

# PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## ALDERMEN TAKE OATHS

TO DO THEIR DUTY FOR THE CIVIC YEAR TO COME.

And They Listen to the Mayor's Inaugural Address and a Letter From the Police Magistrate that Surprises them and Causes a Lot of Warm Talk.

Tuesday was a field day in the common council.

Instead of meeting at the usual hour in the afternoon the gentlemen lately elected to represent the citizens appeared at the old court house at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. They were there to wind up the business of their predecessors—that is themselves—with the exception of two men.

The last meeting of the old council and the first meeting of the new board are simultaneous, as it were. There may be some odds and ends to wind up that the new council could not or would not accept the responsibility for and the old aldermen and the old mayor assemble and either dispose of these matters or refer them to their successors to deal with.

Some of the aldermen attach a good deal of importance to this farewell and inaugural meeting and they plume themselves accordingly. Consequently it was no surprise to see many of the aldermanic citizens appear with Prince Albert coats and white neckties. These may be called frivolities of the occasion but there is no doubt that ceremony has its effect at times. There are occasions when even aldermen should recognize the dignity of their position by appearing at their official stations in their Sunday best.

Still PROGRESS did not observe that very many of the aldermen took sufficient cognizance of the fact. There was a time when an inaugural was incomplete unless every alderman wore a white rose in his "button hole" and it did not seem a bit of extravagance to present the press representatives with a similar boutonniere. This year these were absent with one exception. Ald. McGoldrick appeared with a beautiful white rose for the fifteenth time, and he seemed surprised that there was not a second one there for him. But the mayor elect had either forgotten or else wished to abolish this sentimental custom along with many others that his radical nature advises. Thus it happened that the only representative at the board who wore the usual decoration was the representative for Stanley.

There was something of minor importance to dispose of before the new council opened—that is all the alderman thought there would be nothing more than that. But they got a genuine surprise. After a few minor communications the common clerk began to read a formidable document from the police magistrate which almost threw the aldermen into convulsions. It was amusing to watch the eager interest on the different faces as they listened to the impertinent declarations of the man to whom they had addressed a courteous request but a few days before. The letter as it was read is printed in full on the second page of this issue and those who have not read it before will find it worth perusing. There were some of the aldermen eager to discuss it the moment after the common clerk had finished it but it was referred to the new council.

But before the new council was sworn in there was one member present—Ald. Daniel—who had to take his farewell of his colleagues. He had been a candidate for the mayoralty and suffered defeat. He spoke of that smilingly, congratulated his successful opponent Mr. Sears with the greatest courtesy and in every respect made a model farewell address. He touched upon those features that his experience in the council had told him were faulty and suggested certain remedies. He referred with much feeling to his kindly associates and made a sharp point when he reminded the mayor elect that the people had relegated him to the position that Mr. Sears had occupied for some time—the critic of the common council.

Alderman McPherson was not present. He is a busy groceryman at this time of the year, and while he could give the citizens a valedictory did not think it was necessary to explain why he was not elected, or expatiate on what he had done. And yet Ald. McPherson has been a useful member of the board. Any member who has such an intimate acquaintance with any department as Mr. McPherson has with the fire protection, can use his practical knowledge with great advantage to the city. He was a valuable member

of the safety board—probably the only old fireman upon it—and always knew of what he was speaking upon those matters.

But the deputy mayor after Ald. Daniel's remarks and a formal motion or so, made a neat address in which he referred to the ex-mayor's arrival in Europe and the fact that he had had the city in his charge for a certain time, after which he introduced the new mayor, Mr. Edward Sears, to the council and invited the common clerk to swear him in. The common clerk of the common council is a very nice spoken gentleman when you meet him in his office. He talks as plain as can be but when he is reading the minutes of the board he is as unintelligible as clerk Willets of the



MAYOR EDWARD SEARS.

Supreme court of this city and county. Therefore the oath of allegiance and the various other oaths that the new mayor took were listened to with the utmost respect by the standing aldermen and audience but not understood. It is doubtful if Mr. Sears himself understood what Mr. Wardroper said but he stood there, a picture of humility with Dave Sockford, the acting constable, holding the bible which he kissed from time to time as the clerk paused. The costume of Mr. Sears was in keeping with the time of day. He had light pants and a black morning coat with such a tie as was suitable to the complexion of all nations. There seemed to be a becoming seriousness on the face of the mayor as he was motioned in a graceful manner to his seat by the deputy. Then came the aldermen and Messrs White and Maxwell were the only new men to place their fingers on the book in the several groups. There were three or four of these little gatherings around the room and when the common clerk paused, the bibles passed rapidly from lip to lip in different circles. And if some of the aldermen didn't touch the binding it was not because they were wanting in loyalty but because they could not reach the good book.

Then the chamberlain had his turn and he was all alone, like the mayor, when he promised to discharge the duties of his office faithfully. But after him came the constables, one for every ward in the city beside all the specials. Oh, what a motley throng was there! A group photograph of the party would have been worth many dollars to the man who succeeded in getting an effective one, but, huddled as they were, each seeking to cover a small portion of the Bible with the tip of the finger, it was impossible to get any kind of a glance at them. Those successful collectors of tax shekels, Messrs Prince and Smith were the foremost among the throng. There was a good deal of amusement as these delinquent hunters went forward but it is only once a year that the people get a chance to pass a joke at them. The other 312 days the constables have the laugh on their side.

"Cut and dried" would in brief express what happened in the next few minutes. Each alderman who made a motion knew what he was going to do and who would vote for him. There was about eight members of the board included in the caucus that fixed matters so comfortably and if the others looked aghast at the sharp way motions were made and passed they had themselves to blame. The cohesive element of the council got together and they carried things their own way. The ball

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

## A BIG ROCK HIS WEAPON.

Dr Varian Floods That St. John Police Object to It.

Last Sunday was an agreeable day, and among those who sought an airing "out the road" was a stalwart young man, of much swagger and self-importance, who has called himself Roger Varian in this town, and pursued, from time to time, the occupation of a veterinary dentist. Varian came in the road quicker than he went out, for in the meantime he had met Mrs. Sloan at her house about four miles out and split her head open with a rock sixteen and a half pounds in weight. He came for a doctor and took him back with him.

It appears that there were two or three social companions with Varian and they called at a house this side of the "iron bridge" which is kept by Mrs. Sloan. There were others there and in some way Varian and Mrs. Sloan began to have some words. The result was that the latter received a slap in the face from Varian. He is a man who will weigh over 200 pounds and young and active enough to take his own part against any man, let alone a woman but it seems he was not able to stand his ground for the woman drove him out of the house. Only for a moment, however, for Varian looked around and found the rock referred to and taking it in both hands he returned and struck Mrs. Sloan a terrible blow on the head. The result was terrible—a ghastly wound that seemed as if it would cause death in a few minutes.

Realizing what he had done Varian drove to town and secured the services of Dr. Baxter who dressed the wound and made the sufferer as comfortable as possible.

In the meantime, the young fellow who works about the place had rushed to the city and told his tale to the police officers. Captain Jenkins and Detective Ring made a quick trip to the scene of the assault and got all the evidence they could but they did not get Varian. He had returned to the city. So did they and along with the chief and others they started in different directions to locate their man. The chief was lucky enough to meet him on Charlotte street, made the arrest and Varian has been behind the bars ever since awaiting the result of the wound he gave Mrs. Sloan before he can be brought up for examination. For a day or two the woman was in great danger but the doctor says that she will recover unless blood poisoning sets in.

Since his arrest he was charged with another and very serious offense—no less than taking a horse from Richibucto without leave or license of the owner. That is called stealing by the law, but Varian's excuse was that he was treating the horse and brought him along to complete the job. At any rate the horse has been returned to the owner, who will not prosecute under the circumstances.

Varian's life in this city during the nine or ten months he has been here has not been such as to recommend him favorably to the notice of those in whose charge he now is. He came here from some point on the border last summer during the races and cut quite a dash around town for a time. He was a stranger and as such could do things that residents of this city would not dare or care to do. He was hail fellow well met with a few associates and it was not until he changed his place of abode from an hotel to a house of ill fame that these began to shun his company. Since then he has made this resort his abiding place except when going through the province as a horse dentist.

The report was quite current that he had married Miss Brown who keeps the house referred to, but it was not authenticated. Perhaps what gave color to it was a trip they made to St. Martins where Varian registered their names as man and wife. There were a number of good people at the same hotel from St. John and vicinity—it was the time of the races there—and they did not relish the idea of associating with Varian and his companion. So a scheme was laid to get rid of them. With the aid of prominent residents of St. Martins, an imaginary warrant was procured and Varian was arrested for doing business in the place without a license. An examination was held and the matter postponed. After this the constable seemed to connive with Varian at an escape and it was managed quietly but as the pair drove off quickly there was a good deal of quiet laughter at their departure. The owner of the span of horses said they came to town very quickly and it was no doubt they did.

## RECEIPTS BY A CHECK.

HOW THE POLICE COURT FUNDS REACH THE CITY BUILDING.

A Few Facts That are Rather Startling in Their Nature—The Law That Should Govern the Magistrate's Action in These Little Matters Pertaining to the City.

Who is the "protestant citizen?" and who the alderman who waited on the police magistrate with reference to an appointment to the office of mayor's messenger?

That is a question that is being much discussed, especially the "protestant citizen's" identity. The magistrate has introduced the issue of religion because he says a "protestant citizen" made a remark against the appointment of Caples because he was a catholic. And now the people want to know who this nameless citizen was.

There is no doubt that if the police magistrate had known the adverse and scathing criticism his letter would receive, he never would have penned it, much less sent it to the council. But he has made the mistake of doing so and must bear the consequences. One of the first of these will no doubt be the questioning of his authority to make any such appointment as he has. PROGRESS talked with the leading members of the board late in the week and the majority of them favored testing the act in this particular. If it was found they said that the magistrate did not have the power then the passage of an act to repeal the objectionable section of 13 Victoria would not be necessary.

There is no doubt that whatever action is taken will be very unanimous. There was not a voice in favor of the magistrate's decision and the impression of the council is that this official has placed himself in a most awkward situation. Notwithstanding his alleged independence of the aldermen and the fact that he would not regard their representations as of any greater account than those of any sixteen citizens—as he expressed it in his letter—the fact remains that he has important relations with the common council as it has had occasion to remind him of in the past. It is not so many years ago that the council found it necessary to make an inquiry into the returns of the police office, how often they were made and when and what the law said about it. That had not been necessary before and the aldermen had quite a vague idea of what the law was on the subject. For the benefit of those who have not read it before PROGRESS quotes that portion of the section referred to. It is as follows:—

50 section Union Act, 52 Vic.—All sums of money received by the said Police Magistrate, or at the said Police office, or by any other magistrate sitting at the Police office, for fees, fines, penalties, forfeitures or costs incurred and paid, receivable on any account whatever, shall be paid over by the said Police Magistrate immediately after the first day of every month.

That is clear enough. Still, when the committee began to inquire into the matter the fact was revealed that the returns were largely in arrears and the matter bore a very serious aspect. The council did not wish to press the magistrate and a very reasonable arrangement was made with him, provided the returns were made promptly in the future. Thus it will be seen that the attitude of the council toward the police magistrate has not been arbitrary but rather lenient. Now he is paying them back in another kind of coin.

But how do matters stand in the office of the chamberlain now with respect to the returns to-day? This is a question that has been looked into by several of the aldermen since the bold assertion of independence made by Mr. Ritchie this week. And what they discovered was rather startling and made them put on their thinking caps. The law is very explicit when it says that the returns shall be paid over immediately after the first day of every month. That would mean the second or third day of May, for example, when the chamberlain should receive the returns for the month of April. The fact is, however, that it was not until April 30 that the chamberlain received the returns for March with a check of the police magistrate's on the Bank of Nova Scotia for the amount \$372.72, and up to and including the greater part of Thursday May 5 there were not sufficient funds in the bank to pay the check.

Now where are the returns for April? This is something for the council to inquire into. Even if Magistrate Ritchie was in receipt of a small salary, there would be no excuse for not making prompt returns

of the money of the city, but he gets the largest salary of any civic official. He has an allowance of \$2,750 at present, and, according to the law, after ten years of service, which will be next year, his salary will be \$3,000.

Everything is paid in cash at the police office. Liquor license fines may be allowed to stand a few days, but a very few, and other fines, judgment fees, etc. are paid on the spot. So there is no credit business. The council may well consider whether another plan might not be adopted for the landing of the police receipts.

In the light of these circumstances one would naturally think that the magistrate would endeavor to get along with the city as amicably as possible and to carry out their views so far as they did not conflict with the dispensing of justice.

But there is another section of the Union Act that is worth quoting, not that PROGRESS thinks that any great objection can be made to the magistrate on this score, but still as there are certain sections defining his duties they may as well be known. This is the section.

45 Sect. Union Act, 52 Vic., 1892.—The Police Magistrate shall attend at the police office every day excepting Sundays, Christmas day, Good Friday, and other legal holidays, between the hours of 10 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and at all such other times as urgent necessity may require, to hear and dispose of the different complaints that may be brought before him.

If this was carried out to the letter the magistrate would have to remain in the office from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. every day, but the machinery of the office is such that this is unnecessary, and when the magistrate is not there the deputy, Mr. Henderson, usually is. If there was no greater complaint than this the office and the official would be very satisfactory to all the people.

## LIQUOR LICENSE REGULATIONS.

A New Rule to Apply to Restaurants and Bars and Hotels.

There is considerable talk about the action of the liquor inspector and license commissioners in requiring that all hotel bars shall only have one door and that there must be a separate entrance to restaurants and bars where they are under the same roof. It means a lot of expense to the restaurant men and a deal of inconvenience to the hotel proprietors but the license men seem to be firm, and the liquor dealers who come under the new regulations will have to comply with the law. The expense will fall especially heavy upon the restaurants. The same help that assist in one business have assisted in the other and under the new regulation different staffs will have to be employed. Mr. Walsh has two excellent entrances and in this he is lucky but he must close up all the doors between his bar and his restaurant which means that if he wants to pass from one to the other he will have to go out on the street to do so. How William Clark is going to make two entrances and make them such as he and the public would like in respect to appearance and width is going to puzzle the brain of an architect.

But M. A. Harding is required to bring his bar from the rear of his premises where it is parallel with the street, to the front where it can only be at right angle. His oyster bar and eating stalls are now in front where they have been for all time and to move them means a huge expense. Mr. Harding was so proud of his arrangement that soon after Mayor Robertson came in power, and when he and the chief of police had all to do with licenses, that he asked them over to inspect it. They did so—though of course the chief had inspected it many times—and were eminently satisfied. Now he must undo all he did and go to a greater expense than ever. The inspector's excuse is that he wants all bars at the front of the street. It is a wonder he don't say as much to the hotels. In the meantime he is bound to have the law observed and the restaurants have all to be closed at 10 o'clock since the first of May. That business is done mainly between 10 and 12 p. m. and the proprietors are not in good humor in consequence.

The Yankee's Want it too.

"I want a bottle of flavoring—I—I—forget what kind," said a little six year old girl to a grocery clerk the other day. "Is it lemon you want?" asked the clerk. "No—no—oh, yes I knew, its manila." When a bottle of vanilla was produced the little one declined it on the ground that "Manila" was the newest and what every one was talking about now. She had evidently had a good dose of Spanish American war news.

**MR. RITCHIE TALKS BACK**

**HE DIFFERS GREATLY FROM THE COMMON COUNCIL.**

And Says So in Language More Forceful than Politicians—The Aldermen no Better than any Other Sixteen Citizens.

The appointment of Sergeant Caples, to fill the position vacated by the death of Sergeant Wilson, against the wishes of the Common Council which was referred to at such length in the last issue of PROGRESS, and which caused the mayor and aldermen to request the magistrate to withdraw his nominee, brought an answer from that official which was read before the Common Council this week. It is such a remarkable answer to a courteous request that PROGRESS prints it in full. The editorial comment upon it will be found on the proper page.

ST. JOHN, N. B., May 2, 1898.  
To His Worship the Mayor and Members of the Common Council:

Gentlemen—in reply to your communication received Saturday last, I beg to say: By section 12 of the Police Act it is my duty as Police Magistrate to "direct some one of the policemen to be in constant daily attendance at the Mayor's office during office hours, whose duty it shall be to observe and obey all such orders and directions as may be given him by the Mayor or Recorder in respect to the public business of the city."

The discharge of this duty has provoked hostile criticism. I thought the act little calculated to evoke so loud, so earnest, and apparently so serious denunciation. A stranger in these parts reading the report of your proceedings might not unreasonably conclude that attached to this appointment, so called, were great and important powers, duties and privileges, as well as emoluments and perquisites. What would such a person think of us as a calm, intelligent, dispassionate people when he would be informed that there was really nothing of the kind; it was merely the detailing of a policeman for duty at the Mayor's office without an increase of one penny to his ordinary day's pay.

Be it remembered it was not an idle lounge at one of the street corners who uttered an incoherent protestation; it was not the work of an insignificant, irresponsible section of the community, but it was the deliberate proceedings of the Common Council, that attracted the stranger's attention. So humorous does the whole business appear to me that it is with difficulty I can treat it except facetiously. However, it may also have its serious side, and out of respect to you I shall make a statement referring to the law and to facts bearing on the case, which I submit respectfully, in your haste you may have overlooked.

The late Sergeant Wilson, who had been appointed by my predecessor to the Mayor's office, died Sunday morning. The following morning the Chief of Police gave me the names of nine policemen for consideration. Later I understood the Council was disposed to amalgamate the position of high constable with that of policeman in attendance at the Mayor's office. Having regard to this possible action, the list was carefully revised and the names of such policemen as were thought fit to hold both offices were reduced to three, from whom I was to select one. This was the occasion when the names of Sergeant Watson and others were omitted. The Mayor-elect called on me and informed me whom he preferred for the position. I was not obliged under the law above cited, and which has been acted upon for half a century, to accept any person's nomination, but I was determined, and expressed my determination to the Mayor-elect, not to direct any policeman for duty in the Mayor's office who would be personally objectionable to him. During his second interview I told His Worship the Mayor in the presence of an Alderman in my office that in view of the possible amalgamation of both offices, the list of names had been revised and I was about to name one of three sergeants, namely, Ross, Caples or Kilpatrick, any of whom would be eligible for the new position. I read to them the certificate of the physician handed to me by Sergeant Caples, which certificate reads as follows:

"Police Magistrate,—I certify that it would be a decided benefit to the health of Thomas Caples to have day employment. I understand that he has been on night duty for two and one-half years. This is quite a severe strain on most men, Caples included. More recently, however, Caples has been done out, nervous, and has not slept well. Day employment would be of much help to him to overcome these troubles, which seem to be the outcome of so much night work.

MURRAY McLAREN, M. D.  
St. John, 26th April, 1898.

On Wednesday morning I had a conversation with Sergeant Ross, of whom I had always entertained a high opinion as a faithful officer, and feeling that he might not unreasonably be under the impression that he stood a fair chance for the position,

I spoke to him of Sergeant Caples' physical condition and read to him the above certificate. Later in the day I was called upon by several respectable citizens on the interest of Sergeant Ross, one of whom, a Protestant gentleman, stated to me that in view of the sentiments a road, I had better not name Caples, as he was a Catholic and "it might make trouble." This intimation shocked and stunned me. If I named Sergeant Caples I should do so because he was a policeman who was not in good health, as anyone may judge from his appearance. Then came the question suggested by the Protestant citizen: Should I refrain from appointing him simply because he was a Catholic? Neither of my predecessors, Messrs. Gilbert or Peters, would have. I am confident, allowed such unworthy considerations to control his conduct; why should I, because I professed the same faith as Sergeant Caples, treat him otherwise than either of those Protestants should have treated him? I yield to no man in my attachment to and love for the Catholic faith, but "I had rather be a toad and live upon the vapor of a dungeon" than have one measure of justice for a protestant as such and another for a catholic. This is my native city. I have an interest in its growth and prosperity. I studied and practiced my profession here. I was its representative in the Legislature for many years. I was Her Majesty's Solicitor General for several years, and I have been the Police Magistrate and as such ex officio Judge of the City Court for nine years, and I have yet to meet the man, the citizen, who can look me in the face and say—fairly and truthfully—that I have never on any occasion, public or private, personally or officially, said or done anything of or concerning any of my fellow-citizens who are protestants that I would not have said or done if they were Catholics. I like fair play. I contend it is the duty of every good citizen, whatever position he may hold in the city, and more particularly if he fills a public office, elective or otherwise, to discountenance as detrimental anything like sowing or keeping alive sectarian strife and discord in the community.

Since I have considered the history of this vexed question, it has occurred to me how delightfully placid it all might have been had I named some policeman other than Sergeant Caples. Not a member of your Council committed the unpardonable sin of recommending him; nor did any say aught against him. Had I named one of the applicants whom some of you favored, or the one some of you recommended, would the law under which I acted have been more respected by those who now oppose the appointment? Would his services have been willingly accepted in the office? Would this talk of economy we now hear so much of have been indulged in? Had I appointed Sergeant Ross, or Kilpatrick, either of whom would have been eligible for the position of high constable, and had the idea of amalgamation been carried out a saving of four hundred dollars annually would have resulted. Before I made the appointment the avowed policy was "amalgamation"; after I named Caples, for reasons (small I say economical?) the alleged policy developed into abolition.

Again it is not correct to say the law is obsolete. It has been acted upon daily for fifty years. The legal gentlemen of your body will appreciate how effectually in the terms of the first recital of your resolution you have admitted your case out of court; or, in other words, in legal parlance, that you have no case. Some of your recitals are not, strictly speaking, in accordance with facts; others of them are inconsistent with each other and none of them support your conclusion. Your resolution requests me: "to carry out the wishes of the Council." Where do you find the justification for such a request? Is there any law, statute or common, imposing on me the duty to comply with your wishes? If you cite it to me, I shall obey.

Am I not rather bound to refuse a request so flagrantly in violation of my oath of office—unless, indeed, you claim authority to absolve me from this high obligation? The plain fact is, Your Worship and gentlemen, and this I respectfully but firmly submit, legally I can no more take notice of your resolution than I could of the like action of any other sixteen respectable intelligent citizens.

Finally, I venture here to make the statement that it will be an ill day for the city of St. John when its Magistrate, clothed with such legal powers as he has, is made subject to the directions of any council or government in the execution of the law which he has sworn to administer. I beg to remain,

Yours respectfully,  
ROBERT J. RITCHIE,  
Police Magistrate.

His Wife (bearing him indistinctly)—Henry, please hold your mouth a little further away from the phone. He with considerable indignation—Do you think I've been drinking, Amelia?

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**A NARROW ESCAPE.**

**A WIARTON LADY WHO WAS NEAR THE DARK VALLEY.**

Her Trouble Began With Swelling of the Glands—This Was Followed by General Collapse and Heart Weakness—Doctors Said She Could Not Recover, But Today She is Enjoying Good Health.

From the Echo, Warton, Ont.

Mrs. Jas. Overand, who lives in Warton, makes the following statement in regard to a remarkable cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People:—"I am 30 years of age and have lived in Warton for the past six years. Previous to this I, with my husband, who is a stone mason, were residents of Chesley. About four years ago there came a swelling on the right side of my neck which grew as the time went on until in about six months it had grown as large as a goose egg. I consulted a physician and he lanced it. This physician diagnosed my case as enlargement of the glands, and said I would get well after it was lanced. This operation gave me temporary relief, but it was only a short time before the lump again began to grow and in six months I was worse than ever. In the meantime I had been prescribed for by different physicians and taken several patent medicines, but none of them gave me more than temporary relief. About three years ago I left Warton for Chesley thinking probably a change would improve my health. I consulted a physician there and he said the trouble was incurable and might end fatally. Discouraged I returned to my home in Warton, much worse than I was when I left, and believing I had come home to die. Before I left for Chesley I had been attacked occasionally with fainting spells; on my return these occurred more frequently and of longer duration. With the least excitement I would faint away. I had become very weak and could scarcely walk across the floor and felt myself growing worse every day. I again consulted the local physician and this time he said it was spasms of the heart and that I would not live more than a couple of days. While I was lying in bed a lady of the town visited me and advised me strongly to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought it useless, but I was ready to grasp at any means of relief, and so commenced to use them. Before the second box was completed I felt myself getting better and before I had finished my seventh box I was able to go about and do my own work. I continued them until I had used fourteen boxes, when I was completely cured. The swelling has left my neck and I am now as well a woman as I ever was in my life. I make the above statement voluntarily, believing it my duty to that which has saved my life and will if necessary make an affidavit to the above facts at any time.

A depraved condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system is the secret of most ills that afflict mankind, and by restoring the blood and rebuilding the nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pallid cheeks. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be 'just as good.' Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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**Music and  
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

As is announced elsewhere in this issue Dan Godfrey's band will give only one performance in this city—a matinee—on Thursday May 19th at two o'clock. The coming musical treat promises to be very largely patronized, though to be sure an afternoon performance will not be quite so convenient for the majority of people.

Dr. Wasgatt the brilliant violinist who was here with Clara and Williams in March, "has gone to be a soldier bold" Before leaving a grand banquet was given for him in Bangor his native city.

**Tones and Undertones.**

Signor Verdi is said to have decided to live for the future in Milan, where his wife is buried. He will stay at the Hotel Milan, in a suite of rooms which have been called after him. His niece, Signora Emma Carrara, who is devoted to him, will go and live with him in Milan.

Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the celebrated contralto who has been engaged by Maurice Grau to sing in this country next season, will fulfil her engagement during the summer months to sing in Berlin, and after that prepare for her departure to this country.

Sig. Puccini, composer of La Vie de Boheme has accepted a libretto by Schurmann and Illica on the subject of Marie Antoinette. The opera is in five acts, opening at Trianon, and closing with the execution, and it will probably first be produced in Paris.

Sousa's new opera, "The Charlatans," written to a libretto by Charles Klein, is to be produced by DeWolf Hopper at the Knickerbocker theatre, New York, on September 5 next. Nella Bergen is to be the Prima donna.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has just finished the third act of his romantic opera for the Savoy to the book of Arthur Wing Pinero, and J. Comyns Carr. The story of "The Beauty Stone" is now said to be a Flemish one, the action being supposed to take place in the time of Phillip Van Artevelde (1340-1382). This son of "The Brewer of Ghent" was chief of the insurrection in Flanders, and that episode would furnish the playwrights and composer with a fine background for their scenes and music. Holland has never yet been properly exploited in the true light romantic vein. Pauline Joran, late of the Carl Rosa troupe is to be in the cast, as is also David Bispham, the Philadelphia baritone. The opera may be given this month, although set down for June.

One of the best known woman composers of Germany is Ingeborg von Bronsart. She is not a German, however, having been born at St. Petersburg, of Swedish parents. She was a well-known pianist, when, at the age of twenty-two, she married Bronsart von Schellendorff, the Berlin composer and pianist, who like his wife, was a pupil of Liszt. A few weeks ago she celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her debut as a composer. She has done what few women have done—written three operas. Two of these, Jety and Baty, and Hjorne, have been sung at a number of German opera houses.

Albert Carr has appointed a woman as director of the chorus at the Opera Comique in Paris. She is a well known music leader, and is the first of her sex to hold such a post in France.

Miss Edith Ellison, a young American soprano, made her debut on the 5th inst., at the hall of The Journal at Paris. She was aided by some of the best known artists of Paris.

A new American soprano, Miss Francesca Farny, has been engaged for the Covent Garden season.

Senior Manuel Garcia, the great singing master, has entered his ninety-fourth year, the oldest practicing professor of music of eminence in the world, for, despite his great age, the veteran teacher of Jenny Lind, Catherine Hayes, and Mathilde Marchesi has not yet accepted the retirement he has so well earned.

Anna Hegner, a sister of the well-known pianist, Otto Hegner, has just made her debut at a violinist in concert rooms at Basle and at Karlsruhe, with great success, the critics being unanimous in acknowledging her exceptional gifts. She is only 15 years of age, and a native of Basle.

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The Geisha, which made so great a success everywhere else, is pretty near a failure in Paris. It has, funny as the statement sounds, been pronounced "immoral." Mme. Emma Nevada, who is singing in the opera at the Hague, Holland, is meeting with enthusiastic receptions.

**TALK OF THE THEATRE.**

Hoyt's "A Bunch of Keys" is among the attractions for this month at the Opera House. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will occupy the stage the latter part of next week, and as it is always interesting, no matter how often seen, will no doubt draw largely.

Grace Filkins, who has been this season the leading woman of Charles Coghlan's company, has offered her services to the Red Cross Society as a nurse. Miss Filkins is the wife of Lieutenant Commander Marx, of the United States navy, who was judge advocate of the Maine Board of Inquiry.

A new British domestic comedy is "The Aristocrat." A new costume drama is entitled "The Blood of the Faithful." The great scene of Mr. Carton's new play, "My Lord and Lady Algy," is a costume ball of the eighteenth century.

Quite a number of high-salaried players will act throughout the summer in San Francisco. They have just been engaged in New York by T. Daniel Frawley for his stock company at the Columbia theatre there. The leading woman will be Edith Crane, who originated the role of Trilby in Australia; Eleanor Cary, Sam Edwards, Theodore Roberts, Alred Hickman and Alf Hampton will also be in the cast.

The newest thing in British farce is "The Club Baby." A new comedietta, in which a politician mistakes a law writ as an invitation to visit the Queen, is entitled "A Warm Member."

Lillian Russel and other fine women have made many pretensions of war nursing, but the first actress to formally offer her services and have them accepted by the War Department is Miss Oldcastle.

While George Alexander is producing "The Conquerors," a London playwright, H. Granville Barker, has dramatized "Mile Fifi," the Normandy tale by Guy De Maupassant which Mr. Potter utilized along with Sardou's "La Haine."

John Hare has done "The Master." Offenbach is to be revived at the Paris Varieties.

Wallack's Theatre, New York, will, it is said, be a music hall next season.

"La Poupee" was given its final performance at Daly's Theatre, New York, last night.

A Parker-Carson version of the French piece, "La Pocharde," is to be produced in London.

Pinero has been in Paris superintending the rehearsals of the French version of his comedy, "The Magistrate."

The unsurpassing Colonel Mapleson has secured two new Italian operas for his forthcoming London season.

The Australian playwright, Sydney Blackburn, has scored a London success with his farce, "A Cousin from Australia."

Edward Terry is to produce at his London theatre a new farce by Messrs Bruce and Darnley, "Shadows on the Blind."

The scenes of George Bancroft's new play, to be produced in London week after next, are laid in and around Florence.

"Soldiers of the Queen" is a new British military melodram. It is a story of the Transvaal, and deals with the capture of Bulawayo.

Glady's Willis enacted the title role in "The Lady Slavey" at the New York Casino last week. Richard Carle plays the part of William Endimion Sykes, "Dan" Daly's old role.

While Italy is giving birth to a bicycle drama, Germany is arranging to produce a Hohenzollern school of drama. Cap-

tain Lauff, the author of "Der Burggraf von Nurnberg," the play inspired by the German Emperor in person, is writing more plays on the order of his first patriotic success. The other day he had an audience with the Emperor at Wiesbaden and developed to him his plans for his future works. He intends to write a trilogy, dealing with the history of the Hohenzollern dynasty, which may be considered a sequel to "Der Burggraf," and will comprise three great episodes from their history. The first part of the trilogy has found the approval of the Emperor. It will be named "The Iron Tooth," and will deal with the person of Frederick II of Hohenzollern, who was nicknamed with that sobriquet. The second part shall embrace the period of the great Electoral Prince, and the third part that of Frederick the Great. The first part will be completed this year and is to be produced during the Emperor's week at Wiesbaden in May of next year.

Lionel de la Tourasse, a young French dramatist, has submitted to Sarah Bernhardt a new play, "The Triumph of Death," which he has adapted from the novel of Gabriele d'Annunzio with the permission of the author. The new play is strongly dramatic and Madame Bernhardt has signified her intention to open her next season with it.

"Zara," a new four-act comedy by Bertin and Simon, has been accepted for production by the Paris Vaudeville Theatre. The comedy deals with the very realistic and highly amusing adventures of theatrical variety company in the provincial towns of France. The title role, Zara, will offer splendid opportunity to Madame Rejane to show her magnificent skill and art as the prima donna of the travelling show.

The author of Mrs Fisk's dramatic version of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," which she is to produce next season under the title of "Becky Sharp," is not Lorimer Stoddard.

When E. H. Sorthern opens next season he will present a new play entitled "The Continental Dragon." The author is Robert N. Stevens, who wrote "An Enemy to the King." As its name indicates, the play is a drama of the revolutionary period. It has been published in story form.

Viola Allen is to make her stellar debut next season in a much more sensational role than that of Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, as previously reported. She is to appear as Glory Quayle in a dramatization of Hall Caine's "The Christian." Glory a Maux mink who becomes a London nurse and then takes to the stage, through many tribulations of greenroom insult, has a very sensational scene with the crazed fanatic, John Storm, who comes to her room to kill her. According to reports, Glory as Miss Allen will play it will be very distinct from the heroine as given in the original play. Glory, as she is in the book, is a character which, although forceful, hardly appeals to the sympathies of the average reader. Her individuality was retained in accordance with the general scheme of the novel in the first play. Mr. Caine, however, appears to have listened to the representations of Miss Allen's advisers, and, as already intimated, Glory, as she will be seen in the American version of the play, will be very different from the somewhat hysterical and vacillating young woman of the book itself.

Joseph Hatton's new dramatic version of "Jack Sheppard," recently produced at the London Pavilion Theatre, and already mentioned in these columns, picks up the story of the historic housebreaker at a much later period in life than the versions heretofore used. There is none of the romantic suggestion of his infancy, the first scene occurring in the workshop of Mr. Wood, in Cheapside, with Jack as an apprentice. The first act ends with a "spectacular" scene of Preston's Gardens, Hockley-in-the-Hole, where there is a set-to between prize-fighters. There is another noteworthy scene at the Cross Shovels, in the Mint, where are sung the old ditties, "Nix My Dolly Pala," "Jolly Nose," "Hurrah for the Road." A most effective character is that of Jonathan Wild, entrusted to Julian Cross—a cool, calculating, heartless villain, with the voice of a stentor, who, being somewhat a detective, brought to the gallows 35 highwaymen, 22 burglars and 10 returned convicts. He was himself hanged for housebreaking a year after Jack Sheppard, whose execution forms the last incident of the play. There is here a reproduction of Hogarth's picture—the last but one in the "Idleness and

Industry" series—depicting the execution of the idle apprentice.

David Belasco's great military play, "The Heart o' Maryland" has made a big financial, as well as artistic, success at the Adelphi theatre, London.

It is rumored that the venerable Stuart Robson will open the next season at Wallack's Theatre in New York with a new comedy by Augustus Thomas. This actor is no longer popular in the metropolis.

It is reported that Marie Shotwell and John E. Kellard will come out as joint stars next season, appearing in a new romantic play.

"A Gentleman of Genoa" is the title chosen provisionally for the new play by Messrs Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, which will be the next production at the London Criterion Theatre. Much secrecy is observed with regard to the final scene, which is in the nature of a startling surprise. The mystery turns upon the death of the leading character to be represented by Charles Wyndham. The action of the play passes in a palace in Genoa during the Middle Ages. Mr. Parker is also at work on a version of "The Three Musketeers." Sydney Grundy is performing the same task for Beerbohm Tree.

Although Tragedian Thomas W. Keene owns up to being fifty-six years of age, he looks to be at least fifteen years younger, and has many seasons of usefulness before him. Recently it has been stated that Mr. Keene proposed to retire from the stage next season. He is a rich man and could afford to do so, but the report is untrue.

Of the many stars now before the public, it is doubtful if any have a larger following than Sol Smith Russell. His methods, like his mannerisms, are peculiarly his own, and his native enthusiasm, his earnestness and sincerity, and so infectious and lend such an air of realism to characters that the audience feel as if they were face to face with a real man and not a play actor. He seems to speak as his heart prompts him rather than the words from a play book.

**OUT OF A SOUTHERN PRISON**

A Bit of Burnt Candle and a Small Piece of Wire Does It.

In the fall of 1864, says a Southern correspondent of the Companion, smallpox broke out in the military prison at Salisbury North Carolina. Late one evening, while the disease was at its height, two Union prisoners came to the surgeon's quarters complaining of fever, pains in the head and back, and other symptoms.

The surgeon was a conscientious officer and a Christian; but he had never had the smallpox, and he said quickly:

"Boys, I am afraid you have taken the prevailing disease. Go to the receiving ward, and I will see you again to-morrow."

The next morning, when the doctor called at the door of the ward, the men arose and started to approach him. They were spotted thickly on the face, neck and hands with pustules, and without stopping for a close inspection the doctor exclaimed as he hurried away:

"You have it. Go at once to the pest-house."

The pest-house was about half a mile outside of the stockade, and the men, wrapping their blankets around them, with feeble steps made their way toward it, every one along the road giving them a wide passage. Midway between the house and the garrison was a high platform. To this a nurse came once a day bringing food and medicines. Then after a loud call to those in the pest-house, he would hurry back. On the morning after the two new cases had gone out, the nurse on his visit found on the platform a note, and opening it, read the following:

"Dear Doctor: We reported to the pest-house, as you ordered, but we do not like the situation. We think it is too near the creek, and we believe the mountain air will do us better. So we have gone farther. We leave these things to show you how we took the disease. Yours, etc."

With the note were a bit of burnt candle and a small piece of wire. During the night in the sick ward the men had heated the wire in the candle, and blistered themselves in spots so that a hasty glance easily mistook the burns for smallpox pustules. The prisoners were never heard of afterward.

**TOBACCO FROM AUSTRALIA.**

Weed is Being Cultivated by Farmers in the Antipodean Island.

Australia has at last set about making a serious effort to cultivate tobacco. For thirty years or more the weed has been grown in limited areas in New South Wales, Queensland and Victoria, but it can scarcely be said to have been cultivated. Not at any stage has the industry been backed by scientific knowledge—at least, not until experts were sent over from this country. Victoria secured the services of Mr. Bondurant, a Kentuckian, if we mistake not, and New South Wales those of Mr. Howell, also from the south.

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The former has been at the antipodes for two or three years, and the latter only a few months. Sufficient, however, has been done by Mr. Bondurant in Victoria to demonstrate that a good marketable article can be grown there, and that in future tobacco will figure much more prominently in the list of Australian exports than was thought likely a few years back. It was the success which attended the efforts of Mr. Bondurant as a practical instructor that induced the government of New South Wales to follow Victoria's lead and also turn to the States for a scientific teacher. And now we learn that the agricultural department of Queensland is assisting its growers by importing the best American seed procurable. The expert, it is presumed, will follow in due course.

There is no doubt whatever that tobacco can be profitably grown in all the Australian colonies. The product may never rival Vuelta Abajo—not even equal that of our New England States, but the fact that the governments have decided to push the enterprise for all that it is worth means that tobacco in large quantities will eventually be produced and placed on the markets of Europe.

The government expert is very well pleased with the results attained at the experimental farm at Edi, where he planted a large number of varieties of plug and cigar leaf tobacco. Mr. Bondurant's chief object has been to determine what varieties of leaf were best adapted to Victorian soil and climate, and this, it is claimed, he has done. Next season a larger crop is to be set out, and should that prove a commercial success the tobacco-raising industry will be fairly launched. In all human probability it will be years before Australia becomes a competitor of our in this field, but once it has been proved that tobacco is a profitable crop to grow, and the farmers have learned to handle it, then we may have to bestir ourselves.—Tobacco Leaf.

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ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, MAY 7th.

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

THE MAGISTRATE'S LETTER.

The communication of Police Magistrate RITCHIE, which was read at the Common Council this week, and which appears elsewhere, was a remarkable document—remarkable for its imprudence in the first place, and characterized by such audacity and insolence as the representatives of the city have rarely, if ever, met with. Mr. RITCHIE is at no pains to conceal his contempt for the opinion of the mayor and aldermen. He treats their courteous resolution, addressed to him, with sarcastic disrespect and submits a lengthy reply in which there are uncalled for allusions, and brings up religious issues that never entered into the question of the appointment of any man to fill the position vacated by the death of Sergeant WILSON.

Ignoring the fact that the aim and object of the aldermen was to save the salary attached to an unnecessary office by not filling the vacancy, he questions whether they would have been so "economical (?) if he had appointed a protestant. What right has the police magistrate, after such a courteous request for a conference, to impute such motives to representatives of the people? If he takes shelter behind the fact that he is not controlled by the common council, that his salary is fixed by law instead of by the people who pay him and whom he serves, he is making a grievous error. The will of the people will triumph in the end and it is a mistake to substitute insolence for courtesy and audacity for independence.

His reminder to the council that its courteous remonstrance to him was not the "incoherent protestation of an idle corner loungee" but the deliberate proceedings of the common council is intended to be in the nature of a rebuke, but, instead, is simply ridiculous vamping and savors of the frequent lectures from the bench which he delivers when he can find an audience large and patient enough to listen to him.

Then, proceeding to the recital of facts, the magistrate makes some extraordinary statements about the visits of the mayor-elect and some aldermen to him, and he gives the impression that they were thoroughly cognizant with the course he proposed to pursue. If that is a fact, in justice to other members of the board, he should state who tried to influence him to make an appointment—if indeed such influence was exerted.

Though no complaint had been made to Mr. RITCHIE concerning the selection of CAPLES, but simply a remonstrance against any appointment, the magistrate takes much pains to explain why he selected Sergeant CAPLES in preference to other men on the force, and he reproduces a certificate from Dr. McLAREN stating that continued night work had affected CAPLES' health. Magistrate RITCHIE surely does not say for an instant that this fact excuses the filling of an office to which there are no duties attached and which the representatives of the people were unanimously in favor of abolishing. He would not pretend that, because he has some shadow of right in law—and it is contended by able jurists that even the shadow does not exist—to appoint a man to such a sinecure that he should do so simply because a physician recommends that an efficient able-bodied and youthful policeman should have more day duty and less night work? Did the magistrate forget for an instant that it was in the power of the chief of police to provide a remedy for Sergeant CAPLES by transferring him to day duty for a time. Surely such a subterfuge as this is unworthy of the man who presides over our civil court and dispenses justice there from day to day.

Then, most regrettable of all portions of his wordy letter, comes the reference to protestants and catholics, and upon the flimsy pretext of a senseless remark by an anonymous "protestant citizen" the magistrate proceeds to announce the fact that

Sergeant CAPLES is of the same faith as himself and to repel the imaginary accusation that he would make any difference in his treatment of men of different religions. How supremely ridiculous! Who inquired into the faith of Sergeant CAPLES? Who cared whether he was a protestant or a catholic? He was a good officer and if the council was in favor of an appointment and the magistrate had a right to make it he would have been just as acceptable as any other man. But in seeking to excuse his lack of courtesy to the council, in seeking to divert public attention from his own haste and injudicious act, Magistrate RITCHIE has not hesitated to stir the embers of a religious fire which was lighted in this community when his colleagues in this city and county sacrificed themselves for his interest and not only provided him with a position of emolument but surrounded it with such safeguards for him that the people, whom he is riding rough shod over today, have not even the right, according to his idea, to be accorded an interview upon a matter of public interest. Mr. RITCHIE must bear in mind that governments do not last forever and that the day may come when obnoxious laws as well as obnoxious appointees can be set aside. If there is any "protestant citizen" who was silly enough to make the remark imputed to him he should be held up to public ridicule, but, even if it was made, such a senseless remark should not have been made the basis for reviving such a dangerous agitation. It was a poor excuse for Mr. RITCHIE to parade his loyalty and affection for his religion.

His remark, in conclusion, that he can not take any more notice of the request of the common council than of any sixteen citizens, is simply insolent. A man who has been elected again and again by the people and who has held positions of responsibility in the government of this province cannot be taken seriously when he makes such a statement to the representatives of the people of St. John. Such an assertion could only be dictated by the judgment that prompted such an injudicious document as was received by the common council, a document that may well make one question whether the same judgment is capable of balancing the scales of justice with that evenness so necessary in the public interest.



JUDGE WILLIAM WILSON. (Appointed this week to succeed Judge Steadman—resigned.)

Bired to the City.

PROGRESS has never heard of the chief of police being in the livery business but there was an entry on the big book in the central station this week that would indicate that he had a tendency that way. When Capt. Jenkins and Detective Ring started for Mrs. Sloan's last Sunday afternoon they took the chief's driver and went out probably quicker than they would with an ordinary livery horse but when they returned and made the charge against Varian, there was a memorandum underneath it "Horse Hire, two dollars." Now it may be that the chief thinks that the city would have had to hire a horse if his had not been available. That is quite true and the charge of two dollars cannot be called unreasonable but these little matters are always scrutinized carefully by inquisitive aldermen and perhaps a little explanation in anticipation will not be amiss.

Ald. Christie's Early Application.

Ald. Christie has a quiet air of humor about him that is sometimes quite effective in debate. When Alderman McArthur proposed that the council hold an investigation into the interference of civic officials in civic politics, Ald. Christie pleaded with quite a pathetic air that if the council decided to do this they would take into serious consideration his application for the commissionership. If any fat snaps like that was going he thought that as the oldest member of the council he should be thought of first. But considering the flattering majorities of himself and Ald. McArthur he thought they could afford to draw the mantle of charity over the offences of any such opponents.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

My Heart Loves on With Thine. I would not have you sad to hear, I must go far from thee, Nor cause thee one regretful tear, Though absent I must be. In holy dreams that bless the night, In memories divine; With thee I walk in heavenly light My heart loves on with thine. The blissful joys of bygone days, Now wear a darker shade; But first affection fonder stays, And trusts the vows we made. Though parted love we still are true, As stars at night most shine; The world is nothing without you, My heart loves on with thine. I hear the distant midnight chime, Across the moonlit lake; I soon must seek a foreign clime, Be true for love's sweet sake. My soul guards still for thee alone, Love, ever hallowed shrine; I love but thee for life my own, My heart loves on with thine. Farewell my love the stormy sky, And the heaving sea is dark; The night wind gives a mournful sigh, And now I must embark. The sky of fate has a cloud above, Over the surging brine; Farewell and still remember love, My heart loves on with thine. CYRUS GOLDB.

Their Big Fight.

It was the Yankee Navy That steamed the open sea Full forty ships and more had they In that white company. Sailors had they of every stripe Russian and Jew and Dutch But American men were very few Nor were officers many of such. "I say there men!" the captain shouts, "We'll take another spin, And land some harmless merchantmen Then dive up the tin." And lo with shot and bluster bold Some fishing smack is stopped A crew of prize men placed aboard A noble "fight's" been fought. "Hurrah!" they shout and "Liberty!" Then as with silence dead, Each sailor figures out his spoils In his much distended head. But what is that in distance dim? A most imposing sight! Back to the gathered fleet they speed And tell the news with flight. With guns engaged and decks all bare And all buoyed up to fight The squadron bold with joy untold Confronts the harbour light. There was lack of woman nursing There was lack of mother's tears, But to celebrate the "action" The Admiral "hid the beers." HONO.

And on the Night Winds, The sun has fallen o'er the western hills, And dark the shadows of the after day, All nature rests in quietude, And night exhales the brightness of the day. The Smiddy's forge is cold at last, The day birds' notes are hushed and still, And all of earth and heaven seemed blest, As rests the herd on yonder hill. On yester-night the ploughman, worn by toil, Trod homeward o'er the meadows, sweet with hay. The old mill silent, and the wheel at rest, And quiet peace reigned on the Sabbath day. Across the emerald field and through the lane The town-folk wend their silent way, And from the belfry of the village church The old bell tolls the eve of Holy day. The old, the young, the grave, the gay, Extol the blessings of the hour, The rich and poor meet on a common plain, By faith to recognize a higher power. On breezes laden rich with perfume rare, Flow sounds from voices old and fair, And on the night winds soft we hear "Son of my soul, thou Saviour dear." —William Van Buren Thompson.

A Solitary Way.

There is a mystery in human hearts, And though we be encircled by a host Of those who love us well, and are beloved, To every one of us, from time to time, There comes a sense of utter loneliness. Our dearest friend is "stranger" to our joy, And cannot realize our bitterness. "There is not one who really understands, Not one to enter into all we feel;" Such is the cry of each of us in turn. We wander in a "solitary way," No matter what our lot may be; Each heart mysterious even to itself, Must live its inner life in solitude. And would you know the reason why this is? It is because the Lord desires our love. In every heart He wishes to be first, He therefore keeps the secret key Himself, To open all its chambers, and to bless With perfect sympathy and holy peace Each solitary soul which comes to Him. So when we feel its loneliness, it is The voice of Jesus saying, "Come to Me;" It is a call to us to come again; For Christ alone can satisfy the soul, And those who walk with Him from day to day Can never have a "solitary way." And when beneath some heavy cross you faint, And say "I cannot bear this load alone," You say the truth. Christ made it purposely So heavy that you must return to Him. The bitter grief which "no one understands" Conveys a secret message from the King, Entreats you to come to Him in sin. The Man of Sorrows understands it well, In all points tempted He can feel with you. You cannot come too often, or too near, The Son of God is infinite in grace, His presence satisfies the longing soul, And those who walk with Him from day to day Can never have a "solitary way."

They Intend to Remain.

The Boston Optical Co., state that it is their intention to remain in St. John permanently. They can always be found at the old stand 25 King street. Their advertisement appears in another column of this issue.

Steamer Clifton.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of the Stmr. "Clifton" in another column.

WHO MOVED THIS YEAR

A FAIRLY COMPLETE LIST OF THOSE WITH NEW ADDRESSES.

They are in all Quarters of the City—More held to Have Changed Their Place of Abode This Year Than Usual—the List Alphabetically.

Moving day was Monday of this week and those who have observed the annual changes in this respect say that the people manifested a more than usual restless disposition. At any rate PROGRESS has a list of the names of those who have changed their places of abode. No doubt there are others who are not in this list but it is as complete as possible under the circumstances.

Allan, John 112 Charlotte to 104 Britannia street. Anderson, Robt. D. 230 Union to 216 Waterloo street. Armstrong, D. W. from Chipman Place to Cor. Princess and Sidney. Arnold, Mr. Hospital to Exmouth street.

Bustin, S. B. St. James to Duke street. Bala, John Wright to Celebration street. Brides, Geo. 105 St. James to Charlotte street. Barbour, E. 212 Brittain to Broad street. Bustin, A. 79 Broad to Brittain. Bauer, A. 106 Broad to St. James street.

Barnes, Geo. W. 167 Westmount Road to 60 St. Mary street. Beatty, Rev. B. 41 Richmond to White street. Brown, Ala. Cor. Harrison and Main to Adelaide street. Brown, Mr. Adelaide Road to Cor. Metcalf and Durham.

Barbour, Mrs. City Road to Wright street. Belch, Mrs. from Cor. Germain and Horsfield street to Germain. Brennan, Capt. from Charlott to St. James street. Belyea, Jas. A. 64 Garden to 5 Garden street. Barr, J. C. Wright to Wither street.

Curran, Frank P. Mill to Metcalf street. Crelock, Mr. 26 Richmond to 230 Union street. Cronin, T. J. Peter Street to King Street East. Crawford, Geo. Gilbert's Lane to Westmoreland Road.

Carroll, Miss L. 311 Brussels to Gilbert's Lane. Clark, William Cor. Princess and Sydney to Cor. Charlotte and Duke. Colwell, Miss Carleton street to 27 City Road. Cowan, Leonard St. James to 206 Britannia street. Cox, Wm. City Road to Chubb street.

Cox, Wm. 21 Wall to Chubb street. Carson, Allan 721 Main to Rockland Road. Crawford, J. Main to Chapel street. Clarke, Capt. 31 High to 79 Acadia street. Climo, C. H. Princess to Halifax. Coleman, Mr. St. Paul to Chapel street.

Doherty, Mr. Middle to Brussels street. Dixon, Capt. St. James to Cedar street. Dunham, Mrs. St. James to Queen Square. Dodds, Andrews, 100 Coburg to 159 Princess street.

Davidson, Gilbert, 5 Duke to 29 Duke street. Doherty, Hugh J. Elm to Clarendon street. Duncan, Alex. 39 City Road to 35 Lombard street. Day, H. 7 St. Paul to 27 City Road. DeMile, Jas. 29 City Road to 102 City Road. Donahoe, Thos. 55 City Road to 60 City Road.

Draper, W. Germain to 135 Broad street. Dunham, G. W. Spring to Lombard street. Dunham, Mrs. Alex. 41 City Road to 35 Lombard street. Doyle, J. 34 St. Andrews to 95 Queen street. Dunlap, James 38 Charles to 49 Charles street.

Emery, Jas. 25 Exmouth to Elliot; R. W. Elison, Mrs. 216 to 63 Waterloo street. Elmore, Mrs. St. James to Broad street. Estabrooks, G. J. 151 Union to Drury Cove. Ellis, T. Adelaide to Elm street.

Foster, Robt. Middle to Carmarthen street. Fraser, W. J. 31 Peters to Brookville. French, — 210 Brittain to 116 Broad street. Gilchrist, James Elliot; Row to Sydney Street. Gleeson, Mrs. 31 Brittain to 15 Germain street. Gibson, Hugh, Brussels to Clarence street. Gorman, Jas. 88 to 211 Brittain street.

Heath, A. J. 311 Princess to 56 Carmarthen street. Harrington, Cor. Courtenay and St. David's to Union street. Hunter, G. D. 90 Exmouth to 48 Exmouth street. Howard, Wm. Clarendon to Victoria street. Harrington, Jos. 611 Main to 71 Paradise Row. Howell, H. 87 Leinster to 134 City Road. Heffer, H. 216 Brittain to 129 Broad street.

Hutchings, C. A. 34 Mecklenburg to 188 Carmarthen street. Hogan Capt. Wm. 170 Main to Simonds street. Higgins, Mrs. Acadia to Camden street. Irvine, John 134 City Road to 42 Charles street.

Jackson, Geo. 83 St. Patrick to 102 Wright street. Johnston, Wm. 32 Main to Union street. Jones, Jas. 300 Princess to 113 Queen street. Kenny, Henry Main to Elm street. Keenan, Mr. Cor. Waterloo and Union to Cor. White and Waterloo street.

Killam, Mrs. R. C. Moncton to 23 Broad street. Kane, J. Moore to Sidney street. Kerr, James 40 Charles to Spring street. Lang, F. Brittain to 88 St. James street. Lilly, Mr. 49 Brussel to Douglas Avenue. Lobo, Mrs. 18 Clarence to St. David street.

Lee, John Lombard to Mill street. Lowman, Jas. Spar Cove Road to Adelaide Road. Liden, Mr. St. James to Charlotte street. Mills, Miss Broad to Germain street. May, Jas. S. 108 Duke to 19 St. James Street. Melvin, Dr. 180 Duke to Sidney Street. Munford, Mr. Paradise Row to 23 City Road. Mathews, Mr. Rock street to 140 City Road. Megarity M. 288 Waterloo to 277 City Road.

Myers, Wm. City Road to Prospect street. Myers, John 140 City Road to Prospect street. McGovern, Jas. Cor. Princess and Sidney to Hazen street. McIntyre, Miss 9 Adelaide street to Millidgeville.

McKee, Chas. St. Patrick to Duke. McCallum Jas. Cor. Peter and Waterloo to McDermott, David 187 Brittain to St. James street. McBeath Mr. Princess to McClverty, Mrs. James Moncton to Dorchester House, Dorchester street. McDonald Chas. 11 Peters to 199 Douglas Avenue.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. They are in all Quarters of the City—More held to Have Changed Their Place of Abode This Year Than Usual—the List Alphabetically.

McNeill, Rev. L. G. Union Street to Hazen street. McArdrews, 148 Carmarthen to 167 Queen street. McAfee, Robt. St. Paul to 68 City Road. McColegan Wm. City Road to St. James street. McAfee, Mrs. City Road to Lombard street. McLellan, J. V. 100 Coburg to King St. East. McDonald, Mrs. D. 231 Princess street to Brunel street.

Neilson, M. 109 Westnorth to 114 Westnorth street. Naele, W. J. 116 Broad to 79 Broad street. Northrop, Mr. Corner DeHau and Waterloo to—Purchase, W. R. Elliot Row to Riverside. Porter, J. Sydney to 257 Carmarthen street. Paddock, M. V. 13 Paddock street to Sewell street.

Parlee, Howard Rebecca street to Waterloo. Peters, Mr. 216 Waterloo to City Road. Peniston, C. H. 60 Durham to 134 Mill street. Patchell, Israel Celebration street to 62 City Road. Pender, Jas. 55 St. James to 187 Queen Street.

Robertson, Mr. 16 Carmarthen to 14 Peters street. Rogers, Frank Waterloo to Johnston street. Riecker, Capt. Delhi to Winter street. Riley, Fred 193 Canterbury to Brittain street. Romke, Mrs. Corner Haymarket Square to Corner Sheriff and Hilyard street. Riley, Lewis Luulow street W. E. to Exmouth street.

Robertson, Geo. 128 Bridge to 675 Main street. Rourke, E. 65 City Road to 72 Mecklenburg street. Ritchie, Caip Douglas Ave. to 63 Garden street. Ratchford, R. Waterloo to DuHil street.

Sullivan, Jeremiah 20 Queen to Charlotte street. Stirling, Peter Charlotte to Orange street. Simmons, Mr. Brussel to St. David street. Shonoman, Mrs. Summer-street to Barker street. Shea, Mr. Garden to Rock street.

Secord, Mr. King Square to 297 Union street. Smith, Mrs. 61 High to King St. East. Smith, Milton St. James to Hazen street. Stewart, Mrs. John City Road to Sewell street. Stackhouse, Mr. Queen to 55 City Road. Spears, M. Charlotte to Brittain street. Spears, Jas. Carmarthen to 21 Broad street.

Saunders, W. H. H. St. James street to Toronto. Snider, P. W. 2-3 Princess to 84 Exmouth street. Stammers, C. J. 112 Orange to 13 Exmouth street. Smith, R. 137 Elliott Row to 260 Waterloo street. Sangster, Mrs. Main to Union street.

Tobin, H. 132 Factory to 60 City Road. Taylor, Rupert D. 42 Carleton to 90 Waterloo street. Taylor, J. M. 30 Queen Square to Rothesay. Turnbull, Geo. Military Road to Paradise Row. Thompson, LeBaron, 40 Duke to 236 Germain. Temple, F. L. 19 Cl. to 100 Coburg street.

Vroom, W. E. St. James to 283 Germain street. Vincent, David 257 Carmarthen to 130 Broad street. Veasey, Mr. 21 Adelaide to Main street. Wilband, W. A. Dorchester to 10 Charlotte street. Wilson, A. 114 Pitt to 297 Princess street. Wilson, Mr. City Road to cor. Stanley and City Road.

Walker, Dr. A. B. Dorchester to cor., Mecklenburg and Pitt street. Walker, Miss Adelaide to 275 Main street. Weimore, A. H. 185 Duke to Riverside. Whalen, Mr. Pleasant Ave. to Richmond West End.

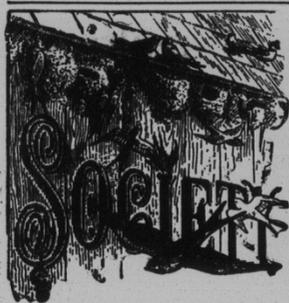
Craft, E. S. Prince to Ludlow street. Jones, Mrs. E. O. Ludlow to Winslow street. Lemon, J. S. Guilford to Duke street. Robson, Wm. St. George to St. John street. Smith, O. E. King to Union street. Whetton, Edgar Rodney to Duke.

GOAT HUNTING IN ALASKA.

Novel Way to Bring Wild Goats Into Rifle Range.

'They have a queer way of hunting mountain goats up in the mountains back of Skaguay,' said D. J. McKinney, the 'Mayor of Skaguay,' at the Hotel Northern. The boys at one of my camps told me one day that they had seen some goats up in the hills and they asked me if I wanted to go along to hunt them. Of course I did, and we were soon climbing high up on the mountains, away above the altitude that I thought any living creature would live. Still up and up we went. The boys were trying to get above a place where they had seen the goats a few days before. When they had located the proper point, they selected a huge boulder and got me to help them tip it over. It took the combined strength of three of us to get the rock started. When it did get to going the havoc it caused on its way down to the valley was something fearful. Then the boys told me to get ready for a surprise. We all got our rifles ready and waited. It was only a short time until we saw emerging from the scrubby growth below us bounding fine goats. They came toward us heedless of the danger they were running into. They came to within sixty yards of us and we brought down all three. 'I learned then that the goat always tries to get above rolling rocks, and that that is a favorite way of hunting them.'—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The adult scalp should be thoroughly washed occasionally to remove the oily particles, then apply Hall's Hair Renewer to give the hair a natural color.



Mrs. H. B. Nase received wedding calls on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Another bride who will be at home to her friends next week is Mrs. Harry Logan.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fielders and Miss Fielders left last Saturday for Edmonton, where they will make their future home.

Mrs. C. H. McCleary received her friends Thursday afternoon at her home 114 Wentworth street.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan G. Crawford arrived Tuesday from Montreal.

Mrs. F. P. Starr returned from New York the first of the week.

Mr. Simon Jones returned Tuesday from his stay in New York.

Dr. J. B. Inch was in the city this week, on his way from Fredericton.

Mr. H. D. Troop left Tuesday on a few weeks visit to New York.

The Conservatory of Music held a recital on Tuesday evening upon which occasion a large and appreciative audience were present to hear the following excellent programme.

Dr. and Mrs. W. W. White left Tuesday afternoon for a visit of some weeks to Toronto.

Mr. D. Bradley returned Tuesday from Upper Gagetown where he had been attending the funeral of S. Chipman Weston.

Miss Dimock and Miss Cleft of Alken, South Carolina are visiting St. John.

A very enjoyable concert took place in Carleton this week in which the following persons took part in the excellent programme, that proved not only a source of pleasure to the audience but a triumph to those whose names appeared thereon.

Mr. Edward Owens returned Wednesday from a trip to Montreal.

Bishop Kingston of Fredericton was a visitor to the city for a few days lately.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Climo left Tuesday for Halifax where they will make their home for the present.

Mrs. Stockford and Miss Fannie Stockford, mother and sister of the late High Constable Stockford left this week for Boston in company with their brother who had come to attend the funeral.

It is pleasing to note that despite other announcements Colonel Tucker's health is greatly improved and that he is able to take a short drive daily.

Mr. Fred Pickett spent Sunday in Greenwich.

Mrs. A. L. Peatman of Greenwich is spending a week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLoud spent last week here with friends, returning to Greenwich on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Goodwin gave a delightful drive whilst part and dance at their residence, Nithbank, on Wednesday evening last week, in honor of Mr. H. J. DeForest who shortly leaves for Europe.

Mrs. W. W. Clarke of Bear River spent a little while in the city during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hatt and Mr. J. F. G. Hatt of Maryville were among Wednesday's visitors to the city.

Mrs. W. B. Ganong and Miss Marguerite Ganong were in the city this week on their way to the "Cedars."

Mr. Robert Hickey left this week on a short visit to Halifax.

Mrs. J. B. Mills of Annapolis was among recent visitors from the sister provinces. She returned home the last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Feron and family of King street east left this week for Montreal where Mrs. Feron and children will spend the next two months with her parents.

Miss Agnes Harding returned this week from a visit to Montreal.

Miss Chamberlain of the North End is entertaining a friend, Miss Smith, from Boston.

Mrs. W. L. Hamm and Miss Hamm left the first of the week for Winnipeg where they will spend some time.

Mr. DeB. Carrille left the first of the week on a visit to Halifax.

Rev. J. A. Gordon who has been visiting the Northwest for the benefit of his health is home again much improved and will occupy his pulpit in Main street church on Sunday.

Lieut. Col. Bremner of Halifax spent a day or two in the city this week.

Mr. George Blair, Jr. returned Monday from Ottawa.

Mr. Albert Miller chief clerk of the Beaver line left the first of the week for Montreal, a number of friends assembling at the depot to say good bye and assure him of a warm welcome on his return.

News of the death of Mrs. Charlotte Medley widow of Canon Charles Medley of Sussex, at the Fredericton hospital whither she had gone for treatment, was heard here with regret by a large number of friends and acquaintances of the deceased lady and members of the bereaved family. The funeral took place at Sussex on Wednesday and was largely attended.

Mrs. Everett Tapley of Maryville who spent two weeks very pleasantly with relatives returned home last Saturday.

Miss Edna Sallis has returned from a three months visit to her sister Mrs. H. C. Creed of Fredericton.

Mrs. Cudlip returned this week to Maryville having spent some time with relatives here.

Miss Ida Cameron of Sussex is visiting North End friends.

Miss Maude Parr of Moncton is visiting her sister Mrs. Wm. Carson of Main street.

Mrs. Steeves arrived this week from Fredericton on a visit to her old home at Carleton. Mrs. Steeves was accompanied by her mother who will also visit friends in the west side.

Mr. W. K. McKean of the Bank of Montreal, Moncton, is at his home here, laid by as the result of a fall by which one of the bones of his right shoulder was broken. While at work in the Bank, Mr. McKean caught his foot and fell with the above mentioned serious result.

Mr. and Mrs. Keltie Jones' home has been brightened by the arrival of a little stranger—a boy. Congratulations are especially felicitous as it is the first event of the kind in the family.

Dr. and Mrs. Magoe's friends are also showing them with congratulations on the advent of a girl baby, who arrived early last Wednesday morning.

Mrs. George Lynam was in Lawrence town N. S. this week to attend the funeral of her sister Mrs. Parker.

Though the name of Dan Godfrey is a great one in the annals of military music he is not the only member of his family who has achieved distinction. This great musician comes by his musical knowledge and gift as a military leader (honorary), for his father before him, Charles Godfrey became bandmaster of the Goldstream Guards about 1825 and remained at the head of that regimental band for over thirty years. He had several sons three of whom, Daniel, Frederick and Charles Godfrey were bandmasters at one time at the head of the three crack bands in the army. Dan led the Grenadier-Guards, Fred the Coldstream and Charles the Scotch Fusiliers, and afterwards the Royal Horse Guard. But of these brothers, to quote an English newspaper, Lieutenant Dan was always the people's favorite and it is noteworthy that he is the only musical director in Her Majesty's services who has received the rank of Lieutenant in his regiment. There was still another brother in this distinguished family, George William Godfrey the well known playwright who wrote "The Queen's Shilling"—Dan Godfrey, the man in whom Canadians are most interested, just now is coming to St. John and his band will be heard here on Thursday afternoon, May 19th, at a matinee performance on that day. An evening of music was originally arranged for, but the management have found it necessary to change the plan much to the regret of the public generally. There is not the slightest doubt however that the affair will draw an immense patronage.

The Misses Kathleen and Helen Farlow are expected home shortly from the United States to spend the summer.

While Miss Hennigar was crossing the street at Scribner's corner on Wednesday she was knocked down by a bicyclist. It was feared at first that her injuries were serious, but fortunately they turned out only slight.

An interesting concert was held this week by Court St. John C. O. F. and the following programme made the occasion a most enjoyable one for all who attended: Overture, Stokes' orchestra; address, Dr. Prestos; song, E. Ingraham; mandolin selection, Robt. Washington; song, H. J. W. Powers; Scottish reading, Mr. Glegg; song, Dr. Preston; piano duet, Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Green; song, with harp accompaniment, H. M. McDonald; address, Mr. Gunn; auxiliary selection, Mr. Dupliss; flute duet, Messrs. Stokes and Sealey.

Mrs. C. J. Milligan and children who have been spending the winter in Bermuda with Mrs. Milligan's relatives, leave this week for their home in the city.

Dr. and Mrs. Sherwood Skinner entertained a few friends very pleasantly one evening during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred G. Spencer have removed from St. James street to Wellington row.

Mr. M. McDade has been confined to his residence on Waterloo street for the past few days with an attack of grip.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Budd who have been spending some time in Denver for the former's health arrived this week on a visit to North End relatives.

His Lordship Bishop Kingston administered the rite of confirmation to a number of candidates at Millidgeville on Friday evening.

Mrs. Frederick S. Hutchinson of St. Stephen came to the city this week on a visit to friends.

Mrs. P. Brennan is entertaining Mrs. Commis of St. Stephen, this week.

Mrs. Chas. King, Miss King, and Mr. Gorham King have returned from their stay in the St. Croix.

Says the Moore's Mills correspondence of last Thursday's St. Croix Courier:—"The many friends in this place of Miss Eliza Carlyle of St. John, were glad to welcome her when she recently enjoyed a brief visit with us. Miss Carlyle has made

quite an extended tour through England, Wales and Scotland, visiting relatives, and sight-seeing generally."

Miss May Fraser who has been visiting friends in the Upper provinces, returned home the first of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dixon and child have returned to Hampton after a visit to friends in St. Stephen and Calais.

Dr. Clarence Webster of Shediac who was so seriously ill at Montreal is improving and has been removed from the Royal Victoria Hospital where he was under treatment for many weeks.

Mrs. Smith will accompany her husband Capt. Smith who goes to England as adjutant of the Blisley team.

Mr. Harry B. Estabrooks of Iodiatown is able to be out again after a very severe illness.

Mr. Andrew Blair of Blair Bros. left this week on a trip to Boston and New York.

Mrs. D. Freeman of Bridgetown N. S., spent a day or two in the city during the week.

The marriage was solemnized here, this week of Mr. Howard Springer to Miss Sadie Colwell, daughter of Mr. J. L. Colwell. The parties were all of Jemseg, Queens Cr. Rev. J. D. Wetmore officiated.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

MAY 4.—Preparations for the M<sup>r</sup>. Allison closing towards which all creation moves in Sackville, at this time of year, is fully occupying every one's attention.

There was however, one very pleasant tea party last week given by Mrs. Palmer to the professional staff of M<sup>r</sup>. Allison and their wives. A few other friends were invited, among them Mrs. Wood, Miss Annie Trueman, Miss Stewart, Mr. Chas. Stewart. Verbarium and crokinole were the games of the evening and were kept up with great spirit till the close when ice cream and cake were served.

Friday the Y. W. C. A. of the ladies college gave a literary evening in Beethoven hall, the dramatizing of Tompkins' "Princess" in five acts. It was a very agreeable change in the usual programme and the whole performance reflects great credit on all concerned. Only those who have taken part in these affairs know of the hindred and one difficulties in getting a piece properly on the boards with amateur actors and amateur stage properties.

The cast was as follows, The Princess, Miss Moore; Lady Psyche, Miss Harrison; Lady Blanche, Miss Fullerton; Melissa, Miss Evans; Gama, Miss Ayers; Arac, Miss Ford; Sons of Gama, Miss Sperry and Miss Wood; Prince, Miss Benedict; Florian and Smallwood; Cyril, Miss Brown; King, Miss Strodard. There were besides young ladies taking the parts of Herald, Guards, Girl students, etc.

The costumes were for the most part well got up, especially so considering the difficulty of getting an actor's role. The appearance of the Princess could hardly have been improved. She was dressed in flowing robes of cream trimmed with a Grecian pattern in gold, her tuck dark hair in a Psyche knot with bands of gold. The Prince, Florian and Cyril, the conspirators who gained entrance into the dovecote, were dressed a la cavalier in short dark skirts, little velvet jackets and wide plumed hats till they donned the college dress. Miss Lulu Ford's costume as Arac carried out the manish effect the best. It was of cloth, the coat handsomely braided with gold and a real sword hanging from the belt. Miss Harrison was most pleasing in both her dress and acting. Miss Fullerton in her dark blue gown was almost too agreeable looking for the jealous Lady Blanche.

Miss Evans as Melissa was most winning and indeed all the young ladies did so well it is almost invincible to single out any. The good elocution was marked. There was no difficulty in hearing any of the performers which is not usual with inexperienced speakers. The carrying power of Miss Benedict's voice was especially good and Miss Moore's well bred intonations very agreeable to the ear. The play moved rapidly with numerous quotations from the poem, some of which were so very appropriate to the dwellers in the classic halls of M<sup>r</sup>. Allison that they quite brought down the house. Between the acts there was music, songs of Tompkins, "Sweet and Low" a double quartette by members of the two glee clubs was delightfully harmonious. Miss Moore's solo "O Swallow" was sweet and clear, the singer taking B with care and clarity of tone.

The other song was "Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums" by Miss Alice Hart, who is one of the most cultivated of the fair songstresses; "Home they brought her warrior dead" in Miss Floy Smith's rich tones, and "Ask me no more" by Miss Wright who always commands an encore. The finale was rather awkwardly arranged and could have been much improved and it was also a pity that the piano by the side of the platform was not utilized with one or two violins to furnish music while the scenery was being shifted. These points however were but specks on the sun and did not detract greatly from a meritorious line of work.

Friday afternoon, Jack Wiggins, the young son of Rev. C. F. Wiggins met with what might have been a very serious accident. In playing base ball he got too near the batter and received a severe blow in the eye.

It was at first feared he would lose his sight but after a couple of days Dr. Calkin pronounced the eyeball uninjured.

Chas. Scott who has been in the house some weeks with grip is visiting friends in Chatham and Newcastle.

Mrs. Sprague left Monday to meet her husband Capt. Sprague in New York.

Miss Harriet Towse, one of our sackville young ladies who is practicing her profession in the States has volunteered to go to Cuba as a nurse.

Capt. Fred Anderson and Capt. Ernest Anderson were both with their vessels at Manila and miss, have witnessed the late naval engagement.

Mrs. Ernest Anderson is also there with her husband.

Mrs. James Forster who has been staying the last two months at H. A. Powell's, returned to Dorchester Thursday.

Dr. Henry Knapp is taking a special course at McGill.

Mr. Ralston, barrister of Port Townsend, Washington, and his bride were the guests of Chas. Cahill last week.

A pleasant social was held a week ago by the Epworth League in the basement of the Methodist church. The interesting programme consisted of an address from Prof. Andrews readings and home made candy.

Rev. Frederick Harrison has been on a short trip up north.

Dwight Pichard, manager of the Grand Prize Mining Co., Bevelstoke, B. C., left for the Northwest yesterday. Mr. Pichard has been spending the winter at home and perfecting himself in the assaying of metals at the university laboratory and thus well equipped expects to make a good thing of his business.

Last week Mrs. Geo Black gave a tea party to a few of her married friends in honor of Mrs. Arthur Black.

Dainty white and gold invitations are flying about

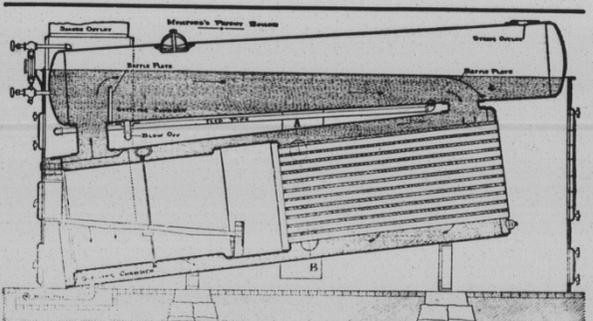
(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE.)

# Have You Seen The Fine Bicycle Offered to the Users of Welcome Soap?

Gilliam Padded Hygienic Saddle, Adjustable Handle Bars, Color Maroon, Highly Nickeled Parts, Quick Repair Kit, Handsome Tool Box, Complete Combination Rubber and Rat Trap Pedals; Ladies Wheels fitted with Brakes; Guaranteed Single Tube Tires; In fact, the whole wheel and every part of it is guaranteed, and up to date in every particular, and the price; The Wrappers from Two Boxes of Welcome Soap (200) and \$35 Cash for the most stylish model and best wheel of the season. No wonder so many people use the old reliable Welcome Soap and ride a Bicycle. THE GREATEST PREMIUM OFFER OF THE YEAR. The Welcome Soap Co., St. John N. B.

## Sure, Easy Jelly Making

The materials used in Lazenby's English Jelly Tablets are uniformly of the highest grade and absolutely pure. Each tablet yields a table jelly of rich, delicate flavor. Hot water is all you need—the tablet does the rest of the work for you. The Jelly solidifies quickly in Lazenby's the mould. Progressive grocers sell in different varieties of them. Lazenby's Jelly Tablets.



### Mumford's Improved Boiler

Is internally fired and the hot gases pass through the tubes and return around the shell, making every foot of the boiler effective heating surface. The water circulates rapidly from front to back of boiler, up the back connection to drum and down the front connection to a point below the fire. Sediment in feed water will be deposited at front end of drum or below furnace and all parts of boiler are accessible for cleaning purposes.

Robb Engineering Co., Ltd Amherst, N. S

### Victoria Rink, St. John, N. B.

Under the Direction of Mr. Charles A. E. Harris. Wednesday Afternoon, May, 18th, at 3 o'clock.

### The Garter King of Bandmasters

# Lieut. DAN GODFREY

AND

## England's Greatest Military Band

.....OF.....

# 40 Most Famous Bands= 40 men in the World.

Sale of seats opens May 9th, 9 a. m. at A. Chipman Smith & Co's., Charlotte Street, Prices—\$1.00, 75 and 50 cts. 500 Childrens tickets at 25 cts. See Illustrated Book and Programme for further particulars.

### Excursion and Reduced Rates from Outside Towns.

## Dye it.

Never tried to Dye at Home? If you want to be successful the very first time use the Dye of highest quality—Maypole Soap. It doesn't dye the hands.

The shade or color it yields is fast—absolutely so, you can't wash it out.

### Maypole Soap.

Progressive druggists and grocers sell it—all colors.

Free Book all about Successful Home Dying by addressing the Wholesale Depot, 6 Place Royale, Montreal.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

C. S. DEFRAYAS, Brunswick street. MONTGOMERY & CO., Barrington street. CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street. CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot. J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S. Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St.

On Monday evening of this week the General and Mrs. Montgomery-Moore gave a large ball at Bellevue. It was a farewell to the officers of the Leinster regiment who have become most popular during their short stay and as a result the ball was largely attended and proved one of the most brilliant functions that has been given for a long time.

The decorations of plants and flowers were elegant and the floor was splendidly prepared for dancing. The order of dances was as follows:

- Waltz, Valse, Two step, Lancers, Valse, Valse, Militaire, Lancers, Valse, Valse, Militaire, Lancers, Valse, Valse, Galop.

The guests included the officers of the garrison and the war ships in port and also the officers of the Austrian war ship Donau. The invited guests were:

- Miss Albro, Miss Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Sorden, Mrs. Barlow, Miss G. Bullock, Lieut.-Col. Clerke, The Misses Cady, The Misses Corbett, Mr. and Mrs. Cotton, Mr. F. Cameron, Miss Cook, Capt. and Mrs. Duffus, Mr. and Mrs. W. Duffus, Misses Dwyer, Mr. Dwyer, Miss Castens, Miss Story, Mr. G. Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Ferris, Miss Forbes, Lieut.-Col. Glancey, Miss Geldert, Judge and Miss Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Capt. and Mrs. Hardy, Mr. H. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. Jones, Mr. G. Lyde, Miss Lewis, Miss Murphy, Mr. Demille, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Maj. Mercer, Miss MacNutt, Miss O'Hell, Mr. H. Oliver, Mr. Power, Miss Stubbing, Miss Beaton, Capt. Scimin, Miss Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. H. Troop, M. G. Troop, Mr. W. Turner, Mr. C. Ulsacke, Mr. and Miss Worsley, Mr. and Miss Wyde, Mr. and Miss Wallace, Miss West, Mr. Karl Weatherbe, Mr. Whitman, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Atkinson, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Carren, Rev. Mr. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. Ann Corey, Mr. and Mrs. Crofton, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Collard, Surg.-Maj. and Mrs. Clement, Lieut.-Gov. Mrs. and Miss Daly, Mr. and Mrs. Stairs Duffus, U. S. Consul-General Foster, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Graham, Major and Mrs. Hodgson, Maj. and Mrs. Harward, Mrs. and Miss Hansard, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Jones, Lieut.-General, Mrs. and Misses Laurie, Capt. and Mrs. Lethbridge, Mr. and Mrs. M. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. G. Morrow, Prof. and Mrs. McMechan, Mr. and Mrs. A. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. Macdonald, Surg.-Maj. and Mrs. Drew Moir, Surg.-Capt. and Mrs. Moir, Surg.-Col. and Mrs. McWatters, Deputy Surg.-Gen. and Mrs. Oliver, Rev. Mr. Pittman and Mrs. Pittman, Major and Mrs. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stairs, Mr. and Mrs. Misses Stairs, Major and Mrs. St. Leger, Mayor and Mrs. Stephen, Mrs. and Misses Stuyvesant, Mr. and Mrs. Butler-Smith, Judge and Mrs. Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Tremaine, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Troop, Mr. and Mrs. Misses Wood, Dr. Mrs. and Misses Wickwire, Lieut. F. G. Wainwright, Surgeon-Capt. and Mrs. Wright, Lieut.-Colonel Wilkinson, Capt. Von Yencke-Zasagky and officers S. M. S. Danau, Capt. and Hon. M. Bourke and officers H. M. S. Correlia, Commander Lyon and officers H. M. S. Pelican, Lieut. Whitson, H. M. S. Columbine.

Lieut.-Col. Glancey and officers 2nd Leinster regiment. Major Hodgson and Mrs. E. A. Lieut.-Col. Wilkinson and officers R. E.

YARMOUTH

MAY 4.—For the past week the society folk have been in one continuous whirl of excitement there being no end of afternoon teas and luncheons, besides two large parties, and I hear that other fast functions are on the tapis, so the old adage "it never rains but pours" has been truly verified.

Father Hamilton opened the week's festivities with a very delightful afternoon tea in honor of Mrs. Attorney Gen. Longley of Halifax, and I hear that the ladies all looked very smart in their new spring millinery, and that Father Hamilton as host excelled himself in doing the honors of the occasion.

The merry party, however, broke up in a rain-storm, and waterproofs and umbrellas were much in evidence as they filed out of this hospitable home.

Then on the evening of the same day Mrs. George Sanderson entertained about forty ladies and gentlemen at which the occasion being complimentary to Mrs. Longley who is at present a guest of Mrs. Sanderson. A delicious supper was served about twelve, and the wee sma' hours' were growing apace when the crowd bade adieu to mine host and hostess.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Townsend Anderson of Parade Street, gave a luncheon which was also complimentary to Mrs. Longley, and although comparatively small yet it was fully up to the standard of Mrs. Anderson's former functions, and as this lady is from a very old aristocratic Southern family, she entertains most charmingly and makes an ideal hostess.

The "Peak Sisters" entertainment which took place at the Kirk vestry on Thursday evening was very enjoyable. It was without doubt the fault of the weather that no larger audience had assembled, and our hearts bled for the "Sisters" who had gone to so much preparation for the successful presentation of their repeated parts. However, if one can judge from the amount of applause and laughter which seemed to be "catching" the programme was certainly a success. The "sisters" were Miss Curry, Miss Elliott, Miss Moody, Miss Laura Lawson, Miss Rita Ross, Miss Gr. y., Miss McGraw, Miss Clements, Mrs. W. G. Putnam, and Miss Eva Felton. Readings by Mrs. Putnam and Miss Hannah Scott were excellent, especially "How the church was built at Kehoe's Bar," as read by Miss Scott in a manner singularly impressive and thrilling. The encore caused much applause. The solos by Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Tupper, Mr. Charles Felton, and Mr. Geo. Cain, were very good. Miss Fe to's comic solo, together with her imitative acting caused much merriment among the youthful spectators and raptures were frequent. A little sum of money was raised for church purposes and reflects much credit on the young ladies of the Kirk for their zeal and enterprise.

Miss Florence Tooker entertained those taking part in the opera "Rip Van Winkle" on Wednesday evening.

Miss Belle Webster gave a family tea party one evening last week, and this is a party regularly sent by many generations, quite a number were present, and a right royal time was enjoyed by all.

We are sorry to record the fact that Miss Emily Lovitt whose convalescence we made mention of last week, is at present suffering a relapse, but her friends hope to soon have her among them again.

On Friday afternoon Hon. L. E. Baker's elegant home was thrown open when Miss Baker gave one of the most fashionable and delightful functions of the week, a ladies luncheon complimentary to Mrs. Attorney General Longley. Mrs. Baker's afternoons are always charming, but the throng of fair women present at this one was being especially so. The guests were received by Mrs. Baker seated in a very stylish black and green satin en train, with trimming of jet and chiffon. Mrs. Longley was looking particularly well in a chic tailor made gown of grey with hat to match.

Dainty and delicious viands and ices were served in the dining hall and beautiful conservatory leading directly from the balcony, where all kinds of rare flowers and lemon and orange trees bloom as if in their native clime. The table decorations were entirely in white and green. Miss Flo Tooker, Miss Gray and Miss Stairs Gray aided waitresses, and presented a pretty appearance in their light gowns fitting here and there among the guests. Those present were, Mrs. Atty, ten-Longley, Mrs. B. Lovitt, Mrs. Bambric, Mrs. W. D. Ross, Mrs. Arthur Eakins, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Dr. Putnam, Mrs. Dr. Farish, Mrs. T. R. Jolly, Mrs. Edward Parker, Mrs. Townsend Anderson, Mrs. S. B. Murray, Hon. Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. T. V. B. Bingley, Mrs. Tom Kilam, Mrs. Suddford Pelton, Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Johns, Mrs. Belle Webster, Miss Tooker, Misses Gray, Miss Hudson, Miss Ceilg, Lawson, Miss Killam, Miss Sydia Killam, and Miss Beattie Moody.

On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Joly celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of their marriage in a delightful manner. Nearly seventy invitations had been issued, including many who had witnessed the bridal nuptials twenty-one years ago. Three spacious rooms were thrown into one, and quantities of exquisite flowers were banded into every available space. Several artistic vases of fine roses had been sent in by Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Chase from their extensive conservatories, and these were placed here and there. Mrs. Joly was assisted in receiving by her two daughters, Miss Agnes and Miss Kate, while Master Cuthbert announced the guests. Norwegian and plain viands were the amusements until twelve, when a delicious supper with the typical Scotch cakes was served. As Mr. Joly is a native Scotchman, and the occasion being both propitious and eventful, the guests all formed a circle with joined hands and heartily sang "Auld Lang Syne."

There were some particularly pretty gowns worn by the ladies. Mrs. Joly received her guests in a black and white creation.

Mrs. Edward Parker was handsome in black satin, black velvet bodice veiled with embroidered net.

Mrs. Kennedy, dresden silk, natural flowers. Mrs. Murray Lane, black silk, garnet silk trimmings. Miss Killam, grey shot silk, lace, pink roses. Mrs. John Corning, dresden silk, black lace. Mrs. Geo. Sanderson, black silk, heliotrope and jet trimmings.

Mrs. Addington, old blue cloth with cream lace applique, pink roses. Mrs. Cann, black silk, dresden silk bodice. Mrs. Atty. Gen. Longley, fawn colored satin, claret blue and old lace trimmings. Mrs. Anderson, lilac satin, low bodice veiled with lace, pink roses. Mrs. Starrat, black silk, heliotrope bodice. Mrs. Leslie Lovitt, black lace over yellow silk, very becoming.

Miss Blanche Hudson, burnt orange, radmir satin, decollete, black chiffon, rhinestone buckles and crimson roses. Miss Belle Webster, dresden muslin, white lace and ribbons.



On holidays in England two parties of men or boys will frequently get hold of a rope and pull on it, as a test of the strength of the two parties. They call it the "tug of war."

Many a hardworking man and woman in each day's toil, is pulling a "tug of war" with death for an antagonist.

They fail to take proper care of their health. When they suffer from indigestion or a slight bilious attack they "wear it out."

After a while these disorders wear out the reckless man or woman and the result is consumption, malaria, rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser tells all about these diseases. It is free to all. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all the multifold ailments. Don't let a druggist impose on you with a more profitable substitute.

"I had a very severe pain in the small of my back, where my hips meet on my body, and it hurt so that I thought I was going to come apart," writes Wm. Z. Powers, Esq., of Erin Shades, N. Y. "My doctor came and pronounced it rheumatism. He gave me a prescription, but I got no better, but worse. I purchased a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery from my druggist and commenced to use it. I began to improve at once and got well. Now I am in perfect health.—no pain, no rheumatism."

Nearly every disease known to doctors and the treatment is described in Doctor Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. One thousand and eight pages and over three hundred illustrations. Fifty-cent thirty-one one-cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. for paper covered copy. French cloth binding, fifty stamps. This book is a veritable medical library in one volume.

Mrs. Horton, black lace and jet. Mr. Thomas Killam, black and white silk, diamonds. Miss Gray, pink silk, chiffon trimmings. Mrs. Wheaton, black silk, blue silk corsage. Mrs. Cameron, black silk, lace and jet trimmings. Mrs. W. G. T. Farish, black silk, pink silk corsage with lace trimmings.

Miss Rita Ross (St. Stephen) black silk, green and pink velvet bodice, decollete, natural flowers. (Rev.) Mrs. Fraser, handsome green and turquoise and black, over electric blue satin, chiffon and jet trimmings.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bingley, Hon. L. E. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Dane, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Sanderson, Mrs. Addington, Miss Notting, Mr. J. Corning, Miss Killam, Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Killam, Mr. and Mrs. Wharton, Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Gray, Dr. and Mrs. Farish, Miss Rita Ross, Miss Hudson, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cann, Mr. and Mrs. Starrat, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Lovitt, Miss Belle Webster, Mrs. Horton, Miss B. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. E. Parker, Mrs. Longley, Mrs. Anderson, Father Hamilton, Mr. Frank Hibbert, Mr. Dampman, Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Robb Cain.

Miss Ross of St. Stephen who has been sojourning with her aunt, Mrs. W. D. Ross, is a guest of Mrs. E. K. Spinney this week. Young Mr. Baker, son of Hon. L. E. Baker, is at home from McGill college for his vacation.

PICOU.

[Progress is for sale at James McLean's.] MAY 3.—Mrs. J. H. McKenzie left on Thursday for a visit to friends in Charlottetown. Mr. A. Watt who has been attending Dalhousie college, arrived home Friday.

Rev. Mr. Fraser of Alberton P. E. I., and Mr. Robinson of Charlottetown, spent Sunday in town the guest of Rev. Mr. Moss. Mr. J. Fisher, one of our young men in the Arts department of Dalhousie arrived home Thursday. Mr. W. Jackson and Mr. G. Graham of New Glasgow, were in town Thursday.

Mr. G. R. Cheselm has moved into his magnificent new residence on Battery hill. Mr. Jennison of New Glasgow was in town Tuesday. Rev. R. McDonald of Ferrona was in town Monday.

Capt. W. McKenzie and Capt. H. McKenzie returned from British Columbia last week. Miss Farquharson of Charlottetown who has been spending the winter here with her sisters Mrs. A. C. McDonald and Mrs. J. H. McKenzie left for home Thursday.

One of the most brilliant weddings ever seen in Picou took place last Wednesday morning in Prince street church, when Dr. J. Strling of Montreal and Mrs. A. P. Bayne of Picou, were united in marriage. The church was elaborately decorated for the occasion and was filled to the doors by those wishing to witness the ceremony. The bride looked charming as she entered the church leading on the arm of her father an attended by her daughter Olive as maid of honor. After the ceremony the bridal party and about fifty invited guests repaired to the residence of the bride's father (Roadside) where a sumptuous lunch was partaken of. After lunch the happy couple left by the two o'clock train for their future home in Montreal.

Among the guests present were, Mr. and Mrs. Fergie, Mr. and Mrs. McLellan, Mr. and Mrs. Falconer, Mr. and Mrs. J. Primrose, Mr. and Mrs. J. Yorston, Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Fraser, Miss Fraser, Miss Falconer, Miss E. Primrose, Miss K. Primrose, Miss H. Primrose, Mrs. Bliss, Mr. D. H. Parois, Mr. W. Dickson, Mr. Almon, Dr. McMillan and others. SNAP.

TEBU.

[Progress is for sale in Tebu by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros.] MAY 4.—A large audience greeted the "Harpists" last Thursday, to listen to "Prince Tommy" which was appreciated, but not so thoroughly as some former efforts of the club. On the preceding evening, the small but appreciative audience that greeted the Balmoral Quartette were well repaid, by a musical treat, of rare quality and excellence, which has never been surpassed here. Miss Matteson is a true artiste of song, and her rich contralto voice, a revelation to those who had heard and read of her, as a singer. Capt. and Mrs. Theo. O'Brien, Picou were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Yull, for a few days this week.

Dr. Strling of Montreal and his bride were guests at the Learmont for a few days this week. Miss Sadie Taylor, Halifax is visiting her friend, Miss Mabel Bates. Rev. Clarence McKinnon Stewische, was in town this week, a guest of his friends, at "Elmhurst."

Mrs. Yorston and Miss Yorston left this morning, for Toronto. These ladies expect to be away for some months and their trip will probably extend to the far West. Miss McLeod of the C. F. R. office left by same train for a prolonged and well earned vacation of which she will spend the most part with her sister in Chicago.

Mr. W. A. Creelman principal of the North Sydney academy, arrived home last night to attend the funeral of his mother, Mrs. Wm. Creelman. Miss Mand Trice, Mulgrave was in town one day last week en route to Halifax where she will take a position on the Atlantic cable operating staff. Rev. G. Carren, Picou, was a guest at "Fern Hill," during his short stay in town this week.

Miss Nellie Gough, Halifax, spent a few days in town this week a guest of her friend, Mrs. S. L. Walker. Mrs. Aubrey Blanchard gave a very pleasant impromptu dance on Monday evening last to a select few. Pao.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.] MAY 4.—The whist party given by Mrs. Kellor on Thursday last, which was referred to in our last issue, was an unqualified success. There were about eleven tables of progressive whist, the rooms were prettily decorated. Mrs. Kellor received her guests in a handsome black silk gown. Some very handsome gowns were worn by the ladies present. Mrs. Emerson looked particularly well in a handsome black velvet gown with cream satin sleeves. Mrs. Landry was looking pretty in a lovely gown of pale grey silk, trimmed with pale pink satin and pink broadcloth at k. Mrs. Joseph McQueen wore a handsome cardinal broadcloth silk gown, trimmed with jewelled passementerie. Mrs. W. Hagen Chapman wore black silk trimmed with pink. Miss Florence Palmer looked very pretty in a gown of white silk, trimmed with chiffon. The supper was all that could possibly be desired. The 50 prizes were awarded to Miss Gilbert and Mr. Justice Landry, while the consolation prizes were captured by Mrs. Outhwaite and Mr. S. Edgar Wilson. Mrs. Kellor has not given a party for some years, but she kept up her reputation as a very popular hostess, and it was pronounced a most delightful evening by all those who attended.

Mrs. R. P. Foster entertained a number of married friends at high tea, on Monday evening. The evening was pleasantly passed with a few games of whist. Miss Sarah MacD. Forster returned from Montreal last Saturday. The operations which were performed by Dr. Buller were thoroughly satisfactory her friends gave her a hearty welcome after her three months absence from home.

Mrs. George Chandler is visiting her daughter Mrs. R. W. Hewson of Moncton. Mr. Justice Vadeant is holding the Westmorland County Circuit Court here this week. Mr. Gideon Palmer returned home from Dalhousie college last week for the summer vacation. He is being warmly welcomed back to Dorchester by his many friends.

Mr. Frank Risteen, court stenographer is in town this week. Mr. H. C. Hamilton of Moncton was in town yesterday. Mr. M. G. Teed is confined to the house with a severe cold. Mr. R. W. Hewson of Moncton is in town today. PERSONAL.

GREENWICH.

MAY 3.—Mrs. Wm. McLeod returned from a visit to St. John last week. Mr. Arthur Belyea of St. John visited friends here on Sunday. Mr. Fred Pickett of St. John spent Sunday here. Rev. D. W. Pickett, who has been in Dorchester for several weeks, in charge of Rev. Mr. Campbell's parish has returned home. Messrs. W. L. and Herman Belyea drove to Westfield on Sunday to attend the funeral of the late Wm. Belyea. Miss Jennie Holder spent Sunday at "Sunnyvale" with her mother. Mr. J. A. Richards has recovered from a severe attack of grippe and is about again. Miss Edith Belyea who is teaching at Lands end spent Sunday at home recently. Miss Beulah Colwell has recovered from a severe cold and is able to attend to her duties. Mrs. A. L. Peelman is visiting friends in St. John this week.

HILLSBORO.

MAY 4.—Mrs. John L. Steeves gave a quilting and sewing party last week. Mrs. Steeves is a charming hostess and a very enjoyable time was spent. Miss Mary Peck who has been ill for some months quite well again, and returns to her home at Hopewell on Thursday. Miss Frances Allen is visiting friends at Albert. Mrs. Brown of Petticoat was in town last week to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. M. J. Curry. The funeral of Mrs. Lewis widow of the late Hon. John Lewis took place last Saturday. Mrs. J. A. Beatty of Moncton has returned to spend the summer. Miss Beatty will be here in June. MAX.

THE HORSE CAN'T

do all his desires or he would not be a horse. Tuttle's Elixir is the application to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected; the rest dries out. \$1.00 BOTTLE. IF NOT CURED, OF CALONS OF all kinds, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Cords, and Shoe Boils. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897. Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Breeze" with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article. I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel Dufferin.

PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents For Canada.

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Personally selected and bought from the manufacturers for spot cash at lowest possible prices. Advantage has been taken of

The War Scare

to secure New York Millinery at prices never before heard of in St. John.

GOODS OPENED YESTERDAY!

The Parisian.

PUTTNER'S

EMULSION

Has special virtue in healing diseased Lungs and restoring flesh and strength to those reduced by wasting disease.

Always get PUTTNER'S.

It is the original and best.

Spring Lamb.

THOMAS DEAN.

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Large Salt Mackerel. Large Salt Economy Shad. No. 1 Salt Herring. In Small Kits for Family Use, at 19 and 23 King Square.

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CATARH CURE!

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

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock.

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Loshchitzky" Method"; also "Synthetic System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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.

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BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, F. S. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. Treat's.

MAY 4—A very pleasant tea party was given on Monday evening at Hawthorne Hall by Miss Annie Stevens to some lady friends. Tea was enjoyed at six o'clock, and afterwards the evening was devoted to music and a variety of lively and witty games in which the young hostess is most ingenious in arranging and inventing. The ladies who were invited to this very pleasant party, were Mrs. W. B. Ganong, Mrs. Babbitt, Mrs. E. K. Ross, Mrs. Henry Todd, Mrs. J. M. Lunson, Miss Moore, Miss Maud McKeown, and Miss Ida McKensie.

On Friday evening Mrs. Howard B. McAllister gave one of her delightful evenings and suppers, her guests on this occasion were Mrs. John Black, Mrs. Wetmore, Mrs. Babbitt, Miss Maud McKeown and Miss Bessie Wetmore.

Yesterday and to-day being bright and warm, the streets are alive with young people on their bicycles enjoying the first fine rides that the good weather allows.

Mr. Charles F. Beard left this morning for the lakes above Princeton to enjoy a fishing cruise for a week.

A farewell reception was given by the members of the Baptist church to Mr. Aaron Cross and Mr. Edward Price, before they left for the Klondyke. Both gentlemen have been workers in the Baptist church for many years and will be greatly missed by that society.

Mr. Alton I. Teed is rapidly recovering from her illness and regaining her usual health.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dixon, have returned to their home in Hampton.

Mrs. Hugh Cullinan and Miss Mary Cullinan expect to leave for Montreal in the last of this week.

Mrs. W. H. Howland and her daughter Miss Alice Howland who are now in Germany expect to sail for Canada next week to visit her mother Madame Chipman.

Rev. Randall Smith of St. George was the guest of Mrs. O. S. Neatham at Christ Church rectory on Thursday last.

The first rehearsal of the opera "Iyl of the Mill" will take place next week. This entertainment is to be given for the benefit of the Park Improvement Society.

Mr. John D. Chipman M. P. P. has returned from a brief visit to Montreal.

Mr. Harvey Smith of St. John was in town for a brief visit last week.

Mr. Frank Nelson cashier of the Calais National has returned from his visit to Boston.

Mrs. C. G. McCully has gone to Augusta Maine, to visit her sister Mrs. Wilder.

Mrs. J. F. Durn left yesterday for Portland Maine, to be present at the marriage of her sister Miss Edith King, to Mr. Jerry Dickerman Bates, which takes place to-day. The bride is a great favorite in society here, and her numerous friends wish her great happiness.

Mr. Charles T. Copeland of Cambridge Mass., has been in Calais on a brief visit to his parents Mr. and Mrs. Henry Copeland.

Mr. Frank P. Woods is still confined to his residence suffering from the burns received from an explosion of a lamp. In trying to prevent the blaze from reaching his sleeping children he was badly burned.

Yesterday morning amid cheers and enthusiasm, and farewells, and the band playing "Yankee Doodle" and other stirring national airs, Company K, under the command of Lieut. Colonel Ernest T. Lee left on the steamer "Rose Standish" for Eastport, where they were joined by Company I of that city and will proceed to Augusta Maine, to await further orders. Before they left Mayor Swan gave a short address, which was followed by hearty cheers for the departing company, and also for the mayor. Crowds of people were present, and the masts and roofs of buildings on both sides of the river were crowded with people waving farewells as the steamer sailed down the river.

Last evening the school room of Trinity church was brilliant with light and color, it being the occasion of a Japanese tea party given by the ladies



Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers

who are so well known as "Trinity Workers." The school room was most beautifully decorated with Japanese bric-a-brac. In the centre of the hall hung a huge Japanese umbrella, from it festooned to the corners of the building blue and yellow Japanese bunting. All through the room were strings of bright colored lanterns and fans. A pagoda of Japanese style was erected at the end of the hall, and in it, attired in Japanese costumes, Miss Alice Todd and Miss Kate Washburn sold Japanese sweets and novelties. The supper was served on the European plan and the young ladies who waited on the tables were dressed in Japanese costumes, which were extremely becoming. Miss Ethel Waterbury looked very pretty in pink and blue, and Miss Daisy Hanson and Mrs. John W. Scovill in brilliant dresses of yellow. Mrs. W. F. Todd wore a gorgeous costume of pink and green and gold. Miss Bessie Bixby and Mrs. John E. Algar in blue and white served at the general refreshment table. Mrs. C. H. Clarke in a costume of yellow, concocted in her chafing dish delicious Welsh rarebit, and Mrs. Waterbury in a pretty costume of violet, gold and white, cooked to perfection oysters in cream as they were ordered. Mrs. Frank A. Grimmer wore a figured brown costume, lined with pale blue and Mrs. Fredric Grimmer and Mrs. W. D. McLaughlin wore costumes of yellow and pink that were most noticeable. There were a number of other ladies that looked extremely well but had memory as well as lack of space prevents a description. The party was a success in every way, more than a hundred dollars was the result of the ladies' efforts. The whole affair is largely due to Mrs. C. H. Clarke and Mrs. W. F. Todd and it is to the taste of these ladies that the decorations of the room were so perfect and artistic.

On Saturday afternoon his friends and the community in general were shocked and horrified to hear that Mr. Charles D. Hill the senior partner of the well known firm of Hill Pike & Co., had accidentally shot himself while examining an old fashioned revolver, and had died instantly. Mr. Hill was a young man and was most highly esteemed both in society and business circles. He married some twenty years ago, Miss Helen Kiner, daughter of the late W. B. King, whom he leaves to mourn his loss. The funeral services took place on Monday afternoon and was largely attended. Rev. Mr. Rice of the universalist church, and Rev. C. G. McCully of the congregational church conducted the service. The floral offerings from sympathizing friends were very beautiful, and on all sides are heard words of deepest sympathy for his widow in her sadness and sorrow. The pall bearers were Messrs. Fredric T. Fote, Charles J. Lyford, Charles Hutchins, Ernest T. Lee, Stephen McCoy, Walter W. Inches, Irving R. Todd, and Almon L. Teed. Those who so kindly sent flowers were, cross of ferns, lilies and smilax, Fraters of St. Stephen Encampment Knights Templar; cross of roses, Willard H. Pike; wreath of roses, Gorham K. King; wreath of roses, Eaton Rifl Club; cut flowers, Mrs. Frank H. Hill; bouquet of roses and lilies, Horace King; bouquet of roses and carnations, Mrs. Laura Neill; bouquet of lilies and roses, F. U. S. Club; bouquet of roses, Mrs. W. H. Coe; carnations, Mrs. Howard Black; carnations and roses, Miss Jordan; basket of carnations and ferns, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Lee; bouquet of lilies, Order of Eastern Star.

Mrs. William Armstrong and her daughter Winifred, have arrived in Calais and will make their home with Miss Laura Burns.

Mrs. Charles M. Gove of St. Andrews is spending a few days with her daughter Mrs. Hazen Grimmer.

Mr. Walter Pike has returned from Barbadoes where he has spent several weeks for the benefit of his health.

Mr. N. Marks Mills one of our favorite young society men who has been a law student at Dalhousie college for some time, received the degree of L. L. B. at the graduating exercises of that college last week.

Miss Emily Milkien, has gone to Augusta, Maine to visit friends.

Miss Josephine Moore has returned home after a long and delightful visit spent in Ottawa with her friend Mrs. John Hodkins, and afterwards in Boston and recently with other friends.

Lieut. H. V. J. Eastport asst. surgeon 2nd R. giment N. S. M. was in Calais on official business during the past week.

Mrs. W. B. Goring and her daughter Marquette, left today for "The Cedars" St. John River and expects to be absent three weeks or more.

FREDERICTON.

(PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs W. E. Fenety and J. E. Hawthorne.) MAY 4—Invitations are out for the Assembly Club ball, to be held at "Windsor hall" Thursday evening May 6. Chaperones, Mrs. E. B. Winslow and Mrs. Jeremy Taylor.

All who attended the Vandeville entertainment given by the patrons of the Y. M. C. A. at the Opera house on Thursday evening, enjoyed exceedingly the very unique entertainment and admired the fine posing of the young ladies who so ably assisted in making the affair the very great success it undoubtedly was. The exhibition of tumbling by the McKee brothers showed fine training. The singing male quartette was much enjoyed. The tableaux-Vivant consecration of the Banner of Pulaski by the Moravian Nuns, called for much applause.

The Vestal Virgins, was a beautiful scene in which ten ladies took part. The Goddess Vestal (Miss Nan Mansell), was magnificently poised and deserved the admiration which her stately posing called forth. The difficult role of Sybil was taken by Miss Frankie Tibbits and was done in that young ladies usual good style. Vestal Virgins were, Miss J. Cooper, Miss S. Wiley, Miss N. Sterling, Miss M. Hilyard, Miss C. Winslow, Miss M. Nicolson, Mrs. J. W. Bridges, Mrs. Steeves. Pygmalion and Galatea was personified by Miss Mabel Sterling and Mr. Hedley Edgecombe. Miss Sterling received unbounded praise for her stately posing. Zilla, the little four year old daughter of Mr. Albert Edgecombe made a very sweet little cupid. In the Caledonian Hunt, Miss Hilliard, made a very pretty picture as Athene, and was much admired. To Mrs. John Black is mainly due the work of the picturesque groupings; and the responsibility of the evening's entertainment, she and the assistance of Mrs. John Davidson, Mrs. J. R. Howie and Mrs. Dave Hatt.

Dr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Woodstock are in the city, where Mrs. Kirkpatrick will remain for the summer the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Porter. Mrs. Everett Tapley of Marysville returned home on Saturday from a pleasant two weeks visit to relatives in St. John. Capt. Eaton has been warmly welcomed back to Fredericton after an absence of six months furlough in Labrador.

Pleasant rumors are all concerning a happy event which is fixed to come off within two weeks. The principals of which will be a popular young salesman in one of our leading business houses and a most estimable young resident of the west end.

Principal Mullen and Judge Yanwart spent a day in St. John this week.

Mr. Fred Sumner of Moncton is among the strangers at present in the city.

Ja'go Wilson, is this week receiving congratulations upon his recent appointment to the bench made vacant by the resignation of Judge Steadman.

Mrs. Percy Chestnut leaves for home tomorrow after a pleasant visit of five weeks with Mr. Chestnut's mother Mrs. Esch Chestnut.

Mr. Fred J. Alward of Toronto is in the city for a few days.

Capt. Macdonne left on Monday for Ottawa in command of the Military contingent for the Yukon. Mr. F. Hutchinson of St. Stephen is on a flying visit to the capital this week.

Mrs. Emery of Woodstock is here visiting her sister Mrs. Fleming who is seriously ill. Mr. John Spurden leaves tomorrow for a two weeks visit to Boston, while there he will be the guest of his brother-in-law Dr. J. T. Currie of Cambridge.

Mr. and Mrs. James McCollough of California who have been visiting relatives at Marysville for the past two months left for their home on the Pacific coast on Monday.

After a long visit of three months with her cousin Mrs. H. C. Creed, and Miss Edna Sallis, has returned to her home at St. John.

Mrs. Kerr of St. Stephen is here visiting Mrs. C. Duffy, Brunswick street.

Mrs. C. L. Phipps of Marysville, returned on Saturday from visiting friends at St. John.

Mr. Chanancy Wood of Boston is among the arrivals in the city.

Colonel Mansell and Mrs. Mansell left on Monday afternoon for Ottawa when the Colonel goes on Military business, Mrs. Mansell will visit for a time in the gay capital.

Mrs. Steeves left on Monday for a visit to her old home at Carleton St. John, accompanied by her mother. The S. S. Primary Union, will meet in the parlors of the Baptist church on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock.

Mr. R. E. Fairley with Mrs. Fairley and child arrived here from Minneapolis last week and will spend two or three months visiting friends at his old home, Bozestown, before returning to his Western home.

Mr. A. H. Foege of Boston, was among the visitors to the city this week and spent several days visiting among our sportsmen. Mr. Foege's visit to the celestial was the direct result of the provincial exhibit at the sportsmen's show in Boston.

Mr. Fred and Miss Maud Everett have gone to Boston where they will make an extended visit. After spending the winter in Boston Mrs. Plant has returned to the city and is now with her daughter Mrs. Fred Bliss.

Mr. J. Parsdale of Philadelphia is spending a few days in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. East of Marysville went to St. John this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Grover of Boston are spending a few days with friends here.

Mr. R. Steward of England is doing the celestial.

Mr. T. Peters of the Agency for department has moved his family from Hampton to Fredericton and they are now occupying the house lately vacated by Mr. Ad. Iphard Beck etc.

Mr. C. Ed wards of Toronto is in town.

CRICKET.

Perched on the Pedestal of Superiority.

MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA

is delicious and economical, 25, 30, 40, 50, and 60 cts. per lb. For sale by all grocers.

What Do You Think of it?

A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents.

We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to PROGRESS for \$2.50.

This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces.

Apply At Once To "The PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd." St. John, N. B.

When You Order PELEE ISLAND WINES BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art"—PROFESSOR LIEBIG. "Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DUNSTON.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. G. SCOVIL Commission Merchant 62 Union Street.

ACADIA.

MAY 3.—The Education pupils of the Ladies Seminary are busy preparing to give a dramatized representation of Tennessee's Princess in the assembly hall of the college on the evening of May 6. From the success achieved by this department earlier in the year, it is safe to anticipate in this closing entertainment an exceptionally interesting evening. On Friday evening April 22nd the Faculty and pupils of the seminary entertained the seniors and juniors of the University in Alumnae hall. The decorations were very pretty; seminary colors, pale blue combined with navy blue, were draped in fantastic modes about the room, softening the lights. May flowers and potted plants in abundance aided in producing a charming effect. An interesting programme including several eulogies from the seminary girls club was rendered. Miss True assisted by Misses McLaughlin and Dobson, received their guests. Ice cream was served during the evening.

On Wednesday, 11th of May, Rev. Dr. Lorimer pastor of Tremont Temple, is expected to deliver his famous address on "Change and Chance" or "Tides in the Affairs of Men," in Assembly hall. He comes under the auspices of the Atheneum society and is the last speaker in this year's star course.

The Senior class will be exceptionally favored by having their Baccalaureate sermon, Sunday May 29th delivered by Dr. Butler, president of Colby University.

A new and pleasing feature of the anniversary this year will be the Art Loan exhibition held in Alumnae Hall, Acadia Seminary, beginning May 27th lasting until June 2nd. This rare opportunity for examining many master pieces of art is to be afforded through the pains taking efforts of a committee from the town and institutions. It will be the finest collection ever shown in Nova Scotia including works from such artists as Robert Reid of New York, who painted the famous panels known as the Five Senses, at the Congressional Library Washington, and was one of the eminent artists, doing the receding at the World's Fair; also Rembrandt, Leonardo da Vinci, Turner and other celebrities.

Mrs. A.—I think your husband is a quiet dresser. Mrs. B.—H'm! You might change your opinion if you heard him looking for his clothes some mornings.

Bushels of Soap

In my West Window, ranging in price from

3 CAKES FOR 5c.

CLEAVER'S STANDARD PURE SOAP, 5c., six for 25c; four for 25c; and 10c., three for 25c.

In my East Window

Cases of Toilet Paper.

Special prices in dozen lots.

Allan's Pharmacy.

35 King Street. Telephone 239

Everything marked at lowest prices.

DONT VARNISH YOUR HORSE

But if his coat is dull, his eye lusterless, his movements slow, give him a few doses of Dr. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS. They revive the appetite, cause a fine coat, destroy worms, and are invaluable in the Springtime.

Sold by all reliable dealers, 25c. per package. Full size package sent post-paid as sample on receipt of price.

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 ST. PAUL, MONTREAL.

Green is the rage

Last year's dress will readily become a stylish up-to-date green by using the well known

MAGNETIC DYES

Light Green. Green. Dark Green. These dyes like the other colors of Magnetic dyes, give a lasting color, and leave the fabric soft, and new looking. When best results in dyeing in any color are wished for, use only Magnetic Dyes.

At all dealers, or a full size packet as sample post paid, for 10c. by HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul, Montreal

THE DUFFERIN.

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, 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.

E. LEROI WILLIS, Proprietor

BELMONT HOTEL

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

J. SIMS, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL

FREDERICTON, N. B.

A. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

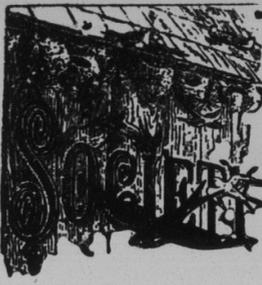
Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

LAGER BEER.

On Hand 100 Doz. 2 Doz to the case

Geo. Sleeman's Celebrated Lager For Sale Low.

THOS. L. BOURKE



Left Prostrate

Weak and Run Down, With Heart and Kidneys in Bad Condition—Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was very much run down, having been sick for several months. I had been trying different remedies which did me no good. I would have severe spells of coughing that would leave me prostrate. I was told that my lungs were affected, and my heart and kidneys were in a bad condition. In fact, it seemed as though every organ was out of order. I felt that something must be done and my brother advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle and began taking it. Before it was half gone I felt that it was helping me. I continued its use and it has made me a new woman. I cannot praise it too highly." MRS. SUMMERVILLE, 217 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. Get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

Hood's Pills

are purely vegetable, reliable, beneficial. 25c.

It is understood that Mrs. John A. Beatty and Miss Roma Beatty who have been residents of Moncton for the past three or four years intend removing to their former home in Hillsboro this week. Mrs. and Miss Beatty have made many friends in Moncton during their stay, and their departure will be very generally regretted. Miss Beatty is especially popular amongst the young people, and will be greatly missed.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Marne have taken the pretty residence on Bonnard street owned by Mr. H. A. Price, and are moving in this week.

Miss Tilley returned on Saturday from her home in Ingersoll, Ontario.

Mrs. and Miss Campbell and Miss Brown of Bathurst are spending a few days in town with the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Campbell of Main street.

Mrs. C. F. Hamilton and Miss Beatrice Hamilton returned to town last week from Ottawa, where they have been spending the past few months.

Mr. Watworth of Montreal, is spending a few days in town, the guest of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hinson.

Mrs. Harvey Atkinson, corresponding secretary of the Dominion W. C. T. U., left town on Monday Ottawa to be present at the presentation of the Polyglot petition to the Dominion Government, having been selected to make the presentation address.

FARRSBORO.

[Progress is for sale at Farsboro Book Store.]

MAY 14.—Genesis and Science was the subject of an interesting lecture delivered by Dr. Magee on Thursday evening.

The last meeting of the whist club for the season was at Mrs. A. W. Copp's where a pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Aikman are receiving congratulations on the birth of a fine young son.

The choir of St. George's and bible class of St. George's church with some invited guests had a successful social evening in the Sunday school room on Tuesday. Music, a variety of games and refreshments whiled away the hours all too quickly.

Mr. Charles McCabe has returned from Washington where he spent the winter.

Dr. McDougal came down from Truro to spend Sunday with his family.

Miss Jennie Gibson and Mr. J. H. Cameron were united in the bonds of hymen on last Tuesday evening by Rev. H. K. McLean at the residence of the bride's parents in the presence of a few guests.

Mrs. Huestis who has been for so long at Summersville P. E. I., has returned home and taken up her residence in her own house.

Mr. E. Brownell and his family have removed to Sheet Harbour much to the regret of many friends here.

Mr. Alesh Howe has also gone to Sheet Harbour for the summer.

Mr. J. M. Townsend, Q. C., of Amherst spent Sunday and Monday with his brother Dr. Townsend.

Mr. Norris MacKenzie went to Ottawa last week. Messrs. Taggart and Harrison and their families have lately gone to live in British Columbia. I regret to have to say that there has been an exodus of quite a number of families this spring.

Miss Maggie Cameron came from Picton to be present at her brother's marriage and is the guest of Mr. Robert Gibson.

Mr. M. Guilford has taken the house on Temple street vacated by Mr. E. Brownell.

Mr. Harris Explains Why.

To the Editor of Progress:—I had wished in planning the tour of Lieut. Dan Godfrey and his military band, to devote an afternoon and evening to your pleasant and prosperous city. Unfortunately (and at the eleventh hour) I have had to alter the commencement of the tour to one day later than originally contemplated and owing to important fixtures in Montreal and elsewhere—under military sanction—I am reluctantly compelled to announce that only one performance can now take place in St. John, and that namely on the afternoon of Thursday May 19th, at 2 o'clock.

The performance that will then be given on the afternoon mentioned will be the same as would have taken place at the night performance. I very much regret being able to give but the one appearance but I was unfortunate.

Will you please mention to the children of St. John that I will reserve rooms for 500 of them at 25 cents—the other prices will be \$1.00, 75, and 50. The public will understand that no more tickets than the building will conveniently hold will be sold thus permitting everybody present at the Victoria rink to enjoy the concert in comfort.

CHAS. A. E. HARRISS.

MONTREAL, May 2, 1898.

To Russia in the East.

Do not abandon, we implore, the program of the open door; For it should be stated too clearly that that will mean—a jar.

—Pepper Box.

Miss Autumn—There seem to be more chaperons than young ladies here to-night. Miss Barry—it does seem so, indeed. By the way, whom are you chaperoning?

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

ALDERMEN TAKE OATHS.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

was started by Ald. Robinson who nominated the new man for Queens, Ald. White, for deputy mayor. He was elected, of course, though there were nearly half of the council who thought that so young a man should not be thrust over the heads of the older men. There was a good deal of justice in the idea—Ald. White may make a very good representative, but the honor conferred upon him was not courteous to the older members. For example Ali. Millidge or Ald. Macrae are not chairmen of any important boards or committees, and either of them would have filled the position as suitably as Ald. White. The gentleman from Kings ward was not in it, and while Ali. Hamm did not make as much fuss this year as last over his disappointment still he kept up much thinking and watched the proceeding with an ironical interest that was interesting, if not amusing.

The aldermen from Queens returned the compliment of Ald. Robinson and placed before the council as treasury chairman. There could be no opposition to such an appointment and it was made quickly.

The notable changes in the committees was the departure of McGoldrick from the public works and of McArthur from the safety. There was an effort to place Ald. Stackhouse on the last named board instead of Ald. Smith but the latter "kicked" with such vigor that the change was not made and Ald. Smith remained where he was last year.

He hoped, so some of the aldermen said, to be chairman of the safety board, but there was no effort made to oust Ald. McGoldrick, and he was elected to his post of honor for another year. So was Alderman Christie as chairman of the management and public works boards. Ald. Waring took the place of Ald. McArthur as chairman of the appeals; in fact the caucus ran things as they pleased, and the left wing of the council was not in it. They will probably take a pointer from the tactics of their opponents next year.

Then after all these little but important preliminaries were finished the mayor read his address. It touched upon many matters, some of them new, some old. If mayors could only be induced to commit their ideas to memory and deliver them off hand they would make a much better impression. Some of those present found fault with the dignity of the address, that there was nothing outlined &c. &c., but if the aldermen will only deal in earnest with what Mayor Sears brought to their attention they will find that there is considerable to do.

The first business of the new council was the consideration of the magistrate's lengthy letter. There was a good deal of hot talk which was listened to by as many citizens as could get within the narrow space between the door and the railing. John K. Storey occupied a seat outside the rail. The public is not responsible for this but the modesty and humility of the dry goods merchant himself who could not or would not listen to the earnest pleadings of his fellow citizens to bring him forward and place him in the van of civic reformers.

Alongside of Mr. Storey sat that great friend of Chief Clark's, "Jimmy" Brennan who wanted to reorganize the special police at the exhibition last year but did not succeed. As a matter of fact "Jimmy" was paying greater attention to the stalwart form of the chief than to the discussion and his thoughts were aptly illustrated when he whispered across the rail "What do you think of Bismark?"

The chief, however, was interested in the discussion. His authority as chief of police was in danger to a certain extent owing to the appointment made by the magistrate. The police court clerk and deputy magistrate G. A. Henderson, also paid the closest attention to what was going on and listened to the facts and arguments as presented. But all this is another story.

S. P. C. A. INTERESTED.

A Cruel Teamster has His Horse Taken From Him.

Moncton, MAY 3.—People who were hurrying home to their dinners shortly after the noon hour last Thursday, witnessed a scene near the Main street railway crossing which appeared to them differently according to their different natures. The leading actor in a drama which was so pathetic as almost to deserve the name of a tragedy, was a poor old horse so thin and worn enough to serve for an illustration of Artemus Ward's description—"a framework on which a respectable horse might be built if one had the material". The ringmaster in this sorry performance was a truckman who plies his trade in town and is said to be licensed. This man was endeavoring to make the wretched animal haul a load, evidently beyond his

strength, and just above the crossing the horse gave out and either refused or was unable to go another step. After resorting to the usual methods of persuasion in use amongst men of his class, jerking the reins and shouting at the poor beast, his owner proceeded to beat him unmercifully, and kept up the brutal exhibition until stopped by a humane policeman, who chanced to be passing. By this time the usual crowd which never fails to assemble in Moncton on the smallest provocation had gathered, and the suggestions which are always a feature of such occasions began to pour in with the customary fluency variety and utter impracticability which seem to be inseparable from public entertainments of the kind. They were all in vain however for the horse refused to listen to the blandishments of the charmer and hopelessly, but firmly adhered to the stand he had taken. His owner began to show symptoms of apoplexy, and the crowd had almost stopped giving advice when some bystander whose heart evidently worked in union with his head thought of trying the effect of a little internal, as well as external stimulant; so he procured a bucketful of oats, and held them suddenly before the nose of the equine wreck. The effect was like an electric shock, and though it was obviously years since the animal had seen a bucket of oats some memory of his lost youth awoke, or else instinct told him what they were, for he first snied violently, plunged as he had not since the days of his colthood and made a frantic effort to seize the bucket. By letting him get a mouthful, and walking slowly in front, the poor creature was induced to drag his load some distance up the street, but when the magnet which drew him was removed, and his friend with the oats went back to the sidewalk the wretched animal's pathetic efforts to follow and clamber up on the sidewalk after him, load and all, were enough to draw tears from a stone. Of course the crowd including a sprinkling of the element which destitute of all human feeling but a misplaced sense of humor, and the sad sight appeared to furnish amusement judging by their expressions of gratification, but the man of average intelligence and ordinary good feeling would consider it a heart-rending sight and probably be divided between pity for the horse, and a longing to kick his owner around the block.

Mr. G. B. Willet president of the S. P. C. A. appeared on the scene shortly after the procession reached Highfield street, and created a decided diversion by taking charge of the horse on behalf of the society but what the final act of the drama was, has not yet become a matter of history.

Considering the efficiency of the S. P. C. A. officers, and the vigilance they exercise in looking after the welfare of their dumb charges, it is really surprising the number of half starved, and overloaded horses one sees on the public streets.

O'DONNELL'S CALM AT DEATH.

Fearlessness of one of the Brothers who became Famous in Spain.

In the early part of this century three brothers named O'Donnell left their native country, Ireland, and went to live in Spain where they all had extraordinary careers. One died in 1867, after he had become the Duke of Tetuan, though he was better known as Gen. O'Donnell; he was one of the most brilliant military men of his time. The youngest brother was cut off in his youth, but nothing in the lives of the others is so strange as the story of his death.

In 1832 there was war in Spain regarding the succession to the throne, and young O'Donnell declared himself for Isabella, who was soon proclaimed Queen; but before that time O'Donnell fell a prisoner to Gen. Zumalacarreque, a leader of the Carlist forces. The young Irishman looked upon this as almost a piece of good luck, for the Carlist leader was an old schoolmate. The two friends celebrated this meeting after a separation of years as a festive occasion, and as they ate supper together and drank toasts to old times Zumalacarreque said:

"Your captivity will be brief, my friend, I am just about to send off a flag of truce to your General to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, so that you may expect to be free to-morrow."

The flag of truce was sent, but the result was terribly unexpected. The General of the Christians (that was the name given to Isabella's party) answered the Carlist envoy by saying:

"I will show you how I treat rebels, and forthwith he had all his Carlist prisoners brought out and shot down before the eyes of the Christians, and the officer had no better news than the story of their death to take back to his chief. The next morning Zumalacarreque came into his tent where his prisoners were breakfasting. He sat down in silence.

"What is the matter?" asked O'Donnell

"Have you slept badly, or was your chocolate burnt?"

"I am immensely disturbed," was the answer, and he told how the Carlist prisoners had been shot, and added: "I must make reprisals. My friend in one hour's time you must be shot, no matter how I feel about it."

O'Donnell set down his cup after finishing his chocolate and said:

"Yes, that is a matter of course; you must not distress yourself about it; I would not in the same way myself. Now give me a couple of cigarettes and writing material, for I must write a letter, which I will trouble you to take care of after my execution."

As he was finishing the letter the guard came to take out the prisoners. O'Donnell got up at once, shook hands with the man who was both his friend and his enemy, lit another cigarette and walked out to be shot.

Too Touchy.

Grace (to her bosom friend, who is caressing a bear-eyed poodle)—I hear your engagement with Mr. Stebbins has been broken off.

Bertha (with a sigh)—Yes, I found that his love for me was not the deep true love which nothing on earth can change, so I was compelled to let him go.

Grace—Why, how did you find it out?

Bertha—Easily enough. He got so angry every time that poor Flossie bit him.

The Cold Spare Bed.

When you have a friend to visit you if she be a welcome guest.

You will try to make her happy, and you'll give her of your best;

You'll tell her all the story of your varied household cares,

And everlastingly you'll prate about your own affairs;

But whatever else you do, don't for heaven's sake be led

To put that helpless woman in the cold spare bed!

You may tell her of your troubles with your numerous hired girls,

And what "she said," and what "I said," till her understanding whirls;

You may talk of the servant question till the setting moon's last gleam,

And begin again next morning on the same old tiresome theme;

But whatever else you do, don't for heaven's sake be led

To put that helpless woman in the cold spare bed!

You may tell her of your pains and aches, and what the doctor said,

That time you came near dying with neuralgia in your head;

Of how you poured down bitters, and drops and patent pills;

When you caught the dread malaria, and had such awful chills;

You may bore her, you may weary her, till she wishes she were dead;

But for heaven's sake don't put her in the cold spare bed!

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper lining. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and cheeriest patterns. Buy nowhere till you have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS MCARTHUR

90 King Street.

SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

Star Line Steamers

—FOR—

Fredericton

AND

Woodstock.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail steamers, "David Weston" and "Olivette" leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7.30 a. m. for St. John. Steamer "Aberdeen" will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY THURSDAY and SATURDAY at 6.30 a. m. for Woodstock, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 7.30 a. m. while navigation permits.

GEO. F. BARR, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after Monday, the 18th inst., until further notice, Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 8.00 a. m. (local) for Indiantown and intermediate points.

Returning to Hampton she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m. (local)

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

Wanted at Once

A good, live, hustling agent to work for Progress. Only reliable, and wide-awake men, with some experience in canvassing need apply. As

The Progress Printing and Pub. Co. Ltd.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

the place to announce the graduating recitals of three conservatory pupils. The first will be given Saturday evening by Miss S. Borden. The programmes show a high standard and from what has already been heard of these young ladies playing the performance will be in keeping with the music.

LADY OF SHALOTT.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. B. Jones' Bookstore, S. Melonon's, and at Railway News Depot.

MAY 4.—Moncton people were greatly shocked on Monday morning to hear of the terribly sudden death of Mrs. David B. Lindsay of Riviere du Loup mother of Mrs. E. W. Givan of this city. Mrs. Givan received a telegram on Wednesday announcing her mother's sudden and serious illness and left that evening for Riviere du Loup remaining with Mrs. Lindsay to the end which came on Saturday evening. The cause of death was paralysis and the patient never recovered consciousness after the first shock. Mrs. Lindsay was a daughter of the late Patrick King of this city and had resided in Moncton for the greater part of her life, only removing to Riviere du Loup a few years ago. Her husband, mother and three children, Mrs. F. W. Givan Moncton, and Miss Lindsay and Master Leon Lindsay of Riviere du Loup survive her. Mrs. Lindsay was universally esteemed in Moncton and her numerous friends will hear with sincere regret of her death and sympathize deeply with her family in their sad bereavement. The deceased lady was a member of St. George's church. The remains were brought to Moncton for interment in the family burying ground, the funeral taking place this morning from the residence of Mr. E. W. Givan on King street to the rural cemetery. The floral tributes were numerous and very beautiful testifying to the affectionate regard in which the deceased was held. The services both at the house and grave were conducted by Rev. J. M. Robinson pastor of St. John's presbyterian church. The pall bearers were Messrs P. S. Archibald, H. A. Whitney, R. A. Borden, I. W. Bizez, T. V. Cooke and J. M. Rippey.

Prof. J. Harry Watts and Mrs. Watts left town last week for Fredericton, where they intend spending a two weeks holiday.

Miss Ethel H. Head of the nursing staff of the Wellham Mass., city hospital, returned last week to spend a two months' vacation at her home in Moncton.

Mrs. E. C. Jones returned on Saturday from a two months' visit to friends in Boston.

Miss Bliss of Westmorland is spending a few days in town the guest of the Misses Mcweeney of Main street.

Mr. George B. Willet left town on Thursday to visit his old home in Annapolis, N. S.

Mr. W. K. McKean of the Bank of Montreal met with a very painful accident last Wednesday, catching his foot in some way while at work in the bank and falling heavily to the floor with the unpleasant result of breaking the bone of his right shoulder.

Mr. McKean left for his home in St. John by the evening train and will be laid up for some days.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Price will hear with regret that they have taken their final departure from Moncton, at least as permanent residents, and will make their home in Halifax for the future. Mr. and Mrs. Price have always been most popular members of Moncton society, and their removal will leave a very decided blank in our circle, but all the same while we feel that Halifax gain is our loss we wish Mr. and Mrs. Price all possible happiness and prosperity in their new home.

Our boys have again been giving an excellent account of themselves at McGill College, both Mr. Walter W. Colpitts, and Mr. George A. McCarthy appearing on the honor list this year. Mr. Colpitts not only led amongst the third year men in civil engineering, but also won the prize for summer work, the first McCarthy prize for surveying field work, and also prizes for theory of structure map, ping, and graphical statics. Mr. McCarthy carried off the British Association medal and prize, British Association and exhibition prize for summer work, special prize in hydraulics, theory of structure designing and several other branches of special work. Mr. McCarthy was first in order of merit in his class graduating with the degree of Bachelor of applied science of Civil Engineering. Mr. McCarthy's Moncton friends will be glad to hear that he has secured an excellent position in the service of the C. P. R.

Mr. Harris Explains Why.

To the Editor of Progress:—I had wished in planning the tour of Lieut. Dan Godfrey and his military band, to devote an afternoon and evening to your pleasant and prosperous city. Unfortunately (and at the eleventh hour) I have had to alter the commencement of the tour to one day later than originally contemplated and owing to important fixtures in Montreal and elsewhere—under military sanction—I am reluctantly compelled to announce that only one performance can now take place in St. John, and that namely on the afternoon of Thursday May 19th, at 2 o'clock.

The performance that will then be given on the afternoon mentioned will be the same as would have taken place at the night performance. I very much regret being able to give but the one appearance but I was unfortunate.

Will you please mention to the children of St. John that I will reserve rooms for 500 of them at 25 cents—the other prices will be \$1.00, 75, and 50. The public will understand that no more tickets than the building will conveniently hold will be sold thus permitting everybody present at the Victoria rink to enjoy the concert in comfort.

CHAS. A. E. HARRISS.

MONTREAL, May 2, 1898.

To Russia in the East.

Do not abandon, we implore, the program of the open door; For it should be stated too clearly that that will mean—a jar.

—Pepper Box.

Miss Autumn—There seem to be more chaperons than young ladies here to-night. Miss Barry—it does seem so, indeed. By the way, whom are you chaperoning?

TO CURE A GOLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Permanently Located.

Eyes Tested Free By M. G. Thompson a Regular graduate in Optics. 20 Years experience.

Solid Gold Frames,..... \$2.85

Best Gold Filled Frames, . . . 1.50

Best Lenses per Pair,..... 1.00

Aluminum Frames, ..... .50

Steel or Nickel Frames,.... .25

Add price of lenses to frames for complete cost.

Open till 9 o'clock Nights,

Boston Optical Co.,

25 King St. St. John, N. B.

Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1898.

THE THINGS THEY FIND.

WHAT CARELESS PEOPLE LEAVE BEHIND THEM IN TRAINS.

Women are the Most Headless Travellers, and are the Greatest Losers—Every thing is Included in the Railway People's List of Finds—Some Travellers.

"Have you ever noticed how careless the majority of people are when travelling?" asked a gentleman in the employ of the C. P. R., the other day. "I mean ladies particularly; men, as a rule, do not hamper themselves with the thousand and one things a lady regards as indispensable on a railway journey. Of course one very frequently comes across a veteran female traveller whom nothing can disturb or excite; but really its surprising how little it takes to rattle an otherwise sensible woman when the least thing goes wrong with her luggage or other personal belongings.

"It is nothing unusual to see a lady walk deliberately out of the train here or at some other station on the line leaving behind hand-satchel, grip, books, umbrellas and in fact anything that is not fastened to her good and solid; and the strangest part of it is that once the train has gone she gives her property up as lost. It never occurs to her that there might be a special department organized purposely for the benefit of just such careless, absent-minded people. To her the railroad company, from the general manager down to the rear brakeman, is one gigantic fraud and she feels that once anything has fallen into their clutches it is useless to try to recover it.

"The number of articles found in trains now is not nearly so large as a few years ago, and this is probably due to the fact that brakemen on this line are instructed to call out 'Don't forget your parcels' when they announce the depot. I do not know whether this rule is carried out in every case, but it should be at any rate.

"And again there are certain travellers on every train who are always on the lookout for whatever they can pick up in the way of forgotten articles and that also reduces the number of articles found.

"We occasionally find strange things in the cars. In the Boston train one day I found what looked like a lunch basket, and picked it up to throw the contents away when in some manner my hand went through the paper covering. What do you suppose was inside? Why two of the handsomest matted kittens I ever saw. There they were as snug as could be, and I felt heartily sorry for the person who had left them behind for I knew they were valuable. I took them home, cared for them and they grew to be very handsome cats.

"Only to day I found a new mackintosh some lady had left behind, and beside it a little girls tam o'shanter. Its a curious fact that nine of ten travellers, men and women, leave their rubbers behind them in the train. Its the crop that never fails, sure enough.

"We have cases of lost tickets too, and sometimes money. Not long ago \$76 was found, but the owner, a man in this case, turned up in a little while in a very excited state and the money was handed over to him.

"Once in a while a lady announces that she has lost her ticket. That always makes no end of a fuss, and every body proceeds at once to look for it, sometimes it is found and sometimes it isn't; in the latter event, and after every possible place has been searched, we suggest that the lady examine her belongings again; and in almost every instance the ticket is found to have been overlooked in her purse, satchel or some part of her clothing.

You have no idea of the manner in which some people can be taken in. One would naturally think that they would profit by the experience of those whose stories are told from time to time in the papers, but they never do. Some people go right ahead and tell the first person with whom they get into conversation where they are going, what they are going to do, how much money they have on them, etc., with the result that they frequently get into trouble and look to the railroad company for redress. When money is taken in this way we are usually able to locate the guilty parties without much difficulty though.

"We had a nice quiet little traveller about three weeks ago, and one in whom everybody on the road took the greatest interest. He was a little boy of about eight years and came over on one of the steamers. He was from Sweden and was ticketed to Minnesota. He couldnt speak a word

of English, but he was one of the brightest looking little chaps you'd wish to see. Everybody who knew the circumstances had a kindly smile or a pat on the head for the manly little traveller. When he left the steamer here the steward made him up enough lunch to last a week.

"To go back to lost things and their fate, I may say that next to rubbers and wraps our greatest harvest is umbrellas. We get them in all sizes, colors and ages, from the brand new silk with the carved ivory handle, to the faded one that has done duty in some rural district for eight or ten years both as a sunshade and an umbrella. Old values too are among the finds—so old sometimes that they'll hardly stand lifting, but their contents never amount to much as a general thing. Books! Oh yes, dozens of them, and nice, beautifully bound ones too, but they usually meet the fate of all articles found at a terminus.

"What is that? Why they are 'tagged' with the date on which they were found and the train. If not called for after a certain time they are sent to Montreal and sold at auction. It would be the easiest thing in the world for a person to recover property lost in this way if they would only display a little common sense. It would not be exhibiting any undue ignorance either to make enquiries of a ticket seller or some other official regarding the proper way to go about looking for those things. As I said a moment ago, however, the 'finds' are small now compared with what they were a few years ago when we could scoop in almost anything from a pug dog, a spring hat or coat, to a hair pin."

A POSSUM TRICK.

How one of These Little Animals Entered the Family.

The doings of a New York State possum are feelingly chronicled by the New York Sun. A farmer named John Welch, living near the town of Chester, so it appears, had lately taken a ten-year-old boy from a city charitable institution. Naturally the boy knew little about country matters, and one day, toward evening, he came running into the house to say, 'O Mr. Welch, there's a monkey in the chicken-coop settin' right by the side of our big rooster.'

Farmer Welch went out to see what the boy had discovered, and reached the coop in time to see a big possum making off with the rooster. He made a rush for the thief, which, on seeing that it couldn't escape, dropped the rooster and tumbled over, pretending, after the well-known manner of its kind, to be dead. Farmer Welch picked the animal by its tail, carried it into the house, and threw it by no means gently on the kitchen floor. The possum never gave a sign that it had life enough to know what was going on. It was tossed and pushed and tumbled about by different members of the family for some time but it stayed dead. The farmer knew, of course, that it wasn't dead, and by and by he tossed it into a box, and by way of experiment threw a piece of raw meat near its mouth. It was evident from the fact that the possum had come to the farmyard in cold weather and before dark that it must be very hungry, but with the tempting morsel lying against its very nostrils it never moved a muscle.

After a while the big family cat came into the kitchen. She got scent of the meat, and strode up to the box. The sight of the possum caused her to stop and sniff for a moment. She evidently was fooled into thinking the possum was dead, for she jumped into the box and grabbed the meat. She had no sooner done so, though, than the possum came to life with a suddenness and velocity that startled the family. If a buzz-saw had run against the cat her tur could hardly have been scattered in a more lively manner than that possum scattered it. The tumbling and caterwauling lasted a brief space, for the cat escaped and circled around the kitchen so wild eyed and big-tailed that somebody opened the door and let her out. She hasn't been seen since.

Having put the cat to flight, and seeing the excited family grouped about, the possum promptly turned over and died again. After a while, finding that no one made a move toward doing it injury, it came to life, got into the box, and ate the meat as coolly as if it had been dining at home in the hollow of the tree.

The possum has remained in the family ever since, and has developed a particular fondness for the boy who discovered it and took it for a monkey.

HOW BOURBON BABIES WERE BORN

Court Present at the Lying in—Expensive Outfits and a Big Household.

When the birth of a royal child was expected the 'Te Deum' was sung in the churches of Paris, the Parliament sent to congratulate the King and Queen, and public prayers were said. When the confinement began relics of St. Margaret were brought from St. Germain des Pres, and the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in all the churches. The birth itself was to have many witnesses. In the room of the Queen or Dauphiness, as the case might be, was erected a great tent, and within this a lesser tent, in which was the bed. To the outer tent were admitted Princes of the blood, the Chancellor, and later many other witnesses, up to 200 ladies in the time of Henri IV. Later the whole court was admitted, and under Louis XV, the adjoining rooms were also crowded with courtiers, many of them arriving in haste in their dressing gowns. In the following reign the crowd became so great that Maria Antoinette was almost stifled, and Louis XVI pushed through the crowd to the window, which he snatched with his fist. The infant was christened directly it was born, but the solemnities of baptism were often delayed for many years. A layette was provided beforehand. This trousseau for the eldest great grandson of Louis XIV cost 120,000 livres, and later on it rose to 200,000. The matter was so important that this collection of baby clothes was brought in procession from Paris to Versailles with an escort of guards. The Pope was accustomed to send a second outfit. Those for the son of Louis XIII, arrived in two cases of red velvet adorned with silver, and the embroideries of silk, silver, and gold with the royal and Papal arms and religious subjects, were an object of great admiration. They were always brought by some prelate of high rank, with the title of Vice-Legate.

He was received with the greatest honors and was accompanied, not like Ambassadors by a Marshal of France, but by a Prince of the House of Lorraine. After an audience of the King he had another from the royal infant, before whom the layette was spread out. Two gentlemen held the ends and the baby placed his hand upon it to take possession. The Vice Legate made a complimentary speech to the baby and gave his blessing. It was usual for the King to obtain for him in return a Cardinals hat.

Deputations also gravely made speeches before the infant Prince. Balls were given and festivities of all kinds. The expenses of the birth of the grandson of Louis XIV amounted to 604,477 livres, probably more than £100,000 at the present rate of money. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette turned this extravagance into a better channel. The King gave 100,000 livres to the poor, the Queen gave dowries to 100 poor girls and the good example was widely followed throughout France.

Besides a wet-nurse the child had a remuuse, whose sole duty it was to rock the cradle at certain hours. Of the eight bedchamber women four were appointed by the King, two by the Queen, and two by the governess, who was a great lady, usually a Duchess or Princess, charged with the children until they reached 7 years of age. Foreach child the offices were renewed, and if one child died all his attendants passed on ipso facto to his brother. It happened thus to one young Prince to have thirty-two bedchamber women. The number of other persons connected with the royal children may be estimated by the fact that the Austrian Ambassador, writing to his mistress in 1779, when Louis XVI. had as yet only a daughter of 1 year old, declares that, in spite of the King's attempt to curtail useless expenditure, the 'household' of the Princess consisted of eighty persons.

A Scene of Terror in India.

A Bengal Post Office superintendent has received from one of his Babu inspectors this report of an incident at a river which had to be forded owing to the breakdown of a bridge:

'As I was to pass the river or water through my cart for absence of any boat some alligators ran on my oxen hence the oxen getting fear forcibly took away my cart in an abyss below the water of 12 feet which the cartman failed to obstruct. The oxen forcibly left the cart and fled to the other side of the river by swimming. I myself being inside the matscreen of my cart the whole cart fell into the abyss, I used to cry loudly at the time. The cart with myself was drowned in the meantime the Overseer Babu Mehendra Nath Ghose and my cook jumped on the water and took my cart in a place where 4 1/2 then water I myself jumped on the water and saved my

life. The alligators getting fear from the cart fled to the roadside and no sooner we came to the road they jumped on the water. Had I been under suffocation for 3 minutes more then there was no hope of any life. \* \* \* The nearest residents told thereafter that some men died that year in the abyss by the attack of alligators. I am much unwell the voice of my speech is fallen low and out of order from the suffocation.'—London Standard.

GUNBOAT IN 1,500 PIECES.

That's the Way it is to be Shipped From England to Lake Nyassa.

English naval constructors are very much interested in a gunboat which has just been completed for service on Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa, and is to be shipped to that point in pieces like a Chines puzzle. This boat, the Guendolen, is now split up into 1,500 packages for transportation. A reporter of the London Echo describes the boat in his account of his interview with J. A. Rennie of the engineering firm which built the Guendolen:

"So there is going to be fighting on Lake Nyassa?" I remarked tentatively.

"I never said so," he replied with fitting diplomacy.

"Then that's my mistake; I merely judged so from the fact of your taking out what on a lake would be considered a first-class battleship for the Guendolen is heavily armed, is she not?"

"Yes, if you call six Maxims and four Hotchkiss guns a big armament. She is intended to replace the three small gunboats now on the lake which are practically obsolete, and is a vast improvement on them in every way. Her length is 136 feet, beam 23 and tonnage 350, and with a draught of 4 feet 6 inches is intended to steam twelve knots."

"I suppose the depth of the lake did not necessitate a shallow draught vessel?"

"By no means, as there is plenty of water even close inshore; that enabled us to have twin screws, for on shallow water such as the Niger or the Kheja (by means of which the Russians in 1894 penetrated far up toward Chitral) a sternwheel is absolutely necessary. She is quite a normal type, except for the fact that she is fitted with Fraser's under-fired boilers, and will burn wood fuel, of which there is an abundance in and around the lake; coal is only brought up from the coast for the use of two or three forges, at a cost of some £10 per ton, such is the difficulty of transport."

"And that difficulty will be increased in the case of a gunboat, I should imagine?"

"Not so much as you think," said Mr. Rennie. "You see we can only bolt, not rivet her together in the yard here, so as to insure the perfect fitting together of every part. In this condition the Guendolen was inspected by Sir Edward Reed, who expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied with her. Then she was taken to pieces, every piece being previously numbered, and on a small model these numbers are marked off, the internal fittings—of course the model is only of the outside of the hull—having their proper numbers marked on scale drawings. Drawings and model accompany the ship, which is split up into 1,500 packages, that containing the boiler of 2 1/2 tons being the heaviest, so that on her arrival there need be no difficulty whatever in putting her together again."

Mr. Rennie added that if one of the packages should be lost, it would be difficult to replace it. The packages are to be transported for miles over a rough country by bullock wagons, and as extra weight is an important consideration, no spare parts are carried. Commander Cullen, R. N.

R., the commander-in-chief on the lake, has charge of the transportation, and he will superintend the assembling of the parts.

SHIPS' RANGE OF ACTION.

Close Quarters 'Bu-ines' as Pictured by "Artists" Unknown in Naval Circles.

"The pictures in some of the burnt-orange newspapers of battleships in action are about as funny as the Japanese idea of prospective," said a naval officer to a Washington Star man. "These pictures represent the opposing ships blazing away at each other with thirteen-inch rifles at a range of about a hundred feet, and the artists certainly work up the thing to make it look terrific enough in all conscience. It's a wonder to me they don't represent the crews of the opposing ships in the act of using grappling irons, as they did in engagements at close quarters in the days of the old 70-guns frigates. As a matter of fact, if either battleship in an engagement between vessels of to-day got within such a range of another, or anything like it, it would simply be a matter of the first shot. One big shell delivered at such a range would leave only the debris of the struck ship floating on the surface of the water. Modern ships of war are not devised to get within any such range of each other in action. The nearest that any of the opposing ships in the great naval battle on the Yalu got to each other was a trifle under two miles, and what one battleship can do to another at that range is something beyond calculation. The naval engagement of this era is very largely a matter of manoeuvring—of presenting the smallest possible target to the guns of the enemy's ships, and of forcing the enemy to present their biggest hull to the range-finders. When the commander of a ship in the coming engagements can contrive to get in his work on the enemy's vessels while only pointing with his nose in that direction—leaving them practically only a razor's edge target—he is liable to eat them up. But while there is still a drill in the United States Navy called 'repelling boarders,' the drill is only retained in the manual for the sake of exercising the men, and the only boarding that will be done in the coming fights will be done by prize crews taking possession of beaten ships after the latter have struck their colors."

Wherein Woman is Superior.

"The longer I live," said the house physician of one of the big hotels, "the more I wonder at and admire the female stomach. That abused organ, cabined, cribbed and confined in a corset two sizes too small, can stand more hard knocks than any pugilist that ever stepped into the ring. The average woman at a hotel has the choice of a world of things to eat and does not know in the least what to eat. Here is the list of the things that were stowed away at my table the other day by a spirituelle creature weighing not more than 100 pounds and measures seventeen inches about the middle:

"Soup, fish with rice sauce, olives, sliced cucumbers, sweetbreads, turkey with chestnuts, dressing, grouse, asparagus, new potatoes, cauliflower with cheese, two helpings of lobster Newburg, lemon pudding, ice cream, cakes, Roquetort cheese and coffee. The liquids were a glass of white wine and a quart bottle of beer, which she shared with her father. This is her usual performance. I weigh 195 pounds, and take a great deal of exercise. My dinner consisted of a light soup, stale bread, a liberal portion of beef, some peas, asparagus, cheese and coffee. That was plenty, it not too much. And women will drink heavy, milk punches, cocktails and other heavy concoctions and perhaps feel the effects of them, too. But they get over it quickly."

ASTHMA'S PROGRESS.

From Cold to Cure.

No relief in other remedies.

There are many medicines that palliate asthma. There are few that do more than relieve for a time the oppressed breathing of the sufferer. There are few diseases more troublesome and more irritating than asthma. It interferes alike with business and with pleasure. It prevents enjoyment of the day and makes the night a terror. A remedy for asthma would be hailed by thousands as the greatest possible boon that could be offered them. There is a remedy for asthma. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has cured hundreds of cases of this disease, and testimonials to its efficacy from those who have tried the remedy are multiplying with every year. The cases presented in the testimonials that follow, may be taken as exemplifying the quick and radical action of this great remedy.

"About a year ago, I caught a bad cold which resulted in asthma so severe that I was threatened with suffocation whenever I attempted to lie down on my bed. A friend recommending Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I began to take it, and soon obtained relief, and, finally, was completely cured. Since then, I have used this medicine in my family with great success for colds, coughs, and croup."—S. HUTCHESON, Editor "Rollink" (Polish), Stevens Point, Wis.

"While on the Gasconade River, Ga., I

caught a severe cold which resulted in asthma. After taking doctors' prescriptions for a long time without benefit, I at length made use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was completely cured."—H. G. KITCHELL, Greenwood, Miss.

"Some time since I had a severe attack of asthma, accompanied with a bad cough and a general soreness of the joints and muscles. I consulted physicians, and tried various remedies, but without getting any relief. Finally I took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and in a very short time was entirely cured."—J. ROSSILL, Victoria, Tex.

Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is known the world over as one of the most effective medicines for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, asthma, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is not, as are so many cough medicines, a mere "soothing syrup," a temporary relief and palliative, but it is a radical remedy, dealing directly with disease and promptly healing it. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's remedies. Address, Dr. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

# A TANGLED WEB.

(CONTINUED.)  
CHAPTER VIII.

Before a month had passed, Sylvia showed marked signs of improvement. She still looked rather like a colt, but like a colt that is well fed and cared for; whereas when Neville—or Jack, as he had christened himself—had bought her, she was like a colt that had been left to the mercy of the cold wind and bitter weather on some bleak moor.

Her face had lost the wan, sorrow-stricken expression which had gone straight to the heart of Neville; that ever-memorable night on which he had first seen her, and though sometimes she was quiet and thoughtful, and the gray eyes which with melancholy showed that she was thinking of her dead father it was evident that Time, the consoler, was passing his healing hand over that wound, and soothing its aching.

Meth, who had at first merely tolerated the girl's presence, and scarcely looked at her without mumbling: 'Lawk's sakes, nine hundred pounds!' got used to her, and in a way, fond of her. At any rate, she was good enough to permit Sylvia to do most of the work of the hut, and would have extended her kindness to the length of allowing Sylvia to do it all, but Neville interfered and informed Meth that he had not bought a domestic servant, but a 'sister.'

As Sylvia grew stronger she became happier. Those wondrous gray eyes of hers grew bright with a light that seemed to illuminate the hut, especially at night, when the solitary candle shone in them as she sat at her needle work—the said needle work generally consisting of repairs to 'Jack's' clothes, which sorely needed them.

Her voice, too, altered, and though it was still low-pitched and refined, there was a ring in it which reminded Neville of bells heard at a distance, of an Eolian harp, and sundry other kinds of music. But it her voice was like music, her laugh was music itself. It is true that she laughed but seldom, but when she did, Neville found himself obliged to laugh too, or die, and he caught himself setting traps for that laugh, and rejoicing when he succeeded in catching it.

It was a strange life for a young girl. Besides her 'brother' Jack and Meth she saw no one, excepting at a distance; for the miners, taking the hint which Neville had given Locket, carefully avoided the neighborhood of the Young 'Un's claim, and left him alone more severely than ever.

But Sylvia did not appear to find it dull, and seemed perfectly content. Neville had found two or three books at the bottom of his trunk—a volume of Tennyson, Macaulay's 'England,' 'Wild sports in the West,' and 'The Farmer's Vase Mecum'; and Sylvia devoured these of an evening, when she felt distinguished for needle-work, and sometimes brought one down to the edge of the claim and read there very often however, letting the book lie disregarded in her lap while her eyes dwelt on the handsome face and stalwart form of her 'brother,' as he picked and dug and toiled in the dusty hole.

Indeed her eyes were seldom off him when he was within her sight, and she followed him about unobtrusively whenever she could, and seemed quite contented if he would show her just to keep him company, and did not mind his long fits of silence.

Neville was not a great talker, but often when Sylvia thought he was unaware of, on had forgotten her presence, he was thinking of her. Half unconsciously, he liked to have her near him, and it she remained away from the claim longer than usual, he found himself looking out for her.

For the rest he treated her as a young man of nearly twenty always treats a girl of fifteen. She was a mere child in his eyes, a child to be petted and humored and taken care of; but sometimes he felt himself startled and bothered by some trick of speech or tone of thought of the child which savored very strongly of the full-grown woman, and at such times, when for instance, she would quote Tennyson as she had quoted Shakespeare, and let fall some bit of worldly wisdom from her soft red lips, he would straighten his back and wipe the perspiration from his brow, and stare at her meditatively, and the question would rise in his mind uneasily, 'What on earth shall I do with her when she grows up?'

But he always put it aside with the reflection that she was only a child and that she wouldn't grow up for years yet and so end with laughing at her precocity.

As to the light in which Sylvia regarded him—who can describe or even divine it? This much may, however, be said, that she regarded him as her brother, and in the recesses of her girlish mind thought him the best, the handsomest, the bravest, and altogether the noblest specimen of men.

Besides, he was something more than her brother. She never forgot for a moment, though since his injunction she had never again referred to it, that he had 'bought her,' and she regarded him as her owner and master. She considered that she owed him not only sisterly love, but implicit obedience.

Neville had only to express a wish for her to set about gratifying it; indeed, very often Neville found that she had supplied his desires before he had given them voice. She felt that she owed him unquestioning obedience if he had told her to climb up the rugged hill that overlooked the valley, and throw herself from the highest precipice, she would have done it.

She was his by right of purchase, and something more; and this conviction, which in her mind was as strong as a religion,

brought no pain with it, but rather a vague kind of pleasure and satisfaction.

During the month which had been looking up at Lorn Hope Camp, and, though no one had found a nugget as big as Neville's the men had had better fortune than before, and some of them declared that 'Orphan,' as they called Sylvia, had brought the luck back again to Lorn Hope Camp and that they were all going to be rich.

Neville's claim only just paid for the labor at very low wages, but he still stuck to it, and with more contentment than he could have imagined possible.

Working for one's self, with no one to share hopes and fears, was a very different thing to working with Sylvia's sympathy always 'turned on,' and the dust and the heat, though they were really quite as bad as before, did not seem half so unendurable and aggravating with Sylvia sitting by the edge of the pit, just out of the dust, and in the shade of an awning he had rigged up for her.

She was never tired of sitting there, and sometimes, after a long silence, Neville, thinking she had fallen asleep, would turn and look at her and find her gray eyes fixed upon him as if she found him more worthy of her attention than the book or the really beautiful scenery which stretched before them.

One day in the midst of one of these silences, she began to sing. At first she sang in a low, subdued voice; then, as if she had forgotten his presence, her voice grew fuller, but not less sweet, and she sang like a nightingale.

Neville was startled, but he was careful to keep his back to her and not frighten the bird that had suddenly filled the hot silence with such delicious melody.

He waited until she had finished, and then he said, as carelessly as he could, as he scraped the dust from his spade: 'Bravo, Syl! You don't pipe badly. Thought it was a thrush at first—an English thrush, you know.'

'I know,' she said, with an utter absence of self-consciousness, without even a blush or a thoughtful. 'Yes, I remember. It must be a long time ago.'

'When you were in England?' said Neville.

She nodded. 'Yes, it was in the country I heard the birds sing,' she pressed her lips together and knit her brows till they made a straight line over her eyes. 'Yes, it was in the country, and I can remember, now I try, that I was riding a little pony, and—and—'

She put her hand to her forehead and sighed. 'It's all gone now. Wait a minute,' and she knit her brows.

'Never mind,' said Neville. 'It doesn't matter, does it? And do you like to hear me sing, Jack?'

'I do indeed, very much,' he replied. 'What was it you were singing? I seem to have a recollection of it.'

'Bid Me Discourse,' she answered promptly. 'It was—she hesitated a moment, but only for a moment—it was one of my father's favorites. He taught it me, and some more of Bishop's.'

'Let's have another of the bishop's then,' said Neville.

'Not the bishop's; it's a man's name. Did you never hear of him, Jack?'

'Never,' said Neville, placidly. She pondered for a moment or two over this confession of ignorance.

'You don't seem to know much, Jack,' she remarked, not in a tone of censure, but by way of recording a simple fact. 'You're right, Syl,' he assented cheerfully. 'What I don't know would make the biggest book you ever saw. My ignorance is—' he paused. 'It is—' she hesitated. 'Where would you have been, Jack?'

She enquired, leaning her head on her little brown paw and looking at him with her great gray eyes. 'In the army,' he said, 'shovelling up the dirt. I had my chance, but—but I threw it away. I might have had another, for the governor was as fond of me as I was of him, but for—'

He stopped suddenly. He had been speaking more to himself than to her. 'Poor Jack!' came a soft murmur like sweet music.

Neville looked up. 'Oh, I don't deserve any pity, Syl,' and he laughed. 'I only got my deserts. Many a better fellow than me—'

'Eh? Oh, ah, yes! I'm not much of a grammarian; that's one of the reasons I'm here.'

'Then it's a lucky thing for me you are not,' she said, naively.

Neville laughed. 'That's one way of looking at it,' he said. 'Now sing something else, Syl.'

She sang to him again—this time an old French ballad.

Neville leaned against the side of the pit and listened with all ears. He was passionately fond of music.

'Halloo!' he said. 'What's that—French? Who taught you that? But of course—I beg your pardon, Syl.'

'Yes,' she said in a low voice, 'he taught me that—everything. He said knowledge is power to the person who knows how to use it—and yet he was so poor,' she mused

thoughtfully. She was already beginning to discern that there is no greater fool than the maxim maker.

'You don't remember your mother, Syl?' asked Neville, as it occurred to him that he might learn something of her people. He would have to find them some day and foster her.

She shook her head. 'No. She died soon after I was born. Papa seldom spoke of her; it always made him sad and unhappy, and yet I know that we were so happy once—for he told me that they lived in a beautiful house in the country, and that the sun always shone—'

'He meant that they were always happy.'

'Yes; he could have meant that the sun really always shone—that is, if it was in England,' said Neville.

'Yes, it was in England their trouble came.'

'What trouble?'

She shook her head thoughtfully. 'I don't know. Papa lost all his money. It was not his fault; he had an enemy—'

Neville stared at her solemn face. 'A what?'

'An enemy,' she repeated—'a man who hated him and vowed to ruin him. Then mamma died—I think she died of grief.'

She paused, and Neville turned his head away. If there had been any tears in her eyes, they had gone when he looked round again.

'Well?' he said; he had not learned much that was of any use to him as yet.

'Then papa left England, and we travelled about. We lived in France, and papa taught in a school—that's as far back as I can remember—and we were very happy—'

'We were very happy—'

'No, I don't mean that. You're not that sort, are you, Syl?'

He looked up and saw that she had turned her back to him, and that her head was drooping over her bosom. But with the blindness of his sex and age he had not the least idea of what was the matter with her.

'Feeling hot and tired, Syl?' he said. 'Better go in-doors. But just wait five minutes. I fancy I've come upon a streak, and you are as keen on it as I am. I know, and ought to be keener after what I've told you.'

She was keen enough, as a rule, and was wont to watch every spade of the dirt he threw up; but now she seemed quite indifferent, and would not turn her head.

'There's gold here,' said Neville, cheerfully. 'I'd stake my life on it; and you may see dear old England sooner than you think, Syl. Lord, though, how shall I miss you! That comes of my never having a sister, you see. I sha'n't have anybody to come and talk and sing to me when you're gone. Just pitch me that "cradle," will you?'

She pushed it with her tiny foot, still keeping her face away from him.

'Look here!' he said. 'What did I say? Here's some more of it. Look at this, Syl!'

But, to his amazement, she refused to look at him, but rose slowly, and, tossing the thick, dark hair from her face, walked majestically toward the hut.

'Why, you might be an empress, the way you treat the "root of all evil," Syl!' he said, with a short laugh. 'I tell you, it's been a jolly good day. But come and have your supper.'

'I don't want any supper,' she said, and walked to the door of the hut.

'What did I tell you?' said Meth. 'That's the way she's been behavin' all the afternoon. It's pride and a full stomach—that's what it is.'

'Shut up and leave her alone!' said Neville, good-temperedly. 'You don't understand a young girl, Meth. Leave her alone; that's the best thing to do.'

He sat his supper, but with only half the usual relish, and with many a glance toward the door of the hut, and was filling his pipe when he heard a cry.

He dropped his pipe and leaped to the door. Sylvia was not there, and was nowhere to be seen.

He ran out wildly, calling for her as he ran. It was dark, as dark as it can be at that time of the year and night in Australia, and he blundered on straight before him, still calling her name.

Suddenly he heard, to the right of him, the cry repeated. It was her voice.

He tore along, his revolver in his hand, and stumbled upon a horse. Beside the horse stood Lavarick struggling with Sylvia.

Neville hurried himself upon the man like a thunder-bolt, and struck him twice with the stock end of the revolver.

Lavarick released Sylvia and turned upon Neville. Something glittered dully in the darkness, and Neville felt a sharp stinging pain in his shoulder. The next instant he had a grip on Lavarick's throat, and that gentleman was within an appreciable distance of his end when Neville felt a hand upon his arm, and a trembling voice said to his ear:

'No, no! Don't Jack, don't! He's not worth it.'

Neville loosened his hold, and Lavarick struggled to his feet, his long, claw-like hands fumbling at his throat, his eyes, almost starting from their sockets, glaring in a frenzy of terror at his assailant.

Neville gave him a shake which threatened to loosen every tooth in his head.

'Lavarick,' he said in a voice terrible in its unatural coolness. 'I shall have to kill you!'

Sylvia, shaking in every limb, drew near with a faint cry; but Neville waved her back. His face was white, his lips set, and the blue eyes seemed to flash fire.

A strong man's rage is a terrible sight, but it is also glorious, and no one can measure the depth of admiration, adoration which filled the heart of the young girl to overflowing as she looked at her brother and protector transformed by his righteous anger into a demi-god.

'I shall have to kill you, Lavarick!' he repeated.

Lavarick put up both hands.

'Give me time. Let me speak,' he gasped, hoarsely. 'I—I'll give you all the money—'

Neville flung him down and knocked his head on the hard ground two or three times.

'You bound!' he said, with each knock, 'you viper! You're not fit to crawl about among honest men. You'll give me—'

There—'

He flung him away.

'Get up and keep out of my reach. Wait—stay there! Sylvia, you go home while I talk to this gentleman.'

She hesitated a moment, then turned and went, glancing back fearfully again and again.

'Now,' said Neville, between his clinched teeth, 'you owe your life, my friend, to her—you know that?'

Lavarick, still feeling his throat, and half choking, made a terrified gesture of assent.

'Very well, then. But take my second and last warning—the last, do you hear? I give you till to-morrow morning—six o'clock. If when I come down to the camp at that time I find you still there, I shall shoot you on sight—like a dog. Wait—'

For Lavarick, with an evil glance with his skew eyes, was preparing to shuffle off. The horse had returned to the camp long since.

'I don't think you'll risk your skin again—and yet you have done so. What is your object, Lavarick?'

The man looked at him silently, then dropped his eyes to the ground.

'A man of my years don't like to be bested by a young 'un like ye,' he said, 'and the boys have worried me a good bit about it. I didn't mean her any harm. I wanted to get the best of you—that's all.'

Neville, ignorant that Lavarick had played the spy while Sylvia's father was dying, did not know whether to accept this reason for Lavarick's attempt at kidnapping or not.

'Very good,' he said. 'You'll get the worst of me next time, my friend. Now be off! Remember the boys will want another undertaker to-morrow if I find you still in the camp. Go!'

Lavarick immediately availed himself of the permission, and Neville, after listening until his footsteps had died away, returned slowly to the hut.

Lavarick's persistence puzzled him. He knew that the man was a coward, and that it must have taken a strong inducement to urge him to make the attempt which Neville had foiled. Perhaps the 'boys' had goaded him on in the hope that Neville would dispose of him. Lavarick was no favorite, and could well be spared.

Sylvia was watching at the door of the door of the hut for Neville.

'Has—has he gone?' she asked in a voice that trembled but very slightly.

'Very much gone,' said Neville.

'Jack! You don't mean—'

'No—no,' he said, laughing shortly; 'though he deserved it, and would have got it but for you. What I meant was that he's gone for good. Lorn Hope Camp will be deprived of one of its ornaments.'

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

## CHAPTER IX.

NEVILLE looked after her with all a man's beautiful stupidity.

'Now, I wonder what I said to offend her?' he mused. 'What ruin things girls are! Any one would have thought that she'd have been delighted at the thought of getting out of this beastly place and going back to England. Well, there's no understanding women, even when they're kids. I remember little Audrey Hope used to be just like that—take the bull in a moment. Little Audrey! By jingo! I suppose she's grown into a woman by this time. What fun we used to have!'

He leaned upon his spade and looked vacantly across the plain. He had forgotten the little maiden who had stalked off to the hut, and was back in England, a boy again, romping with Audrey Hope of the Grange.

With a sigh he roused himself and resumed work. At dinner time it was Meth, and not Sylvia, who appeared.

'Halloo!' he said. 'Where's Sylvia? Meth shook her head.

'Pears to me that young gal o' yours. Young 'Un is gettin' proud. You take his dinner, Meth,' says she as bold as brass. 'I sha'n't! I told yer all along as you was pumpin' her too much. Young 'Un. There she sits, with her hands in her lap, starin' at nothin', just like—just like an Injun's bimage!'

'All right,' said Neville, hoisting himself up on to the bank and beginning to munch his dinner. 'You let her alone, Meth; I won't have her interfered with.'

'Hinterfere! Who's hinterfering with her? Seems to me I'm no accounts now, and 'ad better take my leave.'

'Oh, no!' said Neville, who thoroughly understood Meth. 'You've got to stoke care of Sylvia.'

'Seems to me, Young 'Un,' retorted Meth, darkly, 'that it's you as wants takin' care of more than her.'

Neville fell to work again directly after dinner. The claim 'paid' well that day and in an unusually buoyant frame of mind, he shouldered his tools and wended home.

Sylvia was seated very much as Meth had described her, and when Neville spread out the result of his day's work on the plank table, she would scarcely deign to look at it, but swept it into a heap disdainfully, and plumped down his supper in front of him.

'That's something like, Syl.'

She took them up in her hand, and her eyes sparkled.

'Oh, Jack, if you could only find another nugget!'

'Yes,' he said; 'and I want it more than I did.'

'Do you?' she said, turning over the yellow morsel. 'Why? Ah, yes; you haven't much money left after paying for me—'

'Now, then!'

'And giving so much to Meth. But what will you do with it, Jack, when you find it?'

And she threw herself full length toward the edge of the pit, very much as an Indian does, but with the added grace of a young girl, and looked eagerly down into it.

'What shall I do with it?' said Neville, cheerfully. 'Well, I shall send you home to England and put you at a good school—a first-rate one, you know—where you will be with young ladies like yourself. And then—Take care! There, you dropped those lumps into the pit.'

She had let the gold drop from her hand and had shrunk back under the awning, her face turned away from him.

'That's what I shall do,' continued Neville, picking up the gold carefully, and ignorant of her sudden change of position and manner. 'The sooner you are out of this hole, the better. It's not the proper place for a young lady. You ought to be in England, in the care of nice people, and that's where I mean to send you with the first nugget that turns up. And then perhaps if the luck holds out I may come over and see how you are getting on. But there by that time I expect you'll be ashamed of a rough digger who says "me" for "I," and



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Sunday Reading.

THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

The old Gentleman Explained How it Could Light the way.

A poorly dressed errand boy was carefully marking the text, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,' on a gate with a piece of chalk. So absorbed was he with his writing that he never noticed a kind looking old gentleman, who, after walking slowly past twice, returned and stood behind him, carefully watching his movements.

'My,' said the boy, repeating the letters aloud, as he formed them with care; 'I double e-t, feet.'

'Well done, little lad, well done!' said the old gentleman, with a smile. 'Where did you learn that?'

'At our Sabbath school, sir,' replied the boy, half frightened and thinking that the old gentleman was going to deliver him up to the police for writing on the gate.

'Don't run away. I am not going to hurt you. What is your name?'

'Nicholas.'

'Nicholas what?'

'Nicholas Lambert, sir.'

'You are an errand boy, I see; isn't that your basket?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'So you learned that text at the Sabbath-school. Do you know what it means?'

'Well, not quite, sir,' said Nicholas.

'What is a lamp?'

'A lamp? Why, a lamp—a thing that gives light.'

'And what is the word that the text speaks of, do you think?'

'The Bible, sir.'

'That's right. Now, how can] the Bible be a lamp and give light?'

'I don't know, 'less you set it afire,' said Nicholas.

'There's a better way than that, my lad. Suppose you were going down some lonely lane on a dark night, with an unlighted lamp in your hand, and a box of matches in your pocket, what would you do?'

'Why, light the lamp, sir,' replied Nicholas, evidently surprised that any one would ask such a foolish question.

'What would you light it for?'

'To show me the road, sir.'

'Very well. Now suppose you were walking behind me one day, and saw me drop a shilling what would you do?'

'Pick it up and give it to you again, sir.'

'Wouldn't you want to keep it for yourself?'

Nicholas hesitated; but he saw a smile on the old gentleman's face, and, with an answering one on his own, he said:

'I should want to, sir; but I shouldn't do it.'

'Why not?'

'Because it would be stealing.'

'How do you know?'

'It would be taking what wasn't my own, and the Bible says we are not to steal.'

'O!' said the gentleman; 'so it's the Bible that makes you honest, is it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'If you had never heard of the Bible, you would steal, I suppose?'

'Lots of boys do,' said Nicholas, hanging his head.

'And the Bible shows you the right and safe path, the path of honesty?'

'Like the lamp!' said Nicholas, seeing now what all these questions meant. 'Is that what the text means?'

'Yes, there is always light in the Bible to show us where to tread. But suppose you kept the slide over the lamp, would it be of any use?'

'No; there would be no light, sir.'

'Neither will the Bible give us light if we keep the slide down. How can you keep the Bible slide down?'

'By keeping it shut, and not reading it,' said Nicholas, doubtfully.

'That's it. Now, my lad, do you think it worth while to take this good old lamp and let it light you through life?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you think you would be sater with it?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Why?'

'Because if I'm honest, I shan't stand any chance of going to prison.'

'And what else?'

Nicholas thought for a few minutes.

'If I mind the Bible, I shall go to heaven,' he said at last.

'Yes; that's the best reason for taking the lamp. It will light you right into heaven. Good-bye, my lad. Here's a shilling for you, and mind, you keep the slide up.'

'Sir,' said Nicholas, grasping the shilling and touching his cap, 'I'll mind.'—Ex.

'Who has seen Christ in you today?'

'The parson asked a strange question this evening,' said John Sewell so his wife,

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Ann, on his return from church on Sunday.

'What was it, John?'

'Who has seen Christ in you today?'

I wish you had been there to hear him, Ann; he made it pretty plain that all who loved Christ ought to show by their conduct that they are in earnest.'

'That's true, John. I know that I often fall short of what a christian should be.'

'I'm sure that you and the children have not seen Christ in me to day. If I'd remember to be like my Master I should not have been so cross with you because you wanted to take your turn this morning.'

'And I shouln't have snapped you up and been so vexed,' interrupted Ann.

'Then I used Tom roughly, because he worried me; and when he cried I boxed his ears, when a kind word would have made him all right. There are plenty of things I should have done, even today, if I had acted up to the parson's question.'

'We'll try to begin afresh, John. You're quick, and I get vexed. We've both a deal to learn. We must pray that

the children and our friends may see Christ in us.'

Monday morning came. John was up early, and before he went to work he asked that Christ might be seen in him that day.

Ann did not forget that she, too, wished that Christ might be seen in her; and at breakfast-time the children were told how Christ might be seen in them, and they were cautioned to be kind and loving toward one another and toward their companions.

Man and His God.

Man must stand face to face with his God. No shadow must step between himself and his light. Salvation he must reach through his own efforts. No one can carry his cross, no one live his life, think his thoughts, eat his food, sleep his sleep, dream his dreams. The saviors of the world appear among us to show us how to work, how to attain the good, but 'each one must carry his own burden.' 'Cease to stand between me and the sunshine,' said Diogenes to Alexander the Great.—Swami Abhayanandy.

A True Revival.

The true revival must be born of convictions; anything else is froth. The noble men of the world are those who are governed by principles, and principles are the result of convictions. Some men are temperamentally amiable, honest or temperate. They need the conviction of their need and of their sinfulness, from God's point of view. The man who thinks he can juggle with his dual nature of good and bad is not likely to be saved. A man cannot stumble into living well. I do not believe in placing the son in the father's place, but I do believe in the adequacy of Jesus to save men. This is the second fundamental condition of the growth of a genuine religious life—that we realize the abiding presence and the sufficiency of God.—Rev. Dr. Perin.

Cities as Critics and Censors.

The city not only acts as critic and censor, it is itself the greatest creative force of thought. The perils that are usually pointed out are vastly exaggerated by persons who overlook the counteracting influences that are constantly at work in large communities. For instance, the danger to our democratic government that it has been claimed lurks in the discontent of the masses and in our peculiar American political system is more imaginary than real. For the fact is that from the cities emanates the desire for freedom and for representative government.—Dr. Joseph Silverman, Rabbi, New York.

The Lord's Prayer.

The appeal of the Lord's prayer is to the soul—it can never in its real character be made a part of any ritual. It lives in the character and disposition of the man, marks his transformation from selfishness to submergence in the divine nature. It is the spiritual door by which we find ac-

ceptance with God. It is the plan and foundation of Christian character as the keystone of the towers of the bridge determine their shape and firmness.—Rev. B. D. Hahn.

Laborers With God.

We need the assurance of divine alliance to make us and our work worthy of our calling. The inspiration which lets a man throw his whole personality into the work will make all the difference in the character of the work itself. Real work must always be warm, living work. There is no contract work in God's employ, I tell you.

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### Notches on The Stick

Leigh Hunt had seen the Italy he had painted in his verse. But this land of classic, romantic memories, and of scenic beauty, was one in which Hunt would pitch his tent for a season, but in which he could not permanently root himself. Apart from the vexations to which he had been and was still subjected, and his grief for the death of Shelley, Italy was not his home, but England. He longed for London again, and the neighborhood of Hampstead where of old time such gifted fraternal circles had gathered around him. Even in such a Paradise as this, life became lonely and vacant. Yet though the impulse of productiveness was not then upon him, his wandering eyes were gathering pictures which his imagination should afterward reproduce;—such delicious pen-sketches as that of Fiesole and the Valley of Ladies:

"Milton and Galileo give a glory to Fiesole beyond even its stately antiquity: nor perhaps is there a name eminent in the best annals of Florence, to which some connections cannot be traced with this favored spot. When it was full of wood it must have been eminently beautiful. It is at present indeed full of vines and olives, but this is not wood; not arboraceous, and properly sylvan. A few poplars and forest trees mark out the course of the Affrico; and the convent ground contrived to retain a good slice of evergreens, which make a handsome contrast on the hill-side with its white cloister. But agriculture, quarries, and wood-fires have destroyed the rest. Nevertheless I now found the whole valley beautiful. It is sprinkled with white cottages; the cornfields presented agreeable paths, leading among vines and fig trees; and I discovered even a meadow; a positive English meadow, with the hay cut, and adorned with English trees. In a grassy lane, betwixt the corn, sat a fair rustic, receiving the homage of three young fellows of her acquaintance. In the time of Boccaccio, the Affrico formed a little crystal lake, in which (the said lake behaving itself, and being properly sequestered) the ladies of his company, one day bathe themselves. The gentlemen, being informed of it follow their example in the afternoon; and the next day the whole party dine there, take their *siesta* under the trees, and recount their novels. This lake has now disappeared before the husbandman, as if it were a fairy thing, of which a money-getting age was unworthy. Part of the Affrico is also closed up from the passenger by private grounds; but the rest of it runs as clearly as it did; and under the convent, a remnant of the woodier part of the valley, a delicious remnant, is still existing. The stream jumps into it, as if with delight, and goes slipping down little banks. It is embowered with olives and young chestnut trees, and looks up to the long white cloister, which is a conspicuous object over the country.

"A white convent, a woody valley, chest-nut trees intensely green, a sky intensely blue, a stream at which it is a pleasure to stop and drink,—behold a subject fit for a day in August.

"This then is the 'Valle delle Donne.' If Boccaccio's spirit ever visits his native country, here must it repose. It is a place for a knight in romance to take his rest in, his head on his elbow, and the sound of the water in his ear.

"I whisk to England in my Wishing Cap, and fetch the reader to enjoy the place with me.

"How do you like it? Is it not most glen-icular? a confronting of two leafy banks, with a rivulet between? Shouldn't

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you like to live in the house over the way where the doves are? If you walk a little way to the left through the chest-nut trees you see Florence. The convent up above us on the right, is the one I spoke of. There is nobody in it now, but a peasant for housekeeper. Look at this lad coming down the path with his olive complexion and black eyes. He is bringing goats. I see them emerging from the trees; huge creatures, that when they rise on their hind legs to nibble the boughs, are almost formidable. There is Theocritus for you. And here is Theocritus or Longres, which you will; for a peasant-girl is with him, one of the pleasantest countenances in the world, with a forehead and eyes fit for a poetess; as they all have. I wish the fellow was as neat as his companion, but somehow these goat herds look of a piece with their goats. They love the ragged picturesque."

Hunt returned to England by way of Switzerland and France. The publication, shortly after his return of "Byron and his Contemporaries," was perhaps the most ill-starred act of his life, from the odium it drew upon him. How seldom may a man plead his own cause, against his fellows, successfully? Well, doubtless, it was imprudent. It was also imprudent in Byron to write a "Vision of Judgment," and in Shelley to print a defence of Atheism. It was natural enough for Hunt to vent his grievance, and try to get himself well before the public. But it is enough to say that Hunt and Byron were not fitted, upon close acquaintance, to understand each other, or to agree. Painful were the circumstances for Hunt, but we may easily acquit him of an ill-motive. We will not look for, or imagine such a thing, to depreciate an action of which you can affirm only that it is imprudent. Let the All-Seer do that, if it exists; for such it is His especial right to reveal, without complacency, but with sorrow. And as for the common cry of selfishness, we all have something of that in us. We cry, selfishness, in our brother; but what do we forbear? Is it not that our wish and will run into imperious conflict with his, and we are more impressed with the fault in his nature than in our own?

The following beautiful poem of Dr. Benjamin F. Leggett, appeared in the Independent, at Eastertide:

**Rabboni!**  
 Before the break of day—  
 Before the morning's gray;  
 Mary amid the gloom  
 Knelt by the empty tomb;  
 Heart-broken, sad and lone,  
 She leaned upon the stone  
 Angels had rolled aside  
 Leaving the grave-mouth wide;  
 Open the rock-hewn space,  
 But of her Lord no trace!  
 Down in the silent gloom,  
 Into the vacant tomb  
 Weeping she looked, and lo!  
 The place was all aglow!  
 Where they had laid the Slain  
 Were angels fair and sweet,  
 One where his head had lain,  
 One by his wounded feet.  
 Softly the angel's word  
 The tearful shadows stirred;  
 With clear, uplifted brow,  
 "Woman, why weepst thou?"  
 And while her grief held sway  
 One cry the thick gloom heard—  
 "My Lord is taken away—  
 Where have they laid my Lord?"  
 Again the same cry rung  
 From trembling lip and tongue,  
 While all her grief and fears  
 Made answer through her tears;  
 Toward him who spoke she turned—  
 In darkness ill-discerned—  
 Nor knew who stood so near,  
 Till on her listening ear  
 One tender word revealed,  
 To heart and eye unsealed,  
 Rabboni!  
 So in that night of gloom  
 About the empty tomb,  
 Only a word was meet  
 For recognition sweet;  
 Only her spoken name  
 Kindled her heart afire,  
 And then her eager cry  
 Gave back love's sweet reply—  
 Rabboni!  
 If in our shadows grim  
 Our eyes with tears should dim,  
 If lips refuse to sing  
 For some sweet hope a wing  
 Whereby the soul is numb  
 With sense of loss and dumb;  
 Speak, Lord, that we may hear  
 And know Thy presence near,  
 And with a glad, sweet cry,  
 Our hearts shall make reply—  
 Rabboni!

According to "The Bookman" the six most flourishing books of the month, in

their order, are,—"Quo Vadis," "Shrewsbury," "Hugh Wynne," "Choir Invisible" "Story of an Untold Love," and "Simon Dale." "In His Steps," by Mr. Sheldon, ranks nearly with these in some localities.

The popularity of Lewis Carroll wanes not, and new editions of "Alice in Wonderland," and "Alice through the Looking-Glass," testify to the hold of their genial author, MacMillans will issue reprints, with new preface by the late author, from entirely new type and plate, while the illustrations will be from electrotypes of the original wood blocks.

The Warner "Library of the World's Best Literature," is now complete, and being placed in the hands of subscribers. The work proper closes with Vol. 27. The 28th contains a miscellany,—"Songs, Hymns and Lyrics," with the same wide scope taken throughout the work. Vol. 29 contains a "Biographical Dictionary," and the 30th, a synoptical account of the world's famous books, great and small with General Index. No more monumental and comprehensive work of its class has been issued to the public.

Separate institutions for the colored race seem more and more the order of the day. Now it is new magazine by them and for their use to be entitled "The Prospect," edited by Phil H. Brown, and published at New York. As an exponent of the literary ability of the race it is, judging from the first number, happily an evidence against the depreciators so common wherever the two races come into competition. Excellent text and pictures show that the colored citizen is not necessary behind his white neighbor in works of art and skill.

"The Story of Marco Polo" condensed for young readers by Mr. Noah Brooks, with many illustrations, will soon be published by The Century Company.

The work which is now engaging Rev. Dr. Hepworth, "On Horseback Through Armenia," is the result of personal observations and experience. It will soon be published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

A writer in the Cincinnati press states: Mr. Murat Halstead, Cincinnati's most famous writer, is soon to bring out a new book entitled "Our Country in War and Our Relations With Foreign Nations." The work is to be published by the National Educational Union, of Chicago, and it is described as a graphic review of our army, navy and coast defenses, our relations with Spain, Cuba and other foreign nations. Mr. Halstead has been war correspondent in Cuba, in the Civil War and in the Franco-Prussian War; and his friendship with such distinguished men as Bismarck, Von Moltke, Grant, Sherman, Lee and McKinley makes him eminently fitted to write such a work. I have no doubt it will do him credit, and his friends await its publication with interest.

According to the N. Y. "Home Journal" Mr. T. B. Bishop, who wrote "John Brown's Body," the great war song of the Union soldiers in the American civil war, has just written a new song in anticipation of a Spanish war, and its title is: "It Takes a Man to be a Soldier." Oddly enough, in the first edition of the former song, then called "Glory! Hallelujah!" John Brown's body was not mentioned.

The London Literary World asserts with tears in its eyes, that "Madame Sarah Grand" is that well-known author's really, truly name—because she wants it to be hers. She was born Francis Elizabeth Clarke, and afterwards married an English army officer but Mr. Sarah Grand preferred not to have his name associated with her ideas, so she took a pen name and kept it. And she proposes to keep it to

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the bitter end. It is said that she is already at work upon a new book, despite the failure of "The Beth Book."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The National Cyclopaedia of American Biography in course of publication by James G. White & Co. New York has proceeded to the eighth volume. It is a massive and costly work, with numerous portraits, and will include contemporary names in all departments of activity in this country.

A new volume by Anna Katharine Green has recently been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is entitled, "Lost Man's Lane."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson's "Cheerful Yesterdays," is a chronicle of Old Cambridge. In commenting upon it in the N. Y. "Home Journal," Mr. William Cushing Carnburgh says it "suggests the painful thought that the old-fashioned beauty of simple home life, such as made that rare record of the Hawthornes' happiness, is passing."

PASTOR FELIX.

#### AN EFFECTIVE PARABLE

That Saved the Lives of Jameson and His Fellow-Officers.

A most interesting account of the manner in which the lives of Jameson and his men were spared, after the surrender to the Boers, comes from the Nieuws Van den Dag, Amsterdam, by way of the Literary Digest:

The stern old Boer, when they had Jameson and his fellow-officers in their hands, determined to execute the leaders of the band at daybreak. The meeting took place in President Kruger's house, twenty being present, of whom the great majority wild with indignation at the sudden inroad into their territory, were for shooting the British officers at once. President Kruger opposed this summary plan, and used all his eloquence and all his influence on behalf of the prisoners. For a long time his efforts were vain. It was far o'clock in the morning, and the president's opponents were still for execution. The lives of the foreigners hung by a thread. At length General Joubert, one of the few who agreed with the president, had recourse to the old-time Boer method of convincing his hearers. He made use of a parable.

"Friends," he said, "will you not listen to my voice once more? Suppose that close to my farm lives a bad neighbor who keeps fierce hounds in his house, worrying my sheep exceedingly, and also killing some. What, then, would you have me to do? Should I kill the hounds to be free of this worry? Truly my neighbor would say unto me, 'Thou hast killed my hounds, yet their value is greater than the value of your sheep. Pay thou the hounds, and going into my neighbor's house say, 'These are thine; now pay me for the harm they have done my flock!'"

There was silence, and the general continued: "We have caught the pack. Is it not better to send them to the British government with demands for reparation, lest the British sends more hounds to worry us anew?"

The old form of argument proved successful. The wisdom of moderation became apparent, and the council of war accepted the advice of their chiefs.

#### MAORIS BECOMING EXTINCT.

New Zealand Colored Race is Fast Succumbing Before the Whites.

The Maoris of New Zealand seem to be doomed to extinction in spite of the fact that all the conditions surrounding them appear to be favorable to their survival. The quarrel between the race is ended, and large tracts of land are reserved for them. The young men are educated, 90 per cent of them being able to read and write. Their chiefs in many cases derive large incomes from rents of land, and are represented in the legislature. A great Maori college stands at Ta Aui, Hawke's Bay, and not a few of the cleverer Maori youths have passed through the classes of the New Zealand university. And yet

the Maoris, under that mysterious law which makes a colored race vanish before the breath of the all-conquering whites, are passing away.

A conference of educated Maoris was held a short time ago, and papers were read on the condition and prospects of the race. These are now published in pamphlet form, and make a very melancholy bit of literature. It is declared that 90 per cent of educated Maoris go back from their schools to mere savagery. The race, these representative Maoris declare, is lower both in morals and in vitality than it has ever yet been, and threatens to perish. Yet physically and intellectually the Maori is—or was—the finest colored race in the southern hemisphere.

Mrs. Hunter—I've been downtown all the afternoon and feel awfully tired. Mr. Hunter—Undoubtedly my dear you do look rather shop worn.

Hewitt—So you are back from Europe. Do you enjoy those trips across the ocean? Jewitt—No; something always comes up to mar my pleasure.

'False-hearted beauty,' he sobbingly shrieked. 'I shall never love again!' 'No?' asked the heartless one. 'No, I shall start in now and try to save money.'

'Please cut my hair,' said Lyndon, to the man in the barber's shop. 'And I want it cut just like papa's, with a nice little round hole on top!'

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## Woman and Her Work

Those of us who failed to witness that gorgeous pageant of last year, the jubilee of our beloved Queen—and I am afraid there are a large majority of us here in Canada—should not fail to read a modest little book entitled "To London for the Jubilee" by "Kit" the brilliant travelling correspondent, and editor of "Woman's Kingdom" of the Toronto Mail and Empire. It is a charming and most vivid description of the jubilee festivities as seen by a bright woman, and as we follow "Kit" on her journey and see the grand and beautiful sights through her eyes, we feel that such a description, given with the perfect fidelity to nature, and curious freedom of touch which are "Kit's" distinguishing characteristic is just the next best thing to seeing it all for oneself. Her description of the supreme moment when the waiting crowds catch the first glimpse of the cream colored horses drawing her majesty's carriage, and the aged Sovereign herself comes slowly into view, is a most touching and beautiful piece of writing, and I fancy there will not be many who can read her chapter "The Via Triumphalis" without a mist gathering somewhere between their eyes and the page. There is plenty of "Kit's" own humor in the little book too, and the reading of it makes an hour pass like a pleasant dream. The letters which comprise the book, originally appeared in the Mail and Empire week by week just as they were written, and though their author apologizes for them in her preface, as hasty impressions written with a hot pen while the events they describe were transpiring, it is this very quality of vividness which gives them their charm, and so many of her readers felt that they should be preserved in some more permanent form that she finally yielded to the public demand and gathered them into a volume. I read them as they appeared, and I find upon a second perusal that they have lost nothing of their attraction either by the time which has elapsed since they were first written, or the test of being placed in permanent form—that test which so many clever newspaper articles fail to survive.

We have suffered from a good many fads in the shape of hand shakes, from the utterly ridiculous high hand shake down to the cordial, but awkward looking pump-handle variety, and none of them ever seemed in anything but the worst of taste. Now we have the most senseless and awkward fad of all, in the left hand shake, which is affected by some people who seem to be always in search of novelty even when the said novelty has nothing beyond its newness to recommend it. I don't know why it should be so, but it is a fact that human nature refuses to associate either sincerity or good fellowship with a person who offers his left hand in greeting, unless his right is offered conspicuously absent. There is something shifty about such an action, and one feels an instinctive tendency to bristle at once, and be on the defensive. If a person is so unfortunate as to be suffering from a sprained thumb or an old fashioned "bealed finger" of course that alters the case, and sooner than not exchange the grasp of friendship with him at all we will accept his left hand after he has explained the nature of the difficulty and asked us to excuse his left. But to see a group of fashionable people meeting on the street, and exchanging left hand shakes with equal solemnity and awkwardness, or worse still, some of society's darlings greeting each other at a five o'clock tea, or afternoon reception in this melancholy manner, is a sight to make the angels weep over the foolishness of poor humanity.

And now they say that the reason a plump white neck is almost as rare, and quite as valuable a possession to its owner as a roc's egg, is not only because we have boxed our throats up in board canvas until

### THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

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we have heated and dried the skin to the texture of parchment, but also because they have been absorbing dye for such a length of time, that they are actually in a state of such chronic dirt that it will take years to cleanse them, scrub as we may. It takes a regular course of treatment, experts say, to get that dye out, and bring the skin back to its natural condition. I suppose it is scarcely to be wondered at when one considers the merciless treatment to which our unfortunate necks have been subjected during the past few years. When a woman wants to reduce the size of her waist, or even her ankle she brings about the desired result by applying a ligature of some kind, in the case of the waist, it is a corset, and of the ankle a tight bandage, she knows just what the result will be, and would feel greatly disappointed if she failed in obtaining it, but yet she applies exactly the same treatment to her throat, and then is surprised to find that it has shrunk, grown flabby and become of a leathery texture resembling old sheepskin. I believe the prima donnas are the only women left, who have beautiful throats, Melba, Calve and Nordica are all famous for their snow white necks, and they have always worn their dresses loose, and rather low about the throat. Surely the sacrifice is worth making for though one does dislike to be out of fashion, think what our feelings will be when the low neck comes in again, and we have to bare those ghastly throats to the cold gaze of an unsympathetic world.

Many women whose pockets are not too well lined will rejoice to hear that combination costumes are coming in again, and it is once more possible to evolve a brand new dress out of the best parts of two old ones. A very popular combination is light cloth and foulard silk, but either cashmere, or serge may be substituted with almost equally good results. The woollen goods are used for the sleeves, the lower part of bodices and the skirt, which shows either a front tablier of the silk or two panels, one at each side. The cloth should match the color which predominates in the foulard and the latter is sometimes used for the sleeves either tucked, or corded in fine lines. The yoke is of silk tucked or corded, or else striped with lace, or embroidered insertion, and the bodice of cloth is plain in the back, and bloused a little in the front, while the edges are finished with narrow billings of satin or gauze ribbon, or ruffles of chiffon, and the belt should be of the foulard. Some of these costumes have the yoke and sleeves of cream lace, over plain taffeta silk. Pretty cashmere dresses in light shades of gray and fawn are made up with yoke and sleeves of closely tucked, or shirred chiffon matching the cashmere in color. The cashmere portion of the bodice is covered with embroidery or lace applique dotted with little steel sequins; and when the skirt is trimmed with narrow ruffles of chiffon, the result is a very charming and dainty gown. The new nun's veilings which are by far the smartest of the new materials are often trimmed in this way the chiffon ruffles looking especially well on the veiling. Narrow silk fringes is used to trim the flounces on taffeta silk gowns, to trim the sleeves in crosswise rows at the top, and as a decoration for the bodice, but it is scarcely a success, and is always apt to get ragged looking and shabby very soon.

Perhaps the most novel idea of the season's dress decorations is the use of bias bands of plaid, striped, and plain taffeta silks on cloth gowns. These bands are cut in points, squares, and straight lines and finished on the edge with tiny stitched bands of cloth, giving them the appearance of being inserted in the material. For example, a dress of fawn cloth has two-inch wide bands of black and white striped silk, cut in points, around the skirt, and outlined with one row of black satin baby ribbon sewn on plain, over which is another row of fawn colored satin ribbon of the same width gathered on one edge. It sounds very odd and fussy, and must have been the despair of the dressmaker. The prettiest ruffled skirts are the grenadines ruffled with lace and chiffon, and the organdies which are pretty and quaint looking half covered with ruffles which are rendered more effective by being placed two or three inches apart. The skirt with one wide circular flounce set into the apron shaped upper part is already so common that it would seem as if it must soon have a downfall, according to all precedent in fashions. It is scarcely a success in thin material, and as for laundering such a skirt it must surely be quite out of the question. A skirt model which is considered especially good style either for thin wool material, or lawns and organdies is cut with either six or seven gores, and measures only three and a half yards at the bottom. It is trimmed with two circular flounces about eight inches wide, arranged straight across the back, and round-

ing up narrowly at each side of the front to the waist where they meet, forming a small panel below. If the gown is foulard silk or nun's veiling, the flounces should be edged with a tiny frill of chiffon, either black or colored, and another of these little ruffles should ornament the head of each flounce. Indeed a touch of black is a conspicuous feature of fashionable dress in general, and black mousseline de soie frills ruchings and platings in very narrow widths give a Parisian air to the dressy gowns, and even the cotton dresses are trimmed with ruffles of black tulle. Double frills of black mousseline de soie trim one pretty dress of white taffeta spotted in groups with black polka dots. Three wide circular flounces cover the skirt to the waist, each one edged with the black frills which also outlines the yoke, and trims the epaulets.

Ruches and ruffles are most useful as a means of renovating last seasons dresses. These gowns are not likely to lack fulness, so it is an easy matter to cut them down, but if they should happen to be scant through some accident to the front breath, nothing is easier than to open them in front over a panel of another material. A horizontal ruche placed about half a yard below the waist on this panel, and another at the foot gives a decidedly modern up-to-date effect, and is really the making of the gown.

It is not often that one color enjoys the preeminence which has fallen to the share of blue, this season! Blue in every imaginable shade, and used on every material seems to be the prominent feature of fashion just now—blue in the gown, blue in the hat in the parasol, blue everywhere, and if you can succeed in combining several shades of that color with anything like harmony, your fortune is made, from the fashionable point of view, while not to wear blue in some shade or other, even if it be only a necktie is to be one whole season behind the times. Azure, and flag blue, are two of the favorite shades.

Next to yellow, comes yellow, in fashionable favor. Yellow flowers, yellow chiffon, yellow tulle and yellow straw, all are seen in profusion at all the millinery shops, and besides the true yellow, there are all the warm tints of burnt orange to select from, for those whose complexions will not stand the bright clear tones of daffodil, and buttercup yellow.

Sashes form a pretty addition to the thin dresses which will be so much worn during the coming summer, but they are not considered by all means a necessity as many of the prettiest-muslin dresses have merely a belt with a row of ribbon either in front, at the side, or directly in the back, as the fancy of the wearer may suggest. The sashes which are composed of chiffon are of course the prettiest. They are in black, white and colored, cut fully three quarters of a yard wide and trimmed across the ends either with ruffles of the same, or lace. The ribbon sashes, are made both of plain striped and plaid and an odd fancy for decorating the former, is to trim them at intervals the entire length with diagonal ruffles of black lace four inches wide, each ruffle finished with a heading composed of a ruche of narrow lace. Another, sash is made of two rows of seven inch ribbon joined together lengthwise with black lace insertion, and ruffled at the ends with black lace edging. ASTRA.

### EASTER DUCKINGS.

The Custom Among Hungarians to Celebrate the Resurrection.

About Easter time mention was made of the queer custom which obtains among the Hungarians of that vicinity of sousing one another with water on the days immediately following Easter Sunday. Lawyer Joseph E. Stricker of Perth Amboy, who is supposed to know the Hun-



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it fits so comfortably, supporting the figure, while yielding easily to every movement. It lasts well, and sells at popular prices.—MORAL:  
**YOUNG WOMEN WEAR**  
THE D & A CORSET. (5)

## John Noble

### COSTUMES

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MODEL 594—Well-cut and finished bodice, trimmed braid à l'Ecosse. Full wide Tailor skirt.  
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**An Old CANADIAN CUSTOMER** writes: Toronto, Jan. 7, 1898. To John Noble Ltd. Dear Sirs,—I am very pleased to have another opportunity of dealing with you. Ten years ago I used to deal with your firm, and am quite satisfied that your goods are all you represent them to be. Remittances should accompany all orders. The best way to remit is by money order or draft on London Bank. Bankers: London and Midland Bank, Ltd.

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garians well, referred an inquirer regarding the custom to Father Stetovitch, the pastor of the Greek Orthodox Congregation. The priest said: 'They do it in the old country much more than here. There it is told by the priests to the people that on the day when the Christ rose from the tomb some of the people went out into the streets and shouted: 'The Lord is risen,' 'The Lord is risen.' There were lots of bad people, careless unbelievers, who said: 'They come to tell us lies of no account to make fools of us. How silly they think we are that we believe that a man will walk out of his tomb as though he were alive.' So the people who did not believe the news opened the windows and threw dirty water on the people who were shouting. But the next day they found that it was indeed true that the Christ had risen, and then the careless unbelievers were ashamed, oh, very much ashamed, and they went to the people on whom they had thrown things and said, 'We are sorry; we are ashamed. Let us submit ourselves to you and do you throw things on us and treat us in every way as shamefully as we treated you yesterday.' And the believers, who were very angry, did so, and they were avenged on the wicked ones.

'Perhaps that story is not true, but it may have been true. At any rate, the people like to believe it, and every year when Easter Monday comes the men go to the women and the women pour water on them. Sometimes, if they are very friendly or playful or rough, they throw a whole bucket of water from the window, but if they are nice and polite, the young men dress themselves in their nice clothes and go to visit the young women, and the young women take water, sometimes it is perfumed expensively, and pour it upon their hands. Now the next day is the men's day, and they throw water on the women, or, as I said before, if they are nice, they go make a visit to the same young women, bathe their hands, and they bathe the young women's hands.

'Sometimes it is a great surprise when one goes to the house of a friend in the morning and does not remember that it is Easter Monday, and the water comes down like a river on his head and he is most angry; but still, no matter how angry he is, he may, if he wishes, take for himself a pail of water and go to his friend's house and stand by the door, and when his friend comes out, if it is the same day, or when his friend's wife comes out, if it is the next day, he can make them also very wet. There is much fun and the people have a good time.'

Max Schwartz, the proprietor of the Liberty Cafe in East Houston street, which is the recognized headquarters of the Hungarians of the east side, adds to the priest's statement these observations: 'Yes, those are the customs in Hungary, but the Hungarians here do not follow them. The Hungarians in Perth Amboy came to this country much later. There are a great many of them there. They live close together; they have little to do with any people but themselves, and so they cling to the old customs. I never heard of anything of the sort being done in New York. When I was a boy in Hungary, I remember that when a pretty girl came along it she said anything 'fresh' we boys would take her to the river and duck her in all over, and then

the next day if she saw one of us alone she would call the other girls and they would put him in the river and make a fool of him. It was lots of fun, but the police here, I am afraid, would not like it.'

**A Practical Demonstration.**  
Tramp—'Wot, didn't ye never hear o' me, de human rat-trap? Well, you git me a hunk o' cheese, an' it'll only cost ye a dime to watch me settin' myself.'

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**W. A. Cookson, St. John.**

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HIS PRAYER FOR THE BISHOP.

An Old Negro's Eloquent Appeal in Behalf of "de Deciding Elder."

Bishop Hartzell, the Methodist Episcopal Bishop of Africa, tells a story of a prayer that was offered for him by a freedman of the South in the pine forests of eastern Louisiana. It is an incident of the Bishop's twenty-five years of work among the millions of freedmen before he was sent to Africa.

'I had an appointment,' says the Bishop, 'that required a drive of 60 miles through the pine forests. It was the rainy season, and we had several bayous to cross. There were no bridges, so the only way was to swim over, first sending the horses ahead, then swimming ourselves. An old man, one of our preachers, was with me as guide. Early on Sunday morning the people began to come from all directions, on foot, sometimes two or three on a mule, in carts, from up and down Pearl River in canoes or perogues, as they call them, until by 10 o'clock there was certainly a gathering of 3,000 freedmen. I was the first white man who had come to them since 'Massa Linkun' had issued the emancipation proclamation and our awful war had ended. I was the only white man in that vast company.

They had erected a great arbor and covered it with bushes, at one end of which was a rough stand for the preachers, in regular western camp-meeting style. A little way off was a log church in a clump of bushes, and just before the public services began the Sunday school superintendent, as they called him, marched out, followed by his long line of black boys and girls, singing as they came. He was the only black man in that neighborhood who could read and write, so the governor of the state had appointed him Justice of the Peace and I had appointed him Sunday school superintendent. He used to make out his Sunday school reports to me as Presiding Elder of the district, on legal cap paper and follow his signature with the formal oath of a Justice of Peace. This I suppose he did to insure their correctness.

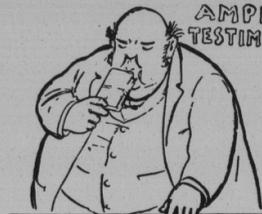
'Just before beginning to preach an old man with a voice of mellow tone and a heart as tender as a child's came up and laid his hand on my head, saying, 'God bless yer, sonny, I is glad to see yer. I replied, 'I am glad to see you, my old friend, 'but seeing that his clothes were wet to his armpits, I said, 'but how did you get so wet?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I had to wade through de swamps part ob de twenty miles. I is glad to see yer, but I made up me mind by de grace ob God I was gwine to see dat young Deciding Elder what was coming here to preach de Gospel to his po' colored children in dese lowlands. I is glad to see yer, I learned that he was an exhorter or 'exhauster,' as they called him, and I said, 'You must pray for me before I begin preaching.'

'After a song of marvellous pathos by that vast audience, in which everybody present joined, keeping time by swaying their bodies in perfect unison, I called on the old man to pray. No words can describe his appearance or the hush of perfect silence that settled down upon the audience as the old man knelt down and lifted his long arms toward the sky, and looking up with open eyes to heaven he began in a low tremulous tone:

'Oh Lord, bless our young Deciding Elder, who has come from far to preach Your blessed Gospel to us po' children in de lowlands ob sorrow and ob sin. O Lord, put Your arm round 'im, and may dat arm be to 'im like a broad belt ob gol.' O Lord, give 'im wisdom ob de olden times and knowledge ob de profits and de kings. Nail his ear to de wisdom post. Rough shoe 'im with de preparation. Front and fight his ebry battle. May de kingdom ob Satan tremble, reel and fall to the ground before 'im and Your own kingdom, O Lord, be built on de ruins thereof. Take care ob 'im like you did Your children long time ago in de wilderness. In de night time You led 'em with fire and in de day time You went before 'em with a cloudy pillar. O Lord dese am troublous times, and many people don't care to have our Deciding Elder come to us from de great city, sleep in our cabins, teach our children, and preach de gospel to us, but O Lord Thou hast sent 'im and thou wilt care for 'im; Lead 'im, too, with de fire and de cloudy pillar.

'Then the old man became embarrassed. His idea was to ask God to lead and protect me, but he had in his thought the pillar of fire at night and the cloudy pillar by day, and he wanted a wall of protection put behind me so my enemies could not overtake me; but the more he tried to get the sentences straight the more he became perplexed, and, like a great many other preachers the greater his embarrassment the higher were the tones of his voice, until at last, with a voice that penetrated through the great forests, he shouted in sheer desperation: 'O Lord, put a wall behind 'im and a fire behind 'im,' but the order of his words did not signify. His thought was manifest, and the great gathering shouted 'Amen' and 'Amen.'

'We had services all day, preaching or



AMPLE TESTIMONY  
WITNESS BOX.

singing, comforting the bereaved, and finally arranged to build a church, I promising to give enough from our church extension fund to buy the nails, windows and doors, the congregation to do the rest.'

To Ladies.

The face receives the record of daily experience. Constant suffering from corns will mar your beauty. Do not look anxious and discontented, but use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which will extract that sore corn in a day without pain.

She wished she stood within his shoes  
Because he had a seat;  
But since that was impossible  
She stood upon his feet.

How to Account for it.

There is no making sure about these things. I saw two men skating side by side across a piece of dangerously thin ice—one weighing fourteen stone, the other ten. The heavyweight passed over like a bird, never making a crack on the glassy surface; the light fellow went through the ice with a crash and was drowned. You think it may easily be accounted for do you? Well, then, go ahead and account for it. The experts who were there—a dozen of them—said they couldn't understand it at all. 'Must have been a reason?' Why, man, there always is a reason. But what was it? When you, gentle and inquiring reader, can account for one in a thousand of the events that happen you will be the wisest man on the footstool. Yes, and for the events that do not happen, after everybody has pronounced them inevitable.

Here are people, seemingly in the heyday of health, dropping dead in public places as they might tumble into holes in strange fields on pitch black nights. 'Heart failure,' says the doctors and coroners' juries. Stuff! As though any animal could die if the heart did not fail! Heart failures, of course, by why did the heart fail? Let them tell us that. But they won't, because they don't know. And here, too, are people who are 'given up to die,' as the phrase is; given up by the doctors, given up by their friends, given up (willingly enough) by the neighbouring undertaker—but who, nevertheless, get well and outlive half the prophets of evil who made a melancholy ring around the sickbed years before. How do you account for that? Well, sometimes you can't account for it, and than again, sometimes you can.

For example, it was a lot of Mr. Henry Thompson's friends that told his wife they did not think he would be here long. Under favor, it seems to me they might have said something more cheerful or else held their tongues; but, alas! it usually is one's friends, and not one's enemies, who do their best to worry and frighten him when he is in hard lines. But they were wrong—and it serves 'em right!—and thus Mr. Thompson tells the little story:—

'In the autumn of 1890,' he says in his letter, 'my health gave away. I felt low, weak, and languid. Indeed, there appeared to be no energy or strength in me. My appetite was very bad, and after eating I had much pain in the chest. I got extremely weak and lost flesh, growing continually thinner and more feeble. Although able to attend to my work it was only by effort and with difficulty that I kept going. I felt dull, low-spirited, and miserable. Many of my friends told my wife they did not think I would be here long.

'For two years I suffered like this, now feeling a little better and then bad as ever—but never seeing a well day. I consulted a doctor and took a great variety of medicines, but got worse instead of better. My wife then persuaded me to try a remedy that had previously done her so much good. I allude to Mother Seigel's Syrup. I consulted, and after taking it a short time I felt like a new man. I could eat well, and food agreed with me. When I had consumed two bottles I was cured, and have since enjoyed good, sound health. My wife and I now recommend Mother Seigel's Syrup to all we meet. You may publish this letter if you wish.'—(Signed) Henry Thompson, 41 Haresfinch View, St. Helens, Lancs., December 21st, 1897.

No trouble to account for his getting well. And there are plenty more who get rid of long, lingering illnesses in the same way. Their friends, to be sure, gladly welcome them back to real life again, and have as for the mortuary tradesmen—why, let them wait. The world is chock-a-block with mysteries, but some things we can see through. One is this, that whereas the majority of diseases (whether they kill quickly or slowly) are caused by indigestion, and whereas that is cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup, people are not obliged to do so merely because they are 'given up' to it.

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The Boy and the Sparrow.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;  
On the ground stood a sparrow-bird looking at him  
Now, the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad.  
So he shied a big stone at the head of the lad,  
And it killed the poor boy and the sparrow was glad.  
Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees—  
'Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow-bird, please?'  
'He is safe in my pocket,' the sparrow-bird said,  
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head.  
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.  
You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,  
But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed;  
'Twas a dream a little boy had after killing a bird,  
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,  
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.

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Impervious, Thin, Light, Elastic, Durable.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

MRS. THOS. MCCANN, Mooresville, Ont., writes: 'I was troubled with biliousness, headache, and lost appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B.B.B. my appetite has returned, and I am better than I have been for years. I would not be without Burdock Blood Bitters. It is such a safe and good remedy that I am giving it to my children.'

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HERBINE BITTERS  
Purifies the Blood  
HERBINE BITTERS  
Cures Indigestion  
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The Ladies' Friend  
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WHITE HEATHER.

Scotchmen Believe It Brings Good Luck—Blue an ill Omen.

When the Princess Beatrice was married she was presented by the Highlanders of Balmoral with a bouquet containing a conspicuous sprig of white heather. There was a profusion of flowers at Osborne House, but none considered so precious as this spray of white blossoms, and if the bouquet had not arrived in time the Ar. h-bishop of Canterbury would have been obliged to wait for its coming, for the Highlanders who wished to do the Princess honor, felt that it was indispensable to her 'luck' for her to hold it during the marriage ceremony, or, as they express it 'be married in it.' 'Who finds keeps,' is a common saying in the mouths of those who go out to look for white heather. The searchers are many, but few find it, even when it is wanted to grace the marriage bouquet of a princess. A blending of blue and purple is the familiar color of the flower, and it is found in plenty in very pale tints, so pale that the searcher is often deceived, believing at first sight he has found 'the white pearl.' Many a Highlander who travels the hills daily never found a sprig of real white heather; not that he never looked for it, for every Highlander believes that it brings rare good luck to the finder, and that the luck can be passed on to his friends. Except in color it does not differ from that which covers all the highland hills. It is the ordinary flower, but pure white, standing out from the clumps of purple like a snowflake. They say in the far North that when the sheep, who dearly love the tender heather, come across it in their grazing, they avoid harming it, and the groves have never been known to crush it with heather in Scotland, and each sends up now their wings. There are three varieties of purple. The purple flower is the most and then a pure white sprig in miles of familiar of all sights on the hills. Burns sings of the 'blue heather bell,' but only the snow white acts as a talisman.

Mrs. W. C. Whitney was injured down South some time ago and when she returned to New York the floral decorations put up in the house, in honor of the event, are alleged to have cost no less than \$25,000. The car from which she was taken, and in which she had travelled from South Carolina was also profusely decorated with the most costly flowers. On her arrival in New York Mrs. Whitney eyes were greeted with the sight of her favorite flowers. No expense was spared. Not an inch of the walls of the great house was left uncovered. Heather banked the mantels. Flowers crowded the windows. Flowers stood in vases in every conceivable place. The entire house was a garden of fragrance and beauty. When the doors were thrown open and Mrs. Whitney was borne through the hall, she passed beneath a massive Gothic archway of tall palms and blooming azaleas, which extended from the door to the foot of the staircase. It was a most beautiful dream of the florist who was its architect, so delightfully were the masses of brilliant color intermingled with the green. The effect was bright and inviting, suggestive of good cheer and a hearty welcome home. And so they carried her, ten men in all, up the stairway and across another flower-laden hall into her own magnificent sleeping room, draped in soft blue and literally overgrown with the costliest roses. Tall, stately American Beauties, apparently bowing their heads in welcome, roses so rare that they have not yet appeared on the market, deep crimson roses, and roses with petals of the most delicate blush pink, all massed in lavish profusion in honor of the mistress of the home.

Mrs. Whitney, as Miss Edith May, of Baltimore, married Captain Arthur Barr after his death became the wife of William C. Whitney during the summer of 1896. Mrs. Whitney met with the accident from which she is now suffering while on a fox hunt at Aiken, on February 21. Her husband was the Secretary of the Navy during the first administration of Grover Cleveland.

He Wanted to Know.  
Mrs. McLubberty—'Here's some pills, Murry, that Mrs. Hogan was ather sinding over for yer.' She says they'll either kill or cure yer.  
McLubberty (who is ill)—'Begorra, did she say which they would loorst?'

SHE DESPAIRED.  
Because Doctors Couldn't Help Her—South American Nervine Cured Her.

Mrs. Geo. Schler, wife of a well known contractor, of Berlin, Ont., was for about eight years unable to attend her household duties—at times confined to her bed—suffered great weakness and nervousness. She was wasted to a skeleton; doctors diagnosed her case, womb trouble. She despaired of ever being well again. She was induced to try South American Nervine; a few doses gave great relief. She took in all eight bottles and was completely cured, and every day she sings the praises of this wonderful remedy.

An Illinois man paid \$1,322.60 to the tax collector of his county and frankly confessed that he shirked taxes to that amount during the last ten years. Such an awakening of conscience is worthy of commendation and widespread emulation.



is the kind that housekeepers who want only the best always buy. Packed in pound and two-pound tin cans, it comes into the home with all its natural aroma and strength. Protected by our Seal, the consumer knows that its purity and strength have been untampered with. Your grocer sells this kind, but be sure our seal and name is on the can you buy.

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TRY IT ALSO FOR Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis  
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(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)

aments. Don't be frightened, Syl; we've seen the last of him."

"She turned her face to him; it was rather pale, but her eyes met his steadily for a moment."

"I am not frightened," she said. "I was till you came up; then—she paused, and her face brightened—"I knew I was safe."

The infinite trust and reliance expressed by her voice would have touched an older man but Neville scarcely noticed it. "Did you ever see Lavarick before, Syl?"

"I mean before you came to camp?" he asked, thoughtfully, as he took off his coat.

"She shook her head."

"No, Jack, no. Ah—" she broke off with something between a gasp and a scream, and shrunk back, pointing to his sleeve. It was saturated with blood.

"What's the matter? Oh, yes, I suppose the fellow scratched me."

She was at his side the next instant, and with trembling hand was baring his arm, her face now deathly white.

"Now, then, don't make a fuss," he said. "It's nothing. I didn't feel it till just now."

"Oh Jack, Jack!" she murmured.

She flew for a basin of water and a towel, and forced him into a chair, and, with a series of shudders, bathed the wound.

It was not much more than a scratch, and Neville reaching for his pipe, submitted with tolerant resignation.

"Look sharp and get it over before old Meth com's back, or she'll cackle for an hour and drive me silly."

Sylvia said nothing. She could not have spoken, and Neville, there being no looking-glass before him, could not see her face nor the tears that slowly gathered in her eyes and, mingling with the water, fell upon his bare arm.

"There, that'll do—thanks!" he said. "You'd make a first-rate hospital nurse, Syl. Here's old Meth coming. Give me my coat and that blanket."

I shall just roll myself up behind the door to night. Not that Mr. Lavarick is likely to pay us another visit, but because you'll sleep all the sounder if you get off to bed; you look upset and tired. Good night, Syl."

"Good night, Jack," she said in a very low voice. But long after Mrs. Meth had made the night musical with her snores, the inner door opened slowly and noiselessly, and Sylvia, still undressed, stole out. Neville was lying fast asleep, rolled up in his blanket, his face resting on his arm, his revolver in his hand.

She crept up to him noiselessly as a shadow, and stood looking down at him for a minute; then she knelt down on one knee beside him, and with a touch as light as that of a leaf falling on a lawn in autumn smoothed the hair from his brow, her lips murmuring his name.

Light as the touch was, it caused Neville to stir slightly, and in an instant she fled back to her own sanctum.

Before breakfast next morning Neville walked down to the camp. Early as it was, Macgregor's store was pretty full, and his appearance, with his revolver conspicuously displayed in his belt, caused a sudden pause in the apparently excited conversation.

"Good morning," said Neville. "Any of you seen Lavarick this morning?"

The question was greeted with a volley of oaths.

"Lavarick!" exclaimed Locket. "You want Lavarick, do you, Young 'Un?"

"I do, rather," said Neville.

"Well," and here followed a string of expressive and emphatic adjectives, "you ain't alone in that desire. We all want him badly. We're just pining for him. Young 'Un, the Undertaker has cut his lucky. Left last night, without saying good-bye, and took the two best horses in the camp."

Neville looked neither surprised nor disappointed.

"Gone, has he?" he said. "And now, perhaps, you'll be so good as to tell me which of you sent him fooling up to my place last night?"

The question was received with an evidently genuine surprise. Locket looked round.

"Come up to your place last night, did he?" he said. "Well, darn my skin if I thought the Undertaker had pluck enough for that. That's one up for him. But it he did, he went of his own accord. None of us sent him—sh, boys?"

"There was a general and emphatic dissent."

"I suppose you meant to go for some of us, eh, Young 'Un?" said Locket. "Well, I'll give you credit for plenty of cheek. Nothing ain't too heavy for you to take in hand, and you'd turn Lorn Hope into a medium-sized cemetery, wouldn't you?"

Neville smiled.

"Well, I admire grit," said Locket, "and I don't bear no ill-will. Here, stop a minute. We've sent two or three of the boys to show Lavarick the way back. They'll be here presently. Drink."

Neville accepted, to show that he was satisfied at their non-complicity in Lavarick's attempt, and while he was standing talking the clatter of hoofs announced the return of the arresting party.

There was an immediate rush for the door, and a howl of disappointment arose. It was seen that Lavarick was not there.

"No good," said one of the horse men. "He's got clean off. That mare he's took 'ud give any of these half a mile and beat 'em, and he's had a matter of five or six hours' start."

"And here's the Young 'Un wants him so badly that he's a-nigh broken-hearted; ain't you?" said Locket.

"Never mind," said Neville. "If he should come back, I should like to see him."

A derisive laugh greeted the words. "Oh, don't you trouble," said Locket, sarcastically. "The very moment Mr. Lavarick returns he's going to perform on a tight-rope with nothing underneath him; and we'll send you a card of invitation for the performance."

Neville walked away very thoughtful. Lavarick's conduct still puzzled him. But he set his mind at rest with the reflection that the man was not likely to trouble him or Sylvia again; and he laughed cheerfully as he gave Sylvia an account of the scene at Macgregor's.

"Your boggy's gone forever, Syl," he said. "Lord, how hungry I am!" and he sat himself down to his coffee and cakes with a sigh of content. It was fortunate for him that he could not see into the future, for if he could have done so, Neville's breakfast would have been spoiled.

(To be continued.)

STORY OF THE BLACK FOREST.

How an Aged Minister won Over the Robbers.

Many years ago a worthy old pastor lived in a village near to the Black Forest. His life had been spent in doing good amongst his people, and now he was calmly waiting for the summons to come from his Master to enter upon his reward.

He was, however, anxious once more to see his sister, and place in her hands a small sum of money he had saved for her. He accordingly set out one bright autumn morning, hoping to reach her home by easy stages before nightfall. His path lay through a portion of the forest.

As he drew near to the end of his journey he was startled and alarmed on seeing himself suddenly surrounded by a band of fierce-looking men, who immediately demanded his money.

At once he gave up his travelling bag, telling them to take all he had. The chief of the band asked him roughly if he had anything more on him, and he answered, "No." On hearing this, they let him go on his way, and he soon found himself on the outskirts of the wood, and near to his sister's cottage.

He had almost reached the door, when a thought struck him. He remembered now that he had taken the precaution before he started to sew the money for his sister inside the lining of his black velvet cap. What should he do? His conscience was very tender, and he was always accustomed to tell the truth; but here he had told a lie, for he had said that he had nothing on his person. The thought troubled him. He began to reason with himself in his own simple fashion—"It is a sin to steal; true, but it is also a sin to lie. What should I say to God if He called me now to stand before Him. I had better lose my money than defile my conscience." And so he determined to make a clean breast of it—go back to the robbers and explain to them that he had forgotten this money when he said he had none.

The moon had now risen, and he could see to retrace his steps. He quickly came upon the men, most of whom were sitting on the ground smoking their pipes, and laughing over the contents of his bag which were scattered about. One of them had just then in his hand a prayer book with a silver clasp, an old family relic.

At that moment the robbers looked up and saw the old man approaching. He came towards them and said, "I have come back to tell you that I am guilty of a lie. I said I had no other property on me, but I had these few coins which I have saved for my poor sister. In my fear I had forgotten them. Take them all; I could not face my God with a lie on my conscience." So saying he held out the coins to them.

As they looked at him in the moonlight he seemed to them almost like a being from another world, and not one of them dared to take the coins. Then the leader, in a moment or two, told him to keep them for himself.

Seeing the impression his action had made upon them, the old man in a solemn manner spoke to them of the evil of their ways, and begged them to turn to a better life. Not one of them answered him, but silently returned to him his bag, and every article they had taken. Then the old man lost his fear, and standing in the midst of them in the still moonlight, he looked up towards heaven and prayed aloud, then gave them his blessing, and left them.

His heart was filled with joy. The very forest seemed to be flooded with a light from heaven as he walked once more to wards his sister's cottage.

That night, and every night to the day of his death, he prayed for that robber-band. Who shall say what might be the answer?

Mr. O's Troubles From a Lucky Grave Site.

When the former minister of law, Cho Pyengsik, was governor of Chungchong province he was told by a geomancer that the site of one O Hen-keun's house was the luckiest spot for a grave. Governor Cho asked O to give him that site, but the latter refused. Then the governor changed his tactics from diplomacy to force. He issued a proclamation charging O with being the most dutiful son in the province, and his whole family as immortal. The law requires the governor to exterminate such criminals from the face of the earth, and he (Cho Pyeng-sik) despatched a

company of the governor's body-guard to the town where the O family lived, destroying every house in the village, and killing eight persons and injuring six. After thus exterminating the O's the governor appropriated the site of their house and built a vault in it for his future grave. The court has now restored the property to the lawful heirs and made Mr. Cho pay an indemnity of \$10,000 for the murder of the eight persons.

NINETY DEATHS

Bear Silent Witness to the Ravages of Kidney Disease.

An alarming fact—but statistics show that in post mortem examinations as to death from all causes, that in over 90 per cent. of such cases kidney disease is present. This almost incredible statement is borne out by years of comparison by most eminent medical men. A warning to humanity that the percentage of those not cured with kidney taint is very small. South American Kidney Cure relieves in six hours—is nature's preventive—clears the clogged parts—heals and permanently cures.

Shot the Way the Dog Came at Him.

The other day says the Denver Times Ole Hanson had trouble with a bellicose dog that belonged to his neighbor, a Russian by the name of Havva Drenkovitsky. The gwyede shot the dog as soon as he discovered that he was not friendly to him, and the sequel found lodging in a justice's court. When Ole was propounded interrogatories by the attorney for the prosecution he evinced a sense of justice in framing replies that is rarely witnessed.

"What sort of a gun did you have, Mr. Hanson?" inquired the attorney.

"A var two-hole shotgun."

"Double-barrel?"

"Yes, das et."

"Well, don't you think you could have scared him away?"

"Aye might ef' had aye had not bane scare so lak deekens macsal."

"Why didn't you take the other end of the gun and scare him away?"

"Val, mester lawyer, vy dedn't de dog com for mae oder end first ef has want to do det vay?"

The lawyer is still wondering if there wasn't extenuating circumstances connect with the shooting.

TIRED LIVING.

Ten Years of Rheumatic Torture had Sapped all Joy From Life, but South American Rheumatic Cure Proved the Life Nectar.

"For over ten years I was a great sufferer from rheumatism. I tried many remedies and was under treatment of best medical men, but nothing gave me any hope of a cure. I procured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure; its effects on me were truly wonderful, for when I had taken but one bottle every pain and symptom of rheumatism had left me. I heartily recommend it."—W. H. Sherman, Morrisburg, Ont.

Where Piano Pounding is Prohibited.

"Berlin, of all big cities, has most successfully dealt with the problem of keeping noises down to the minimum," said Dr. J. von Beckler of the German metropolis.

"Railway engines cannot blow their whistles inside the city limits. Hucksters, newsboys, and street peddlers are not allowed to bawl their wares. A wagon that makes an unnecessary rattling is stopped and its driver is lucky to escape a fine. The courts never hesitate to impose a pecuniary penalty on people that make useless noise, and they have a wide discretion. Even piano playing is regulated in a town noted for its music-loving inhabitants. Before a certain hour at night no one is at liberty to indulge in practice, and mere pounding on the piano is unlawful at all hours.

Appropriate.

"That submarine boat seems to be a success."

"Yes? I suppose she goes down with flying colors."

Lightning in Winter a Sign of War.

William Gordon Gerry of New Hampshire writes to the Boston Transcript: It is a part of the natural laws of the universe that a general disturbance of the people in a nation should cause electrical disturbances in the shape of lightning and thunder at intervals during a winter season in the northern sections of a country prior to a war? As a boy in Boston I remember a remark made by my grandparent, Lucy Holmes Cambridge-Tisdale, during the winter season of 1860-61, "that a frequent display of lightning in the heavens in winter was a sign of war." She had noticed lightning during the winter months of that season, which was the cause of the remark. The civil war followed. During the past winter season in this section of the country there have been lightning and thunder at different times, and now follows a war with Spain. Is this a coincidence?"

Fairies Stories no Longer Go.

Hicks—"Funny about women."

Wicks—"Well, spring it onto us."

Hicks—"I was merely thinking that this

VALUABLE CATTLE

Cattle need Spring medicine, just as people do. If you want your cattle to be well—to do the work you want—to look sleek and healthy, and fetch a good price if you want to sell them, give them a few doses of DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS. No other condition powder gives the results that this old tried remedy does. If you dealer does not sell it, send us the price 25 cts., and we will mail you a full size package as sample. HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

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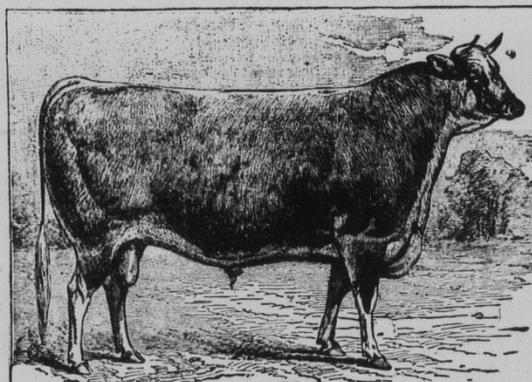
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WHY ELEPHANTS FEAR MICE.

They Resemble a Little Animal Which Causes Their Deaths in the Jungle.

It seems incredible that so small and harmless an animal as a mouse is able to frighten an elephant almost out of his senses. One little mouse in the hay on which they are feeding will stampede an entire herd. In their native land there are little animals, known as chacanas, which feed on a small, sour berry of which elephants are very fond. They live in settlements, something after the manner of prairie dogs, under the berry bushes. When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chacanas, in their fright, run up the tubes of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh and they cannot be ejected. The more violently the monster blows through its coiled trunk the more firmly the hooked claws of the little animal become imbedded in the flesh. Inflammation and death are the result. In captivity the elephants think they are in danger of the deadly chacanas when they see a mouse.

morning I told Mrs. Hicks I was kept away from home by having to sit up with a sick friend, and she might as well have told me I was a liar. And yet I can remember the time when I used to tell her she was the handsomest, brightest and most amiable woman in the world, and she believed every word of it."

An Ardent Missionary. "Joris is a most enthusiastic wheelman. He uses all sorts of arguments and entreaties with people who don't ride."

"Yes, I wouldn't be surprised to hear of him using threats."

French post office employes are between Charybdis and Scylla. They have just received an order, first, forbidding them to read postal cards, and next, directing them not to allow insulting or libellous postal cards to pass through the mails.



Combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda and Manganese

Render it the most effectual remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets, or any wasting disease where a food as well as a medicine is required.

"I was troubled a long time with pain in my lungs, until at last we had to get the doctor. He ordered me to take Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion pronouncing my disease Bronchitis. After taking this splendid Emulsion for a short time I was completely cured."

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

BRAVE MARIE.

It happened in 1870, which is still spoken of as the "terrible year" in Bois le Duc. The war between France and Prussia had raged all about them, but not a soldier had been seen in the tiny village, for which the peasants daily thanked their stars.

But one fine summer morning Bois le Duc was startled by a sound of martial music and a body of Prussian soldiers marched through the town. Up the hill went the Prussians, and there before the old chateau the order to halt was given. The old soldier had seen their coming and had prepared, according to his own ideas, to receive them.

His brave words seemed almost ridiculous when one looked at his white locks and shaking hand. The Prussian officer smiled at the thought of a sword combat with him and would probably have withdrawn, leaving the old man in peace, had not an overzealous soldier, thinking that his officer was in danger, rushed in and bayoneted the old man as he stood.

But the boy Charles, standing there beside the ashes of his father, swore to be revenged upon the Prussians. From that moment he was a man, he had a purpose. On the afternoon of the day on which the Prussians marched through Bois-le-Duc Charles learned from the villagers the whereabouts of the nearest body of French soldiers, and set off to join them.

It was soon discovered that the strange, silent lad was a valuable member of the company on account of his knowledge of woodcraft and his absolute fearlessness. Important scouting duty was entrusted to him, and after a time he became the captain of the most daring of all the bands of the bands of the franc-tireur. His little company was a constant aggravation to the Prussians, a very thorn in the sides of division commanders.

One afternoon, shortly after the second visit of the Prussians to Bois-le-Duc, little Marie Duret was alone in her parents' cottage while they were at work in the fields. Marie was a comely little maiden, a dark-eyed, nut-brown peasant girl, and though not a dozen summers had passed over her head, she was a neat, thorough-going little housewife.

To-day she had set the house in order, had swept the floor and had piled beside the large brick oven a heap of faggots against the morning's baking. All her tasks completed, Marie took possession of a low chair and began sedately to amuse herself with a large rag doll, her one playmate and inseparable companion.

him to speak Marie had had time to collect her wits and to reflect that the man did not look like such a monster after all. Now she replied readily: 'A man? O, yes, a soldier just came in here and left that,' pointing to an old mask of her father's which stood in the corner of the room, 'but he is gone now,' she added.

She carefully related to the Prussians how the franc-tireur had taken the path that led from the rear of the cottage to the forest. The girl answered his questions so readily that it was hard for the officers to suspect her of deceiving him, but he ordered his men to make a thorough search of the cottage. They looked in closets and cupboards and rummaged the loft. One of the men in passing opened the oven door and glanced in. Marie's heart almost ceased beating, but she gave no sign of her alarm.

'Shall we not fire the cottage?' It was the usual rule when a peasant was suspected of harboring a franc-tireur to burn his cottage as a lesson to him and a warning to all others.

Marie watched the Prussians ride away, and when they were well out of sight, she let Captain Charles out of his narrow hiding place. He had heard all that passed in the cottage, and he kissed Marie and called her a brave girl. Then he departed by the road opposite to that which the Prussians had taken, to join his men at their meeting place in the forest.

Marie was the pride of her parents and the heroine of the town when her story was made known. And in the depths of the forest, when the franc-tireur gathered about their camp and their leader told of his narrow escapes and the bravery of the little peasant girl, each man lifted his canteen and enthusiastically drank to the health and prosperity of Marie Duret.

The landlady of the little vine-covered inn Bois-le-Duc tells this story to every stranger who visits the place. And if one is inquisitive enough to ask what afterward became of the franc-tireur and the peasant girl she will unfold her hands and say: 'Just walk up to yonder brick house on the hill and ask for Monsieur le Maire and his good wife. There you will find Captain Charles and the brave Marie.'

COAST DEFENCES, OF ENGLAND.

Linked Protection by Wires Which Centre in London. It can no longer be said that Great Britain is unprotected. The coast defences were never more complete or efficient. Right around our shores stretch these many defences, not isolated and therefore of little account, but forming a linked protection, with the telegraph or telephone at hand to respond at naval headquarters in London to the slightest warning, and from Whitehall there branch off private wires to the great arsenals of Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham and Sheerness.

A few words from any point on the coast, be it an isolated coastguard station or a lonely guardship, may in an hour or two have led to orders of national import being flashed over sleeping towns and villages to the naval commanders-in-chief at the coast, and before the outside world knows of impending danger all the machinery of defence will be in readiness for any emergency. That this is no exaggeration those may judge who remember the hasty commissioning of the particular service squadron in January, 1896, when the German emperor's ill-judged telegram to President Kruger set England ablaze with anger.

Before even the Times announced the decision of the government to form this new squadron "to do anything and go anywhere," as Mr. Goschen explained, the telegraph instruments at Whitehall had been vigorously ticking, and, unknown to the public, the Admirals at Chatham, Portsmouth, and Devonport had their orders. By the time the world was awake the preparations for commissioning the ships had commenced and in a few days a squadron of powerful modern vessels was fitted out and ready for any task.

Le Serpent De Mer Français. The Haiphong mail has brought news of a hitherto unknown species of ocean monster which has been seen on several occasions by the officers of the gunboat Avalanche in Fai-tai-Long Bay. Naval Lieut. Lagreille, commander of the avalanche, reports that in July last in Along Bay two animals of strange form, about twenty yards long and two or three yards in circumference, were observed at a distance of 600 metres. Their movements were not rigid, but undulatory, in a vertical sense. They dived when a shot was fired at them. Several similar creatures were seen on Feb. 15 this year, and were fired at when

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300, or 400 yards distant. Two small shells burst on one of the monsters, but did not appear to injure it. Lieut. Lagreille tried to run them down, but they were too swift for the Avalanche. When ever the animal he chased got into shallow water it doubled back and thus was clearly seen. Each time it dived it blew noisily. The color was gray, with several black fins. The head something like that of a seal, and the back covered with a sawlike ridge. The presence of these creatures is revealed by their loud breathing. Lieut. Lagreille thought once that he had secured a specimen, but the animal dived and came up far astern of the Avalanche. The number of meetings reported with these new denizens of the deep would tend to show that the species is fairly plentiful in the seas where the avalanche was stationed.

Palace Sleeper for Summer Tourist Business. The Canadian Pacific Railway announces that from June 30th, until August 31st, they will run a Palace Sleeper between Toronto and Kingston for the accommodation of Summer Tourist business. Sleeper will leave Toronto at 9 p. m. daily and arrive in Kingston next morning in season to connect with steamers of the American line and Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co., for the trip through the Thousand Islands, and the rapids of St. Lawrence to Montreal.

Those Girls. 'Young Mr. Tizzens called on me last week,' said Maud. 'Did he?' replied Mamie. 'He told me he was going to reserve all disagreeable duties for Lent.'

Tommy's Inference. Teacher—What do we learn from the story of Samson? Tommy (with unpleasant results still manifest)—That it doesn't pay ter have woman folks cut a teller's hair.

A Musical Lady. 'Do they play the piano much at your house?' 'No, but I have it tuned several times a year—my wife likes to hear it so much.'

His Weakness. She—He does not seem to be a brilliant conversationalist. He—No; unfortunately he can't talk on any subject unless he knows something about it.

He—Surely you must know that I love you. I cannot live without you. She—Sh h! Papa might hear you say that. If he did he would be sure to object without giving you a chance to explain.

Wear Trade Mark SUSPENDERS GUARANTEED BORN.

Berwick, April 22, to the wife of D. H. Simpson, a son. Quoddy, April 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hartling, a son. Great Village, April 16, to the wife of Wm. Bowers, a son. Amherst, April 28 to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brownell, a son. Wallace, April 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Ira Drysdale, a daughter. Colchester, April 13, to the wife of Geo. Taylor, a daughter. Hampton, April 23, to the wife of John F. Titus, a daughter. Yarmouth, April 19, to the wife of E. J. Vickery, a daughter. Halifax, April 26, to the wife of J. Watson Fraser, a daughter. New Germany, April 18, to the wife of Wm. Silver, a daughter. Yarmouth, April 15, to the wife of Walter Graham, a daughter. Harrigan Cove April 20, to the wife of Charles Bowers, a son. Great Village, April 16, to the wife of Mr. William Bowers, a son. East Bridgewater, April 21, to the wife of Henry A. Amico, a son. Denmark, Colchester, April 25, to the wife of J. W. McLeod, a son. West Falmouth, April 21, to the wife of Mr. Henry Wood, a son. Acadia Mines, April 18, to the wife of Murdoch Scott, a daughter. North Attleboro, Mass., April 22, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul L. Carter, a son. Hildon, Colchester, April 23, to the wife of Mr. George Taylor, a daughter. North Middleboro, Cumberland, to Mr. and Mrs. David Howard, a daughter.

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South Thomaston, April 17, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Smith, a daughter. Salem, Cumberland, April 24, to the wife of Frederick Shipley, twins—a boy and a girl.

MARRIED. New Glasgow, April 28, by Rev. W. Thomas Francis Rice to Amelia Hood. Halifax, April 27, by Rev. Dr. Hearn, John A. McWatt to Emily Robertson. Springhill, April 20, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, James A. Cann to Annie Gabriel. Pictou, April 27, by Rev. A. Falconer, John W. Stirling to Annie Fayre. St. John, April 28, by Rev. S. M. Hunter, Timothy A. Hurley to Isabella Smith. Fredericton, April 20, by Rev. Geo. B. Payson Joseph Sims to Maria Brewer. Colchester, April 23, by Rev. J. MacLean John Blaikie to Mrs. Melinda Gould. Parrsboro, April 28, by Rev. H. K. McLean, John H. Cameron to Janet B. Gibson. St. John, April 27, by Rev. W. W. Rainnie, Harry Logan to Laura B. Macdonald. Bridgewater, April 13, by Rev. J. A. Boord, William Jones to Lavinia G. Underlock. Halifax, April 26, by Rev. W. F. Gaetz, Wm. G. Bayers to Catherine E. Bayers. Dublin, April 18, by Rev. Canon Welch, Sutherland Matterson to Frances Underlock. Jeddore, April 27, by Rev. C. H. Sears, Willington M. Maskill to Florence M. Pa. Antigonish, April 19, by Rev. J. R. Munro, Horace M. Sparrow to Letitia Williams. Shag Harbour, April 27, by Rev. W. Miller, Percy J. Banks to Elvina G. Nickerson. Little Shemoenue, April 12, by Rev. J. H. Brownell, Isaac P. Smith to Sadie Baldwin. Halifax, April 26, by Rev. W. H. Ballou, Sergt. James J. Tuffin to Elizabeth Simm. Antigonish, April 27, by Rev. H. B. Mackay Edward J. Keith to Kate A. McMillan. St. John, April 27, by Rev. Thomas Marshall Charles P. McAdam to Amy Russell. South Boston, Mass., April 11, by Rev. A. E. George Walter S. Eaton to Augusta T. Jones. St. Stephen, April 27, by Rev. Thomas Marshall Charles Dillin to Florence N. Logan. Lawrenceville, April 27, by Rev. Lewis F. Wallace George T. Smith to Mrs. A. Dukeshire. Tatamagouche, April 23, by Rev. Thos. Sedgwick, Marmaduke Shea to Elizabeth E. Mingo. Jamaica Plain, Mass., March 16, by Rev. G. W. Jones, Howard N. Curtis to H. C. Bowden. Montague, P. E. I., April 23, by Rev. R. W. Stevenson, John H. McLellan to Emma J. Goodfellow. Auburn, Kings, by Rev. R. Avery assisted by Rev. J. M. Wade, Edward J. Bishop to S. D. Wellington. Kings, by Rev. Wm. Ryan assisted by Rev. Jos. Gaetz Archibald Foster to Mary Ryan.

DIED. Treco, April 23, Edward J. Hoyce. Halifax, April 23, Jacques LeBras. Halifax, April 27, Frank Beaman, 1. Fabars, April 23, John M. Howe, 22. Barton, April 23, Sidney O'Neil, 77. Wolfville, April 19, Henry Gilpin, 12. Freeport, April 17, James Haines, 78. St. John, April 20, Neil Morrison, 70. Tremont, April 19, Emery Baker, 14. Halifax, April 5, Lawrence Mahar, 85. Gabarus, April 8, Elizabeth Miller, 89. Oak Bay, April 23, John M. Howe, 22. Isaac's Harbor, April 12, Celia Gilpin, 21. Berwick, April 20, Mrs. James Taylor, 45. Toney River, April 19, Finlay McKenzie, 28. Halifax, April 20, James W. Caldwell, 52. Halifax, April 23, Mrs. William Cook, 76. Hillsboro, N. B., April 23, Mary Lewis, 84. Barton, April 19, Mrs. Wellington Doty, 82. Arlington, April 19, Ethel Maud Taylor, 17. Smith's Cove April 20, James E. Cozzatt, 71. Belmont, Mass., April 12, Gladys Embree, 1. New Glasgow, April 25, William F. Ross, 24. Thorburn, April 26, Rev. A. W. McLeod, 51. Freeport, April 20 Mrs. Fenwick Morrell, 28. West Falmouth, April 21, Mr. Denis E'con, 25. Southbridge, Mass., April 15, Allie Mahon, 3. Amherst, April 23, Melissa Estelle Taylor, 6. Carleton, N. B., April 27, Charles Colwell, 61. New Haven, April 18, Mrs. Isabella Bolton, 85. New Maryland, April 20, Lewis F. Fletcher, 22. Halifax, April 27, James Glen Jamieson, 4 mos. Lamy's River, April 21, Joseph Fougere, Sr., 80. Clark's Harbor, April 29, Sophia Nickerson, 26. Hillsboro, N. B., April 23, Mes. M. J. Currie, 72. Black Brook, April 21, Hilda Elizabeth Jardine, 1. St. John, April 28, Mrs. Mary Ellen McLellan, 26. West New Glasgow, April 26, Marjory Fraser, 65. Garden of Eden, March 29, Duncan MacGregor, 72. Carleton, N. B., April 26, Charles F. Dykeman, 66. Eureka, Cal., April 6, Mabel Dorman Whipple, 28. Westport, April 18, Benjamin Henry Ruggles, 87. Victoria, B. C. April 16, Emma Lewis Mackenzie, Old Bams, April 19, Mrs. Ebenezer Archibald, 91. Halifax, April 30, Freddie Alexander Hoar, 7 mos. Shag Harbour, March 27, Margaret Greenwood, 76. Riversdale, Albert Co., April 25, Mrs. Zenas Turner. Karx, Kings Co., N. B., April 21, Nancy C. Palmer. Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 25 Richard Davis, 87. Halifax, April 28, Frederick Stanley Thomas, 7 mos. Yarmouth, April 25, James Victor Vaughan, 29 yrs. Marble Mountain, C. B., April 13, James E. Morley, 88. Fowles Mass., April 28, George Blancy McConnel, 61. Jorvaleam, N. B., April 25, Willie Speer Machum, 7 weeks.

Tatamagouche, April 19, Mrs. Mary Morrell Cassidy, 60. Musquodoboit Harbor, April 23, Mrs. Mary Williams, 23. Mount Carmel, Pehn., April 1, Annie Miller Acker, 59. Cambridge, Q. Co., April 11, Mrs. Elizabeth Carlisle Pacey, 63. Country Harbor Mines, Guysboro, April 10, Flora R. McQuarrie, 18. Three tashon Harbor, Halifax Co., April 29, P. Martin Graham, 81.

RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert. Lvc. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arry Digby 10.15 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday. Lvc. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arry St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Thursday and Saturday. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvc. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arry in Digby 12.50 p. m. Lvc. Digby 1.02 p. m., arry Yarmouth 3.36 p. m. Tat. and Fri. Lvc. Yarmouth 7.40 a. m., arry Digby 12.30 p. m. Lvc. Digby 12.42 p. m., arry Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lvc. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., arry Digby 11.10 a. m. Lvc. Digby 11.23 a. m., arry Halifax 6.48 p. m. Mon and Thurs. Lvc. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arry Digby 10.09 a. m. Lvc. Digby 10.14 a. m., arry Halifax 3.29 p. m. Mon, Tues, Thurs and Fri. Lvc. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arry Digby 8.50 a. m. Lvc. Digby 8.20 p. m., arry Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluenose between Halifax and Yarmouth. S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express trains and "Flying Bluenose" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unequalled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom timetables and all information can be obtained. W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. F. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. To The Klondike VIA ST. MICHAELS, ALASKA.

Canadian Pacific Navigation Company's Steam "Daube" will sail from Vancouver, B. C. about June 14th, for St. Michaels, connecting there with River Steamer for Dawson City. Fare for each passenger, with outfit not to exceed one ton, Vancouver to Dawson City \$500. Present rates St. John to Vancouver \$38, first class, \$25, second class good only for continuous passage. For rates via other routes, maps, descriptive pamphlets and other information furnished on application to A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. General Passgr. Agent, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax, 7.00 Express for Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted) 10.30 Express from Montreal (daily) 10.30 Express from Halifax 16.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal, 17.10 Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted) 10.30 Express from Halifax (daily) 10.30 Express from Montreal 16.00 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton 16.30 Accommodation from Moncton 24.2 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FOTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

VEGETABLE CANCER CURE. The new treatment (no knife or plaster) has cured hundreds, why not try it. Full particulars & (stamps). STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.