

# PROGRESS.

VOL. XII, NO. 614.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Nettie Kimball's Trip.

A well known and aged citizen, named Mr. Daly found that there was danger in crossing Charlott street a few days ago. He does not move very swiftly and perhaps this was the reason that the livery team driven by Mrs. Newcombe, or Miss Nettie Kimball, or whatever she has a mind to call herself, ran into and upset the old gentleman. The shaft struck him and he escaped with slight if any injury but this did not satisfy Capt. Fred Jenkins who saw the affair and he made himself known to the reckless occupant of the team.

It is not necessary to say that this was not the captain's first meeting with Mrs. Newcombe. At least she says it was not and no doubt she is in a position to know. Very gently and very kindly she was escorted to the police station and introduced to the guard room where there was a pleasant fire and company in the shape of an officer on guard.

Mrs. Newcombe's maiden name was Nettie Kimball and it is by this that she was best known around town. She did not move in select circles but had a small but attentive court of her own. In this she reigned, did as she pleased, levied tribute and spent it and had a good time generally. Money will buy anything and as this did not seem at all scarce in Nettie's domain she enjoyed the good things of life and bade her subjects come and go as she pleased. Her king of course took precedence and when he was around the nobles took a back seat.

This happy state of affairs existed for some time. There was a certain exclusiveness about Nettie's court that prevented too much publicity and from time to time her abode was changed.

Only once was the strict seclusion that hung about her threatened and this was because she became enamoured of a young traveller upon whom another party seemed to have some claim. She accepted his invitation for a drive and the result was that soon afterwards she had a caller. The visitor did not leave any cards but black eyes might be considered reminders of the occasion. The law was invoked and the fair pugilist thought it best to adjourn for a time in Halifax.

While Nettie was in the guard room of the police station she became garrulous and spoke of many things which, if she had been strictly sober, she would not have mentioned for the world. It would appear from her talk that she had attempted to move her court to Fredericton but the trip had not been an entirely satisfactory one as she hoped for. The legislature was in session and that necessarily always makes Fredericton more attractive; nevertheless she was somewhat at a disadvantage since the same opportunities for private lodgings did not exist in the capital. Of course there were the hotels but to try and secure quarters in either of them was somewhat dangerous. It was tried however and for three or four days was a huge success. The best in the house was none too good for the somewhat attractive looking lady who came to Fredericton at a season when gentlemen were so abundant and ladies so scarce. Bell boys hastened at her call and others who wished to be boys had to be content with a smile as she passed by.

This went on for a very short time in one hotel and then the proprietor began to make some inquiries. He found out that what he suspected was too true and with much regret he intimated to his fair lodger that her room was better than her company.

This was a great blow to Mrs. Newcombe but she survived and made her way to another house. The government hostility could not have all of her patronage, the opposition must come in for its share—and it did. This may have been the unfortunate part of her tour. Had she returned to St. John when denied the hospitality of one hotel but little would have been said of her attempt to have a pleasant time in the city of legislation, but when she sought the opposition ranks the spirit of courtesy was manifested in such a fashion that Nettie became almost embarrassed with attention. The short time she was unknown every possible attention was paid her but a St. John man who once in his time had been admitted to her court saw and recognized her. The game was up

and Nettie had to retire. She was somewhat delicious at the finish and the gentleman who sat next her in the dining room and who is noted for his unflinching courtesy to the fair sex and to the members of the house noticed to his intense astonishment that she was not a member of any total abstinence society.

She came to St. John Thursday and as she had been enjoying the best, none but the best would suit her here. She sought a good hotel, registered with the utmost sang froid and remained until the next day. No one seemed to know her and the next afternoon she started to enjoy herself with a hired team.

Hence her trouble. While in the station she chatted about her Fredericton experiences and spoke nicely of the friends she had made among the legislators. Just to while away the time she played a game of dominoes with the officer and seemed to know a good deal about it. Capt. Jenkins arrived shortly afterward and permitted her to go as he seemed to have made certain inquiries into her ability to guide a team and came to the conclusion that Mrs. Newcombe was not an accomplished driver. So she left the guard room.

But not for long. She paid her bill, took her trunk from the hotel and then sought the nearest druggist to get enough laudanum to go to sleep forever upon Nettie's domain she enjoyed the good things of life and bade her subjects come and go as she pleased. Her king of course took precedence and when he was around the nobles took a back seat.

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number of friends. He is a new man to civic politics but the interest he takes in what is going on around City hall is evidence enough that he will make a good alderman. If he gets the proper organization his chances of being the next representative for Lansdowne are good.

**MRS. MOORE WAS SHARP.**  
She Tried to Make Out a Case in the City Court and Failed.

There was a remarkable case up before the last meeting of the city court, and one which afforded considerable amusement to those who happened to be present. It was Moore against Moore, though one of the individuals concerned had several aliases, and her material relations were of so complicated a nature that it required all Dr. Stockton's ingenuity and a good deal of time to get them straightened out to the satisfaction of the court.

The suit was brought by Mrs. Lucinda A. Moore, alias Babb, alias Leggett to recover \$79 from the other Mrs. Moore, the plaintiff alleging that some time ago she paid \$100 at the delendants request, for the purpose of releasing from jail the defendant's son Frank C. Moore. It was not in the release of Moore, but in the events developed that the central interest of the happening lay.

It appears that some time ago the woman of many aliases, who by the way, is a native of Queens County, went to the Klondike and while there is said to have taken an interest in several claims and her alleged reason for returning here was to obtain the assistance of some Christian men to assist in working them, among the number selected being Frank Moore, who happened to be enjoying a little enforced rest at the time. Lots of other men were available but the defendant plainly stated that Christian men only, need apply to go to Dawson with her. The lady no doubt felt that her reputation must be considered and then there were other things to be considered on this point.

Her week's experience was a varied one. She had quartered at the best hotels in Fredericton, sat in the private ladies gallery of the parliament building, hounded with many members of the house and in St. John had made a quick trip from hotel to the police station and thence to the hospital.

**OPPOSITION TO DR. CHRISTIE.**  
Dr. J. M. Smith Says He Will Surely Run for Lansdowne Ward.

There is too much excitement over war news for very much interest to be taken in the civic elections. St. John differs from Moncton and Fredericton in this respect, since those cities have seen fit to make great changes in their civic boards this week.

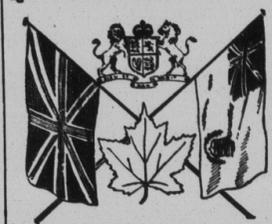
A good deal of opposition to present aldermen may develop yet. At this date perhaps the only man who is out is Dr. J. M. Smith who will oppose Dr. Christie in Lansdowne. This is not the first time Dr. Smith has been in opposition to the "father of the council", as Dr. Christie likes occasionally to call himself, and last year, had his friends been a little more persistent the chairman of the board of works would have had a chance

to retire and watch civic government from the outside. The attitude of Dr. Christie toward the mayor, and his foolish mistake about the "Peace with Honor" telegram has not made him any friends. In fact had the election taken place just after this incident there is no doubt what the verdict of the people would have been.

Dr. Smith has the support of a large

## Waving the Old Flag.

The war spirit seized hold of St. John again last Thursday, but not so vigorously as on Lady Smith's relief. The enthusiasm displayed during the daytime was rather of a higher order than that of March first inasmuch as it was more deeply seated—a cool, calmly considered reception of joyous news, the people having given vent to their long pent-up feelings of a more hilarious nature on the celebration a fortnight ago. But at night the town broke loose again and with the playing of bands,



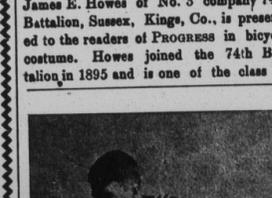
a huge bonfire, booming of artillery and a grand chorus of song thousands on Market Square paid tribute to Lord Roberts and his men.

The whole affair passed off as all loyal demonstrations do in St. John, with unbounded success, and reflected credit upon His Worship who brought it about, assisted by a most efficient committee of citizens, including Father Davenport, Judge Wedderburn, Colonels Markham, and Armstrong, Ald. McGoldrick, Mr. H. C. Tilley and Sheriff Sturdee. The meeting of citizens called by His Worship Thursday morning to consider some plan of celebrating Bloemfontein's capitulation was attended by a representative body of men. The Mayor said he thought Divine Providence should be publicly thanked for this new achievement of British arms, and suggested a public indoor meeting. Judge Wedderburn spoke eloquently of the newest victory and Britain's sovereignty and thought a public meeting with a silver collection for the Trarsvaal fund the best plan. However, while the ideas already set forth were good and well received, yet the military men present, some Neptune Club members and more sprightly spirits wanted to have a "big holler," with attendant blazes and noises. A standing vote was taken and the outdoor

side were about to be defeated when a few persons standing in the hall walked in and being on their feet carried the day for the "outsiders" by a majority of one. Colonel Armstrong's face lightened up at this unexpected arrival of a relief column and His Worship's face lengthened noticeably. But all joined hearts and hands and the demonstration was gigantic.

**OFF TO SOUTH AFRICA.**  
"Bud" Howes of Sussex, One of Those Chosen to Fill the Ranks.

The accompanying photo of Private James E. Howes of No. 3 company 74th Battalion, Sussex, Kings, Co., is presented to the readers of Progress in bicycle costume. Howes joined the 74th Battalion in 1895 and is one of the class of



Canadian boys, who is not afraid to show his colors. He is a son of Mr. James Howes an officer of the I. C. Ry. of Sussex and is essentially one of the boys and is favorably known in the provinces from connection with amateur bicycle sporting contests for

some time past holding now the amateur record for the provinces.

"Bud", as he is familiarly known among his friends and associates, is of the stuff that is ever ready to do his duty for his country and his Queen and there is no doubt but that he will do honor to his native province, and like the Canadian boys who have gone before, be ready to meet all emergencies. "Bud" has in latter years been connected with the band of the 74th Battalion, and his old comrades will be glad to follow his goings in the future in the strong faith that he will always be ready and willing to be in the front rank whenever the call comes.

**A POST OFFICE MYSTERY.**  
A Mail Bag Goes Astray Between the Head Office and Indiantown.

There is a mystery in connection with postal affairs in this city, which is baffling not only the Inspector, Dr. Coulter, but the whole Post Office staff. It is the loss of a bag full of mail matter between the central office and Brown's office at Indiantown. On the 22nd. of last month the loss occurred, a bag of mail being delivered to the Indiantown office with nothing but a few newspapers in it, when a heavy mail with many letters etc., should have arrived. The man who delivers the bag claims he is perfectly free from fault and the Indiantown post office people have witnesses to swear as to what they received in the mail bag on the day in question.

It is generally thought the mistake or carelessness took place in the central office and Dr. Coulter is making full investigation, although he is not getting along very successfully. The fact of a bag of important mail matter being lost within city limits seems very strange. Had it been in the country where the delivery service is at times inefficient it might be thought less of. Indiantown people, who are the sufferers by the missing mail are in a high state of indignation over the matter.

## How St. John Observes Lent.

Since the advent of the Lenten season the social gayeries about town have subsided almost to a calm, and with the exception of a few quiet house gatherings the more convivial spirits are now to be found in a state of semi-religiousness, which in truth might only be a disguise for a deep and prolonged study of Easter surprises in the ever interesting line of dress. And yet an amateur opera, in which almost a half-hundred families are interested in being prepared for next week in a whirl of giddy excitement and happy anticipation, and the theatre continues to be well attended, but one can hardly call these adverse to Lenten vows, when it is considered one is for the sake of our soldier boys and the other a very subdued frivolity, if indeed a frivolity at all.

However St. John can boast its true church members, who never fail to adhere rigidly to the higher demands in such a religious season as the forty days preceding the crucifixion anniversary and the ascension, so many centuries ago.

Attending church regularly and hearing sermons is not all St. John people are doing to mark the season of fasting and prayer. Some methods of self-denial take peculiar forms. When a person wishes to do penance for a fault discovered in himself or herself, the sentence, fixed by the same mind that gave the judgement of guilt, is shown to be sometimes peculiar.

Many girls about town have forsaken candy in Lent, and in denying themselves sweets feel they have done something which is certainly a great sacrifice. To some the habit of eating candy has become such that to go without it gives a craving it seems must be satisfied. As a result of this resolution on the part of many young ladies having become known to certain young men, the young men have determined to call more frequently than before, as no box of "White's best" will be required while the resolution is in force. There will be no attempt on the part of the young men to make the girls break this good vow either.

Along with the denial in the candy line, which has been started by enterprising American maidens, has come the one of only receiving so many calls, if any in Lent. This is a case of involuntary self-denial on the part of young men who would like to come. At the same time it is pointed out to the "steady" callers, that by resolving to get along without their company, the young ladies are complimenting them, because it is to be supposed their absence will be greatly missed.

A certain young lady on G—street who has accused herself of vanity has resolved to leave off fine plumage in the way of hats, and don a sombre creation appropriate to the time. This principle is also being carried out by St. John people in many different ways as regards clothing.

Naturally there is a lack of dances in Lent and the Institute assembly rooms are vacant. Dancing in Lent is something that churchgoers here would not think of in most cases. Many believe it is out of place at all times.

While all denominations are observing Lent, more or less, and the churchgoers are keeping it to a greater or less degree, there is a general looking ahead to the ending of it all with Easter. At that time gay hats, new dresses and suits will proclaim the season at an end. Milliners are working on Easter hats which are intended to adorn the heads of St. John's fair ones on that Sabbath of ham and eggs, and while many young women are industriously observing Lent, their mind wanders once and awhile to the time when they will emerge from their period of denial.

From now until Easter Sunday the churches which make anything of Lent will be busy in its observance. The season has just begun and the attendance among all denominations has warranted ministers to believe it will be of unusual spiritual benefit.

Lent has come as an added force to those churches which have been for the last few months undergoing a series of quickening of spiritual life. It is expected the influence of the subdued pleasure season combined with revivals and union services, will raise the spirituality yet higher and make St. John of still greater power for good. Local ministers of all denominations are united in purpose for this end.

### Home Sweet Home.

We may or may not have related in Our Dumb Animals the story of the young man

who went to serenade the Quaker's daughter, but by mistake got under the wrong window and serenaded the Quaker. After singing several love ditties, he sang "Home Sweet Home," when the old gentleman rising from his bed went to the window and said: "Young man, if thee hast a home and a sweet home, as thee sayest, why don't thee go home?"

### The Late Mr. Ruel's Beneficence

In the excitement of the past few weeks the people have hardly given themselves time to realize the great losses they have sustained in the death of Mr. James Ruel, Senator Lewin and other worthy citizens. Mr. Ruel's demise is very regrettable inasmuch as he was one of the most public-spirited men in Canada. Even his advanced age did not prevent him from entering vigorously and enthusiastically into many



THE LATE J. R. RUEL, ESQ.

worthy movements for the betterment of St. John and its people;—the public library, the orphanage, various charities, christianizing movements, pure sport, such as yachting etc. His beneficence in connection with the Fernhill Cemetery was instituted. Accompanying this reference is an illustration of the Ruel fountain in the centre of the cemetery.

### War as Many See It.

War, like the dyer's hand, is subdued to what it works in. The general sees in it the Victoria Cross or the Legion of Honor; the politician sees it reelection; the manufacturer, a foreign market for his goods. "Do you take an interest in the war?" A London householder lately asked his cook, seeing a brightly colored map of South Africa in the kitchen. "No,



THE RUEL FOUNTAIN.

sir," was the reply; "but I mean to 'ave a skirt like that brown bit, and blouses like these reds and greens and yellows. I am 'just keepin' the map to match the patterns with when I get an evenin' off, sir."

### The Horse in Modern War.

In the war in South Africa of to day the hostile battalions of two hostile armies employ the same chaplains to repeat the same prayers in the same creed. And strange as it may seem, in spite of big guns that kill at six miles; in spite of dynamite bombs that will kill a whole company of soldiers if well directed; in spite of lyddite shells that tear up half an acre of solid earth, and in spite of all the devils of destruction that the genius of modern invention has produced, the cavalry horse and the army mule still remain the most potent factors of this war in Africa, In the land of the Transvaal, where the

# "77" FOR GRIP

"Seventy-Seven" is Dr. Humphreys' Famous Specific for La Grippe, and the Prevention of Pneumonia.

"77" meets the exigency of the prevailing epidemic of Grippe, with all its symptoms of Influenza, Catarrh, Pains and Soreness in the Head and Chest, Cough, Sore Throat, General Prostration and Fever. Taken early it cuts it short promptly. Taken during its prevalence, it pre-occupies the system and prevents its invasion; taken, while suffering from it, a relief is speedily realized, which may be continued up to an entire cure.

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

The Boers are now battling to hold their country against England, during the dry season the earth puts forth no verdure, and the rivers are emptied of their waters. How can an army of cavalry subsist in such a country as this? How can the horses of the United States or Europe live in a country where the thermometer ranges 120 degrees in the midday, even now. Already the English government has purchased in the United States over 15,000 mules that have been shipped to the seat of war in south Africa. Ten times 10,000 more mules will be wanted. And where are these much-wanted cavalry horses to come from? The United States and Canada will have to supply the demand.

### A Boer Courtship.

There is something comic in the way a Boer manages his love making, says an exchange. Having asked the permission of his father to court a certain damsel in the neighborhood he proceeds to buy the most strikingly decorated and loudly colored saddle cloth for his steed that he can possibly obtain.

Having made his preparations he mounts his most spirited horse and journeys to the lady's home, but instead of seeking out the object of his affections he respectfully asks leave of her father to court her. The old man cautiously refrains from answering, but consults his wife, and the youth joins the younger members of the household.

No further notice is taken of the suitor for the rest of the day, but if the parents approve, when the rest of the household retire for the night the mother solemnly approaches the young man and maiden with a long tallow candle in her hand.

overintelligent men in the pannel, are we not in peril also from an excessively impartial judge, unduly truthful witnesses, too much pure air in the court room breathed by litigants anxious that their opponents shall win the suit? It may all be when men and women are really "too good to live;" but not until then.

### COUGHING.

How the Annoying Habit May be Treated Effectively.

A cough is a spasmodic expulsion of air through the vocal cords, its use being chiefly to expel phlegm collected in the bronchial tubes. It is excited by any irritation of the mucous membrane of the respiratory tract from the vocal cords to the lungs.

This irritation may come simply from congestion or inflammation of the lining membrane of the bronchial tubes, even when there are no secretions, and consequently no phlegm to be coughed up. This is what is called a dry cough; it is seen in the early stages of a bronchial cold, and is usually succeeded by the loose cough as soon as the inflamed mucous membrane begins to secrete.

But a bronchial cough is by no means the only one, for we often see what is called a reflex or sympathetic cough arising from disturbances in other parts of the body. Thus we may have a cough excited by various digestive troubles, by affections of the liver, or by a disease of some other organ in the abdominal cavity.

Coughing may be excited by irritation in the throat, at the root of the tongue, or in the nose, and sometimes by ear trouble. It may arise from irritation of the respiratory nerves before they reach the bronchial tubes, as when they are pressed on by an aneurism or by some tumor in the chest or neck. Coughing may be excited by cold air striking the skin when one is dressing or undressing, or it may occur in some persons whenever the feet get wet or cold.

Sometimes a cough is purely "nervous," being caused by no trouble that can be discovered in any part of the body. A cough of this nature will sometimes begin in a school and spread rapidly, by force of imitation, until nearly every scholar is affected.

The treatment of a cough should depend upon its cause. When there is much secretion in the bronchial tubes the patient must cough or be suffocated, but in other cases the act is not only annoying, but may even do harm by disturbing the working of the heart or by interfering with other vital functions. Much may be done by striving to restrain the cough instead of letting it out whenever the tickling sensation begins. And many a cough which was at first involuntary and necessary, remains as a mere habit cough long after the need for it has passed.

A throat cough can often be quieted by gargling with water containing common salt in solution.

### Presence of Mind.

Fireman—"Here, here, woman! what are you doing? Get out of here, or you'll burn to death!"

Mary Ann—"Shure, but Oi jist phwant 't lock me trunk."

## St. Patrick's Day Humor.

A Dangerous Chance.  
Far better keep cool when you celebrate, Pat  
With your sprig of Shamrock so slick.  
Have an eye on the shamrock you wear in your hat  
And don't let it turn to a brick.

A Mystery Explained.  
Deacon Coldwater (pointing to snake in alcohol)—"You may not know it, my good man, but there's a snake just like that in every bottle of whiskey you purchase."  
Moriarty—"Howdy Saint Patrick! Divil a wonder that there's a hissin' sound iv'ry toime Oi drink wather."

No Snake There.  
Saint Patrick, not a sin or crime  
Would you now have to grieve  
Had you been born about the time  
When Adam lived with Eve.

Medium.  
"Fry me two aigs."  
Waiter—"How will you have them done—hard?"  
Irishman—"Naw; jist aisy."

In Honor of St. Patrick.  
Come to your urgle, ye sons of toll,  
Und pad uh your dools vere dey cannot spoil,  
Yat do you want on your spade and hoe?  
I lendth you moolah, and yoe can go  
To honor der great Saind Patrick.  
Dose drei balls stand for der shamrock sign,  
A frend an der Irish is Insesteln.  
Ven you ex me to get ans your tools from pawa  
Yoe finds your urgle years diamonds on  
In honor of great Saind Patrick.

St. Patrick's Day Patriotism.  
Mr. Killilly—"Mrs. McShanagan, Oi've boarded wid yee now fer four mont's, wid divil a kick about th' grub; but Oi draws th' loine on th' grane spinach this mornin'."  
Mrs. McShanagan—"Phwat's th, mather wid it?"  
Mr. Killilly—"Begorry! it hos a red hair in it."

Curious Grammatical Errors.  
The curious grammatical error—almost incoherence—of the famous Monroe Doctrine has often been commented upon. Something near a parrell (to it appears in the recently negotiated treaty between this country and Great Britain for the construction and control of the Isthmian Canal. The text of that treaty provides that ratifications of it shall be exchanged "within six months of the date hereof, or earlier if possible." And the treaty was written and carefully revised and re-revised by one of the most accomplished literary men of the age. It is perhaps because the slip is so obvious that it passed notice.

Education For Cuba.  
The best news which has come from Cuba in many a day is a statement by Professor Frye, who went there to establish a system of education for the island. In six months eighteen hundred and seventy eight free primary schools on the American plan have been opened. (The daily attendance is now one hundred thousand. By May Ist Professor Frye thinks it will be one hundred and fifty thousand. Cuba libre may still be a long way off, but this is certainly the road which leads to it.



# Falling Hair

Prevented by Warm Shampoos with CUTICURA SOAP, followed by light dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollient Skin Cures. This treatment at once stops falling hair, clears the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, soothes irritated, itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, supplies the roots with energy and nourishment, and makes the hair grow on a clean, wholesome scalp, when all else fails.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour, consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA Ointment to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool and cleanse the blood. A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itchings, and irritations, with loss of hair, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Sold throughout the world. FOTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO'S., Sole Proprietors, Boston. "How to Preserve, Purify, and Beautify the Hair, Hands, and Skin," free.

**Cuticura**  
THE SET

Music and The Drama

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Annie Russell is scoring a hit in Miss Hobbs. Emma Calve returned last week from a trip to Florida. "Shannon of the Sixth" closed its season on March 10.

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Emmet M. Dren a prominent member of the Wilbur Opera Company died last week aged forty-two.

The Belle of New York opened its American tour last week in Washington to crowded houses.

Vladimir de Pachmann is a devoted admirer of Chopin about whose works he intends to write a book.

Endolph Aronson has secured in Europe the American rights to a large number of Johann Strauss's compositions.

Maurice Grau recently received a cross of the Legion of Honor, set with diamonds from the members of his Opera company.

May Irwin is back in Boston again. The Coon song artist has lost none of her old time popularity, according to the papers.

McKee's Musical Comedy company has been making a royal progress through New Zealand, scoring successes all along the line.

Cassio Leitus made her appearance at the Proctor house in New York this week, after a varied experience in Comic opera, high comedy and Shakespeare.

The presentations of the Maurice Grau Opera Company for last week in New York included La Traviata, Siegfried, Marriage of Figaro, Tristram and Isolde, Lohengrin, and Rigoletto.

After an eight month's season in London, Mr. and Mrs. De Wolf Hopper and the members of the company arrived in New York last week. The company opened this week in Brooklyn in "The Charlatan."

Hopper will probably return to London next season and may lease a theatre there. His business was very successful until the war began, when a slump came to all theatrical business. The Londoners are anxious to have him back again.

Madame Scalchi the great Italian contralto has just closed a Mexican tour, and it is announced that she will retire to her estates in Turin. Her recent tour was not successful. A strange incident occurred to her there which is worth relating; says Mexican correspondence of The Mirror: The fifth performance was not given by Madame Scalchi, owing to an indisposition from which she suffered, brought on by the sad intelligence, received here, of her mother's death in Turin, Italy. The strange circumstances attending this death are worth relating. On the last day of her engagement, Madame Scalchi gave way to the attack of nervous prostration with which she had been threatened for a week past, owing to a presentiment which she had felt that a great calamity was about to befall her. A dream that she had on Friday night, when she interpreted as forecasting the death of her mother, affected her considerably, and when the news was received she broke completely down and was confined to her bed during the entire day.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Despite the disagreeable weather, Lent, and other inconveniencing circumstances the Valentine Stock still continues to attract very good audiences to the opera house. "The Three Musketeers" was given a production last week and this week the ever amusing "Niobe" drew her circle of admirers to the theatre on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. As a rule the leading roles in both pieces were well sustained, though the interest was somewhat diminished by the fact that both were familiar to local playgoers. "Monte Cristo" was presented on Thursday and Friday and will be the bill at the matinee and evening performance today. "Cristo" never seems to lose its power to evoke intense interest and will likely be a success for the company, artistically and otherwise. It is announced that the organization will play a two weeks engagement in Halifax beginning about the first of April after which they return to St. John for a short stay, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

SPECIALTIES

-FOR-

Ladies' and Gentleman.

We can supply any specialties and novelties in Rubber & Metal Goods at lowest cash prices. If you require any article whatever, which is not to be found in the regular stores, write us and we will quote you prices, all correspondence confidential. Send no stamp for circular.

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week they go to Fredericton and it is pleasant to be able to assure the Celestials that a pleasure is in store for them in the engagement. Their strongest and best pieces have been selected for presentation and in addition to beautiful stage settings call for elaborate costuming.

On Monday evening the Father Mathew Association gives its annual entertainment at the opera house in aid of the R. C. Orphans.

Viola Allen is a southern girl and was born in Alabama. Cleo de Merode is appearing in a "Seynott" in Paris.

Julia Cooke of "McFadden's Flats" is seriously ill in Chicago. Jacob Litt, is in Lakewood, N. J. for the benefit of his health.

Joseph Carey has been engaged for a

stone, Irving and Mrs. Langtry. He was more than once a tenor through the United States and was a great favorite.

The much talked of London production of "Don Juan's Last Wager" was postponed for a few days on account of several deaths in the cast.

Sara Bernhardt is among the stage invalids. She fainted in a performance of Hamlet in Paris recently, and money was refunded to the audience.

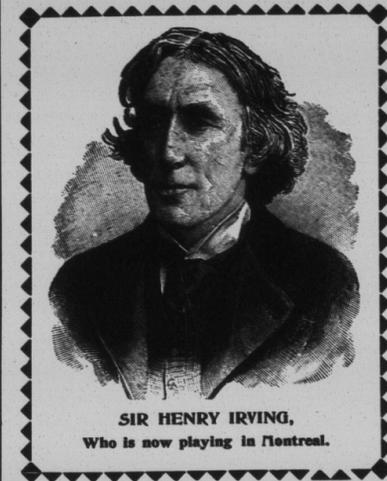
Mildred Meade scored a hit in Boston last week when she played Frisilla in "The Rounders" for one performance. She was Mabel Gilman's understudy.

Stuart Robson's present tour in "Oliver Goldsmith" has proven one of the most successful artistically and pecuniarily in the career of that comedian. His impersonation of the eccentric Goldsmith has

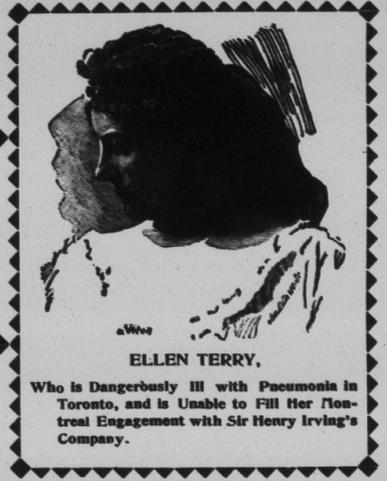
was too ill to move she could do nothing but cry for help when she awoke. Fortunately her servants heard her and removed her to a place of safety.

Claude L. Faye Dubain, is the clever young author of "The Rev. Mr. Demon," a society drama in three acts, which it is said will have a Broadway production next season. Mr. Dubain is a clever writer of short sketches and stories which has attracted much favorable notice, and is connected with some of New York's oldest families.

The Boston play houses are doing excellent business and most of them have good attractions, some of them being as follows: May Irwin in "Sister Mary" at the museum; Louis Mann and Clara Lipman in "The Girl from the Barrecks" at the Park; Julia Marlow in "Barbara Frietoria," at the Hollis; Chauncy Olcott



SIR HENRY IRVING, Who is now playing in Montreal.



ELLEN TERRY, Who is Dangerously ill with Pneumonia in Toronto, and is Unable to Fill Her Montreal Engagement with Sir Henry Irving's Company.

prominent role in "The Bowery After Dark."

Moroten Baker is meeting with much success in "The Players."

Bruce Edwards is to manage the Kelcey-Shannon company, next season.

"A daughter of the Milton" it is said will have a five weeks trial this season.

J. Aldrich Libbey has made a pronounced hit in "My Aunt Hannah."

"The Royal Box" company was reorganized this week after a week's rest.

Robert Taber is playing Lawrence Irving's new melodrama, Bonnie Dundee, in London.

George Grossmith is meeting with much success in his work of monologue giving in New York.

Olive Jumel Nelson, a niece of the famous Mme. Jumel, is winning fame as a vaudeville artist.

"Broadway to Tokio" may be sent to Paris to open there May 15 for a run during the exposition.

London papers chronicle the death of Sam Johnson, for many years low comedian with Henry Irving.

It is said the Princess Chimay will arrive in New York this month with a view to appearing on the stage.

"The Dagger and the Cross" with Robert Mantell as the star recently played to enormous business in Montreal.

It is nearly time there was a season of housecleaning on the American stage. The public has had a surfeit of indecency.

Will Richards formerly with Ethel Tucker here asking for local dates, with the intention of bringing a company to St. John.

Boston has resumed its normal condition and the atmosphere has become purified; "the Girl from Maxims" has left the city.

Julia Arthur was obliged to forego several performances at Cleveland because of a severe cold. She is now in Philadelphia.

Marie Dressler is very seriously ill in New York. She was a headliner at Proctor's Palace but was unable to appear last week.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell recently revived Suderman's play of "Magda" in London before a most fashionable audience.

The elaborate revival of Michael Strogoff in Paris, is said to be most impressive and magnificent, and the staging grand and realistic.

James Young's tour in "Lord Byron" will close today (17). The play, and Mr. Young's work in the title role won much praise.

Henry Bagge has gone to Egypt and will remain abroad some time. He will probably appear shortly in an important London production.

The death occurred in London recently of Frederick Everill so long with Back-

taken rank among the most notable character studies of the period.

Maud O'Dell now with the James O'Neill company in the south will return to Boston in May, having been engaged to appear with the Castle, Square company for the summer.

Thomas E. Shea has leased "The Man O'War Man" to William de Shetley and S. W. Combs who will make an elaborate production next season, touring the south and west.

Frank Mills has won high praise from the London critics for his work in support of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mr. Mills is taking leading roles on account of the illness of Forbes Robertson.

The injuries recently received by Alice Irving during the cannon scene in "The Cherry Pickers" were not so serious as was reported. Miss Irving was burned by the flash of fire from the cannon.

Charles L. Davis, better known by the character that he made famous, Alvin Joelyn, died on Mar. 1, in Pittsburgh. He had the finest collection of diamonds and other precious stones in America.

Ellen Terry was ill for a part of last week and did not appear with Sir Henry Irving at several Chicago performances. The two famous players have returned to the Knickerbocker in New York.

Last week it was rumored in metropolitan theatre circles that Modjeska was seriously considering an offer of \$40,000, for a thirty weeks season in Vaudeville. Her manager states that there is absolutely no truth in the rumor.

It was said that Henry C. Miner whose death occurred suddenly a few weeks ago had left a will disinheriting his first wives children, but his executors positively deny. His estate is divided between his widow and four sons.

Here is an interesting item about an actor who was a favorite here two years ago. When Melbourne McDowell fractured his ankle in Leadville a couple of weeks ago his roles in "Fedora," "Cleopatra," were splendidly played by Arthur Elliott at short notice.

Adele Ritchie has sued Edwin Knowles and S. S. Williamson for \$5000 damages alleging that she had been engaged for the reason in "Three Little Lambs" but that she received on Feb. 12 notice of dismissal unless she cared to continue in one night stands.

"Quo Vadis," dramatized by Charles W. Chase from John T. Wilcox's translation of Henryk Sienkiewicz's famous novel of the name, and produced by Alden Benedict, has been phenomenally successful. It is reported to be breaking records everywhere.

Vuette Guilbert had a narrow escape from death last week. The lace curtains in her apartments caught fire while she was asleep in an invalid's chair, and as she

in a Romance of Athlone" at the Boston; Madge Lessing and "The Rounders at the Columbia.

Gertrude Coghlan daughter of the late Charles Coghlan is to make a spring starting tour under the management of J. A. Reids, Miss Coghlan will be seen in "Lady Flora" a comedy written by her father and produced with much success by John Hare in London. It is considered an admirable vehicle for the display of Miss Coghlan's abilities. The season opened this week.

It must be somewhat of a strange sensation for a Royal personage to have any of his acts hissed, and that is what the Emperor William of Germany experienced last week, when his play "The Iron Tooth" was produced in the Royal Theatre of Berlin. The Emperor has long been busied with this play and its production, but even that together with his presence in the Royal Box were not sufficient to compel favor for the drama was roundly hissed. Powerful as he may be as the 'war lord, of Germany who punishes those that oppose him in fields other than that of the drama it appears that this disapproval of his dramatic work will pass without rebuke. Certainly it might be construed, as less majestic, if criticism of the Emperor's other acts in the press is so construed; but William evidently looks upon the theatre with a fondness and toleration unusual in one so arbitrary in other things. This is a good thing for the theatre, and it also may be a good thing for the Emperor.

The arrest of Olga Nethersole a few weeks ago was the result of an indecent exhibition of mock decency by two notorious newspapers of New York. These papers which endured and applauded the long series of nasty French farces and filthy things heaped upon the American stage by the greedy and debasing syndicate which controls American theatricals seems to have made a preposterous ado about St. "Sapho" of which the Chicago Evening Post says: "Sapho is a play that refined men and women should avoid. It is not fit to be seen. It is a libel on nature and an offence to art. It has no legitimate purpose and none but a box office excuse. It is the product of commercialism run mad. When it was first presented in Chicago the Evening Post condemned it in the severest terms alike on moral and artistic grounds. But the fact is that plays as bad and even far worse are constantly being produced before crowded houses in New York without a word of protest from the critics, and with much encouragement from the yellow censors."

Felson the Blood.—Food fermentation means indigestion leads to Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia means poor blood, poor circulation, broken health, chronic depression, smashed nerves, perpetual invalidism. Dr. Von Sann's Pineapple Tablets stop the fermentation in the food and prevent all the ills that are bound to follow neglect of the digestive organs—no box, 25 cents.



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and your child will have a fine complexion and never be troubled with skin diseases. The National Council of Women of Canada have recommended it as very suitable for nursery use.

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Spruce Gum

that he has ever brought me.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 87 Charlotte Street.

Remember the store, ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY, Tel. 239. Fresh Vaccine Points received daily. Mail orders promptly filled.



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Humor.

Humor. You calculate, Fat? Shillalah so slick. Unluck you wear in your hat a to a brick. My Reptained. (pointing to snake in my not know it, my good snake just like that in my you purchase.) Saint Patrick! Devil re's a hissin' sound ivry other. ake Then. a sin or crime ave to give it about the time d with Eve.] edium. "p." will you have them done ; just aisy." of St. Patrick. Je, ye sons of toll, doos very dey cannot spoll, a your spade and hoe? sh, and yao can go d Saint Patrick. nd for der shamrock sign, Irish is fascinate. got any your tools from pawa gye years diamonds on Saint Patrick. -Day Patriotism. fra. McShanagan, O'ive now for four mont's, wid th' grub; but O! draws one spinach this marxins! an—"Phwat's th, matther Begorry! it hos a red hair ammatial Errors. ammatial error—almost the famous Monroe Doc- be n commented upon. parrell (to it appears in tiated treaty between this t Britain for the construc- of the Isthmian Canal. treaty provides that rail- ll be exchanged "within date hereof, or earlier if the treaty was written and re-revised by one of the d literary men of the age- ase the slip is so obvious tice. tion For Onbs. s which has come from a day is a statement by who went there to establish ation for the island. In een hundred and seventy schools on the American opened. [The daily attend- hundred thousand. By or Frye thinks it will be and fifty thousand. Cuba e a long way off, but this road which leads to it.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAR. 17

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

MISPLACED CONGRATULATIONS.

The fact that Judge VANWART had reached the age of 50 years was made the occasion of a love feast at the old Court house on Tuesday morning and those who read between the lines of the speeches of congratulation made by Recorder SKINNER and Dr. ALWARD may well have been amused or disgusted.

Perhaps it would be more fitting to look upon the whole business, speeches and all as a huge joke. And this would be borne out by Dr. ALWARD's remark that he was there to speak for the younger members of the bar.

POLITICAL OPPORTUNITIES.

The death of Collector RUEL and Senator LEWIN have created important vacancies that it will be necessary to fill in the near future. The collectorship is the most important and strenuous efforts are being made on behalf of several applicants to obtain the appointment.

porters will not be content without a portfolio and Mr. CARVELL is not to be put aside again. The situation is interesting and the opportunities for influential applicants are greater than they have been for some time.

Mr. ELLIS will, of course, get the secretaryship made vacant by Mr. LEWIN's death.

A correspondent in this issue speaks of the Relief and Aid Fund, and the expense attendant upon its management. We do not know what the exact income of the fund is but it cannot be over \$2,000 and \$500 does seem a large amount to pay for the services of a secretary.

Mr. HOWARD McLEOD has been chosen for two of the positions so worthily filled by the late Mr. RUEL. The treasurership of the Contingent fund will not exact much from him but if he carries out the plans and intentions of Mr. RUEL as president of Ferhill cemetery, he will need to give its affairs a large amount of attention and thought.

AND THE EDITOR FLEW.

Mr. Walsh Couldn't Stand the Advice of Telegraph Directors and Advertisers.

The advice that PROGRESS tendered to the gentleman who was chosen to fill the editorial chair of the Telegraph had to go to Montreal to reach him. The joys of newspaper life in St. John had failed to touch him; the woes triumphed and he longed for release from the bondage of directors and advertisers.

The words of PROGRESS were too true; the path of the stranger was strewn thickly with thorns. There were no roses and Mr. Walsh soon found out that fact.

It is stated that he left a good job to come to St. John, much against his own inclination. He was an assistant editor on the Montreal Herald and his knowledge of that city was quite as perfect as his ignorance of St. John.

It is no wonder then that he was dissatisfied. The directors of the Telegraph company are not all modern. Some of them are almost obsolete yet their opinion went and their criticism was galling to the man who knew what he was doing.

Lake the policeman his life was not happy and he made up his mind to leave. How to make graceful debut was the difficulty. Would this ultra loyal town stand a Boer editorial? or would the directors and subscribers rush in a body and mob the office?

And an hour after the first edition was out came the glorious news of the relief of Ladysmith and then came the extras of the Telegraph. The effort made to spread the good news gave added circulation to the article condoning the offences of the Boers.

Why so Much Delay?

Secretary Manning of the School Trustees Board says it was intended to have the new Alexandra School in Indiantown opened after the Easter vacations, but this idea has had to be abandoned as the heating apparatus and plumbing has not yet been installed.

It will now be after the summer holidays before the Indiantown children can attend school in their own district.

THIS COLUMN FOR STRAIGHT TALK

Help the Poor Governor.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—There have been many complaints heard for years past regarding the smallness of the salaries paid to our Supreme court judges. With these fault finders I do not believe the public at large agree.

Why the people are worrying about raising a fund for the Transval or the Indiantown fire sufferers is to me, as it must be to most people, a mystery, when there is so much greater need for funds right at our own door.

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More Issues in Hospital Management.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I was glad to see your article on the hospital in the last issue. The refusal to admit the sick man Hans seems to me brutal. The doctor at the jail gave orders that morning for his removal to the hospital.

Not Quite So Much.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—I have heard that the late Senator Lewin as president of the Bank of New Brunswick received a salary of \$10,000. Is this so?

About That Belle Fund

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—The gentlemen who manage the Relief and Aid Fund have refused to let the public know who are getting aid from the fund on the ground that it would "hurt their feelings".

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

come of the fund is spent for the secretary's salary. Is this right? A CITIZEN.

A Frog to Parliament. The directors of one of our state penitentiaries were for several months unable to elect a warden, simply because the two principal candidates for the position belonged to different political parties.

Telegraphing Over a Glacier.

Experiments made by French savants on Mont Blanc, last summer showed that the ice of a great glacier will serve as a support for a telegraph wire without insulation.

JOBS AND WOES OF OTHER PLACES.

Times Forelock Grabbed. (Trento Times Guardian.) Next Saturday will be St. Patrick's Day, God bless Ireland!

Hallifax has a Rival. (Sydney Record.) The splendid skating on the harbor was thoroughly enjoyed by the young fry yesterday.

A new kind of Liar. (Chatham World.) As a liar Mr. Tarte belongs to the multitudinous order—when he lies he sticks to it.

But Where did Anna Find Them? (Yarmouth Herald.) Snowdrops were found March 7, and daisies and pansies Feb. 24, 1900, by Anna Cain. These were in bloom.

An Open Confession of Good for the Soul. (Campbellton Events.) With the editor away several days and two of our staff sick events is not up to the mark this week.

A Scott Act Town Too! (Yarmouth Herald.) The following schooners are on the bar: Charles Haskell, W. Farnell O'Hara, Ernest F. Norwood, Curlew and Annie M. Spruell.

A Cool Deliberate Villain. (Woodstock Sentinel.) C. M. Sherwood, of Castville, ventured to introduce a full range of ladies' white-wear.

The Feakly of Greatness. (Exchange.) And now comes a new post office in Victoria County, Ontario, with the name of Buller, and the name of Upper Thorne Centre, Ontario, has been changed to Ladywall.

"Free" Fight Cost Five Dollars. (Yarmouth Paper.) A free fight among the junior male employees in the Cotton Mill Saturday resulted in one of the participants being fined \$5.00 and costlier assault today.

Sydney "Exhibitions" Pay, St. John's Don't. (Sydney Advocate.) John T. Dunphy, charged with interfering with the policeman at the International pier, yesterday, and exhibiting a revolver, was this morning fined \$5 or thirty days.

A Commercial Upheaval. (Little River Cor. Digby Courier.) Thursday morning there appeared to be a lively time in business circles on Commercial Square.

Mr. Gunning Goes Gunning. (Moncton Times.) Mr. Walter Gunning, son of Mr. Harry Gunning, the well known harness maker formerly of Moncton now of Chatham, is one of the first to enlist to go to South Africa to take the place of the brave Canadian boys who have fallen in battle.

St. John Will Follow Suit (N.B.). (Moncton Times.) Mayor Ater entertained the retiring city council and the city officials at E. A. Seaman's restaurant last night. The usual toasts were honored and speech making lasted about an hour.

Real Estate Speaks in Wolfville. (Wolfville Acadia.) Constable's curiosity has been expressed as to the identity of the two gentlemen, who are reported to be attempting to forestall the town in the purchase of the American House property. One gentleman has given it as his opinion that they are Mr. Myro and Mr. Myro.

The Shady Side of Newspaperdom. (Campbellton Events.) Since Events' first appearance no subscriber can complain of laxity in this office. But can Events complain of laxity among subscribers? Well rather! This week we are urging the payments of hundreds of dollars in small bills and possibly only one out of four will respond.

Go Inspector Wallace's Explanation. (Sussex Correspondence of The Sun.) Collector of Customs Wallace, who was unable to attend the funeral of the late Collector Muel in St. John this afternoon, had the flag at half mast on the customs building here, in honor of the memory of his late chief, under whom he had served so pleasantly for nearly twenty years.

A Very "Fencing" Reminder. (From the Digby Courier.) Don't forget the special meeting of the D. Y. O next Monday evening. The club would appreciate the payment of \$1.00 subscribed by one of our leading citizens in 1899 and which still remains unpaid. All other subscriptions were paid as promised.

TERMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Wilda Warrenton.

I think of Wilda Warrenton. When spring days first unfold; She used to live in our town; Of Mayhem on the road. I loved her in the old red school; The children loved her too; Beside the river bright and cool When life was young and new.

No wonder all the meadows there; Where sweet in purple bloom; Or robins sang the sweetest when; The twilight filled the room. So pleasant was our homeward walk; Across the grassy plain; Our hearts were in that happy talk; That ne'er will come again.

The young school master seemed to smile; When Wilda's face he saw; When she came late her wistful smile; Made him forget the law. He seemed to peer her fallings by; With feelings of regret; And in relief we all would sigh; When talks she did not get.

He had to push her one day; But from his thoughtful heart; He called, "instead of her I say—" What girl will bear the smart? My grief came like a torrent on; Her tears I could not stand; I took for Wilda Warrenton; His blows upon my hand.

Together soon our grief to check; And hal! we bear the pain; She put her fair arm round my neck; And kissed me in the lane. We stood beneath a budding bough; The spring time brought to life; And there she breathed her first love vow; Some day I'll be your wife.

Sweet soul that changes since have come; To young hearts fond and free; Together you and me have made a home; But never you and me. Beneath that well known pine; The robin's too is heard at will; But never yours and mine.

But ever walking by my side; A girl's first step I bear; And see through all the world so wide; A sweet face and a tear. A school girl's arm is round my neck; Her kiss doth here remain; She sleeps where my first love was won; Where she in prayer was slain.

In a silent town the blinds are down; In the house where the master died; The scholars with unburnt faces brown; Are scattered far and wide. No town of Mayhem on the earth; O'erlives a transient day; Our Mayhem home is golden worth; When we too pass away.

Shamrock Time.

'Tis shamrock time, and the wild, who swallow; Furnish the summer or sugar; Now April woe them, and all things follow; Take flight and follow the feet of spring. But we, in stranger lands sojourning; Like Redlegs far from their forest nest; Are filled with mourning, and wild heart yearning; To the soft green hills of the golden west.

Oh, my heart doth follow; The sweet spring swallow; As it wings his way o'er ocean foam; Where the shamrock's springing; The thrush is singing; His song of spring in my Irish home.

Earth's deep heart answer to day with laughter; But we, we nor laugh nor smile; For we are only left to follow after; The wild wind whirling unto our aisle. To-day down many a leafy alley; The whitethorn blossom is odorous; O'er many a violet purple valley; The lark is singing but not for us.

Oh! fair, ye say, was the land our mother! Her smile was sweet, but it was not ours; We sowed the vineyard and vale; another Sat as lord in her children's towers. Her love was mild, but another claimed it; They took the harvest, 'twas ours the toil; Her name was fair, but her loss defamed it; We ploughed, but a stranger held the soil.

Small share we have in the stranger's city; The scold of scorn and the stony street; There's never a kindly glance of pity; Our tears embitter the bread we eat. We sigh no song, but in dreams we follow; Oh, my heart doth follow; The sweet spring swallow; As it wings his way o'er the ocean foam; Where the shamrock's springing; The thrush is singing; The song of spring in my Irish home.—Patrick Coleman.

The Willows' Song.

Under a spreading maple tree; A tired-looking man is he; With large and grimy hands; For he heads a grove that covers quite Four acres of his lands.

His hair and beard are all untrimmed; His face is like the tan; His brow is wet with dew and sweat; He sits where'er he can; And his pallid he watches like a hawk For he trusts not boy or man.

Day in, day out, the seasons through; You can hear him puff and blow; You can see him tote his heavy pails; With both hands, to and fro; Like a boy who waters the elephant; When he wants to see the show.

And children coming home from school; Look wistfully through the fence; And hang around that sugar camp; Until they are driven thence; For they thirst to see the maple juice; With a longing most intense.

Tolling, tolling, snoring; On through the week he goes; Each evening sees a task begin; That morning doesn't close; He grabs his buckets and prepares For one more day of woes.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my old-time friend; The world cannot graze; That your big iron pot turns out; Straight roads, though, well-day! 'Tis precious little from your pot; That ever comes our way.

There were a society, chiefly very large, those forable as one Charlie Harrison affairs and in he is usually on she was assiste Miss Trow; there were the guests close in the bar Mr. Harrison leaving on W speed a month Mrs. Tillock few friends were there were one which all seem time. A society co sorta of letters most interesting was regarding The letter is publication po good to be ent of those who a may be explai sort of combin may be at 0.45 All the men g there to find pieces of costl braid beads s pins of all sor Out of these provided in the prices are giv One might party on the boarded upon certainly sec amusement a Mrs D. W. all last Satur Mr. A. H weeks with the Stock of for the ban satisfactory Mr. Collie ladies and Halifax. St. John fr ericon will cess. She h and her cou A Toron Dr. Barro of St. Andr overpuck as to Texas. He speedy reco Mr. Charl for a day of Miss May days with of the deat Senator Jam cester Higl ed a blight into brocol patients' co by his frien awaited by On Friday he might y this was ab morning, being 68 be hearty. E. The fam of the most grounds w and skill li He wavered, I Cook; J Mr. The atte very large

This a lost for Bro Being tritlou and as a valu lids an

KING PASTER... wholesome

FRIDAY AND TODAY

Warrenton... first unfiled...

meadows their... purple bloom...

the law... her sallings by...

her one day... thoughtful heart...

grief to check... near the path...

changes since have come... and free...

ing by my side... step I hear...

rm is round my neck... been remain...

the blinds are down... where the master died...

the golden words... pass away...

answer to day with laughter... laugh her smile...

the hand our mother's... rest, but it was not ours...

we in the stranger's city... and the story street...

heard are all untrammelled... live the sun...

at the season through... for him puff and blow...

as to these, my old-time friend... from pot turns out...



There were several little events last week in Society, chiefly afternoon teas, and some of them very large, though all particularly pleasant and enjoyable as such gatherings usually are.

A society column usually gets inundated with all sorts of letters, enquiries and enquiries but the most interesting thing received so far this week was regarding a "surprise" party.

One of these materials fancy dresses must be improvised in the space of half an hour. After dinner prizes are given for the two best dresses.

Mr. A. H. Stuart who has been spending a few weeks with his wife, Miss Bonstelle of the Valley the Stock company, left this week for Bermuda for the benefit of his health, which has not been satisfactory of late.

St. John's friends of Mrs. George C. Hunt of Fredericton will regret to hear of her very serious illness. She had a stroke of paralysis a few days ago and her condition is critical.

Mr. Charles Fawcett of Sackville was in the city for a day or two this week. Miss May Fielding of Windsor is spending a few days with city friends.

The death occurred on Sunday morning of Hon. Senator James Davies Lewis at his home at Lancaster Heights, this city. Senator Lewis contracted a slight cold some time ago which developed into bronchitis and later pneumonia, and the patient's condition was watched with much anxiety by his friends, and the various reports were eagerly awaited by his many friends throughout the city.

directors and staff of the Bank of New Brunswick and the members of the board of trustees of the Methodist church. The pall bearers were the clerks of the bank. Rev. Job Shinton officiated and the choir of the Methodist church of Fairville sang the usual impressive hymns.

Mrs. D. McLoughlin of Princess street gave a very delightful book tea on Thursday afternoon for the entertainment of Mrs. Babbitt of Fredericton. The ladies all wore some badge or combination that would denote the title of a certain book and though some were a trifle far fetched there was much amusement occasioned and the affair proved most interesting.

A white party of seven tables, was given by Mrs. H. deForest on Wednesday evening in honor of her guest Miss Palmer of Dorchester. The first prize, a dainty and beautiful piece of brocade was won by Mrs. Rankine while the consolation prize fell to the lot of Miss Nelson.

Mrs. James Dever returned this week from a visit to her daughter Mrs. Boucher of Montreal, who is in Europe where she will spend the next three months.

Mrs. J. B. Douglas of Amherst was in the city for a day or two this week. Mr. J. O'Neill of the Palace has been entertaining Rev. Father Cullen and Mr. Manahan of New York for a few days.

A pleasant meeting of the W. H. M. S. of the Presbytery of St. John was held in St. David's church school room on Monday afternoon, and though it was chiefly of a business nature those who attended experienced much interest in the proceedings.

Miss Hettie Marsh returned last Tuesday from a very pleasant visit to her sisters in New York. Mr. J. B. Douglas of Amherst was in the city for a day or two this week.

Mr. J. M. Smith and the Misses Smith of Windsor were in the city for a little while this week. Mrs. J. D. Landry's friends will be glad to hear that she is recovering from her recent severe indisposition, and expects to be out again shortly.

Miss A. McQuarrie, Miss L. Irvine, Miss Long, Miss T. McDaid, Miss Ethel Thomas, Miss L. Parry, Misses McQuarrie, Mrs. H. McDaid, Mrs. C. Clark, Mrs. Robt. Wilkins, Mrs. John McCalvey, Mrs. Jenny McCalvey, Mrs. J. Irvine, Mrs. Thos. Dean, Miss Dean, Mr. Geo. McKinnon, Mr. D. McQuarrie, Mr. G. Irvine, Mr. A. Kerr, Mr. Len Gregg, Mr. Jack McCalvey, Mr. Arthur King, Mr. J. Lawlor, Mr. H. McDaid, Mr. C. Clark, Mr. Robt. Wilkins, Mr. John McCalvey, Mr. J. McCalvey, Harry Simmons, Frank Tette, J. Irvine, Thos. Dean.

Mar. 14.—Mr. and Mrs. Sutton Clark gave on Friday evening a dinner party at their pleasant home. Covers were laid for fourteen. The dining room looked very bright and pretty. The dinner was daintily served, nothing being left undone which would in any way add to the pleasure of their guests.

Mr. Joseph McCormick and family (and Mr. Joseph Murray, who have been living in the United States for a few years, have returned to town. Miss Edith Baldwin is visiting friends in Dear Island.

Mr. E. B. McDonald of the Bank of British North America left Saturday to take charge of the Rosedale, B. C. agency. Mr. Henry F. Todd and Mrs. F. P. McNeil of St. Stephen were in the city the beginning of this week.

Mr. J. M. Smith and the Misses Smith of Windsor were in the city for a little while this week. Mrs. J. D. Landry's friends will be glad to hear that she is recovering from her recent severe indisposition, and expects to be out again shortly.

Mr. J. V. Russell went to Montreal the beginning of the week for a brief stay. The death occurred this week of Mrs. Hannah Albin, widow of James Albin, well known in this city years ago. Mrs. Albin though 83 years of age enjoyed good health until a severe cold was contracted from which Mrs. Albin was unable to rally.

Mr. J. D. Landry's friends will be glad to hear that she is recovering from her recent severe indisposition, and expects to be out again shortly. Mr. J. V. Russell went to Montreal the beginning of the week for a brief stay.

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The Story of It's Worth. Is best told by the economy and effectiveness of its use. When a thoroughly pure and economical article is wanted, don't experiment stick to the old reliable. THE FAMOUS Welcome Soap. Experience is the best Teacher, and Experience says that WELCOME is the best.

WHITE'S SNOWFLAKE CHOCOLATES.

Corticelli Skirt Protector is a wet weather "insurance policy" for a lady's skirt. It never shrinks, it cannot pucker the skirt bottom—its colors will not run. It is steam shrunken before it is dyed—it cannot skrink any more under any possible usage. Its colors won't run because they are fixed permanently and unfadably when dyed. Ewed on flat, not turned over—one or two rows of stitching. Genuine only with this label.

301 MILLIONS.

Table with financial data: Total paid-up Capital Stock of all the Chartered Banks of Canada, Total Reserve Fund of these Banks, Paid-up Capital, Canadian Pacific R. R., Total Assets of all the Canadian Life Insurance Companies on December 31st, 1899, Total Assets of all Canadian Fire Insurance Companies, Revenue of the Dominion of Canada for past year.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK. RICHARD A. McCURDY, President. Had CASH ASSETS on December 31st, 1899, amounting to \$301,844,538.

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE'S (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, "Having used both we think the St. Agustine's preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic." JOHN C. CLOWES



This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper. Being exceedingly nutritious, easily digested and assimilated, it forms a valuable food for invalids and children.

E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and counters.
MORSE & CO. ... Barrington street
CLIFFORD STREET ... Cor. George & Granville Sts
CANADA NEWS CO. ... Railway Depot
J. H. FREDLAY ... Brunswick street
W. W. ALEXANDER ... Dartmouth N. St
Queen Bookstore ... 100 Hollis St
Mrs. DeFreitas ... 151 Brunswick St.

MAR. 15.—Dr. Kirkpatrick, who has been ill for the past eight weeks, is now sufficiently recovered to be able to attend to his office practice.
A. J. Moxham and wife of Sydney arrived in the city and are registered at the Halifax.
W. E. Roscoe of Kentville is spending a few days in the city.
Charles Fergie, manager of the Intercolonial Coal company, Westville, is in town.

It is quite probable that Bob Fitzsimmons, the pugilist, will visit Halifax in a month or two and give an exhibition with his sparring partner.
F. H. Joseph and Robert came to the city and engaged in business as grocery and commission dealers.
The death took place Monday night of the wife of Patrick Lyons, at her residence, No. 38 Gittington street, after a lingering illness.
Mrs. J. W. Beckwith of Bridgetown, who has been visiting friends at Digby returned home Saturday last.

Mr. Geo. Whightman is quite ill at his home, Birch street.
Capt. J. W. Sprout was a passenger to Canoe on Monday.
Rev. Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Blackadar returned to Kempt Queens Co. Friday.
Mrs. Roney of Bridgetown, is the guest of her son, Mr. B. A. Roney, Carleton street.
Miss Grace McDermott, of Annapolis, is the guest of Miss Gertrude Oliver, Warwick street.
Mrs. Margaret of Hantsport, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. B. Short, returned home yesterday.

Mr. J. W. Beckwith of Bridgetown, who has been visiting friends at Digby returned home Saturday last.
Miss Janet Cowan, who is teaching school at Rosaway, spent Sunday with her mother, Queen Street.
Mr. W. S. Troop, proprietor of the Manhattan hotel, returned home last week from his trip up the Annapolis Valley.
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Forthier, who have been in town for several weeks were passengers to Yarmouth on Wednesday.
Rev. B. H. Thomas, who accompanied the remains of the late Helen Miles to Amherst returned home on Wednesday.

"Doctors failed to reach my case and advised me to try a higher air."

There is no greater irony than a recommendation of change of climate to those whose circumstances make change of climate impossible. How many a sufferer in such a case has wistfully watched the flight of the south-seeking birds, and cried with the Psalmist, "Oh that I had wings." But suppose you can fit the climate to the lungs. That is what has been found possible by those who have used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It so purifies the blood, removing the clogged and poisonous conditions favorable to disease, that the whole body is strengthened. With new strength comes new power, and disease is resisted and thrown off.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to you for preparing such grand remedies for chronic diseases especially which the doctors failed to reach," writes I. B. Staples, Esq., of Barclay, Osage Co., Kans. "I am a railroad agent, and four years ago my work keeping me in a warm room and stepping out frequently into the cold air gave me bronchitis, which became chronic and deep seated. Doctors failed to reach my case and advised me to try a higher air, but, fortunately for me, a friend also advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and by the time I had taken the first bottle I was better, and after taking about four bottles my cough was entirely gone. This was a year ago last winter, and again last winter I took about three bottles to prevent a return of the trouble. I have found no necessity for seeking another climate."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are powerful aids to the cleansing of the clogged system. By all dealers in medicine.

DIGBY.
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with A. M. King's tailoring establishment, is to retire, and leaves next Tuesday to take up her abode in Palmouth, Hants county.
Miss Florie Ruggles of Lunenburg and Miss Laura Owen of Halifax are guests at Mrs. Owen's.
Rev. Webster arrived last week from Halifax for a short visit.
H. A. Calder and Arthur T. Morse of Bridgetown were in town Monday.

PARROBORO.
[Progress is for sale at Parroboro Bookstore.]
MAR. 14.—A very large and attentive audience in St. George's hall on Friday evening listened to the Hon. A. B. Dickey's most interesting lecture on "The British Empire, what it means," and manifested by frequent bursts of applause its appreciation and enthusiasm. Before the chairman Dr. Magee, introduced the honorable lecturer Mr. J. D. Nicholls sang in fine style The Soldiers of the Queen and at the close of the lecture Mrs. H. McKenna whom a Parroboro audience never tires of hearing sang "The Absent Minded Beggar." There was a rousing chorus to these songs many of the stagers being high school pupils. Mrs. Stratist accompanied on the piano and Mrs. B. F. Henderson and Miss Bessie Spencer on the violins. The receipts of the lecture are to be divided between the patriotic and the school library funds.

At the hockey match between the Arclights and Incandescents in Cecilia rink on Friday evening Mr. W. Buchart of the Commercial bank had the misfortune to fracture an ankle bone and will be laid up for some time.
Dr. and Mrs. Townshend have gone to Halifax to see the son Mr. W. H. Townshend of the Monterey. He is one of the Strathcona horse.
Mr. Blanchard Neville of Winnipeg is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Tucker.
Mr. Charles Huntley has become junior clerk in the Halifax banking Co.
Mr. T. J. Locke was in town a part of last week examining the damage done by the storms to a pier and breakwater.

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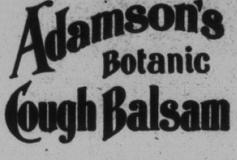
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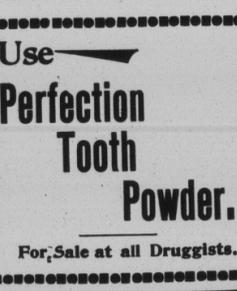
That Hang-on Cough

only needs to be attended to in a proper and thorough manner to be eradicated entirely from your system. Liniment rubbing and flannel wraps about the chest and throat are good enough but they are not sufficient, they don't go deep enough. The root of the disorder is pulmonary weakness—build that up—strengthen it with Adamson's Balsam and your Cough is Cured. 25 Cents AT ALL DRUGGISTS.



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.



Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.
PRESERVE YOUR TEETH and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER 6d., 1s. and 1s-6d. and 1s-6s. Tins, or CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE 6d., 1s. and 1s-6d. Pots.

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.
Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.
FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

EVERY LEWIS MAN

SHOULD send for a Descriptive Treatise on the Modern and Successful Treatment of Nervous Diseases and Physical Weakness in Men, including Premature Exhaustion, Loss of Vital Energy, with other allied affections by local absorption (i.e., without stomach medicines). Revised and in progress with the most advanced researches in the subject, together with numerous recent testimonials showing successful cures. Write at once and grasp this opportunity of being quickly restored to perfect health. Sent in a plain sealed envelope, free of charge.—E. ROBERTSON, 80 & 82, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, E.C.4. Estab'd over 30 years.

PROBATE COURT.

City and County of Saint John.
To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John or any Constable of the said City and County—Greeting:
WHEREAS the Executors of the estate of Margaret Millide deceased have filed in this Court an account of their administration of the said deceased's estate and have prayed that the same may be passed and allowed in the form of Law.

You are therefore required to cite the Heirs and next of kin of the deceased and all of the creditors and other persons interested in her said estate to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the City and County of Saint John at the Probate Court Room in the Free by Building in the City of Saint John on Monday the twenty sixth day of March next at seven o'clock in the forenoon then and there to attend the passing and allowing of the said accounts as prayed for and as by Law directed.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Probate Court this nineteenth day of February A. D. 1900.
(Sgd) ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, JUDGE OF PROBATE,
(Sgd) JOHN McVILLAN, ESQUIRE, CLERK OF PROBATE,
(Sgd) A. P. BARN HILL, PROCTOR.

DON'T TAKE MEDICINE

if you are weak and run down, use Puttner's Emulsion, which is FOOD, rather than medicine. It will soon build you up.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

BOURBON.

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

THOS. L. BOURKE

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

FOR LADIES To dye at home Hosiery, Skirts, Children Frocks, etc. USE MAYPOLE SOAP

is unexcelled and costs no more than old fashioned dyes. Send for FREE book on Home Dyeing to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

A BOO WOMEN
Written by Richard...
Contains...
Send for...
Write now.

MAR. 15.—Dr. H. Halifax.
John A. Flett, re business trip to...
Mrs. T. W. Brown...
Mrs. D. C. Flett...
T. W. Brown who...
The delegation to...
Miss Mildred C...
Mrs. Nell Morris...
Mrs. Thomas M...
Miss Mowat left...
Montreal, the first...
G. M. L. Brown...
from a flying trip...
Mrs. Henry Mc...
her friends on the...
Eliza Wright on...
valuing his daughter...
past few days.

[Progress in...
MAR. 15.—Mr. railway, River of...
of the week.
Mr. L. E. Bly...
ing trip to Boston...
Canadian cities.
Mrs. J. J. M...
Snowball, returned...
military opinion...
been visiting her...
Mr. H. B. Bell...
Tuesday. He w...
his absence, Mr...
office will have...
Mr. A. E. Me...
now and has de...
carry on the bu...
Metzler. He w...
work in his line...
Miss Lou Mc...
ants. She retur...
ill at Hartford.

Without expen...
Dr. C...
Is imitat...
not du...

Just as th...
but none th...
of Dr. Ch...
tions of D...
that can e...
brought ab...
healer.
The suppr...
of piles. I...
yet been...
matter of...
ing. This...
ever discov...
You merit...
Read the r...
Mr. Lee...
for Messrs...
states: "I...
Dr. Chase's...
case of it...
for ten year...
ing relief...
ment once...
Mr. Am...
county, N...
stated: "I...
by using...
bothered...
and suffe...
Thanks to...
tinely cure...
suffer from...
You c...
without c...
postage...
Outmost...
by mail...
Toronto.

Don't Chase's...
will cure...
bottle, in...

son's Botanic Balm

Know Goods

Knives, Forks and many Bery Spoons, Adles, etc.

on Powder

VE TEETH

TOOTH PASTE

NEWTON'S COLORS, IVAS, etc.

PEAK MAN

COURT

STUBBART, TRUSTEES

A BOOK FOR WOMEN. A SPECIAL OFFER. As Mrs. Richard writes every woman...

CAMPBELLTON. Mar. 15.—Dr. Hall, returned Friday last from Halifax...

MONCTON. [Progress for sale in Moncton at Miss Estelle Tweedie's Bookstore...

Dr. Chase Cures Piles. Without the danger, pain or expense of an operation.

Just as there are many receipt books, but none that ever approach to the value of Dr. Chase's...

Don't cough yourself to death. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Limes and Turpentine...

convalescent and will probably return home in a couple of weeks to recuperate.

FREDERICTON. [Progress for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fensley and J. S. Hawthorne.]

WOODSTOCK. [Progress for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Deane & Co.]

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines...

RESIDENCE at Robbessy for sale or to rent pleasantly situated house...

WANTED RELIABLE MEN. Good honest men in every locality, local or travel...

WOODSTOCK. [Progress for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Deane & Co.]

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WOODSTOCK. [Progress for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Deane & Co.]

That Shine. which was the glory of your table silver when it was new...

A Friend's Advice. When you find your kidneys out of order, when your back aches...

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. There are lots of people in your town, who have been cured by this remedy.

Good Paper AND Good Ink. are important factors in the production of good printing.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

New York Millionaires. Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers...

Scribner's FOR 1900. J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

SPECIAL ARTICLES. THE PARIS EXPOSITION. FREDERIC IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests.

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

Queen Hotel, Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S. JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, Proprietor.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss Nellie Short is visiting Miss Kennedy in St. Andrews.

STANDARDS N. E.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Grimmer and Mrs. J. Dunton went to St. Andrews yesterday to attend the funeral services of the late Mrs. Nathan Treadwell.

Miss Mollie Maloney came down from St. Stephen on Tuesday, with her sister, Miss Chaudine Maloney.

Miss Annie Harrington has returned from St. John.

Miss Foster is home from her Boston visit.

A Young Philosopher. 'Pa,' began little Clarence Callipers, with a rising inflection.

'I guess the greatest cause is that so many of the women are trying to be men, and so many of the men are trying to be women.'

And after the lad had gone to bed the proud father remarked sentimentally, as he smote the table a heavy thump of conviction.

'Well, if that boy isn't the reincarnation of the late Socrates there is nothing in the whole theory of theosophy.'

'What do you think of that plan to run a newspaper on Christian principles?' asked the night editor.

'I'd like to be there,' said the foreman of the composing room, 'on the final swing, when they have half a minute to get the form in and a column of much matter gets piled.'

"A Fair Outside Is a Poor Substitute For Inward Worth."

Good health, inwardly, of the kidneys, liver and bowels, is sure to come if Hood's Sarsaparilla is promptly used.

This secures a fair outside, and a consequent vigor in the frame, with the glow of health on the cheek, good appetite, perfect digestion, pure blood.

Loss of Appetite - "I was in poor health, troubled with dizziness, tired feeling and loss of appetite. I was completely run down. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and after awhile I felt much better. Hood's Sarsaparilla built me up."

ILLUSTRATION - "I have been troubled with headache and biliousness and was much run down. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me relief and built me up."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

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

MRS. MOORE WAS SHARP.

thought of too. When the necessary amount had been paid, and Frank released from jail, Mrs. Moore, says she advanced him about \$60 for clothes etc, but before starting for Dawson she wanted him and the others whom she proposed taking along to sign agreements under which they would be bound to pay her one third of the profits on all claims taken out by them; but when the document was prepared in proper legal form it was found that the parties were asked to pay one half instead of one third profit, there were other items in the contract which made it somewhat of a curiosity, and demonstrated more than ordinary business knowledge and ability on the part of the woman.

A peculiar feature of the case was that while the defendant says she never requested the plaintiff to pay \$100 for her son, the plaintiff alleges that she made her three payments viz \$15, \$5 and \$1 on the amount.

Now the women, who have made the long journey of thousands of miles to join their husbands, come from their cabins clad in neat travelling gowns that have not been worn on the whole trip.

The boat had scarcely ceased rocking when Jim and I walked ashore. Two handsome, clean-faced, young soldiers of the mounted police force were toiling along the stand with a drunken man between them.

Young mother - "What makes the baby cry so, nurse?"

Green nurse - "Oi tink he has colic, mum."

Young mother - "An' can't you do anything for him?"

Green nurse - "Shure, mum. Oi've pit a mushtard plaster on his stummock, but it seems to give him no relate at all, at all."

Callahan (despondently) - "Shure, an' Oi've bin leading a dog's loife iver since Oi got married."

Kerrigan (thoughtfully) - "Perhaps yez wint to the wrong clerk, Callahan, an' got a dog-license instid yu a marriage-license."

Mrs. Boscawed - "Is Lent a season of rest with your husband?"

Mrs. Cobwigger - "Indeed it is, my dear. I make him accompany me to church every day, and he never fails to go to sleep during the service."

Mr. Buggins carefully drew a long, golden tress from his portion of the Welsh rabbit.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," exclaimed Mrs. Buggins; "I'm sure I don't know how it got there."

"That's all right," said Mr. Buggins; "the first principle of a Welsh rabbit is, first to catch your hair."

Scenes in the Klondike.

While the world is filled with sorrow, And hearts must break and bleed, It's day by day in the daytime, And there is no night in Creede.

A green garden set high on a hill, like a picture on an easel, was the strange sight I saw from my stateroom window as Dawson dawned upon my view, at 5:30 of an August morning, and, of course, before the fire that recently devastated the place.

The hills were all washed clean. The little garden, facing the east, bathed in sunlight, smile down on me like a pretty girl in the gallery. Klondike City was slipping by us, and just below, over a wide gravel bar, the crystal Klondike rushed in, making a wide, green path far out in the gray waters of the Yukon.

Almost a mile of houses, all sorts, shapes and sizes, are ranged along the embankment facing the river. These are the principal business establishments of the town - hotels, shops of all kinds, saloons, dance halls, banks and barber shops.

I spoke to Dr. B - enthusiastically about the little green garden on the hill, and now we are going up the Klondike to see the garden.

Despite the recent rains the Klondike is crystal clear, the trail is washed clean. In a picturesque cabin beside the path, a woman is singing her baby to sleep, and over the willows is wafted the sound of tinkling bells.

Here, in the Klondike vale, I find a miniature field of oats. The well filled heads come up to my shoulders. The grain is in the dough - it will be ripe in a week.

"Gnats and mosquitoes move to and fro in dense clouds during the summer and add to the many discomforts and discouragements of the region."

The burro, the husky and the siwash are the only insects I have seen thus far in or about Dawson. Not a gnat. Not so much as one widowed, melancholly mosquito have I seen here.

Sitting in the bill side garden, overlooking the beautiful Klondike with its picturesque

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

and prospectors, no one every thinks of locks. It is the coming of the tenderfoot, the Cheechawko, that makes locks necessary. Even the Indians were reasonably honest with each other until we began to civilize them.

I see nothing here marked less than a quarter. That is the price of a four-page paper. At Seattle the penny passes out of use, at Skagway the nickel and at Dawson, the dime. But prices are dropping rapidly here.

In one of the best hotels in town I pay \$5 a day for a small room, but it is clean. Meals are \$1.50, table d'hote, but they are excellent. If you want a spring chicken it will cost you \$6. It costs 50 cents to quench at all first class bars.

GRILL ROOM AND CAFE. Cox & Gates, Proprs. Dinner, 5 to 8 P. M., \$1.50.

SOUP. Beef broth Anglaise, consommé.

FISH. Boiled king salmon, hollandaise.

ENTREES. Curried Lobster with rice. Breast of lamb with French peas. Bell fritters, Maple sauce.

ROASTS. Prime-ribs of beef, au jus. Veal with dressing.

VEGETABLES. Boiled and mashed potatoes, Green peas.

DESSERT. Assorted pies. Assorted cakes. Lemon ice cream.

Cucumbers 50c. Radishes 50c. Lettuce 50c.

DELICACIES OF THE SEASON. I spoke to Dr. B - enthusiastically about the little green garden on the hill, and now we are going up the Klondike to see the garden.

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que ferry and trim boats gliding down stream; the song of a brook nearby, the murmur of the river below, the soft winds freighted with the fragrance of flowers, the scent of sweet peas and the perfume of the pine, it seems to me that if a man had money enough to keep him from pining for the "creeks", and mosquitoes enough to keep him from brooding, life here, in summer at least, would be one grand, sweet song.

Leaving the garden we climb up over a shoulder of the big hill that curves round Dawson. At the summit we find some rustic seats beside the trail. We wonder who ever took the time to build them, when labor in the mines, until recently, had been worth \$15 a day. Near by there is a sun-dial, marks N. W. M. P., and we know that the police, who are always doing something - blazing a trail, bridging a stream or marking a mud hole - have put these things here.

Our trail lies along an almost level stretch of table land. There are a great many cabins along the trail, but very few people. Some of the cabins are very pretty. Many have double walls, filled with dirt between. Over the door of one rustic letters are fixed to spell 'Iowa.'

Here under the aspen trees or cottonwood and spruce, moss is found in thick tufts like green bunches of swamp grass near the edge of a swamp. It is this thick blanket of moss that keeps the sun from the earth and holds the frost in the ground. When the moss is removed, the earth thaws out in the summer, for the days are long here, and as warm as they are in Colorado.

Now we come out on the brow of the hill overlooking Dawson. The view is unbroken. Here, to our left, rushes the clear Klondike and yonder, at the farther end of the town the mighty Yukon, curving with a sweep sublime, glides away among the hills on the long journey to the ocean, nearly two thousand miles away.

Between the town and the foot of the hill there is a wide stretch of level, marshy land. This was a quagmire a year ago. Now it has all been drained - we can see the drains and ditches from the hilltop - and you can walk or ride all about.

My friend and companion, Dr. B. points out two hospitals - that have cost over \$50,000 - both empty. One is for typhoid fever patients. Only three cases there. 'Why,' said the doctor, 'Dawson to-day is the most vulgarly healthy town on the continent.' - Cy. Warman.

Pat's Interpretation. Finnissy (the boarder, not long over) - 'Arrah, Mrs. O'Brien! this do be a great country for th' encouragemint av crime, d'ye moind?'

Mrs. O'Brien - 'Yez moosht be mistaken in that sor.'

Finnissy - 'Indade an Oi ain't. It sez in this paper that wan man clubs another man 'd' death an' th' judge gives him life fer it.'

DYEING AND CLEANING of all descriptions done at shortest notice. Don't forget that our laundry work is the best. Telephone or postal and we'll call at once 28 to 34 Waterloo St. Phone 58.

TENDERS

FOR - Steam Fire Engine and Ladder Truck,

TENDERS will be received at the office of the Director of Public Safety, City Building, City of Saint John, N. B., until FRIDAY 28th inst., from persons willing to furnish one number 2 Steam Fire Engine, Crane Truck, with Archibald Boiler Bearing Wheels, of the Archibald make.

All tenders must give full dimensions of the Engine with weight.

Tenders will also be received at the same time and place for one 65 ft. Ariel Ladder Truck, provided with Archibald Boiler Bearing Wheels, of the Archibald make, and also with suitable Sleigh Runners for winter use. Parties tendering to furnish full specifications and details of proposed equipment.

The above engine and truck to be delivered at No. 2 Engine House, Saint John, N. B. Freight and duty, etc., paid. A deposit of money or certified cheque equal to five per centum of the estimated full value of Contract at prices named in bid will be required. The Departments do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender. ROBERT WISELY, Director Public Safety Department, Saint John, N. B., March 15th, 1900. 2-15 m w/td.



Not Interested.

They are not interested just now in clean linen, but you are. We should like to convince you that we can give you

PERFECT CLEANLINESS WITH LESS WEAR.

than can others. By our NEW METH-ODS linen does not have to be bleached to pieces to make it clean. Shall we send for your next bundle?

American Laundry, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. Phone 214.

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

There is a member with a certain brand of engine that is knowing and even the his word for "knowledge and feel priv his or her

On the of life of a new really is in the pad and call, a to see their there are th of the press accordingly people think the daily an ecstasy, a r to attend th and reach i in every in

As far as these above yet there is To be succo ing items o reporter ha people real The more f for systems experience. alertness a happening comes im journalists ability to hum-drum and retain this "instin the news c capacity a after the "

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1900.

ST. JOHN REPORTERS.

What the People Think of Them and What They Really Are.

There is a class of people who look upon the members of the newspaper profession with a certain amount of awe and a peculiar brand of respect.

On the other hand some consider the life of a news gatherer fully as servile as it really is and look upon the ill-paid knight of the pad and pencil as at everyone's beck and call, a rumbout to satisfy their desire, to see their names in print.

As far as St. John is concerned none of these above conclusions are correct and yet there is a degree of truth in them all.

Another evening paper reporter in a complaining sort of a way told how a woman in a small locality had telephoned several times for a reporter, to call and see her, finally addressing the city editor to this effect by note.

Many of the best newspaper men in the United States today are St. John boys, whose training in all branches of reporting here at home made them particularly proficient, and superior to many "specialists" across the border.

Wandering back to the subject of the St. John reporters of today, what a friendly, good-natured lot they seem to be.

That juvenile reporter, who wishing to be quite chatty at a social function, asked the dignified dame if she enjoyed "tripping the gantlet," is still in newspaper work but in a country town, so is the lad of items who persisted in stowing 20,000 tons of freight in a steamer of 9,000 tonnage at Sand Point, to say nothing of a reporter who thought 500 pounds the ordinary weight of a deer, in one of his gunning articles.

St. John is not a very big city, but it has its full complement of "tough" people and tough places. Among the resorts of this kind lately instituted is a dance hall in a new building on Mill street.

But as to the class of people referred to at the outset, those who think the reporter a walking encyclopaedia, if they only knew how often the news-gatherers on the local papers are fooled by practical jokers and others during the course of the year they would alter very considerably their opinions as to their kenness.

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

A Budget of Bright Breezy Items Gathered from All Over the City.

long time since the following paragraphs were spun at an impromptu "smoker" in one of Newspaper Row's favorite haunts.

An evening paper reporter exhaled a cloud of cigarette smoke and confessed that he had been the butt of a wild goose chase not a week ago. Somebody told him that a relative of Lord Roberts, the British commander-in-chief was living in the North End.

Another evening paper reporter in a complaining sort of a way told how a woman in a small locality had telephoned several times for a reporter, to call and see her, finally addressing the city editor to this effect by note.

A weekly paper devotee blushingly acknowledged that a woman fooled him "good and good" not more than ten days ago over the telephone wires.

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all that is graceful in the entrancing mazes of the most popular of dances, are many and terrible. The half stooped, catch-as-catch-can, "tackle", with pump handle arm movement seems to be the favorite. Outside of the sardine sandwiches, crackers, cheese, lager beer, and frequently something more stimulating, which invariably go to make up the "running" supper, there are other features of interest to the dancers.

There seems to be a diversity of opinion in sporting circles as to whom belongs the title of amateur skating champion for the Maritime Provinces, Bart Duffy or Billy Merritt. These were the two keenest rivals in Monday night's events at Victoria Rink.

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and two seconds, so in a matter of points they are quits apparently. It is quite true that Merritt was handicapped as to the general result by his falling in the quarter mile event, when in a promising position, and just starting to spurt in a flash finish, but to balance this the Duffyites claim the genial "Billy did not do his share of pacing in the two mile event.

The Magistrate's Daily Audience. Now that the biograph is being made use of in scientific matters and students of natural history are finding it of especial value in reproducing scenes and objects as they in reality appear PROGRESS would venture to suggest that a moving picture machine be set going in the local police court some Monday morning, for it would certainly be of value to those who make facial peculiarities a study, as well as serving in future years as a historical record.

There are at present fifty-one prisoners in the jail on King street (east). This is the largest list of "boarders" the big stone house has ever had during the winter months, which speaks none too well for the morality of this far-famed "city of churches."

Anyone who knows by experience or reputation the sort of weather which usually prevails around that promontory of west Cornwall called the Lizard, where in 1898 the Mohegan was wrecked, and where last year the Paris went ashore, will appreciate the following from one of S. Baring Gould's books, concerning the district or peninsula of Menage: There is a single windmill in the district. The story goes that it was once rumored that a second one was about to be constructed. The miller was concerned. He went to see the man who was supposed to be responsible for the scheme.

"I say, mate, be you goin' to set up another windmill?" "I reckon I be. You don't object?" "There's room for more nor one."

"Oh, room enough! But there mayn't be wind enough to serve us both."

Merritt and Duffy each won three firsts

MONDAY IN THE POLICE COURT.

Master Strayhorn's Leghorn—"Little Assyria" Before His Honor.

Mrs. Strayhorn of Main street, N. E., a Jewish resident named Rubins of the same locality, a small boy and a brown leg-horn hen were the principals in a serio-comic sketch in the Police Court last Monday. His Honor, Officer Greer and a man named Fitch played minor roles. It appeared that Mrs. Strayhorn's boy is an enthusiastic hen fancier and last summer had as many as eleven feathered beauties, which he prized very highly, although his parents considered them a bother and a nuisance.



THE HEN.

the frightened egg producer all over the yard finally lugging it off. Suspicions were at once aroused as to the fate of the other hens, and Mr. Strayhorn being away in New York Mr. Fitch took it upon himself to defend the title of the hen and called at Rubins' door to ask if a mistake had not been made. Rubins said it was his hen, but the Strayhorn lad identified it as his, nevertheless the Jewish neighbour held on to it and said he was going to have his Sunday's (Saturday) dinner off it. This, Mrs. Strayhorn thought was going too far, so the hen was arrested and the parties concerned appeared in court. Mrs. Strayhorn told a straightforward story apparently, backed up by Mr. Fitch, while Mr. Rubins the clothier, talked considerable also, at last assuming a very much injured air, and desiring the case if necessary, carried to the Privy Council of England in order to prove his innocence. He said he bought the hen from Mr. Moreland, the milkman, but his story was not favored by the court so very wisely and in a friendly way the Magistrate suggested that he (Rubins) consider the whole affair a mistake. This he was not disposed to do however. His good name had been impeached and he intended fighting the case out. Odds were against him and when Master Strayhorn boxed up his leghorn again and carried it out of the court the case was thought to be at an end. While it lasted the affair was very amusing. Mrs. Strayhorn, a clever-headed ladylike person pleaded her case admirably, but the sight of the boy with his beloved hen hugged close to his bosom, as he stood in the witness box, the grizzled features of Mr. Fitch close by, the gesticulating Hebrew and grinning audience, was one warranted to make one laugh good and loud. Mr. Rubins has since become very angry and says he intends carrying the case further, as Mr. Moreland is said to have identified the hen as the one he sold him. Perhaps perjury proceedings.

That same morning "Little Assyria" was in Court. "Little Assyria" is that part of Brussels about opposite the Baptist church where all these swarthy rag peddlers and pack agents live. Suffice it to say the whole population of this people were either inside the rail or spectators when the charge of assault preferred by one Raphael against Charlie Thomas and a fellow named Joseph, was thrashed out. The prisoners got clear, but not until a tornado of foreign language had swept the big room, during which his Honor had his heart and hands full in keeping the run of things. The plaintiff, a fellow with a deep bass voice was not in the least backward, but pushed his claims vigorously. The witnesses, however, were all against him, including a woman who had to do her testifying through an interpreter—a bright lad, whose familiarity with the judge caused not a few smiles. The snapping black eyes of the Assyrian host, and their distinctive features, reminded one of the Midway Pleasance, the "couche-couche" dance, and other things suggested by the sight of this class of foreigners.



W. H. MERRITT.

USE MAP

trim boats gliding down... garden we climb up over a... along an almost level... land. There are a great... long the trail, but very few... of the cabins are very... have double walls, filled... Over the door of one... fixed to spell 'Iowa.'... the aspen trees or cotton... moss is found in thick... bunches of swamp grass... of a swamp. It is this thick... that keeps the sun from... holds the frost in the ground... removed, the earth... summer, for the days are... as warm as they are in... come out on the brow of the... ing Dawson. The view is... here, to our left, rushes the... ce and yonder, at the farther... the mighty Yukon, curv... sweep sublime, glides away... on the long journey to the... two thousand miles away... the town and the foot of the... wide stretch of level, marshy... was a quagmire a year ago... been drained—we can see... ditches from the hilltop—... walk or ride all about... and companion, Dr. B. points... that have been over... empty. One is for typhoid... Only three cases there... the doctor, 'Dawson to-day is... early healthy town on the... Cy. Warman.

SENDERS

will be received at the office of the... B., until FRIDAY, 23rd inst., from... to furnish one number of Steam Fire... Neck, with Archibald Roller Bearings... the Archibald make... must give full dimensions of the... also be received at the same time... one 65 ft. Ariel Ladder Truck, pro... Archibald Roller Bearings, of... make, and also with suitable Slingsh... winter use. Parties tendering to fire... and details of proposed equip... engine and truck to be delivered at... House, Saint John, N. B. Freight... paid... of money or certified cheque equal to... of the estimated full value of Com... named in bid will be required. Payment does not bind themselves to accept any tender. ROBERT WHEELY, Director Public Safety Department, John, N. B., March 15th, 1900. 5-11 m w/10.

# Sworn Foes.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

## CHAPTER IV.

But he passed her without so much as another glance, when the concert was over; though Mrs. Mainwaring and several of her guests went out of their way to speak to her, the former giving her an informal invitation to dinner for the following evening.

Eileen was about to refuse, shrinking involuntarily from a personal encounter with the man who had, seven years before, aroused such a tumultuous scorn in her young heart.

But she met his eyes again as she was about to decline and, fancying she read some sort of challenge in them, she changed her mind and, smilingly accepted.

She told herself she must have been mistaken, when in the Manor drawing-room, she stood face to face with Lord Serge, while Dame Mainwaring introduced them, and told them they were to go into dinner together.

In spite of his extreme languor this man could wake up on occasions, as Eileen had learned on the previous evening.

While under the influence of any mastering passion, he forgot his role of languid indifference and became a living thing.

But he did not wake up that evening. From the moment when he acknowledged his introduction to Miss O'Halleran until he said good-night when the carriage came for her, he was the Desmond St. Clair she had known at the Glencarty ball—courteous, and occasionally airy-tired, but coolly indifferent, and apparently tired to death.

Not once did he refer to that almost tragic occasion.

But for knowing certainly that he was St. Clair himself, Eileen would have doubted and doubted until she persuaded herself that he must be somebody else.

Either he did not recognize, or he was determined to ignore the past, and this suited her so well that she took her cue from him very readily, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the moment.

'You live in this neighborhood?' asked the baron, when dinner was in full swing.

'For the present, yes.'

She did not mean to be beguiled into giving him information concerning herself.

'I see. You vegetate here during the autumn months; but how do you survive it? They tell me there is no hunting, very little shooting, and not even a golf club within twelve miles.'

'That is so,' assented Eileen, cheerfully 'and yet we do survive it.'

'You have a hobby, perhaps?'

'Ever so many, four legged and otherwise.' If this speech did not serve as a reminder of Mrs. Sullivan, nothing would.

Apparently it did not, a very small and slow smile being his only acknowledgment of it.

Eileen gave her attention to the mystery on her plate; it had a French name, and it was supposed to be an entree of some sort but it tasted as no other entree had ever tasted to her before.

'This alone,' observed Lord Serge, following her train of thought in the uncanny way he had of so doing, 'this alone would tell me that the Manor cuisine is in French hands. I have tasted nothing like this since I left Paris.'

Here was an opportunity to ask him some questions.

She opened first at once.

'Have you lived much in Paris?'

'Paris, or rather the neighbourhood, has been my headquarters for the last three years, ever since I left the Service and came into the title. Fortunately for me, no estate accompanied it; the property was unentailed, and my uncle, the last baron, left it to his daughter.'

'It is not many men who would consider themselves fortunate in similar case.'

'You think not? Just consider for a moment what I escape. Property has to be managed, you know.'

The utter laziness in his drawl made Eileen long to shake him.

'Of course, property—wealth of all sorts—brings responsibilities which it is not well to shirk. No doubt you help your cousin?'

'I do not. I hate my cousin. I once committed a crime to avoid being pestered into marrying her.'

The words were vigorous enough to have warranted a different setting than the languid tone in which they were uttered.

'I should have thought it would have been too much trouble for you to hate anybody.'

Eileen's eyes had their old 'wicked look' as she said this.

'You are quite mistaken. I find hating very easy at times. In addition to my cousin, I hated the person I injured by my crime.'

She had been right, then. He had meant to challenge her—but to what? Eileen drew a deep breath, and braced herself for battle.

Her lips curved into the smile which

had brought more than one man to her feet as she turned and looked him full in the face.

'You and I are akin in so much, Lord Serge. I learnt so thoroughly to hate somebody several years ago that it has become second nature to do so still.'

'Was it someone you had injured?' he drawled, meeting her eyes with a smile in his own.

'No; someone who had injured me.'

'Are you sure of that?'

'Quite sure.'

'It is well to make sure. I once knew a man who was judged and condemned unheard. He was not a bad sort of man, take him all in all, but that piece of injustice aroused a demon in his heart.'

Something in the quietly-spoken words made Eileen vaguely uneasy.

Could he possibly have had any excuse for what he had done?'

She was silent for a moment, and before she could make her mind to speak again, Dame Mainwaring had given the signal for the women folk to march.

Eileen avoided Serge's glance as she drew away her chair, but she felt that the smile had extended to her lips.

He joined her in the drawing room in a matter of course sort of way, as she had guessed he would.

There was a current of electric affinity running ever between them, against which they might struggle in vain.

Eileen had been dimly conscious of it since their mutual avowal of hatred for each other, and she fancied he, too, felt it to be existent.

But there was no more talk of olden days.

He had challenged her, she had accepted his challenge, and now they buckled on their armour and fought with the best weapons at their disposal.

Baron Serge was asked to play his violin almost directly he appeared in the drawing room.

'Give me half an hour to think it over,' he pleaded, languidly. 'It is impossible to do justice to one's instrument directly after dinner. I am sure Miss O'Halleran will back me up in this.'

Miss O'Halleran's dazzling smile testified to her willingness to do so.

'All the same,' she added, 'I hope the spirit will move you to play before it is time for me to leave.'

'When do you propose going?' he asked.

'Not later than eleven, I think.'

He glanced at a clock on a bracket near them.

'The spirit will move me precisely at half past ten, Miss O'Halleran.'

'You have the spirit of melody well under control?'

'I have several spirits well under control—when it suits me to order them.'

'You are indeed fortunate, and—forgive me!—a trifle uncanny.'

'There is Scottish blood in my veins, you know. To this I owe my power of second sight.'

'Be started slightly, remembering how he had appeared, more than once, to read her thoughts.'

'I don't think I have ever quite believed in second sight, Lord Serge.'

'I will make you believe in it. Look at me a moment, will you? Thanks. (Please keep your eyes fixed on mine. This day twelve months you will no longer be Eileen O'Halleran. You will have given your heart into the keeping of a man who may make what he will of the girl, so that he give his own in exchange. Remember my words, and confess, when the time comes, that I have been a true prophet.'

As she withdrew her eyes, a blush—the first for seven long years—crept into her face, suffusing it with a rich carmine which added temporarily to her beauty.

The consciousness that he might have read her thought at the moment had brought it there.

She was planning his complete surrender as the price of the wrong he had done her seven years ago.

'I have not annoyed you?' he queried, softly.

'Oh, no!'

Up came her eyes, with the 'wicked look' in them.

It would be difficult for you to annoy me, I think. Amiability is one of my many virtues.'

'I should not have thought so—pardon me for saying as much.'

'Then I have no high opinion of your boasted power of second sight?'

'No? Yet it exists, as you will be compelled to admit this day twelvemonth. Now I will play to you.'

'I am in the mood to listen.'

'I know you are. You love music; I saw that last night. Are you equally fond of dancing?'

She laughed out at this thrust.

'I am madly fond of it.'

'Good!—a peculiar smile played round his mouth—I will ask Mrs. Mainwaring to give a dance while I am here.'

'This weather?'

'Why not? May and June are frequently as hot yet I daresay you have danced contentedly through them.'

'Not contentedly, Lord Serge.'

'Your partners were to blame for that. Give me permission to try, and I will teach you something better than contentment during a waltz, even though the thermometer should rise still higher before I get a chance. Is it a promise?'

'Yes.'

A sort of dreamy content was on her

already as she remembered those waltzes at Glencarty.

She had never enjoyed any so much since, for which as he had said, her partners were to blame.

She watched him as he lounged across the room and took up his violin, which lay in readiness on the piano.

His face looked unutterably weary, and his manner was more than usually listless, as he began to tune his strings in response to a suggestive 'A' struck by somebody on the piano.

He played a clever piece of composition—not his own—which required all his skill of fingering and bowing.

It was interlarded with chords and this gave him an opportunity of excelling in his double-stopping.

Altogether his execution was wonderful, and the applause it evoked should have satisfied him thoroughly.

He looked across at Eileen O'Halleran, and laughed as he saw her disappointment.

Without a word, and independent of accompaniment, he began again—a very different style of thing to the last.

Now his audience forgot to admire his skill, technique was exchanged for 'soul,' and every heart in the room was filled with restful peace according to the need of each.

Then the theme changed; a sob upset the peace, and there was a sound of bitter wailing in the air.

Again Serge looked at Eileen. She was leaning forward slightly, her hands tightly clasped on her knees; her lips quivering piteously, her eyes full of tears.

He revelled in his power over her: the others were as though they did not exist, yet nearly everyone present was equally moved.

He disregarded them all, and played only to Eileen O'Halleran.

A slowing of the theme; a touch of hope a note of re-awakened joy; then a burst of merriness; and then?

Then he stopped abruptly and laughed; for Eileen O'Halleran was smiling joyously and her eyes were dancing with fun.

While renewed applause was showered on him, Serge returned to her side.

'The carriage has come for you. Say good-night to Dame Mainwaring, and I will take you down.'

'She obeyed, contentedly, feeling she owed him something for the pleasure he had given her.'

As he closed the carriage door on her, five minutes later, he asked mockingly:

'Which am I to-night? Demon or man?'

'Something of both, I fancy. To put it very mildly indeed, you are certainly uncanny.'

'Let it rest at that for the present. You see I read your thought last night when you refused to applaud my playing. You are better pleased tonight.'

'I have enjoyed your music very much, Lord Serge.'

'That is how it should be. I played to you and for you. Good-night. Don't forget we are sworn foes.'

'I am not likely to forget. I mistrust you entirely. Good night.'

Mistrust him she might; but that did not prevent her thrilling at his glance, and at the close pressure of his fingers on hers.

'It is because I hate him so!' she murmured, as she bent back, and went over the events of the evening once again in thought, one figure standing out in undue prominence, so dwarfing the rest that she forgot to remember that anyone had been present save Serge and herself in Dame Mainwaring's drawing room.

CHAPTER V.

'It is a pity you cannot turn your thoughts to more serious things, my dear,' observed Mrs. Porce. 'Dances, picnics, and dinner-parties are all very well for the worldly-minded, but I would have my niece pass such frivolities by.'

'Your niece, dear Aunt Rachel, is the most worldly-minded person within a radius of five miles, or five-and-twenty for the matter of that. But we are not dealing with plurals. It is one dance only that is spoken of—one picnic only—and if you call the other evening's mild dissipation at the Manor a dinner-party, why, what do you call those solemn functions at the Rectory which you condescend to grace with your presence?'

'The rector would not like to hear the word 'dissipation' applied to anything that took place in his house, Mrs. Porce refused to call her niece anything but 'Mara.'

'I should never think of accusing the rector of permitting any sort of dissipation to go on under his roof, you dear old aunt.'

STRENGTHENS WEAK LUNGS.

Many persons are in a condition to invite Pneumonia or Consumption by reason of inherited tendency or other causes. They catch cold easily—find it difficult to get rid of an ordinary cough or cold. We would advise all such people to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It is a wonderful strengthener and healer of the breathing organs, and fortifies the lungs against serious pulmonary diseases.

Miss Clara Marshall, Moore, Ont., writes: 'I have suffered several years with weak lungs and could get no cure, so became discouraged. If I caught cold it was hard to get rid of. I started using Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and as a result my cough has been cured and my lungs greatly strengthened.'

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

25c. and 60c. a bottle. All druggists.

But Eileen had pity on her favourite,

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Every genuine machine carries the trade-mark.

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CANADIAN FACTORY: MONTREAL, P. Q.

ie; but we get a little at the Manor now and again when the Dame is in good hands as at present. What shall I wear at the dance?'

'I beg you will not consult me on this matter. You know how highly I disapprove of dancing. What is it Rebecca? A person from the tract society? Certainly; I will come at once.'

'Four Aunt Rachel! What she has missed by being so 'unco' guid! Thank goodness, I was not built on such superior lines. Now, what shall I wear? Shall I duplicate, as far as present fashion will allow, that dress I wore seven years ago at the Glencarty ball? No; he might think—'

all sorts of things. Besides, it would be too much of it for this informal little hop. I think my ivory silk will do; that is almost plain—moreover, it is very becoming.'

Dame Mainwaring had sent out invitations for a dance to take place in a week's time.

While Eileen pondered over the question of flowers to go with her ivory silk, Baron Serge was announced.

'I ventured to take the liberty of calling, Miss O'Halleran.'

'So I see. Do you expect me to say you are welcome?'

'No, I expect nothing, except to be told what you purpose wearing at the dance.'

'Blue,' was the unhesitating reply, followed by the mental comment: 'Ten to one he'll send white flowers. I shall want pink or red ones.'

'Blue? Well—yes—there is a shade of blue which would become you splendidly.'

'That is, of course, the shade I shall wear. My worst enemy cannot say that I ever dress unbecomingly.'

'No, I should not think you would. You will give me at least three waltzes?'

'Yes.'

'Thank you. I will not detain you any longer.'

He bowed himself out, before Eileen had recovered from her astonishment at the brevity of his visit.

She determined to retaliate by openly avoiding him if she got the chance of doing so before the dance advanced their 'hatred' another stage.

Three days passed without the sight of her 'foe,' but on the fourth her opportunity arrived.

She rode nearly every day, and on this particular afternoon she took advantage of Aunt Rachel's 'man' being absent, to enjoy a canter unattended.

Ash Cottage—Mrs. Porce's residence—was quite half a mile out of Littleton, lying slightly back from the high road which led to many places, notably to the Manor and a wide stretch of common.

Eileen turned her horse's head in the direction of the common, and let him choose his own pace until, on reaching a spot where two roads forked, the sound of another horse's hoofs made her glance up the road to the Manor to see who approached.

It was Baron Serge—there was no mistaking him, though he was at some distance.

'Now, my beauty, go your swiftest,' she said to her horse, as she started him to a gallop.

He responded willingly, turning on to the common with a little neigh of pleasure.

Eileen patted him and murmured words of approval, then glanced back to see if Serge had chosen the same route as herself.

Her eyes flashed when she saw that he meant, if possible, to overtake her.

'He shall not, Saladin, shall he? Not if we know it, my lord Baron!'

Faster and faster went Saladin, so that the pursuing horseman could not doubt Miss O'Halleran's purpose.

A flash came into his eyes, and a look of determination into his face.

He would overtake her, or die in the attempt.

Both horses entered into the spirit of the chase.

On flew Saladin, and on came the Flying Soud, who had been entered for the Derby that year, and was within half a neck of winning it.

The Mainwaring stables had always been noted for their race horses, and though the present owner was a minor-grandson to the dame—the reputation was well maintained.

Saladin had fully two hundred yards start, and his staying powers were excellent; so his rider audibly defied even the Flying Soud to better him in this race.

'He shall not, shall he, my beauty? He must not be permitted to overtake us, Saladin dear; you understand?'

Saladin understood perfectly, and though he presently had to exchange the springy turf of the common for the hard high road, he slackened not at all, knowing well that the pursuing horse would be in the same hard case.

But Eileen had pity on her favourite,

and directly she found herself nearing possible fields, she lifted Saladin neatly over a gate, and told him to go for the opposite hedge.

'It's going to be a steepchase, dear old boy! We must leave the second hay-crops alone, and skirt the corn fields, if we come to any, but for the rest we don't care, do we? We haven't a notion where we are, Saladin, but we are just going on and on until we have tired out that horrid man and his horse behind us, aren't we?'

After clearing a second hedge, Eileen glanced back, to satisfy herself that she was not steepchasing for nothing.

Baron Serge waved his hand as though encouraging her to go ahead.

The colour flooded her cheeks.

'Insolent!' she murmured; but she smiled as she said it.

A little way in front she noticed that a field sloped downward at a very steep angle.

She tried to check her horse's speed slightly, not knowing what might be at the bottom of the field; but Saladin was too excited to listen to reason.

Down he went at a stretch-gallop, and a shout from a man who was at work on the hedge only excited him the more.

Eileen scented danger, recognising a warning note in the man's voice, though his words did not reach her.

Losing the skirt of her habit, to leave her more free, she set her mouth firmly, and prepared for the worst.

The river!

That was what awaited her.

She and Saladin caught sight of it at the same moment, through a gap in the trees below.

Some instinct prompted her to warn Serge, if possible.

She turned as well as she was able, and pointed downwards; that was all she could do.

A few seconds later, with a snort of fear, Saladin leaped the low hedge in the gap between the trees, and plunged into the water.

Eileen had hardly dared to hope she would keep her seat, so she was not greatly dismayed when she found that she and her horse had parted company, her chief anxiety being the distance between herself and his heels when he should rise to the surface, but this anxiety was quickly followed by another—what if Saladin had rolled over on his side after taking his plunge?

But the instinct of self-preservation prompted the poor animal to do the best he could for himself, and this took the shape of a sensible conviction that, disagreeable as it was to have the water close over his head, he had better keep perfectly still.

In his early youth he had been trained to ford rivers; so he was not without some knowledge of what he ought to do when his hoofs touched the ground.

Thanks to the hot weather—the river was unusually low; so that from a looker on's point of view, Saladin had scarcely disappeared before he reappeared, head uppeared, most and apparently, none the worse for his ducking, as he struck out for the opposite bank where he spied an easy landing place, which he quickly reached; then, bethinking himself of his mistress, he looked round with an anxious little neigh.

Eileen was all right; following her favorite as rapidly as might be in order to get out of the way before Lord Serge and his horse took the water.

But the flying Soud had no fancy for a plunge; he refused to leap, consequently rolled over ignominiously, and was in danger not only of drowning himself, but of causing the death of his rider.

Fortunately, however, the bridle-rein caught on a stump of stout willow, and this kept the horse's head out of water until the man who had been working in the field had run down to be of possible use, contrived to get the scared brute on to his feet, and to help him climb out of the water.

Lord Serge also came safely to land, his desire for further pursuit thoroughly quenched for the time being.

From the

Sunday Reading.

REJECTING CHRIST.

John G. Woolley is a vigorous writer and he has a weekly page in the New Voice taking his topics from the parables. That for last Sunday was as follows: "A certain man planted a vineyard.....and let it out to husbandmen....."

A tenant was not bound to love the landlord, nor to believe that he was practical or wise or sure to win in war or peace, but:

- First. He must not waste the estate. Second. He must not deny the landlord's title. Third. He must use good husbandry. Fourth. He must pay the rent.

These were the least things of the tenancy. Above them and beyond them stretched all the splendors of personal loyalty and gallantry and sacrifice. But under nothing less than these "bare poles" of duty a title could be kept alive.

If the tenant, for spite or profit, or ignorance or mischief, felled the fruit trees or dugged up the vines, or felled the well or stripped the buildings he wronged the owner and the heir, and every other tenant also by the distrust engendered, and forfeited the aid of court or king to keep him in possession as against the landlord, no matter how long yet the lease might have to run.

Permissive waste works identical consequences; as where the tenant negligently or corruptly suffered the property to be injured, by any act of man or beast. He could not be accountable of course for act of God or of the public enemy.

Enough, at least, of royalty was indispensable to forbid the tenant setting up in himself or any body else a better title than the one he held under. For a denial of the owner's right was not only waste, potentially, but treachery or imbecility from first to last, tending to confusion, weakness and disorder.

Even in the exercise of his own rights in the premises good husbandry was required of the husbandman. He must keep up the fences, work the roads, preserve the timber, keep the house wind tight and water tight, and in short stand by the spirit of his contract, at its lowest terms.

Finally, he must pay the rent. That times were hard would not excuse him; nor that he owed for seed or machinery or food or clothes or medicine or any luxury; nor that his fellow tenants were all in arrears; or that payments might start a panic; nor that the landlord was sure to be robbed, or was better able than some others to wait, nor that he could invest the money to the tenfold advantage of the landlord. He must keep his covenant.

Christian citizens are husbandmen who have surrendered their aboriginal holdings by an ancient but precarious squatter sovereignty and taken over the whole world under a 'feudum nobile' in the 'new name' of Jesus as liege lord.

The covenant calls for love, and honor and obedience. Three hundred thousand claims attest the signatures in wide America—'Gal Ed' as Jacob called them, or as Laban, 'Jegar-sahadutha'; 'Churches,' as we say; and year by year we celebrate the contract, in speech and song and resolution. But let us pass these as too high for politics. Tried by four bones of a farm lease, how is it?

I say and weigh my words, the Christian electorate at general elections wastes the 'vineyard' by turning in the fowine of party politics to snout the schools and homes and honest trades—the vines that bear the yield of Christian institutions.

I say the Christian electorate takes money steadily, in the name of law, for letting the bloodhounds of the distilleries and breweries chase boys and girls to

CHILDREN

Are they troubled with headaches? Are the lessons hard for them to learn? Are they pale, listless and indifferent? Do they get thin and all run down toward spring? If so,

Scott's Emulsion will do grand things for them. It keeps up the vitality, enriches the blood, strengthens mind and body. The buoyancy and activity of youth return.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

death or jail or brothel or uncaught criminality or vagrancy.

I say the Christian electorate habitually and doggedly denies the right of Jesus Christ even to have a voice in naming the issue at a general election.

I say the Christian electorate farms its glorious freehold with such husbandry as nullifies the laws that made for strength and fruitfulness of labor, breaks up homes, breaks down character, belies the Declaration of Independence and undermines the Constitution, by giving aid and comfort to the liquor traffic—the autocrat of man-killers, home wreckers, soul destroyers.

I say the Christian electorate defaults at every general election and beats the servant of the Lord who comes to have "of the fruit" of Christian training and sends him away empty, and saying: Your master is not our lord! This country does not belong to Jesus! Mammon is our master! Eternal prosperity is the object of liberty.

The Bank Director's Sin.

In A Brother's Helper, another by Bolton Hall and published by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., the following vivid description appears:

'Ha! Help, help!' The bank director threw up his arms, and the water choked his cry. He came to the surface again, and saw for a second the broken dock, the huge confusion—a stout lady held aloft by the air under her skirts, her feet kicking 'indignantly beneath the silk—the new-launched ship. He gasped for breath, and took the water in; it was like a strangling hand upon his throat. He felt that he had been a good man; surely he would be saved! . . . It seemed as if he floated gently through the air. He had a buzzing in his ears. Then quiet and dreams; they come and go.—

A strong man wanders wearily, foul-smelling and unkempt. He looks in vain for work, for every one refuses him. He fumbles in the offal for a scrap of food, and drains the beer kegs out. At last he finds a ragged plot of land, and breaks the soil. He borrows a little seed and tools. His plants begin to sprout. A policeman takes him roughly by the arm; scuffling, he strikes him with his club, and throws him into a cell; and, as he locks the door, the policeman's face comes into the light; it is the director's face. He screams: 'It was not I did that. The land was mine by law. It was the court that dispossessed.' The director feels the people lift his arms.

A handsome boy is kneeling down the street, shouting a maudlin song. An old man leads him on—they look alike. A door opens in a low street, and both go in. There are lights and wine bottles and dice. The lad drinks; he is getting stupid now; the old man turns the lad's pockets out, and throws him into the street. The blood spouts from the boy's ears, and the old man looks around. God! It is the Director's face! He shrieks: 'I never have done that! It is my only son. I gave him everything he asked. What more was there that I could do? I had no time.' The Director is conscious that men are putting warm things to his feet. . . . On a cot lies a little child; its eyes are buried with fever, and its pinched lips crack. Its mother totters before, she is so tired; but light is in her eyes; for in her pall is the food, and in a tiny packet the costly medicine that the doctor has prescribed. Behind her glides a thief; in his pocket he pricks a hole, and into the pall he drops a deadly adulterant. The mother looks about—the medicine has been lost, she thinks. Tears are in her eyes, but she gives the baby what she has. A quiver shakes the little creature's frame. The

mother shrieks; the thief looks proudly round. His face is the Director's own! 'I did not do that! I got my profits by the laws the same as other men. It was the tax, that took.' The Director knows that men are rubbing his limbs. . . . A bare morn room, and across the bed a man in his underclothes. The girl's cheek and neck down to her little breasts, are crimson with shame; and she is crying timidly. She sobs, "Mamma!" then stops. The man turns angrily. God pity him! His face is the Director's face! "I never did such things as that! I paid the market price for labor in the store. It was want that drove her to that life. I could not help—Ha! These are no dreams!" "It is no use," said the doctor. "He is dead, quite dead—probably from shock. What a loss he will be to society!"

A Deep Natural Well.

Mr. E. A. Martel, the French explorer of caverns, whose discoveries underground have attracted much attention within the past few years, reports that he has found in the Department of Hautes Alpes a cavity in the form of a 'natural well,' whose depth exceeds that of any other known. He has sounded it to the depth of about 1,017 feet, but he believes that the actual bottom has not yet been reached.

Nourish the Nerves and Cleanse the Blood.

When This is Done You Secure Perfect Digestion Good Appetite, Restful Sleep and Full Health.

Paine's Celery Compound. Nature's Spring Medicine Makes People Well and Strong.

True, vigorous health is the portion of men and women who have pure, rich blood and well nourished nerves. Poor blood and disease means diseased nerves and impoverished blood. Paine's Celery Compound fully supplies the needs of the ailing and rundown in springtime. It drives all clogging matters and impurities from the life stream, making it course with freedom and vitality to every part of the body.

Paine's Celery Compound braces the unstrung and weak nerves and furnishes a nutriment that builds up the entire nervous organization. The tired, thin and worn-out body takes on flesh, pain in the back is banished, the skin becomes clear, the kidneys and liver are free from disease, the digestive organs do their work with untiring regularity, and a feeling of new energy and well-being take the place of nervousness, despondency, irritation and melancholia.

Nourish the nerves and cleanse the blood with Paine's Celery Compound, and a new happy and healthful life will be yours.

The Oldest Golf Club.

The Royal Blackheath Golf Club is the oldest golf club in England, and it also claims to be the oldest existing golf club in the world. It was founded by James I. in 1608. For two or three centuries before that time golf had been a popular game in Scotland, but there is no record of any club having been established prior to the Blackheath Club. In 1457 the Scottish Parliament passed an act enjoining that 'fute ball and golf be utterly cryit downe, and nocht usit.' A similar act was passed in May, 1491. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews is one of the most famous in the kingdom. It was instituted in 1754, a silver cup having been played for in the May of that year. In 1834 William IV. became patron of the club, and approved of its being in future styled 'The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews,' and presented a gold medal to be played for annually.

Tommy's Incentive.

'I am really delighted at the interest my boy Tommy is taking in his writing,' said Mrs. Hickokley. 'He spends two hours a day at it.'

'Really? How strange! How did you get him to do it?'

'Oh, as for that, I told him to write me out a list of everything he wanted for his birthday, and he's still at it.'

She Knew.

This story is told of a precocious little girl of ten. She is the daughter of an attractive lady of society whom the family doctor was visiting for influenza. He felt her pulse gravely and tenderly, holding her wrist after the orthodox manner of a ladies' doctor, as he sat beside her in the drawing room. As he did so he became

"Blew Monday" spell it as you will, that's the soap-users' washday—uses them up completely. Never a "blue Monday" with the right sort of Pearline washing. No rubbing to speak of, no wear, just soaking, boiling, rinsing. Things washed are cleaner and woman who washes is able to enjoy the time saved. Pearline

aware that the child had her great, grave eyes, full of inquiry, fixed upon him. "You don't know what I am doing," said the medical light to the young lady. "Yes—I do," was the prompt reply. "You are making love to mamma."

FLASHES OF FUN.

Judges' Eyes. Judges, who have to keep a keen watch on what is passing in their court-rooms, sometimes make queer mistakes. Not long ago, in a certain court, a negro witness was sworn. The court did not particularly notice the man's face, but when he held up his hand to take the oath, the judge said sharply: "The witness will take off his glove before he is permitted to be sworn!" The witness's hand, it is needless to say, was quite bare, but of a very dark brown color. On another occasion the court was addressed by an attorney who was supposed by the judge to be seated. "Please stand up," said the judge. "But may it please your honor—" the attorney began. "Silence!" thundered the judge. "You will rise before addressing the court!" It was necessary for another lawyer to rise and explain that the learned counsel was already standing. It happened that the offender was extremely short. In another court, only a little while ago, the judge perceived among the spectators what he took to be a man with a hat on. "I see a man among the spectators who is wearing his hat," said the judge. "He will remove it at once." But the offending spectator kept the hat on. Then a bailiff was sent to seize the "man" who turned out to be a slender woman in dark clothes, wearing a hat of the ordinary 'Fedora' type.

Material Prayers. There was no irreverence in the quaint saying of a certain lad, whose appearance, according to short stories, once broke up a prayer meeting. The meeting was at the house of a poorly paid pastor of the country church. The good man was in trouble. Sickness had visited his family, and it was winter. The pastor was in financial straits. In this extremity the people of the church met at the pastor's house to offer prayers for the recovery of the sick members of the family, as well as for material blessings upon the household. One of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer, when there came a loud, imperative, long continued knocking at the door. When the door was opened, as it soon was, there stood a stout farmer's boy.

"What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders. "I've brought pa's prayers," replied the lad. "What do you mean?" asked the elder sharply. "You've brought your pa's prayers?" "Yep," replied the boy, "I've brought his prayers. They're out in the wagon. Just help me a bit, and we'll get 'em in." Sure enough the boy was right. Investigation disclosed the fact that pa's prayers consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, corn meal, turnips, apples, warm clothing and some jellies for the invalid. The company had been praying for material blessings for their pastor. This member had sent his prayers already materialized.

New Mown Hay. Is sweet smelling and a source of honest profit, but pneumonia—is from a cough is neither pleasant nor profitable, so insure with 25c. with a bottle of Adams' Botanic Cough Balsam. 25c. all Druggists.

In Chicago. Excited Lady (at the telephone): 'I want my husband, please, at once.' Voice (from the Exchange) Number, please? Excited Lady (snappishly): 'Only the fourth, you impudent thing!'

WE CLAIM THAT the D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, or neuralgia pains quicker than any other remedy. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

McSwatters—Why does the landlady always set out red cabbage just before the first of the month? McSwatters—Well, when you get a bill with red ink on it, it means that your bill is overdue. With the landlady it infers that your board is overdue.

Lecturer—The camel can go for weeks without water, thus showing the greater endurance possessed by the brute creation. Col. Dimkitt—(Rising in rear of hall) I wish, sub, to confute youah statement, sub. I am in no ways allied to the brute creation, sub, but I have gone without watch fo' twenty, years sub!

AFTER A COLD DRIVE a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer mixed with a glass of hot water and sugar will be found a better stimulant than whiskey. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

STITCH SUITCASE. Fully adapted for Family used throughout times combined. The title is the perfection being shorter than, less effort is re- the trade-mark. as taken in exchange. ONLY BY RING CO. P. C.

found herself hearing the lifted Saladin neatly told him to go for the be a steepchase. dear out leave the second hay-skirt the corn fields, if ut for the rest we don't haven't a notion where but we are just going on we fired out that horrid behind us, aren't we? a second hedge, Eileen satisty herself that she asing for nothing. saved his hand as though to go ahead. ded her cheeks. murmured; but she it. front she noticed that a mward at a very steep check her horse's speed riving what might be at the old; but Saladin was too to reason. at a stretch-gallop, and a who was at work on the ed him the more. d danger, recognising a the man's voice, though ot reach her. irt of her habit, to leave she set her mouth firmly, the worst.

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distinct of self-preservation poor animal to do the best himself, and this took the visible conviction that, dis- was to have the water close he had better keep perfectly y youth he had been trained so he was not without some what he ought to do when ed the ground. the hot weather—which a long spell—the river was so that from a looker on's Saladin had scarcely disap- reappeared, head upper- apparently, none the worse for as he struck out for the op- here he spied an easy landing he quickly reached; then, result of his mistress, he look- an anxious little neigh. all right; following her favor- as might be in order to get by before Lord Serge and his water.

ing Scud had no fancy for a refused to leap, consequently ignominiously, and was in only of drowning himself, but death of his rider. however, the bridle-rein rump of stout willow, and horse's head out of water who had been working in the down to be of possible use, get the scared brute on to his help him climb out of the

also came easily to land, his further pursuit thoroughly the time being. opposite bank Eileen called to y— u coming? No? Ta-ta, sen I' nting Saladin hastily, my, ag ot noticed that she was minus made for a farm-house visible where she was lucky enough to abit which fitted her after a to ascertain the nearest way leton.

ok his fist at her and Saladin, (SEEDED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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## The French West Indies.

The sea nowhere surrounds more interesting patches of land than Martinique, the scene of the recent uprising against existing conditions, and its sister French West Indian island, Guadeloupe. These islands possess indescribable scenic beauty, great natural advantages and unusual resources, but visitors to view their picturesque scenes are comparatively few, their advantages are not utilized and their resources are undeveloped. For Martinique and Guadeloupe have stood still for a century. The dominant whites run the government in an indolent but overbearing fashion, and the common people submit with sullenness. Possibly, though not probably, the late disturbance may be the sign of a genuine awakening of the people from their protracted slumbers.

The common people of Martinique and Guadeloupe are mostly negroes and part breeds and a singular race they are, as different from the colored elements in the population of Cuba and Puerto Rico as they are different from the negroes of the States, those of Spanish America are a strange and interesting variation, but they are almost commonplace beside their near neighbors in the French West Indies. It seems incredible that two peoples, so much alike in tradition and growing out of the same stock, should have drifted so far apart. From their religion to their cooking, all is mystery with the people of Guadeloupe and Martinique. Nominally Catholics, they are in reality mystics, idolaters. They hate the dominant white race with an intensity not the less pronounced because it is not often manifest.

The French West Indian hasn't much mind but a great deal of imagination which is stimulated by idleness, smoking and rum, and must be fed. He demands a promise of something for nothing; a release from present trouble and protection against anticipated ones. This is the whole scheme of his religious belief. It is for this he offers sacrifices, practices self-denial or participates in fantastic or vulgar ceremonies as creed or cult demands. During and prior to the rainy season, he engages the service of a priest to offer up prayers, say mass and burn candles in order that the rain may not create floods, that the thunder may not be loud, that the lightning may be harmless. In deference to some other belief, festivities and dancing are wholly abandoned during the rainy months, but the quantity of rum consumed is limited only by the number of sons each individual happens to possess. When in spite of triumphant marches and masses an earthquake or a hurricane visits the island, the people repeat their ceremonies and thank the good Lord that they were not visited by both simultaneously. If the boats are wrecked on shore or sunk completely out of sight and the majority of the dwellings are unroofed the people only pray and say: 'It was the good Lord's will.' When a stupid negro breaks the ice machine and a sweltering population is dying of thirst and a protest is lodged, the only response is, 'It's the good Lord who broke it.'

The French West Indian superstitions are almost infinite in number. Every animal, insect or bird is of good or evil augury, and every peculiarity of character or action, every mark of individuality has its mystical significance. Death is a very serious thing and the candles and prayers for the dead are as costly and as numerous as purse can bear. A funeral in church with a goodly display of lights at the altar and the tolling of bells means 500 francs. When the body and its followers are allowed simply to enter the church and mass is said without candles, the cost is about 300 francs. For a few francs the poor may stop at the church door, but may not go beyond the entrance.

Their mourning rites are as curious as their church rites. Not only the relatives of the dead but all the friends of the family as well, old women and young children, don sackcloth and sprinkle their heads with ashes. If a mourning woman possesses a pair of earrings as large as plums, she covers them over with a piece of black cloth or velvet, as an indication of her grief, and the sight of the great black appendages strikes the stranger most forcibly.

The only thing that remains normal about the women in periods following bereavement is their pride in their hair. It is the chief delight and its dressing the

chief occupation of the dusky woman of Martinique and Guadeloupe, alike in days of mourning and in days of joy. They may be seen sitting on the pavement for more than an hour at a time engaged in this pleasing duty. They never attempt to dress their own heads but render the service one to another. The hair is first parted in the middle and from the crown across the back of the ears. The side sections, well oiled, are then drawn together in front of the ears. Next the strands are plaited and pinned into a small knot after which a sort of rosette, made of black coolie hair, is pinned over it, and then the triumph of her art, the Madras handkerchief, is adjusted.

The women are not beauties, as a rule, but they are strong and sturdy and their longevity is phenomenal. It is asserted that about one-half of the children born die within the year; but the survivors of both sexes live to ripe old age. The sight of people eighty years of age performing all sorts of work, curing cane, breaking logs or carrying heavy loads along the high road is common everywhere and the records show that women of eighty sometimes become mothers.

On the Isle of Desirade, a short sail from the town of La Pointe-a-Pitre, there is a Leper's Home, where medical attention, comfort and seclusion can be had for the asking. The general physical deformity of the people from leprosy and other diseases is shocking. Of almost every other pair of feet you see, one is in a bandage; swollen ankles are encountered at every turn, and a good pair of eyes in either old or young is so rare as to excite comment. The general affliction of the eyes is due to filth and carelessness on the part of the people. When at work their hands come in contact with many unclean things, poisonous plants, &c. It never occurs to them to wash their hands, and as handkerchiefs are an unknown luxury, they rub the dirt and poison into the eyes when they wipe off the perspiration that flows freely from their foreheads under the breasting sun. Their other physical ailments come largely from similar causes. A cut or scratch from a thorn is poisoned and

kept inflamed and develops into a permanent running sore of vicious swelling.

Their food also, has much to do with their physical condition. They never eat meat, and bread is a luxury. Mangoes take the place of both. A sort of yam, usually eaten fried, is their principal vegetable. They eat land crabs and fresh fish only when they cannot sell what they have caught. A miserable quality of codfish made into very light, puffy fishballs, which are fried, is their chief breakfast dish. Milk is rare. Even at hotels, if you want enough for your morning coffee, you must give notice the night before. Everybody drinks black coffee, children included, and with meals cheap wine or water, which latter is not good and never filtered. And for all this poverty of food and drink there is absolutely no excuse except laziness. The finest fish are abundant in all the rivers and small streams. Most delicious small birds in any number are to be had for the killing. The climate and soil are excellently adapted to the cultivation of vegetables and fruits of all kinds, but the market only offers a few varieties. There is no thought of improving the size, quality or flavor of the vegetables. There are many beautiful native woods, but they serve no purpose. Ordinary reed-bottom chairs come from Marseilles.

The women particularly object to the introduction of new ideas, but in their own way and do what is to be done. They support themselves, their men and the country. Only one familiar with the existing state of affairs can realize what the French West Indies would be without the women. One may pass on the highroad early in the day a man and woman, the latter carrying on her head a great heavy mattress, and on top of it a mattress, that her lord may drink at wayside springs. Returning later one may meet the same couple, the woman still with the burden on her head, the man smoking a cigarette. But even the women with all their drudgery and hard work, have contempt for the value of time and love for the social amenities that are at times appalling. For handbaking and kissing they have a perfect mania. It is a fortunate thing for the buyers that the market women carry their loads on their heads, since it would delay their appearance at the market place by some hours if they had to stop to put down their loads each time they shake hands. But they manage, somehow even with this handicap, and the meeting of a particularly friendly pair gives the stranger a dizzy feeling as they approach, each with a tender greeting. They stand very close together, each putting a hand on the head for its security, away a moment, stretch their necks and the blissful salute is effected.

But the danger is not over, for it requires steady nerve and a well-balanced head to regain the equilibrium after such combined contention and emotion.

Whether from a passionate love of books and letters or a cunning desire to cope in all matters with the whites, the negro here at first displays an intense avidity for learning, and the facilities for acquiring knowledge are very good. For instance, the Carnot Lycee, opened in 1883, is an establishment of which any country might be proud. It consists of a main building and two immense wings, and is located on the highest spot in the city. It is so deep in an ideal spot surrounded by beautiful gardens, commanding a view of the sea. The amount allowed by the Government for its support is 6,000,000 francs, for, notwithstanding that, it averages from 80 to 100 boarders and from 200 to 300 day pupils and half boarders, its revenues are not equal to its expenses. The professors are all from the University of Paris and are of the highest possible standing, receiving large salaries. The Superintendent of Public Instruction receives \$6,000 a year. The principal gets \$2,500, the steward and general treasurer \$4,000. Besides these there are twenty-eight professors receiving from \$195 to \$300 a month, and as the tuition for the school year of nine months for senior class is only \$180, it will readily be seen that a large grant is necessary to sustain the institution.

The suggestion that a similar school for young women be established in connection with Lycee met with so little public favor at first that the school board declined to assume the responsibility. The Lycee faculty thereupon started it on their own account, and it has succeeded beyond the expectation of the most sanguine. Slowly but surely the people are arriving at the conclusion that young women can receive instruction from men and yet not necessarily be demoralized. Of course, it is thus far only a day school, the young women being conducted thither by a member of the family or an old and trusted domestic and called for after school hours.

"Bear and For Bear."

Grizzly bears are becoming scarce in California; still they are occasionally found in the mountains, and when found, their great size and strength make them formidable antagonists. Experienced hunters tear them accordingly, while the novice rashly seeks an encounter. In 'Sketches of Life in the Golden State,' Col. Albert S. Evans narrates a rash exploit of an over sanguine hunter. A venturesome Yankee came to Santa Barbara some years ago, and soon became an adept at throwing the lasso. Hearing the Mexican cow-

boys talk of lassoing the grizzly bear, he decided to show them what he could do in that line if he ever got a chance. One day he came upon a grizzly in a favorable locality. He threw the lasso with skillful aim, and reined back his trembling horse to give the bear an astonished, when the rears—which is always attached to the pommel of the saddle—came up taut. Judge of the man's astonishment when that bear quickly assumed a sitting posture took hold of the lasso, and began to draw it in hand over hand. The hapless descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers stuck to the horse and saddle until he saw the slack drawn in, and the bear and the horse coming rapidly together. Then, in a panic, he descended and ran for a tree, abandoning the horse to its fate. Two skillful men, operating from opposite sides, can master a bear and choke him between them; but with only one man, one horse and one bear, it is another story.

## Fresh from the Press.

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Dolly at Court.

In the 'Letters of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley,' written in her early married life, there is one dated June 6, 1797, which quantity tells of the appearance of Mistress Dolly Stainforth at court on the king's birthday. Mistress Dolly was distinguished by her beautiful black arched eyebrows, the fine bloom of her cheeks, and the agreeable shaking of her head. Thus equipped, as the slightly satirical feminine pen puts it, and dressed with more than her splendor, she entered the royal apartment. Thither also had come the little Princess Charlotte, the Prince of Wales's daughter, who could just speak, and who is described as a remarkably sensible little child. The first object that struck her eyes was the "beautiful Mistress Stainforth," and she expressed her delight at so fine a sight by smiling and nodding to her and saying:

"Dolly, Dolly, pretty Dolly!"

This mark of distinction was so flattering, and the child's delight was so evident, that Mistress Stainforth thought proper to make a low courtesy, nodding her head with its tall feathers all the time; whereupon the child, who was 'very stout on her legs,' repeated the movement, mimicking it perfectly. Mistress Dolly started to return thanks, but no sooner did the child hear the sound of her voice than she began to cry and roar to such a degree that nothing could pacify her.

'What! Dolly speak! What! Dolly speak!' she cried.

The princesses, who knew what the child meant, were almost dead with laughing, and everybody was in a roar except the Prince of Wales, who, possibly out of a spirit of contradiction, looked grave.

'I have not heard concludes the sprightly letter-writer, 'whether Mistress Stainforth penetrated the cause of the scene, which was that the queen had the day before made the little princess a present of a large doll dressed in exactly the same sort of lilac colored gown, and shaking its head in precisely the same way. From the striking resemblance between Mistress Stainforth's eyebrows and cheeks and those of the doll, the child naturally imagined that she was looking at her own doll, sent from Carlton House, until it frightened her by speaking!'

Too Much of a Good Thing.

She: 'Don't you find journalism rather thankless work?'

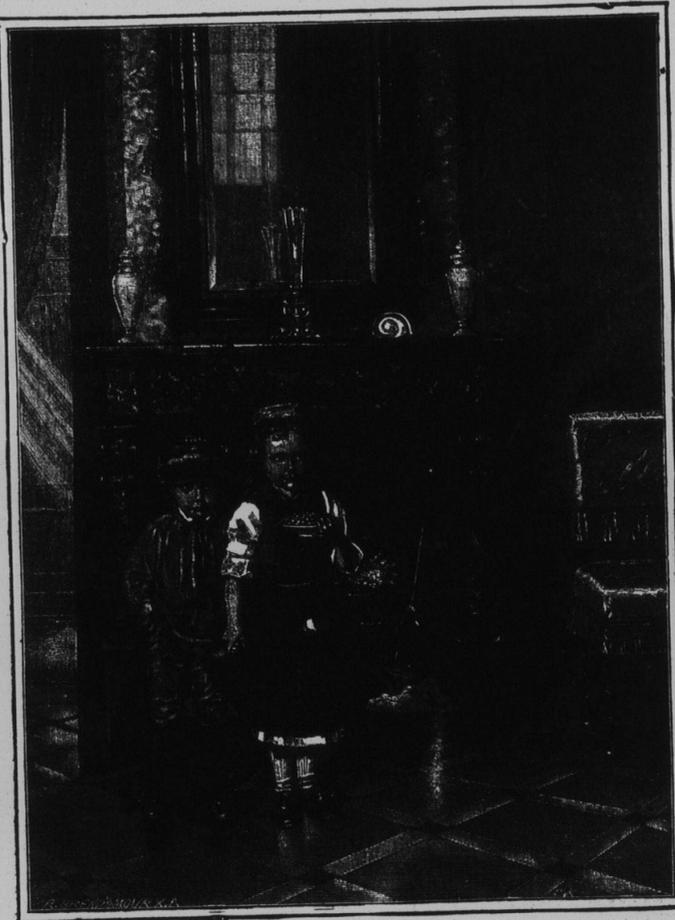
He: 'Oh no. Almost everything I write is returned with thanks.'

Compulsory Pleasure.

Aimee: 'What is classical music?'

Maimie: 'Oh! Don't you know? It's the kind that you have to like whether you like it or not.'

'It was very kind of that naval officer to bring you this parrot,' said Maud. 'Yes,' answered Maimie. 'But the bird is so profane! 'Shocking!' And that isn't the worst of it. It doesn't speak English, and I've got to hire an interpreter in order to understand him.'



"COME ALONG! DON'T BE AFRAID."

ing the grizzly bear, he then what he could do in ever get a chance. One on a grizzly in a favorable row the lass with skillful back his trembling horse an astanisher; when the always attached to the saddle—came up tant. a's astonishment when that named a sitting posture took e, and began to draw it in l. The hapless descendant Fathers stuck to the horse he saw the slack drawn and the horse coming rap- Them, in a panic, he de- for a tree, abandoning late. Two skillful men, opposite sides, can master to him between them; but man, one horse and one or story.

om the Press.

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Handsome Designs Mats and Floor Rugs.

this novel and useful little sent free to any address in is you how to make pretty ors Mats and Floor Rugs wool rage or from yards, full information how to pro- which are on Scotch Hes- ready for booking. You y until you see the book. ardsen Co., 200 Mountain al, P. Q.

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Chat of the Boudoir.

The visiting housekeeper in a new development of the age, and one which offers good opportunity for a suitable woman. The field has not yet been worked up in Boston, but a woman who has had experience as a resident housekeeper suggests the idea as a work which might be carried on here with success as it has been already in New York.

Living in these days is so much more complex than it used to be that the average society woman does not have time to give to the details of each department, and very often a young married woman finds herself at the head of a large establishment without any experience to aid her in its management. Perhaps too the establishment may not be so large and yet the daily visit of a woman of experience may fill a great need.

The visiting housekeeper calls in the morning, and inspects the larder, to see what there is, and then with suggestions from the mistress makes up menus to see what may be needed, and she undertakes the marketing. This, if she has 5 or 6 families on her list, is the most important feature of her work, and the co-operative plan can make this system an economical arrangement, though the expense of engaging the housekeeper is not slight.

The woman's remuneration according to my information ought to net her as much as \$5 a day if she is going to make it pay, but with several families on her list the individual rate would not be exorbitant, and where there are many visitors in a family the value received is equivalent to at least \$1 a day.

She would, of course, have her expenses paid, her luncheon and her cab hire for a rainy day.

Experience as a housekeeper in her own or somebody's else's home is the natural forerunner of work like this even if she has had special school training, though it would probably commend itself most to a widow or a married woman in reduced circumstances.

The work of resident housekeeper is considerably different. She has charge of the bookkeeping, and oversight of the help. She hires and dismisses them and acts generally as intermediary. When the family go to their country home in the summer the housekeeper has the preserving to superintend. She has many pleasant times and generally has a good and well appointed room, but the resident housekeeping is not preferable, the work is never done, and the position is less preferable because socially she is dependent.

The same work, however, may be undertaken by a woman as a visiting housekeeper. In that case she has a room to herself which is like an office, and where she may keep her desk and her accounts. She may have the care and oversight of the help just the same, provided she is in the service of only one family and can so keep in touch with the life of the house, but where as visiting housekeeper she is in the service of more than one family there is no care of the help, and the work is limited to the making of the menu, the marketing and perhaps the household shopping.

From the all around service of the house keeper it follows that she must have a good education, or at least be an all round woman, and she must also be a good business woman.

Afternoon tea at 4 or 5 seems to be appreciated by many men, as it is by many women, and it is common to observe men in the restaurants sitting at a table with their chairs hanging up, sipping their tea as leisurely as may be before they start for home.

In England, where the afternoon tea is such a universal custom, it is thought to afford the needed stimulus to restore the faded energies, and even in some business houses it is a well established institution, and office boy and manager alike partake of its soothing influence.

With the return of the brocade to fash-

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Tonight Hood's Pills

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of Hood's Pills. On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

ion all kinds of handsomely flowered fabrics are seen, and among the silk muslins for summer wear are beautiful designs of flowered. They are made up over silk, like all the other transparent materials, and the coloring of the lining is as important in its effect on the pattern of the muslin. It may serve to heighten the tones and lessen the becomingness of the gown, or it may subdue them to just the desirable coloring.

The corded trimming produced on silk waists is rapidly going out of fashion, because it has been found not to wear well. The cord cuts the silk, and that will never do, so tucks are being used instead, just as they were before, and they run up and down, or right to left, or both at once, while a new fancy is to have them on the bias, and this trimming of the bodice is carried out on the sleeves, which are now taking all sorts of elaborate patterns. As the sleeve continues to be worn very long over hands, these trimmings are a necessity for the slender woman, and for her comfort the musquitaree style, the horizontal tucks and bands of insertion, form some of the designs, and those for the cuffs are also elaborate.

Notes of Fashion.

Embroidery on chiffon and other thin materials is a great feature of the new trimmings. Open embroidery, lace, beads, gold and silver thread, are all employed and variously combined in these pretty novelties. Something decidedly unique is a combination of lace and linen spangles overlapping one another in varying sizes and forming different designs. They are seen in color and the only apparent reason for their being dubbed spangles is their shape. Distance lends enchantment to this sort of decoration, as they are heavy and clumsy in effect on close inspection. Velvet applique in both black and colors outlined with beads and joined in places with a net work or fine strings of jet is still another form of trimming used effectively for boleros over a plaited net or chiffon bodice.

The special corner in the large department stores set apart for the display of fantastic silk handkerchiefs resembles an Eastern bazaar quite as much as anything else, and despite the fact that many have been sold, there seems to be no diminution in their numbers or in the variety of the designs. They blossom out from day to day as if by magic and are the fad of the moment for the fancy waister. They vary in size somewhat so that more are required of some kinds than of others. These are handkerchiefs of taffeta silk, and a glossy silk which resembles peau de soie, and others of foulard which are manufactured in this country, all very Persian in design and with fringed edges. One pretty style has a plain centre and a wide plaid border, and as they are tossed about in heaps of varied colors on the counters they look very much like a kaleidoscope which has outdone itself. Some of the waists made of light dainty colors are extremely pretty combined with plain taffeta which matches the plain color in the handkerchief, but most of them have only high-colored flashy effects to commend them.

Lace boleros with black velvet ribbon run through them are useful as well as effective addition to the bodice needing a fresh touch.

Adjustable stock collars have a place in the variegated display of neckwear, and are built on the principle of the pulley belt with flexible bone incased between the satin ribbon of which it is made and the silk lining. A ring is attached at either side and the ends drawn through these are tied in a four-in-hand knot in a short bow with long ends.

Mercerized canvas and cotton grenadines, treated with the same alkali solution, add variety to the extensive array of cotton dress fabrics. They are checked, striped or covered with wavy lines of varying soft colors, and very pliable without being easily mussed. The pretty gloss which gives them a silky appearance is their chief attraction.

The latest advices from Paris hint at the

waning popularity of jewelled combs. Plain combs have the lead and these are arranged as inconspicuously as possible.

Black velvet ribbon in narrow widths is strikingly in evidence on many of the new gowns, in the form of straight bands, rosettes or lattice work designs forming the vest, a portion of the sleeve, or possible fan-shaped divisions on the lower half of skirt.

One revival of fashion is the white tulle bow worn at the back of the neck of light silk theatre waists.

The handsome ties worn a few months ago are supplanted by the softer and lighter tones of the Persian fashions.

One point in favor of the new spring hats is their lightness. Tulle in a new variety which is very durable, chiffon and lace straw, are the leading materials with the most exquisite colored ribbons, flowers and fruits imaginable. Grapes and cherries are the favorite fruits and, as for flowers, there is every kind and color. Black silk flowers on colored tulle hats are extremely stylish and then there are toques made entirely of colored leaves with a bunch of roses at one side. Toques are the prevailing style of hat, perhaps, but there are hats with fitted brims, hats with bell crowns and hats with almost no crowns at all. Polka dots of straw on black muslins formed into a toque are very effective. [Straw applied to net and lace applique on straw are especially pretty features of the new millinery.

Women Who Are Aiding Science.

Miss Alice Bache Gould has given \$20,000 to the American National Academy of Sciences. The income of this sum is to be devoted to aiding such researches in the astronomy of precision as shall be judged worthy of it by a committee of competent professors.

The woman who gives oftenest and most generously to the cause of science is Miss Catherine Bruce. Now she gives \$250 to buy a small instrument for some devoted astronomer in a far away island of the sea. Again it is \$25,000 to aid in the removal of a big observatory to a better location. She will devote \$50,000 to the purchase of a new photographic telescope for one establishment and \$1,500 to another to pay for printing the results of valuable astronomical researches, which results must go unprinted otherwise. These items are but a small portion of her continual benefactions to the sciences in its various branches.

Last year the resources of the Harvard observatory were augmented by the request of \$70,000 from Charlotte Maria Haven, and \$25,000 from Eliza Appleton Haven, two sisters interested in the work of astronomers. Miss Burnie Hamilton's liberality made possible the founding of the Morrison observatory at Columbia, Mo. Blandina Dudley contributed \$27,000 toward the founding of the observatory at Albany which bears her name. Mrs. Henry Draper of New York city has given valuable instruments to the Harvard observatory and contributed such generous sums of money from time to time that a department of astronomical photography and spectroscopy is now maintained from the proceeds.

Mrs. William Shaws has contributed very largely to the funds of the Allegheny observatory, where much original work has been done toward the development of the science.

The Baroness Damoiseau has founded a prize for astronomical work, the money to be bestowed annually by the Academy of

GRIPPE'S LEGACY.

Shattered Nerves AND Weakened System.

A Montreal Gentleman Tells About It.

Mr. F. J. Brophy, a well-known employee in the money-order department at the general post office in Montreal, tells about his case as follows:

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Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure palpitation, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, anemia and general debility.

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Household Linens

From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods. Irish Linen: Real Irish Linen, fully bleached, two yards wide, 46cts. per yard; 3 1/2 yards wide, 50cts. per yard; Roller Twilling, 18 in. wide, 60cts. per yard. Surplus Linen, 12cts. per yard. Dusters from 10cts. per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, \$1.14 per dozen. Fine Linen and Linen Diaper, 10cts. per yard. Irish Damask Table Linen: 5 1/2 Napkins, 30cts. per doz. Dinner Napkins, 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, \$1.22 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 30cts. each. Strong Hackback Towels, \$1.50 per doz. Monograms, Crests, Coat of Arms, Initials, &c., woven or embroidered. (Special quotations on Cash, Retail, or Best Orders). Matchless Shirts: Fine quality Longcloth Bodies, with 4-fold pure linen fronts and cuffs, \$3.25 the half doz. (to measure chest, extra). New Design in Special Indiana Gaiters, Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the Season. Old Shirts made good as new, with best materials in Neckbands, Collars, and Fronts, for \$1.25 the half-dozen. Irish Cambric Pocket-Handkerchiefs: Cleaver has a world-wide fame. The Queen. "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen." -Dyest's Home Journal. "The Cambrics of Robinson and Cleaver are made good as new, with best materials in Neckbands, Collars, and Fronts, for \$1.25 the half-dozen. Ladies' 50cts. per doz.; Gentlemen's, 90cts. per doz. Collars—Ladies', from 50cts. per doz.; Gentlemen's 4-fold, all newest shapes, \$1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For Ladies or Gentlemen, from \$1.42 per doz. "Surplus" Shirts to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedral and Churches in the Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness." -Court Circular. Irish Underclothing: A luxury now within the reach of all. Ladies' Chemises, Embroidered, 40cts. Nightdresses, 84cts. Combinations, 100cts. India or Colonial Outfits, \$10.32 dridral Trouseaux, \$25.80 Ladies' Lingerie \$12.00 (see list).

Robinson & Cleaver, BELFAST, IRELAND.

(Please mention this Paper.)

Sciences of Paris. Mme. Vals twenty-five years ago left a prize bounty of similar nature to the same institution to encourage astronomical research. Various expensive instruments have been presented to the Paris observatory by Miss Brunner. Mme. d'Abbadie and her husband donated their entire family fortune to the French Academy of Sciences on condition that there should be completed within fifty years a catalogue of 600,000 stars. Mme. Guzman, a French woman, was enthusiast who left provision in her will for a prize of \$20,000 for the person able to find means for communicating with a star.

Annie Sheepshanks, an English woman who died in 1876, gave \$50,000 for the founding of an astronomical scholarship at Trinity College, and later bestowed \$10,000 additional to buy a new transit circle for the Cambridge observatory. Work of the utmost importance was promoted by her generosity and the resulting catalogue of 14,464 stars was completed and published two years ago.

New Spring Tweeds For Men.

So far as masculine dress is concerned the presence of spring is already evident, and the gray tweed afternoon suit marks the final concessions of the American man to a fashion heartily indorved in London 18 months ago. The man whose appearance illustrates the latest evolution of fashion will gladly shed his sombre black habit of winter for a long skirted frock of tweed, the texture of which is rough and rich as the famous looms of the North Countree can turn it out, and trousers match the sober pigeon or steel tone of the coat. Through the mesh of gray wool a large, vague plaid line not more distinct than a pale cast of thought will relieve the monotony of the surface. For example the hair lines of the marking will be darker gray than the surface, and a single fine thread of color is sometimes secretly twisted in with filaments that describe the plaid design. On bland afternoons that now occur with delightful frequency the wearer of a smart gray afternoon suit strides about on calls or on a siring bent minus an overcoat, but plus a very handsome waistcoat of a fine and cheerful visting, designed to show advantageously when the coat is well open. With gray a harmonious gray waistcoat, figured or plaided, so to speak, in distinct colors, is the choicest selection, and crowned by a large broadly folded tie of cream-white brocaded silk lightly touched with apple-green and lilac, or coral markings interwoven with black, the costume of the caller is perfectly rounded. The Sandown is the best sign that we have yet that the very loose, box-shaped coat will eventually meet the end of its lease of popularity as an afternoon coat, for skirts are set on and shaped in with grace and dignity to the body. In sharp contrast to the outlines of the Sandown is the proposed morning covert for spring use. It is the most bob-tailed, box-shaped garment yet seen; its shoulder line excessively long and its whole appearance expressive of a jaunty ease that among careful dressers will bear it out en-

APIOL & STEEL For Ladies PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Coclea, Peppermint, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

tirely for any ceremonious wear in the afternoon.

Striped linen is falling from the grace of the fashionable being into the use of the man whose clothes, if whole and tidily assumed, form a small interest in his life. In place of the stripe, small figures on white linen have come into modish esteem, and a space of fair white linen bespreat with small patterns widely spaced in coral, pink or palest blue signifies that the wearer of the same observes the law of the mode.

"Father."

By Oriental custom the terms 'father' and 'mother' are not limited to one's natural parents, but may be applied to superiors in years, in wisdom, or in civil or ecclesiastical station. This fact was impressed on the mind of Rev. H. Clay Trumbull by his journey across the desert of Sinai, as he tells us in a recent volume. My companions in travel were two young men, neither of them a relative of mine—as my dragoman very well knew. When, however, in mid-desert, we met an old Arab sheik, through whose territory we were to pass, my dragoman introduced me as the father of these young men. "No, they are not my sons," I said to the dragoman; but his answer was: 'That's all right. Somebody must be father here.' And when I found that, according to the Arab ideas, every party of travellers must have a leader, and that the leader of a party was called its 'father,' I saw that it would look better for me to be called the father of the young men than for one of them to be called my father.

You cannot dye a dark color light, but should dye light ones dark—for home use Magnetic Dyes give excellent results.

Tit For Tat.

One of the best repartees on record is that of Foote, the actor. Dining with some friends, a heated dispute arose between himself and a young nobleman. The latter sought to disparage Foote by asking him what his father was.

"A tradesman," said Foote.

"Then sir, it's a pity he did not make you one."

"And pray let me ask, what was your father, my lord."

"My father, Mr. Foote, was a gentleman."

"Then my lord, it's a pity he did not make you one!"

"I haven't had a bite for three days," said the hungry tramp.

"Poor man," remarked the kind hearted old woman, "I haven't any dog to set on you, but if you stay out long enough perhaps you will get frost-bitten."

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Hoarseness in the Head by Dr. Nicholas' Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 700, Fifth Avenue, New York.

England's Days of Fasting.

One of the earliest known instances of combined national humiliation throughout England was at one time when the awful Black Death was beginning its ravages among us.

The practice, however, of putting forth, on authority, occasional services whether of humiliation or thanksgiving, or temporary use in our churches, received a considerable and definite impetus at the time of the Reformation, partly, no doubt, on account of the different vein in which the religious fervor of those days ran, but mainly because of the facility then given through the printing press of readily issuing uniform and diffuse directions.

Owing to much rain and other unreasonable weather Henry VIII., on Aug. 1543, wrote to Archbishop Cranmer requiring him to enjoin all the Bishops of his province to cause general rogations and processions to be made within their dioceses.

Two instances occur in the reign of the boy King Edward VI. In May, 1548, the Privy Council instructed the Archbishop to put forth a prayer for victory and peace in connection with the Scotch troubles.

During the long reign of Elizabeth a considerable variety of occasional services were enjoined on the church, including several seasons of humiliation. In 1563 Elizabeth entered into alliance with the French Protestants against the Duke of Guise, and a long prayer was issued, to be used at the end of the Litany, in support of our troops.

In May, 1565, the Turks attacked the island of Malta after gigantic preparations, but were beaten off in the autumn with a loss of 80,000 men.

An alarming shock of earthquake was experienced in London and throughout the greater part of England on April 6, 1580.

In the same year, when parliament was sanctioning fierce laws against the recusants, a prayer was put forth for the estate of Christ's church, to be used on Sundays, which is simply appalling in its phraseology.

Strengthen her hand to strike the stroke of ruin of all their superstition to double into the bosom of that rose colored whore that which she hath poured out against Thy Saints, that she may give that deadly wound not to one head, but to all the heads of that cruel beast that the life that quivereth in his dismembered members yet amongst us may utterly decay!

When first the Spanish fleet was sighted off the Lizard, on July 19, 1588, the Privy Council requested Archbishop Whitgift immediately to prepare a form of prayer and supplication. This was instantly done; the form, probably for lack of time, was in the main a reproduction of that issued in 1572, in connection with the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day.

Immediately on the ascension of James I. there was a terrible outbreak of the plague in London and elsewhere throughout the kingdom. A Manual of service

Healed of Her Heart Pangs!

After doctors had said no cure---Acute heart disease had put Mrs. Fitzpatrick well nigh in the clutch of the "Grim Reaper." But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart met her at the hospital door, offered her life, she accepted the great healer and today is well and strong.

In these days of hurry and bustle, nervous strain, poor digestion, the struggle of the humble classes for an existence and the everlasting run of the married man for more money, the heart, the human engine, is wrought upon for double the duty that

Providence originally assigned it. Thus it is that we may pick up any newspaper any day and read of the sudden taking off this that and the other person, here, there and yonder---the cause assigned, heart failure, strain too great, and no assistance offered nature to help her carry her load.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a peerless remedy. Thousands of cases where sure and sudden death seemed imminent, its wonderful curative powers have been demonstrated, and in most acute forms of heart disease relief has come in-

side of 30 minutes after the first dose had been taken. Some of the most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are: Palpitation, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, smothering spells, swelling of the feet and ankles, tenderness and pain in the left side, chilly sensations, uneasiness if sleeping on the left side, fainting spells, hunger and exhaustion. Any one of these symptoms is enough to convince of the seating of heart disease---and any one of them, if neglected, may mean sudden death to the patient.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but in the most stubborn cases it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is a heart specific, leaves no bad after effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centres, induces ner-

vous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque, Ont., was a great sufferer from heart disease. Her's was a stubborn case of over five years' standing. She was treated by several eminent physicians and heart specialists without any permanent relief. She became so bad that she went to the hospital, and was in a short while discharged from there as a hopeless incurable; but, to use her own words, "As a last resort, I bought a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. One dose gave me almost instant relief from a very acute spasm. I felt encouraged and persisted in its use. It just took three bottles to cure me completely, and I gladly bear my testimony to this wonderful remedy as a life savor."

What it has done for Mrs. Fitzpatrick it can do for any sufferer from heart disease.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves cold in the head in ten minutes, and has cured catarrh cases of fifty years' standing.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure blind bleeding or itching piles in from three to five nights. One application relieves the most irritating skin diseases; 85 cents.

Dr. Agnew's Pills, for constipation, sick headaches, biliousness and stomach troubles generally. Only 20 cents a vial. Sold by E. C. Brown.

was put forth, which was in most particulars a reproduction of that issued on a like occasion in 1563. The 'exhortation,' however, to be used in place of a homily is original. The people were to be warned to forbear on that day from all bodily working and buying and selling (save of necessity):

But especially they are to take heed that they spend it not in playes, pastimes, idleness, haunting of tavernes, lascivious wantonnesse, for which sinnes (the proper sinnes of our nation) the heave displeasur and wrath of God is fallen upon us.

When Charles I. came to the throne the plague was as severe in its ravages as had been the case when his father entered the kingdom. On June 24, 1625, the King instructed the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London, Durham, Winchester, Norwich, Rochester and St. Davids (Laud) to advise together concerning a public fast, in consequence of the pestilence and extraordinary wet weather, and also for the purpose of invoking the blessing of God on the fleet. In the following year, after Charles had dismissed his second Parliament, two foreign expeditions were planned---namely, for the relief of the Protestant seaport of Rochelle, and for the succor of the King of Denmark in Germany. Meanwhile the plague had again broken out, and a day of fasting and supplication (to be held in London on July 5 and in the rest of England and Wales on August 2) was appointed as 'necessary to be used in these dangerous times of war and pestilence.'

Immediately on the dissolution of Parliament in 1629, followed by eleven years of arbitrary government, an indirect but clever appeal to the people on behalf of the people of the royal prerogative, was made in 'A Forme of Prayer, necessary to be used in these dangerous times of Warre; wherein we are appointed to Fast, according to His Majesties proclamation for the preservation of His Majesty, and His Realm, and all Reformed Churches.

Another terrible outbreak of the plague occurred in 1636. On Oct. 18, a form of prayer and fasting on Wednesdays during the continuation of the visitation was issued. One of the charges against Archbishop Laud was for certain alterations he made in the book for the fast of this year.

In 1640 the same prelate drew up the form for a solemn fast to be observed in England and Wales on July 8, when the Scots were threatening invasion.

The Great Civil War began on Aug. 22, 1642. In the second half of the following year the Royalists met with a variety of reverses. The king issued a proclamation and form of service from Oxford, enjoining prayers and fasting on every second Friday in the month, beginning on Friday Nov. 10, 1643. 'For the averting of God's Judgements now upon us; For the ceasing of the present Rebellion; and restoring a happy Peace in this Kingdom.'

After the Restoration the special form of prayer for various occasions materially increase. With the exceptionally hot summer of 1665 came the terrible outbreak of plague in London. A proclamation of July 6 ordered that Wednesday should be kept for prayer and fasting, and

that collections should then be made for the poor who were sick and visited. The great fire of London, beginning in Sept. 2 1666, reduced the city from Tower to Temple bar to a heap of ashes. On Sept. 30, a Royal proclamation commanded Wednesday, Oct. 10, to be observed by all 'As a Day of Solemn Fasting and Humiliation.'

When Charles II, opened Parliament in 1673, an address was voted and presented asking for the appointment of a fast day, to 'seek reconciliation with Almighty God and His protector against the undermining contrivances of Popish recusants.'

A proclamation from William and Mary, dated Hampton Court, May 23, 1769, states that their Majesties had been compelled to declare war against the French King on account of his supporting the rebellion in Ireland, and that they therefore appointed a day of fasting and humiliation, to be observed on June 19 in the provinces.

Early in May, 1694, the King went to Flanders to lead the campaign. A day of fasting and humiliation for our success at sea and land was proclaimed by 'Marie R.' on May 10, immediately on the King's departure.

In 1695 the King having again left England to direct the war against the French, May 23 was proclaimed as a day of fasting and humiliation to invoke God's aid. In Dec. of the same year another day of national humiliation was proclaimed, the chief intention of which was 'for the imploring a Blessing upon the Constitutions of this present Parliament.' Early in 1701 came the last of William's fast-days. The King had parted with his Whig advisers, and called Tories to his councils. The first address of this new Parliament was a

request to the King for a fast-day 'for the Preservation of the Protestant Religion and of the Public Peace.' This fast was proclaimed on March 6 and observed on April 4.

During the reign of Queen Anne, on account of the continuous wars, alternating forms of prayer of humiliation or thanksgiving were frequent. Fast days in connection with the wars were held on June 10, 1702; on Jan. 19 and on April 4, 1704; on Feb. 7, 1706; on April 9, 1707; on Jan. 14, 1708; on March 15, 1700; and on Jan. 16, 1712. The forms of prayer used on these occasions were almost identical.

In 1720 the south of France was visited with a fearful scourge of the plague. By the end of the year it had spread to other parts of Europe, and on Friday, Dec. 16, England was summoned to observe a general fast for averting of God's wrath from these isles. A year later the plague still raged on the continent, and another fast day was held on Dec. 8, 1721, for the like object.

On the declaration of war between France and England in 1744, 'A General Fast and Humiliation before Almighty God' was ordered for Wednesday, April 11. On April 30, 1745, England, under the Duke of Cumberland, was defeated at Fontenoy. This was followed by Prince Charles Edward landing in Scotland and proclaiming his father King. He reached Derby on Dec. 3, and on Wednesday, Dec 18 a general fast was held to 'implore God's blessings in overcoming the rebels.' A further fast day with an almost identical form of prayer was also ordered to be observed on Jan. 7, 1746.

The world was alarmed in November, 1755, by the earthquake in which Lisbon was the chief sufferer. By the end of the year the peace of Europe seemed threatened and England held Feb. 6, 1756, as a day of general fasting and humiliation for imploring a blessing on their fleets and armies and for humbling themselves before God in consequence of the late visitation of earthquake. The Seven Years' War broke out in the following June, and another day of humiliation was held on Feb. 11, 1757. Two more days of humiliation for the war were held on Feb. 16, 1759 and on March 14, 1760.

War broke out between England and her American colonies in April, 1775. The United States made their declaration of independence in July 1776. On Dec. 18, a general fast and humiliation was held in England. In this form of twenty-four pages, direct reference is made to the King's 'unhappy deluded subjects in America, now in open rebellion against His Crown,' and, in another place, to, 'our unhappy fellow-subjects in America.'

During the continuance of the struggle (which ended in October, 1781) three more fast days were held---namely, on Feb. 10, 1779, on Feb. 4, 1780 and Feb. 21, 1781. The form of 1776 served for all these, with but slight alterations.

In February, 1798, began the revolution ary war with France. It lasted till the peace of Amiens in March 1802. Days of fasting and humiliation were observed in connection with the war in 1798, 1799,

1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1800 and 1801.

The country was called upon in June, 1802, to join in a thanksgiving to God 'for putting an end to the late bloody, extended and expensive war;' but in the following year war broke out with Bonaparte, and on May 25, 1804, another official fast day was being held. Peace with France was not signed until April, 1814. On each of the intervening years (excepting, we believe, 1805) a fast day was appointed, the forms used being almost identical.

So far as we can ascertain, there now came a considerable gap in the use of these days of humiliation, chiefly, no doubt, through our being generally at peace. The cholera appeared at Sunderland in October 1832. On Wednesday, March 21, 1832, a general fast and humiliation was held to beseech God 'to remove from us that grievous disease.' The failure of the potato crop throughout Ireland, in 1846, brought dire distress. On March 24, 1847, a day of national humiliation was held.

In connection with the Russian war, two days of humiliation were appointed 'by her Majesty's special command'---namely, on Wednesday, April 26, 1854, and on Wednesday, March 21, 1855. It is noteworthy that in the form for 1854 all reference to fasting was omitted, and this for the first time since the days of Henry VIII. In the form of 1855, however, the omission was rectified, the day being described as one 'appointed by Proclamation' for a Solemn Fast Humiliation, and Prayer before Almighty God.' The Indian Mutiny led to the appointment of a day of national humiliation---namely, Wednesday Oct. 7, 1859; the same descriptive phraseology is used as was in the case of 1855.

It is well worth noting that every one of these days of national humiliation, covering upward of three centuries, was observed on either a Wednesday or a Friday, never once on a Sunday. The days of thanksgiving, on the contrary, were kept as a rule on Tuesdays or Thursdays, but occasionally, on Sundays.

Terrible Suffering From Asthma.

Mrs. J. Wethom, of Mount Forest, Ont., says: "For a number of years I have been a sufferer from Asthma, and during that time I have consulted many doctors on my case, and have used many of the so-called cures for Asthma," but never got relief. At times I have been so bad that I found it necessary to have all the doors and windows open to get my breath. I had given up in despair of ever being cured till I heard of your preparation---Catarrhazone. I have used it and am now perfectly cured---thanks to your wonderful medicine. I recommend it as a positively sure cure for Asthma." Catarrh-o-zone is a guaranteed cure for Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis. Sold by all druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c. in stamps by N. C. FOLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.

Judge---Do you accuse this man of taking your property?

Band Leader---Yah! He dake mine moosic roll ven I look away.

Judge---Took you by surprise, eh?

Band Leader---Yah! He steal a march on me.

THAT HACKING COUGH is a warn-not to be lightly treated. Fry's Peppermint cured with absolute certainty all recent coughs and colds. Take it in time. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

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.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

and muttered faintly as he rose back to the Man... "One to me!" passed close to church next day... "One to me!" eyebrows languid... "Not I. W... the way home... "No doubt... "What of th... "Nothing; I... know that y... She laughed... speak to some... He followed... her. The expres... actly please h... It spelt mis... was in the mo... making at las... There were... By tacit con... danced the fir... As they w... somebody b... warning that... dancing---Ser... of anything l... and voice--- "Do you rem... She nodded... to speak. The fascin... upon her; hi... feared he wa... "I wonder... ington Post... "If so, you... As she hes... "Shall I an... people's dan... opportunity... ship, don't y... "You dare... in fear, half... not related... "Except b... "Book I... listened to... "Don't be... we went to... that I have... wife. How... "Not at... than I do n... He shiver... For the fi... just possible... genuine. Hate and... not be the f... for the oth... For one... her inward... The mock... real as the... Had he v... He rem... ridden off... sorrier plig... If she had... for his well... way? While t... music stopp... herself. "Come... abruptly. "No than... you, but... He had... ond walk... word with... "I wonde... Eileen? "I prefer... leran, Lor... "I shall... you have f... to be cer... one. The... hatred gra... She fus... He had... given her... wondrous... hair as he... "I hate... to me imp... "Tant i... "How w... "Beskin... towards a... ther pow... yourself d... "Never... "We sh... Between... flirted ex... partners... Serge... his right... the com... Having... hatred, a... man's so... whence i... to deman...



The Itinerant Parsonage.

If any one had asked me, twenty years ago, to pick from all the young men of my acquaintance the one least likely to become a minister of the gospel, I should, without hesitation, have named Jackson Williams.

For Williams was a very plain youth, of a shrewd, practical turn of mind, sharp at a bargain and given to acquiring property. He was of that type of young man who eventually becomes wealthy in small village communities; he was afflicted, moreover, with a confirmed defect of speech, which in itself would seem a fatal obstacle to success as a clergyman.

At the age of twenty-two, 'Old Jack,' as we called him, married Rosella Cahill, whom we all knew as the brightest, quickest-witted girl in town, although not, perhaps, the most beautiful. In mind she was not a little like Jackson, but was more merry hearted and humorous. In discussing, at their wedding, their prospects in life, their friends were agreed that they were certain to prosper; or, as one expressed it, 'Nobody need worry about Jack and Rosy! Why, they will own the whole town by the time they are fifty!'

A few months later Jackson Williams attended a series of meetings, presided over by a great revivalist. He experienced a profound change in his convictions of duty, and determined to devote his life to the active promotion of the Christian religion. In the following autumn he began to study for the ministry at a Methodist conference seminary, and in due course entered on his labors as an itinerant minister of that denomination.

It was suspected that the young wife was much dissatisfied with their changed prospects; but if so, she refrained from expressing her feeling even to her intimate friends, and set herself faithfully to become a helpmeet to her husband in his chosen vocation.

The ideal, popular clergyman of the present generation appears to be a person of graceful, eloquent, emotional man. Jackson Williams was no such man. In the pulpit he was conservative and dry in all he said or advised, and his defect of speech helped his cautious words in making him appear lacking in zeal and eloquence.

The ideal minister's wife, too, seems to be an easy-going woman of a social, sympathetic nature, not much distressed about her house or home, but inclined to take life calmly and float with the tide. Rosy Williams was the reverse of that type. She longed for something permanent and stable in life, and lay awake nights, planning how she might save twenty-five dollars a year from her husband's meagre, uncertain salary. When their children, Dolly and Jackson, Jr., began to go to school, she became even more solicitous to shield them from the ill consequences of their itinerant life.

But late seemed against her. Jackson Williams rarely remained for more than a year on one 'circuit' or parish. The presiding elders of his conference had discovered his useful qualities, as well as his defects as a preacher. Wherever there was a church which was financially weak, or lacked a parsonage, or was in need of repairs or of reorganization, there they sent Jackson Williams.

In such a place his shrewdness, thrift and good hard sense came into play, with the result that often in a single year, always in two, the church was repaired or rebuilt, or a new parsonage erected, or the church committees reorganized and stimulated to activity, as the case called for. But as a consequence of the expenditures which he got his parishioners to make on the church, he usually left, to go to another similarly degenerate place, with but his small salary in arrears and his wife in despair. For there were numerous 'run down' churches in our state, and the presiding elders kept my poor friend going.

At Link's Mills, where the Williamses were stationed during the year 1898, the condition of affairs had, as usual, been bad. The old parsonage had burned in October, 1897; and after the fire it was discovered that, owing to the neglect of the church stewards, the insurance had been allowed to lapse months before.

Yet during that year Jackson Williams had contrived to get a snug little parsonage of five rooms built and paid for, at a cost of only five hundred dollars besides his own labor. On the other hand when he went to attend the annual conference at Lancaster, on April fourth, his salary was fully five hundred dollars in arrears.

Mrs. Williams stayed at home to care for her family, in some laudable hope that they would not be sent to another circuit, since they had but recently moved into the new parsonage. These hopes were short lived. On the evening of the seventh, a letter from Williams informed his wife that she must again pack their household goods.

enton!" cried the little girl. "I don't care I think it is too bad! I think this house belongs to us—or ought to!" Mrs. Williams thought so, too. Something of her girlish spirit suddenly revived, and it bore fruit that evening in an exploit which will not soon be forgotten in that part of the state.

The weather was still very cold. Snow lay on the ground, and the two feet or more of ice on the lake had not as yet broken up, or thawed perceptibly. Just across the lake from Link's Mills, a crew of loggers with their teams were 'browsing' spruce logs. At sunset they were not a little surprised to see the minister's wife approaching on the ice. Her errand was soon made known. She wished to hire them to draw the new parsonage to Marston, and she wanted to have the job done before six o'clock on the following morning!

The foreman of the crew laughed, and returned an evasive answer. Finding that the men could not be induced to attempt such a queer and doubtful job, merely for hire, Mrs. Williams then told the whole story, and appealed to them to help her through with her project. This appeal put a different complexion on the affair. It tickled the humor and no doubt, touched the hearts of the lumbermen.

"We'll do it, ma'am!" exclaimed the foreman, grinning broadly. "You get your crockery down off'n the shelves and your stovepipe cool. We'll be over by nine or ten, and fetch chains and skids and a couple of logs for 'shoes' to haul it on."

The Methodist church at Link's Mills stands a little apart from the village proper, and is separated from the rest of the place by a pine grove where there is a cemetery. The new parsonage stood a few rods beyond the church.

If passers along the road saw teams arriving there late in the evening, they paid little attention. Logger's teams often passed. The loggers worked quietly and quickly. Before eleven o'clock the little new parsonage, with the minister's wife, family and household goods still in it, started on its singular journey—first down to the lake shore, then out on the ice, and so onward to Marston, where the people were greatly astonished and mystified next morning to see it, set close to their weather-beaten meeting-house, and making it look like an old soldier who has suddenly married a very young wife!

Smoke was rising blithely from the chimney, and all curious inquirers at the door were met by Mrs. Williams in person, who cheerily informed them that she was their new minister's wife, and had brought her parsonage along with her!

The people of Marston could find no fault with such a windfall, but the people of Link's Mills were greatly agitated. A member of the church, a farmer, driving into the village with vegetables at morning, was the first to notice the absence of the parsonage.

"Wal I'll be planted and hood!" he gasped. "What's missin'?" "Brother Blodgett, d'you know our parsonage is gone?" he asked of the first person he met who chanced to be one of the church stewards.

"Gone?" was the surprised ejaculation. "Where could it go to?" "Dunno; but it ain't there, sartin'." The steward hastened to the church. Sure enough all trace of the parsonage had disappeared! With dashed faces, the two then went in quest of other brethren and told the strange news. Few would believe it until they had gone to view the vacant site for themselves.

A crowd gathered, wondered and searched. It was not until nearly noon that the facts became known. Many were very angry, and a meeting of the church members were held that evening to decide what should be done. Legal proceedings had gone abroad and the public generally applauded the exploit.

all parts of state and the land. The whole area occupied by it is about fifty acres, and there are nearly one hundred full grown specimens of the species. Twenty of them exceed twenty-five feet in diameter.

PAINS IN THE BACK

FREQUENTLY DUE TO SLUGGISH LIVER OR KIDNEY TROUBLES.

Mr. Frank Walters, of Exeter, tells of suffering and how Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him After Other Medicines Failed.

Mr. Frank Walters is a young man personally known to most of the residents of Exeter, where he has lived nearly all his life. Talking with the editor of the Advocate recently Mr. Walters said:—"In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the thousands of others that have been printed. For some months I suffered most severely from pains coursing up and down my back. It was thought that these pains were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause they frequently left me in terrible agony. The pains were not always confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result I got little rest, my appetite became impaired, and I fell off greatly in weight. I tried different remedies suggested by friends, which having no effect almost disgusted me with medicine. Then a personal friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded because I had about concluded that medicine would not relieve me, but he insisted and finally I decided to try them. I purchased one box at first, and to my astonishment before it was finished I was greatly relieved. Then I got a couple more boxes and these relieved me to my former good health. I do not hesitate recommending this medicine that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer tortures as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

An Early Breakfast

A hired girl who dreams about her work—not over it—should be a treasure. The Wrongs of Detroit have such an one. The Free Press says that the other morning at half past two Mrs. Wrong awakened her husband out of a sound sleep.

"Henry," she said, "Henry did you hear that?" "What?" asked the drowsy Henry. "There's someone in the dining room!" Henry sat up. Yes, there were doings in the dining room. Plates were rattling. But Henry was loath to investigate and suggested it might be rats.

"But it sounds like Maggie," said Mrs. Wrong. Henry laughed outright. "Well, you just go out and see! I commanded the wife. Henry understood that tone. He got up, lifting his feet high, and managed to reach the dining room door. He threw it open. A bright light burst out into the corridor.

"Agnes!" he called to his wife. "Agnes, look here!" Mrs. Wrong came to her husband, and they both stood in the dining room doorway and gaped. The table was laid. All the lights were lighted. They heard the sizzle of the coffee pot and the tea-kettle in the kitchen. Then the door into the culinary department was flung back, and into the dining room strode a wide-eyed, staring girl, with no expression on her face, bearing three dishes of oatmeal on a tray. When they had recovered from their amazement, Mrs. Wrong awoke Maggie, steered her back to bed, and locked her door.

Answering An Advertisement. An exchange offers a sample of great honesty in a business transaction. In a certain school the children are given widely varying exercises in the use of English. Sometimes they copy poetry for the black-board, or they write letters and answer advertisements.

fail to bring a smile to the face of the reader: To the memory of Ann Sophia and Julia Hattie, his two wives, this stone is erected by their grateful widower, James B. Rollins. They made home pleasant.

Man's Obiter Dictum. He: There are two periods in a man's life when he never understands a woman. 'Indeed, and when are they?' 'Before he is married and afterward.'

'We are now midway between England and America,' said the bluff skipper. 'Can't we get up a midway dance?' ventured the jester tourist.

When on the curb you waiting stand And see the cabman wave his hand, And pass you by, your rage in vain Is danger to his rickie chieftain.

Put when you're safely rid inside And some consider wags to ride, You smile and hear his pleading call And somehow do not care at all.

BORN.

Halifax, March 4, to Mrs. W. A. Robertson, a son Kingsport, Feb. 25, to the wife of J. D. Ellis, a son. St. Peters C. B. to Dr. and Mrs. Bishop, a daughter.

Halifax, Feb. 23, to the wife of Edward Stairs, a son. Halifax, Feb. 21, to the wife of William Parker, a son. Lunenburg, Feb. 19, to the wife of Joseph Lowe, a son.

Lunenburg, Feb. 22, wife of Frederick Venoit, a son. Shelburne, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Goldbe, a son. Halifax, Mar. 1, to the wife of Frank Etheridge, a son.

Springhill, Feb. 23, to the wife of David Price, a son. Dartmouth, Mar. 2, to the wife of W. Millard, a son. Truro, Mar. 1, to the wife of Walter Donkin, a daughter.

Salmon River, Mar. 1, to the wife of Daniel Cook, a daughter. Lunenburg, Feb. 24, to the wife of Aaron Hebb, a daughter. St. Peters, C. B. to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Calder, a daughter.

Hammond Plains, March 8, Richard Roche, 78; Ficton, Feb. 13, Mrs. Angus Cummings, aged 65. Wharton, Feb. 23, Joseph Bowden, 78, aged 64. Moydart, Feb. 17, Mrs. Isabel McDonald, aged 82. Yarmouth, Feb. 21, Herman C. Nicholson, aged 18. Halifax, March 7, Florence Elizabeth McDonald, 25. Fort Morden, Feb. 23, Mrs. John Ferguson, aged 78. Middle Musquodobiit, Feb. 23, Mary Jane Archibald.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Travel in Comfort - ON THE - Pacific Express. Lv. Halifax - 7.00 a.m. Mo Tu W Th Fr Sat. Lv. St. John - 4.10 p.m. Mo Tu W Th Fr Sat.

A TOURIST SLEEPER

On above train every Thursday from MONTREAL and runs to HALIFAX, without change. Double berth rates from Montreal to Winnipeg, \$4.00; to Medicine Hat, \$6.50; Calgary, \$8.50; Vancouver and Seattle \$8.00.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Feb. 6th, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lv. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p.m. Lv. Digby 12.45 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 2.20 p.m. Lv. Yarmouth 2.30 a.m., arr. Digby 11.45 a.m.

S.S. Prince George.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Train from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899 Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, 1 from the Furzer on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

VOL. XI

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