES and STEAMER SAILINGS to the Cape Nome Gold Fields,

FOR SPACE IN TOURIST SLEEPER From MONTREAL every THURSDAY at 9.45 a. m.

FOR ALL INFORMATION REGARDING FARM LANDS IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST,

For openings for GRIST MILL, HARDWOOD SAW MILL, CHEESE and BUTTER FACTORIES, Prospectors and Sportsmen, write to A. J. HEATH, D. F. A. C. F., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lvs. St. John at 7.00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Digby 10.50 a. m. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12.00 p. m. arr. at St. John, 3.35 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 12.45 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.20 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 5.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.45 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11.55 a. m., arr. Halifax 5.50 p. m. Lvs. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; arr. Digby 8.55 a. m. Lvs. Digby 8.30 p. m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Arthur.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and best steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Boston via New York, Tuesday, and Friday at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 4 from the Furser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

P. GIPSON, superintendent, Kentville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899, trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted.)

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Fictou, and Halifax..... 7.55 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12.05 Express for Sussex..... 12.40 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 12.40 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax.

Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... Accommodation from Moncton..... Express from Halifax..... Express from Halifax, Quebec and Moncton..... Accommodation from Moncton and New Glasgow..... All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation.

D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.