

PROGRESS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY MAY 11, 1901.

VOL. XIII., NO. 665.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE BOXERS' SURPRISE.

Chief Clark Enjoys a Finish Bout and Then Arrests the Fighters.

Every man loves a combat, be he rich or be he poor; all men love a fighter, a coward they can't endure.

So it was last Monday night, all crowded in to see the fight: in the ring the boxers met. For one it was a sad regret. The show was one of fifteen rounds. The boxers' weight, 140 lbs.

Just eight rounds the contest went, then to his corner one boxer was sent; Littlejohn had won the fray, the Yankee lad stood defenceless at bay.

The laurel wreath of fighting fame to a St. John boy had passed again. But then came the saddest, saddest blow, Chief Clark essayed his power to show, behind the bars the boxers strolled, while free from all eyes the managers counted the gold.

What a crowd was there and what a show it was. Long before the gong rang for the opening bout the spectators had usurped every vantage point, all seeking a good position in their endeavor to witness the scrap.

Men of all classes in life, from the mechanic and the clerk to the alderman and the banker were present and very much in evidence. On one side could be seen one individual with a high silk hat, while, on the other hand could be found the "say, dat's all right, an' if you don't tink dat I knows wat I'm talkin' about why you can just go to blazes and suit yerself about, see" sort of a man.

The school-principal elbowed his way in common with one of his scholars, the employer jostled arms with his employee, the lawyer and his client, all were there in a common cause, that of seeing a scrap.

The place where the event was held was Sutherland's hall, Union street, the principal attraction was a 15 round boxing contest between Dan Littlejohn of this city and Billy Critch of the adjoining republic. There were a few preliminary bouts in one of which little Johnny Cregan of Lower Cove succeeded in laying low a sturdy son of Darkest Africa in less than three rounds.

The big card of the evening kept everybody in a high state of expectation. The boxers were introduced by Referee Keefe. It was at once apparent that Littlejohn had everything his own way; Critch was simply out-classed and in the first round almost received his quietus at the hand of the redoubtable. However, the contest went on; at the eighth round a well-directed blow sent the lad from Uncle Sam's territory to the floor, he staid down ten seconds and the palm of victory, was awarded to Littlejohn.

Just here the strangest part of the whole proceedings occurred. Chief Clark, who had witnessed the whole of the bout, stepped into the ring and ordered the men to be put under arrest. They were marched to the police station, kept there all right, and were brought into court next morning.

On their appearance before the court the next morning they were defended by Mr. D. Mullin. The council for the prisoners urged that Chief Clark should lodge a formal complaint against them. This the Chief did not desire to do, hence the prisoners were discharged.

Just here the humorous side of the whole situation occurred. The Chief after arresting the men "did not desire to press the charge." Hence the boxers were dismissed.

It is estimated that fully 600 or 700 people attended the exhibition, yet the boxers were told that the receipts amounted to but \$234.

"Boss" Quinn was representing Littlejohn in the matter while Critch's interests were guarded by Hazen Campbell. The day after the contest the genial "Boss" was besieged by many callers who had claims on his exhuberance. The claims were so many that he had to finally deny his name, he told many of the importunists that he was Sir Oliver Mowat, Premier Tweedie, &c. Anyone who knows the "Boss" is aware of the fact, but in this case if he wanted to an alias, but, in this case if he wanted to have any of the collateral left for his man

he had to resort to some such desperate measure. Taken all in all it was a great event for the managers who worked for nothing but the interest of the sport.

Yet the chief of all the police came out of the affair with but little if any glory. He was at the ringside from start to finish and if there was to be any interference it should have been in the first round. His ambition to show his authority at the finish however, overcame his discretion and he gave the absurd order for the arrest of the principals and then refused bail.

PROGRESS is no advocate of such events as the fifteen-round contest, but when such affairs are licensed by the Mayor and supervised by the police there should be some consideration for the men who take their punishment and furnish an exhibition of the manly art for those who care and pay to see it.

The eccentricity of the chief of police will of course bubble forth but no one knows just where the gas will break. He permits his pet officers to collect the tickets at the door; his pet officers are paid by the management to preserve order and yet at the finish—perhaps because the bout didn't last fifteen instead of eight rounds—he orders those whom he has watched with such intense interest to spend the evening behind the bars in his somewhat obnoxious basement on King street East.

Only a few days ago he was short of officers, got a gentlemen from Spruce Lake, report the arrival of two of St. John stalwarts, who were busily engaged in following the example of Sergeant Campbell, by repairing the wharf of the club house the chief is interested in.

It is understood that the New Brunswick government has decided to give one thousand dollars to the Tourist association of St. John. Probably no government grant is given from which more beneficial results come than from a grant to help along the bringing of tourists to the province. New Brunswick is becoming better known every year to our American cousins, and each year the number of visitors who come to the Maritime Provinces is increasing. This all means money to the people for the Americans do not only travel but they spend to a lavish extent. To the tourist associations this increase of travel, is justly due and any money given in aid of such associations is money well given. It is to be regretted that the amount is not larger but still it is something and properly handled can be turned to good account.

The Halifax suicide still remains as great a mystery as ever. It is strange—t would seem but natural that by this time the identity would have been made. The world is not so small after all. That the mystery will be cleared up some day is possible. It may be that there are some who know the woman but refuse to commit themselves. Her picture has been sent to all the places with which her name has been connected but no enlightenment comes. The mystery grows greater every day.

Another Bridge Goes Down. This time it was on the Elgin branch railway. The accident was not as serious as it might have been, but that can only be attributed to good luck. As it was Post Office Inspector Colter received a severe shaking up and his injuries may be greater than at the present thought. The province is making quite a history for itself in the way of rotten bridges. It is not so very long ago that the Central had its bad accident the I. C. R. also has had its share and now come this of the Elgin. Evidently it is quite clear that something is wrong. If there was an inspector of bridges these accidents would not happen, and there should be no longer any delay in having such an officer appointed. There is no telling how many more weak bridges there are in the province, and these acci-

dents are altogether too numerous. It is fully time that the government was giving the matter their consideration and the sooner some action is taken the better.

An Eminent Man. Judge King, who passed away at Ottawa this week was one of Canada's most distinguished sons. Here in this city and Province where he made his reputation and gave so much of his splendid ability, his death cannot but be greatly mourned. From an early age the eminent jurist showed himself as one possessed of exceptional ability, and his whole career marked him as a man of many great qualities. He became premier of the Province at an age when most men but begin their political career and so prominent did he make himself in affairs of state that he became a judge when he was little past forty. Had Judge King remained in politics instead of going on the bench, there was no position to which he might not have aspired. He was a great New Brunswicker, and a great Canadian has passed away.

A Successful Concert. The Oratorio Society is to be congratulated on its excellent rendering of Rossini's Stabat Mater at the Opera house on Thursday evening. Mr. Collinson sustained his reputation as an excellent conductor and the evening's entertainment was of the highest order. The soloists Miss Travers, Miss Manning, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Seely were in fine voice and their singing elicited much favorable comment. Miss Matthews and Miss Wilson who were the accompanists lent no little assistance to the entertainment's success.

About Finished. The census enumerators expect to finish their work in St. John by next week. Of course the enumerators keep very secret their knowledge. It is not expected however, that the city will show any material gain. Some wards like Kings will show a decrease. Carleton will probably show an increase while other sections of the city will not show much one way or the other.

Those Petitions. The election petitions still engage the attention of the courts, what the final result is going to be is difficult of explanation but it will surprise very few to find that all the cases dropped at any time. No good can come from passing the petitions, as it would appear to be about six of one and half a dozen of the other.

The Stock Market. Thursday was an exciting day among stock dealers in the largest cities of the world. St. John saw a little of the excitement. Many stories are told about the way some men lost and some made money, and some of these stories have grown to equal some old time fish episodes. It is quite certain through that very few St. John people have been ruined.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself. Read it.
- PAGE 2.—Gossip of Royalty—The Duke of York and his wives.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic items of the week.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, poetry, news of the passing week.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social happenings from all over the provinces.
- PAGE 9.—An Invasion From Canada—An interesting account of what Canadian girls are doing in New York. Bravery of a Young Giantess—A woman that can take care of herself.
- PAGES 10, and 11.—Concluding chapters of that thrilling story—"A Man Misjudged."
- PAGE 11.—Many matters of interest to Sunday readers.
- PAGE 12.—Dreyfus writes of his life as a prisoner—Some striking paragraphs from a spicy thing.
- PAGE 13.—Talk of the Fashions.
- PAGE 14.—Murder of Pontiac.
- PAGE 15.—How Tom won at last and other stories. Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

Chairs Re-coated, Cane, Spinal, Forfeited at, Duesol, 17 Waterloo.

RICH AND RARE EVENTS.

A North Shore Opinion of a Benevolent Citizen—George Robertson's Return.

Judge Forbes on Thursday afternoon last gave judgment in two cases which were argued before him last year—Potter vs. Craghan (of Newcastle) and Potter vs. Morrissey (of Newcastle). Mr. Potter sued to recover the amount of notes given by defendants to raise money to help John E. Baldwin, collector of customs at Bathurst who was in financial trouble with the Dominion government. The judge decided all the points in the case in favor of the plaintiff, but said the plaintiff not being the holder of the notes should not have brought the suit.

The testimony, it will be remembered, showed that Potter never saw the notes until after the suits were begun and had no personal knowledge of any intention on anybody's part to enter proceedings for them.

The judge, therefore, allowed a non-suit. He said, however, that if Mr. J. J. McGaffigan had himself brought the suit he would have given him a verdict.

This is a suit which has been watched with considerable interest on the North Shore because of the course taken by Mr. J. J. McGaffigan of St. John, who, it appears, while acting in the role of a philanthropist, induced a number of his friends to become liable on notes for the purpose of enabling him to assist Mr. Baldwin to tide over his difficulties in connection with the Bathurst custom house. Afterwards, instead of assisting to have the paper retired and to protect them against loss he caused actions at law to entered in the St. John County court in the name of Mr. Potter, who had no personal interest in or connection with the matter, what ever his purpose being to recoup himself for money which he is supposed to have spent in Mr. Baldwin's interest without first making sure that it would really be the means of getting that gentleman out of his difficulties at the time.—Chatam Advance.

Mr. Robertson's Return. While St. John is not worrying very much about the Steel syndicate and the purchase of the Sydney mines by the American combination, yet it watches with something of interest the reports that are being sent out from that enterprising company as to the benefits resulting from the great industry that may be placed under the control of the big syndicate.

Mr. George Robertson who has recently returned from the old country and who is open to give any information either to individuals or to the masses through the newspapers is very enthusiastic regarding St. John and its prospects. He acknowledges without reserve that he met with two rebuffs from the imperial government and it seems that the hope he has mainly founded upon the efforts of the Dominion government to provide this port with a dry dock.

Mr. Robertson returns with the same energy, apparently with the same belief that he always had in the future of St. John. Perhaps the anxieties of the year that has past have made them look greyer and altered, but he still retains the pleasant personality that made him an entertaining man to listen to.

While across the seas he says he did not lose any time but investigated the many industries and commercial interests that will no doubt be beneficial to the merchants of Canada if they could possess the information he obtained. He is quite willing to impart it and invites the newspapers to interview him upon any of the subjects that might be of some benefit to the people of the provinces or the dominion.

How Can This Be Explained. A curious story comes to PROGRESS, but which is undoubtedly true, that a young man who recently had his leg amputated in the hospital after three or four weeks sojourn went home, not thoroughly cured but sufficiently so to be without the care of a physician. The only complaint he had to make was an intense pain in the toes of the foot that was amputated. This might appear strange to many people and yet there are many authenticated instances of the same experience. The pain grew so intense that the healing was effected and he

returned to the hospital. His sufferings continued there, and then his father and brother, who had buried the amputated part in the cemetery went out to the spot, exhumed the box and found that the it was pressing hard against the toes. While they were doing this the young man in the hospital remarked to his nurse that they must be doing something to his toes as the pain had ceased. The remarkable feature of the case is this that he had no knowledge that his father and brother were going to do anything in regard to exhuming that part of his leg that he had lost. Now what medical man can account for this?

An Important Company. The prospectus of the 'Canadian Dressed Poultry Association' appears in today's issue of PROGRESS. It is truly, as described, a greater and a grander investment than has been offered to the farmers in modern times. The document tells its own tale and should be carefully studied in every farm house in the country. The objects of the company are briefly, but clearly, set forth. It is to promote the trade with Britain in dressed poultry and other farm produce. The scheme opens up an illimitable quantities, if they energetically and industriously apply themselves to the task.

They have already had a very good proof afforded them as to what can be done by present small beginnings. But the threshold of the trade has not been passed. The farmer has been schooled, of late, thanks to the government in the art of preparing poultry for the British market, and the prospectus points the way he must go in the way of further improvement. As to eggs, and dairy produce, so much has been said of late that further reference need not, at the moment, be made. "There's millions in it." The advertisement will, it is hoped, be carefully studied by every farmer in the country.

Baseball Outlook. Lives of sport are glad to find that baseball is getting into some practical shape. If a Maine-New Brunswick league is formed it will be a good thing and if the management is in proper hands there is no reason why it should not be successful. There is no little sport indulged in in this Province. At one time there were cricket, lacrosse, baseball and several other kinds of clubs, but they have all passed out of existence except baseball. Sport is a good thing to young and old alike and if first class baseball is produced the public will do its share. Then let there be harmony and good fellowship among the clubs. If bitterness of feeling, little petty jealousies are allowed to creep in, as they have been known to do in times past, the league had better not start at all. It is entirely in the hands of the baseballists themselves whether their league will be successful. Let them do their part and the people will do theirs.

The New Truck. The new hook and ladder truck still continues to be discussed by the public. That there are all kinds of opinions, as to the success of the wagon, is quite evident. Some are so opposed that they are calling on the S. P. C. A. to interfere, alleging that it is cruelty in making two horses haul such a load. Chief Kerr thinks that the cart is all right and when the men get used to it, there will be little difficulty. The Chief should certainly be in a position to judge and his opinion should be accepted before all others. The chief fault finding now seems to be with the number of horses that are used. This is not a serious obstacle to overcome. If three horses are necessary then they should be supplied. People hope that all may yet be right. The truck cost considerable money, and paying for expensive and useless articles has become a tiresome job to the taxpayers of St. John.

What's the Trouble? Pretty nearly a week has gone by and the daily papers have failed to tell us anything further about Lt. McLean. What is the trouble? In an enterprising town like St. John its papers should not allow themselves to go to sleep.

Gossip of Royalty

Much interest has been excited by keen inquiries made in all directions regarding the identity of the Mrs. Hartmann, to whom, according to the London Daily Mail, the king has just given the use for life of White Lodge, at Richmond, formerly the residence of the late Duchess of Teck, the mother of the duchess of Cornwall and York.

With the exception of the Mail, all the papers preserve a significant silence, but there are the strongest reasons for believing Mrs. Hartmann to be none other than themorganatic wife of the heir apparent.

In any case, the truth of the Duke of Cornwall and York's relations to the lady are that he was married to her at Malta, and that she has borne him several children.

Hints and rumors have been in circulation for years, accounting largely for the lukewarm regard in which the duke was held by the English people, but the absolute truth has never been publicly divulged.

The lady in question is the daughter of Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour. The marriage took place in Malta, when the duke's elder brother, Clarence, was alive, and when the present duke, therefore was not the heir to the throne. At that time Miss Culme-Seymour had not wished to marry, but finally consented under pressure of her own father and after receiving the consent of the present king, who was the Prince of Wales.

When Prince Clarence died the Duke of York's marriage to Princess May was determined on as an affair of state, though if the duke had had courage to remain true to his real wife, who even then had borne him two children, he would have been the most popular man in England.

But his duty as the future king overrode personal ties, and he consented to regard his first marriage asmorganatic.

Most generous settlements were then made by the royal family, the late Queen contributing her share. In the settlement the marriage was described asmorganatic and contracted with the consent of the duke's father, then the Prince of Wales. The settlement provided a large income and also for the education of the two children already born and the one expected.

The further statement that she is a personal friend of King Edward also tallies with the fact. The lady in question has always been on most friendly terms with the most prominent members of the royal family, though the late queen was never entirely reconciled to such a marriage, she sharing the universal English abhorrence of the very term 'morganatic.'

As an illustration of this the truth of the following is vouched for:

At a dinner at a well known political club on the eve of the marriage of the duke of Cornwall to Princess May, the bishop of Oxford, who was to assist at the ceremony, was present, as was also a millionaire London merchant. The latter referred to rumors even then in circulation of themorganatic marriage and affirmed his own thorough disbelief in it. He finally directly challenged the bishop to deny it, but the bishop merely shrugged his shoulders and said:

This is an affair of state.

The merchant sprang to his feet, saying: 'This, sir, is how you interpret the law and the gospel to conform to the law of the land.' He left the room at once.

Finally, the duke has been a constant visitor on the lady, and it seems that it is true that the king has given White Lodge to the lady in question the situation is recognized by the royal family as 'partie a trois,' with two women in place of customary two men.

King Edward VII. may like being a king, but he must sigh secretly over some of the good things from which his added dignity cuts him off.

Some unwritten law makes a combination king and clubman an offence against the proprieties, but in the good days when King Edward was prince of Wales he was one of the most popular clubmen in London, and no ordinary man was more devoted than he to his clubs.

The Royal Yacht club, the Jockey club, White's and several others had the Prince among their members; but, of late years, he has been seen most often at the Marlborough club of which he was the instigator and in which he was prime mover.

The club has only about 600 members; and, as the prince himself was chairman of the executive committee and always presided, and one black ball would exclude, there was absolutely no chance of a mem-

FARMERS MAKE MONEY

Do not sell your poultry, turkeys, geese or ducks till you investigate this great Company, its object and the high prices to be obtained by dealing only with it—cash is better than trading—who last year made money out of your poultry—Did you?—No.—JOIN this co-operative company for the protection of farmers—get high prices as well as your share of the profits of selling in England. Join at once.

The Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited

Capital Stock, - - \$450,000

HEAD OFFICE: HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

PRESIDENT—MR. GIBSON ARNOLDI, Barrister-at-Law, Toronto, Ontario.
MANAGER—MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, Merchant, Hamilton, Ontario.

OBJECT OF THE COMPANY.

THIS COMPANY is formed to advance Canadian trade with England in dressed poultry, ducks, turkeys and geese, dressed meats and other farm produce that the company may deem it advisable to deal in. This is the great object of the Company. It will be no monopoly and it cannot be made one; its success means the Farmers' success. The farmer who wants to make money must first become a shareholder in this Company, which is the only company of its kind, and ducks and geese for the Company. This Company will buy only from its own shareholders: therefore, with care and attention every farmer and every farmer's wife and every man, woman and child of ordinary intelligence in Canada who has fifty dollars can buy ten shares and become a shareholder, and by beginning in a small way and saving his profits make himself wealthy, like Mr. Taylor has done. Who Mr. Taylor is is explained in the following extracts from a story told by Professor Robertson, the well-known Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying for Canada, to the standing committee of the House of Commons:

"Well-to-do farmers fatten chickens. I learn also that there is money in the business. I had got the name of Mr. Samuel Taylor from one of the leading poultry dealers in London. When I got to his place I found Mr. Taylor was a successful farmer. He had begun life as a farm laborer without capital. When I visited him he had a fine farm-stead and was doing a prosperous business. I would not like to say how much money the chicken-fattening business brought him in, but I would not be surprised to learn that his annual net balance was over a thousand pounds (five thousand dollars a year)." This man had begun life as a farm laborer and by sticking to this business had made money out of it.

The Promoters are now arranging to establish not less than twelve receiving and shipping stations in Canada to be fitted with plants necessary to make the exported article as perfect as possible. The number of stations in each Province will be as nearly equal as possible, having regard for the size of the Province and the number of shareholders in each. The operations of the Company to be confined for the present to Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The Company is also engaging the most experienced help to be found in Canada and England and making arrangements in England to get the very highest price for its shipments.

The Buyers of this Company will commence operations, it is expected, on or about the first of June, 1901, when they will call on the shareholders and arrange with them as to the continuous supply—that is, the number each shareholder will raise and supply each month to the nearest receiving station of the Company. It is therefore necessary that all intending shareholders send in their subscriptions for stock at once, as the Company will only buy from its shareholders and the lists will be closed.

This is a grand chance to make money for either farmers or their wives and those who either cannot afford to keep up a large farm or who, through some infirmity or poor health, are not able to attend to the heavy duties of heavy farming.

Prices to Be Paid.—This Company will pay the very highest prices to its shareholders, so as to encourage the raising of first-class poultry, and, as it will year in and year out be selling at the high prices to be obtained in England, it can afford to pay more than the best prices now paid for birds now sold on the Canadian market.

Great Prices in England.—Chickens shipped to Liverpool, England, met with a ready sale at eight-pence (sixteen cents) per pound. As they weighed eleven pounds per pair, they sold for one dollar and seventy-six cents per pair. Just think for one moment—one dollar and seventy-six cents for a pair of chickens in England, and yet it is only a fair market price there, and the profits are equally as good, if not better, on turkeys, ducks and geese. The consignee wrote as follows about the shipment: "I was agreeably surprised at the all-round excellence of your small experimental shipment of Canadian capons (chickens). On opening the cases the birds were found to be in beautiful condition, and presented a most salable appearance. After the birds were uncased I hung one to find out how long it would retain its bright appearance, and found that it became milky white as soon as it had dried out of the chilled state; today, five days later, it is as nice looking as a fresh killed bird. I think the price obtained will both please and pay you. It is a fair market price."

Three Firms Alone Intimated Their Ability and Willingness to Handle About Two Thousand Cases Per Week at Good Prices.

Raising Poultry Pays.—It pays better to fatten them, and it pays best to ship them to England. The shipment sent to Liverpool, England, above described brought one dollar and seventy-six cents per pair; the farmer sold them to the shipper for fifty-four cents per pair, which is above the average price, as often he does not get more than thirty cents per pair; can anything be clearer than that the farmer is failing to make enormous profits? By becoming a shareholder you will commence putting the money in your own pocket.

Success.—This Company is a natural outgrowth of the great and wonderful cold storage system. Before "cold storage" became known it would have been an impossibility to carry on this great business, but now the great success of cold or chilled storage is the maker of this enormous business, which will prove a money-maker for its shareholders. Space will not permit giving a description of the great arrangements to be made, of the many receiving and shipping stations, abattoirs, cold storage plants, offices and agencies this Company will establish in the different Provinces of Canada and in England, or of the numerous employees it will engage to do the buying, killing, plucking, packing and shipping; the instructors the Company will engage will give to the working shareholders such directions and assistance as they may desire.

The Head Office will be at Hamilton, Ontario, and from there MR. WILLIAM S. GILMORE, THE EXPERIENCED MANAGER, will direct its affairs. Mr. Gilmore is already well known to many Canadians, but for those who do not know him and who would naturally like to know something of the man who is to direct the affairs of the Company in which they intend to invest their money the following extract from a letter written by the celebrated firm F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED, the greatest pork packers and provision merchants, and probably the oldest established firm of its kind in Canada, to the proposed bank of this Company, will be of interest:

GENTLEMEN,—At the request of Mr. W. S. Gilmore I write to advise you that we have known him for years, and have had during that time continuous dealings with him as one of our customers. He is a practical provision dealer and butcher of many years experience. He is about fifty-five years of age, but active and progressive, and as a judge of poultry, live or dressed, he is certainly the equal of the best in Hamilton. As to his personal character, respectability and integrity, we believe he is fully to be relied on for anything he will undertake.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Every shareholder in this Company is not obliged to raise poultry simply because he is a shareholder—anybody can buy stock in the Company, and the net profits or dividends will be divided between all shareholders alike, and it is safe to say they will get large dividends for their money.

Exclusive Privilege.—The Company extend an exclusive privilege to those who hold ten shares or more of the Company's stock to raise poultry, turkeys, ducks, geese, etc., for the Company, to supply the great demand, and to this class of shareholders the Company will pay the very highest prices for their birds. They will be given the great advantage of careful instruction, free of charge, in the art of raising and fattening poultry, as well as receiving their share of all the profits of the Company, and, as the promoters wish to make this a Company by the farmers and for the farmers, all the servants and employees of the Company will be chosen from among the shareholders and their families.

The Capital Stock of this Company is divided into shares worth five dollars each, and of this only a limited number of shares are offered for public subscription, but no subscription will be accepted for less than ten shares (\$50). If you wish to become a subscriber lose no time, but send in your subscription at once, as the stock will be allotted in the order in which the applications are received, and no stock will be held open for anyone. Fill out the APPLICATION FORM given below, be careful to state how many shares you want and the amount of money you enclose, sign your name to it and then fill in your address and send it by registered letter to Mr. Gibson Arnoldi, the President of the Company, 9 Toronto Street, Toronto, Ontario, accompanied by a marked cheque, postoffice order or express order for the full amount of your subscription, payable to the order of Mr. Gibson Arnoldi, President of the Company.

The promoters reserve the right to change the name of the Company if the Government requests them to do so as a condition to the granting of Letters Patent under the Great Seal incorporating the proposed Company, and also at the same time to ask incorporation with any other amount of capital stock than named in their discretion.

APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

GIBSON ARNOLDI, ESQ., PRESIDENT, THE CANADIAN DRESSED POULTRY COMPANY, LIMITED, 9 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO:

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith \$..... in full payment for..... shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME,..... ADDRESS,.....

ber whom the Prince of Wales did not like. The membership was not controlled by snobbishness. Monarchs and royal personages like Oscar II, King George of Greece, Leopold of Belgium, the Duke of York and the Duke of Connaught are among the members; but popular soldiers, sailors, diplomatists and professional men have been welcomed quite as warmly as royalty, and the club represents, perhaps, the best brains as well as best blood of England.

Staid comfort and simplicity are the keynote of the club. Any touch of ostentation is avoided. The lounge, billiard room and morning room are models of quiet comfort. The dining room which may at a pinch seat 70 is absolutely unpretentious, the walls being covered with fine old engravings and the mahogany furniture being modelled on the most severe lines. The service is unimpeachable and the cuisine one of the best in London.

It was thoroughly understood that the prince frequented the club for the sake of absolute freedom from ceremony, and that he would resent any special attention or recognition of his rank. Whenever he was in London he dropped in at the club late in the afternoon and usually after the theatre, and took a cue at billiards or chatted with friends. If he spoke to a club member while passing through a room the man probably looked up, nodded, and let it go at that.

Various startling stories have been told about high gaming at the prince's favorite club, but have been vigorously denied. The rules of the club lay down a limit for cards games and no other form of gambling are allowed, although a ticket in the office gives the results of the races and a

great many turf and sporting wagers are laid in the club room.

Anxious to Serve. Lawyer—It is reported that you have frequently expressed yourself as opposed to capital punishment. Deacon High soul (drawn for jury duty)—I won't have no scruples in that man's case. He cheated me on a horse trade.

great many turf and sporting wagers are laid in the club room.

Anxious to Serve. Lawyer—It is reported that you have frequently expressed yourself as opposed to capital punishment. Deacon High soul (drawn for jury duty)—I won't have no scruples in that man's case. He cheated me on a horse trade.

E. W. Gilmore. This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Music The

SOBBS AND

The rendition of the Opera House... Next week will w... tello, which organiz... served seats will o... store on Monday fo... tickets and the regu... Tuesday. It is to b... boys, as the latter... themselves ready an... any local affair.

Speaking of the America, the Boston

In our own coun... great musical prod... who go abroad f... courses under E... back with them t... the institutions w... studied. They t... foreign soil and d... they have been ta... money, and these d... atmosphere and... have our own basi... future, the folk m... England today t... Despite the Rom... ning of the count... which have left t... usage and manne... lar music is the... with us, the sett... the European, th... and ways of lif... climate and con... change our nat... They are now e... It was nature w... and to express... surrounding him... vailing today, w... the expression o...

TALK

The Herma... a weeks enjoy...

Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERFORMS.

The rendition of the Stabat Mater at the Opera House occurred on Thursday of this week. At the time of writing prospect for good patronage were excellent.

Next week will witness an event of interest in the appearance of a Boston Sextette, which organization the Male quartette is bringing to this city. The plan of reserved seats will open at Landrys music store on Monday for those holding advance tickets and the regular sale will begin on Tuesday. It is to be hoped that the citizens will give a generous response to the boys, as the latter have always shown themselves ready and willing to assist in any local affair.

Speaking of the national music of America, the Boston Transcript says:

In our own country we have as yet no great musical productions. The students who go abroad from us to take their courses under European masters bring back with them the feeling and spirit of the institutions under which they have studied. They try to transplant into foreign soil and different conditions what they have been taught of form and harmony, and these do not take kindly to our atmosphere and environment. But we have our own basis for a great music in the future, the folk music of the Indians. In England today the folk music is Celtic. Despite the Roman invasion, the overrunning of the country by southern nations, which have left their impress on the language and manners of the people, the popular music is the old original Celtic. So with us, the settlement of the country by the European, the adapting of his customs and ways of life to the circumstances of climate and condition of this land, do not change our natural musical foundations. They are now exactly those of the Indian. It was nature which induced him to sing and to express in his song the conditions surrounding him, and these conditions prevailing today, we must look to them for the expression of our national music.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Hermann Stock Company opened a weeks enjoyment at the Opera house on

Monday evening in a production of La Belle Marie. The piece was given a fairly creditable performance though indeed the company seemed to be wrongly cast, those who should be doing light comedy being seen in heavier roles and vice versa.

This seems a very great pity for there is enough excellent material in the organization to form a well balanced company.

Miss Grace Addison is the leading woman of the Hermann Stock, and a very clever talented one she is. In La Belle Marie she would have shown to much better advantage had the two who are nearest to her given anything like adequate support.

The lady is graceful, bright, pleasing in appearance and displayed a wonderful versatility in the opening bill.

As the wronged girl she was not particularly effective in the first act but later as the wily French woman working to revenge a ruined life she was superb, investing every scene with a power and passion that was grand to witness.

Mr Lambert, Mr Brady, Mr Bellport, Mr Hill, Mr Willard, Mr Fairbanks, Miss Howell, and Miss Lorenz were also included in the cast.

An important feature of the performances are the excellent specialties given between the acts. Mr Fairbanks sings the latest songs in a way that calls for lots of applause. He was irresistibly funny and the audience expressed its enjoyment in no begrudging manner. Little Baby Norene Hermann did a very clever cake walk specialty which was remarkable when one considers that the little tot is only two and a half years old.

Mr. Fred Willard sings some illustrated songs, the pictures accompanying them being the first shown here. The moving pictures were also excellent, that of the Queens funeral being particularly good. The engagement closes this evening. There will be a matinee performance this afternoon.

The American Girl will be seen here the beginning of the week. It is a play that has met with unbounded success everywhere and will doubtless draw good audiences here.

Miss Alice Barnett, who died a few days ago, says a London paper of May 19, was an old Savoyard, although she first joined the troupe in New York, when she created Ruth in "The Pirates of Penzance," before

that opera was given in London. The original Ruth here was Miss Emily Cross. Miss Alice Barnett's first "creation" here was Lady Jane in "Patience" at the Opera Comique in 1881, and it remained her best part. Miss Brandram, who afterwards succeeded her, was then a less prominent artist, playing Mrs Bewcher in the lever de rideau, namely, Dr. Eaton Fanning's "Mock Turtles." Miss Barnett was also the original Fairy Queen in "Iolanthe," but she left the company before the production of "Princess Ida," touring, instead, in America and Australia, returning, however, to take part at the Lyric in "Doris," and Mr. Gilbert's "His Excellency." She was a pupil of Lady Macfarren, a sister of Madame Fanny Poole, the concert cantalite, and a grand-niece of Mrs. Siddons.

Amelia Bingham has engaged Ethel Winthrop to replace Annie Irish who has resigned from the Climbers, to play Nerissa in Nat C. Goodwin's revival of The Merchant of Venice. Says the Boston Transcript: Miss Winthrop, who has secured her early training in the company headed by Sol Smith Russell and Nat C. Goodwin, attained prominence for her clever portrayal of Mrs. Lorimer in 'The Moth and the Flame.' It was in this role that Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moynes made her reappearance on the stage. Perhaps the highest testimonial to Miss Winthrop's ability has been the favorable comments on her enactment of a part which Mrs. Le Moynes made so peculiarly her own.

In speaking of Arthur Sidman's new pastoral drama 'York State Folks' the New York Post says: Arthur Sidman's new pastoral drama, 'York State Folks,' appears to have made a decidedly good impression at its initial performance at New London on Monday, and anybody who has seen Mr. Sidman in one of his vaudeville sketches can easily believe all the good things that are said about this more ambitious effort. Mr. Sidman is not only a genuine laugh-promoter, he is an artist, and a good one. The New London Globe says that the play has 'a logical story quaintly told, a scenic equipment remarkable for its fidelity to actual conditions, a company of players from childhood to old age who live their daily life exactly as one would expect from their temperament and surroundings—and through it all runs the old, old love tale, with its parental opposition and hope deferred—a anliness in all things, stubborn at times,

unbending but not vindictive—love's unselfish sacrifice but no villain and no ruined innocence." The Globe speaks in high praise of the company, the scenery and the performance and concludes as follows: 'York State Folks' has a future—a great future. It cannot be considered otherwise than in the light of a winner. Mr. Sidman and everybody connected with the production deserve the highest commendation for so nicely getting out of the New England overdrawn portraiture into a new field, and putting people on the stage without the exaggeration of dress and demeanor—just natural people, and fitting them with a natural environment."

Joseph Jefferson is playing Rip Van Winkle to crowded houses everywhere this season.

Speaking of her plans for the future Annie Russell of a "Royal Family" fame said to the Boston Transcript the other day: "I shall appear in 'A Royal Family' at the beginning of next season, and possibly for nearly half of it. Owing to the success of the place in New York, it has been positively arranged for me to return there with a short tour to the Pacific Coast, playing only in the extreme Western cities. As soon as we have begun in New York, the company will commence rehearsing a new play which has not yet been fully decided upon. It will be presented as soon as 'A Royal Family' finishes its second run there. I may say, however, that during this time I shall be seen in occasional performances of a play which I think will give me an opportunity for a rather higher class of work than I have yet done. It is a comedy which I am now adapting from the Italian of Goldoni. I have not yet given it a name, but will have it ready by the beginning of next season. The performances will be something after the manner of the special matinee productions of Browning's 'In a Balcony,' which Mrs. LeMoynes gave this season in New York.

Mr. Stephen Wright who has come into prominence as the successor of James K. Hackett in the principal role of The Pride of Jennico is an actor of ripe experience. In the earliest days of his career he played with all the great stars including, McLaugh, Booth, Barrett, and Modjeska, gaining by this association an invaluable training which when opportunity at last presented itself enabled him to win a distinguished success. Mr. Wright has been

Parsons Pills advertisement with logo and text: 'The safest and purest cure known for Biliousness and Stomach Disorders and for Constipation, all Liver and Bowel Complaints, is Parsons Pills. ONE PILL IS A DOSE. They make new, rich blood, prevent and cure Skin Eruptions and Eczema. Enclosed in glass vial. Postpaid—25 cents a bottle; \$1.00 per doz. L.S. JOHNSON & COMPANY, Boston, Mass.'

a member of Daniel Frohman's forces for three years and now that he has demonstrated his capability in the role of Basil Jennico he has been selected to play one of the leading roles in 'The Forest Lovers,' the medium through which Bertha Galland will make her debut as a star next August. Martin Harvey who did not come to the United States this season because he lacked a suitable play will come over next fall in 'The Cigarette makers Romance' which he recently put on in London. Mr. Harvey from all reports seem to have secured a suitable vehicle and it is in this dramatization of F. Marion Crawford's novel that he will be seen.

It is an interesting fact that Uncle Tom's Cabin, the American play which has enjoyed the longest virility has never paid a cent to Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Says the N. Y. Mail and Express of last Saturday: Just why there should be a hoodoo about plays concerning such a great event in our national history as the revolutionary war is not plain, but it is a fact that not one of the plays on this subject seen this season on Broadway has amounted to much. 'Janice Meredith' and 'Richard Carvel' were expensively produced by recognized companies, yet they were most trivial affairs. 'King Washington,' produced at Wallack's theatre at a special matinee last week, was uninteresting, and the three other revolutionary productions made here this winter were of little merit and were hampered by being produced by the students of dramatic schools. They were 'The Tory's Guest,' by Victor Mapes; 'Halloween and Candlelight,' a short play, and 'The Birth of the Flag,' a little operetta dealing with the Betsy Ross incident. W. A. Brady has a seventh revolutionary play on tour with a good company. It is called 'Betsy Ross,' and will probably be seen here next season. Perhaps Mr. Brady's revolutionary play will break the present hoodoo.



PARISIAN FLOWER GIRL.

MONEY

ect and the high e money out of get high prices

Limited

to, Ontario. Ontario.

and other farm produce that be made one; its success ly company of its kind, and then raise poultry, turkeys, y farmer and every farmer's and by beginning in a small om a story told by Professor

uel Taylor from one of the n laborer without capital. -fattening business brought an had begun life as a farm

ants necessary to make the size of the Province and the Scotia and Prince Edward to get the very highest price

the shareholders and arrange on of the Company. It is holders and the lists will be

arm or who, through some

try, and, as it will year in on the Canadian market.

As they weighed eleven a pair of chickens in Eng- nee wrote as follows about On opening the cases the how long it would retain its looking as a fresh killed bird.

About Two

England, above described price, as often he does not holder you will commence

own it would have been an will prove a money-maker ions, abattoirs, cold storage will engage to do the buy- and assistance as they may

ER, will direct its affairs. of the man who is to direct F. FEARMAN CO., LIM- k of this Company, will be

and during that time conse is about fifty-five years. As to his personal char-

company, and the net profits se poultry, turkeys, ducks, their birds. They will be the profits of the Company, be chosen from among the

red for public subscription, ption at once, as the stock ORM given below, be care- by registered letter to Mr. ss order for the full amount

granting of Letters Patent stock than named in their

TO STREET,

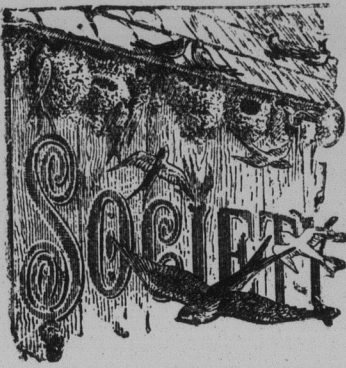
res of ful- llotted to ny, as de-

and sporting wagers are room.

sions to serve, is reported that you have eased yourself as opposed ment.

ment (drawn for jury duty) no scruples in hat man's ated me on a horse trade.

on every box of the genuine Bromo-Quinine Tablets cause a cold in one day!



The attendance at Stabat Mater on Thursday evening was rather disappointing but those who were present enjoyed a rich musical treat and were not slow in showing their appreciation of splendid talent.

The soloists were all in excellent voice and sang their different numbers in splendid style. When Miss Frances Travers appeared on the stage she was greeted with considerable applause. Miss Travers looked very graceful and girlish in black gauze over white silk. Miss Grace Manning was also very prettily attired. At the conclusion of her last solo Miss Manning was presented with a handsome bouquet of roses.

To a great many the most enjoyable part of the evening's program was the violin selections by Mr. Ernest Du Domaine, who is indeed a gifted musician.

Miss Nano Stone rendered several very difficult piano solos in a masterly manner and was much applauded for her efforts.

The choruses were splendid and the various voices blending beautifully and showing much careful and patient work on the part of the instructor, Mr. George Collinson.

The Oratorio Society should be complimented on their splendid effort made to please the public, and it is much to be regretted that Sacred music does not appeal to the public in general.

Socially, the principal event of the week took place at the residence of Mr. Edward Jones, King street (east) on Thursday afternoon, when from 4 to 6 o'clock Miss Jones held a reception for which a considerable number of invitations had been issued. Miss Allison Jones assisted her sister in receiving and in making everything pleasant for the guests. Both young ladies were becoming gowned, as indeed were many of those present.

The interior of the house was prettily decorated with flowers and ferns and presenting an inviting appearance. The dining room was presided over by friend and hospitality ably dispensed by them.

Miss Constance Smith, daughter of Mrs. George F. Smith of this city was one of the guests at the McLeod-Romans wedding in Chicago recently. Miss Smith has been visiting among friends in Toronto or several months and went from there to Chicago with Mr. and Mrs. George McLeod, the parents of the groom. Miss Smith is expected home from her trip within a very short time.

Mr. and Mrs. George McAvity spent a couple of weeks in Ottawa and Montreal, returning home on Saturday last. Mr. Gray Robertson is spending a two weeks vacation in New York. He will visit Buffalo before returning.

Many St. John theatre-goers are looking forward with pleasure to the coming of Mr. Edward Dawson, who became such a favorite while playing with the Valentine Stock Company a couple of seasons ago. Mr. Dawson, we believe has a very strong company and will no doubt strengthen the good impressions made by former visits.

Miss Stephenson has issued invitations for next Thursday afternoon, when she will be "at home" to her friends and those of her niece Miss Alice Christie. This function was to have taken place some time ago but was postponed until the period of mourning for the Queen had expired. The many who have been favored are looking forward to a

few hours of pleasant entertainment.

Dr. Thomas and Mrs. Walker left this week for Boston where they will remain until after the marriage of their son, Mr. Dacre Walker, to Miss Mary Thomas, which happy event takes place at the home of the bride in Peabody, Mass. on May 29th.

Mrs. F. H. Arnaud, wife of the local manager of the Royal Bank of Canada, left here this week for Halifax, where she will take passage for England. Mrs. Arnaud will spend several months visiting relatives in Folkestone and other parts of England. Quite a number of St. John people are touring England this season.

Mrs. J. Kaye and Miss Kaye have returned from a very pleasant trip to New York and other large cities in the United States.

Mrs. F. Ferguson of Kent county spent part of the week in town, the guest of friends.

Mrs. George Waverly of Toronto arrived in the city on Monday and will spend the summer with relatives here and other parts of New Brunswick. She will also enjoy a trip through Nova Scotia before returning to her home.

Several McGill medical students have arrived here during the week and will spend their long vacation with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. D.W. Newcombe of Woodstock were here during the early part of the week, guests at the Dufferin hotel. Miss Daisy Winslow of Fredericton who spent several weeks in the city the guest of Miss Gladys MacLaurin returned home on Tuesday. While here Miss Winslow was quite extensively entertained, several teas and luncheons being given in her honor.

Mrs. E. J. and daughter of Toronto were here for a short time on Tuesday. They were on their way to Moncton, where they will take up their residence for the future.

The news of the death of Judge King, which occurred at Ottawa on Monday was heard with the deepest regret throughout the city. The deceased lived here for many years, residing the greater part of the time on Orange street. Mrs. King and her daughters, Miss Roma and Mrs. (Dr.) Reynolds accompanied the remains here. They are still in the city and have received many messages of condolence from friends all over the dominion.

A pretty event took place at the home of Mrs. A. Patterson, Main street on Monday evening, when her sister Miss Bertha Brown, youngest daughter of the late post-master of Indianstown, was united in marriage with Mr. Beecher McLean of the North end. Only immediate relatives witnessed the nuptials, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Alex. White. Mr. and Mrs. McLean left on the late train for New York and Buffalo. On their return they will reside in the North end. Many pretty presents were received by the happy couple, testifying to some extent to the esteem in which they are held throughout the city.

Rev. John De Soyres accompanied by Mrs. De Soyres and little daughter, Miss Madeline arrived home this week from an extended visit to southern cities.

Mrs. M. Edgcombe of Fredericton is paying a visit to friends here.

Miss Josephine Quinn spent part of last week with friends at Bathurst.

Mrs. H. B. Schofield is home from a few weeks visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Albutt have returned from their honeymoon which was spent in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of O. S. Wall, T. E. Atcheson and J. Vroom and in Calais at O. P. Tremaine's]

MAY 8.—Miss Constance Chipman is at present visiting in Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Mrs. J. H. Stevens who has spent the past year with Mr. W. W. Brown, left this week to join her husband, where they intend to reside for the future.

The St. Croix whist club was entertained last Friday evening in Red Men's hall, Calais, by Miss Berta Smith and the Misses Washburn. After the game of whist came to an end a sumptuous supper was served followed by dancing, which was merry until a late hour. This is the last meeting of the club for this season.

Dr. M. E. Commis of Bath with his wife and child, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Commins.

Joseph Acham, a graduate of the St. Stephen high school, who is now attending Delhousie college, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. McLellan and Miss Edith Johnson of Calais are visiting friends in Gardiner, Me., and in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. George Leavitt of Boston and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Johnson have been enjoying a trip to St. John.

Dr. and Mrs. Franklin Eaton and Miss Irene Eaton, who have spent the past two months in Providence, Rhode Island, the guests of Mrs. Abram Macdonald, have arrived at their home in Calais.

The engagement is announced of Miss Josephine Marie Fraser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Fraser of Grand Manan, and Rev. Robert G. Fulton formerly of St. John and now in charge of the Methodist churches on Grand Manan.

Mrs. A. J. Fraser, who has been making an extended visit with friends in Gardiner, Maine, and in Boston, is expected home this week.

Mrs. George W. Lord is home from Waterville.

Mrs. W. B. King has decided to remain in Calais during the summer and will reside with Miss De Voo on Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ames of Machias visited Calais last week.

Mrs. R. L. Sloggett and son have returned to their home in Houlton.

Miss Emma Watson is visiting the Misses Whitlock or a few weeks.

Mrs. J. Francis Hayward and Miss Emma Hayward are occupying Miss Emma Watson's residence during their stay in town.

Mrs. S. H. Blair, who has been visiting in Boston, leaves this week to visit relatives in Jersey City.

Mrs. Willis Y. Patch of Bangor is the guest of Mrs. Percy L. Lord.

Miss Emma McCaulough is in Eastport visiting Mrs. Scott Bradish.

Mrs. M. A. Edwards has been appointed librarian in the public library in place of Miss Winter McAllister, resigned.

NEWCASTLE

Mrs. Jas. Jones has removed to Sydney, to which place Mr. Jocas has been transferred. Mr. Henry Carter has also gone to Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Yorton who have been in Montreal for the winter returned home Monday morning.

Miss Mamie Johnstone has returned from Boston where she has been visiting friends during the past

winter. Miss Minnie Brown who was visiting her sister at Somerville, Mass., has returned home. Miss Sinclair has returned home from California. Mr. T. C. Miller and John Betts of Millerton were in town on Saturday.

The many friends of Miss Marion Maltby will be pained to hear of her serious illness at Campbellton.

MONCTON

Progress is for sale in Moncton at Hutt's, Tweed's Bookstore and M. B. Jones Bookstore. MAY 9.—Mrs. O'Leary and little son of Richibucto were in town for a few days last week.

Mrs. J. J. McDonald has returned from New York where she spent some weeks very pleasantly. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Fife of Toronto arrived this week in Moncton and will make their future home here. They will be quite an acquisition to the city's society.

A pleasant organ recital was given in the St. John's Presbyterian church on Wednesday evening by Prof. Leigh of Halifax, which was much enjoyed by those present.

Mrs. W. H. Bartlett who has been visiting in Amherst, has returned home. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Stewart of Charlottetown spent a few days of last week here, guests of Mrs. Fred C. Jones.

Miss Marcella Rand left on Tuesday morning for Clairmont, New Hampshire, where she will take a course in nursing at the general hospital.

Mrs. Landry of Dorchester has returned from Montreal. She was accompanied by her son Pierre who has been studying at McGill University and who is just recovering from a severe illness.

Mrs. G. W. Daniel left on the Montreal express Saturday night enroute to the Pan American exposition at Buffalo.

Miss Lillian MacDonnell, who has been visiting her parents the past two months, returned to Boston this afternoon.

Miss Christina Jones and her niece, Miss Jennie returned on Friday night from Boston where they had been visiting friends.

Dr. G. T. Smith, Mrs. Smith and Mr. A. S. Knight manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Westville, N. S., left on the Maritime express Saturday night for Rimouski, where they took the Canadian enroute for England and the continent on a three months trip.

Mr. W. H. Faulkner, who has been spending some weeks in Moncton, returned yesterday to Sydney. Miss Aggie McMillan and her mother, Mrs. Chas. Marshall of Sackville, are visiting in St. John.

Mrs. Jas. Steinhilber, who has been visiting friends and relatives here, returned to her home in Dartmouth this morning.

Mr. Frank Lyons, son of I. C. R. general passenger agent Lyons, who for the past two years has been baggage master on the steamer Edward, is in the city on a visit. Frank's many friends are pleased to see him.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McIntyre with two children are spending a few days here with Mrs. McIntyre's sister, Mrs. Jenner, Lutz street. They will leave in a few days for their future home in New Carlisle P. Q.

THINGS OF VALUE

"Well, good night," said Mr. Corem, finally breaking away. "I've had a most enjoyable evening. Excuse by the way, I expect to pass your house tomorrow evening, and I thought I might."

"I'll be delighted," said she quickly. "Good night."

Mild in Their Action.—Farnelle's Vegetable Pills are very mild in their action. They do not irritate the system in the stomach or cause disturbances there as so many pills do. Therefore, the most delicate can take them without fear of unpleasant results. They can, too, be administered to children without imposing the penalties which follow the use of pills not so carefully prepared.

Miss Neozey—Did you know I was interested in business now? Mr. Peppery—Why, yes, I supposed you were as usual, but I didn't know whose.

They are a Powerful Nerveine.—Dyspepsia causes derangement of the nervous system, and nervous debility once engendered is difficult to deal with. There are many testimonials as to the efficiency of Farnelle's Vegetable Pills in treating this disorder showing that they never fail to produce good results. By six or seven doses the digestive organs, they restore equilibrium to the nerve centres.

A husky man like you should be ashamed to beg from door to door. Yes, lady, but yet see I'm not tall enough to beg from window to window.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

The Old One (out of breath)—I just saw a man down that lonely street, and goodness, how I ran! The young One—Sakes alive! Couldn't you catch him?

Excellent Reasons exist why Dr. THOMAS' EUCORIC OIL should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is a speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

There is a saying that a Chinese soldier is "eleventh-tenth thief."

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator because they know it is a safe medicine for the children and an effectual expeller of worms.

Rich Siamese mandarin has his own theater. The actresses are his slaves. No men appear on the stage. Rich mandarin have as many as a hundred actresses and more.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mrs. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

CALVERT'S 20 per cent. CARBOLIC SOAP

Cures and prevents insect and Mosquito bites.

The strongest Carbolic Toilet Soap. F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean."

100 Cts. Vryland XXX 100 " Tobin & Co. 100 " Morst, Freres. 10 " Oclaves

For sale low in bond or duty paid. THOS. L. BOURKE 25 WATER STREET.

Quarts or Pints

D. & A. Corsets. Feel Fine. Fit Fine. Straight front and are recommended by discriminating users. Ladies' tailors are particularly pleased with the results obtained by the use of these Corsets. Price \$1.00 to \$2.00 pair.

Leave Your Orders Early for Spring Painting, etc. At ST. JOHN PAINT STORE, 133 PRINCE ST. TEL. 697. H. L. & J. T. McGowan. We sell Paint in Small Tins, Glass, Oil, Turpentine, Whiting, Putty, etc. WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than an inferior goods.

SHOWED BEST OF ALL. Every lady who has worn Corticelli Skirt Protector knows it is the best of all protectors. Its soft, porous, elastic texture, of pure selected wool outwears the acid, sheds dirt and dust, dries out quickly. Steam shrunk in the yarn, cannot pucker the skirt, cannot fade or fray away from the stitching. Sewed on flat, not turned over. Every dress goods shade. Sold everywhere. Stamped with this Trade mark: Corticelli Skirt Protector.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL, Tea and Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.

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

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

J. D. TURNER. Pulp Wood Wanted.

WANTED—Underlined saw logs, such as Belling or Spilling. Parties having such for sale can correspond with the St. John Sulphite Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery. M. F. MOONEY, Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Fry's Cocoa Is Pure. The absolute purity of Fry's Concentrated Cocoa is acknowledged by the leading Medical Journals and physicians of the day. Its great purity makes it the most economical Cocoa to use. The delicate richness of its flavor and its healthfulness make it an ideal table drink because it stimulates and nourishes, yet leaves no ill after effects. FRY'S COCOA IS PURE. A Quarter lb. Tin Makes 50 Cups. Sold everywhere.

ING DER

ome

Week

Petersburg dated

Stone Workers

phoemaker, and a

COUGH.

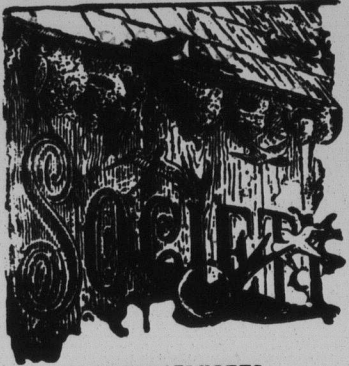
early all treatment for

heading not exceeding

MAN can make \$50.0

MAN can make \$50.0

FOR ADVERTISING: SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Programs for sale in Halifax by the cawboys and at the following news stands and cent es. MORSON & CO. ... Barrington street ...

MAY 8.—Mrs Charles Archibald entertained the graduating class of Dalhousie University on Tuesday evening of last week. A delightful evening was spent with pleasant conversation and music and dainty refreshments.

Mr and Mrs E Hooper J Murray received their friends on Wednesday and Thursday of this week at No 59 Campbell Road.

Mr and Mrs Murray are spending a few weeks in Boston and New York.

Miss Bessie Schwartz has returned from a very lengthy visit to friends in Montreal.

Among this year's graduates in medicine at Dalhousie was Miss Florence O'Donnell a bright Halifax girl. The young lady we believe intends engaging in missionary work.

The Orpheus club concert on Tuesday evening of last week was one of the very best ever given by this well known organization. The chief attraction was Mr Woodson of Boston, whose splendid tenor voice was much admired. It is rumored that the club will give another concert within a very few weeks.

Mr and Mrs Al Bauld have returned from a pleasant trip to the United States. They spent several weeks at Washington.

Mrs W G Brookfield and Miss Gladys Brookfield have returned home after spending several weeks visiting the different cities.

Mrs McLaughlin has gone to Boston where she will spend some weeks.

Dr N D and Mrs Harvey were passengers on the D A R steamer this week for Boston for a short visit.

Miss Quinn is paying a visit to friends in Boston. Mr Gordon L O'Connell who has successfully passed the medical examinations at McGill is expected home this week to spend an extended vacation.

Miss Annie L Eignay of this city leaves this week for Sydney, C B, where she has accepted a position on the teaching staff of the Lydney academy.

Hon F Blake and wife, of Charlottetown, P E I, are spending their honeymoon here.

Miss Johnson, niece of Mr J W Lee, who has been residing for a few years in Halifax, has been for some time organist at Charlottetown church and holding a prominent place in the social life of the community, embarked for England on last Wednesday night.

Rev. George E Ross B D, who has recently returned from Demerara, where he had ministered very successfully in connection with the Presbyterian mission, is now enjoying a short rest in this city, and will Mrs Ross is staying at Jubilee cottage, North-West Arm.

The marriage took place at St. Paul on Wednesday last of Edward C Bethune formerly of the cable steamer Mackey-Bennett and Miss Anna Palm. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W J Armitage, H D, and Ross Forbes of Sydney acted as best man, while the bridesmaid was Miss L Bethune sister of the groom. Miss Palm was maid of honor and Frank Bennett and Wm Ross acted as ushers. The bride looked charming in a dress of white silk with a veil and orange blossoms and she also wore the groom's gift, a handsome gold chain with pearl pendant. She carried a bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid wore a dress of steel grey with hat to match. After luncheon at the residence of Carl Palm, Mr. and Mrs. Bethune left for a trip to Washington, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. They were the recipients of a large number of presents. It is understood that the groom on his return will enter business with Mr. Palm.

Hon J W Longley and Mrs Longley arrived from England on Saturday night, having returned via New York.

Rev George Grant, son of Rev Kenneth Grant, has been appointed to the Demerara mission.

Mr and Mrs J B Macleod returned to the city on Saturday evening from their wedding tour and are at the Queen, where they are receiving their friends.

Mrs (Rev Dr. L L D) Watson Smith entertained a large gathering of select friends at her residence, Robie St on Thursday evening last; a most enjoyable time was spent.

Miss Laura Fraser of Sydney is visiting her brother here.

Zephra as given by local amateurs here last week was a grand success, and all the performances were well attended. The School for the Blind will be very materially benefited by this production.

Miss Annie Higgs of Charlottetown, who has been spending the winter with her aunt, Mrs Haggart, 14 Pleasant Street, has returned home accompanied by her brother.

Mrs W H Bauld, Mrs C N S Strickland, and Mrs E H Mather leave tomorrow for New York via Yarmouth on a short visit.

Mr and Mrs Sydney Smith leave for New York tomorrow on a few days' trip. Mr Smith will purchase a horse while there.

ANNAPOLIS.

MAY 8.—Miss Lizzie Edwards left last week with her brother for Boston. She is much improved in health and has accepted a position in the "Hub."

Mrs Unsicker and three daughters, of Mount Unsicker, are in town for a month, the guests of Miss Murphy.

Mrs Savary is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mr Ross Miller of Yarmouth, spent a day in town last week on his return from Dalhousie College.

Miss Anand of the Girls' Branch of St Andrew's has been spending a few days at her home in Digby. Mrs William Malcolm returned on Saturday from New York, where she spent a pleasant month.

TO OBEY A GOLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bismar Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

Miss Ella Riley and Mr Burham, Deputy Sheriff of Digby, were married at Bridgewater on Saturday.

The many friends of Miss Margaret Leavitt of this town (who has just completed a term of three months at the Maritime Business College in Halifax) will be pleased to learn that she has passed very successful examinations in stenography and typewriting, entitling her to a certificate. She will continue her studies there for another month with the view of obtaining a diploma.

Miss Lillian Blair, bookkeeper for the F A Wendell Plumbing Co., Watertown, Mass, made a short visit to her home in the Ferry, last week, returning Saturday.

Mrs Lizzie McClafferty arrived home from Boston on Wednesday.

TRURO.

MAY 8.—Mr J S Bently arrived home on Monday last from McGill, Montreal.

Messrs Hasenberger and Williamson left yesterday morning on a prolonged business trip which will extend as far west as Winnipeg.

Mrs James Bigelow's progressive whist party last Thursday evening in honor of her guest, Miss Hilary who is here from Fredericton was a great success as evenings at this hospitable home invariably are. Miss Lilla Snook and Mr A S Black were the fortunate prize winners, and among those present were—Mr and Mrs A D Wetmore, Mr and Mrs Moorman, Mr and Mrs Armstrong, Mr and Mrs Edgar Fulton, Mr and Mrs E T Wilson, Mr and Mrs Harry Crowe, Mr and Mrs H V Bigelow, Dr and Mr Yarnston, Mr and Mrs A S Black, Misses Snook, Misses Bligh, Miss McKay, Miss E Nelson, Messrs W D Dimock, G A Hall, F L Murray, W A Walker, D A Leach, Toronto, W. Jar dine, W A Fitch, J Muir, E Conrad, W Crowe.

Mr S A Fulton is home from Dalhousie, Halifax, and is a guest of his brother and wife, Mr and Mrs Edgar Fulton.

In early June we are to have a wedding which as the bride to be is exceedingly well known will be of interest to many but will be necessarily quiet the groom's family being still in mourning.

Mr E B Smart is home from a very pleasant visit with relatives and friends in Boston.

Mrs W E High returned from Hantsport where she was suddenly called because of her mother's serious illness. Mrs Andrews' many friends here are glad to know that she is rapidly convalescing from an attack of pleuro pneumonia.

FARRSBORO.

[Programs for sale at the Farsboro Book store.]

MAY 9.—Mrs Chas Balmer of Anzac is visiting her sister Mrs A W Copp.

Rev. Geo. Haselink, M. A., is here at present on behalf of the Twentieth Century fund. Mr Haselink gave an address in St George's church on Thursday evening and also preached at the morning service on Sunday.

Mr Charles McCabe and Mr J. G. Holmes have returned from Washington where they spent the winter.

Mr N. S. Townshend who has been at home with his parents since the Strathcona's return from South Africa left on Wednesday for Stratbridge. His father and Master Stuart Parsons accompanied him as far as Amherst. Mr J M Townshend, K. C., spent Sunday in town the guest of his brother.

Mrs J. G. Kelly lately went to Seckville to attend a musical social at Mr Allison and was the guest of Misses in Seckville of Mrs Bennett.

Farsboro people are glad to have Mr McLeod and his family back again. Mr McLeod has purchased his former residence and moved from Wollville. Misses Avora and Mabel will remain at Acadia Seminary.

Mrs Cooke and baby Francis have returned from a short visit to Wollville.

Miss M J Sprone and Messrs Rex Vickery and Hilton Tucker came home from Dalhousie at the close of the term.

YARMOUTH.

MAY 8.—Mrs W H Gilman, was a passenger from Boston per Prince George on Wednesday.

Mr and Mrs John Welsh, of Digby, who spent the winter in Orange, Mass, returned per Prince George on Wednesday.

Dr and Mrs Turnbull and children were passengers per steamer Boston on Wednesday. The doctor has just completed a special course in Chicago and resumed practice here.

Hon George B Murray, leader of the Nova Scotia government, accompanied by Mrs Murray, left for New York per steamer Boston on Wednesday evening last.

E F Guest went to Boston on Wednesday night for a week's trip.

Miss Effie Hebb went to Boston Wednesday. Among the outward passengers per steamer Boston on last sailing were: Hon. George H Murray, Premier, and wife, Halifax; W B Smith, M. P., Barrington; and wife, Halifax; C Barrington, and C Barrington; Capt. Frank Churchill, wife and daughter; Mrs Graves, Mrs Conrad, Mrs E B Kinney, W D Messenger, Mrs Percy R Jones, Alistair, Mass.

A quiet wedding took place at Bridgetown on Saturday evening, April 27, when the popular and deputy sheriff of Digby, Mr Harry Burnham, and Ella, daughter of Mr Simon Riley, of Annapolis, were united in matrimonial bonds. Rev E Daley officiated. The happy couple will reside in Digby. Their many friends in this place extend congratulations on the happy event.

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

WOLFVILLE.

MAY 7.—One of the most enjoyable concerts of the season was the concluding recital and the public exhibitions of the pupils of Acadia Seminary. Miss Drew, instructor in voice was manager and her talent in this department was sufficiently evident. The programme was excellently arranged and all the numbers were executed to the entire satisfaction of the audience.

A large chorus of young ladies sang the May Day Dance and Ring, On Ye Bells, and the semi-ary Glee Club gave a brilliant rendering of The Night has a Thousand Eyes, Coming Through the Rye Lullaby and Spring Time from Wagner.

The beautiful solo, Angels Serenade, was given by Miss Alice Mande Scott, accompanied by Miss Ethel M Brown on the violin. Miss Epps sang Titi Signor, Miss Irene Spencer gave a reading; and Miss Orlita E Cole gave a spirited rendering of a walk from Chopin.

Part two was selections from the Cantata of Ruth in which Miss Mabel H Dixon took the principal character. Miss Epps personated Naomi, and Avard Cohoon the First Reaper. In this part college students assisted in the chorus. The execution of these several parts exhibited high musical ability.

Miss Fortis Starr and Mr W L Wright accompanied the singers on the piano.

Mr White of Sussex whose son, Garfield a senior of the college has been ill with fever, spent several days recently in Wollville.

The wedding in the Baptist church at 8 a m on Wednesday, attracted a large number of visitors, the fair sex largely predominating. The contracting parties were Dr L A Anderson of Brooklyn, N Y and Miss Lucie E Balcom of Wollville, and the interesting ceremony was performed by the Rev H H Hatch assisted by the Rev J E Tines. The church was beautifully decorated by the many friends of the bride and the service throughout was most impressive and beautiful. The happy couple left on the morning express for their nuptial home.

Mrs McDonald wife of our popular station agent will leave for Boston on Saturday for a month's visit.

Mrs J F Armstrong, who spent last winter in her home in Florida, returned on Wednesday.

Mr Harvey Collins, who moved here from Boston a few years ago has gone back for a short visit.

KENYLE.

MAY 8.—Mrs. Lee Raymond who has been the guest of her father, Rev. D Brook has returned to her home in Woodstock, N B. She was accompanied by Miss Brock who will remain in Woodstock for a few weeks, when after a very quiet ceremony she will return to a new home in Kenyville.

Mr and Mrs. Ralph S Eaton, who have for some time past been living in Kenyville, intend moving to their farm, "Hillcrest." Mr. Eaton has purchased a house not far from his famous orchards and they intend remaining there, at least for the summer season.

Mr and Mrs. Hogan and child of London, England, arrived in Kenyville last week. Mr. Hogan is a well known physician. Mr. Hogan's wife, Miss Thorne who has been long and seriously ill, is now convalescent and was able on Wednesday to go out for a short drive.

Mrs William Young of Church street is in Halifax for a week, the guest of Mrs. Abbott at the Halifax hotel.

Mrs A G More accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Gould, spent the early part of the week in Berwick, returning to town Wednesday. They are the guests of Mrs. More, Main street.

Mrs. T W Harris leaves early in the coming week for an extended visit in Wollville and Digby. Mrs. McKean of Halifax will take Mrs. Harris' pretty little cottage for the summer months.

Miss Lillian of Coldbrook who has been ill for the past three months is improving in health and able to be out of doors.

Miss Cummings of the Western Union Telegraph office returned on Wednesday from a visit at her home in Great Village.

AMHERST.

MAY 8.—Mrs John Smith of Truro has returned home after a long visit with her friend, Mrs T D McLeod, Great avenue.

Master Hudson Taylor of Truro is visiting his aunt, Mrs Creswell at the Rectory, Havelock street.

Miss Scott of Halifax who has been making a visit in Montreal is here on her return to the city and will make a visit at the rectory.

Mrs Flett who has been making her mother Mrs A Hillier's visit, left on Tuesday last on her return journey home to Campbellton, stopping off at Chatham for a few days.

Mr and Mrs N Curry are at home again from their very enjoyable European trip. They sailed from New York in the cruising yacht Princess Louise, and spent two days at Madeira, one at Gibraltar, Nice in Genoa, Italy, also the noted Monte Carlo, Nice in London and spent four days in Paris and two in Annapolis, returning home by the Parisian.

Col and Mrs Wm Blair, who spent the winter with their son, Prof Blair of the Agricultural College in the State of Illinois have returned home.

WINDSOR.

MAY 9.—Mrs Norman Clarence Dimock returned from New York on Saturday evening.

Mr H Burham, Deputy Sheriff, Digby, was married to Miss Ella Riley of Annapolis.

Mr W Mosher of Mosherville, came to Windsor on Tuesday to remain for a day or two.

Miss Lizzie Smith went to Canning last Wednesday to visit with Mr and Mrs Chas Hensley.

Mrs J E G Boston, Mrs Simpson and Mrs J D McLeod all of Halifax were in town last week.

Astley-General Longley and Mrs Longley arrived in Halifax from London on Saturday evening.

Messrs Rufus and Fred Curry, of Windsor, went to Avondale last week to attend the funeral of Miss Annie Harvie of this place.

Mrs Fankhauser and daughter, Mrs Montgomery, arrived from New York on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mrs W H Gates and two little boys of Melrose, Mass, arrived in Windsor on Saturday evening and will remain here for the summer.

Miss Jettie Kilcup in company with Mrs N B Kilcup of Long Island, Kings Co., will leave for Boston this week and will also visit in Providence, R. I.

BRIDGETOWN.

Mr W D Craig left yesterday for Sydney.

Mr and Mrs Edward Read, of Bridgewater visited friends here last week.

Mrs Locke, who has been the guest of her brother Mayor Shalmer, returns to Boston today.

Mr G Y Gibson has been home from Sydney for a few days, paying his mother a short visit.

Mr W A Fletcher, of Boston, was the guest of his sister, Mrs J Ervin, for a few days last week.

Dr D O Saunders of Getson's Cove, Lunenburg spent a few days with relatives here recently.

Mrs J S Timpany, of the American Baptist Mission Board, who have been travelling in Massachusetts in the interest of the Board, is the guest of her parents, Mr and Mrs B Harvey, Miss Harvey, of Rosedale, a niece of Mr Harvey, is a guest at the same home.

HARTLAND.

MAY 8.—Misses Maggie and Pearl Cox have been visiting in Hartland.

Mrs T S Vanwart of Cross Creek, is the guest of Mrs C Taylor.

Mr and Mrs J D Cook of East Coldstream were in town on Tuesday.

W H Kelly of Nelson, B C was in town last week the guest of S M Boyer.

Hugh C Gillin made a trip to Bridgewater. Miss Mag is Scholey, Miss Louise Scholey, Miss Rath Reid, John Barnett, Anson Adams and M E Flynn of Centerville, drove down to visit Hartland on Sunday. After tea at the Exchange hotel they drove home by moonlight.

Mr and Mrs Merritt of Centerville, have been visiting the former's sister Mrs Hannah Boyer. Mrs Merritt was taken seriously ill shortly after her arrival but is getting better. Mrs Merritt is a trained nurse and has just returned from an extensive European tour.

ST. ANDREWS.

MAY 8.—Mrs Nelson Clarke has returned to St Andrews, after spending the winter in St Stephen. Mrs Barnard returned to St Andrews on Monday after a month delightfully spent in visiting St John friends.

Rev Canon Ketchum and his daughter, Mrs W D Foster, are visiting friends in Fox land, Me.

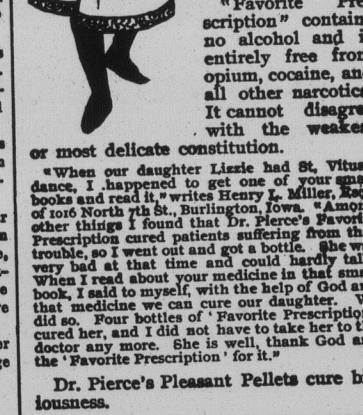
Mr John Sampson of Bayside whose health has been causing his friends some anxiety is recovering. Miss Worrell is recovering from her recent attack of pneumonia, much to the joy of her friends.

Mr and Mrs G Hooper sailed from Egg and on Saturday for New York.

Dr and Mrs Fairbank went to St John Wednesday.

Miss Basia of St John who was a guest of Mrs F G Andrews returned home on Tuesday.

St. Vitus's NOTICE. Dance, or chorea, is one of the most pitiable afflictions of humanity is called on to endure. That this disease can be cured, however, is proven by the fact that it has been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The tranquilizing effect upon the nerves exercised by this remarkable medicine is witnessed by thousands who have found healing and strength in its use. It not only cures womanly diseases, but it promotes the health of the whole body. It is a nerve-feeding, strengthening, sleep-inducing medicine. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol and is entirely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics. It cannot disagree with the weakest or most delicate constitution.



Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

News and Opinions OF

National Importance

The Sun

ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year; Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York.

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Memorial Society. THE Book of the century, a handsome volume of 300 pages, containing the world's greatest poetry, is yours for \$7.00. The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address: EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago. If you so wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

Through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Hickman, Immigration Commissioner, who has been in England for some months past, it is expected that in the coming spring a considerable number of farmers with capital will arrive in the province, with a view to purchasing farms. All persons having desirable farms to dispose of will please communicate with the undersigned, whose blank forms will be sent, to be filled in with the necessary particulars as to location, price, terms of sale, etc. Quite a number of agricultural laborers are also expected and farmers desiring help will also please communicate with the undersigned. Dated St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, A. D. 1901. 2-14 1m ROBERT MARSHALL.

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Gritsel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers".

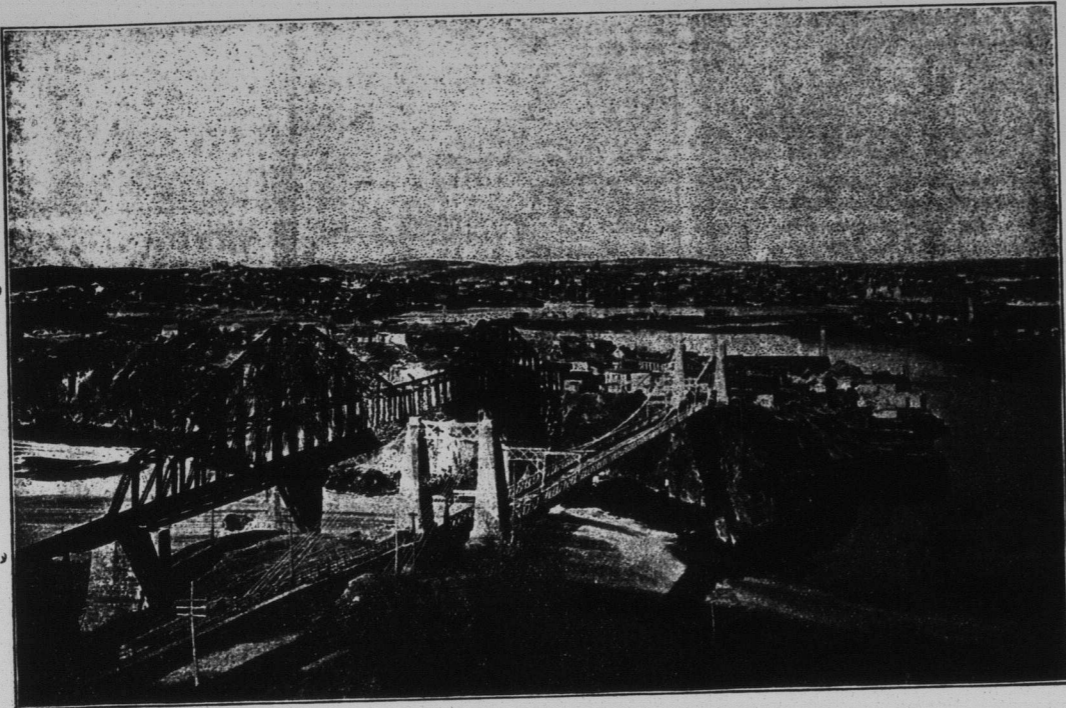
SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration. "HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists. Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PELKETTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others. Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Some Tourist Scenes.



THE CANTILEVER BRIDGE AND THE FALLS.



AN OLD TIME OFFICIAL RESIDENCE.



A SCENE IN WILMOT PARK.

Why Bob Never Married.
Dr. William Booz of Carthage, Illinois, was a great story teller, and one of his favorite tales was the relation of the reasons that kept Bob Lincoln a bachelor. Bob was the favorite child of an old farmer living in an adjoining township. When he was eighteen years old his mother gave him a beautiful pair of homespun linen trousers. Bob was very fond and proud of these trousers, and the following Sunday when he had made up his mind to go over and 'sit up to' the Griggses' daughter Sal he wore them in all their newness and grandeur.

But Bob was bashful, as merit always is, or should be, and when he arrived at the house and found two of his friends entertaining the older daughter a mighty fear seized him.

Dan and Kate and Bill and Fan sat in one corner of the room, giggling and talking. She was seated demurely in another corner, and Bob was perspiring at the farther end of the room near the bed.

Bob, says Doctor Booz, saw two awful conditions facing him. He must go over

and sit by Sal, or bear the jeers of his associates. In this dilemma he choose Sal. Now it unluckily happened that near Sal's chair was an old fashioned dye pot containing ten gallons of indelible dye. An evil spirit suggested to Bob that he might sit on the edge of his dye pot.

For a few minutes all went well, but the strain was too intense to last, and suddenly Bob lost his balance, and endeavoring to save himself, fell back into the high-smelling liquid.

By this time the rest of the party was in convulsions, and Bob rising as swiftly as possible, gave one despairing look at himself and fled into the night. He hastened to the creek, took off his trousers and endeavored to wash off the dye.

The attempt was useless, and with a sigh he wrapped them around a stone, sunk them in the creek, and sneaked home under cover of darkness.

The next day Bob's mother sought vainly for those trousers, and for a year or two the mystery of their disappearance worried and perplexed her. Then the matter was forgotten.

But the agony of that night was too much for Bob, and in a way he seemed to associate all women with its horrors, for never again did he make any advances toward matrimony.

After many years Bob told the story himself, for the sharpness of his grief was abated, and at the close of the affecting narration he would shake his head mournfully, and sigh, and say:

'And that blessed woman died, and she never did know what became of them pants.'

'Yes, sir,' said the patient salesman. 'I've shown you our entire stock of gold and silver watch chains.'

'Well, they ain't the kind I want,' replied the cranky customer. 'I don't propose to buy what I don't want.'

'Certainly not, sir. Perhaps you want a steel one.'

'What's that? Jest you come out here, an' I'll show you if I want to steal one?'

Drummer—Any mail for me—J. H. Klawback?
Pettysville Postmaster—Nopel!
Drummer—Good! The firm hasn't fired me yet!

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Income,	\$ 58,890,077 21
Disbursements,	38,597,480 68
Assets,	304,844,637 62
Policy Reserves,	261,711,988 61
Guarantee Fund or Surplus,	50,132,548 91
Insurance and Annuities in Force,	1,052,665,211 64
Loans on Policies During the Year,	4,374,636 86

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B.
M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B.
C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job . . . Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

HOTELS.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING,
56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B.
WM. CLARK, Proprietor.
Retail dealer in.....
CHOICEST WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.
OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

QUEEN HOTEL.

FREDERICKTON, N. B.
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.
This sample rooms information. First class Livery Stable. Cooches at trains and boats.

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. LAMBOI WILLIS, Proprietor.

Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator

and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

Even Free
each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Memorial Fund...
MONUMENT FUND
180 Monroe St., Chicago.

Mr. W. A. Hick...
T. MARSHALL.

er's
1900
UES)
S "Tommy and
ROOSEVELT'S
" (serial).
RDING DAVIS'S
articles.
AN'S The Russia
ALTER A. WY.
"The Workers".
RIES, by
n Page,
ke,
Thompson,
n,
White.
RTICLES
position.
LAND'S article s
ploration.

RD FIFTY
O," by Sena-
RT FEATURES
ELL ILLUSTR
abstrated American
AVANNES,
LAFARGE, illus-
r.
rative schemes (in
ack and white) by
PLETON CLARK,
TO, HENRY Mc-
IGHT L. ELMEN-
ners.
trated Prospectus
ny address.
RIBNER'S SONS,
rs, New York.

ODD THINGS ABOUT FLATS.

Pol. & Wh. Strike the Searcher as Existing Without Apparent Reason. The inscrutability of the flat never diminishes with the march of progress.

'There's no servant's room, ma'am,' he said, 'in this apartment.' 'Then it is upstairs?' suggested the searcher.

The man again said that there was no room for the servants as casually as if he were explaining that there was no stain glass windows in the kitchen or Turkish smoking room in the apartment.

There never had been any room for servants, he said, and he had never heard any complaint as yet on that score. Most of the tenants had no trouble about the matter.

'The great increase in the comfort and especially in the convenience of flats,' said a real estate agent, 'is not to be denied.'

British Losses in the Boer War. The losses of the British Army in the field in South Africa for the month of March make a heavy total. Fourteen officers and 151 men were killed or died of wounds, and 12 officers and 406 men died of disease; there were besides 40 men accidentally killed.

The number actually in hospital at the end of March comprised men of all ranks, from General to private soldier, but the figures are not given. They are reported to be not far from 7,000.

The total British casualties from death, not including the colonials, from the beginning of the war to the end of March were 794 officers and 14,278 men.

The Drill Hall. The new drill hall which is now assured will probably be erected on Chipman's hill. The majority of those interested in military matters agree that the locality is best in every way. The situation is central and there is every room for such a building.

Mr. G. Gordon Boyne has been appointed temporary secretary of the Lunatic Asylum during Mr. Macdonald's absence. While all regret the latter's illness and hope for a speedy recovery, the public can rest assured that the affairs in Mr. Boyne's hands will be properly looked after.

Bishop Casey. Bishop Casey comes to St. John this week to reside. His Lordship does not come among strangers and all will wish him a career of success and length.

Pie that melts in your mouth is astonishingly obdurate after it gets into your stomach.

'Willie,' said mamma, 'didn't I tell you to wash your face?'

'Yes, Ma'am,' Willie replied, 'and I did wash it.'

'I don't believe you. It's just as dirty as ever.'

'Mamma,' piped little Elsie, who had just been vaccinated, 'maybe he did do it, but it didn't take the first time.'

Willie—Pa, is there any difference between a violin and a fiddle? Pa—Yes, indeed, my son. If you has it at a concert or ope a it's a violin, when your next door neighbor plays it, it's a fiddle.

He wanted to borrow a hundred of me. He said he was broke, but the fact that he wanted to borrow the hundred of me.

Is proof that the fellow is cracked.

'Maria, why don't you throw away that rusty old scoop shovel that has been standing in the kitchen entry so long? Because Beesie intends to cover it with gold leaf and hang it on the parlor wall, and I'm glad she has some idea of saving, if her father hasn't.'

'If I see you going into a saloon again I will discharge you. Do you understand?'

'Yes, sir. I'll wait until after dark before I go in again.'

He—Well, I'll admit I was wrong. She—That won't do; you must admit that I was right.

First Kansas—Did the cyclone damage Jed Perkins' house enny? Second Kansas—Donno; it hain't lit yit.

Excited man (at long-distance telephone)—I want to talk to Fargo, N. D.

Voice (at central station)—You'll have to wait a few minutes. Line's busy. Twenty seven other husbands are trying to tell their wives to come home.

Hoax—Barbon is getting very stout isn't he? Joax—Yes, and he's worried sick because he doesn't know of any way to reduce his weight.

Hoax—Why doesn't he use his own scales? He's still in the coal business, isn't he? Ascum—I understand your minister is devoting his attention to the higher criticism.

Churchman—Well, he has been complaining that his salary is too small, it is that you mean by hire criticism.

An Atchison woman will not go to the Buffalo exposition. She will have a number of signs painted. Hands off, and keep off the Grass, which she will distribute around her house and yard and imagine that she is taking in the Buffalo exposition.

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

Half-size pianos are made in Europe for the use of children who are learning to play. Doctors declare that much permanent injury is done to the muscles of the fingers by endeavoring to stretch an octave or more, so the new pianos are made with the keys half the usual width, in order to prevent such injury.

Heavy Walker—Please gimme something to eat, lady.' Mrs. Newbridge—'Here poor man, is a pie for you.' Heavy Walker (taking the pie)—'Now, then lady gim me a quater or 1/2 report yer to the board o' health, and send in dis pie as evidence agin yer.'

'The man who goes out for a lark,' remarked the Observer of Events and Things 'is often satisfied with a few swallows.'

'Bigby would make his fortune as a vaudeville mimic.'

'What makes you think so?'

'He has never played golf but once in his life, yet he's got the golf limp down to perfection.'

'Miss Beatrice—Bee,' began Mr. Fresh. 'Pardon me,' she said haughtily; 'but you mustn't call me 'Bee.' 'Why not?'

'Because you have known me but a very short time, and—' 'But 'Bee' is a very short name.'

'Do you,' she asked, with a soulful expression, 'ever feel the question of a future life to be of urgent importance to your mental effort?'

'Well, no,' he answered, 'but I have frequently had that feeling about the question of a future meal.'

Seen and Unseen—I can see your fish!' shouted the Briton tartly.

The Boer bit his lip.

'Well, you can't see a joke, anyway!'

It is also said that Mrs. Langtry recently went to Paris to undergo a new and most expensive face rejuvenation by a process which involves the complete removal of the outer skin from the face and neck and a treatment of the underlying cuticle, removing all wrinkles. The marble-like smoothness of her skin excited general wonder on the first night of her new play.

Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Mended, Dual 17 Waterloo.

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDYERCHIEF TOILET & BATH REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

APIOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cochis, Penny Royal, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B.C. or Mart's Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton Eng.

'Do you,' she asked, with a soulful expression, 'ever feel the question of a future life to be of urgent importance to your mental effort?'

'Well, no,' he answered, 'but I have frequently had that feeling about the question of a future meal.'

Seen and Unseen—I can see your fish!' shouted the Briton tartly.

The Boer bit his lip.

'Well, you can't see a joke, anyway!'

It is also said that Mrs. Langtry recently went to Paris to undergo a new and most expensive face rejuvenation by a process which involves the complete removal of the outer skin from the face and neck and a treatment of the underlying cuticle, removing all wrinkles. The marble-like smoothness of her skin excited general wonder on the first night of her new play.

Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Mended, Dual 17 Waterloo.

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDYERCHIEF TOILET & BATH REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

APIOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cochis, Penny Royal, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B.C. or Mart's Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton Eng.

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

Wit is wisdom. Blood is life. Impure blood is living death. Health depends on good blood. Disease is due to bad blood. The blood can be purified. Legions say Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine, purifies it. A brief story but it tells the tale.

Nervous Weakness—I suffered from nervous weakness and loss of appetite. My blood was impure, my stomach disordered and I could not sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me entirely.

Mrs. E. Lockwood, Belleville, Ont. Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

'Maria, why don't you throw away that rusty old scoop shovel that has been standing in the kitchen entry so long? Because Beesie intends to cover it with gold leaf and hang it on the parlor wall, and I'm glad she has some idea of saving, if her father hasn't.'

'If I see you going into a saloon again I will discharge you. Do you understand?'

'Yes, sir. I'll wait until after dark before I go in again.'

He—Well, I'll admit I was wrong. She—That won't do; you must admit that I was right.

First Kansas—Did the cyclone damage Jed Perkins' house enny? Second Kansas—Donno; it hain't lit yit.

Excited man (at long-distance telephone)—I want to talk to Fargo, N. D.

Voice (at central station)—You'll have to wait a few minutes. Line's busy. Twenty seven other husbands are trying to tell their wives to come home.

Hoax—Barbon is getting very stout isn't he? Joax—Yes, and he's worried sick because he doesn't know of any way to reduce his weight.

Hoax—Why doesn't he use his own scales? He's still in the coal business, isn't he? Ascum—I understand your minister is devoting his attention to the higher criticism.

Churchman—Well, he has been complaining that his salary is too small, it is that you mean by hire criticism.

An Atchison woman will not go to the Buffalo exposition. She will have a number of signs painted. Hands off, and keep off the Grass, which she will distribute around her house and yard and imagine that she is taking in the Buffalo exposition.

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

Half-size pianos are made in Europe for the use of children who are learning to play. Doctors declare that much permanent injury is done to the muscles of the fingers by endeavoring to stretch an octave or more, so the new pianos are made with the keys half the usual width, in order to prevent such injury.

Heavy Walker—Please gimme something to eat, lady.' Mrs. Newbridge—'Here poor man, is a pie for you.' Heavy Walker (taking the pie)—'Now, then lady gim me a quater or 1/2 report yer to the board o' health, and send in dis pie as evidence agin yer.'

'The man who goes out for a lark,' remarked the Observer of Events and Things 'is often satisfied with a few swallows.'

'Bigby would make his fortune as a vaudeville mimic.'

'What makes you think so?'

'He has never played golf but once in his life, yet he's got the golf limp down to perfection.'

'Miss Beatrice—Bee,' began Mr. Fresh. 'Pardon me,' she said haughtily; 'but you mustn't call me 'Bee.' 'Why not?'

'Because you have known me but a very short time, and—' 'But 'Bee' is a very short name.'

'Do you,' she asked, with a soulful expression, 'ever feel the question of a future life to be of urgent importance to your mental effort?'

'Well, no,' he answered, 'but I have frequently had that feeling about the question of a future meal.'

Seen and Unseen—I can see your fish!' shouted the Briton tartly.

The Boer bit his lip.

'Well, you can't see a joke, anyway!'

It is also said that Mrs. Langtry recently went to Paris to undergo a new and most expensive face rejuvenation by a process which involves the complete removal of the outer skin from the face and neck and a treatment of the underlying cuticle, removing all wrinkles. The marble-like smoothness of her skin excited general wonder on the first night of her new play.

Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Mended, Dual 17 Waterloo.

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDYERCHIEF TOILET & BATH REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

APIOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cochis, Penny Royal, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B.C. or Mart's Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton Eng.

'Do you,' she asked, with a soulful expression, 'ever feel the question of a future life to be of urgent importance to your mental effort?'

'Well, no,' he answered, 'but I have frequently had that feeling about the question of a future meal.'

Seen and Unseen—I can see your fish!' shouted the Briton tartly.

The Boer bit his lip.

'Well, you can't see a joke, anyway!'

It is also said that Mrs. Langtry recently went to Paris to undergo a new and most expensive face rejuvenation by a process which involves the complete removal of the outer skin from the face and neck and a treatment of the underlying cuticle, removing all wrinkles. The marble-like smoothness of her skin excited general wonder on the first night of her new play.

Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Mended, Dual 17 Waterloo.

USE THE GENUINE MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDYERCHIEF TOILET & BATH REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

APIOL & STEEL PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cochis, Penny Royal, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B.C. or Mart's Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton Eng.

'Do you,' she asked, with a soulful expression, 'ever feel the question of a future life to be of urgent importance to your mental effort?'

'Well, no,' he answered, 'but I have frequently had that feeling about the question of a future meal.'

Seen and Unseen—I can see your fish!' shouted the Briton tartly.

The Boer bit his lip.

'Well, you can't see a joke, anyway!'

It is also said that Mrs. Langtry recently went to Paris to undergo a new and most expensive face rejuvenation by a process which involves the complete removal of the outer skin from the face and neck and a treatment of the underlying cuticle, removing all wrinkles. The marble-like smoothness of her skin excited general wonder on the first night of her new play.

Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Mended, Dual 17 Waterloo.

Reassured. Daughter—But he has become so cold to me since yesterday! Mother—He is jealous, I think. You know you gave Harry Trotties four dances last night.

Daughter—Dear mother, you make me so happy!

All on. Tom—So your engagement with May is broken. I thought she fairly doted on you.

Dick—So she did, but her father was a powerful antidote.

In Sumatra if a woman is left a widow, immediately after her husband's death she plants a flagstaff at her door, upon which a flag is raised. So long as the flag remains uniform by the wind the etiquette of Sumatra forbids her to marry, but at the first rent, however tiny, she can lay aside her weeds and accept the first offer she has.

It was this way, explained the Suffolk county farmer to a Brooklyn policeman. 'I was on a street car. So was another fellow. Bimeby he says to me: 'Dunno,' says I. 'Why not?' says he. 'Cause my watch ain't goin. But I'm sure it is. But I know it ain't. Then he got off the car, and I looked for my watch to see if she was goin. She was. She was goin off with that feller.'

Why She Discarded Him. 'Don't despair, Edward, even if father does say you'll be young enough to marry five years from now.'

'Oh, I don't care for myself, but how about you?'

'Silver Plate that Wears.'

You Know These Goods

They are the same brand as your grandparents bought, 50 years ago, and are stamped

'1847 Rogers Bros.'

We have the Knives, Forks and Spoons as well as many Berry Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Ladles, etc.

W. C. Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 239 and have a bottle sent to the house. Mail orders promptly filled.

Chickering's Furniture Polish

Saves both, and makes the furniture look like new. Thoroughly clean the furniture and apply a small quantity on a cotton cloth, then rub the surface lightly with a soft cloth, when a most brilliant polish will be produced.

Be sure and get the genuine CHICKERING POLISH, with the Trade Mark on every label.

PREPARED ONLY BY W. C. Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 239 and have a bottle sent to the house. Mail orders promptly filled.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blow free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

JOHN NOBLE, L.D. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World.

From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.—Canadian Magazine.

ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED.

Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, consisting of House Bodice with Velvet revers, pret- and White, Plain \$2.56

Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c.

Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pocket. Length in front, and Price \$2.49

24 27 inches. 40c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches. 70c. 85 cents. Postage 92 cents. 36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 45 cents.

JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to—

JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

That Snowy Whiteness

can come to your linens and cottons only by the use of SURPRISE Soap which has peculiar and remarkable qualities for washing clothes.

SURPRISE is a pure hand Soap.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.

Time and Energy ARE WORTH SOMETHING.

Chickering's Furniture Polish

Saves both, and makes the furniture look like new. Thoroughly clean the furniture and apply a small quantity on a cotton cloth, then rub the surface lightly with a soft cloth, when a most brilliant polish will be produced.

Be sure and get the genuine CHICKERING POLISH, with the Trade Mark on every label.

PREPARED ONLY BY W. C. Rudman Allan, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 239 and have a bottle sent to the house. Mail orders promptly filled.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blow free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

JOHN NOBLE, L.D. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World.

From all parts of the Globe ladies do their "shopping by post" with this huge dress and drapery enterprise, it being found that after payment of any postage or duties, the goods supplied could not be nearly equalled elsewhere, both as regards price and quality, and now that the firm is so firmly rooted in the public favour and its patrons so numerous, it can afford to give, and does give, even better value than ever.—Canadian Magazine.

ORDERS EXECUTED BY RETURN OF POST. SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED.

Model 256. Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating, consisting of House Bodice with Velvet revers, pret- and White, Plain \$2.56

Model 1492. Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c.

Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pocket. Length in front, and Price \$2.49

24 27 inches. 40c. 61 cents. 30 33 inches. 70c. 85 cents. Postage 92 cents. 36 39 inches. 97c. \$1.10. 42 45 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 45 cents.

JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

Readers will oblige by kindly naming this paper when ordering from or writing to—

JOHN NOBLE, LTD. BROOK ST. MILLS, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Page Canadian of the training so New York Atlantic of While the successive the altar by niece is ave has swept a descended woman of the Canadian girls professions tion has In the most finest hospit is in place Not conte mate that to American he bound as ma matrimonial A Canadia inent memb in New York 'I could nurses ciban of them. I are very popu doctors. It's girl gets admi for nurses who 'The best k one of whom Betsy Russel the Hamilton, Russell was g hospital, St. presbyterian, the American South Africa a several public recognition of Among the C place are Miss tendent of nur built by J. Pier who is superi school at the P Miss Richmond the Kemp Me Peekskill traini adian holds a pr always a fair pr dents. Mrs Louis Qu tendent of the hospital, was ed her affiliations w aver that her Car tued on of the re that preceded her At New Haven was made into ho one of the charges ed, Miss Henry, Canadian, she adm to the training sc ence to American Miss Sutchife, training school for Hospital, said: 'Canadian pare boarding school m United States. T with the idea of p place in the social homes of their own educating them for with the idea of car Then when misf parents the girls, resources, look for do. 'The trained nur homes. She must breeding or else s maker and source American girls who admission to the trai to be compared to in this respect. The smart girls among them; and many well bred them; but the prop the opposite is great offers a resource to circumstances referre 'I know many C who leave homes of e tired of society life a

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1901.

An Invasion From Canada.

Canadian girls will constitute one-half of the graduating classes of the leading training schools for nurses this year in New York and all the big cities from the Atlantic ocean to the Rocky Mountains.

While the British matron moans as each successive British youth is led captive to the altar by American girls, her Canadian niece is avenging the English cousin. She has swept across the boundary line and descended on the professional young woman of the United States.

Not content with all this Canadians estimate that for every English title won by American nurses Canadian nurses have bound as many as ten American doctors in matrimonial chains.

A Canadian railroad man who is a prominent member of the Canadian organization in New York city said on this subject.

'I could name at least 250 Canadian nurses of whom I don't know one-fifth of them. I married one myself and they are very popular as wives among American doctors. It's easy to see why the Canadian girl gets admission to the training schools for nurses where the American can't.'

'The best known Canadian nurse, or the one of whom most has been heard, is Miss Betsey Russell, a daughter of the head of the Hamilton, Ont., insane asylum. Miss Russell was graduated from a New York hospital, St. Luke's, I believe, or the Presbyterian, and went to Cuba to nurse the American soldiers. After she went to South Africa and on her return to Canada several public receptions were given in recognition of her work.'

Among the Canadian nurses in executive place are Miss Burdette who is superintendent of nurses in the Lying-in hospital built by J. Pierpont Morgan; Miss Rykert who is superintendent of the training school at the Post Graduate hospital and Miss Richmond, assistant head nurse at the Kemp Memorial hospital. At the Peckskill training school for nurses a Canadian holds a prominent place and there is always a fair proportion of Canadian students.

Mrs. Louis Quintard, formerly superintendent of the training school at St. Luke's hospital, was educated in Canada and all her affiliations were Canadian. Canadians aver that her Canadian sympathies constituted one of the reasons for the opposition that preceded her leaving the hospital.

At New Haven, where an investigation was made into hospital methods recently, one of the charges against the superintendent, Miss Henry, was that she was a Canadian, she admitted too many Canadians to the training school, giving them preference to American applicants.

Miss Sutcliffe, superintendent of the training school for nurses at the New York Hospital, said: 'Canadian parents send their girls to boarding school more than parents in the United States. They educate the girls with the idea of preparing them to take a place in the social world and preside over homes of their own. They don't start out educating them for college and professions with the idea of careers and money getting. Then when misfortune overtakes the parents the girls, thrown on their own resources, look for what they are fitted to do.'

'The trained nurse goes into the finest homes. She must be a person of high breeding or else she becomes a trouble maker and source of annoyance. The American girls who apply to hospitals for admission to the training schools are not to be compared to the Canadian girls in this respect. There are charming and smart girls among the American applicants and many well bred young women among them; but the proportion who are quite the opposite is great. So trained nursing offers a resource to Canadian girls in the circumstances referred to.'

'I know many Canadian nurses also who leave homes of ease because they have tired of society life and caught the Ameri-

can independent spirit; girls who have been brought up in affluence, with their own horses and carriages; girls who ride to hounds; popular belles and so on. Of course, some of them go back to Canada with their training, but most of them remain in the States.

'It's the case not only in New York, but also in all the large New England cities, in Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, and even farther West the Canadian girl has the same hold over trained nursing to the exclusion of American girls. In Buffalo, owing to its nearness to Ontario, the rush of Canadian girls to the training schools for nurses became so great that the schools were closed to aliens.

'The Canadian trained nurse certainly is a greater feature of the profession than is appreciated in lay circles. For some years now the classes in this school have contained, you may safely say, on an average, 45 per cent. of Canadian girls. I should hardly say 50 per cent. on an average, but there have been classes where the percentage was as high as 65. Only a small proportion return to Canada permanently. Most of them stay here or scatter through the United States.

'The same thing prevails in all the foremost training schools in the country. In Philadelphia, particularly, and Baltimore I know it is the case. Canadian nurses rank high in the profession and physicians prefer them in many cases.

'Really, I couldn't say why the Canadians have fixed on this profession especially or why so many are admitted. I should be very unwilling to assert that it is because they are more refined and better bred than American applicants. We take applications, of course, in their order, and there are always as many Canadians as Americans on the waiting list. At Bellevue Canadians were very numerous until the politicians objected and a law was passed forbidding the admission of aliens to Bellevue.

'It is not only for the regular training that Canadian girls come to the United States; but also for postgraduate work, and the schools and hospitals making a feature of that work have even a larger percentage of Canadians than we. Canada has not so many opportunities for training as the hospitals of the States offer, and I suppose that is one reason why so many Canadian young women are met with here. I know of no other profession that has attracted them as nursing has.'

Miss Rykert of the Post Graduate Training School for Nurses said: 'I am a Canadian, but that does not prevent my doing my duty by the American applicants for admission. The class before I came here was over 65 per cent. Canadian. Being Canadian myself I am distinctly sensitive lest I may be accused of favoring Canadian applicants. I have discussed the matter freely with the board.

'We cannot admit every one who thinks trained nursing is a money-making profession and goes into it with the idea of escaping from drudgery of some other kind. If we did the reputation of trained nurses and of the school would soon fall. A trained nurse to be up to the ideal must be a well-bred woman of refinement and delicacy, with firmness, tact and good judgment. I am not saying the American girl has not all these qualities. There is none superior to the American nurse when she fills all these requirements. But I wish I could show you a bunch of letters from applicants I now have under consideration. I cannot without violating confidences, but one is from a milliner, another from a former lady's maid and a third from a cook and so on.

'When a trained nurse goes into an establishment with many servants she occupies a peculiar position, and it is found that the American girl, often coming from a home where all domestic labor fall to the mother and no servant is kept, does not know how to carry herself toward the servants. She causes friction, is too demanding and wants all sorts of attentions no well-bred nurse expects.

'The Canadian applicants with few exceptions come from well-to-do or prosper-

ous families, are well bred in the true sense of the word and succeed accordingly. That is one reason why American doctors with the best practices often prefer Canadian nurses. An American applicant all things being equal always has the preference with me over the Canadian because I realize I am in an American institution. Yet with the best of intentions out of a class of sixteen this year eleven will be Canadians although some of those had been accepted when I took charge.

'The subject has been discussed by the heads of the training schools at our meetings. While American girls are clever at books it isn't always the cleverest book student who can follow implicitly a doctor's orders. The head of a large training school was telling an experience that proves it. A Vassar Greek medal girl conceived the idea that she was called to nurse the sick and was admitted, of course. The head of the training school said the Greek medalist from Vassar lasted just one month, and nearly finished half the patients she handled in that time. Canadian girls have many of the qualifications the Vassar girl lacked. That's why I suppose they have crowded American applicants out.

'In Philadelphia and Baltimore the Canadian girls are quite as successful and as much in demand as in New York and other cities nearer the border. At Johns Hopkins there are four Canadian doctors which may account possibly for a portion of the prevalence of the Canadian nurse and student there.

'Oh, yes, Canadian nurses frequently marry American doctors. But I'm sure they have no idea of avenging their English sisters for the titles they lose to American heiresses although apparently they are successful in doing so.'

For his Good. A New York household has been provisionally ruled for years by a sable cock who rejoices in the name of Rosa. One day not long ago, this important person sailed into the presence of her nominal mistress and announced that she had a disclosure to make.

'I'm gwine to marry dat trifling Pomp Leone, fo' his own good, to morrow obnening,' she said, 'and I'dided you might na chelly like to know 'bout it the day befo' missy.'

'O Rosa,' said the lady, 'how can I spare you now, with all the company we are to have next week?'

'Spare me, missy?' repeated Rosa. 'I ain't said nuffin 'bout you sparing me, chile. De ceremonies and bands is gwine to be perounced at seven o'clock, and Pomp, he's gwine to start off on his honeymoon on de ten o'clock train.'

'He's got a heap o' relations out West, and so hab I, and he's gwine to see 'em all. And when he's done got too wid dem relations, I's got some plans for him down South,' concluded Rosa, darkly.

'He's been in kind o' dubsome company lately, missy, and de best I could do was to marry him right now. But sakes alibe, chile! Ross ain't got no notion ob leaving you. Wat put sech an idee an dat in yo' little head, honey?'

British Barristers' Wigs.

The wigs worn in English courts were formerly made of human hair, and it is on record that the white hair of a woman who lived to be 106 years old was sold for that purpose for £50. In 1827 the old form of powdered wig—which was somewhat of an nuisance because the powder came off and the hair frequently required curling—was superseded by the horsehair wig.

Only about 100 of these legal ornaments are made annually. A good article will last for a quarter of a century, and, moreover, barristers do not altogether appreciate new wigs, as they suggest that the wearer is new to the business and consequently has not had much experience.

The cost varies from 1 to 12 guineas. The former price purchases an ordinary article, while the latter is the sum paid for what is known as a 'full bottom' wig, which is usually worn by the leading barristers on the occasion of a great trial. It is also the kind which adorns the head of the speaker of the house of commons.

Most of the horsehair is imported, but the home product is the best and is that used in the costliest wigs.

Tommy (surprised)—Why, father, I thought that one spoonful of sugar was always enough for my coffee?

Tommy's Father.—This is a restaurant, my son. Take all the sugar you want.

Bravery of A Young Giantess

Miss Sallie Shore of Marble Falls, Tex., is differently constituted from the ordinary timid young woman, for she not only possesses the strength of three men, but she has the nerve and courage of half a dozen. Recently a 200 pound tramp appeared at her kitchen door and asked for food saying 'I don't want any of scraps. Hand me something fit for a gentleman to eat.' Just as he uttered the last word he felt himself lifted off his feet, and when he turned his head to take observations he discovered that a young girl had one hand fastened in his collar, and before he could protest with either tongue or arm she shook him until his teeth chattered.

'Want pie and cake, do you?' she said. 'Well, take that, you lazy coward.'

After elapping his jaws she threw him head foremost over the bannisters of the porch, and he landed in a barrel that was about half full of rain water. Miss Sallie had to turn the barrel over to save the man from drowning. He did not wait for something fit for a gentleman nor did he take time to open the gate. He went through it, carrying a part of the structure with him. The young woman's admirers collected money enough to buy a fine gold watch. The little affair called attention to the fact that this Miss Shore is one of the strongest young women in the world, and she exhibits courage of a high order, coupled with extraordinary powers of self possession and perfect coolness in the presence of danger.

She showed herself worthy of just this kind of praise in an affair that happened only a few weeks ago. She saved the life of a young man who was riding in a buggy by her side and doubtless the lives of several other people by an act that would not have occurred to one person in a thousand. Miss Sallie and a young man named Carmen were riding in a buggy along a narrow lane behind a pair of spirited horses. There were strong barbed wire fences on both sides of the road and barely room for two vehicles to pass. There was a loaded rifle in the buggy which Carmen had borrowed from a friend in town. He had apologized to the young lady for having the gun, and she had replied: 'Oh, I am not afraid of it. I know how to handle firearms.' Miss Sallie was going to Carmen's home to visit her sisters and as they were driving along the road the young man again referred to the gun. He told Miss Shore that he had left a few cartridges in the chamber in the hopes of getting a shot at a deer that he had frequently seen in an old field that they had passed.

'In that event,' said the young girl, 'if you hold the mustangs I will kill the deer.' 'That is just where the trouble comes in,' replied Carmen. 'The horses are not gentle, and they try to run away every time they hear any unusual noise.'

'Well, if you can hold them, replied the girl. 'I will kill the deer,' and as if to show that she was in earnest she picked up the rifle and laid it across her lap. As they entered the narrow lane, which is about a mile in length, Miss Sallie noticed a carriage full of people approaching from the opposite direction, and it occurred to her that there would be little room to spare in passing. One of the horses became frightened at something, and Carmen gave him a cut with the whip. The animal lunged forward, and when the young man quickly attempted to check him one of the lines broke.

The spirited horses bounded in the air, and with snorts of terror they ran at the top of their speed, while the buggy bounced about between the wire fences as if it had been a toy. Carmen, with one line in his hand, was helpless, but the girl exhibited presence of mind which stamps her as possessing generalship of no mean order. 'I knew,' she says, 'that if the horses ran against one of the barbed wire fences we would be torn to fragments, and it was evident that our runaway team would soon collide with the approaching carriage.'

There was but one thing to do, and the girl did it. Quickly throwing the gun to her shoulder, she shot one of the horses. Fortunately the sudden halt and the struggles of the fallen horse threw his mate floundering in the road, and the occupants

of the buggy had time to make their escape unharmed. When she was only 14 years of age, Miss Shore plunged into the Colorado river and rescued a man from drowning. This occurred near a great waterfall, and the current swept toward the cataract with such terrific force that several fishermen who witnessed the rescue declared that they would not have ventured into such a dangerous flood for a deed to Texas.

The girl's parents say that she was always different from other children. From a child she possessed extraordinary courage, and in all her life she has never shown the least fear in the presence of man, beast or danger. Upon one occasion, says the Chicago Tribune, she descended into a well more than 100 feet, clinging to a rope and letting herself down with her hands, for the purpose of saving the life of a child.

Only a few weeks ago she saved her father from being trampled to death by a mad bull. Hearing the old gentleman's calls for assistance, Miss Shore ran out to the cattle, arriving just in time to see a furious old bull tossing her father into the air with his horns. The brave girl ran straight to the dangerous animal and caught him by the nose and one of the horns. Her father was lying on his back under the bull's fore feet.

'I believe,' says Miss Shore, 'that I could have broken that bull's neck. I was mad enough to have killed him.' She did twist his neck until he bellowed for mercy, and she held him until her father could put a rope on his horns and lash him to a post. The young girl's friends and neighbors never tire of telling stories of her prowess. The heroine herself is modest, and it is not an easy matter to induce her to converse about her phenomenal strength and her many brave acts. She is in her eighteenth year and weighs 298 pounds, and, although she is certainly a giantess, she is blessed with a sweet and gentle disposition, and there are few young girls who are more popular and none who possess more sincere friends.

Old-Time Tobacco Legislation.

It is one of the curiosities of old-time legislation that the use of tobacco was in early colonial days regarded by the magistrates and elders as far more injurious, degrading and sinful than that of intoxicating liquors. Both the use and the planting of the weed were forbidden, the cultivation of it being permitted only in small quantities, for mere necessities, for physic, for preservation of the health, and that the same be taken privately by ancient men. But the 'Creature called Tobacco' seemed to have an indestructible life. Mrs. Alice M. Earle writes of these early restrictions about tobacco in 'Stage-Coach and Tavern Days.'

Landlords were ordered not to suffer any tobacco to be taken into their houses on penalty of a fine to the 'vitalizer' and another to 'the party that takes it.' The laws were constantly altered and enforced; and still tobacco was grown and was smoked. No one could take it 'publicly,' nor in his own house or anywhere else before strangers. Two men were forbidden to smoke together.

No one could smoke within two miles of the meeting house on the Sabbath day. There were wicked backsliders who were caught smoking around the corner of the meeting-house, and others on the street, and they were fined, and set in the stocks and in cages. Until within a few years there were New England towns where tobacco-smoking in the streets was prohibited, and innocent cigar loving travellers were astounded at being requested to cease smoking.

Mr. Draks wrote, in 1886, that he knew men then living, who had had to plead guilty or not guilty in a Boston police court for smoking in the streets of Boston. In Connecticut, in early days, a great man could smoke once during a journey of ten miles.

An Example.

Mr. Birmingham—It is wonderful instinct which teaches animal to seek a safe retreat when danger is nigh. Mr. Manchester—I myself have often seen a cowhide.

Whiteness... your linens and by the use of Soap which has remarkable qualities...

Energy... SOMETHING.

Furniture Polish... makes the furniture Thoroughly clean the a small quantity on a nub the surface lightly when a most brilliant...

Man Allan...

CHASE'S 25c... PURE...

BLE... ENGLAND...

Model 1492... Heavy Frieze Cloth...

THROUGHLY WELL MADE... IN STRONG SERGE...

LTD. ENGLAND.

A Man Misjudged.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS—PART II.

"It is," she replied, reassured, for she at once recognized the face. "It is, Micky Farrahay; and what would ye be wanting, hid in the bushes like a fox or a wild cat?"

"'Tis a word wid ye I want, Miss Bride, thin," said the man, still in a whisper. "I daren't spake louder, or wan av the boys might be hearin' me. Miss Bride, I saw ye wid Sir Neville today, an' I'm thinkin' he'll be yer swateheart—whisht! niver mind that, miss, 'tis a matter of life or death I'm on. I love him, too, Miss Bride; he saved my little gossamer's life. God bless him! an' I'd die for him. But he's to be boycotted, an' now Larry'll be there in the thick of it, the murderin' scoundrel! An' oh! Miss Bride, phwat can we do to save him at all?"

"Is it the truth ye're telling, Micky Farrahay?" asked the girl sternly.

"Indade, thin, miss, it is, worse luck! May I never see the gates of Heaven if it's a lie I'm tellin' ye! Ah! Miss Bride, for the love o' the Lord, tell me how I can save him, an' I'll do it, even if I hang for it afterwards!"

Bride knitted her brows in thought, then she said quietly—

"My sister is coming back now. We must be quick. Can we send for the constabulary?"

"No; for the way's barred by the boys, an' no one'll pass to the village tonight."

"Then we must do without. Are any of the men with Sir Neville?"

"Only the lads at Ard-na-carrig—two grooms, an' the coachman, an' butler."

"Then I will go to Ard-na-carrig, and warn them myself. You stay with the others; it's better so. You may have a chance of restraining them, or of helping Sir Neville if the worst comes to the worst. And, Micky—"

"Yes?"

"If—if you get hurt, I'll see to Mary and the children for—his sake; so don't be worrying about them."

"May the saints preserve ye for that, miss!" said the man gratefully. "Heaven bless ye, an' may you an' him live to see your gran'childer's chilber grow up—whisht! 'tis Miss Peggy. Good-bye, miss, and good luck!"

He dived into the bushes again as Peggy reappeared, and the two girls walked briskly homeward.

As they neared their gates, Bride remarked casually—

"Oh! will you go in and see about getting father's supper? I should like to run round to the Lodge to see Mrs O'Neill. Don't be frightened if I'm late, because Jack will see me home. Go right up to bed when you feel inclined; I've got a lach key, and you won't even hear me come in. I'll be so quiet. I'm dying to see Kathleen, and she came home last night, so good-bye for the present, and she ran lightly off down the road towards the Lodge, where resided one of her particular friends, the wife of a coastguard officer."

To night, however, she had no time to bestow on Kathleen O'Neill, and passing the house, she turned up a by-way which led to Ard-na-carrig.

By this time it was almost dark, and her heart beat rather faster than usual, as she hurried along the little lane between the low turf walls, for she wondered if any of the 'boys' lay concealed behind them.

If this was the case, however, they did not molest her, and she gained the hall-door in safety.

Ard-na-carrig was a fine old house, long and low, its casement windows almost concealed by the ivy and creepers which covered it.

Once its lawns and shrubberies had been the admiration of all the county, but of late years it had grown to look uncareful and desolate.

The bushes were unclipped, the rose-trees unpruned, and the lawns overgrown with weeds.

As the great bell clanged through the building, the door was opened by an elderly man in shabby black clothes, who looked surprised on seeing Bride.

"Good-evening, Sullivan," she said. "Is Sir Neville at home?"

"He is, miss; shure it's at his dinner he is."

"Take me to him quickly, Sullivan. Yes, into the dining-room. You needn't stand on ceremony tonight."

Sir Neville and Val were seated opposite each other at the long dining table when Bride was ushered in.

Sir Neville was in evening dress, Val in tweeds, having only just come in from the farm.

They both sprang up, and Sir Neville hurried to meet the girl with outstretched hand.

"Why, good evening, Miss McCarthy. Nothing wrong, I hope? You look as if you had been running."

"I have," panted Bride, sinking into a chair and fanning herself with her handkerchief. "I have. Oh! Sir Neville, have you heard?"

"About the boycott? Yes."

"But you are to be moonlighted to night and Larry O'Leary has sworn that he'll kill you!"

Val whistled, Sir Neville looked grave.

"How did you hear that?" he asked.

"Micky Farrahay told me. He's grateful to you for saving his boy's life, and he'll do what he can to stop it; but it's very little good he'll be against all the others. Oh, Sir Neville! what are you

going to do?"

"Are the roads blocked to the village?"

"They are—every one."

"Call in the men, Sullivan," said Val; "Kelly, and Donovan and Murphy."

The three men trooped in, their mouths open at the unexpected sight of Miss McCarthy seated in the dining-room at that hour of the evening.

Sir Neville related briefly what had happened, and told them to be in readiness to defend the house.

"Take them to the gun-room, and get out the rifles and revolvers," he said to Val. "And now, Miss Bride, I will see you home."

"Oh, no; you mustn't!" cried Bride in horror. "Sir Neville, don't dream of it! They'll waylay you, and shoot you down. You shan't do anything so reckless."

Sir Neville smiled.

"And suppose they do? I shan't be much loss to anyone, and I shall no longer be in the way of Val's marriage. Really, it would be the best thing that could—"

"If yer plaze, sorr," put in Sullivan quietly, "ye can do no such thing at all. Little Jerry, the coachman's boy, has just found out that we're surrounded! Waitin' till the garden, the scoundrel! waitin' till the shadows aren't black enough for them. The young lady'll have to be stayin, now, sorr."

"Perdition!" said Sir Neville, showing the first signs of vexation he had displayed that evening. "What is to be done, Miss Bride? Look here," he added, bending over her—Sullivan had retired—"I haven't thanked you yet for coming to warn me, but I can't tell you really how obliged I am to you. It was simply grand of you to come through so many dangers to save me, and now your kindness is repaid by this! I shall never forgive myself if I harm comes to you. Of course I know that, in general, not one of them would hurt a hair of your head, but finding you here—knowing you came to warn—oh, my God! what might not the consequences be! Why didn't you go home and leave me to my fate?"

"It is likely I would," said Bride indignantly. "Do you think that I could do such a thing? No, no, Sir Neville! I'm not a bit sorry I came; in fact, I'm glad—it's so awfully exciting."

"It certainly is," replied Sir Neville drily, rather too excited, for my taste, knowing that there are women in the house, only hope cook won't have a fit or anything. Ah! an Irish handkerchief's life is a hard one. Val tells me I'm rough on the people, but believe me, Miss Bride, it's for his own good. I've insisted on getting my rent when I should have been in Ireland for a doctor to tell me, if I stayed in Ireland for a couple more winters, and went on working as I have been doing lately, I'd go into a rapid consumption. And I meant to 'there's nothing for me to live for, and I'm no good to anyone. But this vow of Larry's is better still; I'd much rather die of a gunshot wound than of consumption, and so—well, I suppose this is my thought, night on earth. Rather a ghastly thought, isn't it? Still, it'll be all right when it's over. Why, what is the matter, Miss Bride?"

Bride had risen to her feet, and her eyes were full of tears.

"You shan't talk like that!" she said. "It's wicked! And you shan't die either!"

Sir Neville gently put his arm round her, and tried to soothe her.

"There, I didn't mean to grieve you," he said. "Don't cry, little girl!"

A moment after, Val burst into the room, followed by the men, carrying their guns.

"Let me see," said Sir Neville thoughtfully. "I think you, Val and Kelly, had better defend the back of the house. Go up to the gun-room, one of you, the other had better be in my room—that's about as central as any. Sullivan and Jerry Donovan can guard the west side of the house, and Donovan, Murphy, and I will defend the front, which is the most likely side for an attack. The women-servants can help by loading our rifles for us. What will you do, Miss Bride?"

"Oh! let me help load for you, Sir Neville. I can do it quite well. I often load father's."

"Very well, then; come up with me to the state-room. You, Murphy, take the end room on the right; you, Donovan, go to the left. Keep a sharp eye on the bushes, and any moving shadows you see. Don't say of you fire till you're obliged. Have you all a revolver besides your rifles?"

"We have, sorr," chorused the men.

"Very well. Miss Bride, here is one for you; you may need it. Are all the lower windows barred and shuttered?"

"They are, sorr."

"Then go and post yourselves as I have told you. What is it, Val?"

Val had taken Bride's hand, and was whispering in her ear—

"If—anything happens—my love to Peg."

"All right, Val. Good-bye and good luck," Bride replied cheerfully.

Her alarm had quite departed.

She was trembling with excitement, that was all.

As she and Sir Neville entered the state-room together the room was just rising

over the tree tops.

Sir Neville groped his way across the room to the window.

"They think we're unprepared," he said grimly. "Rather a delusion. Ha! one of them's trying for the window!"

A moment later there was a faint rustle in the ivy.

Someone was climbing up.

Sir Neville noiselessly opened the window just as a head appeared below.

A blow from the butt end of his gun, and the head vanished.

There was the sound of a thud on the ground.

"Number one!" he said coolly.

Suddenly a shot rang out on the clear night air.

Bang! Whizz!

Sir Neville stepped aside, and the bullet buried itself in the hangings of the bed.

"Bride!"

"Yes, Sir Neville?"

"Mind you keep well out of the way."

"Yes; I'm quite safe, thank you. Mind you do."

The creeping black shadows below were much nearer to the house than they had been before.

A man stood at last in the midst of a patch of light, his rifle aimed at the window where Sir Neville stood concealed.

"I'm going to pick him off," said the man coolly. "One must make an example."

Bang!

The man lay motionless on the lawn.

"That will keep them quiet for a bit, Bride. I wonder what Val and the others are about."

"Shall I go and see?" volunteered Bride.

"If you like. Be careful."

Bride crept noiselessly from the room and down the long corridor lit up with the silver moonlight, which shone on the pictured faces of dead and gone Ffolliots, old Sir Briens and Sir Gerald in powdered wigs and gaudy coats.

One of them—a Sir Gerald—who had been exiled for his share in the rebellion of '98, seemed to smile at her with mocking eyes—eyes so like Sir Neville's that she gave an involuntary start, and stepped on a creaking board.

"Who is it at all outside there? The ghost of Murphy's voice. 'If it's the ghost of old Sir Gerald, will yer honor plaze be callin' another time, for we've no talk to waste on ye tonight at all, be reason of these livin' rascals below here; bad 'cess to them.'"

"It's only me, Murphy," responded Bride humbly, conscious of her own inferiority beside the magnificence of the Ffolliot ghost.

"Ah, Miss Bride! 'Deed thin, I'll be axin' yer pardon for my mistake. An' bow's the night larin' wid the master? Have the bullets been flyin' much? I heard a couple of shots."

"He's pretty well done for two of them, I think," said Bride. "In the patrol going on my rounds, so good-night to ye for the present."

She had little to report on returning to Sir Neville, and so things went on for a couple of hours, few shots being fired on either side.

Apparently, however, the besiegers began to weary of such inactivity.

The shadows began to hurry to and fro, and the sound of muffled voices arose from below.

Suddenly a man stood out from the rest, waving a white handkerchief.

"I want to spake wid Sir Neville Ffolliot," he cried.

"What do you want?" replied Sir Neville without exposing himself to the gaze of his t-nantry.

"Sure, I want to say that, if ye'll come out to us, we'll go away peaceably and let the others be. If not, we fire the house."

"By Jove!" murmured the baronet, "that's a cheery prospect—Hobson's choice. Give me ten minutes to decide, and don't move till they're up!" he shouted to the men below.

Bride was sitting in a corner, trembling in every limb.

Sir Neville crossed over, and stood beside her.

"Bride, he said, 'it has come.'"

"But you won't go?" she cried. "Oh, you shan't, you shan't!"

"I think so," he said; "it will be best. You see, I'm a useless sort of fellow as I shall be doing some good by dying. Val will marry your sister, so they'll be glad in the end; and after all, no one cares what becomes of me."

He gave a hard, bitter laugh.

But Bride McCarthy's self control gave way at last.

"I care!" she cried passionately. "Yes, I do, and I know it. If you are killed, I'm killed too! I won't let you die alone, Neville."

Sir Neville started.

Called by Bride by his Christian name, without the prefix denoting his baronetcy.

He could hardly believe his ears.

Did someone really care for him at last?—the girl he had learned to love, too, although before to night he had not guessed the true state of his feelings for her.

Very gently he stopped and kissed her on the forehead.

The next moment she was in his arms.

"Neville, you shan't go, you shan't," she cried.

"Hush, Bride, I must. Thank you dear for this one taste of Heaven before I die. I never knew you cared, but I knew that I did. No, perhaps I hardly knew that till you were in danger—in danger for my sake. But you shan't suffer for it, dearest. Kiss me good-bye, and let me go. Time is nearly up."

"You shan't Neville, you shan't," she cried again.

"Hush, dear, I must! You don't want me to look you in, do you? I shall have to go if you aren't quiet. Now say good-bye, darling, quick!"

"Is yer honor ready?" came a voice from below.

Sir Neville stepped to the window.

"I am," he cried; "but first, swear to me by the Blessed Virgin Mary, that when you have revenged yourself on me, you

w let all these others, who are absolute innocent, go free and unmolested."

"We will—we will; we swear it!" cried a chorus of voices.

"Then I am coming," said their victim, quietly, and he closed the window.

"Good-bye, darling," he whispered, as he caught Bride in his arms once more, and kissed her passionately. "Good-bye, and God bless you!"

"You shan't go alone, Neville. I'm coming, too!" she cried.

"They won't hurt you if you do," he replied, "and you'll only see—no, darling, stay here."

But she insisted on following him.

Outside the door of the room they found Murphy and Donovan.

The two honest men had tears in their eyes, and their voices trembled.

"Ah, don't be going out to them dirty blackguards, sorr!" pleaded Murphy.

But Sir Neville was firm.

"I shan't tell Mr. Val," he said; "he'd only make a fuss, and I'm determined to go. It's the only thing to be done."

So the four, preceded by the old polished oak stairs together in silence, Bride in front with the baronet, the two men behind.

In the hall, Sir Neville paused.

"Thank you all for your help," he said huskily. "Good-bye, Bride, my darling. Good-bye, lads; take care of Miss Bride, and don't let her follow me," he whispered, and he unbarred and opened the great hall door and passed out.

Bride, darting after him, was caught and held on the threshold by the two men.

"Neville! Neville! Come back!" she cried in agony.

"Good-bye," his voice called out to her. She saw him step forward further into the moonlight.

There he stood, waiting, his head erect, his arms folded.

The Ffolliots, whatever their faults, at least knew how to do.

Then there came the sound of a shot—a shot, and so a wild shout—and at the same moment a figure ran desperately forward and flung itself upon Sir Neville.

Bride saw nothing more; she had fainted, and the man carried her into the drawing-room and laid her on the sofa.

Outside was wild confusion—shots and yells, curses, and cries for mercy.

Murphy crossed himself, and Donovan whispered fearfully—

"What can be the matter at all?"

"Then there was a clatter on the stairs, and Val's voice crying out to know what was the noise about."

Murphy ran out to him, and there was a consultation in the hall.

"We must go out and see what's happened," cried Val excitedly, and he made a dash for the door.

"I'll go first, sorr," Kelly said hurriedly. "Stand back till I see how things are goin'."

He opened the door, and was about to step forward, when he stopped in amazement at the sight which met his eyes.

A fierce battle was being waged outside.

There, in the foreground, Larry O'Leary was wrestling desperately with the grasp of two sturdy members of the Royal Constabulary, and the other moonlighters were engaged in deadly conflict all around.

Close to the house two bodies were lying on the ground, and Kelly ran forward to examine them, followed closely by Val and Murphy.

There lay Sir Neville, his white face turned up in the moonlight, and across his body had fallen Micky Farrahay.

It was the latter who, to save Sir Neville, even at the expense of his own life, had rushed forward and flung himself upon him at the very moment the shot was fired at the baronet.

"Help me to carry them indoors," cried Val hoarsely.

The fight was a brief one, for the moonlighters were soon beaten by the stalwart policemen, and in ten minutes they were all captured, and secured hand and foot in readiness for their removal to Cork next morning.

"And now tell me who sent you," said Val to the police-sergeant, as they all retreated themselves with whiskey in the dining-room afterwards, the stalwart policemen mopping their heated foreheads while they drank their spirits almost neat.

"Why, sir, 'twas our little dog," replied the man, laughing; "at least, that's all we know about the matter. Two hours or more ago he came runnin' into the barracks, and McNamara shotpoted down and began playin' with him. 'Why, here's a note,' sez he, and cuts it off the dog's collar, where 'twas tied by a bit of string. I opens it, an' reads it, expectin' to find to dischiper I can tell you, sir, but at last I made out the words 'Come with strong force to Ard-na-carrig at the risin' of the moon.' No name at all was signed to it, sir. So I gets the boys together and hurries off, an' here we are, sir, only just in time, too."

"Is it in time, I wonder?" said Val sadly.

"By the way, the doctor ought to be here by now; I've sent for him."

"An' here he is," said someone as the door opened.

"Good-evening, doctor," said a chorus of voices, as the tall figure of Dr. McCarthy strode into the room.

"Why, Val, what's the matter?" cried the newcomer, as his eye fell upon the strange scene before him, every detail of which he took in at a glance; the policemen grouped about the room drinking whiskey, their pistols lying on the table, their faces hot and shining, one or two of them with roughly bandaged wounds; then Val, excited and dishevelled upon a sort of improvised couch, with pale faces and closed eyes.

"Have you all been fighting?" he inquired wonderingly.

Val explained as briefly as possible.

"Can you save them?" he asked anxiously.

Dr. McCarthy bent over the two motionless forms, and for a few moments there

For Pain

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is a fine inflammation in every form, and is relied on to reduce it more rapidly than any other medicine, whether used internally or externally. Whether you rub it into the skin or drop it on sugar in a teaspoon and swallow it, you will find it equally efficacious, and it quickly cures every one of the numerous pains and aches caused by inflammation.

JOHNSON'S Anodyne Liniment

was originated in 1810 by Dr. A. Johnson. Cures colds, cramp, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, bites, bruises, burns, stings, chafes, coughs, colic, croup, catarrhs, bronchitis, grippe, lacerations, muscle soreness, and all inflammations in any part of the body. In two size bottles, 25 cts. and 50 cts. If your dealer hasn't it, write to—

J. A. JOHNSON & CO.,
25 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.
Our 64 page book, sent free, "Treatment for the Cures and Uses of the Best Remedies."

was dead silence in the room.

Val's heart was beating wildly, and a lump had risen in his throat, almost choking him.

Somewhat, he no longer looked upon Neville as being in the way; he only knew that he had misjudged him all his life before, that his brother was as great a hero as any man who wore the Victoria Cross, and that, if he died—it he was already dead—his conscience would always reproach him for his behaviour to that heroic brother.

The moments seemed like hours until the doctor raised his head.

"Sir Neville's all right," he said; "he's only stunned by his fall. Give me some brandy, and I'll soon get him round. Poor Micky's gone, I'm afraid; shot right through—"

But suddenly his words were cut short, for the door was flung violently open, and followed by Donovan, who was vainly trying to hold her back, Bride dashed into the room, and rushed forward to Sir Neville's side.

"Is he dead? Oh! is he dead?" she cried passionately.

Her father stared at her in absolute amazement.

"Bride! be ejaculated, when he was at last able to find words in which to express his feelings, 'what in the name of all that's wonderful and mysterious are you doing here? I don't understand it. Did you lead the constabulary, or the moonlighters, pray?'"

She looked at him wildly, hardly understanding what he said.

"Is he dead?" she repeated.

"Who? Sir Neville? No. Look! he's coming round! No more dead than I am. Hullo, old man! Feel better, eh? That's right. Can you sit up? Take away this poor fellow, men; he'll only distress Sir Neville, if his eyes fall upon him."

As the constables bore away poor Micky's corpse, Sir Neville, with the doctor's help, managed to struggle into a sitting position and look about him.

As he did so, his gaze fell on the girl who was kneeling beside him on the floor, her big, tearful eyes fixed intently on his face, and he put out his hand with a smile.

"Bride! You still here?" he exclaimed joyfully.

"The doctor impatiently cried; 'and naturally, I want an explanation! I thought I left my daughter safe at home in bed, and I find her here at midnight, mixed up with policemen, and moonlighters, and swooning baronets. What does it mean? Tell me that now.'"

Sir Neville told the story with a ring of pride in his voice, and his eyes fixed lovingly on his sweetheart; and, when he had finished, the men gave three cheers, for "Miss Bride," while the doctor took her hand, saying gently—

"I'm proud of my little girl tonight—prouder than words can say."

And at last she was persuaded to depart with her father and an escort of constabulary, having been assured that no one would further molest Ard-na-carrig, and that Sir Neville really was not hurt at all.

So ended the most exciting night that she was ever likely to know.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir Neville Ffolliot sat at his writing-table, surrounded by piles of foolscap, which was strewn anyhow about the floor, the chairs, the table.

He was, in fact, finishing off the last chapter of his new novel—"To Each His Due"—and so absorbed was he in his work that he did not hear the door open, nor Val's step on the floor behind him.

Presently, though, to his ears came the sound of a faint gasp—a sort of stifled sob—and he turned his head abstractedly, expecting to see one of the dogs.

But what he did see made him spring to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and alarm, for there sat his brother—with his arms on a table, his head bent on his arms, and his whole frame shaken with emotion.

"By Jove!" cried Neville, "Val, what is it?"

Val raised a white face, with wild, but tearless eyes, and answered in a hoarse and broken voice—

"I've done it!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

CANCER

and Tumors cured, or may cure, if at home, no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason's Medicines Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Sunday Reading.

KING AND RELIGION.

Strict Observer of the Customs of the Established Church.

A member of the royal household is authority for the statement that never in his entire life has King Edward attended divine service on the Sabbath, except when conducted by a clergyman of the established church.

No matter where he happens to be on Sunday—at sea, or at a German watering place or camping on the plains or in the mountains or visiting friends in the country—he has always observed the Sabbath in the strictest manner; and when there is no church of England convent or chapel present he reads prayers himself at the appointed hour to as many of his companions as are willing to join him in the service.

At Marlborough house in London and at Sandringham, his country palace, prayers are read daily in the morning, the members of the household, the servants and the guests being expected to attend, although not required to do so.

On Sunday he invariably attends morning services; in London at the Chapel Royal, or at the church of St. Anne, Soho, and at Sandringham at the beautiful chapel of St. Mary Magdalene, a quaint and venerable structure said to be more than 400 years old, which was restored at his expense for the benefit of his household and tenants and is filled with beautiful memorial windows and tablets.

Rev. Mr. Onslow has been the curate of St. Mary Magdalene for many years. He is a classmate of King Edward's at the University, and as boys they were in many a scrape together. He attends to the spiritual wants of the tenantry as well as the Royal household, but when the King is at Sandringham the list of visitors usually includes the name of some noted divine, who is expected to preach on Sunday.

'It must be a very discouraging work,' said a visitor to a young minister who, with his wife had taken up religious work in a wild mining town.

overdressed, and others were shabby. The men had scrubbed the coal-dust from the surface of their skins, but much of it remained, ingrained deeply below the reach of an ordinary nightly ablution.

Before the meeting was over the visitor was heartily in sympathy with its spirit, and more than one of the prayers and testimonies had started tears in his eyes.

He remembered how one man who had spoken in the meeting, penitently, trustfully, and in terms which his neighbors understood, had only twelve months ago run red handed and with a gun, firing all the way, from the coal shaft toward the company's office at the head of a mob.

He remembered the time, not so long ago, when another man had been a terror to the town every pay-day, and until his money was gone, and how that man was struggling now against the habits formed during years of sin, and how his testimony tonight had had a ring of growing triumph in it.

All these things he remembered, and for the time the discouragements sank out of sight. There came into his heart a sense of pride in his parish, a glory in the moral heroism of tempted men and women striving to be good.

When Mahlon Shaaber, of the Ninety-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, was passing through Washington with his regiment in 1862, he noticed standing on the pavement an unusually tall man in a group of tall men.

Captain Arthur of my company, says Mr. Shaaber, saw that the man was addressing me, and without telling me who he was, ordered me to leave the ranks and go to him.

'Excuse my rudeness. It was jealousy on my part that made me call you out to size you up. How tall are you, and what is your age and weight?'

'I am six feet six and one half inches,' I said, 'in my seventeenth year, and weigh one hundred and thirty five pounds.'

'I am old Abe. This gentleman, my son, is Vice-President Hamlin.'

'It must be a very discouraging work,' said a visitor to a young minister who, with his wife had taken up religious work in a wild mining town.

'Good-by, my son, God bless you! Come soon and dine with me.'

After I was wounded and had returned to Washington I remembered the President's invitation, and went to call on him.

He knew me at once, gave me a cordial greeting, showed me around the building, presented me to the guests of the day, and invited me to dine.

It's not the clothing that makes the man my son, it's the heart. I think more of the man dressed in blue for the love of his country than of these gay visitors whose chief business in these trying times is simply to dress for receptions.'

He remembered how it was not the state militia, but the love of Christ, that found and subdued the man.

He was ill and unfit for duty. He was ordered to appear before Dr. X., the medical officer of the corps, who pronounced him in good health and ordered him back to duty.

Against this verdict there was no appeal and the soldier returned to his work, which was preparing plans for a contemporary bridge. He found it impossible to work and mentioned the fact to the sergeant, with whom he was on most friendly terms.

'Why not let the case before Lord Kitchener?' said the sergeant. 'He is in the office now.'

'Send for Dr. X. immediately,' slowly muttered Lord Kitchener.

'Please Dr. X. examine this man carefully. He is either ill or malingering.'

Dr. X. performed the commanded task and nervously said: 'Sir, I fear that I have made a mistake. This man is in the early stages of typhoid.'

'Have the man at once removed to the hospital,' came in cold, passionate tones.

Each of these he made examine the patient in his presence. Dr. Y. reported 'typhoid in a marked stage.' Dr. Z. made the same diagnosis.

Send for Dr. X. immediately, slowly muttered Lord Kitchener.

Send for Dr. X. immediately, slowly muttered Lord Kitchener.

The Ability of Dr. Chase.

Is Measured by the Cures He Makes—Each Remedy Specific for Certain Diseases—A Remarkable Cure of Bright's Disease.

In this practical age a physician's ability is measured by the actual cures he makes. Judged by this high standard, Dr. Chase stands pre-eminent as a giant among physicians.

Mr. James Dellihunt, Consecon, Prince Edward County, Ont., writes: 'For several years I suffered great tortures of mind and body from Bright's disease of the kidneys.'

It has been my lifelong regret, concludes Mr. Shaaber, that I did not dine with the President.

How He Righted a Wrong Done by Doctor to a Private.

A sergeant of the Royal engineers who has just returned from the front tells the following story of Lord Kitchener's stern sense of justice.

One evening Mrs. Smith, as we will call her, went with her daughter to a dancing party at a Beacon street residence.

An hour later Mrs. Smith reached home and rang the bell. No response. Again and again she rang. Tired servants sleep soundly, and it began to look as if Mrs. Smith would have to spend the rest of the night outside.

The weather was bitterly cold, and the lady's costume was quite inadequate for comfort.

She bethought herself if she could get to the rear there was a window which could be raised. She looked at the brick wall, eight feet high, which separated her from the back yard.

Meantime her daughter had been wakened by the ringing of the bell, and suspecting that her mother was locked out, hurried down to let her in.

She opened the door and stood amazed to see her mother's costume—the shell of her mother, so to speak—standing erect in the vestibule. Where was her mother?

Peering anxiously about, she discovered Mrs. Smith in the act of surmounting the high wall.

'Mother, are you out of your senses?' she cried.

'No,' returned Mrs. Smith. 'I'm only out in the cold and trying to get in.'

it gave me great pain to urinate.

'I could do no work, and though I tried many kinds of kidney pills, could get no relief. As a last resort I was induced by a friend to give Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a trial.

Mr. J. J. Ward, J. P., Consecon, certifies that he has known Mr. Dellihunt for years as a truthful man and respected citizen, and vouches for the truth of the above statement.

You cannot possibly obtain a more beneficial treatment for the kidneys and liver than Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. It has stood the test of time and has proven beyond dispute its right to the title of 'the world's greatest kidney medicine.'

The dinner-table with me. When he had finished the fish prepared for him I sometimes gave him a piece of mine.

St. Thomas, May 11.—A modern miracle was made known today when Mr. Riddle, of this city, announced that he had recovered his hearing. He has been almost entirely deaf, and it borders on the marvellous to find him able to hear everything with great distinctness.

The best laid schemes o' mice and men Gang aft a-gley.

The Deaf Made to Hear.

The indulgent American parent of two or three boys and as many girls, each with a pet dog,—or, conservatively, with three pets among them,—will learn with regret that dogs may have their teeth drawn or filled.

At present the only dog dentist is supposed to be in London, but there is no telling how soon existence in the United States may be further complicated for the good man who pays the family bills by an account with Doctor Stopen, such as:

'Filling Fido's bicuspid, \$5.' 'Crowning Nery, \$10.' 'Extracting Primy's right molar, under ether, \$1.75.'

However, as dogs have teeth, there is no reason why they should have toothache; and if they have toothache, why should they not be taken to a dentist to have the offending teeth drawn?

A good deal of the snapping and snarling of puppies is due to teething. As in infants of the human race, new teeth come and try to push the old ones out, and sometimes complications ensue. So the dog dentist has to take out the milk teeth and give the second ones a chance.

The London dentist who devotes himself to the pets of his patrons does not use amalgam fillings, but gold. The bulldog is said to be the best patient; he will bear having his jaw pulled off without a whimper. On the other hand, the 'sfeest' dogs are the King Charles spaniels. These delicate, high strung little creatures are sometimes frightened into fits when the work of extracting a tooth begins.

On the whole, dogs bear the torture to which the dentist subjects them about as well as most men. Sometimes they bite, but that, we may assume, is because they have never been taught to find relief in exclamations.

Of course the 'yaller' dog, which nobody owns, will never be in a position to remunerate a dental surgeon. His snarl and growl, his teeth, and continue to wear his own teeth long after he has ceased to look pretty when he smiles. And there is a noble type of dog for which we see could desire such artificiality—the dog of the best tribe to which the 'transcendent' 'Rab' belonged.

Johnson's Eucalypti Liniment

Johnson's Eucalypti Liniment

Johnson's Eucalypti Liniment

Johnson's Eucalypti Liniment

Johnson's Eucalypti Liniment

CANCER

Dreyfus as He is To-Day.

After the conviction of ex-Captain Alfred Dreyfus and his removal to Devil's Island there arose in France that controversy over his case which convulsed the nation and radiated its disturbing influences throughout the nations of the world. It is hardly too much to say that the one intelligent and educated man in the whole world, who was completely shut off from knowledge of the strife between the Dreyfusards and the anti-Dreyfusards was the cause and centre of it all. Girt about with such barriers as have shut off no other prisoner of modern times, he knew nothing of the events in France.

On the other hand, the world knew nothing of him; how he fared, to what treatment he was subjected, how he was bearing himself in the ordeal of his island imprisonment. There were long periods when the public did not know whether he still lived. More than once his death was rumored; there were whispers of suicide. Thousands believed that whatever the outcome of the struggle in his behalf he would never be permitted to return to France alive. But whether for the honor of a dead man or the recovery of a living one, his partisans kept up the fight.

All these years Dreyfus himself was keeping the record of his weary days. With inexhaustible faith he believed that one day he would obtain justice.

'I shall have the necessary patience,' he writes in his diary. 'The machinations of which I am the victim must be discovered; it must be so. . . . Sooner or later in life everywhere is bound to come out.'

This diary, together with his account of his trial, condemnation, retrial, conviction and pardon make up the book, 'Five Years of My Life,' the first public utterance by Dreyfus himself since his arrest in 1894. From this remarkable bit of history the following extracts are taken as typical of the victim's own view of the ordeal through which he has passed.

After describing the now historical court-martial and conviction and degradation he tells us how he was sent to the Isle de Re and from there to the Isle du Diable. Here he was imprisoned in a stone hut with armed guards always on duty. By day he was permitted to walk about in a half-acre space. His correspondence was rigidly censored, and even his wife's letters were forwarded only after every reference to his case had been excised. All his cooking and washing he had to do himself. It was life reduced to its lowest and most wretched terms. Of his existence on the island he writes:

'Since I landed a month ago I have remained locked in my pen without once leaving it in spite of all the bodily fatigue of my painful journey. Several times I all but went crazy; I had congestion of the brain, and I conceived such a horror of life that the temptation came to me to have no care of myself and so put an end to my martyrdom.'

'At 10 o'clock they bring me my day's food—a bit of canned pork, some rice, some coffee berries in filthy condition, and a little moist sugar. I have no means of roasting the coffee, which in bitter desolation is given to me raw. I throw it all into the sea. Then I try to make a fire. After several fruitless efforts I succeed. I heat water for my tea. My luncheon is made up of bread and tea.'

'Saturday, April 20, 1895. 11 o'clock in the morning—I have finished my cooking for the day. This morning I cut my piece of meat in two; one piece is to boil; the other for a steak. To cook the latter I have contrived a grill from an old piece of sheet iron which I picked up in the island.'

'For drink I have water. My food is all prepared in old tin cans. I have nothing with which to clean these properly, and have no plates.'

'My days are interminable! every minute of every hour a long drawn out weariness.'

'I am incapable of any considerable physical exertion; moreover, from 10 in the morning until 9 in the evening the heat makes it impossible for me to go out. I cannot work at my English all day long, my brain will not stand it, and I have nothing to read. My only resource is a perpetual companionship with my thoughts.'

'Wednesday, May 1, 1895. Oh, the horrible nights! Yet I rose yesterday as usual, at half past 5, toiled all day long, took no siesta, and toward evening sawed wood for nearly an hour, until I trembled with fatigue. Yet I could not sleep until long past'

'If only I could read or work through the evenings! The lantern of the guard post, which is insufficient for my walking pursuits, is still too strong for me when I am in bed.'

'Saturday, Sunday, Monday, May 11, 12, 13,—Bad days. Fever, stomach trouble, disgust for everything. And what is going on in France all this time? At what point are the investigations?'

'Sunburn, too, on my feet, because I went out without my shoes for a few seconds.'

Entries in the diary through the summer relate how the prisoner was kept confined in his hut much of the time in the extremely hot weather, because convicts were at work on the island and it was feared that he might communicate with them. He suffered greatly from the bites of mosquitoes and other poisonous insects, from heat, fever, and stomach trouble. By fall he was very weak, hardly able to walk or write; and incapable of any continued mental exertion. He wrote:

'Oct. 6, 1895.—Awful heat. The hours are leaden.'

'Oct. 14, 1895.—Violent wind. Impossible to go out. The day is of terrible length. I no longer know how I live. My brain is crushed. Violent heart spasms. The sultry weather takes away all energy. They will certainly end by killing me through repeated sufferings or by forcing me to seek in suicide an escape from insanity. The opprobrium of my death will be upon Cammandant du Paty, Bertillon, and all those who have imbrued their hands in this iniquity.'

'Each night I dream of my wife and children. But what terrible awakenings! When I open my eyes and find myself in this hut I have a moment of such anguish that I could close my eyes forever, never to see or think again'

As time went on Dreyfus became weaker and weaker. There were long weeks when he wrote nothing in his diary. Then, in the fall of 1896 when the weather was so deadly that many of the guards broke down under it the authorities instituted what appears like a deliberate attempt to hasten the prisoner's death. He describes it thus.

'Monday, Sept. 7, 1896.—Yesterday evening I was put in irons. Why, I know not. Since I have been here I have always scrupulously observed the orders given me. How is it I do not go crazy during the long, dreadful night? What I suffer is horrible, yet I no longer feel anger against those who torture an innocent man; I feel only a great pity toward them.'

'These nights in irons! I do not even speak of the physical suffering, but what moral ignominy, and without any explanation, without knowing for why or for what cause. Nearly two years of this have worn me out. I can do no more. The very instinct of life falters; it is too much for mortal man to bear.'

The diary ends on Sept. 10, 1898, with the entry of an appeal by letter to the president of France for justice. Thereafter Capt. Dreyfus's narrative continues. He tells how for two months and a half he was confined to his hut without a minute's exercise, when the heat was so great that his guards had to keep their quarters sluiced out with water; for nearly two months he slept in irons every night, the ankle rings being so tight that they tore his flesh. In spite of all this he writes to his wife, whose courageous letters were his strongest support:

'A pure soul that has a sacred duty to fulfill must rise above suffering. Have courage; have courage! Look straight before you, neither to the right nor to the left, but steady to the end. I know well that you, too, are but human. Yet when grief becomes too great, when trials still too come seem to hard for you to bear, look into the faces of our children and say to yourself that you must live, to be with them and care for them until the day when our country shall acknowledge what I have been and am.'

'What I wish to repeat to you with a voice that you must always hear is 'Cour-

age, courage! Your patience, your resolution, that of all of us must never tire until the full truth is revealed.'

'I cannot fill my letters full enough of the love that my heart holds for you all. That I have been able to withstand so much agony of soul, such misery and strain, is because I have drawn strength from the thought of you and the children.'

'ALFRED.'

Matters went from bad to worse for a time; then the treatment of Dreyfus became somewhat less rigorous, until finally on June 5, 1899, the following note was put into his hands:

'Please let Capt. Dreyfus know immediately of this order of the Supreme Court: The court quashes and annuls the sentence pronounced on the 22d day of December, 1894, upon Alfred Dreyfus, by the first court martial of the Military Government of Paris, and remands the accused party to a court martial at Rennes, &c.'

His return to France, in close confinement on the warship *Sfax* followed. Once in France he learned the history of the fight for the revision of his case and was ready to face his accusers at the second court martial at Rennes. He writes:

'Of my own story I knew nothing. As I said, I was still back in 1894, when the *borderline* as the only document in the case, with the sentence of the court martial, with that appalling parade of degradation, with the cries of 'Death to the traitor' from a deluded people. I believed in the loyalty of Gen. de Boisdeffre; I believed in the Chief Magistrate of the State, Felix Faure; I thought both eager for justice. Thereafter a veil had fallen before my eyes, growing more impenetrable every day.'

It was sometime after he landed before he was allowed to see his wife, and of their first meeting, in prison, he says:

'It is impossible for words to express in their intensity the emotions which my wife and I both felt at seeing each other again. Joy and grief were blended in our hearts. We sought to read in others faces traces of our sufferings; we wished to tell each other all that we felt in our souls, to reveal all the feelings suppressed and stifled during these long years; but the words died

away on our lips. We had to content ourselves with trying to throw into our looks all the strength of our affection and of our endurance. The presence of a Lieutenant of infantry who was stationed there prevented any intimate talk.'

Then came the retrial and the conviction of which he writes:

'In spite of the plainest evidence against all justice and equity, I was condemned. Two votes, however, were given for me. As to the sentence which five judges dared to pronounce, I do not accept it.'

The offer of pardon and his acceptance of it Dreyfus explains thus:

'A pardon was offered me on condition that I withdraw my demand for revision. Although expecting nothing from my demand, I hesitated to withdraw it, for I had no need of pardon. I thirsted for justice. But on the other hand my brother told me that my health already greatly shaken, left little hope that I could resist much longer under the conditions in which I should be placed; that liberty would give me greater opportunity to strive for the reparation of the atrocious judicial error of which I was still the victim, since it would give me time, and time was the only object of my appeal to the military tribunal of revision. Mathieu added that the withdrawal of my demand was counselled and approved by the men who had been, in the press and before the world, the chief champions of my cause.'

'Finally I thought of the sufferings of my wife and family, of the children whom I had not yet seen and whose memory had haunted me day and night since my return to France. Accordingly I agreed to withdraw my appeal, but at the same time specified unmistakably my absolute and unchangeable intention to follow up the legal revision of the sentence at Rennes.'

Teacher—Tommy, what are you doing to that little boy?

Tommy—Nothing. He wanted to know if you take three from five how many will remain, and I took three of his apples to show him, and now he wants them back.

Teacher—Well, why don't you give them back to him?

Tommy—Cause then he would forget how many are left.—Chicago News.



THE PLOTTERS.

Chat

The bodice of the bolero worn over waist or a blouse covered with stitching course the most hand-embroidered few to whom mon-

Silk bands are pique gowns with they necessitate rather than to the in white pique shirrows of black silk cut in three parts, other, the edges fr-

As for the muslin brodered or plain chic by a colored is worn with them muslin in color, colored bolero ma hand painted mou the white muslin g usually arranged in several little floun is the flowered l other thin fabrics.

Flowered taffeta simple puffs and with gowns for de soie, usually v back.

Painted moussel with the combinati of dainty lace chiffings to give the fro They are used very realistic in pri of elegance in dres duce that cannot f country.

In foulards the said to be the late fancy for their de silk out in a lead ed with a white sill any way which go may form a ban shoulder collar, an arranged in a cors gowns show a wide color which predom ed around with r velvet ribbon.

Some pretty effe arranged in surpris ally above a broad the effect of a bole neck, filled in with batiste or chiffon which join is a ban or lace all around the front, falling b belt.

Among the othe ming is the use of and bands on mat again you see tuck on plain material. Embroidered law canvas, foulards as measure of style. is in deep collar sleeves.

Batiste flowers are used in appli cloth gowns as w fancy for veiling is in color, and used skirt with batiste ficish, and the veil Undulating bands course. For a sh flowers the net is e

A feature of drea woman with a pret to ignore is the ch just below the coll square.

A pretty model in the illustrations ing a lace flounce the edge with thro ribbon. Deep tu another veiling go band of oriental wider bands trim Another pretty veiling is tucked a waist to the knee, out. Graduated g ribbon spotted with Embroidered bati collar.

A pretty model edged ruffles, a tu ciennes lace insert groups of tucks to model for wool m wise and complete chiffon forms the v

Here is a black taffeta gown so po collar is of embroi ng suit of gray h

Chat of the Boudoir.

The bodice of the linen gown is either a bolero worn over a dainty thin white shirt waist or a blouse trimmed with bands covered with stitching, or embroidery. Of course the most beautiful linen gowns are hand-embroidered, but these are for the few to whom money is no object.

Silk bands are used in both linen and pique gowns with a very pretty effect, but they necessitate their going to the cleaners, rather than to the laundry. One costume in white pique shows a novel decoration in rows of black silk stitching. The skirt is cut in three parts, one lapping over the other, the edges finished with the stitching.

As for the muslin gowns, either embroidered or plain, they are made very chic by a colored taffeta silk bolero which is worn with them. It should match the muslin in color, or if the gown is white, a colored bolero may be worn with it. The hand painted mousselines are applied to the white muslin gowns with great effect, usually arranged in a band at the head of several little flounces. But the latest thing is the flowered border on muslins and other thin fabrics.

Flowered taffetas, too, are made up in simple gowns for young women, and trimmed with puffs and plaitings of museline de soie, usually with sash ends at the back.

Painted mousselines form entire dresses with the combination of yards upon yards of dainty lace chiffon plaitings and ruchings to give the front-around the feet. They are indeed dreams of loveliness, very realistic in price, but there is no form of elegance in dress which Paris can produce that cannot find purchasers in this country.

In foulards the Japanese patterns are said to be the latest novelty, and a new fancy for their decoration is cutting the silk out in a least design finished and veined with a white silk cord, and applied in any way which good taste may suggest. It may form a band around the shirt, a shoulder collar, and is especially effective arranged in a corslet belt. Other foulard gowns show a wide belt of taffeta, of the color which predominates in the silk, striped around with rows of half inch black velvet ribbon.

Some pretty effects are made with folds arranged in surplus fashion, or horizontally above a broad belt, giving something the effect of a bolero, cut out square in the neck, filled in with a chemisette of tucked batiste or chiffon. Covering the edges which join is a band of embroidered batiste or lace all around and down either side of the front, falling in round ends over the belt.

Among the other peculiarities of trimming is the use of pekin silk for pipings and bands on materials of one color, and again you see tucked bands of plain silk on plain material, both the same shade. Embroidered lawn trims veilings and wool canvas, foulards and taffetas with an equal measure of style. Its chief use, however, is in deep collars and vests and undersleeves.

Batiste flowers in either white or ecru are used in application on veiling and cloth gowns as well—while still another fancy for veiling is a wool net matching it in color, and used in bands around the skirt with batiste applique or lace for a finish, and the veiling cut out underneath. Undulating bands are the most effective of course. For a shoulder collar with batiste flowers the net is charming.

A feature of dress this season which the woman with a pretty throat cannot afford to ignore is the chokerless bodice, cut out just below the collar band, either round or square.

A pretty model for nun's veiling shown in the illustrations has a tunic skirt displaying a lace flounce in front and finished on the edge with three rows of black velvet ribbon. Deep tucks are the feature of another veiling gown heading with a tiny band of oriental embroidery, which in wider bands trims the bodice.

Another pretty model for a dark blue veiling is tucked all round the skirt from waist to the knee, where the fulness swings out. Graduated groups of narrow blue ribbon spotted with white are the finish. Embroidered batiste forms the vest and collar.

A pretty model for dimity shows lace edged ruffles, a tucked bodice with valenciennes lace insertion set in between the groups of tucks to form a yoke. A blouse model for wool material is tucked crosswise and completed with a vest of white chiffon forms the vest.

Here is a black taffeta blouse for the taffeta gown so popular this spring and the collar is of embroidered batiste. The outgoing ruit of gray homespun shows rows of

stitching crossed with bands of gray silk. A jaunty little silk coat is of plaited taffeta finished with a cream lace collar strapped around below in Empire fashion with black velvet ribbon.

THE SEASON'S NECKWEAR.

Stocks Still Prevail, but the Tendency is to Delistier Modes.

Neckwear has no rival this season so far as variety is concerned, for there is every conceivable kind of stock feminine fancy can devise, besides most of the neckties heretofore enjoyed by men as their exclusive property. What the women cannot find in their own bewildering province they seek in the men's furnishings stores, where they get the sort of necktie which belongs to the linen collar.

This instrument of torture, unfortunately, is still among the modes, but it is encouraging to note that the tendency is all toward the more dainty neckwear, in the way of transparent stocks and soft ties of lawn, lace and chiffon. For the simple stock to wear with the strictly plain shirt waist there is the tucked white Indian lawn, with the narrow hemstitched or embroidered band turning over the edge, and a tie three or four inches in width, with a colored lawn hem, pinned with an open work-stitch.

Colored batiste dotted with white is used very effectively for the hems, and also for stocks in very narrow bands, pinned with cross stitching or bands of narrow lace insertion. The tie is attached to the stock at the back, where it crosses and is brought around to the front and tied in a bow or a four-in-hand knot.

The Heister stock is one of the novelties among the more severe kinds of neckwear, silk, linen and pique, both embroidered and plain, with a contrasting tie narrower in front than at the back. This is carried through a gilt buckle, one of the harness variety being most generally used. White stocks of this sort have a tie of pongee colored linen or silk as you fancy. Persian silks are also used, and if the buckle is not desired then a small bow fills the place.

Some of the fancy transparent stocks are worn without a bow and fastened to the skirt band with a pretty pin at one side. One of the endless variety of the latter sort is made of white linen with motifs of heavy white lace scattered over it, the linen being cut out underneath. Some of the fancy waists are furnished with four-inch hand ties of the same silk.

In addition to the multitude of stocks there is a great variety in dainty scarf ties of mull, striped, dotted and plain, and of thin white silk with oriental embroidery around the ends. Liberty gauze and thin crepe de chine also enter into the construction of these novelties which are begun. Heister Barathes silk is another material in the neckwear department. Dainty little stocks to wear with the silk shirt waists are made of Point d'Alencon guipure and Venetian lace sewn around with three or four rows of narrow ribbon velvet.

SHIRT WAISTS AND SAILOR HATS.

Articles of Summer Dress That Again Assert Their Popularity. The dainty shirt waist of sheer lawn organdie, China silk and dimity, buttoned up the back, is an article of summer dress which asserts its right to popularity on every hand. It is shown by hundreds in the shops is brought over from Paris by the dressmakers in scores, and is made to order in most exclusive designs, if anything in fashion can be considered exclusive in these days.

Some of the simple designs show a tucked back, a tucked yoke effect in front, pointing down in the centre, and tucks at the top of the sleeves, forming a point. The sleeve is also tucked in vertical lines around the wrist, four or five inches to form a cuff, having a little full edge directly at the wrist finished with narrow lace. Another model shows tucks and narrow lace insertions set in to form squares, diamonds or curved lines, either at the yoke or just below it, and again they are tucked up a few inches from the belt in corslet effect. These dainty waists are made of pink, blue and yellow and white lawns and batistes, and in many cases hand embroidered.

The sleeves are tucked up and down to a little below the elbow, where the fulness forms a puff above the waistband. Irish point lace trims some of the tucked white waists, two bands encircling the shoulders in round yoke form or striping the bodice up and down between groups of tucks.

Very swaggar shirt waists are made of embroidered linen and white pique, with colored polka dots, made with a lawn sailor collar tucked and piped around the edge with pique. The cuffs, also of lawn are tucked and finished in the same way. Half inch tucks, piped with colored chambray, form one variety of decoration seen one on a white linen waist.

The accepted concomitant of the shirt waist is the sailor hat, but it is hardly suitable this season for the elaborate blouses, and is relegated chiefly to morning wear with the simpler waists of linen and Madras. However, there is a new and more dressy shape in ecru straw, the brim faced with black straw and turned up in a tiny edge all around. A scarf of Rumbunda silk is one form of trimming, held in place by two gold slides in front. There is some variety in the coloring of this style of hat, and black velvet, in combination with a bright red or blue crepe scarf, makes a striking combination in trimming for the white straw. When the brims are faced with blue or pink straw the scarf matches the tint as nearly as possible, or there is a delicate contrast, such as mauve with blue.

Another sailor hat with a flat brim which is narrower in back than in front, has a broader crown than was worn last year, and is trimmed with any of the small flowers and a rosette of chiffon.

TRILLS OF FASHION.

Feather stitching too, is employed in various ways for outlining seams and finishing edges on any kind of material.

In striking contrast is the perfectly plain skirt of silk, each seam covered with rows of stitching and cut to fit the hips to perfection, flaring out gracefully around the feet over a ruffled foundation skirt.

Fagot stitching is quite as popular as it was last season and especially so for joining shirt seams when the narrow open work line can be effective over a light lining.

Another skirt carried out in black and white, and a model which might be useful for remodeling an old gown, has a circular flounce of strong black net, wider in the back than in the front, set on the edge of an upper skirt of taffeta glace or peau de soie, which stripes the net around in graduated bands stitched on. This is a pretty skirt over either black or white, and vertical tucks in groups may trim the upper skirt, or the seams may be finished with fagot stitching.

Another way of varying this sort of skirt is a circular flounce of the net, not very wide except at intervals all around where it shapes up into points or scallops. Both edges may be finished with rows of narrow black velvet ribbon or a ruche of fine net. The old taffeta skirt can be made quite fashionable with this additional flounce and the proper foundation skirt underneath.

The idea of the net flounce is very prettily illustrated in some of the foulard and batiste gowns, where it is striped around with a band of the material which in case it is foulard is edged with a row of silk soutache braid and a frill of narrow valenciennes, while in the latter fabric the band has a half-inch tuck in the centre, is stitched on either edge and is graduated a very little in width.

A pink batiste delicately embroidered in tiny white sprays shows this style of skirt. The upper part of the skirt is in inch-wide box plaits with quite a space between them, and a band of cream lace is set in around the hips and above the flounce of white net. The bodice has a tucked white batiste chemisette, lace set in below the yoke, and a belt made of rows of black velvet ribbon.

Another model in foulard shows again the use of tucks and insertion and the bodice of silk is partially covered with a guipure lace bolero with a collar, and opening in front with an odd effect. The lace set in round the hips gives the suggestion of a basque, which by the way, is said to be one of the latest fancies in Paris, the long basque added separately in Louis XV. style being the especial form which is set forth as the latest fad.

The idea of strapping lace with silk bands is elaborately carried out in one imported model, the entire gown of Mechlin lace being strapped around from the chiffon chemisette to the hem with bands of heliotrope satin mousseline. This bayadere effect is again in a skirt of cream batiste tucked around between graduated rows of lace insertion, from waist to hem.

Something unique in the black and white combination is in black gauze striped up and down with narrow black velvet ribbon, above a wide insertion of hand painted white gauze cream lace, and dull gold spangles so cunningly worked in together and applied to the skirt that it seems to be a part of it. The foundation dress is white taffeta with a middle skirt of white mousseline de soie.

One very important feature of the fashion

able skirt is the slender appearance from the waist to the knee. From the bust to the knee would give more correct idea of the outline in profile of the up to date figure, as the gown gives the impression of being moulded to the figure between these two points, below and above which there is more breadth and fulness. The skirt spreads out in abundant ruffles and fluff, and the shoulders are supplied with wide collars and various other devices for adding breadth. In some of the skirts the fulness at the back is disposed of in tucks which are stitched down flat several inches below the waist.

Skirts are varied more than ever this season and yet the one with the circular flounce narrower in front than at the back is the leading model more generally used in all kinds of materials than any other. For duck, linen and canvas this style of skirt is almost universal, trimmed with stitched bands or embroidered insertions.

Another skirt model for linen is cut in narrow gores, each seam covered with a stitched band of the linen. The edge is cut out in squares over a tucked flounce, and embroidered around with a design in white. Other linen skirts have the yoke around the hips and tucks below, at the sides and back. A skirt model shown in a chambray gown has a front breadth narrow at the top and flaring at the feet, where it is finished with three inch wide tucks. Very narrow tucks encircle the hips in yoke form.

The Shoe Toe.

The uniformity in the style of toes has done a good deal to reconcile the manufacturer to the close margins on which he is doing business, said a leading shoe man. For instance, when a radical change of toe comes up, such as we had when the London toe was changed to the Piccadilly toe, the coin to the dime and subsequently to the razor and needle toe, it compelled manufacturers to equip their factories with entirely new lasts and at an expense not unfrequently of \$2,000 or more where a factory was large. When that ugly abomination was discarded, and we trust for all time, all manufacturers were compelled to change their entire system, and new lasts that we did not work over one season were put under our boilers for fuel. The uniformity of the prevailing style of toe is not only sensible, but will not, in my opinion, be radically changed for years because it appeals to the good sense of wearers and is in perfect style.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Keeping up style. Mr. Minks—That girl was decent enough to black the stoves before going, I see.

Mrs. Minks—No; I blacked them myself, and it's lucky I did.

'Lucky?'

'Yes, indeed. Mrs. De Fashion and Mrs. De Style called right in the midst of it, so I just put a little more blacking on my face and went to the door and told them I wasn't in. They said they'd call again.'

Hogan Had Nerve.

I hear Hogan is sick, said the barber. Yes, but he's better now, said the bailiff. He went to a doctor, who looked him over and then wrote out a prescription.

How much will that cost, doc? asked Hogan.

About a dollar and a half, says the doctor.

Have you got that much to loan me, doc? says Hogan.

The doctor took the prescription back and crossed off all the items except 'aqua pura.'

You can get that for ten cents, he said, handing it back to Hogan, and here's a dime.

Don't I have to take those things you scratched off? asked Hogan.

No, says the doctor. Those are nerve tonics. You don't need them.

Kind Of Boss.

Ethel—Mamma told me I could stay in the parlor last night while Mr. Huggard was calling on sister Bass.

Elsie—Did she?

Ethel—Yes, and it was great fun. We played 'blind man's buff,' and they let me be the blind man nearly all the time.—Philadelphia Press.

Bargain Day.

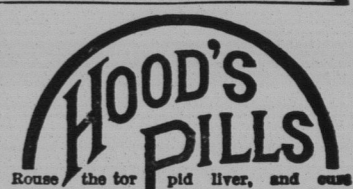
Mamma—Tommy, do stop that noise. If you'll be good, I'll give you a penny.

Tommy—No; I want a nickel.

Mamma—Why, you little rascal, you were quite satisfied to be good yesterday for a penny!

Tommy—I know; but that was bargain day.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, tired of her Deafness and Noises in the Head, by Dr. Nicol's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his estate, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Dr. Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.



Hood's Pills. Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

He Lost Nothing. See—So he loved and lost? He—No. He merely didn't get her. She had no money.—Smart Set.

The President a Slave to Catarrh.—D. T. Sample, president of Sample's Instalment Company, Washington, Pa., writes: "For years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It gave almost instant relief. 50 cents.—49

A small boy asked his mother what blood relations meant. She explained that it meant very near relatives. After thinking it over for several minutes he exclaimed: Then you must be the bloodiest relation I have got, mamma.

Regular Practitioner—No Result.—Mrs. Annie C. Chestnut, of Whitby, was for months a rheumatic victim, but South American Rheumatic Cure changed the song from "despair" to "joy." She says: "I suffered untold misery from rheumatism—doctors' medicine did me no good—two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure cured me—relief two hours after the first dose."—50

Would you like me to give you a quarter, grandpa? asked five year old Johnny. Certainly, replied the old gentleman.

Very well, said the little diplomat; then you should do unto others as you would that others should do unto you.

My Heart was Thumping my Life out.—"is the way Mrs. R. H. Wright, of Brockville, Ont., describes her sufferings from smothering, fluttering and palpitation. After trying many remedies without benefit, six bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart restored her to perfect health. The first dose gave almost instant relief, and in a day suffering ceased altogether.—51

Bessie, aged four, has been sitting in a cramped position for some time playing with her doll. By and by, when she attempted to get up, she "tipped" back on the floor and exclaimed: Oh, mamma, my foot's asleep! Won't you ruff the breakfast ball, please, and wake it up?

The Stomach's "Weal or Woe!"—The stomach is the centre from which, from the standpoint of health, flows "weal or woe." A healthy stomach means perfect digestion—perfect digestion means strength and steady nerve centres—strong nerve centres mean good circulation, rich blood and good health. South American Nervine makes and keeps the stomach right.—52

Just see that poor, hungry tramp, Willie, said his mother. Do you not wish he had half your budding? Mamma, answered Willie, who was suffering from a sense of fullness, I wish to goodness he had it all!

Pill-Dosed with nauseous, big purgers, prejudice people against pills generally. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are revolutionizing the pill demand—they're so pleasant and easy to take—the doses are small and so is the price, 10 cents for 40 doses. Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation dispelled. Works like a charm.—53

First Small Boy—My Papa knows more than your papa does. He is a school-teacher and has a high forehead. Second Small Boy—Hub! I guess you never saw my papa. His forehead runs down to the back of his neck.

Bright's Disease—Insidious & deceptive! relentless! has foiled hundreds of trials by medical science to stem the tide of its ravages—and not until South American Kidney Cure proved beyond a doubt its power to turn back the tide, was there a gleam of anything but despair for the victim of this dread form of kidney disease.—54

One day little Margie asked her mother the meaning of the word deduct and was told that it meant to carry away. The next morning she came running into the dining room with a woful look on her face and exclaimed: 'Oh, mamma, the nasty old cat has deducted my canary!'

Baby Humors.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment soothes, quiets, and effects quick and effective cures in all skin eruptions common to baby during teething time. It is harmless to the hair in cases of Scald Head, and cures Eczema, Salt Rheum and all Skin Diseases of older people. 35 cents.—55

Ant Clara—Would you like for me to give you a nickel, Tommy? Tommy (aged 4)—Yes. Ant Clara (thinking to improve his manners)—Yes, if what? Tommy—Yes, if you haven't got a dime.

Little but Searching.—Dr. Von Sian's Pineapple Tablets are not big, nauseous doses that contain injurious drugs or narcotics—they are the pure vegetable pepsin—the medicinal extract from this luscious fruit, and the tablets are prepared in as palatable form as the fruit itself. They cure indigestion. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—56

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)
Neville stared at him.
'Done what?'
'I've released her.'
'My dear fellow, do be more explicit; you've released whom from what?'
'Oh! P' gasped Val 'don't you understand? I've told P—Peggy that I can never marry her?'
'Phew!' whistled his brother; 'and what did she say?'
'I told her it wasn't fair to let her go on being engaged to me. Said I couldn't afford to marry her, and it had better end. She—she was an angel! Said it shouldn't be she who loved me, and would stick to me whether I ended it or not. But—we aren't engaged any more!'
His head dropped again, and for a time there was silence.
Sir Neville stood leaning against the mantelshelf, stroking his moustache thoughtfully, and glancing from time to time at his brother.

Val remained motionless.
At last the elder brother went over and laid a gentle hand on the bowed shoulders.
'Val, old chap,' he began, 'I want to test your love, to see whether it or your pride is the stronger; somehow I fancy there's more in you than I thought there was. You see, I'm wanting a secretary—could you pay him two hundred a year, and give you the old Dover House to live in, and well, you write a very decent hand, old man.'
The white face was raised again, but this time there was hope in the eyes where before had been nothing but despair.
'Oh, Neville! do you mean it really? By Jove, though, you are a brick! Faith I'll take your offer! Two hundred and the Dover House! Why, with my income, too, I'll be quite rich. I'll go straight off and tell Peg. Poor little girl! I expect she's crying her heart out over my brutality; but, you see, it was this way: After you'd shown me how much you could give up, I thought I'd try and be a hero, too. Gad! though, it was deuced hard; I shan't try it again in a hurry.'
'I admire you for it, I can tell you, old fellow.'
'Thanks, that's all right. Well, I'm off to tell Peg.'
'Er—Val,' called out Sir Neville, as his brother hurried past the window a moment or two later.
'Yes, old man?'
'Er—you might tell Bride that, if she's nothing else to do this afternoon, I shall be on the cliffs about three, just above Horse Shoe Rock.'
'Yes, Neville. I'll tell her, and may your wooing prosper! I laughed Val, as he bounded off down the drive.
Sir Neville turned to his writing-table, and opening a drawer, took out a bundle of letters and a faded photograph.
The picture showed a girl, in a white muslin dress, sitting under some trees in a garden; evidently an amateur effort, but still a pretty little picture.
The girl was young, and fresh, and lovely.
The glimpse one caught of the garden in which she sat was charming.
Sir Neville looked at the photograph for a few moments; then he sighed, and tore it in two.
He untied the bundle of letters and glanced through them carelessly.
The first, which was a long one, began 'My own darling,' and was signed 'Yours, ever and ever, Kathleen,' the last of all was very brief, beginning 'Dear Neville,' and ending 'Yours sincerely, K. H.'
One by one the letters shared the fate of the photograph.
As the last was tossed into the wastepaper basket, Sir Neville leaned back in his chair, and fixed his eyes dreamily on the ceiling.
'I wonder—shall I tell her?' he mused.
'Yes, perhaps I had better. She might find out afterwards and reproach me.'
Then his thoughts wandered back to the night of the ball where he had first met his enslaver of long ago—he, a lad of twenty; she, a beautiful and blushing debutante of but seventeen.
They both fell in love with one another at first sight, and he remembered her shy embarrassment on the day when he told her he loved her, her timid 'Yes,' the rapture of that first kiss, then the blissful ture of his courtship, which lasted, at intervals—for they did not often meet—for two years; last of all the agony which followed the shock of learning that she had not really cared for him—that she had jilted him for a richer husband and a higher title; the bitterness which at length took the place of the agony.
He could never care for anyone again, he had told himself. All girls were false; all women were mercenary; all men were liars.
So he had shut himself up away from society, from scheming mamma and eager daughters, and all the rest, until now, in the midst of his retirement, he had been caught again.
His lost belief in human goodness was partially restored to him, for he had found a girl who had some of the makings of a brother in him; aye, and a poor peasant who could give his own life to save that of his landlord and benefactor.
Perhaps, after all, there are some nobility left on earth.
So he mused until his reverie was disturbed by a wild 'Halloo!' as Val dashed, breathless, into the room, forgetting the dignity of his six-and-twenty years, and proceeded to dance a jig in front of his bewildered brother, crying at intervals as he did so—
'Next Christmas! Next Christmas! Next Christmas!'
'What do you mean?' inquired Sir Neville at length. 'Val! Is the boy mad?'
'Val! what is it?'
'I'm going to be married!' yelled Val frantically.
'So I understood; but why this excitement?'
'Why, Nev, I'm to be married on Christmas Day!

Sir Neville stared at him in amazement for a moment or two.
Then he began to laugh, and for ten minutes at least he sat and roared—what he could not have told to save his life.

CHAPTER V.

Down by the shore that afternoon a girl, in an smart little scarlet jacket and ruffled and the white sea foam dashing in at her feet; and so thought the young man who stood and hailed her from the cliffs above.
'Bride! Coo-oo-oo-ee!'
'Neville!' she exclaimed to herself, then looked up coolly and waved her hand to him, as she called out—
'Coming down?'
Her voice reached him clear and sweet above the roar of the surf.
'Yes,' he shouted, and at once began his descent.
In two minutes he was at her side.
The noise of the surf almost drowned their voices, and they had to shout into each other's ears to make themselves heard.
'Oh, dear!' groaned Sir Neville inwardly. 'Fancy making love to a girl at the top of one's voice!'
'Bride,' he began, but the humour of the situation appeared to her, and she burst out laughing.
'Button up your jacket,' he cried; 'it's cold.'
Then he put his arm round her and kissed her.
'Why did you do that?' demanded Bride, flashing a vivid crimson.
'Because I like it,' he answered, and did it again.
'Bride,' he said, 'I can't make love like this; but you know what I want. Will you say "Yes"?'
She looked at him, hesitated a moment, then called out—
Then there was silence save for the noise made by the dash of the waves and the sound of the curlews calling over head.
Later on, when they were out of hearing of the sea, Sir Neville cleared his throat nervously, and said—
'Bride, dear, I've something I think I ought to tell you.'
'Oh, dear!' sighed Bride. 'don't say you're married already, like the people in novels—it's so monotonous; and, besides, it would be rather horrid for me.'
Neville laughed.
'No it's not that—but it is about a woman.'
Bride looked at him reproachfully, and then exclaimed—
'Oh! I surely you're not a widower, are you? I've always said—'
'Bride, dear, do be serious,' pleaded her lover. 'I only wanted to tell you that I cared for someone once before—years ago. Of course, I care for her no longer, but I thought I ought to tell you.'
'Well?'
'Well? That's all. How many more girls do you think I've been in love with? Isn't one enough? I don't look so dreadfully tragic! Did you suppose I thought I was the first? No, indeed! I'm only relieved to hear that there were not more than one besides myself.'
She laughed merrily at his gloomy expression.
'You haven't a very good opinion of me, evidently,' he said dimly. 'Pray, how many affairs of the sort have you had, may I ask?'
Bride considered.
'Well, there was the dentist, when I was eight years old; he was so nice, Neville, and so good—'
'Hang the dentist!' the baronet exclaimed. 'He doesn't count.'
'Oh! Neville, my dentist not count! Well, then there was a sailor four years later.'
'Both the sailor! Get on to when you grew up?'
'Y—yes—well, hardly.'
'I loved a bold young soldier then. A soldier, one of father's locums, and a man who came on a yacht—they were all crowded into one brief year. None of my other affairs was really serious until I was about nineteen; then—'
'Well?'
'Then I fell in love with a young man residing in the neighbourhood—a really charming young man. He—'
'What was his name?'
'He was good-looking.'
'What was he like?'
'Well, let me see. Not very tall, but rather well-made; brown hair, grey eyes, a nose, a mouth, moustache—'
'Bride! what was his name?'
'His name?'
'Well, his name was—'
'Yes?'
'His name was—Neville Fitz—'
But the last part of the sentence was somewhat inarticulate, for the baronet had caught her in his arms, and was covering her face with kisses.
As the twilight fell that evening, two pairs of figures were seen approaching the gate of Clontarf, Dr. McCarthy's house, from different sides.
Both couples were arm-in-arm; both appeared to be absorbed in conversation.
Two or three peasants going home from work nodded and smiled at one another as they passed.
'Sir Neville's made a fine choice for himself!' said one.
'He has that, and Master Val, too,' was the reply.
'Ay, but 'tis Miss Bride that has the pluck, the darlin'. D'ye mind how she acted in the moonlight business?'
'I do; an' didn't she help the wifes an' children of the boys that were sint to gaol? Doesn't she kape the life in poor Mary Farrathy an' her little wans? An'

doesn't she trate Larry O'Leary's wife and childer as if they were her own? May the saints preserve them all, an' her as poshly.'
'Ah, indeed then, she'd done all you say! Shure, poor Micky, God rest his soul, nivir tuk the care of Mary that Miss Bride's doing now. 'Tis a new woman intirely she is since he died.'
And the two couples strolled happily along, thinking only of one another, till at the gate of Clontarf they suddenly came face to face.
'Phew!' whistled Val. 'What meaneth this, good friend, may I ask?'
'You may,' replied his brother serenely, holding Bride's hand more tightly in his own on finding that it was seized with a sudden desire to slip away. 'You may certainly ask, and, perhaps, if you're very good—shall we tell them, Bride, and, if so which of us?' he inquired, turning laughingly to his blushing companion.
'You,' she whispered.
'Very well then, as you like. Miss Bride, McCarthy, daughter of the well-known practitioner, Dr. McCarthy, of Clontarf, has graciously consented to become the spouse of Sir Neville Ffoliot, Baronet of Ard-na-carrig.'
'Hurrah!' shouted Val. 'Hurrah! Three cheers for the future Lady Ffoliot, and for her noble spouse. I am glad beyond expression, old man. I You are to be congratulated. May I kiss the bride?'
'Certainly not,' replied Sir Neville severely; 'at least, you may kiss your own, but you will please refrain from kissing mine. I, however, will perform that comony myself when Miss Peggy has quite finished hugging her.'
'By the way,' he added, 'I might as well mention that my future wife looks upon me as a desperate sort of character. She thinks that I shall probably desert her within the year; in fact, she suspects that I am already a polygamist. It is not altogether a cheerful prospect, is it? But she has nobly made up her mind to face the worst, and anyway, with such expectations, she needn't be disappointed in me, however badly I turn out. A while ago we compared our past lives, and we learned many shocking things about one another. Fancy Val, at eight years old she was philandering with a dentist! So the youthful and yet so depraved! By the way, we're not to be married at Christmas. Yes, dear, don't look like that; it's my own idea entirely, and I am going to carry it out. If you don't choose to be married on that day, it's not my fault. I intend to be.'
'Who's talking about getting married, pray?' inquired the doctor, who had just joined them.
'We are—all of us,' responded Val, with a happy laugh.
'And with whose consent, it's not an impertinent question?'
'Why, yours, doctor. We're going to marry our daughters on Christmas day, if you've no objection.'
'Oh, none at all, of course!' said the doctor plaintively. 'I'm to be bereaved of my two daughters in one day—my only props,' as the major-general said in the 'Pirates of Penzance'—and I'm to raise no objection.'
'Now, father,' remonstrated Peggy, 'you know quite well that you're simply delighted; and we'll be quite close, so that we can run in and see you every day.'
'And how do you know I'll have you running in, miss? But, look here—joking apart, you'll never be ready by Christmas day. How about the trousseaux?'
'Hang the trousseaux!' cried the younger Ffoliot.
'Val!' said Peggy reprovingly. 'of course we must have proper trousseaux, but we can manage to get them ready in time, if I'm sure. We'll go up to Cork to-morrow and see about it.'
'And then—' began Dr. McCarthy ironically.
'Ah, no more objections, doctor!' pleaded Neville. 'Give us your consent and your blessing; and let us arrange to have a double wedding on Christmas Day.'
'Yes, doctor, do,' echoed Val.
'Well, I suppose I must give in under such pressure,' sighed the doctor. 'Let it be as you like.'
And a double wedding it was.

Got Corns?
Foolish to keep them if you have? No fun in corns, but lots of pain. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor raises corns in twenty-four hours. Get a quick crop by raising it—druggists sell it.
One for the Dutchman.
A granger was in the Union Station the other day, and was telling of an occurrence on his farm. One of his employees was a German. He was a hard working, honest and conscientious man, and was married. His wife was taken sick, and finally died, the husband, of course, leaving his work for several days in consequence. Two weeks later he appeared at the house of his employer and asked to be relieved from work for a couple of days, when the following conversation took place: 'I would like to get off for about two days.' 'I can't spare you unless it is absolutely necessary. You know you lost several days two weeks ago, and we are behind in the work. What is the necessity for your getting off?' enquired the farmer. 'Vell, I vas to be married.' 'Why, Fritz, your wife died only two weeks ago, and now you are about to get married again? I do not understand that.' 'Vell,' replied the German, 'I don't hold spite long.' The farmer dismissed the case without prejudice.
A SPRAINED ANKLE is not an uncommon accident. Pain Killer relieves and cures almost as if by magic. The greatest household remedy. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach.

Imported, Roasted and Packed by

CHASE & SANBORN,

MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

THE BERMUDA HOTEL SYNDICATE

A Hoax That started as a Joke by the Publisher of a Binghamton Weekly.

When the inhabitants of Hamilton, Bermuda, read this it will probably by their first intimation that the \$4,000,000 syndicate that was to start a winter resort there, build great hotels and trolley lines and make Hamilton a conspicuous place on the map is nothing but a hoax. The publisher of the Binghamton, N. J., Chronicle, a local weekly, wrote a personal early in April to the effect that B. H. Willsey, one of the proprietors of Hotel Bennett, B. C. Raitt and R. W. Meeker of Binghamton, had gone on a pleasure trip to the Bermudas. After he had written it he wasn't satisfied with his production. The men were particular friends of his and he thought that he ought to add something to please them. So it occurred to him to tack on the end a few lines to the effect that the tourists were going in the interests of a syndicate, to be capitalized at \$1,000,000, which was to build some large hotels in the islands at a new resort to be founded by them. He thought it would be taken as a joke and gave the personal to the local editor without any explanation. The editor however, took it seriously and not doubting its authenticity, decided that it was too important a piece of news for the society page. Consequently when the paper came out the publisher was surprised to see his little joke appearing with a 'scare head' and double leads in the most conspicuous place that the make up man could find.
The daily papers were unable to verify the report, because the principals had left town, but they copied the article with a few variations of their own. Then the local correspondents of outside papers began to send the report broadcast. It met the eye of New York contractors and provision men, who sent travelling men to Binghamton to see what there was in the big deal for them. It stirred up capitalists and boomers, also, who either came to this city or sent telegrams and letters inquiring about the proposed resort. The crowd put up at Mr. Willsey's hotel, which did an unprecedented business.
Meanwhile the members of the 'syndicate' were sailing toward Hamilton, entirely unconscious of the hubbub which their supposed doings was raising ashore. The next steamer to arrive after that on which they sailed brought papers telling all about the winter resort project and a great deal more. By this time the syndicate's capital was \$4,000,000, and it was to construct in Hamilton, in addition to the hotels, a system of electric railroads and do many other interesting and expensive things. Such a buzz as went up in Hamilton when the papers were received, had never before been heard in that city. The Binghamton trio was quickly identified as the syndicate which was to do so much for the Bermudas, and steps were taken to do them public honor. The Board of Trade got up a banquet for them, which was attended by all the prominent men thereabouts. The Speaker of Parliament, the Mayor of the town and the American Consul were among those who made speeches, and all were loud in their praise of the American capitalists who were going to do so much for the island.
During the time the party stayed in Hamilton carriages were provided to convey them about the island and point out all the available sites for their enterprise. The Binghamton men accepted; these attention in the same philosophic spirit in which they have taken the banquet. They realized that things had gone too far for a good time, they were willing to 'take in most anything that came along. So they priced sites, smoked fat cigars and let the mistake pass.
To cap the climax, when the syndicate came to leave the landlord of the hotel where they had been staying at first, absolutely refused to accept pay for their board. This, however, was carrying matters too far, and they prevailed upon him to accept full rates. This week Mr.

Willsey received a letter from the landlord apologizing profusely for having taken the money and inquiring about the welfare of the syndicate.

When the supposed magnates landed on their native heath they found hoteldom and financiers still humming with speculations about the \$4,000,000 winter resort. Concluding that it wouldn't do for them to give themselves away yet, they decided to keep up the bluff, and when, on their arrival in Binghamton, the local newspapers sent reporters to interview them, they gave them a few additional particulars about the scheme. These were published, and nobody suspected that the reports were not genuine. The people of Hamilton are still waiting for the millions that are to be spent on their island, but which will never materialize.

Kindheartedness.
The ging am-shirted boy had made, a break to pass the ticket-seller at the circus entrance, but that gentleman had caught him and rudely thrust him back. 'Poor little devil,' said a seedy looking man in the crowd. 'If I had the money I'd buy him a ticket myself.'
The crowd looked sympathetic, but said nothing, while the boy sobbed as if his heart would dissolve.
'I've only got a nickel, little feller, went on the seedy looking one, 'an' that won't do you no good. Say,' he continued, turning suddenly to the crowd, 'let's do one good act in our lives. Let's buy him a ticket.'

It looked for a minute as if a collection was to be started, but a benevolent-looking old gentleman nipped it in the bud by slipping a half dollar into the hand of the boy, who promptly disappeared into the tent.
'You seem to take quite an interest in the little fellow,' remarked the benevolent one.
'Well, I should think I ought to,' answered the seedy-looking man, proudly. 'That's the only son I got!'—Indianapolis paper.

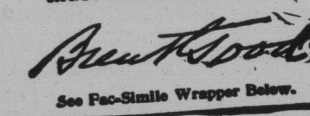
A Slight Misprint.
'Well, that's enough to try the patience of Job,' exclaimed the village minister as he threw aside the local paper.
'Why, what's the matter, dear?' asked his wife.
'Last Sunday I preached from the text, 'Be ye therefore steadfast,' answered the good man, 'but the printer makes it read, 'Be ye there for breakfast.'

ABSOLUTE SECURITY!

Genuine

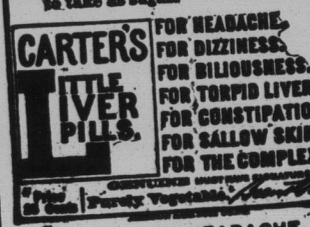
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of



See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.



FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

WINE SCEPTICS.

Arrh and Catarrh Relieved in 10 Minutes Cured by Dr. Agnew's Powder.

of a thousand such testimonies. Dr. Buckley, of Buffalo, says: 'I knew what a blessing Dr. Agnew's Powder is in a case of the kind, but I had never used it until the first time I used this most delightful relief. I myself entirely cured myself in a few days.'

of a thousand such testimonies. Dr. Buckley, of Buffalo, says: 'I knew what a blessing Dr. Agnew's Powder is in a case of the kind, but I had never used it until the first time I used this most delightful relief. I myself entirely cured myself in a few days.'

How Tom Won at Last

"Don't say that, Mary! You know I love you, and—"

"Now, Tom Dalton, stop right where you are. I've told you often enough that I like you. You have been my friend and playmate ever since I was a little girl, and I shall always like you as a friend. No, sir; I won't listen to any love-making. I won't marry you, sir, and that's the end on't. I will marry no one but a brave man, and I don't love anybody, and—"

"But, Mary, surely I—"

"There you go again, sir. If you ever mention love to me again, I will never speak to you, as sure as my name is Mary Hart."

"Oh, if you put it that way I'll really have to retire, for I couldn't survive the punishment. How do you know I'm not the brave man?"

"And I've known you all these years, and—but I won't have it brought up again, and there's an end on't, sir."

"Well, well! If a woman will, she will, and if she won't she won't, and there's the end on't," quoted Tom gaily. "Every dog has his day, Mary. What do you say to a sail down the bay? Let's have that mother of yours and take a run down to Elm island for dinner at Bobb's farm and a bath at the shore house, sir."

"In a few minutes more he had lifted her over the side, clambered in after and was chafing her hands briskly. Mrs. Hart's cries from the beach had brought the Cobbs to the scene, and Master Harry was running a dory down the beach to the rescue."

"It had all happened in a very few minutes. Mary opened her eyes, smiled and said, 'You needn't rub all the skin off my hands, sir.'"

"Thank God! She is all right," said Tom fervently.

"Tom, dear, you reached the dory first. Kiss me, sir! You won't!"

And then Master Harry's boat grated alongside.

and suddenly discovered she was out of depth and in the runaway current.

"Tom!" she cried, and then all Tom saw was a pair of frightened upturned eyes and a terror-stricken face as she swept under the surface.

A fine predicament for a lover who was not a brave man and who had barely learned to swim! Drawing a deep breath, blind to all danger and with no thought but to save her or die with her, Tom struck out into the current and under the surface.

His heart thumped wildly as he felt a mass of that sun-gold hair come into his grasp, and in a moment more they rose to the surface. Through his salt-dimmed eyes Tom saw a bit of rope and grasped it. They had come up under the stern of the dory, which had swung into 'the current' a bit of painter which hung over the stern.

In a few minutes more he had lifted her over the side, clambered in after and was chafing her hands briskly. Mrs. Hart's cries from the beach had brought the Cobbs to the scene, and Master Harry was running a dory down the beach to the rescue.

"It had all happened in a very few minutes. Mary opened her eyes, smiled and said, 'You needn't rub all the skin off my hands, sir.'"

"Thank God! She is all right," said Tom fervently.

"Tom, dear, you reached the dory first. Kiss me, sir! You won't!"

And then Master Harry's boat grated alongside.

CHARACTER IN THE WALK.

One Woman's Observation of Her Sister at a Club Reception.

They were experiencing ladies' day at a men's club and after making a tour of the house they took refuge in an alcove near the dressing room.

"The peanut crowd at a circus is mild by comparison," sighed the frivolous one of the two, setting her Gainsborough hat straight.

"The show is not the show, but they that go," quoted her companion solemnly. "This is the best place in the world to study character. See that woman over there in black, gliding toward the stairs? I'd never trust my reputation to her."

"But why?" asked the frivolous girl.

"She looks pleasant."

"She'd tear it to pieces, that's why," answered the other. She is the kind that always pounces upon every bit of gossip at a seaside place, and passes it on a little worse than she received it. But she does it in such a gentle purring way, that you never realize what she is doing.

How can you tell? demanded the frivolous girl. You don't know her.

She has a feline walk, her companion answered.

You can't tell character by the way people walk, said the Gainsborough girl, incredulously.

But you can. It betrays them every time. It puts palmistry and astrology all in the shade. Take that lady in gray just coming through the dressing room door. I warrant you her household is well managed. No one with that erect bearing, that firm, easy, even step could fail in what she undertook. She uses enough motion and not too much. She's just and fair.

How about that creature behind her? asked the other with an air of awakening interest. She indicated a girl in a brown flannel shirt waist with a walking hat tipped well over her nose, and heavy boots with half-inch soles.

"She? Oh, she's an aggressive young person. See how she strides! She overdoes everything she attempts just as she overdoes her walk. Our lady in gray had just as much energy. But she could use it. This girl will never get what she wants by tact. She'll beat the world into giving her things and say please afterward."

"Not a pleasant person to live with," said the frivolous girl, shuddering.

"Oh, here's a perfect illustration of the hen-walk," exclaimed the character reader, with professional enthusiasm. "Her little, short jerky steps and her important fussy manner—haven't you seen them a hundred times in the chicken yard. I'm willing to stake my reputation that she never had a big thought in her life. Existence is a round of pretty things, and she is never contented."

"Listen," she whispered as the woman under discussion paused in front of them to speak to a friend.

Not well at all, was her answer to the question of how things were going with her, our new cook can't make the coffee right, and Johnny has the whooping cough, or at least we are afraid he is going to, and I with all the spring sewing on my hands!"

Then the woman moved away.

"Now, what do you say?" asked the character reader, triumphantly.

It is really amazing. How did you learn to do it?

Just practice, returned the other. Ah, here we have the deprecating walk.

She indicated a tall girl with a pensive face under a brown velvet hat.

Notice the little hitch in her walk. She does not step evenly, not as far with her right foot as she does with her left. You

will always find her halting between two opinions. She is the type that gives milliners brain fever. She spends an hour trying on every hat in stock and finally by a process of elimination narrows the desirable ones down to two. I am sure you've marked her when you wanted to look at hats yourself.

The frivolous girl under her Gainsborough hat nodded feelingly. I see you are a character reader, she said.

PRINCETON IN 1770.

When Philip Vickers Fithian was admitted to Nassau Hall, Princeton, in 1770, he found some regulations which would doubtless seem stern to the collegiate of today. This young Jerseyman, however, commended them in a letter to his father, which is frank and pleasing, and which gives a good idea of college life and character in colonial times.

"The rules by which the scholars and students are directed, are, in my opinion, exceedingly well formed to check and restrain the vicious and to assist the studious and to countenance and encourage the virtuous."

Every student must rise in the morning, at least by half an hour after five; the grammar scholars being most of them small and lodging also in town at some distance from the college, are, in winter, excused from attending morning prayers.

"The bell rings at five, after which there is an intermission of half an hour, that everyone may have time to dress, at the end of which it rings again, and prayers begin; and lest any should plead that he did not hear the bell, the servant who rings goes to every door and beats till he wakens the boys, which leaves them without an excuse. No student is allowed, on any pretence, sickness excepted, to be absent on Sunday from public worship. We have two sermons every sabbath—One at eleven in the morning, in the church and the other at three in the afternoon, in College hall. I am indeed much pleased with Dr. Witherspoon and think his sermons almost inimitable."

But in spite of Doctor Witherspoon's sermons, some scapegraces were sheltered at Nassau, for Fithian writes: "I am sorry that I may inform you, that two of our members were expelled from the college yesterday; not for drunkenness, nor fighting nor swearing, nor Sabbath breaking; but they were sent from this seminary, where the greatest pains and care are taken to cultivate and encourage decency and honesty and honour for stealing here! Shameful, mean, unmanly conduct!"

Stealing of turkeys, also, was too much practised that winter, and by persons who were 'hopelessly converted;' but with these exceptions we may be sure that the rest of the boys were as good as young Fithian, whose earnestness is as evident as his capital letters.

A Peculiar Adventure.

A small boy in Reading, Pennsylvania, according to a Philadelphia newspaper, had a peculiar adventure recently.

An animal show, comprising ponies, dogs and monkeys, came to town, and Eddie, eight years old, was among the boys employed to lead the ponies in the street parade. He also appeared on the stage with the animals.

After the performance he went with the animals to their car, and by some means, as yet unexplained, was shut into the cage with the monkeys. No one knew he was there until the train reached Pottsville.

The boy will never forget that ride, in which he learned that monkeys on the stage and in private behave differently. The monkeys had a lot of full with Eddie, and the fun that he had expected to have with them did not "materialize," as the slang expression is. However, he suffered no serious harm and reached home safely, and since then has been something like a hero in the eyes of his young companions.

Japanese Contempt of Pain.

A resident of Philadelphia, who took into his house as a vallet a Japanese boy, was somewhat startled the other day by the frank remark of his servant.

The gentleman was walking about the room in his bare feet when he stubbed his toe and tore the nail. While the vallet was putting on his master's stockings he happened to touch the injured toe, whereupon the gentleman uttered a sharp cry of pain and told him to be more careful. The boy smiled, looked up into his master's face, and said:

"You great big baby."

"What's that?" asked the astonished gentleman. "when baby hurt himself, baby cry. But after he five years, boy or man hurt himself he say, 'It make no matter.'"

The gentleman admitted the wisdom of the argument, but pleaded that he was too old to attempt to acquire Japanese stoicism.

A Negro Boy's Prospects.

The Emperor of Austria at a recent audience received a negro boy, only fourteen years of age, who had been born in slavery freed, and converted to Christianity in the Portuguese mission of Zambezi. He was brought to the Austrian court by a priest in the Zimbezi mission.

The emperor, noting the intelligent appearance of the boy, was attracted to him at once, and graciously made inquiries.

"What languages do you understand?" "I can speak, besides my own dialect and that of Bantu," replied the boy, "some Spanish, Portuguese, German and Italian."

Until he was twelve years old he had been in the possession of slave-traders. Then he was ransomed by the Portuguese mission for a sum equivalent in our money to a little more than eight dollars. The emperor's interest was excited, and through his means the lad has been sent to Portugal to be instructed in theology. Thence he will go to Africa as a missionary to his people.

Grandmother's Revolt.

An excellent woman, whose married sons and daughters have a way of fitting off every summer to seashore or mountains, leaving their offspring in her loving care, was delicately approached by one of them as to her plans for the coming season.

"I suppose you will open the cottage as usual, won't you, mother? The children so enjoy being with you?"

"No, I shall not open the cottage," was the quiet but decided reply. "My grand children will be abandoned to the care of their parents this summer. I am going abroad."

Malapropos.

Towne—That was a horrible break you made talking to Wedden yesterday.

Brown—What do you mean?

Towne—You asked him if he wasn't getting tired of the new woman.

Brown—Well?

Towne—Well, he has been divorced twice and has just married his third.

A More Vital Matter.

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?"

Village Pastor—No, but I have sometimes wondered what the duke would do if he had mine.

That Fellow Feelling.

"Did the gentlemen give you nothing for rescuing the lady from drowning? Why didn't you ask him?"

"I didn't have the gall to after he told me she was his mother-in-law."

BORN.

Hants, April 27, to the wife of Mr. Dorey, a son.

Windsor, April 27, to the wife of John Purvis, a son.

Acadia Mines, April 23, to the wife of C. Ross, a son.

Farrboro, April 22, to the wife of E. R. Reid, a son.

Halifax, April 20, to the wife of James Cole, a son.

Chester, April 23, to the wife of David Smith, a son.

Liverpool, April 24, to the wife of B. F. Payson, a son.

Fenchub, April 23, to the wife of J. Kieley, a son.

Ward's Brook, April 4, to the wife of Wallace Shea, a son.

Diligent River, April 7, to the wife of Amasa Dow, a son.

Shubenacadie, April 27, to the wife of Robert Gass, a son.

Maliland, April 18, to the wife of Elmer Campbell, a son.

Halifax, April 20, to the wife of Prof W. Murray, a daughter.

Halifax, April 27, to the wife of David Brown, a daughter.

Halifax, April 28, to the wife of Alex Jewers, a daughter.

Farrboro April 21, to the wife of Colby Canning, a daughter.

Farrboro, April 30, to the wife of John Trahey, a daughter.

Halifax, April 20, to the wife of Karl Freeman, a daughter.

Pictou, April 18, to the wife of Milton Huggas, a daughter.

Moncton, April 30, to the wife of J. D. LeBlanc, a daughter.

Yarmouth, May 1, to the wife of James Salvage, a daughter.

Lake George, April 2, to the wife of Eliskim Tappin, a son.

Annapolis, April 26, to the wife of Harry Goodwin, a daughter.

Farrboro, April 24, to the wife of Augustus Lamb, a daughter.

Shelbourne, April 24, to the wife of A. D. Connor, a daughter.

Newville, April 10, to the wife of James Connors, a daughter.

Charleston, Mass., April 24, to the wife of Luke Mulien, a son.

Canaan, Kings, April 23, to the wife of Stewart Fingley, a son.

West oak, March 21, to the wife of Wm. Thompson, a daughter.

Diligent River, March 27, to the wife of Edgar Bentley, a daughter.

Cumberland, April 11, to the wife of Capt Geo. E. Bentley, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, May 1, E. C. Bethune to Minna Palm.

Be-wick, April 24, Dr. Ellis to Alice Stewart.

Alberton, George Graves to Mary MacKenna.

Cumberland, George Allan to Florence Hunter.

Warrville, May 1, Ernest Blackburn to Ida Ward.

Bridgetown, April 27, H. B. Buchanan to Ella Rusey.

Tusket, April 10, Hardy Coleman to Fannie Davis.

Halifax, April 30, Daniel McCarthy to Mary Madigan.

Windsor, May 25, Richard Cochran to Agnes Cochran.

Farrboro, April 26, Elijah Corbett to Jessie Palmer.

Acadia Mines, Lawrence Morrison to Eliza Webster.

Waltham, Mass, April 3, Jas Cahill to Alice Hallmore.

ence received a negro boy, only fourteen years of age, who had been born in slavery freed, and converted to Christianity in the Portuguese mission of Zambezi. He was brought to the Austrian court by a priest in the Zimbezi mission.

The emperor, noting the intelligent appearance of the boy, was attracted to him at once, and graciously made inquiries.

"What languages do you understand?" "I can speak, besides my own dialect and that of Bantu," replied the boy, "some Spanish, Portuguese, German and Italian."

Until he was twelve years old he had been in the possession of slave-traders. Then he was ransomed by the Portuguese mission for a sum equivalent in our money to a little more than eight dollars. The emperor's interest was excited, and through his means the lad has been sent to Portugal to be instructed in theology. Thence he will go to Africa as a missionary to his people.

Grandmother's Revolt.

An excellent woman, whose married sons and daughters have a way of fitting off every summer to seashore or mountains, leaving their offspring in her loving care, was delicately approached by one of them as to her plans for the coming season.

"I suppose you will open the cottage as usual, won't you, mother? The children so enjoy being with you?"

"No, I shall not open the cottage," was the quiet but decided reply. "My grand children will be abandoned to the care of their parents this summer. I am going abroad."

Malapropos.

Towne—That was a horrible break you made talking to Wedden yesterday.

Brown—What do you mean?

Towne—You asked him if he wasn't getting tired of the new woman.

Brown—Well?

Towne—Well, he has been divorced twice and has just married his third.

A More Vital Matter.

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?"

Village Pastor—No, but I have sometimes wondered what the duke would do if he had mine.

That Fellow Feelling.

"Did the gentlemen give you nothing for rescuing the lady from drowning? Why didn't you ask him?"

"I didn't have the gall to after he told me she was his mother-in-law."

BORN.

Hants, April 27, to the wife of Mr. Dorey, a son.

Windsor, April 27, to the wife of John Purvis, a son.

Acadia Mines, April 23, to the wife of C. Ross, a son.

Farrboro, April 22, to the wife of E. R. Reid, a son.

Halifax, April 20, to the wife of James Cole, a son.

Chester, April 23, to the wife of David Smith, a son.

Liverpool, April 24, to the wife of B. F. Payson, a son.

Fenchub, April 23, to the wife of J. Kieley, a son.

Ward's Brook, April 4, to the wife of Wallace Shea, a son.

Diligent River, April 7, to the wife of Amasa Dow, a son.

Shubenacadie, April 27, to the wife of Robert Gass, a son.

Maliland, April 18, to the wife of Elmer Campbell, a son.

Halifax, April 20, to the wife of Prof W. Murray, a daughter.

Halifax, April 27, to the wife of David Brown, a daughter.

Halifax, April 28, to the wife of Alex Jewers, a daughter.

Farrboro April 21, to the wife of Colby Canning, a daughter.

Farrboro, April 30, to the wife of John Trahey, a daughter.

Halifax, April 20, to the wife of Karl Freeman, a daughter.

Pictou, April 18, to the wife of Milton Huggas, a daughter.

Moncton, April 30, to the wife of J. D. LeBlanc, a daughter.

Yarmouth, May 1, to the wife of James Salvage, a daughter.

Lake George, April 2, to the wife of Eliskim Tappin, a son.

Annapolis, April 26, to the wife of Harry Goodwin, a daughter.

Farrboro, April 24, to the wife of Augustus Lamb, a daughter.

Shelbourne, April 24, to the wife of A. D. Connor, a daughter.

Newville, April 10, to the wife of James Connors, a daughter.

Charleston, Mass., April 24, to the wife of Luke Mulien, a son.

Canaan, Kings, April 23, to the wife of Stewart Fingley, a son.

West oak, March 21, to the wife of Wm. Thompson, a daughter.

Diligent River, March 27, to the wife of Edgar Bentley, a daughter.

Cumberland, April 11, to the wife of Capt Geo. E. Bentley, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, May 1, E. C. Bethune to Minna Palm.

Be-wick, April 24, Dr. Ellis to Alice Stewart.

Alberton, George Graves to Mary MacKenna.

Cumberland, George Allan to Florence Hunter.

Warrville, May 1, Ernest Blackburn to Ida Ward.

Bridgetown, April 27, H. B. Buchanan to Ella Rusey.

Tusket, April 10, Hardy Coleman to Fannie Davis.

Halifax, April 30, Daniel McCarthy to Mary Madigan.

Windsor, May 25, Richard Cochran to Agnes Cochran.

Farrboro, April 26, Elijah Corbett to Jessie Palmer.

Acadia Mines, Lawrence Morrison to Eliza Webster.

Waltham, Mass, April 3, Jas Cahill to Alice Hallmore.

Chicago, April 24, Gordon McLeod to Mary McLeod.

Milford, April 20, Jacob Newton to Eunice Benson.

Annapolis, April 15, Reuben Gunn to Margaret Fisher.

Springhill, May 1, George Adams to Harriet McAloney.

Mill Village, April 26, Joseph Mousier to Eliza Haslett.

Thorburn, April 25, Hedley Livingston to Sadie Baydes.

Montreal, April 26, Rev James Collins to Eva Crosswell.

Lower Arville, April 24, Stephen Boyd to Etta J Goodwin.

New Glasgow, April 27, John Anderson to Margaret Forbes.

Halifax, April 29, Cornelius McLennan to Mrs Mary Campbell.

St Ann's C B, April 28, Archibald Buchanan to Margaret McLeod.

St Margaret's Bay, April 30, Irwin Richardson to Mrs Minnie Crooks.

DIED.

Springhill, May 1, Freda, 1.

Salem, May 3, Eliza A Perry.

Port Medway, John Harbath, 83.

Tru o, April 24, Raymond Lee, 6.

Milton, April 17, James Norman, 45.

Cochester, April 26, Isabel Simpson.

Toro, May 1, Mrs Jessie Dawson, 90.

Pictou, April 25, Donald Campbell, 52.

Sackville, May 1st, W H Harcourt, 88.

Cochester, April 24, Mrs T L Corbett.

Halifax, April 25, Thos Ritchie Allan.

Springhill, April 21, Joseph McPhee, 6.

Alberton, April 29 Samuel Gallant, 35.

Springhill, May 2, Ellen Stevenson, 74.

Gairloch, March 21, Mrs McKenzie, 88.

West port, April 21, Mrs L C Baines, 85.

Charlottetown, May 1st, Edith Emily, 21.

Riverside, April 24, Mrs Nell McKay, 62.

Ya-mouth, May 3, Mrs Eliza B Tooker, 88.

Monticello, April 18, Allan Mackinnon, 62.

Burlington, April 18, William J Mann, 41.

Fairview, April 24, Mrs Florence Shaw, 68.

Charlottetown, April 20, Mary McConry, 76.

Park Corner, April 27, Chester Mackay, 38.

St Ann's, C B, April 28, Neil McLeod, 87.

St Peter's Road, April 25, Kenneth Mackay.

Wakefield, Mass, April 27, George H. Luke.

Granton, Kings, April 16, William Brown, 17.

Cumberland, April 17, Mrs F R Campbell, 19.

Yarmouth, April 6, Mrs Desille Crosby, 37.

Annapolis, April 16, Walter McCormack, 41.

Liverpool, April 25, Mrs Margaret J Ryer, 68.

Somerest, Kings, April 23, Effie Steadman, 16.

Shubenacadie, April 19, Patrick Williams, 88.

New Glasgow, April 30, David Ballentyne, 84.

Point de Roche, April 24, Hugh Mackinnon, 64.

Summerside, April 30, Mrs James R Boyver, 82.

North River, Colchester, April 29, Everett Scott, 12.

San Francisco, Cal, May 2, Donald MacIntyre, 80.

Springhill, April 27, Elsworth McEwen, one year.

Back Meadows, April 12, Mrs Christy McKay, 68.

Port Grenville, Kings, April 20, H Brenton Elderkin, 49.

Hardwood Hill, April 15, Jane, widow of H De-noon, 72.

Haverhill, Mass, April 9, Annie, w/o of Avard Allen, 52.

North Sydney, April 29, Kathleen Mary Coughlan, 8 months.

Mill Village, April 17, Infant daughter of Martin Richard.

New Glasgow, April 21, widow of Donald McDonald, 94.

St Andrew's April 6, Catherine Genevieve Mac-donald, 21.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Pan-American EXPOSITION

BUFFALO, N. Y.

May 1st to November 1st.

One Fare for the Round Trip.

Going May 1st to June 30th. Return 15 days from date of sale.

All Ticket Agents in the Maritime Provinces can sell via Canadian Pacific Short Line.

For rates from any station. Time Tables, Sleeping Car rates, etc., write to

A. J. BEATH,
D. F. A., G. P. R. B.
St. John, N. B.

Or apply to W. H. C. MACKAY,
City Passenger Agent, C. P. R.

SUBURBAN SERVICE.

ST. JOHN AND WELSFORD.

Commencing June 16th, there will be a greatly improved train service between the above points, including an early morning train from Lingley at 6.40 a. m. due at St. John at 12.30 a. m. Standard.

For particulars apply to

A. J. BEATH,
D. F. A., G. P. R. B.
St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Mar. 11th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax.....11.00
Express for Halifax and Pictou.....12.15
Express for Sussex.....16.30
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.11

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.46
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene.....16.30
Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....17.00
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and M.....22.11

*Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. FORTINGAL,
Gen. Manager

MONCTON, N. B., March 5, 1901

CITY TICKET OFFICE,
7 King Street St. John, N. B.

Among the Indians in Cahokia was one named Big Fish, a young Kaskaskia brave, whose love for whisky was little less than that of Fenius. Williamson invited him to drink and set the fire of appetite ablaze.

One of them stuck about twenty five feet below the surface, but the fact was not known until afterward.

There was a tremendous gush of oil, the

with which will admit of no other means of transport. The heaviest gun for such purposes, therefore, cannot weigh, with its

to give assistance would it? "Yes, sir, and Mike would be tistytin' here

now regard myself entirely cured using it for two months.

VOL. XII
TAL
County Co

It is not W longer but Ward took place Tuesd be termed the an cial Council.

This body, mee the first meeting sidered the most are elected and

Warden McG years of experie civic affairs has of public safety y county. There this year who th be continued as or given a chair were persistent Stanley was appo pting for hon and sometimes t

Ald. White warden. He chairman and is it any departure This is right an to make the business like.

and is now wa to the work of freely recogniz at the Council warden, especi pected visit of 'e, will no do infaction and p

The jail que sion, though, t the condition those who con inaction. The council has be ference to the poor unfortun institution.

many of the p ress publicat ago which so two or three upon the in What is unde ren then. T the condition ed themselves pairs. After in the sanit ed and for ing, and the cells, the ab prisoners, th cleaning the length of Cid dition that in wide awak Richardson.

opinions an Progress this course aldermen or their comm improvement approval, I gested th a greater in than in day has rendered ted. The and Fathe efforts of F evil resorts result.