

When a Boy Enters

This school he is not given a text-book with a lot of definitions to learn, as in the old way, but he is put at once to doing business as it is done in the outside world.

The Currie Business University

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of the top-notch crook he will tell you how he longed for another such expedition. It will never be. There are too many detectives now.

A Stupid Sermon

The clergyman who narrates the following incident in the interior confessional, that despite his years and his experiences with all sorts and conditions of the feminine mind, it took his breath away. He was preaching about the Father's tender wisdom in caring for us all. He illustrated by saying that the Father knows which of us grows best in sunlight, and which of us must have shade.

'You know you plant roses in the sunshine,' he said, 'and heliotrope and geraniums, but if you want your fuchsias to grow they must be kept in a shady nook.'

After the sermon, which the clergyman hoped would be a comforting one, a woman came up to him, her face shining with pleasure that was evidently deep and true.

'O Doctor—, I am so grateful for that sermon,' she said, clasping the clergyman's hand and shaking it warmly.

His pleasure was stirred for a moment, while he wondered what tender place in her heart and life he had touched. Only for a moment, though.

'Yes,' she went on, fervently, 'I never knew before what was the matter with my fuchsias.'

Sharp Retort

Lord Erskine while at the bar was more noted for his eloquence as an advocate than for his ability as a lawyer. He was so fond of talking to himself, even in his speeches to juries, that he was nicknamed 'Counselor Ego.'

Commonest Surnames

A writer has compiled an interesting list of the fifty commonest surnames in England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston. Except in Ireland and Chicago, Smith is the commonest of all, but Smith is only second in Chicago, and fifth in land.

Unconscious Humor

Michael MacDonagh's Irish life and character contains some good 'bulls,' of which the best is this: 'A lady one day heard a knock at the door, and afterwards asked the servant what had called.

'It was a gentleman ma'am, looking for a wrong house,' replied Mary.

Showed Him

'You young scoundrel,' said the father, 'showing his disobedient son by the hair, show you how to treat your mother!' and he gave him several bangs on the head and then shook him until his hair began to fall out.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding 10 lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

The death occurred at the General Public Hospital last week of pneumonia of Mr. Alfred Beverly a member of the Edwin Maynard Company. Mr. Beverly was the comedian of the company and was ill before they reached St. John—much too ill in fact to appear in the performances, but he kept his place until Thursday evening in a performance of Two Fools Met; and a pathetic part of the whole affair was that while the audience applauded his funny scenes and thought him one of the best features of the production he was even at that time in a semi-delirious condition and after each of his scenes was obliged to have recourse to treatment which would enable him to go on with the next.

Stetson's Uncle Tom's Cabin Company have been occupying the Opera House stage the latter part of this week. They will give a matinee performance this afternoon and will close the engagement this evening. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week 'Sidetracked' will be the attraction at the theatre.

Ignace Paderewski is to return to America next Autumn, and Oct. 18 has already been selected as the date of his first recital. One result of his visit is likely to be the disappearance from the field of other pianists. When Paderewski is in America there is little demand to hear other players. He practically monopolizes the public interest in this style of music, and probably there will be few performers brave enough to attempt a rivalry with him.

Joseph Hofmann, it is Hofmann, indeed, who has taken Rubinstein's place there, although he has never won the same success in Germany. Paderewski's influence in the United States is felt almost as much when he is out of the country as when he is there, as nobody has been able to awaken the same interest since he appeared first, and the ordinary public which goes only to hear him among pianists waits for his return and is attracted to none of the other performers. The public's lack of interest in the majority of performers has been rather strikingly shown this year. One who is possibly the best known in this country recently announced a recital in a neighboring city to New York and subsequently abandoned it because the sale of seats was so small as to make it certain that the performance would be a failure.

None of the others has met with sufficient success this season to make it probable that any of them will be brought back next season. When the Polish pianist returned to Europe the last time he took with him \$20,000 as his profits from one tour. Less the amount left for the Paderewski fund. He received in London the highest pay ever given to any pianist. His fee for private appearance is 1,000 guineas. Some of his earnings in this country are said to have been lost lately in speculation, although part of the money went toward the purchase of the estate in Switzerland which he bought last summer. Paderewski's opera has not yet been produced. It was to have been given in Dresden last winter, but his Russian engagements were said to have kept him from directing the rehearsals and for that reason the work was postponed. It is said to be completed, and even alterations contemplated by the composer after the orchestral score was finished have now been made. His present

MINISTER TOLD HER TO USE CUTICURA FOR BABY'S HUMOR.

My little baby broke out with a skin disease. Our family doctor attended the baby continually, but did her no good. I also tried a specialist, but he only temporarily relieved her, and eczema covered the child's face and body completely. While the child's sufferings were most intense, the Rev. Mr. Brockbridge told me about CUTICURA. I commenced treating the child, with the result that our little daughter is now well of the disease. CUTICURA REMEDIES cured her. Sept. 12, '08. Mrs. E. B. BLYTHE, Dallas, Tex.

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Dear Friend—It is a duty and a pleasure for me to inform you that your box of postcards has completely cured me of general weakness and dyspepsia. Some time ago I read an advertisement in the paper about your treatment and I resolved to write to you, with the above result. To all women suffering from any of the ailments and weakesses peculiar to our sex I recommend your treatment. You are at liberty to publish this letter and use my name. Your sincere friend, MRS. NOEL TAYLOR.

MY BOOK AND ADVICE ARE ENTIRELY FREE. MRS. JULIA C. RICHARD, P. O. Box 996, MONTREAL.

ence in the United States next winter will doubtless compel another postponement of the performance, as the composer desires to have charge of the preparations.

Mlle. Calve must have been in consultation with her friend Mme. de Thebes before she ordered her tombstone, and it is fair to presume that Mme. de Thebes warned her that she might have need of the monument within a reasonable time. It is this clairvoyant who by her advice regulates most of Mlle. Calve's affairs by predicting dire and dreadful sufferings for the singer if she happens to disobey the occult warnings which the prophetess gives her.

This knowing woman recently got into trouble with the Paris police by her reckless habit of predicting death for distinguished persons, and she was warned that although she was at liberty to carry on her profession in private she must not interest herself too conspicuously in the affairs of the nation. She secluded herself for a while after that rebuke, but has remained in business as a Cassandra on a smaller scale, to judge by Mlle. Calve's recent order. The singer is in very bad health, despondent, and fearful that she will not recover from the troubles which have made her an invalid for more than a year. It is extremely improbable that she will return next year to America, although she is anxious to come and Mr. Grau is anxious to have her, as her presence would enable him to give greater variety to the repertoire. Mlle. Calve has proved one of the greatest attractions that the company ever contained, although that has not been her experience in all countries. Her great reputation is, for instance, confined almost exclusively to the States. In Paris and London she is popular, just as half a dozen other singers are, but only in New York is her career regarded as remarkable.

London cared nothing for her Marguerite last spring. Of her great popularity there is no question. Mr. Grau realized that when he accepted her terms for next winter. If she is able to return she will receive \$90,000 for sixty performances. She made those terms her ultimatum, and Mr. Grau acceded without discussion. The fee for every performance is not unprecedentedly large, but the like of it is rarely heard of for so a number of performances.

There is a report that Adelina Patti is to return next season to the United States and make a concert tour which shall positively be her last. One American impresario, who went abroad last summer, wanted to engage her for a tour during the past winter, but the negotiations came to nothing. It is regarded as extremely uncertain whether Mme. Patti would be able to repeat the great successes she at one time made in concert. The kind of concert tour which she used to give is out of the question nowadays for any singer. Mme. Melba tried it and so did Mme. Sembrich, and the result seemed to establish the fact that such forms of musical entertainment are no longer to be made successful. But Mme. Patti, whatever the state of her voice may be, is one of the best known persons in the world. Those who have never seen her would probably take advantage of the opportunity if she came, and her recent marriage would stimulate this part of the public's interest to hear her. Others would go to discover if she still sang as she did in the past. But Mme. Patti's last tour was less profitable than any that has preceded it.

Says the New York Sun: Maurice Grau frequently settles some of the inconvenient questions which arise at the Metropolitan by a facetiousness which serves the purpose better than anything else would. He is opposed to giving free tickets to the artists on the ground that if the houses are full, even with deadheads, he is asked to raise salaries the next year on the plea that the artists draw the public so strongly to the theatre. He is, therefore, compelled to refuse, or at all events does refuse,

"77" FOR COLDS

Where Tourists will find Dr. Humphreys' Specifics.

ENGLAND, 22 Mortimer St., London. FRANCE, 23 Rue Etienne Marcel, Paris. 4 Avenue Massena, Nice. 16 Place du Palais de Justice, Reims. BELGIUM, 68 Rue de la Montagne, Brussels. PORTUGAL, 114 Rua do Arsenal, Lisbon. 100 Praca D. Pedro Op. Rio. BRAZIL, 22 Rua Gonçalves Dias, Rio. A. SOUTHERN 446 (116 Florida, Buenos Ayres. CANADA 455 St. Paul St., Montreal, and in every City Town and Hamlet in the UNITED STATES and CANADA, and in MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA and the W. I. INDIES. "Cut this out and save for reference. Specific No. 36 Cures Coughs, Colds, etc. At druggists or sent by post for 50c and \$1.00. Dr. Humphreys' Mixture of all Diseases at your Druggist or Mailed Free. Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

George Woodward, the Archdeacon Wealthy, and, possibly, Mr. Mason will spend the summer abroad.

C. Leslie Allen has been engaged to play Archdeacon Wealthy in support of his daughter, Viola, in The Christian next season.

Willie Collier comes to the Park theatre, Boston, next month in his new comedy, 'Mr. Smooth.'

Virginia Etric has signed to continue for two more years in Augustin Daly's company.

The Dramatic Mirror says that Lillian Russell carries an \$80,000 life insurance policy in favor of her daughter.

Dan Daly has gone back to George W. Lederer and will appear at the New York Casino in a new comedy to follow 'Erminie.'

Ed. Sothern, changed his bill at the Hollis this week and gave Boston its first hearing of 'A Colonial Girl' a comedy of old New York.

Charles and Daniel Frohman have joined forces and next year the New York Lyceum theatre will be leased to the former and managed by the latter.

Annie Irish has succeeded Ida Conquest in 'Because She Loved Him So' in New York. Miss Conquest has sailed for London where she is to appear with Annie Russell.

Charles Frohman has acquired from Chas. Wyndham the control of the Criterion theatre, London, beginning next October. He will organize a stock company headed by Seymour Hicks.

A new actress, who promises to become famous, has appeared in Florence. She is a pupil of Signor Rasi, and her name is Maria Franchini. Her talent is of an unusual kind, peculiar to herself. Her master is one of her most enthusiastic admirers. The critics invited to the dress rehearsal to judge of her merits were first skeptical, but she made a good impression at once. Her diction is perfect, and there is nothing amateurish about her. If it were not for her extreme youth one might think her an old experienced artist. But she has what very few, old, experienced artists have—a style, personality, diction and action of her own, which no master could have taught her, except Genius. Her poses, also, are always harmonious, without pretension or exaggeration either of voice or movement.

She made her first appearance in Ferrari's Causes and Effects. In the first act she is a bright innocent girl, almost a child in years; then she is a bride, a mother and an unhappy wife. A woman's life, indeed, is portrayed in this play, and the young actress surprised all by her remarkable ease of diction and gesture, always moderate and temperate from beginning to end. She is first of all original, simple, natural, and very sympathetic.

It is wonderful that a girl so young should make one single bound from a school of education on one of the best stages in Italy, and be at once acclaimed a superior artist by one of the most severe publics in Italy, accustomed to judge the greatest artists of the day.

The Quincy, Ill., Whig printed on April 16 a long story setting forth its belief that the play, The Hon John Grigsby, which had just been presented in Quincy by Sol Smith Russell, was but the execution of an idea outlined two years ago to Mr. Russell by a reporter of the paper mentioned. Indeed, it was said that the reporter had even submitted the first act to Mr. Russell, but it had never been acknowledged.

To the New York Mirror—Charles Klein, author of The Hon. John Grigsby, said: 'The inference of plagiarism is absurd. Mr. Russell sent for me last Autumn. He needed a new play at once to fit a company already under engagement. We talked over the matter and he suggested a play based upon the early public life of Abraham Lincoln, believing this character especially adapted to his purposes. That was the extent of his suggestion. I developed the rest with no help from any source beyond a few historical facts found in Herndon's 'Life of Lincoln.'

'At any rate, the claim of the Illinois gentleman has pleased me very highly. I do not think that he would have claimed a failure.'

Looking up at "Gib."

Perhaps the favorite sight of Gibraltar is the daily procession at sundown for the looking of the town gates. The Keeper of the Keys, looking very like a prisoner despite his uniform, marches through the town in the centre of a military guard, preceded by a regimental band, which plays inspiring and familiar tunes. The keys, of enormous size, are born aloft before him as an outward and visible emblem of the vigilance of Britain in guarding her prime military treasure.

On arriving at the gates the guard salutes, the martial strains strike up with a redoubled pean of triumph, while, the

great doors slowly swing to, and are closed for the night. Then right-about turn, and the procession marches back to the convent to deposit the keys in the Governor's keeping, conveying by its passage an assurance to the people and garrison that they may rest in peace.

Once the gates are shut, it were easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for any unauthorized person to go into Gibraltar. Even a belated officer returning from pig-sticking beyond the lines would be confronted by so many formalities, and the necessity of communicating so many high personages, that he would probably prefer to encounter the discomforts of a Spanish inn without.

'It's a shame,' cried the young wife, 'not a thing in the house fit to eat. I'm going straight home to papa.'

'If you don't mind, dear,' said the husband, reaching for his hat, 'I'll go with you.'

If you finally do get up your nerve to turn over a new leaf you had better paste it down.

French, English and American Millinery.

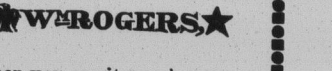


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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 13.

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

WOMAN AND THE LAW.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE is always an interesting writer even if one cannot agree with him in all he says. He has been thinking about the justice of executing a woman. There are three parties he says to the discussion.

One says the death penalty should be paid by women even more than by men murderers, because the former have done greater outrage to nature than the latter. A second party holds that executions should be abolished for both men and women. A third would save women because they are women, and chivalry and decency demands that we do no violence to one of the sex that are mothers.

Of the three, the last seems to the present writer the least justifiable. Men and women are equal before their Creator, and should be so before mankind. God's mercies are shown to women as to men; and His chastisements are visited upon the one as upon the other. Christ did not condemn the woman taken in sin; and He promised Heaven to the thief upon the cross. Death was the punishment alike to Ananias and Sapphira. Nowhere do we find any discrimination between the sexes in Holy Writ. To each is given a nature capable of choosing freely between good and evil. Sin stains the souls of both alike—neither more or less.

The chivalric idea had its beginning in the Middle Ages; it was based upon no spiritual or moral conception of woman, but solely upon the physical one. Her bodily strength was less than man's; this had, till then been held good reason for man's tyranny over her; but then it was said, indulge her because she is weak; do not crush her, for the very reason that you have the power to do so. Externally, the chivalric attitude toward woman was one of respect and reverence; internally, it was one of contempt and insult; for the slave it substituted the plaything. No cause more than chivalry has retarded the development of women. Because she was not the match for man physically the inference was drawn that she could not be his equal spiritually or mentally.

We have long outgrown any need for considering the physical aspect of the matter; and during this century women have aimed to prove that the spiritual and mental inequality is a myth. They are proving their ability to rival men in industry, and (if the laws will permit) in Government also. On what plea, then, shall they be freed from the penalties decreed for crime? Will any one maintain that because the average woman has not the muscular vigor of the average man, there the State shall refrain from inflicting upon any particular woman the penalty of death pronounced according to law? 'The human body is the temple of God,' but the woman's body is thereby not more sacred than the man's. The mother of Jesus was a woman; but Christ put away the mother part of Himself, and was incarnate God. The name of mother is reverend, but the name of father less so? It is contended that 'civilisation' forbids the indecency of executions of women. Does 'civilisation' imagine that it can gain credit by forbidding such executions, while it has not availed to prevent a woman from doing murder? 'Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also.' We are asked to excuse the spiritual outrage of murder, in order that we may not be forced to be so ungentle as to apply the electric shock to a person of the female sex! Surely this is the very nadir of mankindness.

For the same reasons that I think women

should be equilly with men amenable before the law, do I dissent from those who say that she should be more amenable. A woman's temptations tempt her as urgently as a man's do him; and her power to resist them is as great or little as his. The real question, then, seems to be, Shall capital punishment be altogether abolished? But that is a question of entirely different scope and quality; and though it might seem, at first, paradoxical to say so, it can never be settled by any man, or nation. A law to abolish may, indeed, be passed, and this or that community of people may for a time put it in force, but that would settle nothing. We shall continue to inflict the death penalty so long as we believe it to be the severest of penalties. In so believing we are at one with the murderer, who kills his victim because so to do is the last expression of his hate. But the murderer's real victim is his own soul. So long as there remains the desire to kill and the dread of dying, so long capital punishment will stay with us. Not by law, but by the purer religious faith and perception, can the death penalty be repealed.

A SPIRITED PROPOSAL.

A short time ago Chancellor HARRISON of the provincial university said that there was a prospect of one hundred new students seeking entrance to the University at the beginning of the next academic year. We hope that he based his statement upon good grounds for if it proves to be the truth an era of popularity and prosperity will truly dawn upon the old college.

But a sign more encouraging than this has been made this week by the undergraduates—or that portion of them who propose to graduate in 1900. They start out by offering to give \$500 toward a new building to be used in connection with college work and they ask the old graduates and the public to assist in raising the other nineteen twentieths of the amount. When college students manifest such an interest in their alma mater what should be expected of those who have gone forth from her halls and owe their success in life largely to the training they received there? There are plenty of "old grads" rich enough to give the whole amount necessary for such a building and not miss it. We have no MACDONALDS or STRATHCONAS among us in these maritime provinces, but our college is not a McGill and does not demand the same income to keep it doing good work. If the spirit shown by the under graduates in this matter is taken up by the graduates and the University authorities then we may expect to see the idea assume some practical and successful shape. Success to you, class of 1900.

THE WIDE TIRE LAW.

The owners of heavy hauling teams in the vicinity of St. John may escape complying with the wide tire law that came in force on the first of May but if the good Roads association is active—and we think it is—they can hardly do so. They have had eighteen months notice that the law would go into operation and can have no excuse for not making provision for the necessary changes in their wagons. We understand that there has been some surprise at the fact that the law was to go into effect but that can hardly be the case for the majority of the boss teamsters are men of sufficient intelligence to know that a law is made to be observed and not ignored. The efforts of the Good Roads Association helped to introduce and pass the measure and the officers of that excellent organization should do all they can to see that it is carried into effect promptly.

Business Education.

Broadly speaking, a business education is one that educates for business. Few people realize the amount of special training that is requisite to equip a young man or woman for entrance into business life. The Currie Business University of this city will send free to any address a beautiful catalogue giving valuable information relative to the above subject.

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Something to be Said For It.

'Talking about the White Man's Burden,' observed Aguinaldo, 'it does seem to handicap him somewhat in a foot race. And the eminent Filipino lit out for another address.'

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

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

How to Live a Century.

If for one hundred happy years You wish on earth to live; Although some limit there must be feared, Yet when they come have no sad fears, Take this advice I give. First: this to you I kindly tell, And bear it well in mind; As much as in you lies dwell In peace with all men true.

Keep next your word to all men true, The wise a ever such; Be not above what's fair to do; By every upright dealing true; Ambitious over much. Be satisfied though gain is small, Have no back bills to pay; Be lives the best you caneth all. Sufficient for the day.

Be clean of hand and heart and tongue, Of body and of soul; Respect good women old and young, Whose'er you mingle such among; Keep passion in control; Be not ashamed to own the name, Of God whom true men serve; Be one among them just the same, And a'er from duty averse.

Avoid the downward way of Cain, Leave not his first estate; Here covet no man's greater gain, The story of this world is vain; The love of truth is great, In patient doing well abide, Take what your genius will give; And lying all deceit aside; A century you will live.

—CYPRIUS GOLDIE.

Help That Comes too Late.

'Tis a weath'rous world, this world of ours, With its tangles small and great, Its weeds that smother the sprouting flowers; And its hapless strife with fate; And the darkest day of a desolate day, See the ship that comes too late.

Ah! I weep for the word that is never said, Till the ear is too deaf to hear, And I weep for the lack of the fainting hand, Of the clinging about the door; Ah! I weep for the lagging feet that tread In the mournful wake of the bier.

What booteth help when the heart is numb? What booteth a broken spar? Or when the lips are dumb And his bank d'f'reth far— Oh! I fear and just from the alien past Over the moaning bar.

A pitiful thing the gift to-day That is done and undone to-morrow, Though if it had come but yesterday It had brimmed with sweetest sorrow— A fading rose in a dew-drenched bed That perished in want and death!

Who fails would help in this world of ours, Where sorrowful steps must fall, But help in time to the waiting powers, For the hour is passed with the fall; Nor need we rue when the flags are furled And the dead beyond recall.

For a fitting rest in this weary world, With its tangles small and great, Its lone and night and its weary days, And its struggle for a while with fate, In the bitter end, but help for tears, Of the held that comes too late.

When Amy Went When Amy went to London, I mind me still the bells, The shouts and cries, and the martial eyes, Swift feet, and short farwells; Around us 'neath the station roof, With long trains rolling slow— When Amy went to London, One little year ago.

There were a dozen coaches— They say there was an earl Went rolling down to London town With our shy Devon girl; It was the latest time of year, When made and rose with gloom— And Amy went to London In June a year ago.

She's gone a'gain from Devon— But hushed were a l the bells, No shouting through her changing gown, Broke on our last farwells; A single sound was in the room, A weeping lone and low. When winsome Amy left us At dawn a week ago.

And still it's June, with roses At a o'm, and all the world Rolls up and down to London town On canaling journeys whirled; But that last evening's parting Has left us endless we, And Amy went to heaven A long, long time ago.

—W. H. Woods.

My Very Poetical Friend, Are you struck with his forehead so high? How strange you should happen to meet! To be sure his complexion is fair, And the—oh! Heavens, what rest! But still he's a genius, you know, And we must approve and commend Whatever he chooses to do— He's my very poetical friend!

How charming he looks—his dark hair Hangs on his shoulders so grand, And really an acre to a square inch, His smile is both pleasant and bland; His teeth, too, are even and white, They are false, some people pretend; But I cannot believe this is true— He's my very poetical friend!

He quotes from both Byron and Moore, And talks of the stars right above; When ladies are present he sighs, And acts like a fellow in love. He recites all the verses he writes, He recites all by other men penned; But then I suppose this is fish— He's my very poetical friend!

Kneeling at the Threshold, I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore, Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door— Waiting till the Master shall be me and come To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.

A weary path I've travelled, mid darkness storm and bearing many a burden, struggling for my life; But now the morn is breaking—my toil will soon be o'er; I'm kneeling on the threshold—my hand is on the door.

Methods I hear the voices of the blessed as 'they stand, Ringing in the squabbling of the far-off, unless land. Oh, would that I were with them, amid the shining throng, Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago; One by one they left me struggling with the foe; Their pilgrimage was short, a little triumph soon to win; How lovely they'll hail me when my toil is done! With them the blessed angels that knew no grief or sin, I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in. Oh Lord, I wait thy pleasure—thy time and way are best; I am weary, worn and weary; O, Father, bid me rest.

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

A NEW SUNDAY LAW.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.) of any steamboat, and the conductor or other person in charge of any train while used for the purpose of any such Sunday excursion, shall be liable to the penalties prescribed by section 6 of this Act for violation of this Act.

Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this act shall for each such offence, on conviction be liable to a penalty of not less than one dollar, and costs, and not exceeding twenty dollars and costs, in addition to any other penalty prescribed by law for the same act.

Nothing herein contained shall relieve employees or servants who violate the provisions of this Act from the penalties there-by imposed in the case of such violation.

HIS BRAVE ACT RECOGNISED.

Young Harrison who Saved Miss Aitken's Life Receives the Vellum. Many who read the brief paragraph stating the fact that S. K. Tilley Harrison had received the honorary vellum of the Royal Humane Society of England for bravery in saving a life, do not know the circumstances of the case. They are told by the Fredericton Herald in this way.

In the month of September last, Mr. Harrison distinguished himself at Newcastle, by saving the life of Miss A. A. Aitken, a daughter of Rev. Mr. Aitken of Newcast, and a sister of J. M. Aitken of the Merchants Bank staff of this city. The accident which came so near costing Miss Aitken her life, happened at 11 o'clock on the night of September 6th. The steamer Rustler, it appears, had just returned from an excursion on the Miramichi river, and had hauled into the wharf to allow her passengers to disembark. Miss Aitken, who was one of the number, had left the steamer and was standing near the edge of the wharf conversing with some friends.

Amidst the excitement and general confusion created by the excursionists in disembarking, Miss Aitken in the darkness unwittingly, stepped over the edge of the wharf into the water. Mr. Harrison who was standing some ten feet away took in the situation at a glance, and almost before the companions of the young lady had

given the alarm he had doffed his coat and plunged into the river after her. Being a strong swimmer, he was soon along side of the unfortunate young lady and catching hold of her with one hand, he was able to grasp a wharf timber with the other and hold on until help reached him. There was a strong current running at the time, which with the sanction caused by the steamer, would have carried the young lady beyond the reach of help in a very short time, and but for Mr. Harrison's bravery and presence of mind she would undoubtedly have found a watery grave.

Mr. Harrison's gallant conduct was recognized by the Canadian Humane Society of Hamilton, Ontario, who lately presented him with a handsome gold medal. Some few weeks after the incident occurred, Dr. Thomas Harrison, Chancellor of the University of New Brunswick, who is a relative of the young Miramichi hero brought the case to the notice of the Royal Humane Society of London, England. He received by return mail a communication from the secretary of the Society, enclosing blank forms, with a request that he have them filled out by the rescued young lady, the steamboat captain, and several eyewitnesses. Chancellor Harrison carried out his instructions, and forwarded the documents containing the necessary information to the society a few weeks ago, with the result that by the last mail, he received the following communication, which is self explanatory:

Sir,—Herewith I have the pleasure of transmitting to you for presentation to S. K. T. L. Harrison, the honorary Vellum of this society, which has been awarded him by the committee for his courage and humanity in having saved life on the 6th of September last. Please cause this reward to be presented in as public a manner as possible and acknowledge its receipt to me by return of post.

Yours faithfully, T. A. G. LAUGHTON, Secretary.

The young man for whom the above interesting and valuable document is intended, is at present on the staff of the Merchants' Bank at Summerside, P. E. I. His large circle of friends will be glad to learn that his heroic conduct has been recognized in such a fitting manner.

FISHING FOR A HUSBAND. "Eliza" Describes How To Angle Where the Season is Open All the Year.

Oh! the satisfaction of having succeeded. I angled for and have caught my fish, although it was not my first cast. Dear girls who are skill on tenter hooks, how I pity you! This fishing for a husband is a difficult matter,—the fish are so plentifully fed, the waters are so full of bait, that the fly must be an attractive one. What you want is infinite patience. Don't be cast down if he does not bite at the first throw, and don't expect to book a salmon. The greater majority of them are only small minnows, very small at that, yet we poor women think our particular fish is a whale. Now what a girl wants is good backing. First the mamma must throw out little hints as to what a good sensible girl my E. is,—how she can make a loaf of oak and really her bread is not too bad either, and really she is such a help in looking after Jack, mends his stockings so beautifully etc. etc., in fact she is such a domestic girl. All this can be said to his sisters, cousins or aunts, for it is well not to speak of E's perfections to his face, for he might get frightened and see the bait; then sister might tell how good, dear E. is, and how when she (sister) had the "grippe" E. took entire care of her, so that mother could rest. Then big brother could say that "our E. isn't half bad. Why the other night when I got home from the Hockey match, I tell you boys, the hot lemonade wasn't too bad. I tell you, our E's just the stuff." All this is a great help, but the disinterested married friend is just the thing. Make her the "go between" China is ahead of us there. This friend can make or mar. Don't have her too attractive, or the fish may nibble thinking she is throwing out bait herself. I lost a splendid fish once by asking a young attractive married friend to cast for me. Although she had landed a salmon herself the year before, the fascination of the sport was so great to her that my fish nibbled, got caught and landed in her net, and was thrown back in the water with a broken

Poor fish! ELIZA.

FOR ADDITIONAL NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress in sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres. MORROW & CO. Barrington street. CLIFFORD BARRON Cor. George & Granville Sts. CANADA NEWS CO. Railway Depot. J. R. FENELAY Brunswick street. J. W. ALLEN Dartmouth N. St. Queen's Bookstore 100 Hollis St. Mrs. DeFreitas 181 Brunswick St.

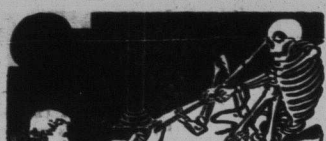
Dr. Edward Farrell and Dr. E. A. Kirkpatrick, left for Vienna, via New York, by the White Star steamer Britannic, leaving on the 10th; they expect to return about July 15. Dr. E. D. Farrell and Dr. F. Black attend to Dr. Farrell's practice. Senator Power is on a visit from Ottawa. Mr. S. Russell, M. P., arrived Saturday evening on Ottawa, to meet his wife and daughter, who rived by S. S. Beta from Bermuda, while here will discuss some matters with the Board of Trade in the interests of the port, and return to the capital by the end of the week. Dr. and Mrs. Carie of Halifax were staying a few days with Mr. James F. Robertson, St. John, on their way home from New York. The Montreal Herald says:—Mrs. Sterry Hunt, 256 University street, has taken her departure for Halifax, where she will spend the next three weeks. We regret to learn of the serious and critical illness of John C. Hopkins. For twenty five years he held a position in the mechanical department of the I. C. Railway, retiring about six years ago from active business. We extend our sympathy to the family. Major Gen. Cameron was a passenger by the Siberian from Liverpool. Mrs. Hay (wife of naval storekeeper Hay), H. R. Silver, Mrs. Primrose and children, Mrs. J. W. Longley, Miss Longley, Capt. Smith, H. N. R. and Miss Smith, Miss Ritchie, Mrs. E. Russell, master and Miss Russell and W. Taylor were passengers by the Beta, from West Indies. Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Dixon also returned by the Beta, and both in excellent health. Mr. Dixon's many friends will not only be glad to hear that he has recovered from his severe illness, but is stronger than ever.

ST STEPHEN AND GALLS.

Progress in sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. S. Wall, T. E. Atcheson and J. Vroom Co. In Calais at U. P. Treat's. MAY 10.—The ladies of the Travellers club were pleasantly entertained on Monday afternoon by Miss Joseph C. Rockwood. Mrs. Fredrick S. Newnham after a pleasant visit of a month with Mrs. O. S. Newnham at Christ Church Rectory left on Tuesday for her home in Casco, Nova Scotia. Miss Ethel Waterbury went to St. John on Monday and will spend a month in the city with her friend Miss Ella Payne. Miss Kate Washburn expects to spend the summer with friends at that fashionable summer resort Narranansett Pier. Mrs. Hazen Grammer has returned from St. John much improved in health and is cordially welcomed home again by her numerous friends. Mrs. T. A. Vaughan is spending a few weeks with her aunt Miss Grant. Mrs. DuVernet Jack who has been the guest of Mrs. W. D. McLaughlin has returned to Grand Manan. A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Willard L. Eaton, Miss Charlo to Young and Judge Wells of Moncton are at Camp Eaton Grand Lake Stream this week enjoying the fine fishing the lake affords. Mrs. Howard Grimmer of St. Andrews made a brief visit in town this week. Sheriff and Mrs. Longfellow have returned to their home in Machias. Mrs. Helen Hill left on Tuesday for Boston to remain several weeks. Miss Beatrice Vroom and Miss Gretchen Vroom rived from Boston on Friday. Mr. and Mrs. Percy Gillmor have returned to Calais and will spend the summer in the city with Mrs. Benjamin Kiley and Mrs. Walter Oak race. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Swan gave a delightful tea at their beautiful home on Thursday last for the pleasure of Judge Haskell of Bangor and Sheriff and Mrs. Longfellow of Machias, other guests were General and Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Conroy, Mrs. Holmes, and Mr. Edward Moore. Madame Lee one of the oldest and most esteemed and respected ladies in Calais died at her home on Tuesday morning at a painful illness of several weeks.

Mr. Charles E. Hayden of Newport visited friends in town on Tuesday. Mrs. A. E. Hill's handsome residence on Church avenue has been rented to Dr. Hollis who will occupy it immediately. Mrs. John F. Grant's family and friends welcomed her home from Vancouver B. C. on Thursday last. Mr. Nehemiah Marks one of our oldest and highest estimable citizens at 1 continues quite ill and confined to his rest. Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Pike are visiting Boston. Mrs. Edward Wood returned from a short visit in town on Saturday and is the guest of Mrs. Hazen nner. Mr. W. C. Goucher and children arrived on Saturday from Toronto, N. S., after a visit of a month. Mr. C. H. Newton and Miss Mary Newton have returned from an extended visit in Boston and vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Bayner and their children left for their home in Connecticut last week after a residence of several weeks in Millis. Mrs. W. C. Benson enters the No Name club on Monday evening. Mr. F. L. Cooper of Fredericton was in town during the past week. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur McKenna of Dover, Victoria B. C., are in town guests of Mr. and Mrs. James McKenna. Miss Grace McLaughlin of Machias was the guest recently of Mrs. Clarence Trimble.

TO CURE A COLED IN ONE DAY. The Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 36c



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

Many a hardworking man and woman in each day's toil, is pulling a "tug of war" with death for an antagonist. They fail to take proper care of their health. When they suffer from indigestion or a slight bilious attack they "wear it out."

After a while these disorders wear out the reckless man or woman and the result is consumption, malaria, rheumatism, or some blood or skin disease. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser tells all about these diseases. It is free to all. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all the maladies named. It cures the cause. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active and the blood pure. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve tonic. Don't let a druggist impose on you with a more profitable substitute.

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

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

Mrs. Alfred Saunders has returned home after an absence of several weeks visiting in different cities in Massachusetts. Mrs. S. H. Blair has arrived early in Jersey city New Jersey, where she will spend a month. Mrs. William Granger of Roxbury Mass. is the guest of Miss Alice Pike. Dr. Frank E. Eaton and family are occupying their new home on Main street in Calais. Mrs. Waterbury and her son W. Waterbury are residing with Miss DeVor. Mr. C. N. Vroom returned from Grand Manan on Saturday. Mrs. Harry Mowatt of Vancouver, B. C., is expected here at an early date to remain during the summer months.

FREDERICTON.

Progress in sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne. MAY 12.—Everything in society circles is exceedingly quiet at present but we are anticipating much pleasure in the gay doings on the topics for the near future. The Choral society concert is the first, and is billed for the 18th and is being eagerly looked forward to by our musical circles. We are to have some very pretty weddings come in in the last week of June. The college boys are planning a conversation for the near future. Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Fenety and Miss Fenety are being welcomed back to Linden Hall, as a pleasant stay of a couple of months in the United States during which time they went as far south as Washington. Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Jones and Miss Sadler of St. John are guests in the city. Miss Leila Tabor has returned home after a visit of three months spent with her brother Mr. Geo. Tabor in Boston. Judge and Mrs. Steadman have returned from Florida and will spend the summer with friends here. Judge Steadman's many friends will be pleased to know that he is much improved in health. Mrs. Carpenter with child and maid arrived today from the west and with Capt. Carpenter are making their home at the "Queen's."

Mr. J. F. McMurray returned on Monday from Montreal where Mrs. McMurray will remain a few weeks longer. Mr. E. Byron Winslow and son Master Eddie are spending a few days in St. John. Miss Florrie Whitehead is still visiting with friends in Boston. Mrs. A. G. Blain, accompanied by her sisters, the Misses Thompson left yesterday for Ottawa. Among the little strangers who have recently arrived in the city was a baby daughter to Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Randolph on May 8, and on the 8th, another little lady came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. R. MacDonald. Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Palmer are visiting Mrs. Palmer's parents Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Tilley at Woodstock. Rev. J. A. McLean, of Harvey visited the city this week. Mr. J. McKinnon returned home today after a pleasant visit of four weeks spent with relatives in Hampton. Mr. Stephen Moore and his daughter Miss Moore from St. John's-Avon have arrived in the city and will be warmly welcomed as permanent residents. Mr. H. B. Rainold has moved with his family to the old homestead at Kingsclear. Mr. Hugh G. Nealis and sister Miss Nealis left to-day for Newcastle. After a short visit there, Miss Nealis and her sister Mrs. Adams, will leave for Boston where they will permanently reside. Mr. Chas. Gillespie, of St. John is a guest at the Queen. Mr. Gregory McPeck left to-day for Antin, B. C., followed by the best wish of a host of friends for his future success. CRICKET.

ANAGANNE.

MAY 10.—Messrs. Rupert D. Hanson and Clifford Price, Pettitcodic, spent Sunday on "Apple Hill." Miss Emma Boyle reached home a few days ago after a sojourn of several months with her sister, Mrs. S. H. Miller, in South Berwick, Maine. Mrs. Davidson returned home Thursday evening after a very pleasant visit with friends in St. John, Apobiqui, and a sex. Mr. Irvine E. Murray of Penobscot was in town on Wednesday. Mr. Gilbert Davidson of St. John arrived in town Monday to spend a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Davidson at the station. Mr. George Holmes of Pettitcodic has been ad-

mitted to the I. C. R. office, here, to study telegraphy. Mr. Allison A. Jones who so successfully passed his examinations a few weeks ago has received a position as a telegraph operator in the I. C. R. office, entering upon his duties at St. John's Station. Miss Florence Black arrived home by Monday's evening train from the "Narrowes Queens's County where she had been hastily summoned to the bedside of a sister, Mrs. Gill of Thorne, who had been fatally burned on the previous Saturday. The full sympathy of the community is with Miss Black and family in this sore hour of bereavement. Miss Black resumed teaching on Thursday. Rev. Joseph F. Corcoran, Pettitcodic, spent Sunday in town with Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Davidson and occupied the pulpit in the Methodist Church in the evening preaching very acceptably to a large concourse of people. Mosquitoes.

ST. GEORGE.

MAY 10.—A bicycle club has been formed in town with Mr. V. V. V. as president and Miss Bessie O'Brien secretary. The club meet every two weeks at the home of the different members. A committee of arrangement is appointed at each meeting. The remains of the late Mr. George Baldwin were brought to St. George for interment on Thursday of last week a short service was held at the grave conducted by Rev. B. E. Smith. Mr. Baldwin's death took place in Calais six weeks ago. The remains were entombed awaiting the arrival of his daughter Miss Sara Baldwin from Florida. Mr. Alex Taylor who has been wintering in Colorado has returned home much improved in health. Mr. James O'Brien M. F. P. and Mrs. O'Brien have returned from Fredericton. Dr. Taylor spent a short time in St. John last week. Friday being Ash Wednesday the school grounds were cleaned up and a number of trees planted. Mrs. T. B. Lavers who has been spending a week very pleasantly at the parsonage returned to her home in St. John on Saturday. Miss Elsie McVicar has taken a school at rolling Dam for the remainder of the term. Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Letney of Digby spent a few days in town last week. Mrs. John Dick who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. R. Knox in St. John is expected home this week. Miss Sarah Baldwin returned to Calais on Saturday. Max.

SHELBURNE.

MAY 10.—Capt. Kent of Grand Manan is in town. Harry Cousins of Digby is in town a guest of C. King. Miss Allen Bower has returned from a visit to Bridgewater. Lew Johnson of Halifax was in town Saturday. Mrs. Frank Eaton and family are occupying their new home on Main street in Calais. Frank Freeman of Halifax is a guest of his sister Mrs. C. S. Taylor. John Varney of Pabaco spent Sunday in town. Joseph Lloyd of Bridgetown was in town this week. Messrs. Chas. and Harry Cox of Boston are in town the guests of Geo. A. Cox. Alfred Hood of Boston is a guest of his brother Arthur Hood. J. Harry Addeley who has been spending a few weeks in town left on Saturday for Halifax. Mrs. John Cox of Shelburne is visiting friends in Lockport. Mrs. John Hogg of Barrington is spending a few weeks in town. Concl.

TRURO.

Progress in sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, of Truro and at Crow's. MAY 10.—Senator and Miss McKay, are expected home from Ottawa the last of the week. Miss Dorothy Leckie is spending a few days this week with her relatives at Acadia Mines. Mr. Hill-Catherine, London, Eng., who has been a guest at the "Leamington" during the past week or two, entertained a party to dinner, last night, which was inclusive, among others of Dr. and Mrs. McKay, Miss Sutherland, Rev. Father Kinella and Mr. F. C. J. Swainson. Mrs. H. W. Yellie, is visiting relatives in Pictou Co., this week. Miss Leckie and her youngest sister Miss Dorothy Leckie, leave the 11th of the week, for the old country and the continent, where they will make a prolonged stay. Pae.

GREENWICH.

MAY 9.—The funeral of the late Mrs. N. L. Peatman took place Monday at St. Paul's church. The sermon was preached by the Rev. H. A. Cody, who took for his text part of the 20th verse of the 28 chapter of Matthew and preached a touching and eloquent sermon. The services at the grave were conducted by the Rev. D. W. Pickett. The choir sang "Jesus Lover of my soul." The great number of people who attended the funeral testified to the love and esteem in which the deceased was held by all. A number of beautiful floral offerings also spoke of love and respect. A wreath of cream roses and hyacinths from Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Schmidt; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Peatman and Mrs. McCleery bouquet of cream and pink roses and cilia lilies and smilax Mr. and Mrs. Van Wart, bouquet of cream and pink roses, and cut flowers from Mrs. M. Lee, and others. Mr. and Mrs. Vanwart were here to attend Mrs. Peatman's funeral. Mrs. Albert McCleery and Messrs. Oakley, Herbert and Levery McCleery were also here to attend the funeral. Mr. Harold Cimo who has purchased a residence here, has been here making preparations for moving his family and returned to St. John this week. Master Harold Price and sister Miss Marion are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod. Mr. J. Campbell spent Sunday with friends here. Miss Helen Pickett's friend is well glad to learn that she is recovering from the accident which took place in the winter, she is still in the Newport hospital with her sister Miss Pickett as a room at the hospital.

WHAT EXPERT SHOTS CAN DO.

Extraordinary Feats of Marksmanship Performed with the Rifle and Pistol. A very great deal of attention has been paid of recent years to exhibition revolver and rifle shooting, and the favor with which really experts shoot meet has greatly increased the numbers of extraordinary feats which can now be performed with revolver and rifle. Colonel Cody, the famous American scout, better known as "Buffalo Bill," was one of the best shots ever seen in this country, although exhibition marksmanship has greatly improved since Colonel Cody last visited England. One of his most wonderful feats was not generally performed in public for the reason that his failure or success could not be discerned at any great distance. It consisted in driving into a white board five short, flat-headed shots with five successive shots, from a distance

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We are in touch with the leading manufacturers of the world and buying in large quantities enables us through the Press, to supply the people of Canada with a very extensive assortment of Wallpapers at minimum prices. THE POST CARD. In writing your card mention Limit price. Colors wanted. Rooms to be papered. Size of Rooms. G. A. HOLLAND & SON. Established 66 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store. 2411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL. P. S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for G. J. & G. G. Potter, Darzen, England.

just short enough to allow of the ticks to be accurately sighted. So great was Colonel Cody's skill with the light rifle he used for this feat, that given a favorable light he could generally perform it six or seven times without a miss. Not only was Colonel Cody's aim marvellously accurate but it was extraordinarily quick. Given a repeater, he would stand or sit his famous white horse and break five clay pigeons' sent up simultaneously before they had time to get more than a couple of feet on the fall course. But Mr. Bordenberry, a freeman, who recently came to this country to show us what a rifle could be made to do, would probably give Colonel Cody, point and an easy beating. His accuracy and rapidity of aim are simply astonishing. At a distance of 500 ft. he can cut a piece of card board through the edge, as it is poised upon the head of an assistant. At a similar distance, leaning himself flat on his back over the seat of a chair, with a pistol in his hand, he can send spinning a three-penny-piece which rests half hidden, upon his assistant's head. He will knock the ash off your cigar at a distance of 500 ft. or light your wax-candle for you, if you care to hold it. At ten yards he can cut a swigging thread, and at the same distance with three successive shots he will pick off three small tin lids balanced one upon the other upon the head of his assistant. And to demonstrate his rapid sight, he will hit eleven distinct bull-eyes in seven seconds. A very effective feat Mr. Stephens performs privately consists of standing six lighted candles upon a bench, retreating about 40 ft., and putting out one candle after another with the contents of his six-chambered revolver. On one occasion the same gentleman, standing under a cherry tree with a revolver in each hand, cut the stems out of eight cherries in eleven seconds. Of the two unsuccessful shots fired, on only one occasion the cherry was aimed at and the other was lost in a tree. But the feat was a very wonderful one, especially for an amateur shot. Bull-eye writing is common among crack shots. Annie Oakley, whom Colonel Cody brought with him to England, was exceptionally clever at it. She would stand a few paces from a target and perform the outer rim which shot so neatly that her name would appear quite distinctly designed by a series of clear cut holes. On one occasion when Annie Oakley was practicing at a target she sent a shot right through the hole she had thus made. Shouldering her rifle she fired four shots with great deliberation, and it was found that three of these must have actually passed through the hole, slightly enlarging it, and the fourth had gone the eighth of an inch off the mark. Five successive shots hit within an area of half a square inch of the bull-eye was certainly a very creditable performance.

An Immense Cemetery—At Rockwood, Australia, is the largest cemetery in the world. It covers 2,000 acres. Only a plot of 200 acres has been used thus far, in which 100,000 persons of all nations all times have been buried. The British Museum contains a very full collection of clay pipes, dating back as far as the sixteenth century. The custom of making the pipe-rod, to prevent it sticking to the lips, was introduced about the year 1700.

To Cure BRONCHITIS. Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE Internally and 'SUN' LINIMENT externally. EACH 25c. PER BOTTLE. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., Montreal.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings. ROBERT LEWIS STEPHENSON'S "LETTERS" (never before published) edited by FRANK COLVER. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS: Stories and special articles. RUDYARD KIPLING—HENRY VAN DYKE—WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE and many others: Short stories. GEORGE W. CABLE'S NEW SERIAL story of N. W. Orleans, "The Baton Rouge" illustrated by Herter. SENATOR HOAR'S Reminiscences—Illustrated. MRS. JOHN DREW'S stage Reminiscences—Illustrated. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS'S new collection of stories, "The Characters of Aunt Misery" etc. Q'S SHORT SERIAL, "A Ship of Stars" ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Cosmopolitan—1898-1899. SIDNEY LANIER'S Musical Impressions. C. D. GIBSON'S The Seven Ages of America: Women—and other notable Art Features by other artists. THE FULL, ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Has special virtue in healing diseased Lungs & restoring flesh and strength to those reduced by wasting disease. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists.

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon.

Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henney Eggs. Lard in casks and tins. A few weeks service 17, who got dead man, device known was resorted covered. Told into relationship family final chestnut oak reminder of the war, and and changes. Near this urban road interested in bought a fine told his wife oak tree and now living in it beyond it that their own down from that in that part understood, something of crushed violet Rose, was sailing of such

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street. BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Age 1 Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE. Bouteche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bouteche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S "THE ROUGH RIDERS" (Illustrated serial), and all his other war writings.

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PUTTNER'S MULLSION

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

Always get PUTTNER'S the original and best.

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Dunn's Ham, Dunn's Bacon.

Just received-Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Hops Feet and Spare Ribs, Pickled Hops, Sausage, Bologna and Henery Eggs, Lard in Cakes and Tins.

F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

BOURBON.

ON HAND Bbls. Age 1 Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Stouche Bar Oysters.

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

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND, AND 164, 166 AND 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. Household Linens. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

Explanation of a Former Slave of the Tragical Death of her old Master. Near the terminus of one of the Washington lines on the Tenallytown road is a huge chestnut oak tree, which away back in slavery days just before the civil war became very famous. At that time it was on the property of a landowner named Claggett, the owner of many slaves, to whom he was at times most brutal.

only wanted to do him some great harm, but I ain't sorry he's dead. Rose, she went on, 'that man was your father.' 'Well, sir, I didn't want to hear any more. After that, I knew I never could stay in that family, and two nights after I made my escape. After a while, I went to New York, and there I've lived ever since. I never thought to come back to this part of the country, but when you asked me to I did it, and supposed all that old story was long ago forgotten. My old mother soon after I ran away, I heard, so I never took any more interest in the place. It's funny you should have asked me about that tree first thing, and I'm glad to tell all the truth I know about it now.'

over to have heard of it. A few evenings later, however, Rose came to the library door after dinner and said she would like to speak to the gentleman and his wife. She seemed embarrassed but they questioned her kindly and she finally said: 'I've got a confession to make, sir, or maybe it's more what you'd call a statement. When you asked me last week if I knew anything about the story that a man and horse had been killed by running against a chestnut oak tree, years and years ago, out here in Montgomery county, I told you no, I'd never heard of it. That wasn't the truth I did know all about it, but for the minute I dreaded to acknowledge it and bring the matter fresh to my mind, after all this time, and now that I'm an old woman. I was born a slave, as you must know, sir. I belonged to the man that was killed I had been brought up as a house servant, and as my mistress was a good woman and kind to every one I had but little cause for complaint. Master was a heavy drinker and I think cruel by nature. When he was deep in his cups he would for the slightest cause tie some unfortunate man or woman to a tree in the back yard with a cord that at times cut through the skin at the wrists and kept them there for hours at a time. When he passed them or thought of them he would give them some slaps with his whip that cut sharply and would lay open the skin and start the blood.

Baby... KNOWS A GOOD THING WHEN HE SEES IT. BABY'S OWN SOAP. MADE BY THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.

Printing! Do you need any, or are you satisfied with what you already have? Our printing is always satisfactory-what we do, we do well-we give good paper, good ink, good presswork and strive to have it suitable to your particular business and we give good measure too, no matter what printing you need. See us first.

PROGRESS JOB PRINT. We will send you estimates and samples.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B. W.M. CLARK, Proprietor.

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Spring Lamb and Mutton. Kingston Kings Co., N. B. Veal. Cumberland Co., N. S. Beef. Turkeys, Fowls and Geese. Ham, Bacon and Lard. Lettuce, Radish, and all Vegetables.

THOS. DEAN, City Market. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

The "Letchinsky" Method; also "Synthe System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. WHITLOCK.

HOW THEY ARE FASHIONED.

The Making of "Car Wheels" as Witnessed by a "St. John Boy" in Allegheny.

To those who ride but seldom on railway trains at high speed the uppermost thought usually is "if anything should break." The remarkable record made in efficiency of car wheels and axles is the result of a fraction of the habitual traveler if he ever thinks about the matter at all.

The flange of a car wheel 1 1/4 inches thick by 1 1/8 inch deep is seemingly such an insignificant thing that the timid novice may well be pardoned for hesitating to stake his life upon anybody's assurance of its perfect soundness and safety, as a small piece broken out of this flange would very likely ditch the fastest express train even more quickly than the slowest freight.

But it is in the care of wheel treads and flanges, that the most conscientious work is done, and very severe and painstaking inspection by the inspector is required for the safety of life and property. The wheels are attached to the axles under a pressure ranging from 40 to 60 tons and averaging 50 tons, and the flanges and treads when not of steel are "chilled" and thereby made even harder than steel.

On Monday last the writer witnessed the operation of casting car wheels at the works of the Pennsylvania Car Wheel Co., in Allegheny. The actual time consumed in casting a wheel, and at the same time "chilling" the tread and flange, does not exceed 15 seconds.

The molten metal is poured into a "flask" and striking the cold iron at the flask suddenly combines the carbon in the rim of the wheel turning the wearing portion white and making it harder than steel.

As soon as the casting becomes hard enough to move it is lifted by means of electric cranes and placed in brick lined air tight annealing pits where they are allowed to cool for five days.

It is rather surprising to be told that 90 per cent of wheels in service in Canada and United States are made of cast iron. Wrought iron is used in steel tired wheels whose employment is limited to locomotive and passenger car service.

Cast steel wheels have thus far not proved to be a success. The only successful steel wheels (so called) are those with steel tires having cast or wrought iron in the centre after the wheels are taken out of the annealing pit they are tested for any flaws or imperfections.

The wheel is placed flange downward on an iron plate supported by masonry and is then struck centrally on the hub by a drop hammer weighing 140 pounds falling from a height of 12 feet.

The ordinary 33 inch cast iron wheel weighs from 550 to 650 pounds.

The passenger coaches the standard is getting to be the 36 inch wheel weighing 750 pounds. W. H. WILLIS.

A Plead at Court.

A favorite model of a well known R. A. added to this profession the more prosaic one of pig-dealer. As his object was that of fattening his pigs for market, a great deal of food was necessary for them, and when he was sitting to the great painter and bemoaning the great difficulty of getting sufficient "wash" for his pigs, a bright idea seemed to strike him, and he said to his employer—

"They tell me, sir, as you know the Queen."

"Know the Queen? Of course I do. Everybody knows the Queen," said the R. A.

"Ah, but," said the model, "to speak to you know, sir, comfortable."

"Well, I have had the honor of speaking to her Majesty. Why do you ask?"

"Well, sir, you see there must be such lots of pig-wash from Buckingham Palace, and those sort of places, most likely thrown away, and my missus and me thinks that if you was just to tip a word or two to the Queen—which is a real kind lady, one and

ASTHMA PERMANENTLY CURED.

A Well-Known Canadian Notary Public Suffered for 35 Years—Permanently Cured by Clarke's Kola Compound.

R. D. Pitt, Esq., Kamloops, writes: "I had suffered for at least 35 years from the great oppressive nature of asthma and shortness of breath. I had during these years consulted many physicians and tried all the remedies, until the doctor told me I might get temporary relief, but I would always be troubled. I tried Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound, and after taking the first bottle I became greatly relieved, and three bottles have completely cured me. I can now breathe as natural as ever, and asthma does not trouble me in the least. I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the marvellous effect this remedy has had in my case, and would urge all suffering from this disease to try Clarke's Kola Compound, as only those who have suffered all these years as I have can appreciate what a blessing this remedy must prove to sufferers from asthma." Three bottles of Clarke's Kola Compound are guaranteed to cure. A free sample will be sent to any person troubled with asthma. Address The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto, and Vancouver, B. C., sole Canadian agents. Sold by all druggists. When writing for sample mention this paper.

Clarke's Kola Compound is the only permanent cure for asthma; it is now necessarily used throughout the leading hospitals in England and Canada.

Well Made and Makes Well

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared by experienced pharmacists of today, who have brought to the production of this great medicine the best results of medical research. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a modern medicine, containing just those vegetable ingredients which were seemingly intended by Nature herself for the alleviation of human ills. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach and digestive organs and creates an appetite; it absolutely cures all scrofula eruptions, boils, pimples, sores, salt rheum, and every form of skin disease; cures liver complaint, kidney troubles, strengthens and builds up the nervous system. It entirely overcomes that tired feeling, giving strength and energy in place of weakness and languor. It wards off malaria, typhoid fever, and by purifying the blood it keeps the whole system healthy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 50c.

all says—she would give her orders, and I could fetch the wash away every week with my barrow.

It is nowhere recorded, however, that the painter performed that trifling service for the enterprising pig-dealer.

GUTTA PERCHA FAMINE IN SIGHT.

The Cable to the Philippines may Exhaust the World's Available Supply.

The complexity of our civilization is exhibited in nothing more clearly than the disturbance that may be caused by the interruption of the traffic in some material from distant and perhaps barbarous lands. As shown by tea and coffee, things that are curious or great luxuries to one generation become necessities to the next, and when this latter stage is reached the failure of the supply becomes a public calamity.

Such a calamity is impending in the falling of the production of gutta percha. This material enters very largely into electrical construction, as its insulating properties make it invaluable in the manufacture of cables and its wide limit of elasticity diminishes the danger of breaking. Nothing that has yet been discovered is capable of replacing it. It is also used for many purposes of India rubber, and is an article of prime importance.

Gutta percha is a gum derived from several species of sapotace, found in the Far East. The trees are of slow growth, but may attain great size. A good tree will measure thirty or forty feet in height and have a trunk from one and a half to three in circumference. Such a tree will yield two or three pounds of gum, but trees are known that have a girth of twenty feet at a distance of fourteen feet above the base and rise from 100 to 140 feet to the first branches. The wood is soft and spongy in texture, and is marked by longitudinal black lines that show the channels occupied by the gum. The precise tree that supplies the gum has not been determined, and the natives name indicate anything there must be about thirty varieties, but it is likely that many of these names are synonymous. Its geographical range is limited to about 6 latitude north and south and between 100th and 120th meridians of east longitude. Outside of this area it has not been made to thrive.

The native mode of extraction is very wasteful. The selected tree is felled and the branches lopped off as quickly as possible to prevent the sap running into the twigs and leaves. The juice slowly runs out, changing color as it does so, and then the wood is pounded with heavy mallets to press out all the gum. From this it may be seen that a tree is destroyed by each operation, and, as about thirty years is needed to replace it, the forests are rapidly depleted.

The juice is collected in suitable vessels, where it grows very dark and finally coagulates. It water gets mixed with it, the gum is lighter in color and becomes stringy, but after boiling seems to be as good as ever. In this first coagulated state it is known as raw gum and is sometimes kept for months before the next step, the boiling. The lumps of gum are put into kettles with either plain water or, in some cases, lime juice or coconut oil, and boiled vigorously. It is said that the lime juice makes a firmer and more homogeneous product. After coming to the factory the crude gutta percha is passed into a masticator that tears it into shreds. These are heated to the melting point and poured into sheets or cast into the desired form.

Submarine telegraphic cables use a large portion of the gutta percha of the world. The cables consist of a core of copper wire covered by layers of gum. The wire is first coated with 'Chatterton's compound,' a mixture of gutta percha, resin and Stockholm tar, and is then run through

a cylinder of warm gutta percha. As the wire is drawn through, a piston presses the gum from behind and it adheres as a thin coating to the wire. A coat of Chatterton's compound is laid over this first layer, and the process is repeated until the insulation reaches the desired thickness.

Gutta Percha is the product of a wild tree of the jungle and is liable to many dangers. When an enterprising Malay or Chinaman wishes to clear a bit of ground he sets the jungle on fire and destroys many gutta percha trees. Storms and natural enemies aid in diminishing their numbers, and no steps have been taken toward restoring them. Culture might be tried in Borneo, Sumatra, Java, the Celebes and the Malay peninsula as these lie within the geographical limits, and it should be begun at once. The supply fails to meet the present demand, and it is thought that if the proposed Pacific cable be constructed it will be the last—at least for many years.

Fully thirty years will be required for an orchard of gutta percha trees to become productive. Great Britain and Holland should give attention to this serious menace and United States government might make experiments with these trees in some of the Philippine Islands.

Why she Went Into Mourning.

He had asked her to be 'his,' and she had made up her mind that she had 'worked out' long enough, anyway. So she accepted him. She was perfectly satisfied with her place, but she wanted to have a house of her own. So they were married.

It wasn't long afterwards that she came back to see her former mistress about something, and the latter noticed that she was wearing mourning. Of course she was sorry for her, and was rather surprised that she made no mention of her bereavement. It is indeed a grievous thing when when a honeymoon is cut short.

Finally the former mistress brought up the subject herself.

'You are in mourning, Maggie?' she suggested.

'Yes,' replied Maggie, complacently, and with no show of feeling at all, 'I thought it was the least I could do for 'im.'

'It is showing no more than proper respect, of course. I am very sorry. It must have been a great shock.'

'Great shock!' exclaimed Maggie, in surprise. Then, as she grasped the idea, she went on, 'Oh, he ain't dead,' with the accent on 'he.'

'You haven't lost your husband?' Maggie shook her head.

'Then why are you in such deep mourning?'

'Just to please the poor lad,' answered Maggie. 'You see, it's this way,' she went on, when she had decided to tell the story. 'After we was married, he comes to me an' he says, 'Maggie,' he says, 'the poor woman never had nobody to put on mourning fer her, an' I dunno that she's been treated right,' he says. 'Who?' says I. 'Me first wife,' says he. 'She was all alone in the world, exceptin' fer me,' he says. 'An' so I says to him, 'I'll do it fer the poor woman,' I says. 'An' here I am.' And the best of it is that the story is absolutely true.

Well Ought.

Many stories are told as to how pickpockets come to grit at times, with all their cleverness, but the following story, the writer believes, is new.

A gentleman going through a leading street in Liverpool stopped to look at some pictures displayed in one of the shop windows. He had not stood there many seconds before he became aware of the close proximity of one of the nimble-fingered gentry. The gentleman watched him for a little while, then took out his purse and looked into it, as though counting if he had sufficient to make a purchase, then put the purse in the outside pocket of his overcoat, making much ado as though pushing it into a corner; on which he turned to look through the window again, seemingly loth to give up the bargain. The light-fingered one slipped up behind him, and, before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' had his hand in the capacious pocket. The gentleman buttoned up his coat and proceeded on his way, but had not gone very far before a man called to him.

'Hi! there's a man with his hand in your pocket.'

'Never mind him,' said the gentleman. This occurred several times, and in each case he gave the same reply.

Presently they came to a police-station. The gentleman entered, made his statement, and then asked one of the officers to help to take his overcoat off, as the man could not otherwise get his hand loose. For, besides a quantity of fish-hooks, there was a medium-sized rat-trap in his pocket, into which he had inserted a hook when the man thought he was tidying his purse, and into which the would-be pickpocket had thrust his hand, drawing down the spring, and thus making himself a prisoner.

Drink Only Good Tea.

There's a reason for it. Cheap teas are not only flavorless, and require more tea to the cup to produce any taste, but moreover, are often artificially colored and flavored, and are sometimes most dangerous. A brand tea like Tetley's Elephant Brand is safer, as its packers' business reputation is staked on its purity.

The Slowest Americans.

Two gentlemen from different sections of the country were recently discussing the capabilities of 'nervous restless Americans'



Don't take Substitutes

Don't be misled— "SURPRISE" Soap has no equal.

It's a pure, hard, harmless soap, which makes a quick, heavy lather, but lasts a long time.

It cleans clothes cleaner, sooner and with less work or injury than any other soap.

Only 5 cents a large cake.

Remember the name

"Surprise."

for being very slow and deliberate. One of these gentlemen, a Marylander, claimed the palm for slowness for the inhabitants of the Eastern Shore in his state.

'It is saying with us,' he said, 'that if oysters had been created with legs, the people of the Eastern Shore would all have starved to death.'

'That is nothing to the people up around Mount Monadnock,' said the other, who was a New Englander. 'They used to say of one man up there, that if you was to give Hiram Abbott forty rods' start, stockstill would catch him!'

As Good as Golf.

He was an old farmer, on a visit to the city, and he saw two young fellows playing chess. The game was long, and he ventured to interrupt it at length.

'Excuse me,' he said, 'but the object of both of you is to get them wooden objects from where they are over to where they ain't?'

'That partly expresses it,' replied one of the players.

'And you have to be continually on the lookout for surprises and difficulties?'

'Constantly.'

'And if you ain't mighty keener, you're going to lose some on 'em?'

'Yes.'

'Ah! then there's that other game that you dress up odd for and play with long sticks an' a little ball?'

'You mean golf?'

'I think probly that's what I mean. Is that game amusin'?'

'It's quite interesting, and the exercise is very beneficial.'

'Well, I reckon it's a mighty good joke.'

'To what do you refer?'

'The way I've been havin' fun without knowin' anything about it. If you gentlemen want to really enjoy yourselves, you come over an' git me to let you drive pigs. You'll git all the walkin' you want, an' the way you have to watch for surprises, an' a figger so's not to lose 'em, would tickle you most to death.'

Electricity and a Balking Horse.

A pennsylvania gentleman owned a horse that would have been very valuable but for what seemed an ineradicable vice of balking. A friend suggested that electricity might cure him. The gentleman purchased a small storage battery, connected it by wires to the bit and cupper, and placed it in the cart to which the horse was attached. As was anticipated, the horse refused to move, and stood with all four feet braced. Then the owner touched the button connected with the battery. When the horse felt the shock he snorted, jumped, and began to move off at a lively pace. Every day for a week he was treated to the same lesson. As a result, his owner declares that the horse is completely cured of his evil ways. In West Pennsylvania Humane Society, which investigated to the gentleman's method, came to the conclusion that a small amount of electricity used in this way was more humane than a whip.

His Ice-box Foot.

To shut a merchant in his ice-box, and then to rob his shop, has been a favourite diversion for Chicago criminals. Saloon-keeper Weissenrieder had observed this fact and the Chicago Journal shows how he took advantage of his knowledge on a Monday afternoon, not long ago, two men entered his place, and at the mouth of revolvers forced him to get into the ice-box. There was no place in the saloon that he would have rather got into under the

circumstances, for that was were all his weapons were. After he had been shut into the box the men went behind the bar. Then it was that Weissenrieder opened fire. One of the robbers was wounded and was assisted from the place by his companion. Both escaped. They secured no booty. Weissenrieder had prepared his box for such an occurrence, having cut two port-holes in the lid of it, and it was through these that he won his battle.

Good Old Porter.

One of the most popular railway managers of his day was the late Sir James Allport, of the Midland Railway Company. He once paid an official visit to a little country station in the Midlands, where he flattered himself he was unknown.

On the train entering the station, his carriage door was opened, and a shrewd-looking porter inquired if there was any luggage to be looked after. There was, and for the attention he received Sir James offered the man two shillings, which was immediately pocketed.

Then the manager, having in mind the rule against 'tips,' inquired, 'Are you aware who I am, my man?'

'Yes, sir,' was the reply. 'Mr. Allport—follow servant of the company, sir. Never take tips from the general public, sir!'

The ready answer brought a smile to the manager's face, and the matter went no farther.

Scotch Dialect.

The Scottish American has a story of a north country servant girl, who was living with an English family in the neighborhood of Oxford. One wet day she happened to step into a heap of mire, and returned home with her clothes much soiled.

'What have you been doing?' asked her mistress.

'Oh,' said she, 'I stepped into a hump-lock o' glaur.'

'And what's glaur?'

'Just claur,' said the girl.

'But what's claur?'

'It's just clabber.'

'But, dear me! What is clabber?'

'Clabber is drookit stour.'

'But what is drookit stour?' insisted the amazed lady.

'Weel, weel,' said the girl, 'avé nae patience wi' ye ava. Ye sud ken as weel as me, it's just wat dirt.'

Most Edita Morning Paper.

Jinks: 'Ah, Blinks, glad to see you. How are Mrs. Blinks and the baby?'

Blinks: 'Well—very well; only I'm a little disappointed in the baby.'

'Disappointed! Why, it's a boy isn't it?'

'Yes; but you know the desire of my heart has been to have a son succeed me as editor of the 'Evening Clarion.'

'Yes; and no doubt the younger'll inherit his fathers talents.'

'But he won't.'

'Won't?'

'No; I shall never be able to make anything but a morning editor of him. He sleeps all day, and keeps awake all night.'

Expedited.

Lady—I wish to get a birthday present for my husband.

Stopwalker—How long have you been married, madam?'

Lady—Ten years.

Stopwalker—Bargain counter to the right madam.

DIED.

CAETEB.—In this city on the 11th inst., Mary Millmont, youngest daughter of Edward S. and Alice H. Carter, aged 5 years and two months.

In the mansion heard the faint of English ever lived Bright was the had ever Queen do with suppose Premier score year never all hands— One more the other sington day dawn bishop o lain and she was His G appeared nightcap upon her in slipper was perle was ever now, and shrank fr surrender taken, bu Empire to Every gratitude prevented Government during the voys were an impro Palmersto Ambassad equivalent Queen kep it to her P sive phrase During t by a blund the Master the House what they were spect to t Palace at t noon, and t the hour sp lain notified received unta palloo to t were scarcol of Ceremoni wo ld recd welcomed, turned in g hour to find and that He sor Castle. The oppon attacks upon of Commons ters treated indifference, Mr. Balfour 'was greatly newspapers' commanded the occurre Majesty had the member good as t spend, with h bring their w It was the fr had ever been of the United ful method of ment of the makers. It a road the new Queen Vict but's courage cessions has sh ing. 'Great ev she once wrot ing of a crisis which she mo and for more quite as firm has also expl 'a calm relia Har Majesty She believe in is 'Regular B uses a well w General Gerd

TO THE BITTER DRUGS

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The afternoon on which Shirley met her lover was one that she would never forget...

He spoke of the impending ruin, which no hand could avert, till she grew faint with dread and terror of what lay before her...

He would go up to town that night, and the following morning she could drive her pony over to Flarewiche, a big market town...

She had not thought it possible she could endure such humiliation. She covered her face with her hands...

She looked back upon her life, and saw how far off it had been, how full of mistakes. For the first time wealth appeared in his, the strength of which she had never even dimly guessed at...

She had sunk upon the narrow couch against the wall, and was cowering beneath his words as if they had been blows. For a few seconds, only her quick, sobbing breathing broke the silence...

It was Ralph Devitt. She was so astounded at the sight of him, that for a moment, speech deserted her...

Her beautiful eyes darkened with passion and anger. 'You should go on the stage; you are a born actress! What the deuce do you have to be sorry about?'

She set her teeth and endured his touch. 'Can you ask? she said. 'Have you forgotten that you told me ruin was staring us in the face? I know nothing can avert it. I want to be a help to you, Henry. Cannot we talk over the future, and arrange what we are to do? It is better to be prepared.'

She felt sick with disgust. For the moment her courage failed her, and she drew herself from the encircling arm. 'H only laughed. 'Henry,' she said, entreatingly, 'will you talk the future over with me? Will you tell me what we shall have to do?'

She looked back upon her life, and saw how far off it had been, how full of mistakes. For the first time wealth appeared in his, the strength of which she had never even dimly guessed at...

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'What the deuce do you mean by behaving in this way?' he demanded. 'You leave a house full of people to amuse themselves, and don't condescend to show yourself when you do return. I call it beastly uncivil.'

She set her teeth and endured his touch. 'Can you ask? she said. 'Have you forgotten that you told me ruin was staring us in the face? I know nothing can avert it. I want to be a help to you, Henry. Cannot we talk over the future, and arrange what we are to do? It is better to be prepared.'

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bringing something to remind you of your promise, don't you know. How do you like it?'

A ring glittering in his open palm. With a gesture of repugnance she pushed it away. 'I cannot,' she cried, passionately. 'I was wrong—wicked—to say that I would marry you. I never can. Don't ask me any more. Please not ask me any more.'

She set her teeth and endured his touch. 'Can you ask? she said. 'Have you forgotten that you told me ruin was staring us in the face? I know nothing can avert it. I want to be a help to you, Henry. Cannot we talk over the future, and arrange what we are to do? It is better to be prepared.'

She felt sick with disgust. For the moment her courage failed her, and she drew herself from the encircling arm. 'H only laughed. 'Henry,' she said, entreatingly, 'will you talk the future over with me? Will you tell me what we shall have to do?'

She looked back upon her life, and saw how far off it had been, how full of mistakes. For the first time wealth appeared in his, the strength of which she had never even dimly guessed at...

She had sunk upon the narrow couch against the wall, and was cowering beneath his words as if they had been blows. For a few seconds, only her quick, sobbing breathing broke the silence...

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She had gone and nothing was ever heard of her again. Probably she carried on her scheming with better success in another part of the globe.

As for Shirley—well poor little Shirley was loving quickly away when Vivian became Sir Vivian Metherell. Her strength seemed to desert her; perhaps it was that she was far weaker than Lady Ayerst had thought, and the travelling was too much for her.

She was almost beside herself with grief. It seemed to her that to lose Shirley would be a trial beyond her power to endure. Her one ceaseless silent prayer, as she knelt beside the girl's couch, was—'Any punishment but this!'

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The First Mate and the Second.

'And yet, dearest Gladys, you love me, one little bit? Tell me that, at least.' 'Yes; and that is why I am so vexed. I love you a little bit; but then I did not intend to love you at all. You see, I had formed such a different notion of the man I intended to marry; he was to have lifted me up to romance. A Perseus, a Sir Galahad, at the very least; a giant in stature, a poet in sweetness, knight-errantry incarnated, a prince among men. And, of course, he was to do something perfectly wonderful to win my hand, he was to slay his rivals, overcome all our enemies, rescue me from my dungeon-hovel, cut his way through the host that opposed him; and then he would carry me off in triumph; and henceforth we would live in the clouds, he my hero, and I his queen.'

Suddenly Miss Vincent stood up and leaped over the side, seeming to look on something under the vessel's stern; and suddenly again, though how she could never afterward explain, she lost her balance, and with a shriek had fallen into the sea. The Second Mate sprang forward; without waiting to take off even his coat he had reached her round the waist. 'Let go the lifeboat!' he shouted; and in a moment the lashings were cut and the chocks loosened and the boat swung outward over the sea, while the ship rounded to. The first Mate was on the starboard cathead; he happened to glance round and then of a sudden gave a start and swore beneath his breath. For there on the calm smooth water loomed a tiny black projection; and it moved and came nearer, and it was the fin of a shark. He looked down over the side of the ship. The Second Mate had Miss Vincent on his shoulder, and was easily floating with her; they ran no risk of sinking, and the boat would be with them in an instant. He turned again and looked at the fin of the shark, and with his eyes measured the distance. The boat would reach them first, but the shark would be there too, before they could be lifted in. That was not in his calculations; and so he swore again. Then he flung off his coat and waistcoat. 'Give me your belt,' he said to a seaman standing near. And quickly put it on, sheath knife and all. Meanwhile the life-boat had been lowered, with four men inside; and the mate cried 'Give way!' The sailors bent to the oars, and the boat pulled quickly astern. The passengers, who had by now crowded up on the deck, watched and cheered, and followed the boat with their eyes; but they did not notice the Second Mate grow pale, and strain strenuously to swim toward the ship. He, too, had seen the fin. At that his first Mate made a motion to him, and forthwith dived and started toward the shark. It came plying forward, and the first Mate crossed in front; it smelt him, and veered clumsily in pursuit. The first Mate went on with a leisurely side-stroke, the knife glinting in his hand. The shark overhauled him, and turned on its back to bite, showing a belly glinting white, and a horrible gleam of teeth. Quick as lightning then the man raised his arms and sent, and as the monster flashed by plunged in the knife. The three brute lashed with his tail, and the circle of water around it foamed red and redder still with its own life-blood. Then it plunged down and disappeared beneath the surface, dying or dead. And the first Mate put his knife back into the sheath, and swam leisurely back to the ship, climbed up to the marlin-gage, over the cut-water bow, and went to his own cabin to change his dripping clothes. And nobody was any the wiser, for they were all too interested in the boat. The Second Mate commenced to show signs of exhaustion. 'Stay where you are a minute, and wait for the boat.' The boat came rapidly on; a couple of men at the bows were leaning forward ready to catch them. One of them clutched the Second Mate by the arm; he shook him off. 'No,' he managed to splutter. 'Take the lady first.' My king,' whispered Miss Vincent, as she was pulled over the side, 'my king,' and promptly fainted at the bottom of the boat. The Second Mate followed, with his mouth full of salt water; and the passengers cried 'Bravo!' once more. The boat rowed back, and they let the gangway down, and the Second Mate bore Miss Vincent up in triumphal procession as far as the door of her cabin, where she much advertised doctor, now of use for the first time, took charge of her, and shut every one else out. Then the skipper publicly shook hands with the Second Mate, and complimented him on his action; and the Second Mate could not speak for the water he had swallowed, and protested in dumb show, which was construed into modesty; and the passengers shook hands with him, too, and talked vaguely of a subscription; and Miss Vincent's father, who came last, took him on one side, and stood with much emotion. 'My boy, she's yours, and God bless you!' And then they let him go to change his clothes, too. The first burst of admiration over a recreation came, and the passengers commenced to talk of Mr. Nelson's superior officer, meaning Mr. Grey. Why was he not in the boat? Why did he shirk at the last minute? What a coward! And what a shame! So they went to the skipper, and told him all about it; and the skipper sent a steward, and would Mr. Grey please step to his room. Mr. Grey was endeavoring to dress. He had but a poor wardrobe at the best of times; and now, with one suite temporarily disabled, it was hard to get another together. He managed a compromise at last however, with white drill trousers and tanned jacket; and so he presented himself before his commander. The Captain was indignant at his conduct; and the first Mate was forced to explain the whole matter. 'You will understand, sir,' he added, at the end, 'I am telling you this in your official capacity. I don't see that it need be known outside, or, after all, it really doesn't matter.' The Captain argued; so the first Mate brought forward another argument. 'And, then, you see, sir, it might spoil young Nelson's chance; and he's a good fellow, and deserves happiness, anyway.' At that the Captain grasped the first Mate's hand even more vigorously than he had grasped the Second's; and he said; 'Grey, if I ever catch you sailing in any other ship than with me, I'll knock the top of your head off.'

Then he wrote up his log, and omitted any mention of the first Mate, as requested; but he was part owner of the ship, and carried weight with the other owners, and the first Mate signed on next trip, and every other trip afterward, at a greatly increased salary. And eight bells sounded in the forecastle head and the first Mate went out to change the watches. The Second was on the poop waiting for him, in another resplendent suit of uniform; but his face was pale and his manner uneasy. They changed the watches as usual; a new man took the wheel, and the officers passed along the order for the course. And the first Mate was walking away to turn in; but the Second had stopped him at the gangway. 'Mr. Grey, old chap, I saw it, you know. You are a better man than I am.' 'Older you mean Nelson.' 'You saved her life, not I. You saved her life, and for that I thank you. And she will thank you too, when she knows, and she will worship you.' 'But I don't want her to worship me,' retorted the first Mate testily. 'I'm a married man with three children, and there's as much worship as I can manage waiting for me at Leytonstone every time I get home.' 'I should have told her before, but she had fainted,' continued the second slowly; 'and she thinks that I alone have rescued her.' 'And why shouldn't she think so, stupid?' interrupted the first. 'It don't matter to me what she thinks, does it? So leave it like that, and be blessed to you!' 'No, no,' cried the second, still slowly, but with determination. 'I shall tell her the truth, I must tell her, even though I lose her.' 'Don't be a fool, youngster,' said the first, with a fine assumption of annoyance. 'You've done all one could do, haven't you? And what more does she want, I should like to know! You've won her, my boy, and you shall have her; and it ever you say another word about the matter, I'll swear it's not true, and get the doctor to say you've had sunstroke and gone mad.' The second Mate looked happier, in a half reluctant way. 'But the skipper?' he suggested feebly. 'Oh, he knows,' said the first. 'I had to tell him of course, to clear myself. But he isn't going to tell, so you'd better not either, or else it's mutiny. So shut up, now, and lend me some more of that plug; and, if you like, I'll take this watch for you.' For he had seen Miss Vincent emerge on deck. Slowly up the companion she came, still pale, but walking very upright. In her eyes was the sparkle of happiness and of the tears of happiness; her mouth arched titter and quivered, but not with grief; and her face was transformed into a more perfect beauty still. Slowly she came up to the second Mate, who dared not to meet her; softly she put her little arms around his neck, and raised herself towards him; and there, before the whole ship, she kissed his lips and crowned him with the glory of her love. 'My hero!' she cried; 'my hero, and my king!' Her face was aglow with rapture; and the first Mate chuckled and went down to have a smoke.

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On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows: Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a.m., ar. Digby 10.00 a.m., Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p.m., ar. St. John, 3.45 p.m.

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BORN.

Digby, April 30, to the wife of Wm. Ellis, a son. Digby, May 3, to the wife of Geo. Consett, a son. Blomidon, May 1, to the wife of R. Brown, a son. Digby, April 29, to the wife of Joshua Todd, a son. Digby, May 3, to the wife of Blair E. Dakin, a son. Oxford, April 22, to the wife of Albert Mvatt, a son. Digby, May 3, to the wife of Maynard Turnbull, a son. Annapolis, April 29, to the wife of Rupert Parks, a son. Smith's Cove, April 18, to the wife of Edwards, a son.

MARRIED.

Hopwell, April 27, Robert Burns to Sarah A. McKellan.

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