

PROGRESS.

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FOR GOLD AND DANGER.

FREDERICTON YOUNG MEN START FOR THE WEST.

And Trance Will go to the Land of Gold and Frost—Their Equipment and Their Send-off—Incidents of the Parting at the Station and Fredericton Junction.

FREDERICTON March 7.—The Yukon fever has attacked New Brunswick. The alluring stories of the country of gold, and the fabulous fortunes that have been made, have fired the blood of the youth of this province and the imagination of many a young man conjures up bright visions of far off Klondyke with its untold wealth of shining gold, and into his daily toil there is woven a fevered dream of the time when commonplace cares may be laid aside and he may embark upon the perilous, toilsome journey to this wonderful el dorado of the ice bound North.

The other side of the picture very seldom obtrudes itself. There is little room for cruel facts in the bright fairy tale, and the awful hardships, privations and almost complete isolation from all the influences that makes life attractive are forgotten, or if remembered, only serve to increase the fascination that has ever surrounded a venture of this kind. Not everyone who goes to the Klondyke can come back a millionaire, but the outward bound gold seeker, in whose veins is raging the thirst for the yellow metal is rich in hope—in fact a multi-millionaire in that respect. He will not be one of the unlucky mortals against whose names the blighting word "failure" is written. It is known that only one out of every thousand persons who go to the Klondyke strikes rich luck, but that every man confidently expects to be that one goes without saying.

As has been said the fever has extended to this province, which last week started its first fully equipped expedition on what is earnestly hoped may be the road to fortune. If good wishes can accomplish that then the success of the expedition is assured. The young travellers—for they are all in the first flush of early manhood—leave, in every case desolate hearts in the family circle, and a very general regret in their own particular locality, for no place can afford to lose such men as made up the party which Tuesday March 1st, began the first stages of the journey to the Yukon country.

What a day—in fact what a week it was for the celestial! For days nothing else was talked of, even the performances of the provincial law makers now in session, palling into the smallest kind of insignificance beside the great event. As the day for departure drew near the desire to "give the boys a good send off" increased, and in fact one would think the staid old capital had adopted that phrase as a motto so frequently was it passed from lip to lip. "We must give the boys a good send off" was the universal watchword, repeated in a tone that made it quite apparent that "the boys" had grown very near to the hearts of their fellow citizens.

What a memory that last day will be to the travellers; and how often it will be lived over in imagination. Long before the hour of departure many hundreds assembled at the depot to wish the hopeful exodians God speed and good luck. There was an air of hilarity pervading the crowd, but it didn't require a very close observer to see that it was fictitious and was assumed by every one for the express purpose of making every one else think they were enjoying the situation immensely. But they weren't though, and this became more evident as the time for good byes hurried along. "The air was full of farewells" and the grief of the parents and other relatives of the departing gold seekers had the effect of subduing even the most disinterested. There were some pathetic scenes at the depot that day. Here an old father and two sisters clung weeping to a big broad shouldered fellow, who while tears dimmed his own eyes talked brightly of his return, and made brilliant plans for the future. Near this group stood a white faced girl with eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground, and a young man whose eager expectant face designated him as one of the expedition. They conversed in undertones, but it did not need any vast amount of imagination to guess the theme of their conversation.

The whole scene was affecting and perhaps the feeling on the part of the spectators was one of relief when the train drew into the depot, and the Klondyke party entered the car fitted up especially for their convenience. A moment later the

train moved out amid the waving of hats, tear wet handkerchiefs and the ringing cheers which formed a part of "the send off to the boys."

A large number of friends accompanied the young men to Fredericton Junction where a wait was made for the express. Here a little incident occurred that showed that the travellers felt deeply the parting from home and kindred.

To beguile the time of waiting everybody went across to Sheehan's hotel and very naturally little groups were formed

W. Graham of Prince William and George Amiraux of Richibucto.

The other party has among its numbers Walter Chestnut, William Strange, J. M. McElvane, J. Farrell, W. W. Hubbard, A. C. Tabor, Walter Sewell, A. Cropley, J. Bebbington, T. Barpes, H. Bridges, J. P. Mitchell, Bruce McFarlane, J. McGrath, P. M. Grath, J. White.

The travellers reached Vancouver on Wednesday of this week and are to sail by steamer "Islander" next Wednesday, the 16th. The steamer will convey them to

ANDY IN A SNOW STORM

AND HIS MEETING WITH A LONG LIST UNCLE.

With Snoger as an Excuse on Ash Wednesday Mr. Hunter Appropriates the Steak of a St. George Clergyman—Incidents of a Long Blockade.

"Andy" Hunter tells a good story of a recent blockade on the Shore Line railway. It lasted four or five days and the chief of the Blockaders was in it all the time. Incidentally it may be mentioned that

the section man he was impressed with the fact that the supply sent out by a Charlotte county wife was most generous.

"What have you in the pail?" he demanded.

"Grab for the day" was the prompt reply.

"Let's see it" asked Andy, and as he inspected he remarked "Tea, doughnuts, sandwiches; That'll do first rate," and to the astonishment of the section worker he carried the pail into the passenger car; whistling cheerfully. In a few moments the sorrowing lady had a hot cup of tea and something to tempt her appetite.

Not satisfied with this contribution to the larder, Hunter sought the section man again and inquired if there was any one living near.

"Yes, about three miles off," was the reply.

"What's his name?" asked Hunter.

"Dan Hunter" replied the section man. "For the honor of heaven," exclaimed Andy, "is my uncle Dan living so near me as that. Away I go," and, accompanied by a friend, he started to find the habitation of his namesake. The snow was deep and their progress so slow that when they arrived at their destination the evening was far advanced and the house closed. Nothing daunted, Andy knocked loudly.

"Who is there," was soon heard from the interior.

"Is that you, Uncle Dan?" shouted Andy.

"I'm Dan Hunter," was the reply, "who are you?"

"Your nephew, Andy Hunter from St. John out in a snow storm, let me in."

The bolts were drawn in a jiffy, and the two tired travellers entered. Soon the dying embers of the fire blazed up under fresh fuel and then Mrs. Hunter appeared upon the scene and a good supper followed.

In the meantime "Uncle" Dan was trying to trace the relationship between himself and this stalwart nephew. He had able assistance from him and finally the family connection was traced through "Professor" Hunter who was well known in St. John but never as a relative of "Andy's."

A good night's rest and breakfast and "Uncle" and nephew parted with mutual regret, assurances of eternal friendship and the latter's promise to promote a company to purchase a mineral spring the old gentleman had upon his farm.

To the train again and from thence by team to St. Andrews and then to St. Stephen completed Hunter's experience on the Shore Line in the recent blockade.

THEY TAKE WIVES ON SIGHT.

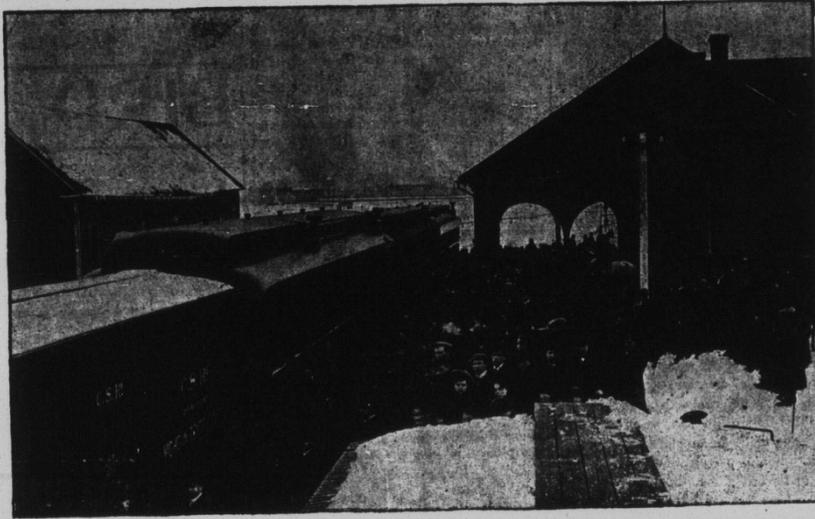
A Trinidad Missionary Has a Match Making Wife.

An interesting circumstance was related by Rev. Mr. Morton, of Fairville, in his lecture on Trinidad in St. John's Presbyterian church the other night. Rev. Mr. Morton is a Creole having been born in Trinidad though his father the founder of the Presbyterian mission in that fair island is a Nova Scotian.

Rev. Mr. Morton told of the work done by the Presbyterian missionaries and teachers among the East Indian coolies in the island. A difficulty which they had to contend with resulted from the converted coolies marrying heathen girls which had a tendency to draw them back to their old faith. Mrs. Morton, the mother of the lecturer solved the difficulty by establishing a sort of marriage exchange. She gathered about her a number of East Indian girls, educated them, taught them sewing, housekeeping, &c., and prepared them for the responsibilities of matrimony, and generally civilized and christianized them. Then when any of the young christian coolies wanted a wife he would call on Mrs. Morton, look over her girls probably through the intercepting medium of the lattice around the verandah choose the one that seemed most comely in his sight and marry her.

One of them came from a long distance having probably spent all his little wealth in making the journey. He saw Mrs. Morton and said that he had heard of one Jane who was good looking and he wanted her. Mrs. Morton replied that Jane had a very bad temper and if he would wait a year when he came again she would have improved in that time. But the young traveller could not wait. He had not seen Jane but he wanted her and if he could not have her he would take Mary Ann. So Mrs. Morton had to give him Jane.

The marriage exchange has a humorous aspect, but also a most useful one.



Scene at the Depot On the Day of the Klondyke Expedition's Departure.

everywhere in which it is needless to say one or more of the fortune seekers was a central figure and many were the plans discussed. Silently they crept out to the little knots on the piazza, in the sitting room and office the sound of music; at first nobody paid much attention to it but as it grew gradually louder a hush fell on every group. The boys, who were shortly to resume their journey hurriedly left their friends and went to look after some for gotten task, while some one made a rapid descent upon the organist. She was playing "Home, Sweet Home." The boys couldn't stand that.

Finally the time of waiting was over and as the train moved off those left behind peered out into the darkness to catch a glimpse of the friends who were waving farewells from the car platform and



MR. GEORGE BLACK, Leader of one of the N. B. Klondyke Parties.

windows. The Yukon party was speeding on its way.

This is the first fully equipped party that has left New Brunswick, and every arrangement was made for the comfort of those of whom it was composed. A specially fitted up tourist car was provided by the C. P. R. the entire distance from Fredericton to Vancouver.

The expedition consists of thirty men from Fredericton and other points. Six of these go direct to the Yukon as an exploring party, and are backed by a syndicate of Fredericton and St. John men. The others will remain in Vancouver for the present. The party is composed of two distinct companies made up as follows. That known as George Black's company includes Mr. Black of Fredericton, W. W. Boddy of Prince William, George Finner of Temperance Vale, Samuel Hoskins, of Lake George, George

Fort Wrangel and from there they expect to take the ice via Sicokeen river to Telegraph Creek. They are provisioned for eighteen months and have a complete outfit for the same period of time. Along with the party are twelve horses—two for each man—a steam engine and boiler for thawing.

A pleasant little break in the journey occurred at Montreal, when the Fredericton students who are attending McGill University, met and entertained for a day, the young men from this city, who are on their way to the Klondyke. They accompanied them to the depot and gave them three hearty, encouraging cheers as they left, their colonist car attached to the Winnipeg express.

On the Sunday before their departure from Fredericton Dean Partidge made the expedition a subject of discourse, and gave the young men many words of kindly advice and sympathy to carry with them into their new and untried life. He spoke of the temptations to which they would be exposed, and asked them to remember in the hours of darkness and trial, the old home and the loving hearts that were following their fortunes in the far off north; many were moved to tears during the sermon, and an occasional sob was heard throughout the church.

From time to time PROGRESS hopes to tell of the boys in their search for gold, and in the meantime they will have the heartiest good wishes for unlimited success in the golden Yukon.

Death of Contractor W. L. Prince.

W. L. Prince was a well known contractor and a good citizen. He was enterprising at all times, made work for his employees when times were dull, and was the busiest of the busy when the building trade was rushing. He died on Tuesday morning, and those who had seen him on the street only a few days before were shocked at the sad intelligence. But pneumonia is no respecter of persons, and Mr. Prince, who had but a few days before returned from a trip to the west was its latest notable victim. He will be missed in every circle in which he moved. As a churchman—a vestryman of Trinity—he was of much assistance to those with whom he was associated. With much regret it may be added that the health of Mrs. Prince since her husband's death has occasioned her friends the greatest anxiety.

Progress Prize Competition.

In next week's issue of PROGRESS will begin an interesting competition. Everybody should look out to get a copy as there will be money in it for the successful competitors. Teachers and scholars of the Public Schools will be sure to be deeply interested in it.

"Andy," who has always been a red hot tory, assigns as a cause of the storm and subsequent blockade the visit of a party of grits to Lepreux to see who would build the new lighthouse there. But that may be mere partizanship and unworthy of consideration.

When the train finally got stalled it was some miles from any habitation and the passengers and trainmen proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible. The cheerful face and consoling remarks of Hunter as he moved about and took charge of affairs must have been a perfect panacea for the blues.

It was Ash Wednesday and everybody should have fasted but that was not agreeable to the mind or the stomach of the big electrician. He had discovered something under a seat, a suspicious looking parcel with the name of John Hopkins on the printed label. "Now what could be coming from my neighbor Hopkins except something good" soliloquized Andy, "and it is addressed to 'Father' Lovers of St. George: and this is Ash Wednesday. He can't need this to day and we do. I think this is our meat"; and with this plausible excuse for his action he opened the parcel and found a liberal supply of excellent steak which he bore triumphantly through the cars and displayed to the astonished but delighted passengers.

How to cook it was the next question, but the inventive genius of Hunter surmounted this obstacle in short order. He made a broiler out of some of the wire he had among his baggage and soon the passengers were enjoying the delicious meat. Of course "Andy" was anxious to find all the Roman Catholics he could in the car but he found only one, Councillor Horgan, who said he would wait until after 12 o'clock before he had his share. "Perhaps you will" quoth Andy "in my opinion you'll wait a good deal longer than that," and so it proved, for when Ash Wednesday had disappeared so had the steak.

Meanwhile the trainmen were doing their best to get the train moving and they succeeded in a measure, for their next stopping place was opposite the factory of Messrs Dunn Bros. There was abundance to eat there and the sausages tasted all the better for being fried in a heap in a tin pail. That with the contribution of a section man's pail provided sustenance for the party.

But when the section man arrived he brought some sad information for one party on the train—a lady, who was going to see her dying father. Her father had died before she could reach him.

When Andy saw the generous pail of

TO COMFORT THE SICK
INGENIOUS INVENTIONS TO HELP
THE AFFLICTED.

Improvements Effected in Adjustable Chairs
Stretchers, and Back Rests—Where the
Inventor Gets His Ideas—An Armless
Chair.

Wonders are being done for the invalid. Even he who knows he can never be cured, never takes his place again among the robust and free-limbed—who perhaps never had a place among them and was always apart and misshapen—may take heart and a likeness of comfort, for invention has supplied him with resources as nearly answering to the working gear of the human body as mere matter may be capable of. Mother wit, sympathetically applied, the additional facilities that science has furnished to the inventor in the last few years, and a better and truer gauging of the invalid's individual wants and needs have brought about valuable results. Helps and remedies of which the invalid of 1888 had only a very ill-defined idea have in 1898 taken practical shape and gone ahead of the original idea in the way of thoughtful contrivance for averting pain and forestalling all emergencies.

Back rests, transfer lifts, bed trays, adjustable stands and tables; and arrangements for comfort or diversion in one way or another are all more adaptable, more practical and more satisfactory than formerly. The newly invalid, he with a purse as limited as his physical force, profits by these inventions as well as the millionaire, the difference in grade and price of the articles of red being almost invariably a matter of ornament or some detail having nothing to do with the running gear.

For twelve or fifteen years now the make and mechanism of rolling and reclining chairs have been steadily on the up grade," said a man, who, for more than that time, has been dependent on such furniture. "But the special adaptation to individual needs, in every slight detail, was never so particularly attended to as it is now, and was never at such a pitch of perfection. The newest improved invalid chair is made on a principle of automatic adjustment corresponding almost exactly with the pivotal points of the human body. The practical application of this principle was no easy task, nor was it the result of any sudden inspiration. I know the man who worked it out, and it cost him years of study and experiment. The chief points in the chair mechanism where the back rest, and leg rests are hinged to the frame of the chair, are exactly in line with the hip and knee joints of the occupant's body. When such a chair is ordered, careful measurements are taken in order that the chair pivots and body pivots may be as nearly one in equipoise and motion as is possible. I can sit in my new chair and assume any forward or backward movement with only the slightest output of strength. Another great improvement is the newly invented ratchet cam, by which the weakest invalid who can use his hands at all may lower and raise his chair to any desired position and lock it to without outside aid. He can unlock it also with equal facility. Until this device was perfected all rolling chairs of this class were unlocked and locked by means of thumbscrews, or friction cams, which took more strength in the manipulating than the average cripple or sick man was capable of. With an adjustment of pivots and hinges so perfectly in unison with the rudimentary movements of the body that the chair may be straightened out when wanted, the leg rest raised up or down, or the chair reverted to an upright posture without inconvenience on the part of the occupant or resort to outside aid, it really looks as though invention could be pushed no further so far as this special appearance of invalid furniture goes.

The newest reclining or rolling chairs or both combined, all have the divided leg rest now. Before that happy thought took form, whenever one leg went up the other had to go and if one leg went down its fellow had to be put down. With the leg rests separate, the patient may tilt one leg up at whatever restful angle he wishes and put the other foot on the floor if he is able to, or else lower the other leg-rest comfortably at will. All this changing about he can do for himself by merely touching the adjusting handle. Only those who were long accustomed to the stereotyped, old style chair, which was an admirable rest for the well person, but a poor contrivance for the cripple who lived in it, can appreciate the godsend that these new adjustable chairs are."

Half a score of minor improvements have been tacked on to furniture for invalids within the past year or two which trivial as they may seem, are of vast importance in the invalid world. In the first place, no up-to-date invalid chair is now permanently upholstered. Whether the pillows and cushions are cov-

FACE HUMORS

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EVERY HUMOR

ered with leather, silk and wool tapestry, or simple cotton fabric, they are all made separate, so that they may be removed singly or all taken entirely away, as the comfort of the invalid demands, the strong yet pliant cane that forms the back of the chair affording an agreeable change for the time being to a person weary of one position. All these cushions are stuffed with hair, or else elastic cotton felt that will neither heat the body unhealthfully nor mat and become uncomfortable. The late style rolling chair is mounted on steel elliptic springs instead of on the ordinary trucks, and for patients who are keenly susceptible to pain this innovation is a great boon. These chairs can be used out of doors as well as in the house, and the occupant experiences very little jar even when going over door-sills or along uneven pavements. The slightest motion is torture to a certain class of patients, those with spinal trouble, acute rheumatism, &c., and so far as life can be made tolerable to them these springs that do not in any way interfere with the automatic action of the chair afford comfort. For a person able to use his hands, or for one whose hands are helpless but whose feet can be counted on, a description of tricycle has been invented by means of which he can trundle himself about grounds or along roadways. Machines have been made for people able to use only one hand but both feet, and also for those whose hands are available and who have one good foot. Springs and automatic adjustment and a support for the weak back are all combined in this vehicle, and the upright handles are adjusted just at the correct height to prevent fatigue for the arms that control them.

The latest addition to the list of house appointments for invalids is the walking chair. The riding one can propel it anywhere about the room, provided there is a moderate amount of strength in the lower limbs and feet. This chair has the finest of rubber tired wheels that add but little to its weight. It is framed of oak of strongest and lightest quality, with an antique finish, and has a cane seat. There are no detachable parts to get lost, there is no rattling with set screws, and, though a combination carrying, rolling, and walking affair, it is so comparatively simple in appearance as to belie its many callings. It can be adjusted so as to convey the occupant up or down either step or gently pitched stairs, whether winding or straight, and still preserve the level. Years of experiment and study have taken shape in this invention. For lifting desperately sick people about, and saving both the strain on the nurse and the strain on the patient, a newly designed transfer lift has been introduced. This is a framed stretcher with suitable accompaniments attached to a high curved pole fixed in a stand, to be placed by the bedside. The stretcher is made in a novel principle. It is in two lengthwise sections made to lace together, and owing to this arrangement the patient may be put into it without being first lifted from the bed. By the means of pulleys and straps then adjusted the sick person may be raised to the desired height above the bed and the bed made or changed or a new mattress introduced without any trouble.

A contrivance known as a back rest is welcomed by invalids. By means of it any bed is immediately converted into a luxurious, easy arm chair or couch. It is designed to support an invalid's back at any desired inclination while lying in bed; and by its use the piling up of pillows, that heat the body and become quickly displaced, is avoided, and the sick one has a firm, though elastic support against which to lean. The construction is simple, only a light metal frame, covered over with stout striped linen duck, that extends below the rat-tet under each for adjusting the angle of inclination. There are no cross rails to press against the body. Some back rests have cased backs instead of the duck, some have side head rests for people too weak or too weary to read or take interest

in anything. The weight of the patient resting on the apron holds the back rest in place, and, if necessary, pillows may be placed over the duck covering to render it softer.

"How is it that you think of all these little extra touches?" an inventor was asked, as he showed the workings by which the arm of a rolling chair took itself out of the way when not wanted.

"My invalids give me the hint," was the answer. "I spend a great deal of time with sick and deformed people. I talk with them and try to get a wiser way than they cannot complete their comfort. Very often they cannot put their wants into words, but I watch them closely and notice the discrepancies in such appliance and furniture as they have. In my twenty-five years of experience I have had wealthy patrons willing to spend any amount of money in procuring some convenient chair that they had set their heart on. Generally I fail to make the thing that I set out to the first time I try. It may be out of a good thing, maybe, a big improvement on what took its place before, or even an innovation, but it does not carry out my idea in all respects. I watch its practical use, see it used by a half dozen or more differently afflicted people, and make up my mind what the drawback is. Very likely," he added, laughing, "it is easier to discover the drawback than to remedy it, but with patience and additional improvements tacked on from time to time it gets into shape. Now, that chair with one arm that you see there. A young S. U. born woman gave me the idea. She is a poor, little, shrunken creature, with the mind and heart of a woman and a well-shaped head and body, but her lower limbs were no bigger than a 5-year-old child's. 'The arm is always a bother when they lift me into my chair,' she said. 'I think if the chair had only one arm it would be better.' I told her that both arms were needed in a rolling chair for protection and as a rest for the hands, but that I would devise a chair with arms to lift back out of the way. She then suggested that if the back wheels were lower it would facilitate the lifting in and out also. I put both these ideas into execution as promptly as possible. It was a man who prompted my making a chair in which the invalid could ride with his legs extended, a feature new in chairs for outside use."

My patrons are my friends, and yet they are my business clients also. I have photographs of a number of people, both adults and children, who insist that I am their best friend, yet who have certainly paid me for a very favor that I ever did for them. I sometimes think that my services are even more personal than a physician's, because of a more lasting character. As the invalid grows weaker or stronger, changes must be made in the appointments he uses and the rolling or reclining chair that he lives in, then he appeals to me."

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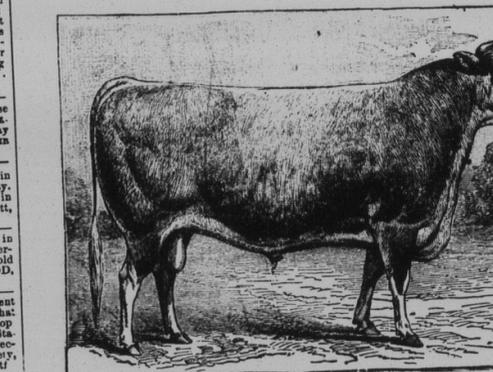
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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Popular opinion endorsed the sacred concert in the opera house last Sunday evening, even if anathemas were hurled at it from one or two sources. Long before eight o'clock the building was pretty well filled and when the service in the churches was over there was a grand rush for places, never before equaled in the history of the Union street play house. When the concert finally began, just five minutes after the hour announced, the building was packed to the doors, and hundreds were unable to gain admission.

The programme was quite lengthy and included some real musical gems. The program numbers with one or two exceptions were quite up to all that had been anticipated the choruses were sung with expression and good quality in the voices, and several of the soloists shone to better advantage than they had previously done. In fact, the concert was in every way a fitting finale of an engagement, which if not rich in financial rewards, must be regarded as successful otherwise.

Far from desecrating the Sabbath, or having any other demoralizing effects, a concert like that of Sunday evening must have a refining, elevating influence, and it is to be hoped that whenever good material is available similar events will be as heartily endorsed as was the first venture in Sunday concerts.

Mr. Fred G. Spencer is proving the truth of the old adage that nothing succeeds like success, especially when applied to concerts under his management. The success of all the concerts projected by him is now assured. The Thursday and Friday dates in Banzor occurred too late in the week to be spoken of in this column but the advance sale was so great that no doubt exists as to the financial result and the artist's success is even more certain.

If any doubt existed as to the popularity of Clary and Williams in this city—and I have never heard the faintest of expressed—it must have been dispelled Monday morning when the sale of seats began. The rush for places was kept up briskly throughout the day and about seven hundred tickets were disposed of before evening.

There is much interest felt in hearing Williams and Clary in duet, particularly when they are to sing one of the very finest written—the great love duet from the 3rd act of "Sampson and Delilah" which will show the great voices to the best possible advantage and bring out the dramatic ability of both artists. The accompaniment of this selection is claimed to be one of the most difficult ever written, and the lady from Maine—Miss Sibley—will therefore have her work cut out.

Those who have heard this talented lady, however, say she is quite equal to all demands, and that her work will be a revelation in this city. She has more than a local reputation and there is much anticipation in regard to her work, as also that of O. E. Wasgett a violinist of whom the pine tree state is justly proud. He will play Wagner's "Prize Song," Nocturne, by Chopin, and will also be heard in duet with Miss Sibley. The duet from "Sampson and Delilah," referred to above between Clary and Williams, will be given on Monday night only, and for those who wish to hear it attendance on that evening will be necessary.

The other selections announced for Mr. Williams are attractive to all, and not only to the musically educated few, as is oftentimes the case, among them being included, "The Star of Bethlehem" (Adams) "The Holy City" (Adams) "Sound an Alarm" (Handel), "Cujus Animam" (Rossini), "The Wanderer" (Schubert) "Cloudy Heights of Tatra" (Dvorak) and other; among Clary's selections will be, "Oh Rest in The Lord" (Mendelssohn), "Trahison" (Chaminade) "Al Segreto" (Donizetti) "The Lady of the Lee" (Smart), "An Aria from the Light of the World" (Sullivan) and several others.

Tones and Undertones.

Pedro Salezi, a new Spanish tenor, is reported to have signed an engagement with Maurice Grau for London and the

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United States. He will sing in London during the summer and will make his debut in America next winter. To some extent he will step into Jean de Reszke's shoes for he is to sing with Calve, Melba and Emma in "Faust," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Huguenots," "Aida," "Carmen," etc.

Helen Bertram will be a member of the Bostonians company next season.

Violinist Henri Marteau is a Swede, not a Frenchman.

An important operatic premiere took place at Antwerp last week. At the Royal Theatre there "Numantia," the new opera by Van den E-den, the director of the Conservatory of Music at Ghent, made a great hit. The libretto deals with an episode from Roman history. The music shows great dramatic force and the first act is particularly wealthy in original and melodious effects. The music of the ballet is pleasing and is characteristically oriental.

Bracci's new opera, "The Daughter of Jarius," had great success at its first appearance in the Teatro Drammatico, at Verona last week.

On the other hand, a new opera by Nosca, "Antony," failed to evoke much interest at Ferrara. The libretto of this work is taken from the elder Dumas' drama of the same name and adapted by the Italian playwright Vittorio Tedeschi.

A young lady composer, Signorina Virginia Mariani, had the first great operatic success of the season in Italy. Her new opera, "Dal Sogno alla Vita" (From Dream to Life), made a great hit at Vercegli. The composer, who was called out a number of times, is a daughter of a colonel in the Italian army, and a pupil of the Pesaro Conservatory, where she has studied under Mascagni. Her two sisters are splendid pianists.

Dr. Villiers Stanford, composer of "Shamus O'Brien," is at work on the score of an Irish opera, the date of which is laid in the seventeenth century.

Jacobi's latest ballet at the Alhambra, London, is entitled "Beauty and the Beast" and is splendidly mounted. There are seven scenes. The ballet is provided with an overture which concludes with the "Eastern March," which is a prominent feature of the last tableau.

The plot of the new Gaiety Theatre musical comedy has been printed in London. It is an "original" piece, by Harry Nicholls and Seymour Hicks and is called "The Gypsy Girl."

E. E. Rice is to produce his musical comedy, "Monte Carlo," at the Herald Square Theatre, New York, on Monday next. One of its novelties will be a "Baccarat Ballet." As already stated, the words are by Sidney Carlton, the lyrics by Harry Greenbank and the music by Howard Talbot.

De Koven and Smith's opera, "The Highwayman" approaches its 150th performance at the Broadway Theatre, N. Y., without any perceptible decrease of popular interest and patronage.

W. H. Sientleman has been enlisted as a musician in the Marine Corps and designated as leader of the Marine Band, to succeed Professor Fanciulli. He was Sousa's assistant for several years and at present is leader of the orchestra in the Columbus Theatre, of Washington.

De Wolf Hopper will open his season at Manhattan Beach on June 14, with a revival of "The Beggar Student." Hopper also hopes to secure the original cast for his revival at the Beach of "Wang." This would mean that Della Fox would join him at least for a few weeks.

"There has been a great how-do-do," said De Wolf Hopper the other day, "over the fact that my wife, Edna Wallace Hopper, and I are separated. I have been accused of making the tour as uncomfortable as I possibly could for her, and she has been accused of making things generally red hot for me. As a matter of calm and collected fact, there has been no friction of any kind. We have simply come to the conclusion that we made a mistake when we married each other, and we are now leading our lives independently of each other. I shall certainly appear in London next season," continued the comedian. "My idea is to go to London and open as the eccentric and pusillanimous hero of 'El Capitan' and then, some time within the next fortnight, to give a special matinee, with a supporting company of English actors and actresses, of Sydney Rosenfield's parody on 'Le Demi-Monde' called 'The Crust of the Froth of the Fringe of Society.' In this last-named piece I have an opportunity to play a 'straight' part in a 'straight' way, wearing a dress suit and my plain, ordinary, every-day face. It would not at all be unpleasant for me if I could find a few English people who might hold the opinion that I can act as well as an actor. Although Miss Nellie Bergen is under con-

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tract to appear now in "The Bride-Elect," and next season with me in "The Charlatan." I am desirous of securing her services for "El Capitan" at the Lyric. Mr. Sousa has said there is only one soprano who can sing his music, and that her name is Miss Bergan. She has the high, powerful, clear voice that rings out as it should in the martial strains of Sousa composition.

Victor Maurel is shortly to be heard at the Royal Opera in Berlin, and it is said that Ernest Kraus has signed a ten years contract with the director of that house to receive \$12,000 for each season.

Adelina Patti has been in Paris at the Continental Hotel since the death of Nicolini, and is living in retirement. All her concert engagements have been cancelled, and she will not be heard in public until late in the spring, when she will give a concert in London and sing in the various English provincial cities. When she leaves Paris she will go to Crigly-Nos. She was to have sung in opera next month at Monte Carlo.

Rafael Joseffy, the eminent piano virtuoso, will give his first pianoforte recital in fourteen years in Boston on Monday evening April 4, in Seiner Hall. He will be assisted by the Kneisel quartette.

Three operas made from plays are soon due for production in Italy. They are Leoncavallo's "Tribly," Samara's "Feodora" and the "La Tosca" of Giordano.

Both the de Reszkes are to sing at the Royal Opera house in St. Petersburg this month with their German company, and for the first time St. Petersburg will hear the entire Wagner trilogy.

Helen Bertram has been engaged for next season's prima donna of the Bostonians to replace Alice Neilson, who is going to star.

John Philip Sousa will produce in May an allegorical spectacle, "Trooping of the Colors," which will employ 300 persons.

A new London operetta is entitled "A Soldier's Wife." The music is by Marie Brocke.

"The King's Sweetheart, or, Regins, B. A." a comic opera by James Glover and Arthur Surgess, will be performed for the first time in London tomorrow night.

De Koven has just completed the score for Rudyard Kipling's poem, "The Recessional." The song is for a baritone and chorus.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Jane Hading is to act in Russia.

Stanislaus Stange is to write an Irish comedy drama.

Frohman's company will begin its London season with "The Charity Ball."

Jeannie Winston is to play the part of Mrs. Carthew in E. E. Rice's production of "Monte Carlo."

Thomas Q. Seabrooke will soon bloom forth as a manager in London, having found a capitalist who is willing to build a theatre for him, at which will be produced not only comic opera but other plays.

Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell actually intend to produce, on

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an elaborate scale an English version of Maeterlinck's weird, mystical "Pelleas and Melisande."

Mr. Frohman has laid out thirty two weeks for Maude Adams next season, beginning early in the autumn. This route covers only four cities, in each of which eight weeks will be played.

"The Sign of the Cross" company will tour America again next season.

And now Sarah Bernhardt has announced her intention to produce at her Renaissance Theatre a new play, by Emile Bergeret, entitled "Plus qu'une Reine" (More Than Queen), in which she will appear as the Empress Josephine. The plot follows the lines of Robert Bachman's "A Royal Divorce," produced by Grace Hawthorne at the London Olympic. Bernhardt expects to return to the stage about the first of April. Meanwhile her son, Maurice, has entered the lists as a dramatic author. In collaboration with Henriques Amie he has written a four act drama, the story of which is adapted from one of the best romances of George Sand, "Gabrielle." It is not as yet decided whether the play is to have the same name or not.

Le Figaro states that Madame Sarah has definitely accepted the new four act play, "L'Attentat" (The Attempt), by Roman Coolus, for production at the Theatre de la Renaissance. The two principal parts will be created by herself and Lucien Guitry, her leading man.

Rovetta's new play, "At the Turning Point of the Century," which was given at Naples, met with decided opposition, and will not be given again.

"One Round of Pleasure" has closed its season.

Joseph Haworth is going to try starring again next season.

"The Grisha" has lately been sung in Russian at Moscow.

Klaw and Erlanger will star the Rogers Brothers next season.

The April engagement in Boston of "The Bell of New York" has been cancelled.

Isabel Irving has been re-engaged for next season as John Drew's leading woman.

"The Bride Elect" will have its first New York production April 11 at the Knickerbocker.

E. H. Sothorn is rehearsing another new play, a costume piece, called "The Courtship of Morice," which will probably be given this season.

Mme. Janauschek will open a starring tour in Washington, March 14, in "When Dreams May Come, a new play. Maud Banks is in the company.

Richard Mansfield has secured the American rights to the recent Parisian success, "Cyrano de Bergerac," by Edmund Rostand.

It Eleanora Dase returns to America next season she will appear in "The Dead City," D'Annunzio's shocking new drama of incestuous love.

George Hibbard has written a historical play which either Edward H. Sothorn or James K. Hackett may use. It is based on episodes in the life of the Duke of Marlborough. Mervin Dallas is the author with Walter Phillips, of another work with the same title, "Marlborough," and it deals with the same incidents and characters. It is in a prologue and three acts, and is now under consideration by Richard Mansfield.

E. H. Sothorn's failure to know his part in the new play at Rochester last week is explained by the statement that he is on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Pitou is writing the new play in which Chauncey Olcott will act next season.

Hoyt's new play "A Day and a Night," will be produced April 18.

A new four-act play, "Sea-Flower," by Arthur Law, has succeeded "One Summer's Day" at the London Comedy Theatre. It deals with a man's self-sacrifice for the woman he loves. The first act is supposed to take place in India; the remaining three are on the Cornish coast twelve years later. This in turn will be followed about the middle of April by the new comedy by Mr. R. C. Carton.

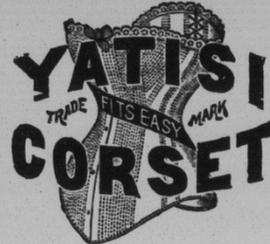
Nancy McIntosh closed her engagement with Daly's company March 12, and will take a rest from stage work for a long period. When she next appears it will be in "College Days," a new play by her brother, Burr McIntosh.

Berbohm Tree is to treat Berliners to his Hamlet and Falstaff. He will play in English.

Ellen Terry has accepted a one-act play from the pen of Henry Jardine, an author new to the London public.

John Blair will be Julia Marlowe's leading man next season.

Wilton Lackaye will soon be seen in a dramatic version of Lever's novel, "Charles O'Malley," made by Theodore Sayre, the youthful but promising author of "The Wife of Wiloughby" and other one-act



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plays that possessed real theatrical qualities. Nance O'Neil will be the heroine of "That Lass of Lowrie's" when Mrs. Burnett's novel is transferred to the stage. The two pieces will be given by the company at the head of which are Mr. Lackaye and Miss O'Neil.

Charles Frohman has abandoned his original intention to withdraw from the management of the New York Garden Theatre, and will continue to direct its affairs next season.

John H. Stoddart, Louise Thorndyke Bouciasult, Cora Tanner, Beatrice Moreland, and Ebel Kendall, daughter of the Kendals, are among the latest recruits to vaudeville.

It is reported that Scott Hayes, a son of the late ex-President Hayes, has entered the theatrical business as a partner of Walter Jones.

Frau Agnes Sorana, the German actress will open her season in New York city at the Irving Place Theatre on Monday, March 14. Her repertoire for the subscription performances includes "A Doll's House," by Ibsen; "Maiden's Dream," by Bernstein (new); "Unfaithful," by Backs, (new); "Sunken Bell," by Hauptmann; "Divorcons" and "Taming of the Shrew."

James Doel, said to be the oldest actor in the world, has just completed his ninety fourth year. Very early in the fifties this English actor appeared as the First Grave-digger to the Hamlet of 'Young Hengler.' He made a hit in the quick change business quite half a century ago, appearing in the farce, "A Day After the Fair," as a servant, a drunken cobbler, an itinerant ballad singer, a military drummer, a French songstress and a raving maniac.

"The Man of War's Man" has been played to immense audiences since the Maine disaster. This play has a battle between American and Spanish war ships.

By the burning of the Southwark storage warehouse in London week before last all of Sir Henry Irving's scenery and properties for "Hamlet," "Richard III," "Macbeth," and "Peter the Great" were destroyed.

Arrangements have been perfected between Clyde Fitch and Daniel Frohman by which the former's new play, "The Moth and the Flame" with Herbert Kelsey and Edith Shannon as joint stars will be presented at the Lyceum theatre, New York, beginning April 11. Kelsey is the villain of the play, to the sorrow of the matinee girls.

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Miss Jessie Gordon Forbes is having considerable trouble with her eyes just now and has been confined to the house for some time as a result of their condition.

The marriage is announced to take place after Easter of Herbert C. Tilley of this city and Miss Bessie Tucker of Fredericton.

A pleasant little evening was given recently by the Misses Birdie and Doris Tutts who entertained their young friends in a charming way at a most enjoyable little party.

Mr. Fred G. Spencer will return tomorrow (Saturday) from Bangor where he has been in the interest of the Clara Williams concerts for the past four weeks.

Mr. J. D. Landry who was confined to her residence for several days after her return from Fredericton, by a severe cold is able to be out again.

Miss Annie Greener has returned to the St. Croix after a pleasant stay with city friends.

Mr. A. W. Robb was recently entertained for several days by Mr. Edgar Roblin on at the latter's home in St. Stephen.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Donnell of Yarmouth N. S. are spending a short time in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Esplan came down from Woodstock for a day or two during the week.

Mr. B. P. Foster of Dorchester is visiting relatives in the city for a week or two.

Mr. Ralph Markham was welcomed home this week from Kingston where he has been attending the cavalry school for a little while.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Clarke who spent several days in the city recently returned to Halifax Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robertson went to Fredericton this week and will spend some days there.

Mr. H. B. McLeellan is paying a short visit to friends in Halifax, N. S.

Mr. Albert McKinnon has returned from a very pleasant visit to her son Mr. Herbert McKinnon of White Head.

Mr. M. G. B. Henderson's friends will be interested in learning of his proposed journey to the Klondyke, which will begin in a week or two.

Mr. George E. King of the P. O. Inspector's office left the first of the week for the Upper provinces, his health demanding a change of residence.

Dr. P. L. Kenney of the West end still continues ill and his condition is causing some uneasiness among his friends.

Mr. P. Giffkins spent a day or two here the first of the week. He was accompanied by Miss Giffkins and Miss Lige of Amherst.

Senator Lewin and Mrs. Richard Lewin left the first of the week for Ottawa where they will remain until the House closes.

Rev. Dr. Macrae was warmly greeted upon his arrival from Quebec, this week. The Reverend doctor came to take part in the St. Andrews Centennial celebration.

Mr. C. B. Robertson returned last Saturday from a trip to Europe. Mr. Robertson's trip was a very pleasant one and he no doubt brought back many new ideas for the benefit of the progressive house he represented.

Miss Margaret Leck of Wentworth street, is confined to the house this week by a very badly sprained ankle, the result of a fall in the rink last week.

The accident is most unfortunate in view of the fact that the family intend leaving for England in six or seven weeks and it is feared that Miss Leck will be kept a prisoner in the meantime.

Mr. Harry Russell, formerly of Carleton but now living in Boston, was called home recently to attend the funeral of his brother Mr. Matthew Russell. Although regretting the sad nature of his visit Mr. Russell's friends were glad to see him once again.

Mr. J. M. Roberts of Moncton paid a brief visit to the city the first of the week.

Hon. A. T. Dunn, M. P. went to Fredericton during the course of the week.

last Wednesday for Scott's Framingham, Mass. where she will enter a hospital for training as a nurse. Miss Hall also left on a similar mission a day or two ago.

Mr. W. A. Carter who has been visiting her son E. S. Carter, goes to St. Stephen today to visit her daughter Misses May and Grace Carter.

Miss Daisy Gorham left the first of the week for a three weeks visit to friends in Bangor.

Mr. Alfred Markham returned Wednesday night from Fredericton where he had spent a couple of days.

Mr. F. A. Dykeman got back last week from a trip to Ontario and other parts of the upper provinces. Despite several snow blizzards Mr. Dykeman enjoyed his trip immensely.

Mrs. Rennie and Mrs. MacFarlane are paying a visit to their sister Mrs. (Dr.) F. W. Barbour.

Miss Maud Goding is also in the capital at present with her aunt Mrs. A. W. Edgewood.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Everett will spend a month in Fredericton and have engaged apartments at Windsor Hall for that time.

Mrs. McIntosh is entertaining her sister Mrs. H. E. Pitts of the celestrial for a week or two.

A pleasant concert was given at Westfield this week by a number of city ladies and gentlemen who at the close of the entertainment were regaled with supper at Riverbank the residence of Mr. Gilliland.

The programme of the concert was as follows: "A Fair of Lunatics"..... Miss A. V. Fowler and Mr. G. N. Price.

Maudie solo..... A. S. Cook Vocal solo..... Mr. F. L. Tutts Reading..... Miss M. L. Harding

Violin solo..... Miss Lina Fowler "The Twins"..... Archie Cook and Geo. Price Banjo solo..... Mr. G. D. Davidson

Scene from "School for Scandal"..... Miss Alberta V. Fowler and Geo. Price. Vocal solo..... Miss Lizzie Fowler

Trio Mandolin, Guitar and Banjo..... Messrs. Cook, Davidson and Tutts. Reading..... Miss Harding

Vocal solo..... Mr. F. L. Tutts Comedy—"Courtship under difficulties"..... Mr. W. A. Wilson, Mr. G. N. Price, Miss A. V. Fowler.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Upham arrived from St. Stephen this week and will make their home in this city for some months.

Miss L. E. Burtie who has been visiting Boston and New York inspecting and purchasing the latest novelties returns to the city next Tuesday.

Mrs. F. Beverly who has been in Parrsboro for some time visiting her daughter Mrs. Reid, returned to the city a few days ago.

The tenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Mott was celebrated at their residence last Tuesday evening by quite a large party of friends who assembled to wish them continual happiness and prosperity and to offer tokens of kindly good will and friendship on the interesting occasion.

The evening was charmingly spent in music and various games of which progressive croquet was the most important, and in which Miss Helen Gross succeeded in carrying off the first prize, while Mrs. E. J. Ritchie was awarded the consolation prize. Among the elegant gifts received was a handsome onyx table and lamp from Mr. Mott's mother and sisters, and an oak chair and silver salver from her husband.

The guests present included Dr. and Mrs. Mott, Judge and Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Epper, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Titus, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Estabrook, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Epper, Mr. and Mrs. Will Peters, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Gifford, Mr. and Mrs. Don Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Alward, Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Dykeman, Dr. and Mrs. Bennett, Miss Ella Mott, Miss Estabrook, Miss Maude Estabrook, Miss Fannie Everett, Miss Helen Gross, Miss Joe Gros, Miss Emma Colwell, Miss Mina Colwell, Miss Wilmot, Miss K. Wilmot, Miss Jennie Peters, Miss Charlotte Peters, Miss Emma Hopper, Miss Emma Goddard, Miss G. Smith, Miss Stella Payton, and Messrs. Will Hopper, Chas. and Ernest Everett, S. H. Field, Clinton Brown, J. W. Winter, H. A. Brown, Ernest DeMill, Harley Gross, W. F. Nobles, E. Colwell, F. Tutts, Dr. Wheeler, Walter Peters, and J. Wisely.

Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham of Millis, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage last week when a large number of city people drove out to their cosy home to do honor to the occasion. The party left the city about four o'clock and did not return until after midnight. A good old fashioned supper was served. A purse of gold and other valuable gifts were evidence of the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham are held by their friends.

Among those who drove out from the city to wish them continued happiness and good luck were the following:

- Mr. Fred Thompson, Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Fred Miller, Mrs. Miles, Mr. S. E. Stevens, Mrs. Stevens, Mr. E. Cowan, Mrs. Cowan, Mr. W. J. E. Myles, Mrs. Myles, Mr. J. R. Pidgeon, Mrs. Pidgeon, Mr. T. Fred Powers, Mrs. Powers, Mr. Robert Sime, Mrs. Sime, Mr. J. E. Cowan, Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. Fred Hea, Miss Sweet, Misses Stevens, Mr. Fred Thompson Jr., Mr. J. S. Engler, Mrs. Engler, Mr. John Stevens, Miss Pidgeon.

A concert will be given in the business department of the Currie Business University, tomorrow, Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, when the following programme will be rendered:

- 1. Gladiator March..... Aeolian. 2. (a) Tenor Solo, "Sally in our Alley" Gram. (b) Song "I want yer ma Hokey" phone. 3. Independent's March..... C. B. U. Orchestra. 4. Song, "Mona"..... Mr. S. D. Wilson. 5. Alice..... Aeolian. 6. Overture, "The Feast of Roses"..... C. B. U. Orchestra.

- 7. (a) Song, "The Holy City," Mr. Fred Thompson Jr. (b) Xylophone Solo, "Pretty little dark blue eyes"..... Mr. F. McDuffie. 8. Pizzicato Solo, "My Old Kentucky Home"..... Mr. F. McDuffie. 9. Selection, "Derothy"..... Aeolian. 10. Selection, "Bohemian Girl"..... C. B. U. Orchestra.

- 11. (a) Song, "Di Quella Pina" (Trovatore) Gramophone. (b) Imitation of a Street Fakir..... Mr. J. T. Kelly. 12. Song, "The Englishman"..... C. B. U. Orchestra. 13. Symphonic Waltz..... C. B. U. Orchestra. 14. Mia Bella Waltz..... Aeolian. God Save The Queen.

SAKOVILLE.

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

MAR. 9.—The two principal social events lately have been the foresters' supper and the Academy skating party. The former was held in Ford's hall Tuesday evening, Mar. 2, and included as guests the members of Court Tantramar and visitors from sister courts. The visitors were J. Humphrey, court Petitoediac; J. A. McQueen, and Dr. Copp from Point de Bute; G. C. Copp, Bate Verie, and Wm. Anderson, Westmorland; from Upper Sackville, Colonel Bate, Jas. F. Lingley, Geo. W. Towne, Albert Wry, Obed Stokes, Edward Bear, Halbert Estabrook, Miss Ayer, John Stokes, from Wood Point, Stuart Richardson, W. Hamilton, Edward Rogers, Wm. Campbell; from Dorchester Bernard Bower, J. Crossman.

At eight o'clock the members assembled in Ford's hall for a short service and then marched across the street to Ford's hall, escorted by the Sackville brass band. The three long tables presented a most attractive appearance with their artistic arrangement of fruit and flowers, which were but the forerunners of the good things to come. The menu was extensive and most admirably served. It embraced turkey, ham, tongue, roast beef, a variety of vegetables and scallops, jellies, various kinds of pastry and cake, nuts and raisins, tea and coffee.

The supper was got up and served by Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Wry, who with six deft assistants waited on the numerous guests with great efficiency. F. W. Emmerson, High Secretary for the province sat at the head of the centre table and Thomas Murray, High Auditor was the vice. After grace had been said by Rev. Mr. Meader court chaplain over one hundred sat down to the feast while the band played gay airs.

The toast which was loyally borne with the Qu on, included the order of Foresters, the High Court of the province, Court Tantramar, the sister courts, the mercantile interests, the learned professions, the press and last but not least, the ladies among the speakers were, F. W. Emmerson, Thomas Murray, J. A. McQueen, A. P. Sherwood, Horace Fawcett, H. Black, F. Dixon, Rev. Mr. Mader, A. B. Copp, W. B. Thompson read a few statistics regarding Court Tantramar stating it was organized in 1891 with a roll of 24 which had since increased to 112 and was in good financial condition.

F. Dixon gave a humorous recitation, "The woman who was told to be a Forester," with admirable effect. The programme was agreeably varied by well-rendered songs from Messrs. F. Murray and J. Dobson. Mr. Murray gave "In the Lowlands" Mr. Dobson, "Down on the old farm," the fine voices of both gentlemen being much appreciated. The band furnished several duets and a very pleasing quartette and at midnight the entertainment was closed with the strains of the National anthem.

This was voted by common consent one of the most enjoyable and successful affairs of the kind ever held in Sackville.

Wednesday Mrs. Wm. McLeod gave a very pleasant five o'clock tea. Among the guests were, Mrs. Westly Fawcett, Mrs. Beverly Trites, Miss Charles Freeman, Mrs. Wm. Ogden, Mrs. James Ayer, Mrs. Becken, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Richard Treuman, and the Misses Palmer.

On the same evening Mrs. Greenwood celebrated her birthday by inviting a few ladies to tea.

Friday evening the At Home given by the Academy young gentlemen in the rink came off. It was a fine night and the clerk of the weather had mercifully decreed an all night frost to keep the ice from melting out altogether which it had been threatening to do in the last warm wave. Invitations were issued first and foremost to the young ladies and teachers of the ladies college, then to the Senior class of the University, to the Professors and their wives, to a number of the lady and lassies of the town, chiefly the ladies, and a few of the young men. All of the college girls but ten or twelve were there; of the teachers Miss Lathern, Miss McLeod, Miss Williams, Miss Chase, Miss Johnston, Miss Harrington, Miss Thomas were present as well as Dr. and Mrs. Borden, Messrs. Hamilton and Tweedie repr. esented the professors. Among those from the town were, Miss Lulu Ford, Miss Mary Miller, Miss Amy Miller, Miss Laura Miller, Miss Frances Miller, Miss Emmerson, Miss Bessie Carter, Miss May White, Miss May Scott, Miss Mabel Dixon, Miss Hazel Bell, Miss Emily Willis, Miss Schurman, Miss Grace Towie, Miss Katie Brecker, Miss Lillie Hart, Miss Nora Wiggin, Miss Maud Hutchingson and Messrs. H. Wood Fraser, Mowbray, McCredy, Ford, F. Tu ner, Harlan Eady, E. Richardson, F. Doull, Geo. Palmer, G. Fawcett, Roy Ayer.

Mrs. Palmer and Mr. Smith, one of the students received the guests. A novel and agreeable feature were the programme cards which were attached to everyone's card. The first of the programme cards was the "general cussedness" of insubordinate objects. However this may be, W. H. Harrison had a "sweeping" victory and became the happy owner of the medal which was presented by Dr. Borden. While the contest has been in progress the medal was on exhibition in I. W. Goodwin's window and has excited much admiration for its dainty workmanship. The letters of Sackville curling club are in a gold monogram, below which are two silver brooms with a pendant curling stone of gold, the whole fastened by a silver bar to a bit of red and blue ribbon.

Mr. Allison has been winning at hockey at a fine rate. One evening last week the midnight slumbers of most people were broken by what sounded like an army marching to file and drum. But after hearing the college yell the inhabitants were satisfied that it was nothing more alarming than the students celebrating their first hockey victory over Dalhousie. Presumably as the match was fought in a military town they wished to give military music, hence the rat-a-tat of tin cans and foot-trotting of tin horns.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

Guaranteed BICYCLES CHEAP.... We have contracted for a large number of Bicycles at a very fine Spot Cash price, and we are going to give the public the benefit of it to assist us in increasing the out-put of "WELCOME" SOAP. Price \$35.50 Cash and 200 "Welcome" Soap Wrappers. For an 1898 Stylish First Class Guaranteed Wheel, that has been thoroughly tested and highly recommended by distinguished experts. There is nothing better of its kind than "WELCOME" SOAP. The "WELCOME" BICYCLE will be found equally reliable and satisfactory. We could not afford to put out a poor or cheaply constructed wheel. Ladies or Gents Wheels all sizes, write for particulars or ask your grocer for "WELCOME" SOAP and specifications of the "WELCOME" WHEEL. The Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

On The Trail. Whether you are going to the Klondyke now—or camping out or picnicking this spring don't get those small, light, highly nutritious, quick little Soup Squares—Lazenby's Soup Squares. They make the trip "on the trail" easy and give you strength together! Used by the army now in the border campaigns—14 varieties of Lazenby's Soup Squares. Progressive grocers sell them.

The St. John Millinery College 85 Germain Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Offers a thorough, Practical, Scientific and Complete course of High grade work.

LADIES DESIRING TO LEARN THE ART OF MILLINERY for a personal accomplishment or as a means of livelihood, will do well to call on, or address, for full particulars. Write for circular.

THE ST. JOHN MILLINERY COLLEGE.

4 FT. 6 IN. WIDE, \$15.00. The Patent Felt Mattress is the most restful and sanitary mattress made. Better than the best hair. For full description see previous ads. in this paper or write us for catalogue and price list. The Felt Mattress has been adopted in the United States by the best homes, and the leading hotels and institutions. It is now manufactured for the first time in Canada, and we stake our reputation upon the mattress being exactly as represented. Your dealer will get you one if you show him this adv. If he refuse, write us his name, also giving the exact size of your bed (inside measure), and the mattress will be delivered at your door free of transportation charge. Go to the best dealer in your town. THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN CO. LTD. 250 QUAY ST., MONTREAL. The Wholesale Bedding Emporium of Canada, Man'frs. of DOWN QUILTS, KLONDIKE SLEEPING BAGS, FEATHER PILLOWS, MATTRESSES, SPRINGS, etc. Samples at Mr. W. A. Cookson's St. John.

Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines. Sizes up to 700 H P. Centre or Side Crank. Interchangeable Parts. Large Bearings. Simplest and Best Governor. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., - - AMHERST.

When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINES.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. "Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."—PROFESSOR LIEBIG. "Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DUNN. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. E. G. SCOVIL, Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.

HALIFAX NOTES.

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

SOCIETY circles have been very quiet since last week. The parties being confined to a few little teas and the quietest of card parties.

A Lenten sewing club has been organized for the benefit of the poor. It will meet once a week until Easter, and industrious fingers till then will be busy.

People are already beginning to think of after-Easter dresses, and the greatest is to be a subscription ball to be given at the Halifax hotel in aid of charity, on Thursday in Easter week.

It is to be a fancy dress party, with the large marginal order of uniform, or Windsor uniform, which is simply evening dress with colored facings, for men, and poodle costumes for ladies.

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FREE EXAMINATIONS

And Cut Prices continued for a short time longer.

- Solid Gold Frames, \$2 85
Best Gold Filled Frames, 1 50
Gold Filled Frames, 1 00
Nickel Frames, 25
Alloy Frames, 45
Best Lenses, per pair, 1 00

We are permanently located here but our cut prices and free examinations will only last a short time. A recent graduate makes all tests free for a short time longer.

OPEN TILL 9 O'CLOCK NIGHTS

BOSTON OPTICAL CO., 25 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Next to Maclester, Robertson & Allison.

Dr. Johnson has gone to visit his wife and son at Cansville.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Day have returned from St. John.

Dr. McDougall is back from New York.

Mr. E. Gillespie and Miss Maggie Gillespie have also returned from New York.

Mr. Andrew Allen of the Halifax Banking Co. is in town.

Mr. F. Beverly who has been with his daughter Mrs. Reid for some time, last week went home to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Spicer have been to Truro to attend the funeral of Mr. Spencer's brother.

Capt. and Mrs. Nordby have lately returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Young at St. Margarets Bay.

The funeral service of the late Mr. Robert Kerr was conducted by Rev. J. Reid of Port George.

Robert Johnson of Parrsboro and F. Harris of Amherst. Deepest sympathy is felt for Mrs. Kerr and her family in their affliction.

ST. STEPHEN AND COLAIS.

PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall, E. Atkinson and J. Vroom at St. John's St., P. O. Box 1.

March 9.—There has been very little going on in social circles since my last letter, a few quiet teas and the meeting of the different clubs seem to be about all in the way of amusement.

On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. Fredric L. Han gave a very pleasant tea party at their residence on Elm street, the guests being all friends from Colais.

The Travellers Club met with Mrs. A. E. Neil on Monday afternoon, and enjoyed an unusually good time.

The Current News club were entertained last evening by Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Ross.

Misses Geo. and Sadie McAllister gave a delightful reception at their home last Tuesday, for the pleasure of their young friend Miss Mattie Nichols, in accordance to her friends her engagement to Mr. Robert Benson.

The No Name club met with Mrs. Howard Q. Boardman on Monday.

Mr. C. H. Clerk, Mr. F. G. Vroom and Dr. Frank Blair went to Fredericton on a business matter on Monday evening.

Through the invitation of Mrs. C. H. Clerk a party of lady friends enjoyed a delightful sleigh ride about town on Friday afternoon.

Miss F. Oakes invited a party of young friends to enjoy a five o'clock tea with her on Saturday afternoon.

Misses James Andrews of St. Andrews was the guest of Mrs. David Main on Friday and Saturday.

The Park Society were entertained last Saturday afternoon with a "Harbor Party," by Mrs. George A. Curran, each lady was invited to bring the thing of which she had a special horror. When all arrived the collection of horrors was a wonderful one, and conspicuous among them was that dread of all women a mouse, also a spider, one lady brought a snake.

Mr. Irving Todd, has returned from Florida.

Mr. Moses McEwen's friends are glad to see him again, and recovered from his accident, so he can attend to his duties in the custom house.

Mr. Lee B. Greene, late cashier of the Armor Company, who resigned his position last week, left the week for his home in Cambridge, Mass., where he has accepted a most lucrative position.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Melville Deacon, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, born on Friday, which is a most welcome addition to their family as their other children are boys.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mowat, of Oxford, Nova Scotia, are guests of Mr. Robert Clark.

Mr. A. W. Roby, of St. John, has been visiting his St. Croix, and was a guest of Mr. Edgar M. Robinson.

Mrs. Hugh Cullinan, is in Moncton, spending a few days with her son Mr. Alexander Cullinan.

Mr. and Mrs. St. J. Bradish, have been spending a few days with Hon. C. A. and Mrs. McCullough.

A very jolly moonlight drive, and oyster supper was enjoyed last evening at "Upton Lodge." It was given by Mr. and Mrs. B. Shorten, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Sedgewick, and Mr. Henry E. Hill. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne McManis, Miss Maria Todd, Miss Annie Birby, Miss Gertrude Malone, Miss Kate McMillan, Miss Bessie Birby, Mrs. Samuel Hyslop, Miss Ethel Johnson, Messrs. John T. Grant and George Hill.

Miss Ethel Waterbury is expected to return from Fredericton on Saturday.

Judge Stevens, has gone to Carleton County, where court convenes this week.

WOODSTOCK.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. L. Lorne & Co.]

MARCH 9.—Mrs. Poole entertained a number of lady friends most pleasantly at a tea party on Tuesday last, those present were Mrs. B. Harry Smith, Miss E. Clark, Miss May Clark, Miss Peabody, Miss L. Smith, Miss C. Smith, Miss N. Bull and Miss L. Bull.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Harry Smith, gave a very pleasant Drive Whist party on Wednesday last at their residence Consett Street. Six tables were placed and a very enjoyable evening spent, Miss Cora Smith, and Mr. J. Dibble were the fortunate winners of the first prize, the consolation prizes fell to Miss Louise Parley of Ashover, and Mr. S. Wainwright—Those present were Miss Eva Clark, Miss May Clark, Miss Blanche Dibble, Misses L. and C. Smith, Miss Peabody, Miss A. Brown, Miss J. Brown, Miss Louise Parley, F. McKay, Miss L. Bull, Miss N. Bull, Messrs. B. & McKay

prepared with the fatal number 13 hung on a chain around her neck. It was a most merry meeting of the club, games were played and an excellent supper was served.

The ladies class of the Baptist Sunday school enjoyed a pleasant outing at Capton Lodge last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. C. W. Young's children and young friends will spend Friday afternoon at Capton Lodge.

Miss Daisy Hanson gave a reference party to several of her intimate lady friends on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Andrew Mangall left this week for New Hampshire.

It will be heard with pleasure by her numerous friends in town that Mr. Arthur S. Burdette of the City of Mexico, Mexico, will arrive here early in May and will remain during the summer months.

Mrs. Burdette comes north to bring her little daughter Edith, for the benefit of her health.

An art exhibition given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Sutherland, on Monday, last Friday evening, was a very pleasant affair, and resulted in a socially sum of money for the benefit of the Presbyterian church.

Mr. John D. Chipman M. P. P. arrived from Fredericton on Saturday, but returned to the capital on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. George Muncie and Mrs. Willard Pike have given invitations to a whist party at the residence of Mrs. Muncie tomorrow afternoon.

The engagement of Miss Ella A. Tice, to Mr. Stephen Williams of Brooklyn, New York was announced in Canada, recently, and has been most pleasantly discussed by their friends. Mrs. Tice spent part of last summer here the guest of Mrs. John Clarke Taylor, and her pleasant lively manners won for her numerous friends, who are very glad to hear of her new happiness.

Mrs. Henry S. Marché has returned from a pleasant visit in Princeton with Mrs. Charles F. Eaton.

Mrs. C. H. Newton has been the guest of Mrs. Willard R. Kirk for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Upham left today for St. John where they will reside for some time. Mr. Upham will spend the next two months travelling through the province in the interest of the St. Croix soap company.

Mrs. M. B. Clarke has returned from a delightful visit in Ellsworth Maine, with her friend Miss Savie Mason.

Mr. John Stewart of Woodstock made a brief visit in town on Monday.

Miss Maude McCleary of St. John is visiting her friend Miss Stella Robinson.

Mr. Malcolm King of Chipman, Kings Co., has been spending a few days in town.

Mr. B. D. Ross has been visiting New York city on a business trip.

Mrs. George J. Clarke's friends will be pleased to hear she is recovering from her illness.

Mr. W. H. O. Luard has returned from a visit of a few days in Boston and vicinity.

Miss Alice Boardman left last week for Boston where she will for several weeks devote herself to the study of painting and art.

Messrs. J. T. W. Black, H. T. Todd and George Downes have returned from a business trip to Portland, Maine.

Mrs. Anne Greig who has been spending a fortnight in St. John has returned home.

Mr. Wadsworth Harris the popular young actor so well known in society here, is now in Boston with the Morjessa company.

Mr. Stuart McGibbon who has been tiller at the bank of Nova Scotia for several months, left on Monday afternoon for Montreal where he will take a position with promotion in the bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. McGibbon leaves St. Stephen much to the regret of his friends who he has made a number since his residence in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Curran have returned from New York city.

Mr. Joseph L. Thompson of Danforth Maine is spending a few weeks holidays in Colis.

Miss Susie Prescott of Penfield is in Colis the guest of her sister Mrs. Willard Egan.

The members of the St. Croix club who did so much last year to make the fourth of July celebration a success, have already been energetic to hold a meeting to decide upon a programme for this year. Mr. H. P. Gullis was chosen chairman, and Mr. Moore Secretary, Mr. H. G. Trimble, treasurer. The committee hope to make the day a memorable one and the pleasantest ever known on the St. Croix.

Mr. G. Duell Grimmer of St. Andrews was the guest of Mr. F. A. Grimmer for a day on Friday last.

Mr. Irving Todd, has returned from Florida.

Mr. Moses McEwen's friends are glad to see him again, and recovered from his accident, so he can attend to his duties in the custom house.

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Cures While You Sleep Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

During recent years an important change has taken place in the treatment of certain diseases of the air passages. While formerly it was the custom to rely almost entirely on internal medications in this treatment, the importance of direct applications of medicines to the diseased parts is becoming more and more generally recognized.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall Street, New York.

Leming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

F. Hay, C. A. Peabody, D. Peabody, S. Wainwright, J. Dibble, J. E. F. Wainwright, A. Garden, A. Connel, L. B. Dibble, H. Dibble.

Mrs. Sanderson entertained a few friends very pleasantly at a whist party on Thursday evening last.

Archdeacon Neales and Miss Bessie Neales are spending a few days in St. John.

Mrs. J. T. Allard Dibble returned Saturday from St. John and Fredericton.

Mrs. W. S. Fisher, Fredericton, and children are the guests of Mrs. R. K. Jones.

F. H. Hal, M. P. P., returned to Ottawa on Monday, being somewhat recovered from his recent illness.

J. T. A. Dibble, M. P. P., spent Sunday at home.

Mrs. Newcomb and Miss Eva Newcomb returned last week from a short visit in St. John.

Bruce Dibble left on Monday for Vancouver, B. C. L. B. Dibble left on Monday for Boston.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Kirkpatrick are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

Dr. R. E. Gray Smith and Mrs. Steven Smith are spending a few weeks in Boston and New York.

Rev. Fr. Chapman spent last week in New York. Mrs. George Weber and Miss Gertrude Weber arrived in Woodstock on Tuesday, from Germantown, to join Prof. Weber who has been in Woodstock some weeks.

The Methodist church was the scene of a quiet wedding on Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock when Rev. Dr. Chirman united in the bonds of matrimony Mr. Charles Victor Wetmore of St. John and Miss Josephine Watts. The bride was unattended, and was charmingly attired in a very stylish and most becoming traveling costume of store blue covert cloth, braided in blue, relieved with white satin about the bodice, a hat of blue to match. The ushers were J. Watts and J. S. Leitch. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and similar, blooming plants and a profusion of cut flowers, and roses. Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore left by C. P. express for St. Stephen followed by the best wishes of hosts of friends. Mrs. Wetmore was the recipient of many lovely presents from her numerous friends, who while wishing her every happiness in her new home, regret her departure from Woodstock social circles.

ELAIN.

ROBIBUCO.

MARCH 10.—The concert last Wednesday evening, under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance, was a decided success financially and the committee who had the management of the entertainment are to be congratulated in providing such a musical treat. Professor B. E. Johnson with his brass band were in attendance and played several selections, adding much to the enjoyment of the affair.

Miss Currie who for the past three weeks was in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Palmer, returned to her home in Chatham on Thursday last.

Judge Tack of St. John is in town this week.

Mr. A. C. Sio or left on Friday morning to visit his father in New York.

Judge James of Buctouche and Mr. James Phinney of Fredericton are spending a few days in town this week.

Mr. Robert Phinney accompanied by Mr. S. C. Weeks drove to Sackville last Thursday where they will remain for about ten days.

Miss Agnes White arrived home from Boston on Tuesday.

Mrs. Robert Lorie of Chatham is spending this week with her daughter Mrs. Robert Phinney.

Mrs. James McDermott of Harcourt is in town this week.

AURORA.

\$100 REWARD IF NOT CURED BY Tuttle's Elixir

A BURE CURE FOR Colic, Horse Ail and Spinal Diseases in Horses.

FOR MEN It will cure Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Lame Back, Burns, Neuralgia, Headache, St. Bruno's, Toothache, Earache, Contracted Cords, Frost Bites, Chills, Croup, Bunions, Cold sores, and anything that requires a salve.

DR. S. A. TUTTLE, Sole Proprietor, Veterinary Surgeon.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials is bogus.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 23, 1897.

Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to a interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it represents. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blend," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first class article.

I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILLIS, Prop. Hotel DuRoi.

Robertson, Kings Co., N. B. Feb. 15, 1897.

Dear Sir:—I have been driving horses for seven years. For some time and I believe I would use no other liniment than your Elixir. It can't be beat. My wife, who was troubled with neuralgia, and who tried nearly every other liniment, found that she was helped by like your valuable Elixir Liniment. As for your Condition Powder, I would use no other, and highly recommend them, and only for horses, but also for poultry.

Yours truly, SCOVILL WHITE.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John N. B. Feb. 10, 1897.

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PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte St. Agents For Canada.

Flowers Spring 1898

Everything new. Violets 5c. per bunch and Velvet Violets 5c per doz. up to \$1.50 per bunch of 144. Roses in all colors and at all prices.

The Parisian.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Nothing is so good for THIN, WEAK, PALE PEOPLE—it gives them Flesh, Strength and Bloom.

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

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

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

Tongues and Sounds

Received this day—3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

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

New Cloths FOR EARLY SPRING.

Large stock just opened suitable for FINE TAILORING TRADE.

Invite your special inspection of those goods. Prices right.

A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street.



When a man neglects his health for a day he marks two days off the calendar of his life. When he neglects his health for two consecutive days he marks four days off his life's calendar. And so on. What's about the ratio, and it doesn't take many days to cross off an entire year. And yet men recklessly neglect their health for weeks at a time. It is the easiest thing in the world for the average man or woman to get good health and then keep it. It only needs a little slither here and there. The big, dangerous maladies that threaten life are only the culmination of the little illnesses that are neglected. "Out-of-sorts," "run-down," overworked or overwired he will resort to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he will soon feel bright, strong and vigorous again and able to combat all the big maladies in the doctor's book. Moreover the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sure and speedy cure for some of the most dangerous diseases. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures nervous prostration and exhaustion. These are not mere assertions. Thousands of grateful men and women have testified to the facts, and hundreds of their names, addresses, and photographs are printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser.

"I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for torpid liver and indigestion, and it cured me." writes J. A. Williams, Esq., of Mill Brook, Washington Co., Tenn.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser has had a larger sale than any other book of this class ever offered the public. This book of 1,008 pages with 300 illustrations, is full from cover to cover, of practical advice on health matters. This great book, in heavy manilla covers, is now offered FREE to whoever will send a one-cent stamp to pay for customs and mailing only. If an elegant French cloth binding is desired, send 50 stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

(PROGRESS is for sale in Parrsboro Book Store.) MARCH 9.—Mrs. J. Dickinson entertained the Literary club on Monday evening. 18 a week ago the members of this club took advantage of the fine sleighing and moonlight evenings for a drive to Five Islands and dinner at Parrsboro hotel. Mr. J. White Fraser of Toronto and others who have been here in connection with the lighting of the town have taken their departure as the work is now completed. The whist clubs have been discontinued during the winter season. The last meeting of the married people was at Mrs. J. S. Henderson's where a particularly pleasant evening was spent. The young people were entertained at the home of Miss Ella Corbett one of the members. Mrs. C. H. Smith of Amherst is spending a week with friends. Mr. Smith was also here for a day. Mrs. McKenna has recently given parties. One of these evenings was for the friends of Master Grandson Yates.

FREDERICTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs. W. T. H. Fenwick and J. H. Hawthorne.)

MARCH 9.—His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. McLellan gave a dinner party at the Queen last Thursday evening, at which covers were laid for twenty-four.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. VanWart, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Osment, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Chipman, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. L. Tabbit, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Babbitt, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. G. Y. Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. A. Dibblee, Capt. MacDonell, Mr. R. S. Barber.

Mrs. T. Bradford Winslow was one of the hostesses of the past week and on Thursday afternoon gave a fine o'clock tea which was a very pleasant and happy affair.

Mr. Huston of Sukville is here visiting her parents Dr. and Mrs. J. R. Inch.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. J. W. Bridges entertained the Go-as-you-please whist club. The first prizes were carried off by Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Loggie, while Mrs. Barnside and Dr. Crockett claimed the booby.

Mrs. Burchill arrived here last week and will remain during the session.

Mrs. Porter of Anlover is here with her husband and Mrs. McCain of Carleton Co., and all are guests at Long's hotel.

Mrs. W. T. Whitehead gave a drive last evening at which a large number of friends had a very enjoyable evening.

The dinner party at the Queen last evening at which his honor and Mrs. McLellan entertained a large party was a very successful and brilliant affair. The list included:

His Honor and Mrs. McLellan, Hon. Attorney General and Mrs. White, Hon. Prov. Secretary and Mrs. Tweedie, Hon. Mr. Speaker and Mrs. Burchill, Hon. Mr. Sprocket and Mrs. Maunsell, Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Maunsell, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Fiewelling, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McCain, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Loggie, Major and Mrs. W. C. Milner, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Beveridge, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sumner, Capt. Macdonell.

Mr. R. S. Barker. The table decorations were very beautiful and were all in violet, around the base of the fruit dishes were small glasses containing bunches of violet, while small glasses of smilax entwined with violet, ran the entire length of the table, and glasses of violet colored panicles filled intervening spaces, many of the jellies were of the same hue. The favors were all white carnations. The ladies all in full evening dress made a very gorgeous assembly; Mrs. McLellan wore a charming toilette of violet cord-velvet with violet chiffon trimmings and diamond ornaments.

Mrs. White a becoming costume of black silk with low bodice of pink silk draped with black chiffon and pink chiffon trimmings, pink and cream rose corsage bouquet, diamond necklace, and pink and white carnations, ornaments pearls and diamonds.

Mrs. Burchill, was charming in a gown of black satin, décolleté, with pearls and pink roses.

Mrs. Maunsell, black velvet and jet with white carnations.

Mrs. W. P. Fiewelling, black satin with jet and pink carnations.

Mrs. McCain, black satin with white chiffon carnations and roses.

Mrs. T. G. Loggie, black satin, décolleté white eathers-pink carnations and diamonds.

Mrs. W. C. Milner, black velvet with white carnations.

Mrs. J. E. Porter, black silk with white chiffon, carnations.

Mrs. Beveridge, black silk, with white chiffon and white carnations.

Mrs. John O'Brien, white satin with pearl trimmings, and pearl ornaments.

Mrs. F. B. Eigeombe has issued cards of invitation for an afternoon "at home" tomorrow Thursday March 10th.

Mrs. A. J. Gregory entertained the whist club on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Widder is here from London Ont. visiting her sister Mrs. T. Carleton Allen at the Fopias.

Mrs. Barnside and Miss McFarlane are visiting their sister Mrs. F. W. Barber.

Mrs. J. D. Chipman has returned to her home at St. Stephen.

Mrs. Geo. F. Gregory entertained a number of friends on Friday evening at a tea party.

Miss M. A. W. Edgewood. Prof. Downing is being congratulated upon the arrival in his family of a young son and heir.

Mrs. A. A. Atherton was among the list of entertainers of the week and on Saturday afternoon gave a ladies tea, at which a large number were present, including Mrs. McLellan, wife of the Lieutenant Governor and the wives of the members of the Legislature. The decorations were very pretty, the tea table particularly so. In the centre of the table stood a chandelabra with lighted wax tapers and shaded with pretty pink and white tapers and the base stood slender vases filled with pink and white carnations. Mrs. Atherton had the assistance of four young ladies who took charge in the dining room and served the refreshments, Miss Wilby, Miss Phinney, Miss Ethel Hatt and Miss Nan Thompson.

Mrs. Sumner of Moncton is here for the session and with Mr. Sumner is a guest at the Barker House.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. J. H. Inch gave a most enjoyable at home to a large number of her friends which included Mrs. McLellan and the ladies of the members of the Legislature. Mrs. Inch was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughter Mrs. Sidney Huston of Sukville.

Mrs. Inch received in a gown of black velvet, with the soft "house" front of the bodice of brown silk, and corsage bouquet carnations.

Mrs. Hunter wore a becoming costume of black velvet with bodice of chocolate striped silk and white lace.

The house was beautifully decorated with cut flowers and blooming plants.

The dining room was presided over by four young ladies, Miss Nan Thompson, Miss Tweedie, Miss Queen's Edgewood and Miss Edna Coburn. The arrangements of the tea table were very handsome, in the centre stood a large silver epergne filled with most exquisite flowers, while the delicacies below would be a feast for the most epicurean taste.

Miss Ethel Hatt entertained the young ladies' whist club with a few other friends on Monday evening.

Mrs. H. H. Pitts is in St. John visiting her sister Mrs. McIntosh.

One of the Easter weddings which is announced is that of Mr. Herbert C. Tilly, son of the late Sir Leonard Tilly and Miss Bessie Tucker, sister of Mrs. A. H. F. Randolph of this city.

Mrs. Ger. Taylor is here from Boston and is visiting her mother Mrs. Moore at St. Mary's.

Rev. Canon Roberts returned home on Friday from a two months vacation spent in Florida and other Southern points, where he has been "rejuvenating"; his many friends extend a hearty welcome home.

On Tuesday Mrs. Coulthard gave a very pleasant ladies' luncheon which was much enjoyed by all present; covers were laid for twelve. Those present were, Mrs. Coulthard, Mrs. Byron Coulthard, Mrs. McLellan, Mrs. E. R. Emmerson, Mrs. Tweedie, Mrs. White, Mrs. O. Man, Mrs. M. Akerley, Mrs. Burchill, Mrs. Chipman, Mrs. Wm. Leung, Mrs. T. W. Whitehead.

Lieut. Col. Maunsell D. O. C. left today for Ottawa.

Sunday evening parties seem to be becoming quite the vogue at the hour, I hear of three which took place last Sunday evening.

Mrs. J. W. McCready today entertained a large number of friends at an afternoon tea. Mrs. McCready was assisted in receiving her guests by her mother, Mrs. Wm. Cooper and her sister-in-law Mrs. Frank L. Cooper. Mrs. McLellan and a large number of the wives of the members of the legislature were among the strangers in the city who were present. Four young ladies Miss Jean Cooper, Miss Edna Wiley, Miss Helen Everett and Miss Maud Shaw, presided in the tea room which was a perfect bower of green and flowers.

Tables of smilax entwined with ribbons were draped from the four corners of the table and met at the chandeliers in the centre the prevailing colors all being in pink; the soft glow of the shades lent a pretty hue to the whole effect.

The first session of this session of Mock parliament was opened at the University last Saturday evening by Governor Arnold, who was attended by his A. D. C. Lieut. Neville V. nor, who was attired in the uniform of the Brighton engineers. The address in reply to the speech from the throne was moved by Mr. Cell, seconded by Mr. Crawford both of whom made able speeches. Other speeches were made by Premier McLaurin, J. Mills, leader of the opposition, A. H. McKee, and Lieut. H. F. McCleod.

The University Music Club give their grand concert in the library of the University on Tuesday evening March 15th. The programme will also include a large musical comedy "A Happy Pair," "The Boys" should be well patronized as they are always so obliging in lending assistance when called upon.

The lecture at St. Paul's church on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Willard Macdonald, A Trans-Atlantic Trip, was a rare treat and was enjoyed by a very large audience. Mr. Macdonald held his audience spell bound from beginning to end, as he led them from grave to gay scenes all through the trip, his description of a death and burial at sea was most pathetic, while his graphic description of the return journey from the Ghats to Calcutta, was a most ludicrous position for a Presbyterian divine, and a laugh for all.

The Ladies Aid are to be congratulated upon the success of their undertaking which netted the nice little sum of \$75.00. Mr. Geo. F. Gregory presided and introduced the speaker of the evening. Previous to the lecture some fine music was rendered by a quartette from St. Paul's church, Mrs. Colwell, Miss Johnston, Messrs. H. V. Bridges, and L. C. McNutt while Miss Bridges presided at the organ.

The masquerade carnival at the Marysville rink on Friday evening was far ahead of any former one this season, the greater number of spectators and larger number of spectators than on previous occasions. The judges were Mr. Snowball, Chatham, Mrs. Fred Harding, S. John, and Mrs. Lily, Marysville, Mr. A. R. Tibbits, Mr. Geo. Clinton.

MONCTON.

PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, and at M. B. Jones Bookstore.

MAR 9.—Farewell suppers seem to be the order of the day, and if these rather melancholy festivities continue we shall soon lose all our young men since each supper signifies the departure of one of them for far away shores.

The first of the series took place on Wednesday evening last at Hotel America, and was given in honor of Mr. W. A. Chapman, youngest son of Mr. R. A. Chipman, Inspector of Fisheries, who left on Thursday for British Columbia. The supper was a very sumptuous affair almost deserving the title of banquet, all the luxuries of the season being preserved in excellent style. Mr. F. J. Sweeney presided, with the guest of the evening at his right, and after the most substantial portion of the entertainment had been disposed of, toasts were the order of the evening, and after the expression of many good wishes for the departing voyager and vocal and instrumental music from Messrs. Peters, Le Blanc, Crook, Barker and Beazant, the company sang and sang Sympathy, and God Save the Queen, and the evening was brought to a close. It is understood that Mr. Chapman's ultimate destination is the Yukon, though he will probably remain on the Pacific coast for the summer; his many friends wish him all success in his new home.

On Tuesday evening the dining room of Hotel Brunswick, and Concord restaurant were each the scene of a festive gathering the former being given in honor of Mr. L. B. Read accountant of the Merchant's Bk. of Halifax, by about fifty of his friends, on the occasion of his transfer from the Moncton branch of the bank to the St. John's Newfoundland agency. The supper was elegantly served and thoroughly enjoyed by the guests. Mr. E. C. Cole

A CASE OF IMPORTANCE



DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND WILLIAM McINTYRE, St. John, N. B. Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY

WILLIAM McINTYRE JOHN O'REGAN,

12 and 14 Water St 1 " 3 Union St.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE "The Ideal Tonic." Tones up the System, Restores the Appetite. No other Quinine Wine is just as good.

...to learn that she is recovering from her recent severe illness and will soon be quite restored to health. Mrs. McMurray of St. John is spending a few days in town the guest of her sister Mrs. James G. C. Palmer of Botsford street.

THINGS OF VALUE. If we move our feet proportionately as fast as an ant, it is calculated we could travel nearly eight hundred miles an hour.

There never was and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which the flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germ of other and indifferently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient what would relieve one ill, in turn, would aggravate the other. We have, however, Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailties of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves, disposed to sound rest, the system is led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restorative.

A Dufferin county young lady is a black with can shoe a horse or a mule as well as a man. There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have tried of our sumptuous diet their troubles from exposure followed by a cold which set in on their nose, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physicians. Had they used Bickie's Electric Cure, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Among the natives of Mexico there are, according to Lamb, about one hundred and fifty thousand survivors of the Aztec race.

None Feet.—Mrs. J. J. Neil, New Armagh, P. Q. writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

They Never Fail.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Lanzhou writes: "I was about two years ago I was troubled with neuralgia, but by using Farmie's Pills I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since they have not returned."

How to Cure a Headache.—Some people suffer with neuralgia, but by using Farmie's Pills I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since they have not returned."

There are more theaters in proportion to its population in Italy than elsewhere in the world.

The Proprietors of Farmie's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains its ill. Mr. John P. Beam, Waterloo, O., writes: "I never used any medicine that could equal Farmie's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful. As a safe family medicine Farmie's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a cathartic."

Choice cuts of Prime Ontario Beef. Lettuce, Celery, Poultry and Snowflake Potatoes.

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

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

BELMONT HOTEL ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate. J. SIMS, Prop.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

HAVE YOU SEEN THOSE Pocket Stoves THAT BURN THE SMOKELESS CARBONS?

They burn for two hours. Can be carried in pocket or muff. A comfort when you go for a sleigh drive. Price with Carbons, \$1.00.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, 35 King Street. Telephone 239

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH AND GAME in season!

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.

CHOICE SCOTCH WHISKY

LANDING 50 Cases... Old Malt Liqueurs, 50 " Usher's Special Reserve, 100 " Scotch Whisky, W. Watson & Co.

THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET

Flat Tires are common with many—you don't want these—the "GOODRICH" are uniform and always Round. Get Catalogue P. It explains all. AMERICAN TIRE CO., Ltd 164-166 King St. west Toronto.

Ask your grocer for Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Monday evening the regular monthly meeting of the young people's mission band took place at Mrs. Thos. Hart's. This was a special occasion. Besides the usual short service and readings of the Watchtower, which is the pretty name given to our young ladies who make it their business to keep informed on all missionary work in different parts of the world, there was a most acceptable recitation from Miss Lizzie Ogden and a sweet toned duet from Miss Carrie Weldon and Miss May Hart. A collection amounting to \$7.50 was taken for the Jennie Ford orphan asylum that is being built in China. The tea cream and cake with which the evening closed were by no means the least agreeable feature. The society which is doing excellent work has some thirty or forty members and is in connection with the Methodist church.

The W. C. T. U. met Tuesday afternoon at Mrs. Chas. Ford's. Mrs. Ford has been quite ill lately but fortunately recovered sufficiently to help speed along the good work.

Mrs. McDougall gave a tea for a few of the married ladies Tuesday, in honor of her mother Mrs. Dawson of Pictou.

Mrs. W. Sulver Fisher and daughter spent a day with Mrs. Bedford Dixon last week.

H. C. Read has returned from a short trip in St. John and Fredericton.

Miss Fairly left Tuesday for Bristol.

Mrs. Church who has been visiting Mrs. David Dickson, has gone back to Amherst.

Some of the invalids are making their appearance again. Capt. Frith Atkinson is able to get out walking, Miss Grace Fawcett is sufficiently strong to take a short drive, her sister Miss Janie is just getting down stairs.

A recent letter from Miss Fanning, who made so many friends here in her two years stay at Mt. Allison, states that she is now in good health and better voice than ever. Miss Fanning has been singing in Chicago and is now starting on a concert trip through California and Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pickard instead of returning home from New York this week as expected have decided to visit Philadelphia.

Miss Julia Kells left home Tuesday.

Miss Alice McHaffey spent Sunday in Dorchester the guest of the Misses Backhouse.

Mrs. Chisholm is out walking again but hopes to avoid ice and sprains in future.

Mrs. James Purdy leaves next week to join her husband in New Westminster where the captain is building boats for the Klondike.

Captain John Purdy's wife and daughter are settled in the same place on a ranch where the captain is making a good thing in running river steamers.

J. F. Allison gave a small but pleasant whist party to a few of his friends last evening. Those invited were, T. O. Murray, A. B. Tall, Lovell Harrison, Frank Harrison, A. E. McCredy, H. C. Read, W. B. Harrison, H. C. Henderson.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

Mr. M. G. Teed entertained a few married ladies at a high tea at Rockys on Thursday last. Among the guests were Mrs. J. E. Campbell, Mrs. Joseph Hickman, Mrs. David Chapman, Mrs. Hiram W. Palmer and Mrs. J. F. Teed.

The Rev. Dr. Seyton lectured in Hickman's hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings to appreciative audiences.

Miss J. R. Campbell left town on Saturday last en route to Montreal to join her husband.

The reports from the Rev. J. E. Campbell are most encouraging.

The Rev. D. W. Pickett of O. K. Point arrived on Friday to take charge of the parish during Mr. Campbell's absence. He is staying at Maplehurst the residence of Mrs. George W. Chandler.

Mrs. Joshua Chandler returned from Moncton on Saturday.

Miss Alice McHaffey of Sackville has been spending a few days with the Misses Backhouse at "The Cottage". She returned to Sackville today.

Captain and Mrs. George Swayne went to Joliette last Saturday for a week's visit.

Mr. R. W. Hewson of Moncton was in town on Thursday last.

Mr. H. C. Hamington of Moncton paid Dorchester a flying visit last week.

Mr. C. L. Hamington spent Sunday in Moncton. Miss Hogen of Moncton is visiting her friend Miss Gallagher at the Hotel Windsor.

Miss Mary Cooke returned to Moncton last Saturday.

Mr. F. W. Taylor who has been in the employ of the Merchants' bank or Halifax here for the past three years has been moved to Moncton. Mr. Kenneth Foster from the bank in Moncton takes his place here.

MONCTON.

(ADDITIONAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

The pianoforte recital given in the basement of St. John's Presbyterian church by Mr. F. E. Blair and his gifted pupil Miss Jean Robinson last Friday evening was an unequalled success and the music lovers our city enjoyed a treat. The basement was well filled with a thoroughly appreciative audience, and the reception accorded the performers was most flattering. The recital opened with Mendelssohn's concerto in G. minor Mr. Blair playing the solo on the first piano while Miss Robinson played the orchestra accompaniment on the second. Mr. Blair's playing was excellent both in technique and breadth of tone, while Miss Robinson showed great skill and an evidence of careful training which reflected great credit upon her.

From SCHOOL-BOY of tender years to hardy KLONDIKE MINER, OXFORD CLOTH (Made only at Oxford.) Is best for Clothing.

Strong Nerves

Nerves just as surely come from the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla as does the cure of scrofula, salt rheum, or other so-called blood diseases. This is simply because the blood affects the condition of all the bones, muscles and tissues. If it is impure it cannot properly sustain these parts. If made pure, rich, red and vitalized by Hood's Sarsaparilla, it carries health instead of disease, and repairs the worn, nervous system as nothing else can do. Thus nervous prostration, hysteria, neuritis, heart palpitation, are cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Because it is the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills aid digestion, etc.

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to what paper buying. We want you to know that right here you will find the choice and cheapest and cheapest patterns. Buy nowhere else. We have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS MCARTHUR 90 King Street. SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

Teacher. Miss Robinson's solo numbers were Schubert's "Impromptu" Chopin's "Limpromptu" Suite by Greig and Sonata by Hummel. Mr. Blair's solo numbers were Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata Bonno Capriccioso by Mendelssohn, and Chopin's Scherzo in B. Minor all of which were rendered with great skill and expression.

Miss Jean Bruce has never been heard to greater advantage by a Moncton audience and her interpretation of Debussy's "Scenes de Ballet" was charming. She gave an encore some of the old Scottish songs. Miss Bruce's playing was characterized by such feeling that her audience enjoyed every note. She is certainly a talented violinist.

Mrs. Grant Hall, the soloist of the evening was in excellent voice, in fact she has never sung so well, since Moncton people first had the pleasure of hearing her; her sweet and flexible soprano voice seems to have gained in strength, and compass since she last appeared before a Moncton audience, and the upper notes) are particularly clear and full. Mrs. Hall sang three numbers, Tosti's "Good-Bye, Millard's "Waiting, and Mascagni's "Ave Maria" all of which received enthusiastic encores. It is to be hoped that we shall hear Mrs. Hall more frequently in future.

Mr. Blair and Miss Robinson are to be congratulated upon the success of their entertainment.

The Man of Moderate Means.

"There is one enjoyment that we may all alike enjoy," said the man of moderate means, "and that is the warmth of returning spring. I can always tell when spring has really come by seeing somebody standing in front of a building, where he is sheltered from the wind, enjoying the sunshine of the first really gentle day after winter. There is a mellowness about it, a broad, great geniality, that is unmistakable, and that we accept with grateful hearts. It pervades us with present comfort and gives us much promise of the future. The glow may last, on the first day, but a little time; it may be chilly before and after. Happy is he who is abroad on this day, and who happens upon a sheltered spot at such an hour as to receive it—the sun's first spring greeting to the earth."

A Big Strawberry Farm.

Two miles west of Van Buren is the 'syndicate' fruit farm, probably the largest strawberry farm in the United States. At the time of the organization but forty acres had been cleared and put in cultivation, the remainder of the tract being covered with timber of a heavy growth. Today there are 175 acres of land set to strawberries that are expected to yield 15,000 crates of strawberries the first season, which, at last season's prices, will return to the investors \$27,300.

Especially Remedied. Mamma—I am afraid that young Wilder will not make you a good husband, Clara! Clara—Why not, mamma? Mamma—It seems to me that he rather neglects his personal appearance. Clara—Yes, that's true, mamma, and I'm glad you mentioned it. I'll see that he makes his personal appearance here every evening after this, instead of only twice a week.

ROPING IN GROOM AND BRIDE.

A Policeman Interfered With an old Cheshire Wedding Custom.

Of the many marriage customs which still survive in many parts of rural England, the one peculiar to the county of Cheshire, of roping a wedding party, is certainly interesting, though it was the subject of magisterial investigation at Sandbach petty sessions recently. Three men named Dodd, Duckworth and Burrows were summoned for obstructing the highway at Bechton, a village two miles from Sandbach. A rustic beauty was united to her faithful swain at that village, and the happy couple were driving away from the church, down Bechton Hill, when the observance of the marriage custom peculiar to the neighborhood brought the carriage to a sudden stop. At the horse's head stood Duckworth and Burrows, holding the ends of a rope across the road. While the liberal display of rice and old shoes enables the friends of brides and bridegrooms elsewhere to speed the newly wedded couple, in Cheshire it seems to be the custom to delay their departure till they pay their "footing." The driver was at no loss, for it was part of the custom not to proceed till those inside had given the rope bearers a shilling each. Another villager named Dodd saw no reason for his exclusion from the benefits of the custom, since, after Duckworth and Burrows had received the coin, he promptly fixed up another wedding rope across the highway. Once more had the wedding carriage to stop and the funds of the couple to defray the expenses of the honeymoon were the poorer by another shilling. Unfortunately, however, a police officer, who happened to be driving in the neighborhood, was a highly interested spectator of the proceedings. He caused Duckworth, Burrows and Dodd to be summoned, and they were fined, the two first named half a crown each and Dodd five shillings.

A SERIOUS EXPERIENCE

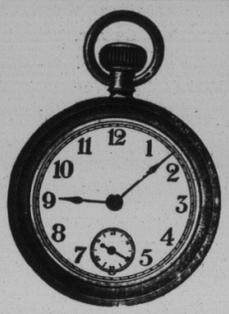
PASSED THROUGH BY ONE OF BROCKVILLE'S BEST KNOWN MEN.

His Legs Gave Out and When He sat Down He had no Control Over Them—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Activity.

From the Brockville Recorder.

There are few men in Brockville or vicinity better known to the general public, and there is certainly no one held in greater esteem by his friends, than Mr. L. deCarle, sr. Mr. deCarle came from England to Canada forty-four years ago, locating in the county of Glengarry. Eight years later he removed to Brockville and has made his home here ever since. He established the large marble business still carried on by his sons here, and is himself one of the most expert stone-cutters in the Dominion of Canada. He is also well known as an artist in other lines and as a draughtsman has few equals and no superiors. Ample evidence of this is afforded in the fact that when the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad was begun, Sir Stanford Fleming, chief engineer of the great trans-continental road, requested him to join his staff. Mr. deCarle accepted the position at Sir Sanford's request and remained with the company for nine years, during which time he drew nearly all the profiles of the road and the plans of the bridges between Ottawa and Thunder Bay. His work was commended as the best done by any draughtsman in the company. Since leaving the company's service Mr. deCarle has lived a retired life, enjoying a well earned competence at his cozy home in the west end of the town. Mr. deCarle is possessed of a rugged constitution and had always enjoyed the best of health until the fall of 1896. Then he was stricken with an affection of the limbs which much alarmed him. Speaking with a RECORDER representative the other day, the conversation happened to turn upon this event, and the circumstances connected therewith can best be told in his own words. "Last fall" said he, "my legs became in such a condition that when I sat down I had no power over them. I could not move them one way or the other, and was naturally much alarmed. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had read of their curing cases similar to mine and so I decided to give them a trial. I purchased a supply of the Pills and commenced taking them according to directions. I had only taken them a short time when I found that I was regaining the use of my legs and could raise one up and cross the other without much difficulty. I also remarked to my wife that when I showed her with what ease I could move my limbs. I continued taking the pills for about a month and by that time I had as full control of my legs as I ever had—in fact was completely cured. I have never had a symptom of the trouble since and am now as well as ever I was. I attribute my cure entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In fact it must have been the pills for I took nothing else in the way of medicine, and I cannot too strongly recommend them to anyone afflicted as I was."

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



FREE 14 Karat Gold-Plated Watch.

Stem Winder and Setter, American Movement, guaranteed timekeeper (6 1/2 to 7 Size) or a beautiful Opal ring, stamped and guaranteed Solid Gold. With three genuine Opal Settings (your choice) and no money required. Simply send your name and address and we will forward by return S. C. Prie's Sarsaparilla Blood Pills, the best medicine for liver, blood, liver and kidney troubles, rheumatism, etc., which we want you to sell a few copies per box to your friends or neighbors. When you have sold the Pills remit the amount to us. We will give you a free gift either the Watch or Ring as you wish to choose. We are making this wonderful offer solely to introduce our medicine in your locality. You take no risk, as pills are returnable if not sold. Send your address at once. Mention this paper.

PRICE MFG. CO., 88 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

The Queen's Great Picture.

Teachers and Scholars

Arrangements are now made whereby all scholars of public and private schools accompanied by their teachers will be admitted each day before noon for the nominal sum of five cents. At 11 a. m. a special lecture to the children will be delivered. In Halifax the school commissioners supported this plan so heartily, and 1,500 children were delighted with this wonderful picture which they will never forget. Note address: 29 Charlotte Street, St. John.

PIGEONS AS MESSENGERS.

Advantages of Their use for the Rapid Concentration of Naval Forces. The twenty-third volume of proceedings of the United States naval institute, just issued, has among its contents several ably written papers on subjects interesting to the navy. Lieut. E. W. Eberle contributes a paper on "Homing Pigeons as Messengers of the Fleet," in which he refers to the advantages and practical workings of a messenger pigeon service, and points out conditions under which it may be used with advantage to the fleet. In his paper Lieut. Eberle says:

"From its geographical surroundings Key West will become our important pigeon station on the Atlantic, and Port Townsend, which controls the straits of Fuca and the entrance to Puget sound, will be the most important on the Pacific. Port Townsend station can control the entire entrance to the western possessions of Great Britain, and this would prove of great value in the event of hostilities with that country.

"The rapid concentration of naval forces at the point of attack on the movement of forces to intercept the enemy is only made possible when we have a system by which we can communicate rapidly with the shore stations from long distances at sea, and the messenger pigeon service is the only system by which we can obtain such communication. This service might be called, very appropriately, a 'sea telegraph' system, and although its messages cannot be dispatched with the speed and absolute certainty of the telegraph, yet the system has the advantage of forwarding its messages from any position within definite limits, and therefore it is not necessary to seek the telegraph station in order to send a message.

"In the event of hostilities, many more messages would be sent in order to insure the receipt of important information, and if only one of the many little messengers should arrive in time to enable our fleet to maneuver so as to engage the enemy before he could inflict appalling destruction of life and property upon some one of our seaports, then this service would prove itself most valuable to the government and well worth the small annual sum required to maintain its efficiency.

"It requires but one practical illustration to strike home and to open our eyes to the merits of this service. Let a single human life be saved from shipwreck in a time of peace, or let one man-overboard of the enemy's fleet be frustrated in the midst of war by the timely arrival of one of these swift-winged, trusty little carriers with its urgent message, and all the country will applaud the result and will realize the value of a messenger pigeon service upon the seas."

Came Home to Him.

Farmer Billison, like many another man who is not a farmer, was addicted to the drink habit. He came to town one summer morning with a wagon load of corn, sold it and started for a dry-goods store to make a few purchases. There was a saloon on the way. Farmer Billison stepped inside to take a drink. Two or three other drinks followed, and then he lost all recollection. Late in the day he woke up to find himself lying under a tree. He was about half way home. His patient horses were nibbling the grass by the roadside. He gathered himself up, felt in his pockets, found his money all gone but seven cents, and then went and looked in

his wagon to see what he had bought. There was a jug about three-fourths full of whiskey—and nothing else.

"Twenty-five bushels of corn," he said, "for three quarts of corn juice! Old man he continued, seizing the jug by the handle and raising it above his head, 'this won't do! Old man,'—here he brought the jug down with all his might on the iron tire of one of the hind wheels, to the utter destruction of the jug and the total loss of the corn juice,—'we'll organize a total abstinence society right now!'"

This happened years ago. Farmer Billison is still a member of that total abstinence society, in good standing.

Friskily Content.

This plant belongs to the forage family and is a native of Asia. It is a coarse growing plant, producing enormous quantities of foliage if the ground is made rich enough. From time to time it has been brought to notice as a valuable forage plant. Cattle and horses may be starved to eating it, but at best it stands no comparison with corn fodder. It is propagated by division of the roots.—New England Homestead.

Note in Stock.

Lady (to dog fancier)—What kinds of dogs have you for sale?

D. E.—Scotch terriers, Chinese pugs, France poodles and English setters.

Lady—Have you any of the Ocean greyhounds that I have read about?

A Fixed Star.

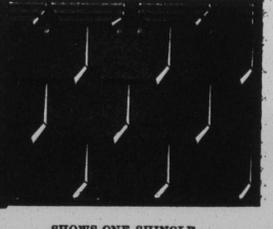
Johnnie—What is a fixed star, mother?

Mother—One that has a five-year contract with a responsible manager, my dear.

88 St. Denis St., Montreal.

Don't Have a Leaky Roof.

Make sure that it can't leak by using Eastlake Steel Shingles.



SHOWS ONE SHINGLE.

They are easily and quickly laid—the fit is so good and storm proof—have given the best of satisfaction who ever used.

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All Women will appreciate the improvements in the Ever-Ready Dress Stays.

Silk Stitched, Impervious, Pliable, Durable, Reliable.

ATTRACTIVE SHADES OF ALL COLORS. SEND POST CARD FOR SAMPLE CARD.

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Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars.

16 DUKE STREET

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1898.

WOLVES IN A DEER YARD

MAINE HUNTERS WHO HAD THEIR KILLING DONE FOR THEM.

A Pursuit of Savage Beasts in a Labyrinth Made in the Deep Snow in the Forest—Three Wolf Pelt and Pelt of Venison Secured in a Streak of Luck.

It is more than fifty years since Dan Remick and Cy Towns had their famous afternoon with the wolves in a deer yard. They were up in the main woods north of the Katandin Iron works crust hunting, and had been having the poorest sort of luck—ten days out and not a moose nor a deer to show for their pains. On this day they made an early start to look for a deer yard somewhere about the foot of a mountain ten miles from camp. They were anxious to find it as soon as possible, for on two nights past they had heard wolf howls, which meant that if the hunters did not secure the venison in short order the wolves would get to the yard ahead of them. It was late in March and there was fully four feet of snow in the woods, with a crust that froze hard at night and softened so much at midday that it was none too easy for a man to get about upon it on snowshoes.

As toward noon the two hunters patted along the mountain's base, their snowshoes slumping three inches at every step, a deer, very much frightened, broke out of a thicket ahead, wallowing along in the snow. It did not try to avoid the men, or, indeed seem to notice them until they were close upon it, and they easily overtook the animal and shot it.

'This deer has been scared out of a yard,' said Remick as he blew the smoke out of his gun barrel before reloading the piece. 'We haven't heard any gun, so it wasn't hunters that did it. It looks like wolves work.'

They strung the deer up to a tree limb, out of reach of skunks and foxes and followed back the furrow the creature had made in the snow. A mile or two's travel brought them to the deer yard, which covered some twenty acres of hardwood and hemlock trees with a great deal of smaller growth among them, such as deer feed on in winter. Within this space the snow was cut in every direction by the deep paths the deer had trodden in moving about to browse on bark and twigs. Only one deer could be seen—the head and antlers of a buck appearing above the snow as he ran about along the paths.

'There's something chasing him—wolves said Towns. As he spoke the buck stopped and reared, and as it threw back its head he saw that a wolf was at its throat. Another wolf sprang on its back from behind, and as the buck was pulled down in the path they saw other wolves crowding upon it.

The two hunters looked at each other doubtfully. There was no telling how many wolves there were, and the snarling and snapping the creatures made as they fought over the deer had an ugly and discouraging sound. On the softened snow, which would not hold up a wolf, the men were safe; but if they ventured into the yard, and the wolves were to show fight, it would be hard getting away from them. But they had had hard luck up to now—and here was good venison going to waste; wolf skins were high in the market, and the State paid a bounty for the scalps, besides.

'We'll risk it, Cy, eh?' said Remick, and the two men slid down into the nearest path and started for the wolves. The paths, barely wide enough for one man, wound and curved in all directions, so that the hunters had to turn and double about a great many times before they could get to where the wolves were. They came suddenly upon them at about twenty paces away—five big, shaggy brutes, all tearing at the buck's throat and flank. So eager were the wolves that they did not notice the hunters until both fired. Then they yelped and ran, leaving one dead wolf by the deer, while another went off-limping. The hunters set a mark at the surface of the snow, so as to be able to find the deer and wolf again when they were ready, reloaded their guns, and set out to find the other wolves. If they could drive them out of the yard into the deep snow they could overtake and kill them without trouble. But they soon found that the cunning beasts would not leave the yard, but dodging about in the labyrinth, kept easily out of reach and view of the hunters, who only once in a while could catch so much as a glimpse of them.

After playing this sort of hide and seek with the wolves for an hour or more the hunters gave up the idea of running them down and began looking up the deer the beasts had slaughtered. The wolves evidently had broken into the yard not long ago than the night before, for all the deer found had been killed within a few hours. Five carcasses the hunters found that afternoon in the yard, and in every case the wolves merely had sucked the blood, without stopping to eat the flesh. Everywhere were the signs of the cruel pursuit of the deer and the struggles of the poor creatures to escape the wolves. Only one deer had left the yard, the one the hunter had shot. The two men spent the afternoon in taking the skins and haunches of the deer to the snow at the edge of the yard, where they could get to them with the moose sleds at their conveniences. As they worked about the yard they could sometimes hear the wolves scurrying away at their approach, but none of the brutes gave the hunters a mark for a bullet until just before sundown. Then the hunters got one covered. The beast made things serious for Remick for a minute or two, though.

In searching the paths for deer carcasses the men separated, and they chanced to come into the same path at the same time, cutting off the retreat of a wolf between them. They had the wolf between them, but neither man dared fire at it while it was in the path for fear of hitting the other. The wolf made a jump to get from the path up upon the level of the snow, and, as it scrambled to get a tooting beyond the edge, Remick fired and wounded it. The wolf dropped back into the path, came to its feet fighting mad, and started for Remick. The hunter barely had time to club his gun and strike once at the wolf, as the brute, dodging the blow, leaped upon him, striking him with the fore paws in the chest and knocking him down. The hunter threw up his gun to protect his throat, and the wolf grabbed the barrel with his teeth; the creature dropped it and tried again to get at Remick's throat, but the hunter managed to get the gun barrel between the wolf's teeth once more. A third snap and the wolf's teeth drew blood as they tore coat and shirt from the hunter's shoulder. Remick was yelling to Towns to hurry up. Whether his comrades would have got along in time to help if the wolf had stayed is a question; but the creature, hearing Towns' footsteps and seeing a clear path ahead, left the hunter and ran.

'Keep your head down, Dan,' called Towns, and fired over the hunter's body. The bullet struck the wolf in the flank, killing it just as it was escaping around a turn in the path. It was more good luck, for Remick was not hurt to speak of, and the hunters had another wolfskin to their account.

Six deerskins, the venison, and two wolfskins, all taken since noon! The hunters felt happy as they cut evergreen boughs for a bed and shelter, broiled venison cutlets for supper, and lay down on the snow, under the winter stars, to pass the night. There was only one trouble on their minds. The wind was from the south and the snow did not freeze at all that night, and without a hard crust they could not get their venison and skins to camp. In the morning, as soon as it was light enough to see, they went to find out if the wolves had quitted the yard. They had, for there were the tracks of three, one of them limping, that led off toward a little lake two miles away. It was plain that the wolves were having hard work to get through the soft snow, and the hunters followed them. The lame wolf lagged behind the others, and the hunters overtook it and killed it. The other two wolves at sight of them made a spurt and got to the lake a long gunshot ahead of the men, and ran out to the middle of the ice. There they stopped and looked at the hunters. The snow that had fallen through the winter, exposed as it was to the sun and wind, had packed down and frozen into snow-ice, which would have held up a hoarse. On this the wolves could outfoot the men five miles to one. Towns and Remick followed them out to the middle of the lake—it was about half a mile across—to see if they could drive them into the woods, but the wolves had no idea of quitting the ice. They circled about, keeping just out of gunshot, until the hunters gave up the business and went back to the deer yard.

The wind veered to the north that night and the crust froze, making good sledding for two or three days. In that time they got the venison and skins to camp on the moose sleds, and from there took them home with a road sled and team. They had the best luck of any hunters in Maine that season. It was the winter when

wolves swept the deer yards in the northern Maine woods, and there were no more deer killed in the Katahdin Iron Works region for a dozen years after.

KLONDIKE'S OUTPUT IN 1898

Miners Will Have to Hustle if They Make It \$10,000,000.

The gold output of the Klondike country for 1898, at the clean-up in June, will be between \$10,000,000 and \$12,000,000, according to the estimate of A. D. Nash of Portland, who has just arrived from Dawson. He is an old-timer in the Yukon country, having mined along the tributaries of the Yukon, in British territory, since 1895.

But this estimate may be far too high, for everything is overrated in the Klondike country. Until recently the gold product of 1897 was figured at \$10,000,000. By degrees this exorbitant estimate suffered reduction. First it was cut in two. Now comes an official statement from Ottawa which places the output of 1897 at \$2,500,000. Estimates of this year's yield of gold run up to \$25,000,000. This is the figure given out by the combination having mines to sell. Since last fall over three hundred men have arrived from Dawson with "claims" to sell. It is estimated that they have over 2,000 claims to put on the market. Some of these claims are mythical. All the surveyors on earth could not locate them. Others are as valuable for placer mining as is Central Park, New York.

All these men agree that the Klondike claims will yield \$25,000,000 in gold this year. They also say that the Alaska Commercial Company and the North American Trading and Transportation Company hold in their safes at Dawson over \$7,000,000 of the yield of 1897. As a matter of fact the companies do not hold over \$1,000,000.

A little figuring will show how much work the Klondike miners will have to do to run their yield up to \$12,000,000. This winter 800 claims are being worked. To make the total reach \$12,000,000 the claims will have to produce an average of \$40,000 each. Now, these 800 claims are not of equal richness. Some may not yield \$5,000. Others may not pay for the wood burned to thaw the ground and thus make it workable. There are only 100 really rich claims in the entire district. These are on Bonanza, Eldorado, and Hunker creeks. All other rivers, creeks, and gulches in the Klondike country will be left-unders when the spring clean-up is made.

Every foot of valuable ground, or ground believed to be valuable, within seventy five miles of Dawson, in any direction, is staked. It is staked to last water, even to the tops of the trees, as the old Klondikers express it. The miner's real mining work begins at Dawson. Unless he has money to buy a claim already staked, or to buy provisions and wood to enable him to get a lay from a claim owner, he must travel seventy five miles from Dawson in order to prospect on ground which has not been taken up. Buying is an extensive luxury, as claims are held all the way from \$10,000 to \$1,000,000. To get a lay the miner must have money enough to buy wood at from \$25 to \$65 a cord and provisions at an average of 75 cents a pound. The cheapest course open to the miner is to prospect on his own account. That requires, as has been said, a journey of seventy-five miles from Dawson, over a hilly and mountainous country. Then the prospector must take his chances. He may make a stake and he may not. It is all speculation.

The matter of food supply always is a grave one in the Yukon gold regions. Never since the miners began working in the country has a year passed when the cry of famine was not raised. This winter the miners had the closest call they have ever had. The men have not yet the quality and the quantity of food needed to sustain life in the sub-Arctic regions, but at the same time there has not been the least danger of starvation. The great danger is not from starvation, but from scurvy, caused by the constant eating of the same kind of food. This time next year there will be danger of starvation unless some way is found to get large quantities of food to Dawson, which is the distributing point. The Yukon is impracticable as a supply route, as it is not open to free navigation long enough to enable boats to make more than one round trip between Dawson and St. Michael. Nor can the mountain passes be depended upon. The miners new in the Klondike country have barely sufficient food to last them until the spring supply arrives. All available transportation agencies will not be able to land at Dawson this summer sufficient supplies

for the miners already in the country. The miners now bound for the Klondike are not taking, on the average, a year's supplies. It is therefore easy to see that a large number of people are likely to be short of food about a year from now.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

Thrilling Incidents and Daring Deeds on Land and Sea.

A number of sportsmen were recently talking over the good times they had had duck shooting last fall, when the conversation turned on hunting big game in the West. Some thrilling adventure was related by every one in the group but an elderly man, and he in turn was asked for a story.

'I don't suppose,' began the silent man, 'that any of you young fellows ever ran across a mountain lion, as they are becoming rather scarce now in the West. But early in the fifties, when I first went to Colorado to hunt for gold, three animals were quite numerous. I recall on one occasion having a little adventure with a lion that almost scared me out of my wits. With a partner I was working a claim in the mountains near Ouray, and one day before the very cold weather of the winter set in we both went to town to get supplies leaving our little cabin on the mountain side alone.

'It came on to snow so hard soon after we arrived in Ouray that we did not get a chance to return to our claim for three days. On our return journey we noticed as we were climbing the hill the tracks of a mountain lion leading toward our cabin. Presently, however, as we got nearer and nearer to our little home, we lost the track of the animal, and the sight of an open window which had been carefully closed on our departure for town, caused us to forget all about the lion and its presence.

'Well, I had reached the window and was just about to put my head into the apartment when there came a terrible growl and the next instant a great yellow body sprang through the opening right on my back, its claws catching my buckskin coat and ripping it open to my waist, turning me completely over and into the snow. My partner took the dangerous situation in at a glance and whipped out his gun. Then the infernal lion turned on him, making a fearful leap in his direction. Before he could fire the infuriated beast was upon him, and, seizing him by the slack of his coat, shook him as though he were but a rat. I was on my feet by this time, and drawing my revolver, I creaked up and put a bullet right through his head. The animal groaned and fell back dead and my partner drew his breath freely once more. It was a close call, but neither of us was hurt, and the lion's skin in another week was serving as a rug at the foot of my bunk.'

Sparrows Biddle a Pileast.

'You have often heard of the ferocity of birds, no doubt,' said William Anderson, a hardy old woodsman, who lives on the lower Ohio, 'but I doubt if you ever heard of birds attacking and killing an animal that one would imagine could whip three or four fierce curs. While hunting down in the flats near the mouth of Green River several years ago, I saw a large and fierce skunk beat an ignominious retreat after trying in vain to best several English sparrows, and later, when the skunk had screwed his courage up to the sticking point again, I saw those same insignificant-looking little birds tear the animal to shreds.'

The Scent of Flowers.

As a rule, the scent of flowers does not exist in them as in a store, or gland, but rather as a breath, an exhalation. While the flower lives it breathes out its sweetener, but when it dies the fragrance usually ceases to exist. The method of stealing from the flower its fragrance while it is still living is no new thing, and it is not known that when it was discovered that butter, animal fat, or oil would absorb the odor given off by living flowers placed near them, and would themselves become fragrant.

A trade journal tells of a man whose checked suit was so loud that it disturbed the nap of his silk hat.

Disease

can be driven in or driven out. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla drives disease out of the blood. Many medicines suppress disease—cover it but don't cure it. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases originating in impure blood by purifying the blood itself. Foul blood makes a foul body. Make the blood pure and the body will be sound. Through the blood Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures eczema, tetter, boils, eruptions, humors, rheumatism, and all scrofulous diseases.

'Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me by my physician as a blood purifier. When I began taking it I had risings or boils all over my body, but one bottle cured me. I consider Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best blood medicine made.'—BONNER CRAFT, Wesson, Miss.

Get Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Health in March, April, May!

Use the Only Spring Remedy in the World That Has Stood Every Test of Time.

Paine's Celery Compound Makes One Well.

In March, April and May use Paine's Celery Compound.

And only Paine's Celery Compound! For it is nature's remedy.

It is the only spring medicine that the best physicians recommend.

Clergymen of all denominations speak of the wonderful medicine with enthusiasm.

Paine's Celery Compound has a record of life saving work that has never been equalled.

Paine's Celery Compound cures disease. It makes people well. It has saved the lives of thousands of sufferers. It makes the weak strong.

It purifies the blood and enriches the nerves.

Every condition of winter life has been detrimental to health. There has been a steady decline in nervous vigor. Now that spring comes the body is ready to cast off unhealthy tissues if it is only given a chance. This opportunity comes when the excretory organs, kidneys, skin and bowels are made to work actively and the nerves are able to furnish sufficient energy to the digestive organs.

No remedy in the world accomplishes these results like Paine's Celery Compound. It nourishes, regulates and invigorates the entire nervous system from the brain to the minutest nerve filament. It causes an increased appetite and tones up the stomach to deal with the increased food. Its nourishing action is immediately manifest in a clearing up of the muddy, unwholesome skin, an increase in weight and more refreshing sleep.

First discovered after laborious scientific research by the ablest physician America has produced, Prof. Edward E. Phelps M. D., L. L. D., of Dartmouth College, it is prescribed and publicly endorsed by the best practitioners in every city of America. It has been so enthusiastically recommended by grateful men and women in every walk of life that it is today in every sense the most popular remedy the world ever knew.

It has proven itself the greatest of all spring medicines.

In Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Quebec, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg and other cities, the leading druggists

have found that the demand for Paine's Celery Compound surpasses that of all other remedies together!

Paine's Celery Compound, taken during the early spring days, has even more than its usual remarkable efficacy in making people well. It makes short work of disease. It rapidly drives out neuralgia, dizziness, dyspepsia and rheumatism from the system. It removes that lassitude, or "tired feeling," which betokens weakened nerves and poor blood.

Women working in close offices; saleswomen tired out and nervous from long hours' standing on their feet and waiting on impatient, irritated customers; overworked, worried and disheartened men and women everywhere will be astonished to find how much happier life becomes when their nerves have been strengthened and their blood purified by means of this great remedy.

No other remedy has the hearty approval of a like body of educated men, nor has there ever been a remedy that was welcomed in so many intelligent, prudent homes where care is taken to get only the

best in so vital a matter. In such families all over the country Paine's Celery Compound is the first, last and only remedy used.

Prof. Phelps had studied the nerves in health and disease, when well nourished and when under-nourished, in men and women and children years before he looked for the remedy. Paine's Celery Compound is the outcome of his entire professional life. It is the one remedy that the world could not lose to-day at any price.

Paine's Celery Compound induces the body to take on solid flesh.

Physicians recognize Paine's Celery Compound as the one scientific spring remedy, and it is universally prescribed by them wherever there is great need of a vigorous and prompt restoring of health and strength to the worn-out system.

Paine's Celery Compound is the best spring remedy because it is more than a mere spring remedy. It brings about a healthy appetite, complete digestion, regular action of a bowels and the other excretory organs whenever taken, whether in

summer or in winter; but as the greatest of spring remedies it has extraordinary opportunities for inducing the body to throw off morbid humors that poison it and cause rheumatism, neuralgia, heart trouble and a general low state of the health, as in spring the system is more pliable and chronic diseases, so securely lodged in the system that they are with difficulty ousted, become more tractable.

Thousands of men and women have found from personal experience that Paine's Celery Compound makes people well, and keeps all from sickness who take it in the spring.

Many a father and mother have noticed the unmistakable improvement in the health of their children from taking Paine's Celery Compound in the spring. It is one scientifically accurate remedy filled by its composition to thoroughly purify the blood and dispel that exhausted feeling and get rid of skin diseases, headaches and fits of depression with which children with weak, nervous systems, as well as grown people, are afflicted.

HER LAST CHANCE.

"This," said Mrs. Gaffery, "this is the last time, Perlina Milkin, the very last time. I've spent enough upon you since your ma died and I took charge of you to marry six girls who had their senses about them. I've dressed you like a Christmas doll, and I've let you go into company, and I've sent you to the most fashionable places to board in summer, and here you are, four and twenty, and not so much as engaged. It's perfectly disgusting, Perlina; and what I have to say is, if you don't settle your affairs this summer I'll give you no more chances. I expect to die in the poorhouse as it is. Why, I was married at 17, and your ma at 18, and your Aunt Delight, about the plainest little critter I ever saw, wasn't but just 16. What's the use of advantages and you have looks, Perlina—you don't make use of 'em."

"I'm sure I don't know what you expect me to do. I can't very well propose to any one," said Perlina, ready to cry. "I do everything I can, and they make love to me, and they say all sorts of things. If they don't pop the question, how can I make them? There, now, I suppose you wait until Uncle Gaffery asks you to have him before you said you would."

"Your Uncle Gaffery would have committed suicide if I had refused him," said Aunt Gaffery. "You may not believe it now, but I was a beauty in my youth. As for what you can do, you ought to know; but what is it? Come home engaged, or I'll stop all this useless extravagance. I have trammed your trunk to the tune of \$500, and you are going to Saratoga with the Kerosene Newsboys; and if you can't do it now, I'll give it up as a bad job."

With which speech she inflicted on her niece's cheek that matter-of-course peck which female friends choose to consider a kiss, and bade good-by. And despite her new wardrobe, her big Saratoga trunk the prospective summer gaiety and the chaperonage of Mrs. Kerosene Newsbody, poor Perlina cried a good deal in the hired carriage which conveyed her to the boat. What was she to do? To marry might have been easy, but to marry money—and that was what she was expected to do—was a harder task.

Aunt Gaffery was a good business woman, and would not be likely to spend any more money on an unsalable article, and Perlina shivered at the prospect before her, if this summer's campaign should prove a failure. On the whole she looked so ill when she arrived at Saratoga that her mirror told her that her best plan would be to retire early and take as much heavy sleep as possible, in view of any eligible gentleman who might put in an appearance next day.

Fresh as a rose and dressed in her most becoming morning dress, Perlina took her seat at the breakfast table next morning and nestled close to Mrs. Kerosene Newsbody in the most bewitching manner.

That lady, an ample matron, with a loud voice, greeted her affectionately, and at once introduced her to two gentlemen who were her neighbors.

"Mr. Kolt, Miss Milkin; Miss Milkin, Mr. Downhill. All old friends of mine. Charmed to make you know each other, and then devoted herself to breakfast, and let those who preferred it to waste time on conversation. And so Miss Milkin, having the field to herself, made eyes at both her new acquaintances, and shrewdly noted, amid her intangible giggles and dimples

that both were smitten. They were of the age, or rather of the age, at which the heart is most susceptible of Cupid's arrows. Edmund Kolt was a son of 19 and Hiram Downhill was at least 65.

Never before had young Mr. Kolt had such bewitching attention offered him. And as for old Mr. Downhill, his memory brought back some dove-like glances, such as those Miss Milkin showered upon him, from the long-vanished years of his youth, but not many.

To cut a long story short, Miss Milkin, having discovered that Mr. Kolt was very rich and an orphan, and that Mr. Downhill was a very wealthy bachelor, at once set her cap for both gentlemen, resolving to accept the one who proposed first. She loved neither. A girl of her views, who had made a rush into the matrimonial market with but one stipulation—that the man she married should have money—was scarcely likely to have a heart. A husband meant to her easy circumstances, freedom from her aunt Gaffery's incessant "giggling" liberty to flirt as much as she chose with ineligible, who were often very interesting and freedom from the dread of being an old maid.

Mrs. Newbody, who was, on the whole, a good natured woman, willing to see her friends well settled, furthered the little affair to the best of her ability. There were walks, rides, drives, chatting in cozy corners, and at last a proposal. It came from Mr. Kolt. Youth is hasty. Age is slow. Mr. Downhill was just making up his mind to do it, when Mr. Kolt did it. And Miss Milkin said "yes" and would have



SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

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fallen into his arms but that they were in full sight of an old lady who had just leveled her opera glass tall at them from a window.

"Yes," Perlina had answered, and young Kolt blushed rosy red, and 'his soul' like that of Gloriana, in the Wild Irish Girl, presumably 'went on a jig to heaven,' for the band was playing delightful dances for their edification; and afterward, when they had had supper, Perlina locked herself in her room and wrote to her Aunt Gaffery. Her letter ended thus:

"So you see I'm engaged, and you can't twist me any longer. I don't suppose poor Kolt will ever set the river on fire, but he's a good natured fellow, and I can just twist him around my finger. And, remember, you are bound to give me a handsome wedding dress, and have always promised me poor ma's pearls; he day I was married. Your affectionate niece, PERLINA."

Mrs. Gaffery signified her approval by return of post, and Perlina's mind was at rest. It did not trouble her much that in less than a week a telegram summoned Kolt to the city. She could use the fast-fading days of freedom better without an engaged lover at her side, and she certainly made the most of them. She plunged into flirtation in a way that frightened even Mrs. Kerosene Newsbody, and it was happier than she had ever been since her search for a husband commenced. As for poor Mr. Downhill, she quite snubbed him, now that she had no views concerning him. Meanwhile the absent Kolt wrote love letters, and she answered them.

"Never shall I forget my feelings when you went out to ride with the old Downhill," he said in one of these. "I really thought for a while that you liked him."

And to this she replied:

"How could you fancy that I should like a superannuated old creature like that? I only took a little notice of him out of pity."

Poor Perlina! Life was certainly very much checkered. One morning Mrs. Newbody opened a New York paper, and having glanced down the column of marriages and deaths, gave a taint shriek and looked at Perlina in a terrified way. Perlina snatched the paper and saw this record:

"Suddenly, on the 11th Edmund Kolt, Edmund Kolt—there was no doubt of it. Mrs. Newbody looked at Perlina, expecting to see her faint. To her surprise, the young lady, though very serious, was quite calm.

"Poor fellow," she said; "I'm very sorry. Do be quiet, dear Mrs. Newbody! Don't let's have a scene. No one knows we were engaged, and you need not tell 'em. I don't want my season spoiled."

Then she arose and went to her room, cried a little, bathed her face, used some pearl powder on her nose and went downstairs to charm Mr. Downhill by beaming upon him and asking him how he could be so dreadfully and neglect her so.

In a word, now that the old love was gone, she 'took up with the new,' and in a week Mr. Downhill had proposed and was accepted. And the astonished Mrs. Gaffery received an account of the situation which greatly surprised her.

Old Mr. Downhill was rather more obstinate than even Mr. Kolt had been. He asserted his rights and insisted upon the open wearing of the engagement ring.

There was no more flirtation for Miss Milkin, and every one knew what had occurred. She wore a diamond ring of value on her finger, and was guarded by her old beau from morning until night. He even wrote her several notes between their

parting at midnight and meeting at nine in the morning, and in one of them he referred to her flirtation with young Kolt.

Miss Milkin was one of those unlucky victims to love of letter writing who can never resist putting things down in black and white. She wrote this sentence in her reply: "You naughty, naughty goose! How could I care for a stripling like that? Poor fellow! he was very nice; but only a boy, you know." And when she had written it she thought how much jillier it was to run about with him than to sit in a corner with old Mr. Downhill, who was always afraid of catching cold, and who would not let her dance because he could not. Still he was rich, and she was engaged at last, after all.

One evening she walked the piazza with her betrothed, leaning on his arm in the most confiding manner. The evening train was in, and people were waiting for the stages to bring the new comers.

As they rattled up to the door some one was seen waving a white handkerchief. A young man with very red cheeks—and then some one called out: "Why, it's Kolt, alive and well." For there had been much lamentation over the poor fellow. As he sprang out of the crowded vehicle they rushed toward him to shake hands and tell him that he had been supposed dead.

"Death in the papaw, you know, old fellow," said one exquidite. "Wally very curious how death could be in the papaw when you wasn't dead, you know."

"It was poor grandfather. I was named after him, you know. I never thought what people would think. I—Th n he turned pale and hurried into the house, fearing that the awful news had killed his poor Perlina.

Miss Milkin was in the parlor. She had fled on his approach and was really quite faint, and Mr. Downhill had gone for a glass of water. Every one else was out of doors, and the young fellow rushed toward her.

"My dearest love!" he whispered; "my darling! you did not think I was dead?"

"Yes—I did!" gasped Perlina.

He bent over and caught her hands and pressed them to his lips.

"Oh, I couldn't die and leave you!" he said. "I—"

But here a hand came down upon his shoulder and a thin voice breathed in his ear:

"Young man, I am very glad to see you restored as it were from the grave, but I

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can't allow such liberties with the lady who is going to marry me."

Mr. Downhill had returned with the glass of water.

Perlina, not knowing what to do, had retched in tears and silence. The gentlemen grew furious and finally walked away with each other, "with pistols for two and coffee for four" in their faces. But this was eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, and much is thought of documentary evidence. In a retired spot, where they could not be overheard, the hapless Perlina's letters were procured. Poor little Kolt read with the bitter agony of youth the woman's denial of her love for and engagement with him, written a week after his supposed death, and old Downhill gave a grown over another buried hope, as he read the lines in which he was set down as a superannuated creature only taken notice of out of pity.

After that the two gentlemen shook hands. They had no quarrel with each other now. Neither of them wanted to marry Perlina Milkin. She received two little notes that evening telling her so.

That was last summer. This year Perlina will not go to Saratoga at all, and Mrs. Gaffery, having dismissed her chambermaid, it is a matter of wonder to the neighbors who the person with a green baggage veil on her head, who rubs the windows, can be. It is barely possible that this is Perlina. Mrs. Gaffery is a woman of her word, and she considers her niece's chances of matrimony quite over.

POST-MISTRESS IN TOILS.
Indigestion and Dropsy—Had Made Her Prisoner—Two Years of Distress Turned to a Joy Song Because of South American Nervine Cured Her Sufferings.

Maria Edge, Post-Mistress of Edge Hill, says: "For nearly two years I suffered agonies from acute indigestion and dyspepsia. I could eat practically nothing without its producing the severest pain. The doctors could do so little for me I about gave up hope of recovery. I was induced as a last resort to give South American Nervine a trial. Two bottles wonderfully helped me. Three bottles completely cured me, and for six months I have enjoyed perfect health."

Auction of Old Muskets and Shotguns.
The war spirit is particularly strong in and around the interesting old town of Bristol. There was a sale near the town on Saturday and the auctioneer aroused the fighting blood of those present by dragging into the light of day a great array of old army muskets, shotguns, cutlasses and other warlike paraphernalia. He puts these up for sale and the bidding at once became very lively. The auctioneer was not slow to take advantage of the effervescent patriotism of the crowd and put into a philippic against the treachery of Spain. The old guns went off like hot cakes and the lot was soon cleaned up. One of the most enthusiastic bidders, a worthy gentleman named John Balts, bought all his purchase pay for and immediately organized an impromptu demonstration. He rigged himself up with a belt an old army canteen, an old powder flask, several bayonets and the biggest of his muskets over his shoulder. The other buyers lined up behind him and by a common impulse joined in singing the "Rally Round the Flag Boys," while they marched around the room. Their singing drowned the voice of the auctioneer and practically put an end to the sale.—Philadelphia Record.

Sunday Reading

The Town of Nopood.

My friends, have you heard of the town of Nopood. On the banks of the River Snow, Where blossoms the Wallowville flower fair, Where the "omet" meteor scents the air, And the soft Goozays grow?

It lies in the valley of Whate these. In the province of Lesterside; That it is a native there, It's the home of the reckless Ideatears, Where the Givestaps abide.

It stands at the bottom of Lasy hill, And is easy to reach, I declare; You're only to fold up your hands and glide Down the slope of Wallowville's toboggan slide To be landed quickly there.

The town is as old as the human race, And it grows with the flight of years. It is wrapped in the fog of lovers' dreams, Its streets are paved with discarded schemes And sprinkled with useless tears.

The town of Nopood is all bedged about By the mountains of Despair No sentinel stands on its gloomy walls, No trumpet to battle and triumph calls, For cowards alone are there.

My friend from the dead, I've town Nopood, If you would keep far away, Just follow your duty through good and ill, Take this for your motto, "I can, I will," And live up to it each day.

BAD COMPANY.

'Girls,' said May Lewis to a group playing in the shade of a tree, 'do you see that girl over there standing by that tree? She is the new scholar that I overheard Miss Barber telling the professor about. She said that the girl is a mixture. Doesn't seem to understand the regulations of a school, but in spite of her rough and ready manners she is warm-hearted and teachable, and is anxious to do right. She said in arithmetic she is above the average, as her father keeps a store somewhere in the backwoods, and this girl has been his chief clerk for some time.'

'Well, we shall have to sound her and see if she is good fun,' said Jennie Dicks, her eyes dancing with mischief, as she glanced at the new scholar. The bell clanged imperatively, and the pupils filed into the school rooms. Ruby, the new scholar, walked behind the rest, feeling very much out of place among so many strange faces, some of which turned to regard her curiously, and not a few were thoughtlessly unkind by allowing an expression of ridicule to show in the glance, yet when she passed her seat Miss Barber smiled upon her so kindly that she felt suddenly warmed and encouraged.

The first class called the reading class Ruby's labored efforts and ludicrous blunders so convulsed the class that the teacher took pity on her and told her to be seated, resolving to give her private instruction until she could acquire herself creditably before the class.

Next came the mental arithmetic class and Ruby was on familiar ground at once. She listened to each formula with interest and wondered what was the use of going through all that rigmarole, when she had the answer long in advance. The girl next her rose and went smoothly through the example.

'Charles has forty-eight cents and buys a slate pencil for sixteen cents how many cents has he left?'

Ruby had just time to think that Charles ought to have had more sense than to pay sixteen cents for a slate pencil, when she was asked to rise while the teacher read the following example:

'There are thirty-six wild ducks in a flock and a hunter fires at them and kills eighteen; how many are left?'

Ruby forgot everything and exclaimed in an incredulous tone:

'What, at one shot? I don't believe it! Father is a fine shot, but he never killed eighteen ducks at one clip in all his born days!'

'But, Ruby, I didn't make the statement. It is only an example which I ask you to solve,' said the teacher kindly.

'No, no, please, schoolma'am my folks bring me up to speak the truth, and I couldn't say such a lie as that, even if it is printed in a book,' and Ruby shook her head sadly for feeling obliged to refuse her teacher anything.

'Since you look at it in that light, dear, you may work the next one.'

'In school there are twenty-seven boys and thirty-six girls; how many more girls than boys?'

'Now, that's something like,' said Ruby, casting a triumphant glance at the boys' seats. 'Girls don't run away from school to go fishing as boys do.'

The children burst into a laugh.

'Such remarks disturb the class, Ruby, so please don't make them.'

The school giggled, and Miss Barber smiled in spite of herself. The girl glanced about her in ludicrous dismay. She knew she had blundered, but she did not know how. An old saying of her father's came to her mind: 'A quiet tongue makes a wise head,' and she resolved to set upon it in school hours.

At recess Ruby stood alone, watching

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the others at play. She was a chubby Dutch girl of about twelve years of age. Her face was honest and good natured. It was the habit of a certain group of girls to 'sound' a new pupil to decide if she was 'good fun' or to be 'one of us'. They now approached Ruby, asked her name, age and where she lived. Ruby answered readily, glad to have someone to speak to her. Then a girl with tow-colored curls and white blue eyes slipped up to her. 'You are 'way up in elocution, I noticed,' she said with a shy glance at the group. 'Can't hold a candle to you, though. My! when you stood up there and yelocuted, the shivers ran up and down my back all the time,' said Ruby with honest admiration. At this the girls laughed merrily and clapped their hands. The answer was so pat, for the questioner was rather vain of her elocutionary efforts, though a high-pitched voice gave one a feeling of uneasiness instead of pleasure while listening to her. Her part in the 'sounding' process proved unlucky for her, for even her mates thought the joke to good too keep, and from that hour teased her about her 'yello-cution.'

'Do you think you will like the school here?' asked gentle-faced May Lewis, who never approved of the 'sounding' process.

'I'm bound to, Pap says none of us is eddicated, so I'm going to,' said Ruby, with determination.

'Pap!' exclaimed several voices at once, thinking the time had arrived for some 'fun'. 'Who is Pap, please?'

'Humph, you are queer if you don't know.'

'Since you call your father "pap" you must call your mother "mop" said a girl laughing at her own originality.

'I never thought of it before, but a good mother is a sort of map of the world—sort of gives you the lay of the land, you know, said Ruby, with a tender expression.

'How do you like town society?' asked the girl with the white blue eyes.

'It's just as pap said; dogs and town young'uns are alike.'

'How's that?' asked the girl, piqued by the comparison.

'Oh, he says, let a country dog come to town and all the town dogs pitch into him, answered Ruby, nonchalantly.

This was a telling truth, and some of the girls had a moment of honest shame, but the questioner turned red with resentment, which changed quickly to spite. 'I saw a wild girl at a show one summer. Your sister I suppose?'

'Sh m-l' exclaimed several girls under their breath; but Ruby was capable of fighting her own battles, her very innocence and honesty being her best shield.

'My sister, just as much as you are a lady like town girl. Some folks think if they wear kid gloves and a feather bow they are a lady. My mother don't know much book learning; but she's a lady at heart, and if you was to go to our house she would treat you like a lady, said Ruby, looking the girl calmly in the eye.

'There, Clare, that serves you right, and

you brought it upon yourself' one girl exclaimed.

'Come, girls, she had better be one of us,' said Blanche Masters, thinking that one so gitted in repartee would better be mustered in at once.

'If you think I am going to join you and help pick on to new scholars, you're mistaken. I won't do it. I'll head 'em off every time,' said Ruby, soberly.

'Oh, we don't mean any harm! It's only in 'fun,' exclaimed one, feeling ashamed to be reproved by this untaught country girl.

'Queer fun it must be to torment one another.'

Here the school bell called them in doors.

For several days Ruby avoided the 'charmed circle,' as they flatteringly called their special group, and played very contentedly with the little girls. It was seldom that one of the 'big girls, deigned to notice the little ones, but Ruby had not only called upon all the little house keepers, ranged along the high board 'ence, but she introduced new plays into their imaginary houses, and helped them to have a good time.

In school hours Ruby gave her whole attention to her studies, and had already shown remarkable advancement in them. She was a comfort to her teacher, for she gave heed to her instructions and never had to be told the same thing twice. By and by it began to dawn upon the older girls that Ruby was purposely avoiding them, and they had a curiosity to discover why. So at recess one day, Jennie and Blanche linked arms in hers and asked her to join them in their play. Ruby gently freed herself and slowly backed away.

'Excuse me, but I'd rather play with the little girls.'

'Don't you like us?' asked one.

'My folks are very strict about the company I keep. They are always telling me not to go in bad company, but to choose such as will help me be good,' said Ruby, thoughtfully.

The girls looked at each other aghast. 'Bad company!' and they from some of the best families in town. Preposterous! Yet this simple hearted backwoods girl honestly believed that they were undesirable associates.

'You see,' she explained, 'my folks say we get to be like those we go with—and—and—I want to learn manners and how to do things proper, like Miss Barber. I never had much chance, and I want to grow up the best woman I can. The little girls don't make fun of other girls nor of their teacher, nor make faces, and be sly, so I guess I'd rather play with them, if you'll excuse me,' and Ruby walked happily away with half a dozen little children clamoring for her help.

There, girls!' exclaimed May Lewis, 'we have had an honest mirror held before our faces, and the reflections ought to be good for us. We see ourselves as others sees us. We are looked upon as 'bad company,' and I don't wonder. We have behaved shamefully. 'Bad company!' and May laughed bitterly.

'I for one am ashamed of myself, and I mean to win that girl's respect yet,' exclaimed Jennie, contritely.

'Now I understand,' said May, after a thoughtful silence, 'another way by which Ruby has been measuring us—it is by the expression of Miss Barber's face. She has taken Miss Barber for a model, and well she may, for she is a lady, and I begin to see that we have not treated Miss Barber well, either. I have often noticed that when one of us has annoyed or worried her, Ruby would look so indignant, and, no doubt, mentally placed a black mark after our names, and so has decided to avoid us. So the only way we can win her friendship will be through Miss Barber, by making teaching a pleasure instead of a burden to her.'

'Then I mean to be so good that Miss Barber's face will be wreathed in smiles when I'm in school,' said Jennie, with a little choke in her laugh.

'Girls,' exclaimed Blanche, impulsively 'let us all agree to turn over a new leaf, and be good and make our influence be felt for good.'

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'Who votes for the new leaf?' said May, holding up her hand. Hand after hand went up, even the tow curls joining. Miss Barber was certainly amazed at the sudden good behavior of her 'special trial,' as she mentally termed the 'charmed circle.' Being girls looked up to, their ways were copied by others of their age. There was no more sly fun in school hours, and their attention to the work in hand helped their teacher to give them of her best. Ruby began to regard the girls in a more favorable light. Her genuine nature and honest heartedness had so attracted them that each felt a desire to 'grow up the best woman I can,' and Ruby little dreamed that it was herself who had awakened in them this desire.

SOME DAILY THOUGHTS.

Paragraphs Gleaned From Various Religious Sources.

'Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name?' (Gen. xxxii. 29.)

'They shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.' 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins' (Matt. i., 23, 21.)

A revival cannot be measured by the multiplication table. There may be a revival in a single heart that will mean more to the kingdom of God than a score of new converts.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear, It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.

A group of ministers talking at a camp meeting last summer came to this agreement: One of the greatest dangers in the Church today is the presence in official positions of worldly men, who are kept there because the Church feels it cannot do without their money, and who are allowed a proportion of influence beyond either their giving or abilities, for fear of offending them.

It ought to be burned into the hearts of both parents and pastors that the time to aim at conversions, and to expect conversions, is in childhood and early youth. Probably a majority of persons who pass twenty-one irreligious are never converted at all. Mr. Spurgeon used to say that those church members who gave him the least trouble were those who gave their hearts to Jesus when young. When a child is old enough to love, to trust and obey its parents, it is old enough to love, trust and obey Christ. The bible never makes age a condition of salvation; and when Christ is truly accepted, then Christ ought to be openly confessed. What is the use of having a fold in the lambs are to be kept out until they can stand the winter?

It is vital Christianity when the believer can say: 'I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' This is not a shadow which we pursue, nor a dream of the night. The union of sunlight with flower, of heat with fire, of life with the body, is not more real. There is a life which is hid with Christ in God for sinful, helpless men and women; not a fancy of the mystic in his solitude, a prize for him who has leisure and learning, but a reality for all believers amid their temptations, troubles, duties, cares. Man has a body, he is a spirit. Spiritually he may be joined with Christ and become a son of God. But this union does not destroy personality. It is, however, vital—the life of Christ within the believer as distinguished from external influence or assistance—so that the apostle says, 'He that bath the Son bath life.' It is inscrutable though not unintelligible. We cannot fully comprehend it, but may know it by experience. It is increasingly revealed to every faithful disciple. 'Of his fullness have all we received, and grace for grace.'

How many there are in this world whose lives are an utter failure to carry out what God has designed them to do, simply from neglect to grasp and utilize trivial opportunities. An eminent writer has said of such, 'In the great enthusiasm of what they might do somewhere else, and in other circumstances and surroundings, they are continually crying, 'Give us place to stand and we will move the world,' while they ignore the true philosophy of a man's life and action—stand where you are and move the

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world.' Opportunity is inexhaustible both in the secular and spiritual life; it lies about us everywhere, in the home, in the church, in the workshop, in the school. Canon Ferrar has most truly said, 'A life spent in brushing clothes and washing crockery and sweeping floors—a life which the proud of the earth would have treated at the dust under their feet; a life spent at the clerk's desk, a life spent in the narrow shop, a life spent in the laborer's hut, may yet be a life so ennobled by God's love and mercy that for the sake of it a king might gladly yield his crown.'

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Two Showers of Plums.

Six years ago there fell on the Dejeant farm in an old field four miles from town about a barrel of small green plums supposed to be the Southern hog plums. They are to be found growing hereabouts, but were dropped there during a wet and stormy period, such as we have had for ten days past. People came miles to see the wonder, but it had about dropped out of memory, when on last Friday night during a like spell about one-half bushel more fell in exactly the same spot. The remarkable part is that nowhere else were plums found on either occasion.—Hawesville (Ky.) Clarion.

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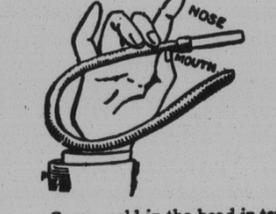
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Friends in Death.

The last few weeks have been trying ones for the birds, even the hardiest. A Brewer man reports a pathetic sight that came under his observation. Noticing, partly covered by a drift, the corpse of a frozen dove he went to it, when to his surprise he found under each outspread wing an English sparrow, both frozen dead. Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

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Notches on The Stick

Johnson complained of Cowley that he wrote much of love without an experience of the tender passion. There was in the mind of his age, it seems an "obligation to amorous ditties," derived from Petrarch's success and the prestige he gave. "But the basis of all excellence is truth," pursues the relentless critic; "be that professes love ought to feel its power. Petrarch was a real lover. In the same manner a false druidic note crept into the bucolics and pastorals of Pope and other writers of his generation, who wrote of nature, as some one has declared, 'with their backs to the window.'" To what do we owe the enormous flood of "druidism"—we use a phrase now in vogue, a convenient label—that has come upon the poetic world of today? Is it a literary fashion, a convenient affectation; or is the passion for solitary mountain and deep green woods more all-pervasive and commanding in its influence than ever before? Did Scott, indeed, pronounce a magic word, that cannot cease to be echoed? Did Wordsworth father a tradition that cannot die? Did Cowper transmit to this generation a longing "for a lodge in some vast wilderness," and are we determined, with Keats, to "fade away into the forest dim."

To us the druidic muse, when her raptures are genuine, has an unalloyed charm; nor can we suppose a good bucolic poem will ever go utterly out of fashion. Our primitive instincts assert themselves, what ever fashions may have temporary vogue. Nature, with such an interpreter as Wordsworth, is fair enough in herself, and may be a lover capable of satisfying affection; but mere picturing of hills and woods and streams is to us less interesting than the vivid presentation of human character and action. The scenes of highest grandeur and beauty derive their impressiveness largely from association with human deeds and destinies.

We cannot doubt the sincerity, as we cannot fail to perceive the beauty, of a poem now before us, entitled 'A Prelude,' by Francis Sherman. We are persuaded that he is not writing nature poetry to be in the fashion and humor a craze, but because to him the spring forces are a joy and a solace,—to him, "there is a pleasure in the pathless wood, there is a rapture on the lonely shore, that he finds delight in expressing. While yet the icicles hang at the eaves, and the snow is deep around us, it is a prophecy of June and all hidden raptures when we turn to lines like these:

"Watching the tremulous flicker of the green. Aream! the open quiet of the sky. I hear my ancient way-fellows converse In the great wood behind me. Where I lie They may not see me; for the grasses grow As though no feet save June's had wandered by;

"Yet I, who am well-hidden, surely know, As I have wait'd them, they yearn for me. To lead them whither they are fain to go."

"O covering grasses! O unchanging trees! It is not good to feel the odorous wind Come down upon you with such harmonies. Only the glaucous can ever find? O little leaves, are ye not glad to be? Is not the sunlight fair, the shadow kind

"That falls at noon-time over you and me! O gleam of birches first among the firs, Let your high-tone come in silverly

"Across the hall, imagined wind that stirs A muffled organ-music from the pines! Earth knows to-day that not one note of hers Is minor. For, behold, the loud sun shines, Till they sing maps are no longer gray, And it o'er her grows their faint uncertain lines;

"Each violet tints a deeper hue to-day, And purple swell the cones hang overhead, Until the sound of their far feet who stray

"About the wood fades from me; and instead, I hear the robin singing—not as one That calls unto his mate uncomfited— But as one sings a welcome to the Sun."

This soft lap of the world gives peace After the noisy jostling world of men. Not there—

"Not among men, or near men fashioned things; In the old years found I this present ease, Though I have known the feverish whip of kings

"And tarried long in splendid palaces. The worship of vast peoples has been mine The homage of uncounted pageantries.

"Sea offerings, and fruits of field and vine Have humble folk been proud to bring to me; And woven cloth of wonderful design

"Have lain untouched in far lands overseas, Till the rich traffickers beheld my suit. Long caravans have tolled on wearily—

"Harrassed yet watchful of their costly wares— Across wide sandy places, glad to bear Strange oils and perfumes strained in Indian vales,

"Great gleaming rubies torn from some queen's hair, Yellow, lustrous coins and gilded dust, Deeming that I should find their offering fair.

"O fairness quick to fade! Ashes and rust And food for moths!"

Old losses seem repaid and there is a renewal of old joys, a feeling of the reality of life, when he has come back to nature:

"Awaiting here the strong word of the trees, My soul leans over to the wind's caress,

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Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

"Ode with the flowers; far off it bears the sea's Rumor of large, unmeasured things"

Very finely expressed is the message which the poet passes on,—the message Earth has confided.

"In me why shouldst thou not find thy content? Are not my days surpassing fair from dawn To sunset, and my nights fulfilled with peace? Shall not my strength remain when thou art gone

"The way of all blown dust? Shall beauty cease Upon my face because thy face grows gray? Behold, thine hours, even now, fade and decrease,

"And thou hast got no wisdom; yet I say This thing there is to learn ere thou must go: Have no sad thoughts of me upon the way."

We who know the places of our youth, now deserted and desolate,—the closed halls and chambers we once frequented, with those who have departed—will know the meaning of lines like these:

"Great houses loom up swiftly, out of the gray, Knocking at last the gradual echoes stir The hangings of unhaunted passages; Until he knows only for her Has this house hoarded up its allences Since the beginning of the early years, And that this night her soul shall dwell at ease, And grow forgetful of its ancient fears In some long-kept, unviolated room."

The reader will enjoy this picture of woodland seclusion:

"For the pines whisper, I set it may forget, Of the near pool; and how the shadow lies On it forever; and of its edges, set

"With maidenhair; and how, in guardian-wise, The alder trees bend over, until one Forgets the color of the unseen skies

"And loses, all remembrance of the sun, No echo there of the sea's loss and pain; Nor sound of little rivers, even, that run

"Where with the wind the hollow reeds complain; Nor the soft stir of marsh-waters, when dawn Comes in with quiet covering of rain:

"Only, all day, the shadow of peace upon The pool's gray breast; and with the fall of even, The soulless gleam of scattered stars—drawn From the unfathomed treasures of heaven."

Mr. Sherman is native and resident of Fredericton, N. B., as many readers of PROGRESS will remember. His poems, "Matins," "In Memorabilia Mortis," etc, have been the subject of comment in these columns.

"Men resort in flocks or towns, But the poet dwells alone,

or at least he attempts it. Joaquin Miller has had some spells at it. Henry David Thoreau was a first-class druid, and Walden a veritable hermitage. He is now paralleled by S. die E. Anderson and her poetic cell "Hesperidism" on the Santa Cruz mountains, in California. There she lives, winter and summer, in her rough cabin of split redwood, in lovely loneliness; there she cultivates the muse and raises chickens and scuts the tax-collector. Young, beautiful, accomplished, a graduate of the University of California, she has made what most will regard a singular choice; but she finds it satisfactory to herself, which is the main consideration. She is said to be quite feminine, notwithstanding, in her tastes and disposition, and is not natively averse to society, but loves better to listen to the stories that the trees, the birds and the brooks tell her."

Miss Anderson's home is a two-roomed shanty built on a wilderness peak overlooking a wide domain. The magnificence of nature is hers. From the door of her cabin she can look away through or over the forest, upon the twinkling waves of the Pacific, and can see the ships sailing into Monterey. Here she sings of the forest and of the shore, and sends out

Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's natural.

If perfectly well, this is probably the case. But many are suffering from frequent colds, nervous debility, pallor, and a hundred aches and pains, simply because they are not fleshy enough.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites strengthens the digestion, gives new force to the nerves, and makes rich, red blood. It is a food in itself.

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song and sonnet as the spirit moves her. The following will show she has some talent as a rhumer:

Mission, Santa Cruz. How swiftly here oblivion sets her seal; What has the vanish'd century left of sect, The Spanish ro-K-frees and the Spanish speech, The music and the roses of Castile? A newer generation comes to kneel Where crumbling walls and broken tiles of red Become the dust above forgotten dead, The unregarded dust beneath the wheel. The call to vespers hath a different tone; Even the mission bells were cast away, And alien echoes mingled with their own From crowded streets, where once the wild-rovers grew:

New speech, new shrines, new hopes and cares and fears, To usher in another hundred years.

In Monterey Bay, there annually rises, with the winter's tide, the hull of an old schooner, which has become the subject of a song:

Under the Sands. The sunshine falls upon a golden strand Beside a sea that stretches far away; Where all the summer long, in a careless play, The peaceful waves come rippling o'er the sand, So, calm, so still, we cannot understand That ever sailors' wives should sit and weep. That ever they should wake while others sleep, Because of tempests upon sea or land. Ah! wait till winter waves assail the shore, And beat away this level floor of gold! For where 'twas wrecked and buried years before A ghost-like ship shall lift its timbers old. O sorrow of the heart, thou liest as deep! Heaven grant no storm of time may break thy sleep!

The vessels, that in the distance come and go, are a special inspiration to her:

Watching the Ships. How strange it seems, walled in, secluded so, So sheltered from the noisy world's unrest, Looking thro' the feathery treelines to the west, To see you stately strangers come and go; Great ships of traffic, born from far we know, Followed and waited by the self-same breeze That lightly tossed some crested billow's snow Three thousand miles away, in foreign seas. So, hither and thither, just beyond our own, Great souls, like stately ships, as fair to view, Great souls, yet ever to remain unknown, Our ports of daily life are passing through; And we, in peaceful shelter so softly pray, 'Fair ships, brave souls, God speed thee on thy way.

These are well-constructed sonnets, easy, quiet, graceful, musical, gently picturesque; not, however, the daring, adventurous, style of verse we should expect from one who has cast her conventionalisms of life behind her.

Thus, with her chickens, the wild birds and the beasts that roam the forests day and night, she lives in amity and content; fearless of ill as the mythical Irish lady, who robed and jewelled, rode abroad trusting the honor of Erin's sons. "Why do I live so far out of the world?" she asks, echoing the question of the curious. "Because I love nature, I love the grand trees. . . I like either pure city or pure country—pure country preferred. I have not been in San Francisco for five years, but I want to go up again one of these days. A leading publisher there has offered to get out a volume of my verse. He advises me, however, to wait until I have written a little more." There is no lackadaisicalness or pining sentimentalism about her, with all her love of solitude. If she ever dallies with "divinest melancholy" it does not infect her. She is brisk, and has an interesting fund of dry humor. She takes pleasure with her brood of chickens, and they occupy much of her thought and time. "My hens are all educated," she declares. "One comes in every day and lays an egg on the table. She will go to my work basket and get the darning egg out with her bill, and then get some scraps of cloth and paper or whatever is handy, and build a nest around it. She likes the colored part of The Examiner best. I suppose it must be on account of the colors. When her egg is laid off she goes with a merry and satisfied cackle. There is an awful lot of work about raising chickens. It takes nearly all my time. Still you can always sell a chicken, while you cannot always a sonnet."

Where does she find her market? These mountains are a haunt of summer tourists, and of campers who spread their tents under the trees. To them the post-cess furnishes eggs, and sometimes a broil, and in this way realizes a neat little income—enough for her support. Their presence is, however, not altogether agreeable, and she is glad when they are over and she is left alone. But one would think she must have the blessing of solitude in excess, and would be glad to see a human face, and "hear the sweet music of speech," that Selkirk was supposed to sigh for. Certainly few can be found who would deliberately choose a lot like hers.

PASTOR FELIX. SURPRISED THE GAOLER. His Wife's Rheumatism Had Baffled the Doctors for Years—Half a Bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure Relieved and Four Bottles Cured Her.

Mr. L. A. VanLaven, Governor County Gaol, Napanee, Ont., writes: "My wife was a great sufferer from rheumatism. She was treated by best medical men, and used many remedies, but relief was only temporary. Reading of the cures made by South American Rheumatic Cure we procured a bottle and tried it. Half the bottle brought great relief and four bottles completely cured her. Its effects are truly wonderful."

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Eight Days on the Witness Stand. 'The longest time I ever saw one witness on the stand,' said a man from Hardinsburg, Ky., 'was during the life of Judge Kinchelo, who was regarded as one of the ablest members of the Breckinridge bar. He was honored by his people to the high office to which he aspired, and he was always respected in the highest as a man of learning and a ripe scholar. During his active practice land titles were much unsettled in our country, and some of the most important suits came up over titles. In the case of Askins vs. Askins, in which Judge Kinchelo and the late George W. Williams, of Owensboro, were the counsel, the taking of testimony consumed two months. It was then that Mr. Askins was on the stand continuously for over eight days, and when the judge had questioned him from every conceivable point of view, he said: 'Well, Mr. Askins, you are excused, but I'm afraid we've pumped you so dry you won't have anything to tell your wife and family when you get home.' The witness retired badly confused, but evidently glad to get off the rack.'

IT'S EASY TO DYE. Home Dyeing with Diamond Dyes is Pleasant and Profitable.

Beautiful and Brilliant Colors That Will Not Fade—Diamond Dyes Have Special Colors for Cottons and Mixed Goods—How Wise Women Economize in Hard Times—A Ten-Cent Package of Diamond Dyes Often Saves Ten Dollars.

In these days of enforced economy it should be a pleasure to any woman to learn how she can save the cost of a new gown for herself and a suit for the little one, or can make her husband's faded clothing look like new. Diamond Dyes, which are prepared especially for home use will do all this. They are so simple and easy to use that even a child can get bright and beautiful colors by following the directions on each package. There is no need of soiling the hands with Diamond Dyes; just lift and stir the goods with two sticks while in the dye bath, and one will not get any stains or spots. In coloring dresses, coats, and all large articles, to get a full and satisfactory color it is absolutely necessary to have a special dye for cotton goods and a different dye for woolen goods. This is done in Diamond Dyes, and before buying dyes one should know whether the article to be colored is cotton or wool, and get the proper dye. Do not buy dyes that claim to color everything, for their use will result in failure.

Care of the Eyes. For eyes that have much to do, and on which a strain is put, darkness is the best possible remedy, and merely to close them for a few minutes at a time produces a rested feeling, which shows itself in their renewed brightness. Bathing tired eyes in warm water and then closing them for some time, is an excellent daily practice. Nothing, however, but hot water should be allowed to touch the eyes except by direction of an oculist. The eyeball should be a clear bluish white color. If it has red streaks in it there is trouble somewhere. If it is dull and yellow in color, that also is an indication of disease, and in most

cases the seat of the trouble is not in the eye itself—the stomach, which is accountable for most things, is generally accountable for the bright or lack lustre condition of the eyes. To make dull eyes shine, therefore, the best thing is an anti-dyspeptic medicine.

"A Man's a Man for a That." Even if he has corns on both feet. But he as a stronger, happier and wiser man if he uses Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor and gets rid of the unsightly corns, painlessly and at once.

An Imperial Collection. Empress Elizabeth of Austria has collected the photographs of all the pretty women she has seen during the last nine years. To each picture is attached a statement of the name, age, and condition of the subject, with date and place of the taking of the photograph.

Don't carry a cough. Carry a bottle of Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure.

His Salary. The Washington Post tells of a bright boy, one of the pages in the Senate at Washington, who was at one of the Senate entrances when a lady approached with a visiting-card in her hand. "Will you hand this to Senator Blank?" she said. "I cannot," replied the boy; "all cards must be taken to the east lobby." The woman was inclined to be angry and went away muttering. Then a thought struck her, and taking out her pocket-book she found a twenty-five cent piece. With it in her hand she went back to the boy. "Here my lady," she said, in a coaxing tone, "here is a quarter to take my card in."

He Lives on Herbs and Eggs. The great romancer, Jules Verne, is nearly 70 years of age, but enjoys robust health and spirits, living on a diet of eggs and herbs in Amiens France. He has written six books more than he is years old. His habit is to rise early and write till 11 o'clock. After lunch he goes to a library, where he reads all the newspapers. He declares that the hardest work he ever does is the reading up of travels in order to write his wonderful stories, for strange to say, he has himself traveled but little. The writing of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" was begun at the instigation of George Sand. His books have been translated into many languages, including Japanese and Arabic.

KNIVES, FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

Woman and Her Work

As I see by an editorial article in a recent issue of Progress that the subject of Persian lamb fur is attracting national attention in the sister republic, the subject having been considered of sufficient importance to warrant the issue by the department of state at Washington of a circular report from Perma describing the means by which that fur is obtained I think it better to sacrifice my own feelings which would prompt me to spare those of others, and supplement the information published in that report by some additional facts which my own study of the subject has revealed. Desperate diseases call for desperate remedies, and I think this evil is a sufficiently crying one to justify the employment of some plain speaking in the hope that it may prove the remedy so greatly needed.

The full process by which that awful fur is obtained then, is briefly this—the gentle ewe mothers are fed on the choicest food in order to make the skins of their unborn lambs as thick, and beautiful as possible; then, when the lambs approach birth, the mother is not exactly killed, as the report states—at least not then—the lamb is obtained by a process over which I am compelled to draw a veil, but which is the cause of excruciating torture to the mother. The shrieking, quivering little animal is then skinned alive, and the mother afterwards killed. I do not pretend to explain why the performance should be drawn out to such an extent but it is all done in order to enhance the beauty and value of the fur, and prevent a certain deterioration which is supposed to take place in it after birth. What matters a pang or two more to a defenceless animal especially to a Persian, a Turk, or a Russian? The commercial value of the article is the only consideration that weighs for one moment with them, and the beauty and becomingness of the article seems to be the only one that weighs with those who wear the fur, and so encourage the trade.

But at least none of us can any longer plead ignorance as our excuse, as the subject bids fair to be well ventilated. Professor Angell of Boston, Dr. Rainford of Toronto aided by the gifted "Kit" of the "Toronto Mail and Empire," and last but not least Progress, which always has been and I trust always will be found championing the cause of the oppressed, are entirely upon a crusade against the use of this fur.

Someone who probably knows whereof she speaks, being a matron of wide experience, many charming qualities, and a thorough knowledge of the tricks and the manners of that complicated, and complex piece of machinery called man, has pronounced the surprising theory that the real way to win a man's affection is not to flatter his vanity, to feed him on choice food, or to coddle and pet him, but simply to let him do things for her, wait on her in fact. This astute lady has observed that the moment a man begins to be interested in a woman he shows it by wanting to do something for her, to be of service in some way to her. And therefore as soon as a man shows an extraordinary eagerness to wait on a woman that same woman may be sure that she has made an impression on him, and she must on no account disturb the current of events by refusing to let him have his way. If she does he will not like it at all, and ten chances to one he will stop loving her on the spot. It is the nature of the male animal of every species to like to be a very big Indian indeed, and have his female companions dependent upon him for everything, so he naturally dislikes any assertion of independence on their part, and prefers that they should revel in his protection. Therefore when a man wants to do any little thing for one of his lady friends, let her see to it that she accepts his offer gratefully, and even pretends that it is the one thing in the world she wanted done; in fact that life would scarcely have been worth

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the living without it, and that no one could have done it half so well as he.

We are such an independent set nowadays, says this wisacre, that we never want to accept services from anyone, and when a man offers to post a letter for us, or run some small errand our first impulse is always to decline with thanks, and assure him that we would not trouble him for the world. But it seems that if we would really retain what hold we have now upon that man's heart we must not let our independence, or our wish to save him trouble, win ascendancy, we must crush the impulse at once, and thanking him gracefully for his kindness, accept it just as gratefully. It seems, according to the authority I am quoting, that when a man offers to do a thing, it is almost invariably because he likes to do it, and to be refused, and told that the woman he is offering to serve would prefer doing it for herself, provokes him beyond expression. It looks as if she could really get along without him, and what man living would like to think that?

So the new gospel of fascination is much easier to practice than the old, since woman has no longer to flatter, wait on, or feed the nobler animal, in order to win his affections, but simply to sit still, graciously permit him to do things for her, and then thank him prettily for his kindness, and tenderly slip the halter around his willing neck. Truly all kinds of labor are being wonderfully simplified in these days, and it is indeed a privilege to have lived in the closing years of this most wonderful century!

The princess dress has been threatened at intervals for some years past, but the threats have never amounted to much. Now, however, there is no room for doubt that the princess style of gown will be really one of the leading features of the summer fashions. It will, of course, be a revised and corrected edition of the old time princess dress, a very up-to-date garment indeed, and like nearly all the fashions, will be designed with especial reference to bringing out the charms of the slender woman. The princess dress of twelve years ago was a boon to the woman with hips, and generous outlines, while that of today will make the slim woman rejoice. The shoulders of this latest whim of fashion are cut long, the sleeves very close and with scarcely any fullness at the top, while the hips are almost as tight as the sleeves, giving that long slender outline to the figure which is now considered the correct thing. In fact all the skirts show this tendency to a sheath-like fit over the hips, and the underclothes of the fashionable woman are constructed with this end in view. Even the latest corsets fit tightly over the hips, and to prevent any extra fullness in that direction there is a new invention in the form of a corset skirt consisting of a corset and circular skirt cut all in one, and fitting with perfect smoothness over the hips. The lower part of the skirt from the knee down, is a circular flounce, which gives the necessary fullness at the foot. The newest departure in gowns is this sheath-like fit over the hips, and all the new models not made in princess form are almost moulded to the figure from waist to knee below which they flare out into voluminous ruffles—like plaits. The bodices are fitted closely to the figure with perhaps a little fullness just in front, and the latest jackets may be termed tight fitting, as they show so little of the loose effect so fashionable in the autumn, and what little there is directly in front. In short the fad of the coming season is to be elongation, and those amongst us whose figures do not lend themselves kindly to the elongation process will be hopelessly out of fashion. One very great advantage which the princess gown possesses is its adaptability to numerous variations in the style of trimming. One of the prettiest models opens at each side over panels of a contrasting material, and the possibilities such a gown affords for variety of trimming are almost endless. Another has the front of the bodice slightly bloused over the belt, and in each and all the perfect fit of the dress is the special feature for unless it is absolutely correct in this respect it cannot possibly be a success. Woe to the woman who dares to array herself in a princess gown without being sure that her back is

moulded with sufficient symmetry to stand that most trying style of dress! Her face may be beautiful, and her figure all that could be desired in other respects, but unless she is lucky enough to possess the rather long, narrow back with just the proper amount of convexity at the waist line and a little below, as well as broad and perfectly flat shoulders, she had better abjure the seductive princess cut, for her new spring gown. And oh how rare is a perfect back if we but knew it!

One new skirt model in blue cloth has a yoke around the hips not more than nine inches deep, where it points down a little in front, and at the back. This yoke is turned in on the edge and stitched over on the skirt, which is cut to fit without any fullness except directly in the back, where two plaits meeting in the centre dispose of the extra width. This yoke requires a careful fitting as if it were a bodice, and quite as close and plain at the back, as in front. Rows of braiding outline the yoke all around, and also trim each side of the front breadth. It is said that our spring dresses plain and close as their cut may be are to be very lavishly decorated, especially with dainty trimmings which call for skilful handwork. Shirring, tucking, cording, embroidery done by hand, hem stitching, and all such devices for spending unlimited time over our dresses, will make the lot of the home dressmaker the reverse of a happy one, and help to swell the till of a professional to alarming proportions. The guinea style of gown which has been in such favor all winter is to be still more popular during the coming summer, if one can believe in rumor, and with skirts opening at the sides over panels of a contrasting color and material which matches the yoke and sleeves, the effect will be not only very pretty, but almost that of wearing two dresses together. Some of these contrasts are more in material than color as for instance a gown of pease green satin with yoke and sleeves of velvet in the same shade.

The sleeve which is absolutely tight-fitting and guileless of any puff at all at the top, has really appeared in some of the latest imported gowns. It gathers just enough over the shoulder to give room for the arm, and a tiny epaulette endeavors to atone for the loss of the becoming puff. Another conspicuous feature of the spring costume which is not exactly new, is the necktie or huge bow of silk, tulle lace or chiffon, with frilled or jabot ends, which seems to be an inseparable part of nearly every dress from heaviest silk velvet to lightest gauze.

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I am, etc.,
N. McNEIL, Merchant,
Saint Pascal.

M. Frederic Fargeon, the oldest member of the French bar, died recently at Nimes at the age of 98 years. He was counsel for the Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean Railroad, and appeared in court till he was 92 years old.



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Have Peculiar Shell and Feed on Birds and Insects.

Haunting the rookeries of the birds in the southern part of the peninsula is a large blue crab. He makes a hole in the ground, usually under a log, and when he hears a noise elevates his head and protrudes his eyes with startling effect. He is able to take care himself, for his pincers are powerful and his shell is hard. He is often as large as a snail.

There is a perpetual war between him and the birds. He wanders among the nests at night and appropriates the bits of fish left by the nestlings and the young themselves if he can find a mother off her guard. But he has to be sly or he is killed by the stroke of bayonet bill and eaten in his turn. When a plume hunter has driven off or destroyed the parents of a rookery these crabs swarm forth and devour the orphan young in short order. But while the mothers are allowed to do their duty the crabs are ideal scavengers and devour the refuse as well as the insects that infest the bird cities. Their bright colors, like those of the tiger, make them less dangerous than their appetites would otherwise be.

There is a little purple crab along the coast of Southern Florida which seems to feed almost entirely upon the fruit of the cactus. This is so much resembles that you are suddenly surprised to see one of your fingers betra you are aware it is alive. Step back and the crab will resume its place, and seem to be as curious about you as you are about him.

One of the most beautiful shells found among our coast is that of a large snail which climbs certain trees and grows delicately fat on the young birds. The shell is as thin as tissue paper, oddly curved and almost as transparent as the finest glass. It belongs to a family of edible snails so prized as a delicacy on the coast of France, and if properly prepared makes a delicious dish. It is most abundant about New River Inlet, where the slight shake of a tree about sunset will bring a shower of them to the ground. The breakage of shell seems to be of little trouble to the snail—he repairs the damage and moves on.

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M. TATE LOYS WOV.

Nearly Ten Years Seeking a Pardon for Her Boy.

The signature of President McKinley to the pardon of Clyde Mattox was the sequel of a pathetic story of heroism, devotion and self-sacrifice unparalleled save in the field of fiction. For eight years a woman has worked unflinchingly to save an only son from an ignominious death on the gallows or a life condemned to be passed within the walls of a state prison. From the first trial in the United States Court for Kansas to the Supreme Court of the United States, and finally to the highest power in the land, she has gone with her prayers and her tears for mercy. Wives of lawyers and judges who prosecuted and sent her son to prison have aided her with money and influence, and eminent lawyers championed her cause with no hope or expectation of reward. So great is a mother's love, so powerful are a mother's tears. And this is the story:

With the first rush of settlers into Oklahoma on the opening of that country there came from the South Mrs. Hatch, widow of Dr. Hatch, post surgeon in the Union army, and her only son, Clyde, then a high-spirited, handsome boy of 18, possessing, largely by inheritance, all the characteristics of the Southern race. Mrs. Hatch and her son settled in Oklahoma City, which was then rent in twain by a fierce factional township fight. Excitement ran high. Young Mattox was appointed a deputy marshal, and, like many of his older brother officers went armed.

One night in the fall of 1889 he was out with a boon companion, a young physician from the South. There was the usual amount of drinking and carousing, and a colored man was shot and killed. His companion made his escape, but Mattox was arrested and taken to Wichita, Kan., where a year later he was tried in the United States Court, convicted and sentenced to death. An appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court, which affirmed the judgement of the lower court, three of the judges of the Supreme Court dissenting from the decision in an opinion which has attracted the attention of the legal profession throughout the country, and by many is regarded as a much stronger and clearer exposition of the case than the majority decision.

Upon the decision of the Supreme Court Mattox was sentenced to death, and was removed from Wichita to the Topeka jail to wait his execution. Thither his despairing and heartbroken mother whose meagre fortune had already become exhausted in the heroic but futile struggle made to save her boy, removed and went bravely to work on the almost hopeless task of securing a pardon from President Cleveland. Being a woman of refinement, with a beautiful face framed in permanent white hair, she aroused sympathy for her great sorrow from all. She secured petitions from the leading people of Oklahoma, and letters and recommendations from the judges and attorneys who had been instrumental in the conviction of her unfortunate son, and, provided with money raised by the wives of the State officials of Kansas, she came to Washington to see President Cleveland.

Upon her arrival here she learned that the President was at Buzzard Bay, and thither she went, with her great sorrow. She secured an audience with Mr. Cleveland, and told him with tears, the pitiful story of her mission. She pleaded in extenuation her son's extreme youth when the killing occurred, and the peculiar conditions of his surroundings. The President listened attentively and gave her assurance that the case should receive his earliest consideration and she was forced to return West in doubt as to the result of her mission.

Weeks passed, and no word came from Buzzard Bay. The day fixed for the execution drew near, and still no sign that her plea for mercy would be heeded. The gallows was erected, and all the dreadful preparations completed for the awful event that would forever blast her life. Twelve hours before the time set for the execution when all hope had been abandoned a message came from Buzzard Bay commending the sentence to life imprisonment.

Mattox was removed to the penitentiary at Leavenworth and began his career as a life convict. Then his devoted mother followed him and took up her residence within the shadow of the great building which held her only child. How she lived is best told in the deep lines on her once beautiful but now pinched and careworn face, and in the faded moustache she still wore for the husband who slept in the Southern grave. This story of her devotion and self-sacrifice interested the ministers and Christian women of Leavenworth, and a second effort was made for the pardon of Clyde Mattox. When the new administration came into power, Mrs. Hatch, armed with additional letters, came to Washington. Through the influence of Mrs. J. J. Frey, wife of the general manager of the Santa Fe Railway, she secured a pass to Chicago; her friends



SEE THAT LINE
It's the wash,
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Pure Soap did it
SURPRISE SOAP
with power to clean with-
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out injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE
is the name, don't forget it.

bought her a ticket the remainder of the distance. She was without money, and entered the home of one of her attorneys, where she was kindly sheltered. She secured the services of one of the eminent law firms of Washington, and the legal process for securing a Presidential pardon was put in motion. Through faith, courage and perseverance, under adverse circumstances, this noble woman and loving mother triumphed at last. After four months of weary waiting, Mrs. Hatch's attorney placed in her hands a full and unconditional pardon for her son. Three hours later the limited express as it sped westward through the darkness, bore a black-robed woman, whose radiantly beautiful face illuminated the gray hair that framed it. Verily happiness is a great beautifier.—Washington Post.

Black Bile and Melancholy.

The ancient Greeks believe that the soul resided in the liver, and that the chief duty of the liver was to make black bile, and that black bile and melancholy were one and the same thing. We have learned that there are other causes of melancholy than misplaced bile, but far more efficient than a disordered liver. Probably the chief duty of the liver is to burn up, or oxidize, certain substances no longer of use in the body. One of these is uric acid, a product of partially digested food and of worn-out tissue cells—that is, bodily substance. Well, when there is more of this thrown into the liver than it is able to dispose of, it sorks a while, and then turns everything upside down in its efforts to expel the intruder. This is a bilious attack; and a proneness to such attacks is what Mr. Peter Knight means when he says he suffered fifty years from liver complaint and pleurodynia.

Many of people who read this little story will thoroughly understand all the experience which he, and Mr. Sampson attribute to him, briefly describe. "I felt languid and heavy," says Mr. Knight. "My appetite was variable, and I suffered from a stabbing pain in the left side."

The latter was the pleurodynia he mentions—pain in the pleura, an ailment much like neuralgia. When there is inflammation it turns to pleurisy. In his case there was no inflammation.

"I had so much pain," he goes on to say, "which continued month after month that I felt anxious and consulted a doctor. He gave me medicines and embrocations but it eased me for a time, and then I had the pain bad as ever. In this way I remained for a year or more."

"In May, 1881, I read about Mother Seigel's Syrup and the cures it had made in cases like my own. I also knew that my mother-in-law had for years derived benefit from it. I got a bottle from Mr. Chase, the chemist at Slough. After taking two bottles I found relief. The pain gradually went away, and I felt better than ever. Soon I was cured, and from that time till now, by taking an occasional dose it always put me right. I always keep a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house as a family medicine, and very useful my wife and family find it. You may use this statement as you like. (Signed) Peter Knight, Stoke Poges, Slough, Bucks, June 6 1896."

"In the summer of 1892," says Mr. Sampson, "I had a bad attack of indigestion and congestion of the liver. I got medicine from two doctors, but it did not benefit me in the least. For three months I continued to suffer. In October, 1892, I read about Mother Seigel's Syrup. I was then living at Hayes, Middlesex. I purchased two bottles from the chemist in High street, Southall. After taking one bottle I found benefit. The gnawing feeling at the chest ceased, and the melancholy and depression left me, and I felt brighter, stronger, and more active."

"I continued taking the Syrup, and after I had used five bottles I was cured, and escaped all the evil of indigestion and liver ailments for a year. Since that time I have kept a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup in the house, and if I require medicine I resort to it always get relief. You may use this statement if you think fit: to do so. (Signed) Frank E. Sampson, Fearnside, Farnham Royal, Slough, June 5th, 1896."

Two better witnesses than these gentlemen we need not ask for. Mr. Knight is a builder, known and respected in the district; and Mr. Sampson is of equally high repute among the people of Slough and Windsor, who he has resided many years. Both commend the medicine to their friends and acquaintances. No disease has so profound and disastrous an effect upon the mind and spirits as the one from which they suffer—dyspepsia, with its consequence, torpidity of liver. The mischief wrought by it to body and mind, and hence to the power of thinking and working, is incalculable. It strews all nations with wrecks of men and women. Engrave, then, on your memory these words—*Mother Seigel's Syrup cures it.*

Charming Despite Age.
Helen of Troy was forty-six when men fought for her smiles and favors. Diane de Poitiers was fifty-six when far and near acknowledged her a siren whose fascinations no man could resist. Julie Reclamier at sixty could scarcely dissuade an enamored Prince half her age, from suicide because she declined to accept his protestations of passionate love. Mme. de l'Enclos' last desperate affair of the heart occurred when that lady was in her early eighties.

A NURSE'S STORY.

Tells how she was cured of Heart and Nerve Troubles.

The onerous duties that fall to the lot of a nurse, the worry, care, loss of sleep, irregularity of meals soon tell on the nervous system and undermine the health. Mrs. H. L. Menzies, a professional nurse living at the Corner of Wellington and King Streets, Brantford, Ont., states her



case as follows: "For the past three years I have suffered from weakness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart. The least exertion would make my heart flutter, and at night I even found it difficult to sleep. After I got Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I experienced great relief, and on continuing their use the improvement has been marked until now all the old symptoms are gone and I am completely cured."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anemia, Nervousness, Weakness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

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SOME OLD-TIME DON'TS.

Buts For the Guidance of Children 200 Years Ago.

The Strand, in a recent article, reprinted several pages from a little book published almost two centuries ago and entitled 'The School for manners, or Rules for Children's Behavior at Church, at Home, at Table, in Company, in Discourse, at School. Abroad and among Boys.' (This last, by the way, suggests that the 'rules were destined more especially for the guidance of little girls). The brochure was printed by 'Tho. Cockerill, at the Three Legs and Bible against Grocers-Hall in the Poultry.' The few extracts which we reprint, says Truth, seem to indicate that the little folks in 1701 were subjected to about the same kind of 'don'ting' that prevails nowadays; there are one or two of the rules, however, which no nineteenth century mother would ever find it necessary to include in her list.

In coughing or sneezing make as little noise as possible.
If thou cannot avoid yawning, shut thine mouth with thine hand or handkerchief before it, turning thy face aside.
When thou blowest thy nose, let thy handkerchief be used, and make not a noise in so doing.
Gnaw not thy nails, pick them not, nor bite them with thy teeth.
Spit not in the room, but in a corner, and rub it out with the foot, or rather go out and do it abroad.
Lean not upon the chair of a superior, standing behind him.
Spit not upon the fire, nor sit too wide with thy knees at it.
Sit not with thy legs crossed, but keep them firm and settled, and thy feet even.
Turn not thy back to any, but place thyself conveniently.
Bite not thy bread, but break it, but not with slovenly fingers, nor with the same wherewith thou takest up thy meat.
Dip not thy meat in the sauce.
Take not salt with a greasy knife.
Spit not, cough not, nor blow thy nose at table if it may be avoided; but if there be necessity, do it aside, and without much noise.
Lean not thy elbow on the table, or on the back of thy chair.
Stuff not thy mouth so as to fill thy cheeks; be content with small mouthfuls.
Blow not thy meat, but with patience wait till it be cool.
Sup not broth at the table, but eat it with a spoon.
Feed thyself with thy fingers, and the thumb of the left hand.
Speak not at the table; if thy superiors be discoursing, meddle not with the matter.
If thou want anything from the servants, call to them softly.
Grease not thy fingers or napkin, more than necessity requires.
Eat not too much, but moderately.
Eat not so slow as to make others wait for thee.
Make not a noise with thy tongue, mouth, lips or breath, either in eating or drinking.
Stare not in the face of any one (especially thy superior) at the table.

A Male Woman's Compliment d.
An interesting incident has just leaked out concerning the wife of one of the Maine delegation. It is anent the recent dinner given by President McKinley to President Dole of Hawaii, upon which occasion Maine was largely represented. The day before the affair President McKinley was in New York. He met one of the Maine delegation there, and just as they parted the President said: "I shall see you at the dinner tomorrow evening."

"I'm sorry, but I can't be there," replied the Maine man.
"That's a shame," said the President, "but your wife is coming?"
"No, she won't go without me," was the reply.
"You tell her that she must, that the President says so," and the two separated.

About an hour later a telegram was received in Washington by the wife of this same Maine man. It read: "You must be sure to come to my dinner party tomorrow night," and signed "William McKinley."—Lewiston Journal.

Fun With the New Boy.
The office boy in the reporters' room has been encouraged to try again. Here's his latest: "A fresh boy in the office of an uptown business concern had some fun the other day with the greer office boy who had his first day to work. When the newcomer came to work the boy was told by the foreman the work he was supposed to do. Forgetting something the boss had told him, he thought he would ask his partner, whose name was Johnnie. Going to him, he said: 'The boss told me to take a bucket to the cellar and get something, but I can't remember what it is.' 'Oh! I will tell you,' said Johnnie. 'He wants you to go to the engineer and get a bucket of steam; it be ain't got steam, get electricity.' The boy journeyed to the cellar and tried to explain to the engineer what he wanted, but the engineer could not understand, and, after getting a little rattled, he yelled to the greer hand to go up and see if he didn't make a mistake and went a left-hand monkey wrench instead. The boy went home that night, but has not yet returned."—Philadelphia Record.

There are 1,061 students at the Pope's Gregorian University at Rome this year, 900 more than in the last year before the Italians took the city. Of these, 666 study theology, 307 philosophy and 78 canon law.



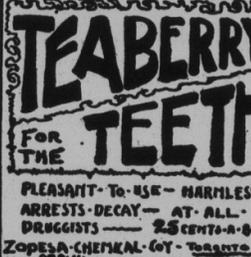
Women of experience in ordering coffee from their grocer are careful to specify Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, which comes in pound and two-pound tin cans, knowing that satisfaction accompanies every can.

Thousands of refined people who know and appreciate good coffee endorse this famous brand. The signature and the seal of these well-known importers guarantee its excellence.



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A Middleman.

William Hallett was a poor, commonplace, newly married young man. He had been living now for several months on a one hundred and fifty acre farm with a decent set of buildings and a small mortgage. It was late in November. The crops had been an awfully house and by a little straining and pinching the annual interest had been met. No payment had been made on the main debt, but that was hardly to be expected the first year, which included the exceptional expenditures of paying the parson and buying a load of kitchen utensils.

Quite unexpectedly William's wife received a bequest from an uncle who died in the West. It was only one hundred and twenty-five dollars, but it seemed to her a marvellously magnificent inheritance, and she and William disposed of the money in a hundred different ways before they finally decided it should go to the furnishing of the front room which was now used as a storage-place for miscellaneous rubbish.

However, after the check had been cashed and the bills laid away in the large Bible that used to be William's grandfather's, and was always kept on the top of the little sitting-room cupboard William spoke out in the dry voice common to men of his lean, nervous type:

"I've been thinking, Mattie, it would be better than put all that money into furnishing the front room."

"Now William!"

"This room's as good as you or I have brought up to it's as good as our neighbors have. What do you want to go and make a spread for, away ahead of other folks, when we can't afford it—and have everybody saying that Bill Hallett sits on stuffed chairs when he can't pay his bills?"

"Why, William!" cried Mattie, flushing, "how unreasonable you are. That money is mine, and it I chose to put it into a pretty parlor as I should like to know whose business it is? If our neighbors prefer to go shabby when they can't afford to live better, why, let 'em. It's no concern of yours or mine."

"It must do a woman lots of good to have a room full of fine things which she doesn't go into from January to December, unless it's to show it off to some neighbor that hasn't got anything of her own," said William.

Mattie's lip twitched expressively. "I know. You want to put the money into an old cart, or an old cow, or something."

"Well," answered William, dryly and unsympathetically, "I might do worse. But that isn't just what I have in mind."

After a little silence Mattie asked stiffly: "Just what have you in mind? I should be pleased to know."

William clasped his hands behind his trig black head and looked at his wife thoughtfully.

"I'll tell you, Matt. I'd like fine things just as well as you—or most as well—if we could afford 'em. But I want to get ahead a good deal more 'n I want to make a spread."

"Of course you want to get ahead," said Mattie; "we both want to get ahead. But I can't see why you need to feel pulled back or any way poor or just because you can have your hour untroubled for nothing."

But you see there's precious little chance of getting ahead on an arm anyway," reasoned William. "Acres of farm-ers are up to their chins in debt. Whoever gets rich on a farm? It's dig, dig, dig, in 'ers and out."

"Why! do you want to give up the farm, William?"

"No, I don't want to give it up—not that. There's a good deal about a farm that I like,—it dependence and room to run round in. I never thought I should like being mes-d in with a lot of neighbors. No; I can't want to leave the farm if I can get any money out of it. But I've been thinking,—what if I should put a stock of good into that front room and carry on a little store along with my farming?"

"It that isn't a scheme?"

"Well, now, ain't it a good one?" went on William, earnestly. "I've always thought I should like a store. I had my head examined once and the phrenologist said I'd be a first-rate hand at trafficking. Of course I should carry on the farm and when I was out in field you could slip in and wait on customers, couldn't you?"

"Oh, yes," laughed his wife. "I think that would be rather fine."

"And we don't need that front room a bit."

"No-o," admitted Mattie, "we don't really need it."

"Of course I should need more than one hundred and twenty-five dollars, but I know well enough that Deacon Lincoln will let me have what I want and take security on the goods. I should begin small."

"What would you keep?" asked Mattie.

"O, molasses and coffee and calicoes and such. Then I should take eggs 'n potatoes 'n wool 'n the like in exchange, and send 'em off, and double my money."

"All the neighbors would buy their groceries of us," said Mattie, cheerfully.

"Of course. It's a natural center here at four corners."

"But after we've made money enough," said Mattie, "we'll have the furniture."

"Well, I guess I'll own the farm and build a store across the road."

"Oh I shouldn't want a store across the road."

"It would cut off the view of the pond."

"Well anyway, we'll have a new store built somewhere, and a bay-window put on to the house, and velvet chairs all the way from the cellar to the attic," said William, gaily.

So it was amicably decided that the one hundred and twenty-five dollars should go into molasses and calicoes. By December the front room was fitted up with shelves and a home-made counter upon which were displayed half a dozen webs of print and a box of assorted jack-knives. Mattie went in every morning and re-arranged the calicoes, and William sat on a nail keg in the sun and whistled for custom.

Poor old Hepzibah Pyncheon was not a whit more agitated than Mrs. Hallett, when it first devolved upon her to measure off two and one-half yards of print for a neighbor.

"It was for old Mrs. Wing," she explained afterwards to William. "You know she was so good when we set up housekeeping—brought us up doughnuts and pies and ever so many good things. I couldn't help giving it to her."

"All right," said William.

"Mrs. Tobey was in this afternoon," said Mattie a few days later. "She bought quarter of a pound of tea and some nutmegs."

"Which tea?"

"The sixty-cent tea, only I left her have it at cost."

"But, that's no way to do, Mattie."

"But, William! Mrs. Tobey has such a hard time—so much sickness. I think it would be real mean to try to make anything out of her."

William laughed.

"You're a pretty hand to keep store, now, ain't you? Don't you see if you sell tea to Mrs. Tobey for half price, you've got to sell it to Mrs. Harper and Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Perkins and all the other women in town for half price too? They'd be mad 'n hornets if they thought you'd sell tea to Mrs. Tobey cheaper 'n you would sell it to them."

"But I asked Mrs. Tobey not to mention it."

William laughed again significantly.

"I know what you mean. You think women can't keep anything to themselves," said Mattie, with a flash of tears. "And you think it is all right for you to wring money out of anybody you can get your clutches on?"

"Whew!" said William.

"I know I'm not a bit business like," went on Mattie, brokenly, "and I suppose I mustn't do any more as I have done. But I do wish people like Mrs. Tobey wouldn't come here to buy things, William."

"Somebody's got to have her money, and it might as well be us as anybody else."

One evening about the middle of February they went over the accounts together, and William made an offhand estimate of what he had in stock.

"This is the meanest neighborhood in Maine," he burst out angrily. "I'd like to move out of it."

"So would I," assented Mattie, vehemently.

All the neighbors would rather go by us clear over to Cooper's Mills and pay double for all they get," grumbled William.

"I know it," said Mattie. John Perkins went by with his kerosene can in his pumg his afternoon, and John has pretended to think the world of you."

William tossed his nose into the air with inexpressible disgust.

"Talk's cheap. Can't he going to the grange so long's he's chief cook and bottle washer?"

"And I declare," said Mattie, "I don't feel a bit like going to Sunday school and sitting in Mrs. Perkins's Bible class, and seeing her smile on me as if she could at me up, and then go right by weak in and weak out and never buy so much as a row of pins of us. And she's had any amount of new things this winter."

"We won't go to meeting for a few Sundays," said William. "I guess they'll miss us."

"I don't believe there's much real friendship in the world, anyway," sighed Mattie with profound pessimism.

"Friendship! more froth and lather. It's everybody for himself—deacons and all."

"But I don't see why everyone need to owe us such a spite."

"O, they're afraid we'll make something. They'd rather go farther and get cheated than buy anything less we should make a cent. But they needn't be so afraid if they only knew it."

"I wish you'd been contented to farm it like other people and never taken it into

your head that you were smart enough to make money trading."

"Smart enough! how in creation did I know everybody'd turn against us so? Besides, I should have made more if you hadn't been possessed to give everything away."

Mattie colored and did not answer at once.

"If you only knew how mean and stingy I've felt ever since I asked that ragged little Hackett boy thirty cents for that speckled pair of mittens," William, when his fingers were busy as whetstones and he'd had to earn his money before and after school, you'd—she caught her breath with a sob.

"Come, now, Mattie, I don't blame you a bit. I love you for it, little wife. But I don't believe you were made for a store-keeper, and I dunno's I was. It's kind of a mean business, anyhow."

"I was reading the other day," said Mattie, "that the old Romans ranked the farmer above the trader, because the trader gets all his living out of other people while the farmer does get at least a part of his out of the earth, and in a way that harm's no one and makes the world fairer and richer and better. I thought; then that I wished you'd close out the store—only we should feel cheap to begin a business and fix out."

William studied the fire in silence.

"If you closed out the store, you could still exchange produce when anyone brought it along, William."

Still William mused.

"Even if it paid us to keep on," said his wife, earnestly, "it's dreadful to find we have no friends, it's dreadful to grow hard toward all our neighbors, as we are doing; to stay away from church and feel as if all the town was in arms against us, William. If we can only sell out—even it we do lose a little—if you can get the grocer at Cooper's Mills to take the goods off your hands—and not have it to bother our heads about or vex our son's ov'r—I do think it would be best."

Still William held his peace.

"I have seen so much this winter," went on Mattie, "how poor people are—how poor we may be—that I don't feel just as I did about the front room. If you close out the store, it doesn't seem to me to be the best thing to lay out the one hundred and twenty-five dollars, or what there is left of it, in plush and brussels while our nearest neighbor to the right has hardly clothes enough to keep her warm and her nearest neighbor to the left has three little babies to go half hungry from morning till night. Oh, no, William! I don't mean that we are to give money to them. We can't do that. But to spend it in fine things would look as if we weren't even sorry for them. Wouldn't it, William?"

"Maybe so," said William, not particularly touched.

"I think, on the whole, if you close out the store, I'd rather you'd pay all but fifteen or twenty dollars of what belongs to me, on the mortgage."

"Well done, Matt!"

"And the rest—you know how often you've wished you knew as much about farming as John Perkins, and thought if you had his books you could do so much better? See him, William, and find out what his books are, and get you some with the rest of the money, with three or four little books that I should like to have, and take some of the pine shelves from the store and make a bookcase for that corner William. I can stain it to look like antique oak, and hang a picture over it, and you can read the long evenings through and learn so much before planting-time, and we can be so quiet and happy, and at peace, without any more thinking of who will buy and who won't buy, William."

"Matt," said William, "you're the brightest and best wife man ever had!"—Fannie B. Damon

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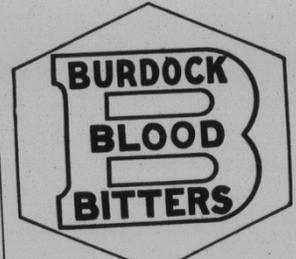
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MRS. THOS. McCANN, Mooresville, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with biliousness, headache, and lost appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B.B.B. my appetite has returned, and I am better than I have been for years. I would not be without Burdock Blood Bitters. It is such a safe and good remedy that I am giving it to my children."

had gone almost straight from school to the army and thence to India, was leading his company through a rocky pass, on returning from a scouting expedition. They were beset by the enemy, who fired at them from behind the rocks and the men were growing very uneasy. Those in the rear began to be impatient, and shouted to the men in front, "Hurry up! What are you waiting for there?"

The young officer answered quite coolly: "Hold on a minute! I'm lighting my pipe!"

And he struck a match and lit it. There was a roar of laughter, and a soldier called out, "Well, since you're so pressing, I think I'll have a pipe myself." And he, too, struck a match and began to smoke. This bit of fun steadied the men and they came through in good order.

Lord Coleridge's Umbrella Decision. The law as to umbrellas was settled once for all by Lord Coleridge in a leading English case. His lordship held: "Umbrellas, properly considered, are a part of the atmospheric or meteorological condition, and, as such, there can be no individual property right in them. In Samps'n vs. Thompson defendant was charged with standing on plaintiff's front steps during a storm and thereby soaking up a large quantity of rain to which plaintiff was entitled. But the court held that the rain was any man's rain, no matter where it fell. It follows therefore, that the umbrella is any man's umbrella. In all ages rain and umbrellas have gone together, and there is no reason why they should be separated in law. An umbrella may, under certain circumstances—the chief of which is possession—take on the attributes of personal property, just as if a man set a tub and catch a quantity of rain water, the rain water will be considered as his personal belonging while it is in his tub. But if the sun evaporate the water and it is rained down again, or if the tub be upset and the water spilled, then the

attribute of a personal ownership instantly disappears. So if a man hold his umbrella in his hand it may be considered a personal belonging, but the moment it leaves his hand it returns to the great, general, indivisible, common stock of umbrellas, whether the law will not attempt to pursue it."

So far as we know there has never been a successful appeal from this decision.—Chicago News.

THE CURES GROW NUMEROUS SICKNESS OVERCOME BY MORIN'S WINE CRESO-PHATES

All the neighborhood of Mrs. Chas. Faguy, living in Quebec, knows that she was sick for a long time, and in spite of all care and medicines taken, nothing would give her any relief. Sometimes she seemed to feel relief, but immediately afterwards the pains in the stomach and sides came back and made her suffer again. A severe cough changed into acute bronchitis, gave her much uneasiness, and she was thinking that perhaps before long she would not be able to find any medicine to relieve or cure her, when she read accidentally an advertisement of Morin's Creso-Phates Wine. Although she had already spent much money bying medical advice she decided to take some more to save her life. She bought one bottle of this medicine and after using it for some days Mrs. Faguy found with pleasure that her cough was diminishing and that it was not so severe as before using Morin's Wine. She did not feel so many pains and her breathing was much easier, her appetite got better every day. She was very encouraged and decided to continue this medicine until complete recovery. She got another bottle and had the best results from it; the expectoration came freely and without inigue, her strength came back rapidly and a few days afterwards she was able to work as formerly.

To day Mrs. Faguy is in perfect health and she has no doubt that without Morin's Creso-Phates Wine she would not be alive now.

