

LIGHT FOR THE BLIND.

A NOBLE INSTITUTION THAT DERIVES SUBSTANTIAL AID.

The Maritime school for the blind at Halifax and the work it does.—The claim that it has upon the Lower Provinces—An effort to make it more effective.

If the charitable and educational institutions of a county or city are its crown of glory Halifax may certainly be said to be rich indeed; perhaps no city in the Dominion is better off in this respect and it is not to be wondered at that Nova Scotians everywhere have a just pride in the educational system of the city by the sea.

and to share with others the pleasures and trials of life, may be really said to be the miracle of the nineteenth century and has aptly been called the youngest daughter of modern education.

The Halifax school does not exist merely for a local purpose but has strong claims on the province of New Brunswick, whose pupils are admitted on the same condition as those from Nova Scotia. The blind of this province participate in the endowments of the institution, and by its very existence New Brunswick is saved a large expenditure.

The number of pupils in attendance is seventy and the building occupied is really

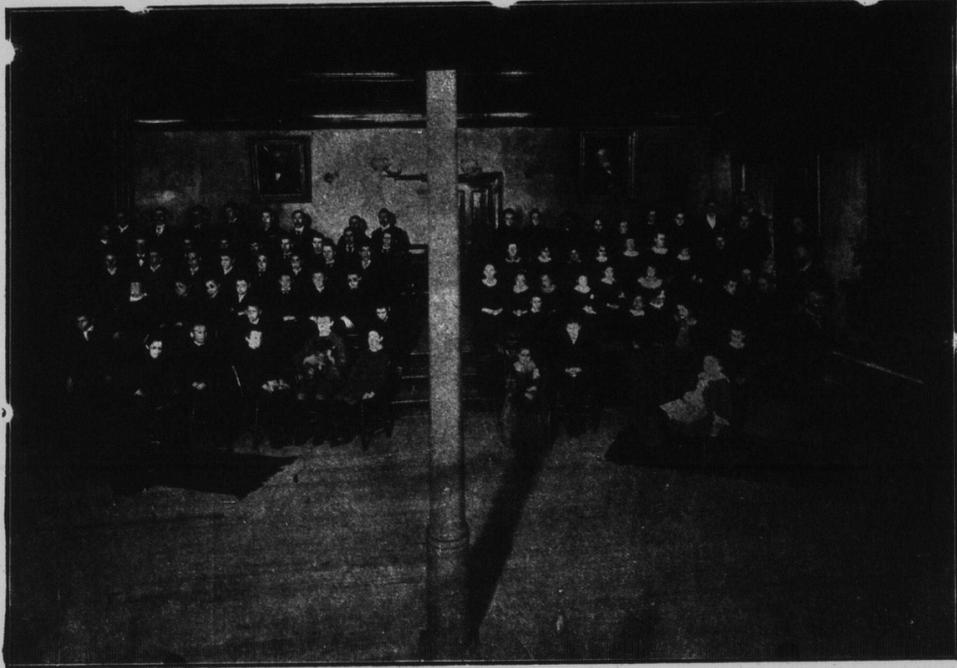
has a legal settlement. 2 The interest upon investments. 3 Subscriptions and donations.

The institution is by an act of incorporation under the control of a board of managers consisting of 12 members elected yearly by the members of the corporation. The premiers of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island are ex-officio members of the board.

The facilities for teaching are excellent and the school is fully prepared to impart a liberal education to those who are deprived of sight. All the usual branches are taught while some of the pupils are given special courses in music and language.

Settlement; Maud McTavish, Red Bank; Adelaide Bullock, Forrester; Mary McDonald, Welsford; Martha Rankine, Chipman; Jacob Wilson, St. John City; Beverley Campbell, Campbell Settlement; James Steeves, Coverdale; Arthur Duffy, Millboro; Stanley Day, Moncton; Willard Smith, St. Stephen; Paul Duffy, Moncton; Sanford Upham, Prosser Brook; Chas. White, Moncton; Edward Riley, St. John City; John Johnstone, Chatham; Hollis Lindsay, Woodstock.

The philanthropic people of this province will without doubt respond generously to the urgent appeal being made by the management of the institution, in extending a



THE PUPILS AND STAFF OF THE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

One of the noblest of these institutions is the School for the Blind which is just now having its claims placed before the philanthropic people of the lower provinces and it is to be sincerely hoped that a generous response will be made to the appeal for help.

While blindness is in itself thought to be one of the most terrible afflictions that can befall a human being, the affliction becomes tenfold greater when the mental faculties of the afflicted person are allowed to remain dormant. It is only when the blind have received no training, no development of mind or character that their condition becomes truly pitiable. Strength of character is largely the result of difficulties met with and blindness to the educated is simply an obstacle to be overcome. To the system by which it is those who live in perpetual darkness are taught to be useful citizens

only suited to the accommodation of sixty, so that the extension decided upon by the management is an absolute necessity. Applications for the admission of blind children are being constantly made and the erection of a second wing to the present quarters is the only solution of the difficulty. The people of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and P. E. Island are therefore being asked to contribute to the cost of a building capable of accommodating 120 persons, involving an expenditure of \$20,000 of which Halifax people have contributed \$7000.

The current revenue of the school is derived from three sources; 1 A per capita grant of \$150 for each pupil in attendance. In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick one half of this amount is paid by the government of the province and the remaining half by the municipality in which the pupil

ages or in whatever branch they seem best fitted to help themselves in after life. The following table from the annual report will give some definite idea of the result of the work of the institution

28 per cent. of the graduates are engaged in teaching music; 12 per cent. in conducting or taking part in concert companies; 8 per cent. in pianoforte tuning; 8 per cent. in business; 4 per cent. in manufacturing; 12 per cent. giving instruction in or working at trades; 2 per cent. as agents; 9 per cent. in farm work; 2 per cent. in literary callings; 22 per cent. residing at home.

The superintendents report shows that steady and satisfactory progress has been made and the attendance registered December 1, 1895 was 49 boys, 20 girls, and 1 adult; and of these the following were from this province. Alma Campbell, Campbell

helping hand to a class of people whose condition would be sad indeed, were it not for the inestimable blessing of education. The blind children of this province have a strong claim upon the sympathy of every more fortunate person and the most practical way of expressing it is by assisting the institution where they are taught to become independent members of society and to look upon their darkened life as perhaps a blessing in disguise.

WHAT BOSTON IS DOING.

THE CITY HAS A NEW BRAND OF SPRING WEATHER.

Larsen Talks of Matters in the Hub in His Usual Entertaining Way—A very body is Wearing his Overcoat—How Work is Progressing on the Subway.

BOSTON, MAY 13—This has been a very backward spring, but we have been having large chunks of it which seem to give some idea of what may be expected this summer. After two months of cold raw genuine Boston east winds, came a few days of warm weather a few weeks ago. Some people were foolish enough to shed their winter overclothing, and there has been considerable loss time in various branches of business on account of it. That warm spell was of short duration, and after another siege of east winds we are getting it again at an uncomfortable temperature. Boston weather is worth talking about.

Any one who attempts to keep up with its lightning changes will not have time for anything else. The street railway makes a good bluff at it. But the weather usually gets the best of the big corporation every time. It is quite the thing nowadays to come down town in the morning in open cars and go home in the afternoon in the closed ones with the greatest desire to get a seat over one of the heaters.

Everybody brings his coat into town with him, although he has not the faintest idea whether he will need it or not.

So far there has been very little thought given to the beaches, although what is now left of the common is sometimes pretty well populated. The common just at present is simply a big hole on one side, and bears a striking resemblance to a mountain on the other. Since work on the subway began there has not been much of it left for the people. Nobody knows what the exhorters and agitators who used to make the common their stamping ground will do this summer. They were certainly much more interesting than the big yellow lenses with which the place is now honeycombed.

The subway is one of the biggest undertakings in the history of the country, but

whether it will do all that is expected of it is something on which there is the greatest difference of opinion.

When it is completed Bostonians will be able to ride underground from the Park Square depot, under the Public Gardens and the common, and down through Tremont and Sudbury streets to the Union station. They can also start from the corner of Pleasant and Tremont streets where there will be another entrance.

The work of digging cut this big hole under Tremont street is now going on without any great interruption to travel, and the methods used to carry away the dirt excavated are interesting in the extreme. For instance, on Tremont street near the Boston Museum where the excavating is going on, the dirt is hoisted up in large buckets, which are then run along on an elevated railway into Court square where they are emptied into the carts which take it away.

On the common one of contractors has built a steam railroad which runs the whole length of the common from the subway to the dumping ground near Charles street.

This is presidential election year, and this fact is said to account for the present state of business, which is not certainly all that might be hoped for. Times are dull, and there are a good many people out of work in all lines of business. The big stores have been discharging hands by the hundred, but some of these are taken back again temporarily. When the elections are about to come on there is always the greatest uncertainty as to what will be done with the tariff, and business men generally are prone to wait until they can be sure of what they are doing. No matter what the condition of trade may be it is impossible to form any opinion by observing the people on the streets and in the stores. Take Washington and Tremont streets any day and they are thronged with shoppers, and in the big stores it is always as much as one can do to get through the crowds:

"Sandy" Baxter, who is well known in St. John as an athlete, and at one time connected with the Record, is now in Low-

ell, where he is in the employ of the Boston & Maine railway. He is already looking around for an opening in some good athletic club, and hopes to appear in some of the meets here this summer.

R. G. LARSEN.

A TRICKY LIMB OF THE LAW.

An Impetuous Halifax Lawyer who Lives in a Strange Way.

HALIFAX, May, 12—Is there a city without its impetuous lawyers? Probably not, and certainly not Halifax. An illustration of this occurred last week. One limb of the law, who has often been guilty of unscrupulous conduct, added to his offences when he entered a Barrington Street clothing shop, and asked the young man behind the counter to show him some ready-made pants. This was done, and a pair eventually taken into the back shop to be tried on. The old garments were removed and the new ones donned. They were found to fit fairly well, at least they might have been worse. Then clerk and lawyer returned to the front together but their was not the usual pause necessary to count out a cash equivalent for the goods which now covered the barrister's nether limbs. He made straight for the door, heeding not the call of the clerk to come back and pay for the trousers and in a moment the lawyer was far off among the madding throng, leaving the clerk breathing out "threatenings and slaughter" and gazing disconsolately on the vacancy on the pants shelf and on the discarded garments left by the lawyer. There was talk, and it meant business, of a suit-at-law for the cost of the pants, and it eventuated in their being paid for.

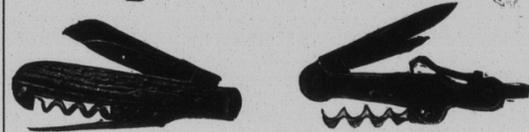
This is the same lawyer who some time ago obtained the money from a friend of a poor woman locked up in the police station with which to pay her fine, but instead of doing so pocketed the cash allowing the unfortunate to come within an ace of going to Rockhead where she would have been imprisoned had not another friend more honest than the lawyer, at the last moment come to her rescue. An interesting story is also told of how on another occasion this lawyer received a considerable amount of cash to pay the license fees of several foreign peddlars who struck the town. He paid the fees, not into the city clerk's office, for Henry Trenaman never saw a cent of the money, but he kept it in his pocket, and the poor peddlars had to pay license money over again or go to jail.

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Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Webbing sisters in a high class vaudeville entertainment will appear at the Opera house next Monday and Tuesday evenings.

W. S. Harkins dramatic company will open for a short season at the Opera house on the Queen's birthday.

The concert at St. Andrews church to which preference was made in this column last week, was quite as successful as anticipated by its promoters.

At Centenary church school room last Monday evening there was given an entertainment unique in character and as pleasing as it was unusual.

An organization known as the Grecian Art Tableaux company of Boston will shortly visit this city under the management of Mr. Dunne of the Danne Lyceum Bureau.

Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Miss Violet Vanburgh will be at the head of "The Chili Widow" company which will come to America next season.

Delia Fox will tour the Pacific coast next season with "The Little Trooper" and "Fleur-de-Lis."

Lillian Russell is reported to have purchased the American rights of the New English opera founded on Cleopatra, for next season.

The Castle Square theatre opera company of Boston will begin a short season in Philadelphia on the 30th inst.

Mr. Carl Zerrahn, the distinguished musician and conductor, sailed last week on his annual visit to Europe.

Worcester's great annual musical festival will take place during the last week of next September.

"The Snaked Pearl" is the name which a company of lady minstrels in Boston have given themselves.

Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Women's Relief Corps. There were twenty eight singers in the circle.

Miss Marie Zihl will be one of the soloists at a concert to be given in Boston on the 21st. inst.

Miss Clara O'Neil of Boston has entered into operatic work in New York. She is a favorite of Nordica who was a pupil of Miss O'Neil's father—Prof. O'Neil.

M. Timothee Adamowski, assisted by an orchestra, will give a concert in Paris on the 21st. inst.

The trustees of the Paderewski \$10,000 endowment fund, met in New York last week. They are Col. Henry L. Higginson, Dr. Wm. Mason and William Steinway.

Miss Mamie Gilroy is a member of the new musical extravaganza written by R. A. Barnst. The work will be produced at the Tremont theatre, Boston on the 25th inst.

"Rob-Roy" DeKoven and Smith's Scotch opera is being given to good business at the Amphion theatre, Brooklyn. It is being given by the Whitney Opera Company.

The following is the programme of the first of the "Pops" concerts given in Music Hall, Boston last Monday evening.

- Polonaise in E Liszt
Overture "Merry Wives of Windsor" Nicolai
Waltz, "Freni euch des Lebens" Joh. Strauss
Scherzo, "Alma" Verdi
Scenes Pittoresques Massenet
Narcissus Eubelbert Nerval
Adagio and Gavotte (for String Orchestra) Bach
Hungarian Rhapsody in F Liszt
Overture, "Si j'etais Roi" Adam
Waltz, "Grueschlicher" Zeller
Mazourka, "La Mousme" Genee
March, "Am I a Wizard?" from The Wizard of the Nile Victor Herbert

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbs) recently had a new play called "The School for Saints" performed in London for copyright purposes.

T. D. Frawley's stock company of San Francisco, whose numbers have been increased by the addition of the beautiful Maxine Elliott, will produce a new comedy entitled "A Social Trust."

James A. Hearn's whose acting in the role of Nath'l Berry in the now famous "Shore Acres," has changed his name and will in future be called James Hearn.

E. ita Proctor O. is who made such a hit in Boston recently in the role of "Carmen" opened a season at the Academy of Music New York last Monday evening.

This is Irving's last week at Abbey's theatre. "King Arthur," "The Merchant of Venice," "Don Quixote" "Waterloo" and "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting" are the plays that were given.

Bernhardt, beginning this evening, will give six farewell performances in New York. During their engagement she will give for the only time there Dumas' great play "La Femme de Claude."

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THE CARRIER DOVE

Words by H. W. YOUNG.

Music by HENRY M. OTTERSTEDT.

Musical score for 'The Carrier Dove' with lyrics: Speed thy light wings, pretty bird, and a-way To the bow-er of my la-dy fair; Watch-ing for thee at the...

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once a member of Hoyt's "Surprise party" and had enjoyed lengthy engagements in "Evangeline" and "Hiawatha."

At the opera house in this city next week will be given the musical comedy entitled "Captain Kate."

Expressions of profound regret are very general among the death of Mrs. John Stetson (Kate Stokes) which so soon followed that of her husband.

"The Black Crook" Company recently advertised in the local dailies to open a short season at the Opera house here on the 11th inst.

A Japanese pantomime entitled "Djin Djin" which was produced in Australia last Christmas has been a money maker.

Thomas Keene and Charles B. Handford tragedians, will star jointly next season.

Alice Harrison, a well known actress, died in New York last week. She was

age to keep so young in looks and feeling. For nearly thirty years of my existence I have given three hours a day to romping, to enjoying myself and trying to make other people have just as good a time.

Stage Fright.

Of course the more common form is that of the actor that gets on the stage and cannot speak. That kind of stage fright marked the debut, for example, of young Sothern.

and shutting his mouth as if he were a noiseless automaton, that the father commanded him off the stage in a sotto voice that the poor fellow fancied was audible all over the house.

"What air ye takin' about?" asked his wife anxiously. "Literator," he answered, "Course we've seen it showed up in newspapers time an' agin' now all an editor does is ter set down with a pot o' paste an' a pair o' scissors an' cut out things ter put inter 'is paper."

"Certainly. I don't see nuthin' so best in 'bout that."

"But this is the question. Some fellers ter git them pieces up in the fast place. It never struck me afore; but I'm blest if I wouldn't like ter know who the fellow is that starts in an' gets up them things fur the editors ter cut out."

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EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

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The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 16.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE CITY.

The city of St. John must have fair play and if the protest against discrimination in favor of another city means the disruption of political parties then the political parties must go.

The movement of the people is hard to stop, and there is no doubt about it that at the present time the people of St. John are aroused. They recognize that to permit their city to be side tracked at this juncture means much in the future and the most they can do is to protect with all the means in their power against such injustice and discrimination.

Their request to be allowed an equal chance with Halifax to secure the winter terminus of the last line was a simple one. If the contractors decided that St. John was not the best port to come to, this city would have to take a back seat, but it is understood that at least one of those who propose to tender, favored St. John. Why then should the government step in and favor another city?

But this is not all. If the winter port of the fast line passes by St. John then there is great fear that the link between Harvey and Salisbury will be completed and the distance to Halifax from upper Canadian cities made as short as possible and St. John thoroughly cut off from Western traffic. With a good port so near at hand with ample railway facilities in almost every portion of the province the construction of the Harvey Salisbury branch is unnecessary and should be condemned by every voter in St. John; all that this city wants is fair play and if they cannot secure it from the present government then let the citizens protest as vigorously as possible. Elect two other men if necessary and if GEORGE ROBERTSON and WILLIAM SHAW or A. A. STOCKTON or any other good man for the country can be brought out on a Fair Play for St. John—an irremedial platform they will surely capture the popular vote. The people will be with such men and that is what is wanted.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT in his paper the Outlook urges a strong plea in favor of mixing politics and religion. Unlike Colonel TUCKER the worthy Doctor has no particular taste for a pure unadulterated article whether religious or political. He is of the opinion that religious principles should govern the state and though the compliment to these in authority may be a little doubtful the doctors suggestion that every minister protestant and catholic, christian and Jew should preach a sermon once every year upon the advisability of electing honest men to the government might not be quite a practical one. As a text for this sermon Mr. ABBOTT thinks the counsel of JETHRO to MOSES might make an excellent foundation, localized perhaps and elaborated to suit the occasion: "Moreover thou shalt provide out of all the people able men, such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place such over them." Undoubtedly the people who "provide" the men think they have selected the ablest and best, though in one particular the doctor is wrong. All the preachers in North America might preach a yearly sermon or indeed a weekly one without producing the clarifying result aimed at so far as elections are concerned. So far as the preachers are concerned their sermons are all an advocacy of purity and righteousness in public and private life and orthodox or heterodox are all the same in the denunciation of wickedness and not even in this sensational age for the sake of variety do they for a moment turn their sermons in favor of dishonesty or immorality.

Even PARKHURST does not favor frequenting questionable resorts as a general practice, and though his peculiar experience may have brought about a train of ideas which occasionally leads to the use of doubtful metaphors, he does not try to impress upon his thousands of hearers that an immoral life is desirable in them.

There are various other matters perhaps more essential than politics wherein the

preachers have not yet produced agreement as to the application of religious principles notably that of unity in the churches. Difference of political opinions is stronger and bitter than meat feelings on other subjects they would agree in this. The people naturally want the best and most moral man to represent them and it is just possible they can select them without the aid of the preachers.

A man's moral qualities are not the only requisition for his political faith may not be of the best nor would it be exercised in the best interests of the country. The unenviable title of "High Priest of Corruption" applied to a man in public life would not perhaps be applicable to a private individual. The clergyman who have the greatest influence with their congregations are not those who interfere in political matters—as a clergyman a man may be a success but in politics most mischievous and hurtful to his country in his teachings. Usually they are not good political advisers as has often been demonstrated. The intelligent majority would hardly apply to a lawyer for medical advice or to a commercial man as to the best way to manage a farm.

Let the clergymen attend to their own particular line of work or else learn the first principles of politics. The public have found by experience that the clergyman who wantonly intermeddles in matters of state is a bore of the worst kind.

W. C. T. U. MANIFESTO.

Now that the provincial government has taken the management of the sale of liquor out of the hands of the citizens the W. C. T. U. have been somewhat at a loss as to where to turn their surplus energy. The proposal which they lately made of their work has been suddenly pulled away and they find themselves without an object on which to exercise their diplomatic aggressive, constructive or destructive faculties. But woman's mind is active and does not long remain idle; and so it is in this case. The county jail has come in for their attention, and the last meeting of the municipal council spent some time over a document issued by the W. C. T. U. of this city requesting that a partition be constructed in the jail shutting out the male from the society of the female prisoners; not only this but the petition would imply that some of the dignitaries who walk the corridors of the county tombs as paid officers have heretofore been rather too assiduous in their attentions to the fair or unfair occupants of the cells, and this the W. C. T. U. plainly intimated it would be their province to denounce and oppose with all the power at their disposal. No direct charge was made that the prisoners indulge in any love scenes behind the bars but this was so plainly implied that the prison authorities should take steps to refute it. If the prisoners indulge in moments of cordial sympathy with each other—whether they be male or female or both, it is surely not quite consistent with the lines laid down by christian churches that their moments of sorrow or gladness should be interrupted with a tormented, and groined partition, paid for out of the country treasury. Again the jail is considered to be an institution for moral training and as love is the great centre of all teaching we ask will it be wise to prevent its expression even though the participants are jail birds? Co-education of the sexes is the point toward which all collegiate training is tending, yet here in a city that boasts of its learning we find an attempt made to ignore what experience has demonstrated the wiser way and in its place substitute that which is harsher or not productive of the end aimed at. The council has not as yet moved in the direction intended, but there is little doubt that within a few weeks the corridors of the jail will no more echo the sounds of love making, as implied by the manifesto of the W. C. T. U.

COLONEL TUCKER was in a canvassing tour to the outskirts of Indian town and that vicinity Tuesday. He had his boy bob team, footmen, etc., and was himself gotten up in a semi-military, semi-civilized style. It was known that Commodore BOOTH was expected in that neighborhood to address the great unwashed so some one got the idea that the gallant colonel was the great BOOTH. He was soon surrounded by a crowd and the street blocked so his high steps could not get along. The footman suggested that he explain to the through the mistake, but as soon as they heard the colonel's English accent they became sure he was the man. He would probably have had to "fire a volley" or two, when he was rescued by a street car forcing its way through. Then the colonel got down from the dog cart and walked home.

A Pinarico fisherman who was in the market yesterday was asked what he thought of Mr. CHESLEY's speech. "It reminded me," said he, "of Mickey R. His description of a sewer—a big long hole with something thrown into it."

The Organist of Christ Church Cathedral.

Mr. J. B. Norton, Organist of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his private use.

Heat expands and cold contracts; but here are exceptions. Coal and gas bills are larger in winter than in summer.—Norristown Herald.

Emerson and Fisher are pushing the sale of the Perfection Cook; it is a handy stove for a country house; see their ad.

Wall paper, and window shades. You will find the largest assortment—best quality—lowest prices in wall paper at McArthur's, Book store, 90 King street, S. E.

ominously by, the only real evidence of thunder being the few reverberations heard when the vote was taken on the second reading of the school bill. Then the session closed, Sir MACKENZIE was read out, a new cabinet was formed with all BOWELL's friends left out of it, and an appeal made to the people. But BOWELL's friends had friends and the tocsin was sounded everywhere, and those who could not hold office under him will many of them never hold office again. All sorts of splits have followed. There are few straight conservatives or straight liberals—every combination or shade of political opinion is expressed till it is about impossible to find three men in a county who have just the same idea of what is best to be done. Here in St. John the "old machine," as it is called, has put its two candidates in the field, HAZEN and CHESLEY, one chosen by the machine five years since and who has voted just as that machine dictated, school question and all the other. Mr. CHESLEY elected by the people as an independent, as opposed to the machine, yet who has developed into a very humble follower of the men who turn the political griststone. ELLIS and TUCKER are put up by those who style themselves liberals though that word is a misnomer. The former has been in the house and is now being scored on his political record, while the latter has been awakened from a sort of Rip Van Winkle altho in which he has indulged for the last thirty years, and tells his auditors what an experience he has had. These may be styled machine candidates also, but of a different type. Then there is the citizens committee, composed of the business men of the town who have decided that ring rule has gone far enough, and will call a public meeting Tuesday when candidates representing the people will probably be placed in the field. So it is in every county. The parties are broken up and complications that have arisen are not always the most harmonious. When the first test vote is taken in parliament what will it show? probably a majority of independents.

The electric motor that has been running the conservative political machine in this city for some years past slipped a cog on Monday evening, and for a time it threatened to smash the whole contrivance to pieces. This fate was averted but there are many rents that will need large repairs before things will move so smoothly as before. Alderman McARTHUR wanted to demonstrate to the assembly that he had been a conservative and had paid out money to organize the party years since when the ring was unbroken, and he did not contemplate letting this run him. "If the Tupper combine, he said, did not do St. John justice he would be one of those who would stick by the city everywhere and the howlers must not try to shut him off. He had a score to settle with them"; here a chorus of howls, cat calls, etc., closed him out and in a few minutes he and Mr. A. C. SMITH were seen in most earnest and eager contest. They could not agree and the fight became general. Dr. CHRISTIE and Mr. GEORGE DAY were looking daggers at each other in another part of the room and here, there, everywhere the men were paired and a verbal donnybrook was in progress. The ring was beaten out, they had packed the meeting but could not hold their crowd together, and the straight St. John men swept everything before them. If they do not get satisfaction from TUPPER respecting the freight line in reply to a telegram forwarded him, there will be a complete bolt of conservatives from the ring candidates.

COLONEL TUCKER was in a canvassing tour to the outskirts of Indian town and that vicinity Tuesday. He had his boy bob team, footmen, etc., and was himself gotten up in a semi-military, semi-civilized style. It was known that Commodore BOOTH was expected in that neighborhood to address the great unwashed so some one got the idea that the gallant colonel was the great BOOTH. He was soon surrounded by a crowd and the street blocked so his high steps could not get along. The footman suggested that he explain to the through the mistake, but as soon as they heard the colonel's English accent they became sure he was the man. He would probably have had to "fire a volley" or two, when he was rescued by a street car forcing its way through. Then the colonel got down from the dog cart and walked home.

A Pinarico fisherman who was in the market yesterday was asked what he thought of Mr. CHESLEY's speech. "It reminded me," said he, "of Mickey R. His description of a sewer—a big long hole with something thrown into it."

The Organist of Christ Church Cathedral.

Mr. J. B. Norton, Organist of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his private use.

Heat expands and cold contracts; but here are exceptions. Coal and gas bills are larger in winter than in summer.—Norristown Herald.

Emerson and Fisher are pushing the sale of the Perfection Cook; it is a handy stove for a country house; see their ad.

Wall paper, and window shades. You will find the largest assortment—best quality—lowest prices in wall paper at McArthur's, Book store, 90 King street, S. E.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Story of the Faces.

Faces, faces
Crowding city streets and places,
Bright with hope and love, and laughter,
Dark with passions of despair!

Oh, the story of the faces—
Angel faces, demon faces,
Faces, faces everywhere.

Oh, the beauty of the faces,
Sunny locks and fairy graces,
Little wandering gleams of heaven,
Lost among the ways of men.

Oh, the brightness of the faces,
Maiden faces, childish faces,
Beauty in all forms and phases;
Soljourn and denizens.

Oh, the pathos of the faces,
Blighted hopes and dark disgraces,
When the angel robe is spotted, and the
White soul stained with sin;

Oh, the story of the faces—
Women faces, youthful faces—
All the harp-strings strained and broken
Here the anthem could begin.

Oh, the pallor of the faces,
Flying from the cold death places;
Seeking, in the shouting highways,
Respite from the hell within.

Oh, the sadness of the faces—
Mother faces, widow faces—
Haggard with the toll and watching,
By the slight lamp, pale and thin.

Oh, the horror of the faces,
Scowlings, frowns, and dark menaces,
Sadden with a thousand woes,
Blotting with the hell within.

Oh, the horror of the faces,
Felon faces, traitor faces,
Plague spots on the fair creation,
Nightmares of a fevered brain.

Faces, faces
Crowding city streets and places—
Faces smooth with youth and beauty,
Faces lined with age and care.

Oh, the story of the faces,
Of the glad and every where,
Of the faces every where.

—Exchange.

THE SWEETEST FLOWER OF THE DAY,
Which once had human life,
And would not love return;
The love that breaks the heart,
When ends care's daily strife,
That in its path is laid;
At twilight wait thy loveliness to see,
Seek thou my love and tell her then for me;
The best of all, the very best is she.

THE SWEETEST FLOWER OF THE DAY,
And sweeter still at set of sun;
When evening shadows fall,
Do thou my sweetest steps out run,
For on her heart thy bloom must be,
Keep thou my place, where we agree,
The best of all, the very best is she.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ASSAULTED GOVERNOR DALY.

An Intoxicated Man Assaults the Governor of Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX, May 14.—Public insult to the governor of a province on one of our streets is something unprecedented in Canada.

The experience of His Honor Lieutenant Governor Daly the other evening has set the oldest inhabitant thinking, and he cannot recall a similar instance.

One Daniel Cronan, the nephew of a man who died a couple of years ago, honored and loved by many in this city, worth \$750,000 was the assailant. Governor Daly was on Barrington street and had just entered Cragg Brothers shop, accompanied by Captain Taylor and Mrs. Taylor of the Berkshires regiment when Cronan approached them.

Turning to his honor, the man who was under the influence of liquor, made a shameless onslaught upon him such as would have shocked a prize fighter, not to speak of a gentleman of such high refinement as Governor Daly. The scandalousness of the attack was heightened on account of the presence of Captain Taylor and his estimable wife. Governor Daly in his younger days was a man who could take his own part with the best of them in the art of self-defence. He was a prominent figure on the cricket field and on the athletic ground, and he could even yet have extinguished Cronan in a twinkling, but there were other methods of dealing with such a character. The governor bore the fellow's insults with patience for a moment or two, when Mr. Cragg came to the rescue, springing to the telephone and ringing for the police. This was the signal for Cronan's fight, for the next moment the insolent had turned his back upon his victims and was disappearing as fast as he could down the street.

What safeguards surround the person of the provincial representative of her majesty? are there any which do not attach to the humblest citizen? Mr. Cragg thought perhaps there was some such provisions of the law which could be brought to bear upon the case, so that Cronan might be promptly punished. He was particularly interested in seeing justice vindicated in this case because the assault had taken place on his premises. Accordingly, early next day, Mr. Cragg went over to the office of Stipendiary Fielding at the City Hall seeking information on this point, and to ask generally what should be done in the matter. What his surprise when the magistrate, in a tone of some indignation, demanded of Mr. Cragg by what right he came to consult him on the subject. "Do you not know," he said, "that I may be called upon to try this case, and that it would be highly improper for me to give you any advice as to your procedure. If you contemplate proceeding against Cronan go to the chief of police and a summons may be issued."

Mr. Cragg was badly taken aback. He felt like dropping the whole thing and that in fact was what he did. The chief of police received no visit from the aggrieved merchant, and the insult to Governor Daly goes unpunished. The governor, kind, courteous and forgiving as he is, would not take any action against Cronan, satisfying himself with minimizing the offense by saying that poor Cronan did not know what he was doing, and that out of consideration for his father and dead uncle, if for nothing else, he would allow the occurrence to be forgotten.

On public grounds, however, the affair should not thus be ignored by our law enforcers. What Halifax needs, in common doubtless with many other Canadian cities, is such an officer as does good work in Scotland a public prosecutor. Had we such a man young Cronan probably would not today be walking our streets possibly only waiting another opportunity to attack the governor or some other equally inoffensive citizen.

BANKS IS NOT A FAVORITE.

With the Halifax City Council but he is Still on Deck.

HALIFAX, May 14.—It was hardly fair of Mayor McPherson to so overburden Alderman E. W. O'Donnell with responsibility as to place him on so many standing committees of the city council, unimportant though they be. Edward finds himself on four committees. He is taken off the city prison committee and his friend the enemy—Governor Murray—will probably breathe easier and certainly feel more comfortable, while he is placed on Point Pleasant park commission with his friend John Donil, president of the bank of Nova Scotia. Then he is one of the committee vested with the care of Camp Hill cemetery, and he will have to do some tall figuring as a member of the tenders committee.

At last night's meeting of the city council, Inspector H. H. Banks received a trousing which he must have prevented sleep coming to his eye-lids that night. The

mayor and all the aldermen who spoke were very hard on poor Banks. Irrespective of what they formerly thought of him as an official there was none who had a word to say in his favor on this occasion for in spite of the adverse report of the city recorder, and of another leading lawyer, who said the granting of certain liquor licenses would be illegal, Banks signed several license forms, handed them to a number of dealers and took their money. The mayor refused to sign the "licenses" in question, and the law distinctly provides that for them to be valid both the mayor's and the inspector's signatures must be appended. The inspector deliberately ignored the mayor and recorder, and issued those licenses, thus arousing the mayor's indignation and exciting the surprise and anger of nearly every alderman in the council. Banks is liable to a fine of \$100 for every license which the courts may decide be illegally issued, and this may prove an expensive business to him. The temperance people were in favor of the appointment of Banks, but he has proved a "bitter disappointment." They almost sigh for a return of the days of the much-despised Mackenzie. But Banks is on deck yet and if he comes out of the trouble in which he now finds himself, he will likely rely on some days yet. As Alderman McFartridge remarked the other night, "the temperance people" did all they could against me, now I will show them a thing or two. They put Banks into his position, and have turned against him, so that I shall probably do what I can in his favor, just for fun you know." So the temperance people have made another enemy, or they have confirmed an old one in alderman McFartridge. He claims however to be the best temperance man in the council. The council last night decided to summon Banks to "the bar of the house" to explain his conduct in the non-mayor signing license matter. The Rev. Mr. Banks will then have to answer the questions of his aldermen. Get ready your questions, alderman, there are many you may ask.

THEY ARE NOW SWORN ENEMIES.

But the Set was put in Place in Spite of all Objections.

HALIFAX, May 14.—Two sworn foes in this city are Julius G. Seivert, retailing and manufacturing tobacconist, and James McCormack, stevedore. Seivert occupies the lower floor and upper story in a building on Hollis street. A. B. Sheraton, of the Queen hotel engaged McCormack to place a safe in an office on the floor above Seivert's shop and below the factory on the upper floor. Early in the morning McCormack got his derrick up and began work. The top of the derrick was made fast through Seivert's upper windows. At 9 o'clock the tobacconist came to business and was surprised to find the derrick in position, and enraged to see that McCormack had made it fast at his upper windows. He ordered his enemy to remove it and when this was disobeyed, he hid himself over to chief O'Sullivan, asking that the police be detailed to dislodge McCormack. Mr. O'Sullivan frankly told his complainant that he could do nothing between the parties except maintain the peace on the street, "and I'll see that that is thoroughly done," said the chief. So he stationed a policeman in front of Seivert's to make sure that there was no fighting on the sidewalk. Seivert returned an irate man and with a poor opinion of law as interpreted by some of the authorities in Halifax. McCormack had to bear the brunt of a vigorous wordy assault, and one of his men claimed that he had a narrow escape with his life, for Seivert rushed upstairs and cut the rope that made fast the upper part of the derrick. Despite this disadvantage, however, the safe was in due time elevated to its resting place and the derrick removed. McCormack probably should not have entered Seivert's room to secure the derrick.

Then came the second chapter of this belligerent story. McCormack had a summons issued, and Seivert was called upon to answer to the charge of assault. The whole trouble was fully ventilated before Stipendiary Fielding and the outcome of the trial was clear for Seivert and corresponding victory for McCormack. The magistrate, on the day after the trial, delivered judgment sentencing Seivert to a fine of \$2.00 and costs with the alternative of imprisonment. The defendant was not in court when the fine was imposed and consequently a commitment to jail was made. An officer went over with the document to Seivert's place of business, collected the money from him, and once more the law was satisfied. Yet Seivert and McCormack love each other less than ever.

It would pay any one who enjoys seeing a row, and needs a safe to buy that one in Seivert's building and hire McCormack to take it down. There would be a crowd on hand all the time the work was being done, expecting developments.

S. Gov't Report.

King Powder

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WELCOME *You Get* Full Weight, Results, Purity, What You Buy.

SOAP FOR FAMILY USE.

When you purchase "Welcome." Try It. **Soap**

WELCOME SOAP CO., - ST. JOHN, N. B.

Your Summer Dress

To last you through the season at the seashore, on the sands, in the dust, in the dampness, in the rain or mud, **SHOULD BE BOUND** with that famous English binding, "Wakefield" Specially Prepared Leather.

Do not let unscrupulous dealers sell you imitations. No one can produce leathers the same as "WAKEFIELD." The process is a secret, and, like all good secrets, is carefully guarded. If every yard you buy is marked "WAKEFIELD," you are getting value for your money.

AT ALL DRY GOODS STORES . . . IN ALL THE NEWEST SHADES.

Sea Foam

It Floats.

A Pure White Soap, Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft, smooth and healthy.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

Something New in Bicycles

is being brought out almost every day but for Bicycle Clothing the popular and "up-to-date" article is **Rigby Cloth**

What we mean by "Rigby Cloth" is any cloth made waterproof by the Rigby Process.

You can get it in an endless variety of tweeds and in Ladies' Dress Goods already Rigby proof, or your tailor will take any piece you may select and get it proofed for you. Thousands of Rigby Bicycle Suits are being worn now, but the only way you can tell they are Rigby proofed is that they don't get wet; yet the cloth seems the air as freely as before. Rigby simply makes the material repellent to water. All up-to-date Tailors and Ladies' Dress Goods Houses keep it.

Have You seen the New Model No. 2

—IMPROVED—

AMERICAN TYPEWRITER

\$10?

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Ira Cornwall, - General Agent For the Maritime Provinces.

Board of Trade Building, Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.

Social and Personal.

On Friday last week Mrs. Stanley Ritchie gave a pretty pink tea at her charming home on Coburg street. The tea table was beautifully decorated with pink and white roses and the dainty sandwiches were tied with blue plaid and white ribbons. Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. King and Mrs. Stratton received the guests, the hostess wearing black silk; Louis Quinn came with white satin vest covered with silk and Mrs. King was very stately in black silk and jet white Mrs. Stratton was an usual looking exceedingly nice in black and pale blue silk. The young ladies who assisted the hostess were Miss Adams who wore a pretty check bodice of blue and brown with white lace trimmings and black skirt; Miss Mary Warner pale blue silk; Miss Florie McMillan was also in pale blue and black; Miss Ada Bayard had on a lovely pink silk gown while Miss Florie McMillan wore a very effective gown of pale blue. Mrs. Lawson and Miss Bayard poured tea; the former was wearing black and white silk and the latter a handsome black tulle. Among the ladies who called during the afternoon were Mrs. Holden, Mrs. J. McMillan, Mrs. Isaac Burpee, Mrs. Gardiner Taylor, Mrs. H. E. Timmerman, Mrs. Jerry Harrison, Mrs. Wm. Harrison, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. George K. McLeod, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. Andrew J. C. Miss Furlong, Miss Kathleen Furlong, Miss Warner, Misses Travers, Miss Wetmore, Mrs. Troop, Miss Troop, Miss Fugate, Mrs. E. Thompson, Misses Thompson, Mrs. Joseph Allison, Miss Burpee, Miss Yroom, Miss Allison Jones, Miss Holden and a large number of others.

Miss Helen Furlong is home from Boston on a two months vacation.

Rev. Mr. Freeman of Fredericton spent a day or two here lately returning home Thursday afternoon. Dr. Wm. Christie who until a few weeks ago was resident physician at the G. P. hospital was the recipient of a beautiful carbuncle ring presented to him on Wednesday evening by the members of the Bahougue club of which he is a member. Dr. Christie left Friday morning for New York where he will take a three months course in the Poly-clinic hospital after which he will resume the practice of his profession in this city.

Mrs. F. M. McDonald of Fredericton is staying in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Morrison of Halifax are spending their honeymoon in the city.

The Ft. John Conservatory of music held its first recital in their new rooms on King square last night, when the rooms were crowded with a highly appreciated audience; the persons whose names appear on the following programme acquitted themselves in an excellent manner. Piano solo, Miss Maud Cummings; reading, Miss Mary Bailie; vocal solo, Miss Maud Cummings; violin selection, pupil, Prof. White; reading, Miss Della Vanwart; piano solo, Miss Nellie Foster; violin selection, vocal solo, Ramsey Wilson; reading, Master Allan McIntyre; piano solo, Master Edwin Farmer; cornet solo, Miss Fowler, Robert McKay; vocal solo, Miss (Miss); piano solo, Miss Florence Sutton; violin solo, Prof. White.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Andrews of Brooklyn N. Y. are spending a few days in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Co. of Fiction N. B. were among the Nova Scotians who visited the city during the week.

News was received this week of the death of Mrs. Robert Ward, which occurred this week at Chelsea Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Ward, with their family, lived in this city several years ago but they have many friends here who will hear of Mrs. Ward's death with sincere regret.

Mr. Thomas H. and Mrs. Hughes of Boston are visiting in the city.

An appreciative audience gladdened the hearts of those who took part in the concert in the Odd Fellows hall, Carleton on Thursday night when the following excellent programme was rendered: male quartette, Messrs. Bustin Messrs. Holders; solo, Mr. James McCarty; reading, Miss Fortmore; reading, Mr. Alex. Baird; cornet solo, Mr. Daniel Gallagher; reading, Mr. J. B. M. Baxter; vocal solo, Miss M. Beattie; reading, Mrs. Ham; vocal solo, Mr. Hood; vocal solo, Miss McCarty; vocal solo, Messrs. Fitzgibbon and Morrison; vocal solo, Mr. Patton; quartette, Messrs. Bustin, Messrs. Holders.

Miss Julia Woodbury, the child elocutionist of Calais, Maine is visiting her uncle Mr. Alex. Heron in the city. She has recited at several gatherings here, and has captivated the people.

Mrs. John Monkler of Medford, Hillsdale, Mass. is paying a visit to her brother, Mr. J. N. Golding Sr. of Leinster street.

Mrs. J. McGowan Grant and Miss Grant returned from a trip to the West Indies and have taken up quarters at the Aberdeen.

Rev. Geo. E. Loyd, Mrs. Loyd and family have returned from the West Indies.

Mrs. Gallagher of Dorchester is visiting Mr. John McCann of the West End.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ritchie of Hampton have been visiting city friends lately.

Mr. J. M. Johnson of Calais, Me., paid a short visit to the city the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Higgins of Boston were here for a day or two lately.

Mr. Samuel Hayward was in Sussex for a day or two lately.

Mrs. J. M. White of Butte Montana is visiting city relatives.

Mr. E. C. E. King left this week on a trip to Colorado.

Mr. Neil L. McDougall of Springhill N. S. spent part of Monday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred F. Robert and Miss Robert of Boston were in the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Lawrence of Boston were among the week's visitors to the city.

Mrs. Agnes Brocken and Miss A. Brocken of Charlottetown spent part of this week in St. John.

Mr. F. H. Morris of Fairville returned to Bowdoin college, Brunswick Me., last week to pursue his medical studies.

The death of Mrs. O'Brien widow of Mr. John O'Brien, occurred at her home in Fairville last Sunday. Mrs. O'Brien bore her great sufferings very patiently. The three surviving members of the family have much sympathy in their sad bereavement.

One of the very prettiest entertainments that has been given in the city for a long time was the floral concert in Centenary church this week. The building was crowded to the doors and many were unable to gain admittance. Harmonic orchestra rendered a fine opening selection after which the following ten Little Sun Flower girls delighted the audience for some time: Miss Trizie Lockhart, Miss Fannie Jenkins, Miss Harriette Logan, Miss Alice McCarty, Miss Flossie Bowdoin, Miss Horvath, Miss Wm. Blizard, Miss Ruth Fairall, Miss Evelyn Stockton and Miss Jean Nixon. After a very pleasing selection by the orchestra the cantata was given by the little floral people and very winsome and flower like they looked in their pretty costumes representing the different flowers. The scene was exceedingly bright and the vocal and instrumental music exceptionally good. The poor lone little Bachelor Busted did not look as if he needed any sympathy; indeed he seemed to enjoy the situation very much. Following was the case for the cantata. Miss Nellie McMichael, Spring; Miss Nellie Richards, Dandelion. Crocuses, Nellie Ervine, Sweetie Brown, Evelyn Stockton, Mary McCarty, Mabel Graham, Wildflowers, Trizie Lockhart, Jean Nixon, Horvath, Ruth Fairall, Wm. Blizard, Violet, Hannah Logan, Bessie Galt, Fannie Jenkins, Flossie Bowman, Winnie Fairweather, Clara Hay, Garden Flowers—Alice McCarty, Dottie Tufts, Windsor Salt, Forest and Best.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

By the newboy

As by the newboy and at the following news stands and con...

The Hispania club are to give another performance of "Hispania" when times are dull and there is not much going on out come the Hispania club with a performance. It is welcome no matter how often we see it. But still even the best of dishes may pall on the kindliest of appetites.

The engagement of Miss Constance Story to Capt. Ballestrino, the King's Own Rifles, has been formally announced. Congratulations to the young couple. Miss Story will be a youthful as well as a beautiful bride, but the link will miss her sadly.

Mr. John Albro is at last slowly recovering from his serious illness. It will yet be a long time before he will be able to be about as usual.

Mr. Walter Thomson has returned from his journey to the West Indies. Mr. James Thomson is still very weak, his son's death having been a great shock.

Mr. James A. Moren has gone on a visit to Toronto, where she will remain some weeks. She will bring two young nieces with her when she returns, to spend the summer here.

Society heard with great regret that Mrs. Erskine would be in Halifax no more. The admiral has been promoted to the Nile and will be succeeded on this station by Sir John Fisher. This break is unusual in admiral's house, the admiral on the station usually finishing out his time. Mrs. Erskine will be very much missed, as she has many friends in Halifax. She was one of the pioneer bicyclists and would have boomed the fancy for the wheel which only now struck Halifax. Mr. Halsey, the flag lieutenant, will fill the same capacity to the new admiral.

Halifax turned out in force to aid the unfortunate "Mummers" at a large house and more money that showed owing to the fact that a percentage of people who bought tickets did not go. The programme was worth hearing and the concert a success.

The event of June, the only June wedding, will be that of Miss Grace Ullack and Captain Morris, R. A. The ceremony, which will be an afternoon one, will take place at St. Paul's, and Mr. and Mrs. Ullack will give a large reception at Gorsebrook. June is an ideal month for an afternoon wedding, resolved into a tea. I hear that Miss Ullack is coming out from England to be bridesmaid to her sister.

The Alpha brought a goodly number of those returning from sunny climes. Amongst the passengers were Mrs. M. Morrow, Miss Ethel Stais and Mrs. Doyle. Mrs. Morrow wore her hat at once to her cottage on the far side of the arm.

ANTAGONISH. [Prognosis is for sale in Antigonish at J. R. McIlhenny & Co's book store.]

MAY 12.—It is in place this week to welcome to our town Mrs. Barcoule and family who arrived here from St. John, in company with Mr. Barcoule who went after them as reported in last week's "PROGRESS," they have taken up Mr. W. H. McPherson's residence on First street and it is to be hoped that they may enjoy their new home and find the citizens of this town in every respect equal to the many kind friends in the city they have just come from.

Dr. A. J. Chisholm who was reported in last week's "PROGRESS" as being passed away on Sunday night, at seven p. m. The service was conducted by Rev. Dr. McDonald and Thompson who administered the last rites of the Catholic church of which he was a devotee member, on Monday at eight a. m. his remains were taken in charge of the C. M. B. A. and removed to the cathedral where high mass was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Thompson, sister St. Leonard playing the organ while Prof. Morrison led the choir, at half past three the remains were taken to St. Andrew's church where they remained until Tuesday at one o'clock when Rev. Jas. Fraser celebrated high mass, after which they were interred in the burying ground in the presence of a very large congregation who turned out to pay their last tribute of respect to one who was so deservedly popular. He was twenty-seven years old and received his education in the college here. He was a very quiet and retiring disposition, and to know him was to love him. He was to have been married in September but alas "God's ways are not our ways."

J. A. and Collis McPherson returned to Boston this week, they were here to attend the funeral of their mother who died last week.

Mr. John M. Cahalan, barrister of Halifax was in town this week to attend the funeral of his brother Dr. Chisholm.

Miss Mamie McGillivray has gone to Cambridge, Mass., she will be much missed in social circles as she was a general favorite.

Rev. Mother provincial was visiting St. Bernard's convent this week.

Mr. Archibald McPhee of South River is in town on Monday.

Miss May Brennan of Pictou was visiting friends in town this week.

Rev. Mr. Harty conducted service in the English church last Sabbath.

Mrs. D. D. McDonald was in town on Monday.

Jas. A. Fraser, Esq. M. P., passed through here on his way from New Glasgow to Goldenville where he is manager for a company who are operating a gold mine there.

Several ladies are taking their first bicycle lessons on College street these fine evenings, Mrs. Edgar Whidden and Miss Violet McDonald ride wheels now, and I hear that Miss Winnie Sweet is to have one this week, there is not a better town in the province for riding wheels.

The many friends of Miss George McCurdy regret to learn of her serious illness but hope to see her out soon as happy and well as ever.

Mr. Henry Tupper of Truro is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Clarie Beck.

The many friends of Capt. Walton are glad to see him out again, after being confined to his residence for a few days.

The singing in St. James' church was much improved on Sunday in the addition of Miss Edgewise Taylor, Miss Laura Newcomb and Miss Violet and Constance McDonald. The organ was played by Miss McMillan with her usual grace and proficiency. A committee has been formed among some of the young ladies to look after the decorating of a desk in St. James church. They have the sincere thanks of all for their voluntary work.

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THE Royal Gazette Plant, (under the former Queen's Printer's) all complete, is offered for sale at a very low price. It can be sold in two parts—one part consisting Hand Press, Type, Stones, Gallies, in fact all materials just as used up to the last on the Gazette. The second part consists of the Adams Power Press, Motor for driving it; said press is capable in its old days of performing the finest work, while the Water Motor is perfect & horse power. As this plant now stands, it is precisely the same as it was on leaving it complete in all its appointments. To be sold on accommodating terms, and the building will be rented low on the articles being disposed of. Apply at the book store of W. T. F. FLETCHER, opposite the Post Office, Fredericton.—4in.

WINDSOR.

[Prognosis is for sale in Windsor at Knowles' book store and by F. W. Dakin.]

MAY 12.—The North day party given in Christ church school house last Tuesday evening by the Parish Guild was a success in every way and a goodly sum was added to the piano fund in aid of which the entertainment was held. The cards sent to the members of the congregation were very neatly gotten up and were accompanied by small bags to hold the cents representing the age of the person handing them in at the door. The lavita on itself was in poetry setting forth the aim and object of the gathering and giving kind permission to any who did not feel inclined to divulge the secret of their years to put a hundred cents in the bag. The room was tastefully decorated with flags and flowers and daintily set tables were loaded with the delicacies of the season. Music and recitations enlivened the evening those taking part in the programme were Miss Dimock and Miss Halsey who gave piano selections; Miss George Ouseley, Mr. E. Spencer and Mr. F. Ouseley, songs; Miss Paulin and Mr. Vernon Eville, piano duet; Miss Alma Cecil Jones, recitations, and Arch deacon Weston Jones an amusing reading; all of which rendered the entertainment one of the most pleasing ever given by the Guild.

On Friday evening Miss Jones and nearly all the young people who took part in the Klimes here not very long ago, went to Hanport to repeat the entertainment. They drove in three large teams, chaperoned by Mrs. Bossance, Mrs. Dodge, and Mrs. F. W. Dimock. The performance was given in Churchville's hall and as the night was charming, a number of Windsor people accompanied the party.

Mrs. Bowby and Mrs. Stewart who have been visiting Mrs. Wiggins returned to Halifax last Thursday.

Mrs. Christie spent a few days in Truro last week. Mrs. Jamieson has returned from Halifax where she was called by the serious illness of her mother Mrs. Locke.

Mrs. Alex. Forth has returned from Bermuda where she has been spending the winter with her daughter Mrs. Burrows.

Mrs. Clarence and Mrs. Norman Dimock returned on Saturday evening from England Mr. E. N. Dimock went to Rimouki to meet them.

Mr. Ed. Reid was here a day or two lately.

Mr. C. DeWolfe Smith has returned from a trip to New York.

Miss Curry who has been quite seriously ill is recovering, his son Dr. M. A. Curry of Halifax is in Windsor a day last week.

Miss Lawson who will later after her return from Boston is able to be out again.

Miss Jennie Burgess is visiting friends in New Brunswick.

Mr. H. Saner was in Halifax last week.

Miss Nora Shand who came home from Wellville ill with measles is recovering.

Prof. Gibson Mosher is home from Cincinnati to spend his vacation.

Miss J. J. Curry's little daughter Nan who has been so very dangerously ill is slowly recovering.

Mrs. William Curry is visiting friends in Halifax.

Mr. W. H. Blanchard and family have moved to their residence at Elms house for the summer months.

Tracydale, M. P. P. is in town to-day.

Mr. Fred Curry lately appointed registrar of probate here, has with his family moved from Avondale and has taken the house lately occupied by Mr. F. O. Curry who has moved to the Thomas farm.

Mrs. Weston Jones was suddenly called to St. John a week or so ago on account of the illness of her mother Mrs. Daniels.

The engagement of Miss Flo Locke of Leckepori and Mr. Bradford, head master of the collegiate school is announced, the marriage to take place in June during which lady month several other brides will leave our town for homes of their own.

Miss Alice Wiggins is entertaining a few of her young friends this evening.

As usual at this season house cleaning is the order of the day among the ladies, and the men are busy with the work of going fishing.

Things are quiet in social circles and will likely remain so, until the June galas commence.

Dr. Sexton occupied the pulpit of the presbyterian and Methodist churches on Sunday morning and respectively and conducted in the latter church in the afternoon at which occasion, two selections were pleasantly rendered by a quartette composed of Messrs. G. Chisholm, Geo. McIlhenny, P. A. Curry & R. Dakin.

AMHERST.

[Prognosis is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Parry.]

MAY 13.—The only social event of this week was an unusually pleasant five o'clock tea given by Mrs. W. D. Main, Holm cottage on Thursday afternoon, which was much enjoyed after the general fashion of such functions. It was a great pleasure to her guests to meet Mrs. Arch. McGill of New Glasgow after a year's absence, who as Miss Main was one of the most charming young ladies.

Mrs. B. C. Munro entertains her married lady friends in her home on Thursday afternoon at five o'clock at her pretty home on Victoria street.

Mr. W. M. Chesley gives a small evening party at his rooms on Victoria street on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Skimming and Miss Lizzie Skimming returned from Minnesota on Saturday where they have been spending the past year.

Mrs. James H. Morris on returned last week from a pleasant little visit to her sister Mrs. Triton in Petitcodiac, N. B.

Mrs. Geo. Cole came home from a visit to friends in Parrsboro last Thursday.

Mr. Geo. Mauro of Halifax was the guest of his mother Mrs. A. D. Mauro over Sunday.

The A. M. Band propose giving one of their popular musical treats in the way of a vocal and instrumental concert the first of the coming month.

Mr. G. W. Bliss returned from Montreal the first of the week.

Mrs. Bliss of Westmorland is the guest of her son Dr. C. W. Bliss Church street.

Mrs. D. C. Allen who has been spending the winter in Boston came home on Friday. Dr. Allen will not return till the first of next month.

Miss Maude Light went to Sackville on the Tuesday evening express to meet Miss Winnie Light, who has been spending the winter with friends in Bermuda.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Castance of Springhill were in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. and Mrs. W. H. Drury of St. John were in town the first of the week.

Rev. and Mrs. C. P. Wilson of Port Elgin are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Cates.

Miss J. J. Jones Modis is spending the week in St. John.

Mr. N. B. Steele has moved into his new residence the late W. B. Fullerton estate on Victoria Street.

TRURO.

[Prognosis is for sale in Truro by G. O. Fulton & D. H. Smith & Co.]

MAY 13.—His Lordship Bishop Jones' of Newfoundland Mrs. Jones and family who have just returned from Bermuda, and are en route to their Island home, are guests of Mrs. Jones' mother Lady Archibald, at the cottage.

St. John's church was crowded every denomination being represented, last Monday evening to listen to the rendering of Stainer's sacred oratorio the "Crucifixion." The talented organist of St. John's, Mr. W. Karl Vincent, M. C. M., G. S. M., deserves it all credit for the excellence of his production. The soloists, Messrs. Phillips, Rice and H. D. McDougall were all in good voice. The organ solos by Mr. Vincent were perfectly entrancing. The notes drawn forth being almost human so true were they. By the silver collection taken up a handsome sum was realized, in aid of a new water motor for the church organ.

Miss Montague leaves on Friday next for a long visit with Halifax friends. Miss Ella Montague leaves on the same day for St. John.

Rev. G. R. Martelle and Mrs. Martelle, Maltravers were in town this week guests at the Learment.

Miss E. Randall is spending a few days in town a guest of her brother Doctor A. E. Randall. Miss Randall is en route home from Dalhousie, Halifax to Antigonish.

Doctor J. C. McPhellan of Noel Hants, Co., was in town yesterday, registered at the Learment. Pao.

PARRSBORO.

[Prognosis is for sale at Parrsboro Book Store.]

MAY 14.—A teachers' institute was held on last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday about one hundred teachers being in attendance. Dr. McKay superintendent of education and Mr. Ing is Craik, inspector of schools were present also Mrs. Leonard of Halifax, who gave two or three very interesting addresses. Principal McKay and his staff entertained the visitors at a reception in Smith's hall on Wednesday evening to which a large number of Parrsboro people were invited as well. Not being present I am unable to give an account of it but a musical programme was given and then there were refreshments.

Dr. A. T. Clark of Calais spent Sunday last week here, on his way home from Canaan much to the pleasure of his old friends.

Rev. Atkinson Smith lately spent a day or two at Amherst.

Mrs. S. K. Homes has returned from a visit to St. John.

Dr. and Mrs. Johnson have been visiting Dr. and Mrs. Burgess at Chatham.

Mr. Stuart Jenks came home from Halifax on Saturday also Mr. Cecil Townshend.

Mrs. Noolby has been at Springhill for a short time.

Prof. Holmes who has been one of the home surgeons at the Victoria general hospital is spending a short time with his father and mother before going to New York for a special course.

Mr. James McLean of Amherst spent Friday in town.

Mrs. Rand and baby left this morning for a visit to Digby.

The Misses Jones of Amherst are visiting their brother and his wife.

Mrs. F. L. Jenks has returned from a visit to her daughter Mrs. Black, Amherst.

Mr. N. N. Hillcoat of Amherst was here for a day or two recently.

Dr. McDougall has returned from Truro.

Rev. Mr. Howard of New Hampshire is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Huntley.

Dr. Townshend, Mr. H. McKenna and other delegates attended the graduation at Amherst.

RICHIBUCTO.

[Prognosis is for sale in Richibucto by Theodore F. Graham.]

MAY 15.—The funeral of the late Mr. J. H. Cochran whose death occurred last Tuesday afternoon took place on Thursday, the deceased has been ill for over a year, but death came quite suddenly and unexpectedly. Mr. Cochran had been a resident of this town for the greater part of his life and was eighty six years old, a widow and three sons survive him. Rev. Freeborn of Harcourt conducted the funeral services in St. Mary's church and at the grave.

Mr. W. C. Cochran of Boston arrived in town on Thursday to attend the funeral of his father, returning again on Saturday.

The Fools not all Dead Yet.

Even a blind man can see that more clearly than daylight, or else why should so many continue to use ill smelling, oily, and often useless preparation for the relief of pain, when a preparation just as cheap, elegant, more powerful, and penetrating as Nerviline, can be purchased from any dealer in medicine? Nerviline cures instantly sciatica and neuralgia. Nerviline is the most efficacious remedy for neuralgia. Nerviline applied externally subdues the most intense pain almost at once.

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It may be a little early to order, but there's generally an advantage in getting first selection

DUNLAP, COOKE & CO., AMHERST, N. S.

Mr. George Black of Fredericton is in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Stevenson.

Miss Richard of St. Louis is spending this week in town a guest of her sister Mrs. B. E. Johnson.

Miss Pinney entertained a large number of the young friends of her niece Miss Alma Carter last Tuesday in honor of the eight anniversary of her birth. A most enjoyable time was spent and Miss Alma was the recipient of a number of suitable presents from those attending the party.

The presbyterian ladies in connection with their church are making preparations for holding a bazaar early in June.

Rumor has it that one of Kingston's young men intended arranging for a dancing party in the "Beaches" to take place about twenty-fifth of this month.

Mr. W. R. Robinson of New Castle occupied the pulpit of Chalmers church on Sunday evening.

Mr. C. J. Sayre who spent last week in Dorchester returned home on Saturday.

Judge James G. Bouchette was in town on Tuesday.

GLACE BAY.

MAY 12.—Mr. Pearson of Boston is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. McKee.

Mrs. C. H. Rieby of Sydney spent a few days here last week.

Mr. (Dr.) Will MacLeod was visiting friends here for a few days last week.

Quite a number of the young people went to Sydney to attend the dance given by Mr. Kimber and Dr. McLean, at the "Byrnes" hotel last Tuesday, needless to say, they all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson were in Sydney on Saturday.

Mr. Bert McQuarrie who has been in Lunenburg for the last few weeks, spent Saturday at his home.

The many friends of Miss Muriel Blackmore, are extremely sorry to hear of her illness, and trust that it may not prove serious.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Burchell are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a wee lassie in their home.

PERIODIC.

MAY 13.—Mrs. (Dr.) Daly of Sussex is visiting her mother, Mrs. W. W. Price.

Master Robert Trines spent Thursday in Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson of Annapolis were in the village on Monday.

Miss Curry of Hillsborough is visiting her sister Mrs. G. L. Brown.

The Rev. Mr. Fullerton spent Sunday last in Lunenburg, N. S.

Miss Louise Taylor of Apple River, N. S., is here visiting her aunt, Mrs. S. Fairweather.

The Rev. Mr. Brown the former pastor of the baptist church here, but now of Campbellton spent a few days of last week with his family, who still reside here.

Mr. Lodge of Moncton spent Sunday here.

Owing to a severe attack of la grippe the Rev. Mr. Stebbings was unable to attend to his services on Sunday.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

WILL RESTORE Pale, Weak and Emaciated CHILDREN.

To a normal condition of HEALTH and STRENGTH, and bring back the BLOOM OF YOUTH more quickly than any other medicine.

As a Flesh Restorer, Puttner's Emulsion has no Equal, giving substance and tone to the wasted muscles.

All Druggists keep it. Price 50 cts per bottle.

Very Satisfactory Seeds.

In the report I have received from CUS-TOMERS who purchased their GARDEN, FIELD and FLOWER SEEDS from me in 1895. This year I am thoroughly equipped to supply my customers demands with the finest of seeds. Catalogues on application. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

W. C. Rudman Allan,

Druggist and Seedman, 55 King St. The Best of Everything is what we want.

This is why we discarded two other systems of shorthand for the Isaac Pitman System. This is the system which won for its author the honor of knighthood from Queen Victoria. The only system thought worthy of notice in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. It is the fastest and best in vogue, and is probably used by more people than all other systems combined. Used wherever the English language is spoken. Used by students, clerks, reporters, editors, clergymen and all classes of intelligent men and women.

Catalogues free. Students can enter at any time. THE KEENE & SON, 8, KEEPE & SON, St. John Business College, Odd Fellows' Hall, St. John, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Judge Steadman and Mrs. Steadman of Fredericton were here the middle of the week.

Dr. Thomas Walker went on a trip to Boston the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sinclair of Montreal spent a day or two here lately.

Mr. and Mrs. Barton Kent of London Eng., are visiting St. John.

Miss J. Thompson of Charlottetown was here for a day or two lately.

Mr. F. O. Stewart of Boston was in the city for a day or two lately.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Welsh of Halifax is spending a short time in the city.

Mr. H. L. Vaughan who has been seriously ill is reported much better.

Mr. R. Lord formerly of Carleton but now of Calcutta is visiting this city.

Miss Littlehale daughter of S. S. Littlehale of Stockton, California, formerly of the west end who has been visiting here, left for her home this week.

A large number of guests were present at the tea given at the residence of Mrs. W. M. Welsh on Wednesday afternoon in the rooms on Canterbury street which were prettily decorated with flowers, palms and potted plants.

Mrs. Keltie Jones and Mrs. Calhoun received the numerous visitors and the young ladies who assisted in dispensing refreshments to the guests were Misses Travers, Miss Harrison, Miss Vroom, Miss Grace Skinner, Miss Alison Jones, Miss E. H. Skinner, Miss Ellis, Miss Olive, Miss Bessie Pughley, Miss Hamilton. During the afternoon vocal and instrumental solos were given in a manner that added very much to the pleasure of the afternoon Misses Travers, Miss Louise Skinner, and Mr. Murray sang, Miss Travers gave a mandolin solo, and Mr. Athee played a piano solo in a most clever way and was highly complimented. Mrs. Calhoun made a charming and graceful speech in which she explained the objects of the kitchen garden and what it had already accomplished. A large number of guests were present among whom were a sprinkling of gentlemen who seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

SUSSEX.

PROGRESS is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin, R. L. Doal and S. H. White & Co.

May 14.—Last Friday being Arbor day in the schools the teachers assisted by the pupils gave a very enjoyable entertainment in Odolow's hall. After the long programme was carried out ice cream and cake were served. Somewhat fifty dollars were realized which is to be appropriated for a microscope. Messrs White and Fowler our members presented the school with a very pretty flag.

Mr. Smith of Ontario spent a few days of this week here.

Mrs. Thompson, teacher of vocal culture of Boston, Mass., is the guest of Miss May White at "The Elms" Church avenue.

Rev. Robert S. Crisp spent Sunday in town and occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church.

Miss A. L. White is visiting her sister Mrs. Spooner, Hampton.

Mr. Jas. Price of Truro spent Tuesday with his sister Mrs. J. J. Daly.

The friends of Mrs. McLure wife of Cornelius McLure were shocked to hear of her sad death on Saturday morning. The body was found about six o'clock in the morning drowned in the Jeffrey's mill pond only a few steps from her home. Mrs. McLure had been in her usual good health and had been engaged in her household duties up to a short time before the body was discovered lifeless. She leaves a husband and one daughter Mrs. Walter MacMonagie who resided with her and who has the sympathy of the community in their sudden bereavement.

Mr. Harley White who spent the winter in Colorado returned home on Saturday his health being much improved.

Mrs. Atherton, Fredericton is the guest of Mrs. Jas. McLeod.

Miss Hattie Fowler is spending a few days at her home in Hammond. Juno.

HANCOURT.

MAY 13.—Mr. F. W. Sumner M. P. P. was in town today.

Mr. John Ferguson of Newcastle accompanied by Mrs. Ferguson made a short call on Mrs. Gordon Livingston today, en route to St. John.

Mr. W. A. Taylor's family took their departure for Chatham by today's train.

The notable last evening at the rectory was a very enjoyable affair and a success financially about \$12 being realized.

TROUBLE OVER THE CONTRACT.

And as a Result Government Stock in Sussex Has Fallen.

SUSSEX, May 13.—Although the political contest is now engaging the attention of a large portion of the people of this county much talk has been occasioned in this district over the dispute regarding the building erected during the winter, as a prominent residence for the caretaker, on the government grounds formerly known as the "K.I. farm." The ground is in one way and another has been a source of annoyance to the Minister of Finance and the cause which sent many sharp letters to Ottawa and hot interviews at Apohuqui. Foster had promised certain government and influential supporters in Sussex that he would purchase the grounds for a permanent camp; this was prior to the last general elections. It was with the greatest difficulty that he was forced to keep his promise after he had got as far away as Ottawa. But the land was purchased and with it fresh trouble arose, for a caretaker was necessary and many in the vicinity thought that the former owner should be left in charge and permitted to cultivate the portion now used for drill purposes. This did not suit a very strong Foster man who is well known in military circles for he was ambitious to be in control. It was owing to the difference of opinion among the government followers that the militia department desired to call into life a dark horse in the person of Major McKenzie of the Infantry school at Fredericton and this had the effect of not pleasing either side. Under these unfavorable circumstances the gallant major made his appearance and the trouble which he then brought about has been greatly intensified by his attitude regarding his new residence.

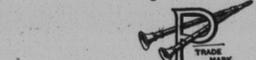
There being no suitable residence on the grounds for the noble veteran to live in the government immediately had plans and specifications drawn up and called for tenders for the building of a house. The contract fell to Messrs. Wallace Bros., well-

known and ardent supporters of the government while Mr. Peter Pitfield a gentleman of the same political faith was appointed inspector. The contract called for the work to be completed by the 1st day of February last but the builders succeeded in obtaining an extension of time until the first of March when they notified the government that they were prepared to hand over the building. Now Major McKenzie had given the plans and specifications a great deal of study, for he was, a most regular attendant during the building operations making suggestions for changes etc. but which however fell on very dull ears there- by greatly mortifying the noble veteran's pride, detected at once that everything was not up to the specification, viz. the roof was not painted; or the grounds graded. He quickly pointed out these facts to Inspector Pitfield who refused to pass the building and certify to the account. The result is that Messrs. Wallace still hold the key of the house and will not give it up until they receive their money while McKenzie has to be satisfied with a small residence in the village his "great expectations" having entirely failed. Several persons however obtain the key from the contractors and make periodic visits to the building, inspecting its many fine points and among them is McKenzie's friends attribute all the trouble to this young hmb of the law who has shown great animosity towards the gallant major ever since his arrival.

The feeling in Sussex as a whole is against the government and in the favour of the contractors but what shall be the final result no one at present can say, tho' all are anxious for a settlement in case of a change of government.

Many amusing episodes have arisen on account of the trouble. The major a few weeks ago wished to do some gardening but on search being made found his gardening implements were locked up in the cel-

Kiln Drying Our Way.



We do it this way: First put the wood in the kiln, then inject steam at 125 degrees for a few weeks. This opens the outside pores, through which the acids are dissolved and extracted. During this time the wood remains in its natural position and does not warp or twist. Then, by means of a revolving fan and condenser, the steam and water are drawn out of the kiln and hot air is introduced for months at the comparatively low temperature of 125 degrees, so as to dry the wood without forcing.

We first dissolve the sap and draw it out before venturing to dry the wood. That is the right way and the only rational way.

If you would like to see a beautifully made instrument, come to our Showrooms.

Read these ads, they will tell you about piano making.

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lar of the new house. Knowing that Messrs. Wallace would not give him the implements he deliberated on some great military movement by which he could obtain possession of them. This developed into the following manoeuvre: the lady who occupies the old house on the farm is friendly with the contractors and the gallant major got her to write a note asking permission to get the implements, and sent it to the gentleman; the latter "smelt a rat" and after making a few enquiries, finding that McKenzie was really the person requiring them, decided on engaging the enemy at once and refused the lady's request, and the tools remain in the cellar. What with this trouble and the refusal of the government to permit Domville, even at his own expense, to erect permanent quarters for his cavalry the military spirit of the Aldershot of New Brunswick is rapidly dying.

TRIALS OF HOUSECLEANING.

"Astra" tells Some of Her war d Experiences in this Line.

Taken in a spirit of cheerful resignation, as one should take all other afflictions, even house-cleaning is not without its mitigating circumstances! Like many of our troubles, the anticipation of it is generally much worse than the reality, and once we are in the very thick of the fog there is a certain fierce joy of conflict in the work, not unlike "the stern joy that warriors feel to greet a foe man worthy of their steel." Every properly constituted woman hates dirt and once the days of jound spring are fairly with us, there seems to come a longing to make war upon the dirt which will accumulate during the winter no matter how daintily the house is kept, and sweep it out of existence with brush, broom and scrubbing brush.

I have always ascribed that feeling of vague unrest which attacks most of us in the spring, to the dismal apprehension of what is before us, and the natural longing to get it over, which we feel when the dentist breaks it gently to us that the second molar on the left side, is in such a state that it really must come out within a few days. There are few of us who can stand the strain of unpleasant anticipation and as long as "things has to be done, it is best to get it over as soon as possible. One of the compensators of house-cleaning is the opportunity it affords for renewing old friendships; another is the excitement of finding things which you had long given up as lost; or forgotten that you ever possessed. Why the very blemishes on the furniture, and the spots on the carpets form a sort of history of our daily lives, and our past doings, making those inanimate objects seem almost like familiar friends. When I was putting down the carpet in my own room the other day, it gave me quite a feeling of old comradeship to trace a record of past events in the evidences of misfortune that carpet showed. I could not help laughing when I came to the large black stain where I upset the bottle of boot polish last summer, because I remembered the day of the accident so well, and how frantically I tried to scrape up enough polish to renovate a very dusty pair of shoes, before it all soaked in. It was Sunday and I was getting ready for church and had no more boot dressing in the house; hence my anxiety. Further on, in the corner by the bureau, I came to another black spot, not so large but much more malignant; and I breathed a long and weary sigh in memory of the dearly loved but departed kitty who had left that spot as an imperishable record of herself, by tipping over a bottle of indelible ink. As for the furniture, I don't think there is a solitary abrasion or mended place—and many movings have wrought havoc with our household goods—which has not its own story to tell.

Shall I ever forget the time we broke the leg clean off the very best parlor table, playing "Grab" or the time we had p-popping it up against the wall in a secluded corner, and giving a plausible account of its change of position, until a pot of glue could be surreptitiously borrowed from our next-door neighbor, and the damage repaired? Oh No! It was a good many years ago, but the event is still fresh in my memory, and I can feel a sort of reflection of the chill which stole through the marrow of my bones when mother insisted on bringing it back to its old position before the glue was fairly cold. I don't know why it didn't tumble over but Fate was kind, or else the glue must have been unusually strong, so it maintained the perpendicular. And then the Sunday afternoon when I upset a [white] bottle of ink over the new drawing room carpet, and had to sit, literally rooted to the spot, my chair planted fairly over the puddle of ink, and my mind a scene of chaos between fear of discovery, and anxiety, lest my clean white dress was soaking up the ink; while a benevolent male visitor stood just outside the window with a sponge and a small tin cup which hastily snatched from the kitchen and filled with water; waiting for a favorable opportunity to hand them in, and let us try to remove the evidence of our crime.

I don't believe crack of doom will startle much more than the sound of mother's voice through the open door of the next room saying "Aunt I think there is going to be a thunder storm; run upstairs

Herpatis, n. Wall, Papiro et. McArthur's Kind Bl.

Present when I was only six years old, and I had only seen it once or twice since!

I know a lady who had lost her wedding ring for fifteen years, and one housecleaning they decided to put a hardwood floor in the dining room; so they tore up the old floor, and found the ring just where the baby had dropped it down a crack, when her adoring mother gave it to her to play with fifteen years before.

And then when the housecleaning is over, and the hair breath escapes we have had from uncertain step-ladders, and dangerous window sills are things of the past, what a delightful feeling of rest and repose comes over us, and how we enjoy watching our neighbours, who are a little later with their cleaning; beating their stovepipes and washing their windows! It is really worth while braving troubled waves, to ride at anchor in such a sheltered harbor. After the din of battle, comes the blessing of peace. ASTRA.

DEADLY VENOM OF SERPENTS.

Exhaustive Experiments are being Made to Counteract it.

The deadly character of the venom from those snakes, such as the cobra, has led white men to make exhaustive and continuous experiments to determine wherein the deadly qualities are, and particularly their cure. In a series of articles now running in Nature on "Immunization against Serpents' Venom and the Treatment of Snake Bite with Antivenene." Thomas R. Fraser tells of the introduction of the poison into the stomach as a remedy for a poisoned flesh wound. In an article in the Lancet in 1886, Alfred Bolon said that the natives of Bushmanland, Namaqualand, Damaraland, and Kalahari were in the habit of extracting the poison gland from a snake immediately after it was killed, squeezing it in their mouths, and drinking the secretion. They believed that thereby they acquired absolute immunity from the effect of snake bites. These natives, wandering as they do in the snake infested crushed wood, a most naked, are stung repeatedly, but suffer none of the effects experienced by white men. Bolton saw a native put his hand into a box containing two yellow cobras, and several horns and night adders. He was bitten, however, but considered the snake bites trivial. He was a venom drinker.

Dr. Knobel of Pretoria writes to Mr. Fraser that Bushman shepherds swallow small quantities of the dried venom glands of serpent getting protection therefrom, they say. Experiments have been made with the glands to find out why the poison does not get into the snake's system and kill it, but the results have not been reported.

The venom is an intoxicant, but differs from other intoxicants, like whiskey, and opium, in requiring no more poison after the tenth drink to produce death than it did to get the first, a fixed quantity always serving.

Dr. Laurence of Cape Colony tells of a young man, a Kaffir boy, who was bitten by a puff adder on the leg. The man's father killed the snake, cut out the poison glands, and made small paper pellets, which were dipped into the poison. These pellets the boy swallowed. The boy suffered no evil effects from the poisoned wound, but the doctor confirms Dr. Knobel's statement of the intoxicating power of the poison.

Windsor Salt For Table and Dairy Purport and Best.

From a Representative Man.

The following letter from D. Lawler, Esq., is self explanatory. Mr. Lawler is a native of Halifax, but has been in business upwards of fifty years in North Sydney, Nova Scotia, being the head of the firm of D. Lawler & Son, merchant tailors. He has a provincial reputation as a temperance man, and is also an active and leading spirit in masonic lodges in the province in which he lives. Commanded in from a man of such high standing must necessarily carry great weight:—

NORTH SYDNEY, N. S. April 23, 1896.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE CO. Toronto, Ont.; Rochester, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—It affords me great pleasure to add my testimony to the curing properties of your medicine, along with many others who have been benefited by the use of Warner's Safe Cure.

"Several years ago I had a very serious attack of inflammation of the Kidneys, and as a result of that attack I have been subject at different times to severe pains in the back. When I notice this trouble coming on I at once resort to Warner's Safe Cure, which always gives me relief, and I may not again be troubled for perhaps six months or a year.

"At the present time I am just finishing a bottle of Safe Cure which has already relieved me of an attack which I think was aggravated by a heavy cold contracted a few weeks ago.

"I have, and would recommend any one troubled in a similar way to give your medicine a trial, and if one bottle does not relieve, then to continue taking it, as relief is sure to come."

I remain, yours, D. LAWLER.

and shut my bedroom window!" "Just in a minute mother," I gasped, and then waited for an inspiration, but none came.

"Astra! Are you going to shut the window, or not?" came the voice of fate.

"Yes mother I, am going!" "Well go now," and as she spoke, mother stood in the doorway and fixed a glance of inquiry upon my countenance, which made my guilty soul quake within me. I tried hard to faint, but somehow I could not. Thank fortune I had been subject to sudden and violent headaches almost from my cradle, so when one of the other girls was suddenly seized with an inspiration and said—"Astra has such a bad headache, mother, that we don't want her to move"—the statement had some color of probability and mother merely advised that I should go to bed at once, and not take any tea. I forget just how we treated that ink spot, but I remember that mother never found it out, and should she read these lines she will hear of it for the first time; so I fancy the large sponge, and the tin cup did their work well. As for the value of house-cleaning in finding things that have long been lost! Why, I found a small paper covered hymn book, last: house cleaning, which somebody gave me for a Christmas

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For Machinists, Draftsmen, Carpenters, Steam Engineers, Electrical Workers, Plumbers, Steam Fitters, Surveyors, Miners, High School Students. Address: HOME STUDY, Box 201 Stratford, Pa.

Ferguson & Page

41 KING STREET,

Have a large stock of Silver Novelties, suitable for small presents.

For Summer Wear: Belts, Buckles, Blouse Sets, Belt Pins, Garters, etc.

For Dressing Table: Manicure Sets, Button Hooks, Hair Pin Boxes, Brushes, Combs, Trinet Trays, Jewel Boxes, Dental Case Holders, Perfume Bottles, Hand Mirrors, etc.

For Gentlemen: Brushes, Combs, Soap Boxes, Bag Tags, Key Rings, Cigarette Cases, Bicycle Tags, Match Boxes, Flasks, Pocket Knives, Suspender, etc. Souvenir Spoons, etc.

GIVE US A CALL

WOVEN WIRE FENCING

Manufactured and Sold by THE ONTARIO WIRE FENCING CO., LTD. Picton, Ontario.

The McMillen Fencings and Poultry Nettings

Are the BEST ever made or sold in Canada. Buy them and get the BEST.

FOR SALE BY HARDWARE MERCHANTS GENERAL THE T. Greening Wire Co., Hamilton, Ont. Agents: James Cooper, Montreal.

Judge Wilkes.

Judge Wilkes, No. 15,780, Vol. 11, A. T. R. Race Record, 2,900.

SIRE, Bourbon Wilkes, 2545 (55 in the list) by George Wilkes; dam, Leona Patchen, (Standard and reg., Vol. 11) by Hambridge Patchen; 55; dam Bourbon Wilkes, by Abdallah, 15.

By arrangement with the owners, this Standard Bred Stallion will stand during the season in Fredericton and St. John, alternately, remaining two weeks at each place, until the 30th of July. (Will be in St. John, Friday 15th May.) While in St. John, Judge Wilkes will be found at the stables of the Berryman Bros., Haymarket Square. In Fredericton, Judge Wilkes will stand at the Government Stables, on the Park Association grounds.

This horse is a beautiful chestnut, 15, 3 hands, and of unquestionable conformation, and with his superb breeding and race record, 2,900, makes him undoubtedly the best stallion ever offered to the New Brunswick breeder. The service fee for the season has been placed at the exceptionally low figure of \$25, to be paid at the time of service. Mares proving not to be in foal, will be entitled to return privileges next season, on the payment of an additional \$5. Arrangements for keeping of mares sent from a distance, either at St. John or Fredericton, at the stables where Wilkes stands, has been made with the proprietors, at a cost of \$3 per week. Mares at owners' risk.

JULIUS L. INCHES, Secy. for a gentleman. Office for Agriculture, Fredericton, May 4, 1896.

The Ins and Outs of It. If you get best wear out of a coat best work must have gone into it. You can't get good bread out of poor flour. Moral: You can't get the best out of anything unless the best is in it; and the best has to be put in before it can be taken out. Now, we have a rule to test those sarsaparillas with a big "best" on the bottle. "Tell us what's put in you and we'll decide for ourselves about the best." That's fair. But these modest sarsaparillas say: "Oh! we can't tell. It's a secret. Have faith in the label." . . . Stop! There's one exception; one sarsaparilla that has no secret to hide. It's Ayer's. If you want to know what goes into Ayer's Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor to write for the formula. Then you can satisfy yourself that you get the best of the sarsaparilla argument when you get Ayer's. Any doubt left? Get the "Curebook." It kills doubts but cures doubters. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



Purified Blood

Saved an operation in the following case. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. It makes pure blood.

"A year ago my father, William Thompson, was taken suddenly ill with inflammation of the bladder. He suffered a great deal and was very low for some time. At last the doctor said he would not get well unless an operation was performed. At this time we read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before he used half a bottle his appetite had come back to him, whereas before he could eat but little. When he had taken three bottles of the medicine he was as well as ever."

FRANCIS J. THOMPSON, Peninsula Lake, Ontario. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache, etc.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Small text at the bottom of the advertisement.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1896.

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX TAKES ON MANY VERY INTERESTING SUBJECTS.

Edgar Allan Poe and his Melancholy Life Discussed—A Bicycle Sermon—Judge D. J. Donahoe as a Jurist and Literateur—Fame of his Poems.

Judge D. J. Donahoe, an able jurist of Middletown, Conn., and a literateur and poet, is the author of several volumes of verse; the latest (1895) being, "In Sheltered Ways," the first of the "Lotus Series," published by Chas. Wells Moulton, Buffalo N. Y. These verses are written with taste and propriety, and with something of poetic feeling. We like the shorter lyrics and songs, several of which we had marked for quotation, and will give the space here to be allotted to a portion of them.

July. Now o'er the land the hot breath of the south Wafts lightly, bearing from the meads away The bleeding perfume of the new-mown hay That lies and gapes beneath the parching drought. The better leaves the sun and in the stream Wades midway; and the toilers seek, at noon, The shade, and share their frugal meal full soon, To bathe an hour in slumber and to dream. The trees are dark upon the hills, and in The shade the birds have hushed their merry song. Whose music in the morning cheered the plain, Off pass the shadows of the clouds between And o'er the hills. Then, rumbling low and long, The distant thunder tells of coming rain.

Song. The wind on the upland follows Fell from a cloudless blue, It leaped along the mountains And murmured the woodland through. In the stainless depths of azure High soared the calling crow; The joy replied from the hemlock, And the quail from the meadows low. The floor of the lightest forest By rustling leaves was strown; The boughs were bare and songless, For the summer birds had flown. But the lake in the distant hollow Shone dreamily beneath the sky, Like a maiden who dreams sweet visions In the light of a lover's eye. The golden rod and the aster Were brown as the withered edge But the fairy gems of frost work Grew bright on the brooklet's edge. And the world in the golden sunset With glowing pleasure shone, And there came no frown of sorrow, Though the youth of the year was flown.

There are many things of equal excellence,—tender lays of love, spirited patriotic lyrics, and delicate pencillings of nature.

We have before us the report of a Sabbath evening discourse, preached at the State street Methodist Episcopal church, Springfield, Mass., by our good brother, Dr. T. Corwin Watkins, on the Columbia Bicycle. The text is not given, nor do we find it alluded to, and we suppose this is not intended as a model of expository preaching. The man who bears the keen spectacles face we see, doubtless know what he is about; but, if this is a specimen of the thing he does, and as a gospel minister, he intends to do, and if this is the thing a good many preachers are beginning to adopt and practice, we find growing in our own thought an inevitable dissent. It seems to us that a good number of the worldly-wise who hear him must smirk in their sleeve, and declare this is a very good advertisement of that particular make of bicycle, however sincere he may be in his sentiments; for he distinctly informs us that he rides,—"luxuriates," is the word—on a "Columbia, model 44" It would be vain, in Dr. Watkins' estimation, to appeal to the conscience and sentiment of the Methodist church no farther back than fifty years ago, respecting the subjects suitable for treatment in a christian pulpit, for as that imaginary Calhoun of the Bigelow Papers decides,—

"They don't know anything, down in Judea;" but we fancy the amazement and indignation of a fervid Methodist congregation in Springfield, or anywhere else, should a Dr. Watkins have come before them with a lecture on horse-back riding, and its relation to health and morals, slightly tinted with religious sentiment, as it should be, of course, on Sunday evening, but very practical and up to date; a discourse extraordinary, in which the principal reference to Christ should be an appeal to him in justification of the speaker's course. For Dr. Watkins says,—and there is force and pungency in his style:

"I believe in illustrating truth by the things that are about us, and by the events of to-day as well as by the things that transpired 1000 years ago. When Jesus was by the sea He talked about the fishermen's net; when on the wooded hillside He spoke of the lily and the sparrow; and I feel sure that were He to mingle with the throngs who glide through our broad streets and country roads, He too, would preach to-day upon the bicycle instead of Babylon."

When Christ was beside the sea, or upon the mountain-side, or in Sychem's vale, or wherever He might be, he spoke not primarily of the fishermen and their nets, or the sower who went forth to sow, or of the rose or lily, but of the great eternal spiritual things of his Father, and of the duties and destinies of man. All those things upon which emphasis has been

laid were mere passing incidents and illustrations, marvellous in their appropriateness to His purpose, as is seen after He has used them. He never uttered a detailed discourse upon the lily; He was never fantastic; He selected local objects, but the well-known objects of universal nature; and, above all, he never left it his duty, in order to swell his congregation to humor a craze, or patronize a fad. We conceive that a discourse on the hygiene and morality of the bicycle is suitable enough to the Lyceum platform, but not to the pulpit and the Sabbath evening service. We take no exception to any allusion the preacher may there wisely make to that or any other instrument, by way of illustration; but his theme is wide enough—God, and the human soul; Time, and Eternity; Salvation, and man's consent. There the minister is in a peculiar realm, is face to face with important duties and responsibilities. Therefore, let him not look to the follies of the time, but listen to the Spirit, and to his higher reason. "Preach the preaching that I bid thee." "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised; to preach the acceptable year of the Lord"

Since our last notes were penned the arrival at our sanctum of The Poe Memorial Association's document "To the legislature and governor of the State of New York," as well as some correspondence, makes occasion for farther comment: The aim of this association has been the creation of a "Poet's park," in which the summit of Fordham hill, and the Poe cottage, on its proper site, should be included. This "Poet's park," it was hoped, might be so beautified by the gardener's art, and adorned by statues, as to become, ultimately, to the lovers of genius in America, what "poet's Corner" in Westminster Abbey is in England. Instead of this, it may be expected, the hill will be graded down, and the site and surroundings of Poe's last home in this world,—out of which she was carried to her burial who still lives, as "Lenore" and "Annabel Lee"—quite obliterated. This is Mammon's unpatriotic decree. "It does seek," declares the Memorial, "to run the public highway over the last home of Edgar Allan Poe, and because the city has spent \$25,000 upon a survey which should never have been dreamed of, we are told that the survey must stand. God forbid that this great state of 'Homes' should be party to such cynical sacrilege! Miss Francis Willard writes: "The room in which Poe wrote the 'Chimney Bells' and the pitiful 'Annabel Lee' ought to be sacredly guarded as an altar-fire of genius."

The melancholy circumstances of Poe's life at Fordham may be briefly given. "It was in the summer of 1846 that he removed his wife, then dying with consumption, to the quiet and repose of the Fordham cottage. There were then several acres of land leased with the modest dwelling. "A celebrated writer, speaking of the cottage, says: 'Here he watched her failing breath in loneliness and privation, throughout many solitary moons, until on a desolate, dreary day of the ensuing winter, he saw her remains borne from beneath its lowly roof.' "Another author, who visited Poe at Fordham, says: 'We found him and his wife, and his wife's mother, who was his aunt, living in a little cottage at the top of a hill. There was an acre or two of greenward fenced in about the house, as grass-ward as velvet, and kept by the poet as clean as the best swept carpet. There were many flowers, and also some grand old cherry trees in the yard that threw a massive shade around them. The cottage had an air of taste and gentility that must have been lent to it by the presence of its inmates—so neat, so poor, so unfurnished, and yet so charming a dwelling I never saw.' Of Poe, he said: 'He was at this time greatly depressed. Their extreme poverty, the sickness of his wife, and his own inability to write, sufficiently accounted for this.' "The same writer speaks of later visits, and says: 'The autumn came. Mrs. Poe sank rapidly in consumption, and I saw her in her bed-chamber. Everything was so neat, so purely clean, so scant and poverty-stricken. There was no clothing on the bed, which was only straw, but a snow-white spread and sheets. The weather was cold and the sick lady had the dreadful chills that accompany the hectic fever of consumption. She lay on this straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great coat, with a large tortoise shell cat on her bosom. The wonderful cat seemed conscious of her great usefulness. The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands, and her mother her feet. Mrs. Clemm was passionately fond of her daughter, and her distress on account of her illness and misery was dreadful to see."

"The foregoing extracts will show with

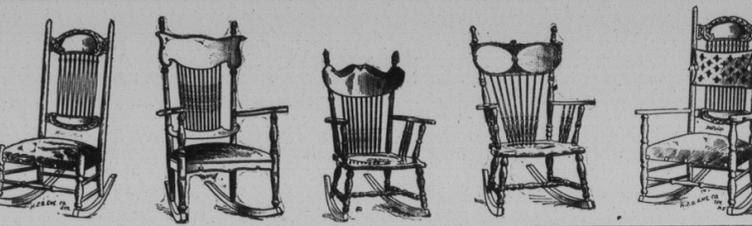
what sacred memories the Poe cottage is hallowed. It was Poe's last home on earth, and where he lived from 1846 to 1849. The extraordinary genius of its former tenant is now acknowledged the world over; his fame has outlived the critics and calumniators of his day. His only worthy peer was his the only American poet who interests Europeans is Edgar Allan Poe. This cottage has survived the elements and should be preserved from the vandals who would remove it to some unfamiliar place and obliterate the site on which it stands. "A still stronger claim to its rescue, if possible, is the fact that after the death of Mrs. Poe, as his last and crowning legacy to the world which had staved them, the poet produced within it humble walls those thrilling and matchless works—"The Bells," "Ulaluma," "Annabel Lee," "To My Mother," "For Annie," "The Domain of Arnheim," "Londor's Cottage," and "Eureka." The tiny dwelling belongs, therefore, not to Fordham and New York to do as they will, but to the whole American people and to the whole poetry-loving world."

Our vivacious and versatile correspondent of Ohio, Hon. Charles H. Collins gives his encouragement to this scheme for the preservation of the Poe cottage, for he writes: "By all means print what Mrs. H. suggests, as to Poe. . . I would not throw any obstacle in the way of refined ladies who desire to honor his memory as an American poet and prose writer. I have read all both enemies and friends have said of him, and, while holding his talents in high esteem as a prose writer, consider his few poems as purely mechanical. The best edition of his works is by A. C. Armstrong & Son, 714 Broadway, N. Y., and is complete in four volumes. It gives the best can be said of him, and attacks Griswold's biography as unfair. "Once upon a time," like all boys, I had a mania for heroes. Poe was one, Byron another, and I fear, Jack Shepherd and The Pirate's Own Book, were also on the list. Poe's weird and horrible tales I read, just as I did those of Monk Lewis. For Poe's analytical mind, a lawyer, I have respect. "The Gold Bug," "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar," and others, are minor examples; but "The Murder in the Rue Morgue," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," and "The Purloined Letter," are the highest types of such reasoning. Conan Doyle has produced nothing to equal "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." However, I do not wish to revamp in a letter what you know so well I desire only to add that Horace Greeley, who was certainly one of the most charitable of men,—gives in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," the correspondence which passed between himself and a young man who applied to him for an autograph of Mr. Poe. Mr. Greeley says: "A gushing youth once wrote to me to this effect: "Dear Sir: Among your literary treasures you have doubtless preserved several autographs of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe. If you can spare one, please inclose it to me, and receive the thanks of—Yours truly—"

I promptly responded as follows: Dear Sir: Among my literary treasures there happens to be exactly one autograph of our country's late lamented poet, Edgar Allan Poe. It is his note for \$50, with my endorsement across the back. It cost me exactly \$50.75, including postage, and you may have it for half the amount—Yours respectfully, Horace Greeley. "Mr. Greeley adds, with infinite quaintness: "That autograph, I regret to say, remains on my hands, and it is still for sale at the original price, despite the lapse of time and the depreciation of our country's currency."

Advertising to a subject somewhat foreign—for we delight in digression—we sent to our friend a copy of Francis Blake Crofton's able monograph on Thomas Chandler Haliburton, which evoked this response: "What a fine face the judge had at sixty years!" Wit, humor, good-fellowship, and intellectual force. I like that face. The character of the man is given in all its lights in this sketch. The author is master of his subject. I read it through before retiring last night. How many slang phrases we owe to Haliburton. We hear them every day. I was surprised to find so many credited to his Sam Slick, the immortal. I shall review Haliburton in our papers. I never read a more interesting sketch."

We can but observe that our friend seems to have escaped from the poetic spell of Poe, if once it may have enthralled him. To us Poe's verse, though mechanically unique, is far from the simply mechanical. There are wheels, but there is a spirit in the wheels. Walking in the shadow is always the spectre, darkly beautiful. That poem, "The Conqueror Worm," fascinates and makes us shudder. We want to look down into that splendid horror again! "The Haunted Palace" is the most wonderful picture of a noble and gitted but distraught mind, we ever met with. The whole seems to ring with maniac song and laughter, awfully musical and sweet. Poe's account of the genesis of his "Raven" seems incredible. He describes a cool methodical artisanship, where our youthful fancy suggested frenzy. Never mind, about the



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manner and method—there is the result! When boys were, how we did rave over that poem, and with what wonderful elation we rendered it. While yet in our teens we lectured on Poe at Lower Horton, and good Brother C.—then our pastor and mentor—hook his head doubtfully, and feared that Poe must have been a sad scoundrel, judging by the lame excuses made for him. A poor advocate we felt ourselt to be, for Poe had been our very ideal of an unhappy ill-used poet.

We find ourselves in perfect accord with our friend's estimate of the prose of Poe. He is unquestionably master in the domain of the dreadful. He has a conjuring ichor that Conan Doyle cannot infuse, that richer the very dead. No one, we think of now, comes so near him in that power as the Scottish genius who lately died at Valima. And Bliss Carman, in his poetry, is more than a debtor at the same subtle business. "Behind the Arras" has quite that haunting spell. We read "The Red Wolf" at the breakfast table the other morning, and the youngest of the youngsters kept eyes on the wolfship till we were through. There were plenty of shivers. When we read this stanza, one of them gave a laugh of great satisfaction:

"That day I will arise, put my heel upon my throat, And split his yellow blood upon the door; Then watch him dying there, like a spider in his lair, With a 'wool, wool, wool!' at my door."

That is the sort of poetry that gets the boys, whatever the critics think of it! Of course, there is no need of interpretation. We all have our haunting delusions, of which we hope some day to be finally rid. It is one thing, we must say in favor of Carman,—it does cry 'Boh!' at us, there is a laugh under it. If he takes us to the haunted edge of the woods, he does not less us in the black forest. If we go with him into the heart of the night, when he leaves us, there are the streaks of morning. He is no grim apostle of despair. There are very loving and gentle touches, as in "The Lodger." There is an undercurrent of hope and joy in him. There is a magnificent upburst of faith in his "Night Express!"

"For He at the sleepless hour Will drive till the night is done,— Will watch till morning springs from the sea, And the rails stand gold in the sun; Then He will slow to a stop The tread of the driving-rood; When the night express rolls into the dawn; For the Driver's name is God."

But this is beside our subject. Referring again to the weird tales of Poe, we are reminded of the evening when sitting late in the old "Acadian" office, at Wolfville, we read for the first time, and by rather a dim light, "The Fall of The House of Usher." We pursued the theme of dread till we could positively endure the eerie solitude no longer; when, closing the book, with our nerves in a tremor, we extinguished the lamp, and fled the place.

To us the pathos of poor Poe's history has always appealed. We still feel that, under all his failings, there struggled a certain manfulness in the effort at right-doing and well-being. Read in the light of his sad history at Fordham, and the miseries that oppressed his life—however of his own procuring—it may be that the reason why Greeley hid that unfortunate document to disclose, was this—the poet never had the means to redeem himself. Such defaults are alleged of Goldsmith and Leigh Hunt, yet, for the good that was in them, we still give them reverence. Alas! that we cannot reverse Poe. But shall we, therefore, not pity and forgive? We must still take the part of one who has long been put before us as the renegade of literature,—the pitiful prodigal with the harp, who wasted his substance, and then died in the far country.

We learn from "The Week" that Mr. Bliss Carman has gone to Paris and to

Rome on business connected with his publishers; also that Mr. T. Arnold Haul'ain, whose articles are familiar to all readers of that able journal, has returned from England looking exceedingly well.

The Governor-General of Canada will do a generous thing in admitting the Ottawa railway men to the hospitalities of Rideau Hall, supposing him to mean the operatives as well as the magnates.

Just now the meeting of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, at Cleveland, Ohio, has led us to look up that chief city of Cuyahoga county in that comprehensive book, Howe's Memorials. We have the history of the place and its general configuration pretty well in mind. We expect it will be a remarkable convention which our vast church will hold there, with its over six hundred delegates, lay and ministerial. The tinkers and revolutionists will be up, most of whom, we hope, will be decently laid to rest before adjournment; and as our Brother Dr. Barry, of "The Epworth Herald," humorously observes, after all is over, the Methodist church will look so much as it used to that you could tell it after dark. We expect Dr. Buckley, of the New York Advocate, will be at the front to lead the battle of the conservatives. PATERFEX.

THE COUNCILLOR WAS ANGRY.

But Halifax Bicyclists Cleared the Bedford Road of Stones.

HALIFAX May 14.—who ever before heard of a club of bicyclists turning out to rake a public highway and clear it of loose stones. The Rammers of this city have set an example for a custom which may become popular. On Saturday afternoon 25 of them raked a section of a mile or two between Sherwood and the Princes Lodge, on the Bedford road. Justly they worked and vastly they improved the appearance of the road. While in the midst of their labors Councillor Donaldson, that the representative of Bedford in the municipal council, happened along and, strange to say, he became indignant the wheelman were engaged as he found them to be. He particularly assailed Wm. Lithgow, president of the club's good roads committee, and reprimanded every one who had taken part in the novel undertaking. He considered, he said, that he should have been consulted before the club members were turned out, rake in hand upon the road. His permission should first have been secured. His dignity he said, had been offended, and he was highly displeased, even if the stones were disappearing. Councillor Donaldson should have been glad to see the road over which he has jurisdiction improving so radically, even if the method of its accomplishment were slightly irregular. But it was irregular only by accident. President Mr. Mylius had unavailingly sought Mr. Donaldson on Saturday morning, and there was none more sorry than he to see that this trouble had arisen. Saturday evening when the raking was over, Mr. Mylius wrote to the councillor fully explaining the whole situation. The hope and the prospect is, therefore, that councillor and club will yet be able to work harmoniously together making the Bedford road better and something like what it should be.

A Look at Lord Salisbury.

Personally Lord Salisbury is a deeply read and cultured man. He spends a good deal of time in his laboratory, is very fond of chemistry, possesses much practical knowledge of electricity, and has delivered more than one able address before such bodies as the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He is not physically as strong as he looks, and his immense volume of work he accomplishes,

coupled with very little exercise, makes him in reality a somewhat delicate man. In appearance he is impressive without being handsome, and his ordinary demeanor is one of apparent indifference and aristocratic hauteur. Like himself in character, his oratory is imperious, forcible and effective. At his famous seat in Hertfordshire—Hatfield House—Queen Victoria has been more than once entertained by Lord Salisbury, as in a past century his ancestors entertained Queen Elizabeth, and there he thoroughly enjoys, whether in or out of power, the generous country life and open hospitality of the historical and typical "fine old English gentleman."

Taken altogether the present British Premier is an extraordinary and interesting figure in the politics of this period. His patriotism is strong and sincere, but it rests upon the forms of the Constitution and upon loyalty to the Crown rather than upon the modern principle of loyalty to the immediate and changeable will of a popular democracy. And Lord Salisbury in this case undoubtedly embodies the natural, hereditary and inherent conversation of the English people. For that reason and none other he-to-day controls, for good or ill, for greatness or weakness, the destinies of the British Empire.

Will Wed a Princess.

The engagement is announced, says the New York Herald, of Miss Chanta Milmo, a sister of Mrs. Eugene Kelly Jr., to Prince Albert Radzivil, a member of the famous family of that name, that has been identified for many generations with Poland. Miss Milmo is, on her mother's side, of a distinguished Spanish family, who many years ago went to live in Mexico. Her grandfather held a high position at the time of the ill-fated Maximilian. Prince Albert Radzivil is a young man of fortune and is related to some of the most famous families of Europe, among them the Talleyrand-Perigors and the Castellanes. His marriage to Miss Milmo will be celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on June 3. Miss Milmo is in Mexico with her sister, Mrs. Kelly. Prince Radzivil is very well known in the best society of Paris and London and is generally at Bad Homburg for the season there. He arrived in New York six weeks ago and is now in Mexico.

It has been estimated from the stamp duties paid by patent medicine-makers that 4,000,000 pills are taken by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom every week. Only about one million are taken by the people of Russia.

The sea is infinitely more productive than the land. It is estimated that an acre of good fishing will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will yield in a year.

The English newspaper correspondents who are to attend the czar's coronation have to supply the Russian authorities with three separate photographs of themselves.

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Sunday Reading.

Result of a Word. Another incident illustrating the tremendous results that may follow a few words uttered in a moment of time is thus related.

He had done several little errands for the gentleman in the Pullman car and as the man got off he slipped a dollar into his hand.

"I like your looks, Jimmy," he said kindly. "Now, remember that you can make yourself whatever you wish. I don't mean by that that you may become a Vanderbilt if you desire, or the President of the United States; but I do mean that you can be something better yet—a Christian man. Don't forget that."

It was ten years later before the two met again. Then Jimmy had just been made conductor on an important road, and in one of the passengers he recognized his old-time friend. The gentleman had changed but little in the ten years just passed, but it was hard to persuade him that the fine-looking young conductor was the ragged train boy of whom he still retained a faint remembrance.

"But I certainly am he," Jimmy asserted energetically, "and I've always wanted to tell you how much your words and your kindness did for me. I'd been getting into bad company and growing sort of wild and reckless, but your words just haunted me, and I got to wondering if that kind of thing paid. I concluded that I'd rather grow up a Christian man, as you said, than a drunken loafer, so I just stopped short and commenced over in the dead earnest."

"And all that was the result of a few sentences, forgotten as soon as uttered," said the gentleman thoughtfully. "It just shows what a mighty power for good or evil our chance words may be, and how we ought to guard them."

Instant Imagination. "The child learns to look for hidden lessons," says Elizabeth Ferguson Lett, in Lippincott's Magazine. "He can do this because he is himself a romancer, a player of make-believe, a poet. He assures you with earnest, glowing glances that his pink and blue morning-glories are lovely ladies; the winds that stir the dead leaves scurrying down the road-side are little brown gnomes slipping away with them; the hewn acorn-cups are boats; a tub of water by the well-side is a sunny blue sea; the song in the bird's throat is an imprisoned spirit. With friendly sympathy he binds over the lady-bugs, whispering, 'Run home, run home, your house is on fire,' and stands by the garden listening to the busy song of the solemn-eyed grasshoppers. He is a myth-builder also; the skies are blue, the wind is soft; he laughs and stretches out wondering, worshipping hands to the Spirit, who sends them. The world grows brown and bitter, and from his safe shelter by the freestone he hears the shriek of the wind. Again he is glad and thanks the power that shelters him. He places himself and his idealized world under the sway of that mysterious power. There are no materialists, no agnostics, no atheists, among the little ones. The child is a worshiper. He needs but to be told whom to worship. A solitary child whose early lessons have been of heaven and its beauties has lain hour by hour upon a clover-clad hillside gazing into the cloud-banks high above him, seeing wondrous things—houses, men, and angels whose wide-sweeping wings wait them into the uppermost heavens. He has awaited, listened, in an ecstasy of joy for a glimpse of the heavens about to be opened."

God's Goodness. The goodness of God is infinite and extends to all men. He sendeth His rain upon the just and unjust. He preserves in life the good and the bad alike. "For in Him we live and move and have our being," and He sent His son to exhibit that love for the world. Hence it is written: "God so loved the world that He sent his son to die, that whosoever believed in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life." Aye, God's goodness extends to even the animal creation. He has made the high hills as a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies. "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle."

"He sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field; the wild asses quench their thirst." Well might the Psalmist sing: the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

A Gentle Call. Sometimes the Christian life begins very simply, especially with the young. Among those who have been under good influences in the home, the church, the Sunday school, and have been living sweet and gentle lives, free from grosser forms of evil, it is unreasonable to expect any violent "experience" or marked change in the manner of living. Falling to recognize this fact, many parents continue to wrestle with God in prayer for the conversion of their children long after the change has really taken place, while the children and young people themselves, on account of the same mistaken impres-

sion, continued long in deep, unsatisfied longings to become Christians after God has indeed accepted them and they are actually living devotedly in His service. It is well for us all to recognize how simply and quietly the Christian life sometimes begins. A thoughtful girl of 16 years, living in the country at a distance from the church which made attendance irregular, read, on a Sunday, the memoir of a Christian woman. On closing the volume she said to herself, "That was a beautiful life." After a little thought, she added, "and I should like to live as she lived." A few moments later she knelt down and said, "Lord, I will try from this time." The decision was made. She went on steadily, and is still a useful and influential Christian woman, honored and beloved and widely known for her beautiful and devout character.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock.

The Evils of Obstinacy. There are many ways in which obstinacy may reveal itself. One is by a quibbling and disputable style of conversation—a tendency to contradict every remark, in any case to say the last word. Few things are more aggravating than this. It is hardly possible to converse with some persons without merging into controversy. It is a petty arguing of trifles, altogether unworthy of debate. To find one's self questioned at every turn, every word disputed, every assertion doubted, is to some of us very annoying. It may be feared that certain minds, not the noblest, take a delight in this insignificant war of words, this stubborn conflict over every inch of ground. We are not all so constituted. It is a species of unworthy obstinacy, which all well-meaning persons should endeavor to stamp out. A paltry love of contradiction and denial may seem clever in the eyes of those who cultivate it, but in reality it is nothing but meanness and folly. Obstnacy breeds many ill weeds; this is not one of the least.

The Spring of Life. "When the spring comes, the oak tree, with its thousands upon thousands of leaves, blossoms all over. The great heart of the oak tree remembers every remotest tip of every farthest branch, and sends to each the message and the power of new life. And yet we do not think of the heart of the oak tree as it were burdened with such multitudinous remembrance. It is simply the thrill of the common life translated into these million forms. Somewhat in that way it seems to me that we may think of God's remembrance of his million children. That patient sufferer, the toil, some worker, are far-off leaves on the great tree of His life; far off, and yet as near to the beating of His heart as any leaf on all the tree. He remembers them as the heart remembers the finger tips to which it sends the blood. If any doubt about Him, issuing from them, stops up the channel so that He cannot get to them, He waits behind the hindrance, behind the doubt, and tries to get it away, and feels the withering of the unbelieving, unfeeling leaf as if a true part of Himself were dying. And when the obstacle gives way, and the doubt is broken and the path is once more open, it is almost with a shout which we can hear that the life blood leaps to its work again."—Phillips Brooks.

Simple Faith. There was once a good woman who was well-known among her circle for her simple faith and her great calmness in the midst of many trials. Another woman, living at a distance, hearing of her, said: "I must go and see that woman and learn the secret of her strong, happy life." She went, and accosting the woman, said: "Are you the woman with the great faith?" "No," replied she, "I am not the woman with the great faith, but I am the woman with the little faith in the great God."

Margaret Fuller once remarked, "If I ever did any good in the world it was by calling on every nature for its highest." I have sometimes thought one of the best ways for women to help women is by seeking to bring to the surface only that which is best and noblest in human nature, though not always by direct appeal. Those who are struggling to reach a higher plane of life and thought find the most grateful assistance in her who takes high aims and pure motives for granted. If our own lives are characterized by sincerity of purpose and real worth, they will be the best incentive to worthy effort on the part of others.—Mrs. Thos. Stanford, Kandiyohi, Minn.

Divine Pity. Idleness is repose nor riot. Art is man's conception of nature. Defeat is the poultice that draws endeavor to the surface. There is a great deal of true religion in silent endurance. Great minds rest themselves on small ones.

Somewhat Unto the Day. Do not carry to-morrow's burdens to-day, for the morrow shall carry its own. Sufficient unto each day are the burdens thereof, and according to each day's need shall strength be given to those who ask it.

The Test of Holiness. The great test of holiness in the eyes of the world, and the church, too, is good temper. Neither saints nor sinners are always fair in their judgments, and we may as well cease to expect fairness. There is an honest indignation at wrong doing which is Christlike, and if onlookers cannot or will not discriminate, the unjust judgment must be borne patiently. But there is no justification for outbursts of temper against personal injury. A member of "The Holiness Church" once said to me: "I never sin, but I do get excited sometimes." A little pressure brought the admission that by excitement he meant an angry spirit, and that he was "excited" rather frequently.

Knowledge. A man may have all the knowledge that this world's life can give him, and yet not be a good man. Knowledge will lift a man higher in any world. Goodness will lift a man higher in any world. Knowledge will give a man power, goodness will give a man direction of power. Knowledge will consecrate a man's intellect to get for himself, goodness consecrates a man's intellect to get in order to give for the uplift of others.—Rev. Dr. Egbert.

The Still, Small Voice. There is a voice, unheard by the natural ear, which speaks to human beings louder than the tumult of the market-place, or even the roar of cannon in battle. It is a voice which the deaf can hear, and which the strongest of men cannot destroy. It is called "the still, small voice," but its stillness and smallness are really the elements of its greatness and power. All men have heard it, though all have not understood it nor yielded to its demands.

Golden Lands. The multitude regarded needy ones who came to Jesus with pity—helpless pity. Jesus regarded them with sympathy. Pity feels sorry for another and passes on; sympathy feels another's sorrow and stops to see what it can do.

As to people saying a few idle words about us, we must not mind that, any more than the old church steeple minds the rocks cawing about it.—George Elliott.

Heart Disease of Five Years' Standing Absolutely Cured by Dr. Agnew's Remedy. For a considerable time Mr. Manning (the patient's name) was confined to his bed, and for nearly a year was unable to leave the house. As a rule he would rise from his bed about noon, and lie on the couch the most part of the day. His weakness was such that he could only cross the room by taking hold of the furniture. The physician who attended him for one year said that Mr. Manning had chronic inflammation of the brain, and recommended the application of poultices and fumigations to the head. After having been under the doctor's treatment for a year, says Mr. Manning, "I was no better, and he said he could do nothing more for me. I then had another doctor, who said my case was hopeless, and nothing could be done for me. Our physician got me several bottles of medicine for consumption from London, but it did no good, and I lingered on in the same state year after year. I was in such pain that I often wished it might be God's will to take me. Several times it was reported that I was about to die." In November, 1892, Mrs. Franklin, wife of the corn merchant, gave me a bottle of medicine which she hoped might do me good. It was called Seigel's Syrup. I had no faith in it, but I began taking it. In a week I felt a little better. My head ached, but I had some relief for food, and what I ate agreed with me. So I kept on with it, and gained a little every day. From that time I never looked behind me, and soon gained two stone in weight. I am now quite strong, and am back to my work. I can eat any kind of food, and am free from all pain. But for this medicine, Seigel's Syrup, I believe I should to day be in my grave; and so great is my desire that others may know of the remedy that saved my life, I give full permission to the proprietors to publish my case if they think best to do so. The above statement is condensed from the more extended legal one in order to save space. The other, however, will soon be published in full in another form. This is signed by Mr. Henry Delph Manning, of 3, High Street, Hilgay, near Downham, Norfolk, and his signed and confirmed statements from witnesses of high standing. Now, we ask, was the doctor right in thinking the case to have been one of cerebral inflammation? No, clearly not, as that nearly always arises from a severe injury to the brain, and is usually fatal in a short time. The head trouble in this case was congestion of the brain, resulting from acute indigestion and dyspepsia. Mr. Manning's true and only disease, when Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cured that the brain and other organs recovered health and force.

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

A Self-Propelling Bicycle. A man rode down Park Row the other day on a self-propelling bicycle. He wore a blue-gray uniform, like a letter carrier, sat back on the wheel and spun along faster than the cable cars. When seen first by the Park Row crowd he was coming down Center street, and the people lined upon the curb and commented on him. The small boys chased him and yelled at him. A newspaper man signaled him to stop and tell what kind of a machine he was astride and what was pushing it, but he sped on. He left the small boys behind, and the crowd gaped after him in open-mouthed astonishment. The machine was not quite so high as an ordinary safety bicycle. The saddle was lower and broader and was over the rear wheel, which was very much smaller than the front wheel, perhaps about as large as the rear wheels on the old-style bicycles. In front of the front wheel was a small black box. It was not more than a foot square, but it evidently contained the motive power. The gear of the machine was protected. The rider sat with his feet on pedals, just inside the line of the box in front.—New York Sun.

THE OPINION AND THE FACTS. First let us have what the doctor said, then the facts upon which he based his opinion, and finally we may ask whether the doctor's opinion was this, "The man is suffering from chronic inflammation of the brain."

The facts as set forth subsequently by the patient himself under oath, and also verified by careful investigation, are these: In August, 1889, the first symptoms of disease appeared. He had a bad taste in the mouth, and a thick, slimy phlegm covered the tongue and teeth, so that he was often obliged to wipe it out with a handkerchief. He had no appetite, and after eating the simplest thing felt great oppression, and pains at the sides and chest. Later on he was seized with dizziness and dreadful pain in the head, the back of the head being swollen, and so hot that it seemed on fire. This pain gradually lessened until there was scarcely anything left of him but skin and bone. After a time a hacking cough fixed upon him, and he constantly spat up much matter. At this point his malady had some of the indications of consumption. For a considerable time Mr. Manning (the patient's name) was confined to his bed, and for nearly a year was unable to leave the house. As a rule he would rise from his bed about noon, and lie on the couch the most part of the day. His weakness was such that he could only cross the room by taking hold of the furniture. The physician who attended him for one year said that Mr. Manning had chronic inflammation of the brain, and recommended the application of poultices and fumigations to the head. After having been under the doctor's treatment for a year, says Mr. Manning, "I was no better, and he said he could do nothing more for me. I then had another doctor, who said my case was hopeless, and nothing could be done for me. Our physician got me several bottles of medicine for consumption from London, but it did no good, and I lingered on in the same state year after year. I was in such pain that I often wished it might be God's will to take me. Several times it was reported that I was about to die." In November, 1892, Mrs. Franklin, wife of the corn merchant, gave me a bottle of medicine which she hoped might do me good. It was called Seigel's Syrup. I had no faith in it, but I began taking it. In a week I felt a little better. My head ached, but I had some relief for food, and what I ate agreed with me. So I kept on with it, and gained a little every day. From that time I never looked behind me, and soon gained two stone in weight. I am now quite strong, and am back to my work. I can eat any kind of food, and am free from all pain. But for this medicine, Seigel's Syrup, I believe I should to day be in my grave; and so great is my desire that others may know of the remedy that saved my life, I give full permission to the proprietors to publish my case if they think best to do so. The above statement is condensed from the more extended legal one in order to save space. The other, however, will soon be published in full in another form. This is signed by Mr. Henry Delph Manning, of 3, High Street, Hilgay, near Downham, Norfolk, and his signed and confirmed statements from witnesses of high standing. Now, we ask, was the doctor right in thinking the case to have been one of cerebral inflammation? No, clearly not, as that nearly always arises from a severe injury to the brain, and is usually fatal in a short time. The head trouble in this case was congestion of the brain, resulting from acute indigestion and dyspepsia. Mr. Manning's true and only disease, when Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cured that the brain and other organs recovered health and force.

Does Its Work in Six Hours. A medicine that will relieve distressing Kidney and Bladder Disease in Six Hours Deserves Your Attention. Those who suffer from Kidney troubles suffer acutely. Where some kinds of sickness can be borne with fortitude, it is no easy matter to exercise this virtue when one is a sufferer from kidney troubles. Hope may sustain a person when a medicine is being used that doctors say will eventually effect a cure. But who wants to continue an agonizing course of treatment when a medicine like South American Cure is within the reach of everyone and that is so speedy as well as certain in its effects? This new remedy has been thoroughly tested by learned physicians and stands today ahead of any medicine being used for this purpose. It does not pretend to cure anything else, but it does cure kidney disease.

Knowledge of Grammar Not Necessary. One is sorry to see that English literature is to be introduced by English grammar, a certain method of rendering it unpopular. The grammar should be learned through the literature, and indeed in its technique and gerund grinding sense does not require to be learned at all. I have known most of the best writers of English during the last half century, and not one of them ever so much as held an English grammar in his hand.—London Illustrated News.

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

HER PROMISE TRUE.

[Continued from Page 10.]

be perpetually reminding us of our brief existence. "We nodded and waved our green bougbs over your father's head, and we'll nod and wave them over your son's— if you have one that is—they keep for ever telling us with their dumb tongues. Over marriages and funerals they are equally jolly."

"Really, Jack, you make me creep; why talk of unpleasant things?" said Lady Stanmore, with a little affected shiver.

"My dear Lucy, I thought I was talking philosophically—for the benefit of Miss Wayland."

"Why for my benefit?" asked Belle, amused.

"To remind you of fleeting time. Make the most of it, Miss Wayland, it soon goes."

"But we cannot always make the most of it," said Belle.

"That is quite true; we are always waiting for or wanting something out of our reach."

"And if you get it you're soon tired of it," remarked Lady Stanmore; "at least I think men do."

"And women, of course, never tire," scoffed Stanmore.

"Oh, yes, we do. Belle here will tire of her pretty costume in a month."

"Leave it to me then, Miss Wayland," said Stanmore. "I'll always keep it, always remember."

"What, Jack?" asked Lady Stanmore, with a little laugh.

"How charming its wearer looked when I first saw it. The perfume of the rose will always cling to it."

Both Lady Stanmore and Belle laughed heartily at this.

"Really, Jack, that is too sentimental," said Lady Stanmore. "Most likely an old clothes woman and not you will get it, as I know Mrs. Wayland sometimes deals with these people."

Reference to the favored old clothes woman then Lucy, and it shall not remain long in her possession. I will give her anything she asks."

"Jack, I must call you to order. I cannot allow any more such frivolous conversation. What will Lady Probyn think if you talk such nonsense before her?"

Stanmore laughed.

"I'll promise to talk sense then," he said. "But that blue velvet is bewildering to the senses of a mortal man."

"After having been under the doctor's treatment for a year, says Mr. Manning, 'I was no better, and he said he could do nothing more for me. I then had another doctor, who said my case was hopeless, and nothing could be done for me. Our physician got me several bottles of medicine for consumption from London, but it did no good, and I lingered on in the same state year after year. I was in such pain that I often wished it might be God's will to take me. Several times it was reported that I was about to die.' In November, 1892, Mrs. Franklin, wife of the corn merchant, gave me a bottle of medicine which she hoped might do me good. It was called Seigel's Syrup. I had no faith in it, but I began taking it. In a week I felt a little better. My head ached, but I had some relief for food, and what I ate agreed with me. So I kept on with it, and gained a little every day. From that time I never looked behind me, and soon gained two stone in weight. I am now quite strong, and am back to my work. I can eat any kind of food, and am free from all pain. But for this medicine, Seigel's Syrup, I believe I should to day be in my grave; and so great is my desire that others may know of the remedy that saved my life, I give full permission to the proprietors to publish my case if they think best to do so. The above statement is condensed from the more extended legal one in order to save space. The other, however, will soon be published in full in another form. This is signed by Mr. Henry Delph Manning, of 3, High Street, Hilgay, near Downham, Norfolk, and his signed and confirmed statements from witnesses of high standing. Now, we ask, was the doctor right in thinking the case to have been one of cerebral inflammation? No, clearly not, as that nearly always arises from a severe injury to the brain, and is usually fatal in a short time. The head trouble in this case was congestion of the brain, resulting from acute indigestion and dyspepsia. Mr. Manning's true and only disease, when Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cured that the brain and other organs recovered health and force."

"Welcome to Hurst," he half-whispered to Belle, as he handed her out of the carriage. But Stanmore heard that whisper and saw the eager look on the young man's face, and his own equanimity was not improved.

But he made no sign of this. He followed his sister-in-law and Belle into the charming, low, old-fashioned drawing room, where Lady Probyn, looking beautiful with her snow-white hair and gentle face, cordially welcomed them.

"Mother, this is—"

"Miss Wayland, I am sure," said Lady Probyn, holding out her shapely hand as if to shake hands with the visitor.

"I am very pleased to see you," she added. "My boy here, and she looked smilingly at Dick, 'has talked to me about you.'"

"And we have talked to her about you, Lady Probyn," said Stanmore, "and I am sure she will not be disappointed."

"And Stanmore, you always say pretty things!" answered Lady Probyn, with that charming smile of hers, in which still lingered the subtle shade of sadness which never quite left her face. Then again she looked thoughtfully at Belle. She was wondering if this fair girl were really her boy's true love.

And during the hours that followed, she thought more than once that it must be so. Sir Dick devoted himself to Belle, and Stanmore was too much a man of the world to interfere with him. It was but natural that the two young people of the party should be together, and Stanmore talked to the elder ladies with well-bred ease and composure. But all the same he was very glad when the visit came to an end, and during the drive homewards he was by no means lively.

CHAPTER VIII.—BELLE'S DIARY. "I must write this morning a short description of our visit yesterday to Hurst in the world, I think to my taste it is the most beautiful, and Lady Probyn is the most beautiful old lady. She has the sweetest face, and an sure there is no bad or evil thought even in her heart. She is evidently devoted to her son, Sir Dick—a nice, bright-faced, good-looking young man. But he seems so boyish to me; and yet Aunt Lucy says he is twenty-five, and Hugh is only twenty-seven, and Hugh looks ten years older than Sir Dick! But Hugh's life has been so different. He was not born the son of a rich baronet, but of a poor clergyman. Hugh has had to fight his way up, but it has made him the braver and nobler man. I could not help think-

ing this as I walked yesterday in the quiet old gardens at Hurst with Sir Dick. How different it would have been if he and Hugh could have changed places! Then Aunt Lucy would not have said such things about Hugh's poverty, and Mother would not have tawed and scolded. By-the-by, I really think Mother is looking very ill. I went to her room yesterday, when we got back from Hurst, and she complained of being in great pain, and we all completely neglected her. Perhaps I have not been very kind, but it is so hard to keep one's temper with her, for she is always saying such disagreeable things. But then her life is very sad. No one cares for her, and it would be so terrible to live without love!

"I had such a strange dream about Hugh last night. I seemed to be quits in a different place—far away somewhere in an Eastern city—and I heard the sullen sound of waves break in the distance of a rock-bound shore. The air was hot, and dark-faced men with turbans were constantly passing me. But suddenly I saw Hugh! He looked pale and weary, and he went into a great building, which was evidently a post and telegraph office. I waited until he came out, and he had a disappointed expression when he did so. 'There is none for me,' I heard him say, and I tried to put out my hand to stop him, but he never saw me. And then suddenly the whole scene faded. The dusky-faced men passed away, the feathery tufts of palms, the strangely-built houses. I awoke, and I believe I had been dreaming of Bombay; that I had seen Hugh there, looking for his letters from home, for his letters from me!

"This dream haunts me. I know it is too soon to write to him, yet I write it, and he shall not say 'there is none for me.'"

"I had written thus far this morning when Aunt Lucy interrupted me, to tell me she thought Mother is really ill, and I told her that I had decided to keep a little diary, and that I had been writing about Hurst Hall, and Sir Dick and Lady Probyn, and then I told her about my dream."

"And I am going to write to him to-day, and by each Indian mail," I said, "so he shall never be able to say 'there is none for me.'"

Aunt Lucy laughed.

"Dreams are strange things," she answered, "and yours reminds me that I must write to my friend, Mrs. Balfour, at once, as I promised she should find a letter awaiting her on her arrival at Bombay. But come now, Belle, and see your mother."

We went together to Mother's room, and she seemed in great pain, and groaned every time she moved.

"And I am always left alone," she said, "always neglected—but how can I wonder? And she looked very bitterly at me."

"But mother, you know you sent me away this morning when I came in to see you!" I answered.

"I know," she replied; "there are times I can't bear to see your face."

"Nonsense, Linda," said Aunt Lucy sharply; "what is the good of saying such things as that to Belle?"

"You know it is true," answered Mother sullenly, and then she gave a heavy groan and turned her head on the pillow, and shut her eyes, as though she did not wish to see me.

How strange this! Ever since I was a child cannot remember mother saying a loving word to me. She has never been unkind—except about Hugh—but she never seemed fond of me. Perhaps it is my fault; something in her nature is opposed to mine."

After we had sat a little longer in silence except for poor Mother's groans, Aunt Lucy said, I thought very kindly.

"Belle, you were talking about writing a letter; if you want to do so I will stay with your mother till you have finished it, and then I can write mine."

"Thank you, Aunt Lucy," I said. I had been wishing so much to write my letter to Hugh before the post bag went out, which it did about twelve o'clock, and it was only about eleven now, so I had time. I therefore quietly left Mother's room and a few minutes later was writing to Hugh. I will not put down all the foolish words I wrote here. If I somehow as if I were talking to him; as I heard the sea-wash again sounding in my ears, as it did the last time we met? I told him all about my life here; about our visit to Hurst Hall, and about Sir Dick, and his beautiful mother. One silly thing I wrote I will, however, write down here, and perhaps in after years Hugh and I will laugh over it together. It is this—

"Do you know, dear Hugh, as I walked in the dewy, still gardens at Hurst with Sir Dick, I could not help wishing that you could change places with him! That you were Sir Dick, with his broad acres, and lovely old home. But all the same, sir, on second thought, I think I like you better as you are! I like to think of you, brave, strong, and true, fighting life's battles with a resolute heart; whereas, my pleasant young companion of yesterday is only a spoiled child of fortune, with all the world's good gifts thrown, without a struggle at his feet."

More silly things I wrote, and then I finished my letter and carried it down to the hall to place it in the letter-bag which always lies there locked. A key, however, is attached to the bag, and I easily opened it. I had studied the Indian postage before I left Brighton, and as I ran lightly back to Mother's room, I knew that Hugh would at least find one letter awaiting his arrival at Bombay.

(To be continued.)

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1780. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in our manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. The Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and buy only the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

WALKING A SLACK WIRE.

A NEW, SPIRITED DIVERSION OF GIRL ATHLETES.

Treading the Rope by Means of a Balance Pole is the Newest Gymnastic Feat—It is Practised by Women Who Wish to have Willowy, Supple Figures.

Walking the wire is the latest new thing in athletics. Yes, all the young Junos and Dianas in town are putting the finishing touches to their lithe, willowy and supple figures by pirouetting on the slack rope; and those maidens whose figures are neither lithe, willowy nor supple intend tak-

The innovation took like the measles, although at first no one more bold than another dared venture her glad young life and limb upon a slack rope, even at an elevation of three inches above a firm foundation—it looked too simply awfully and it sounded too awfully audacious.

The very idea of the thing! To walk a tight rope like a regular circus performer in an infinitesimal number of gay tarlatan petticoats. But as diaphanous draperies or even skirts any shorter than for ordinary every day were not called for by the terms of the programme she put one foot forward and gingerly sent the other



THE BEGINNER.

ing just such forms away with them to the country by the first of June and those figures will be their own.

It appears that some enterprising director of a gymnasium, one who writes M. D. after his name, got very tired, if you will pardon the slang, of seeing girls go

one creeping after it, and in less time than I take telling it, she had walked at least twelve inches along the wire, balancing herself by means of a pole. And every one in the gymnasium wanted to follow her example and lost no time in doing so. Each one of these brave Atalantas—and



AN EXPERT.

through the same unending waist, arm and leg movements, from time immemorial dedicated to gymnasium work; he also became very weary of basket-ball, hand-ball, lung-ball, and all the other "gym" games ending in ball, and determined to have a slight variation of this uninteresting routine, so one day he had a slack wire put up, at a small angle or rather at a slight elevation and provided a balancing pole.

there are many of them here and there—will tell you that the muscles of her back, waist, legs and ankles, are getting a better training than months of ordinary gymnasium work could possibly give; that balancing is the best possible exercise and that it is the most fascinating thing ever devised, also that the days and months when she was not walking the slack rope but might have done so, are as good as wasted.

"It is a kind of exercise that can be practiced at home as well as in a gymnasium, provided you can devote space enough in some nook or corner of your house in which to put up the wire—the expense isn't worth speaking of—only a wire and a balancing pole, cost out.

The way you manage the balancing pole is to fasten it to the wall, where it meets the floor. It must be so arranged that it will move in an arc and the fair performer preserves her balance by grasping the free end of the pole as she proceeds slowly along the slender wire.

And the rewards attendant upon a ten or twenty minutes daily practice are grace, litheless and suppleness displayed in every movement you make and your gait soon takes on the poetry of motion.

DIANA CROSSWAYS.

SMOKING PUMAS OUT.

Destruction of a Family of Big Cats That Preyed Upon the Sheep.

A sport which would be appreciated by any New England farm boy who ever smoked a woodchuck out of its knoll side hole down in the meadow or back-pasture of his father's farm is described by a South American in the London Field.

The puma, or panther, is as fond of sheep and calves as a crow is of a row of corn hills; consequently the sheep herder and ranchman let pass no opportunity to destroy it in spite of the beast's pleasing characteristics. But the animal is sly and its lairs are difficult to locate. The puma is an epicure, and the sheep it selects are the fattest and juiciest of the flock. To get them the panther must needs try several of them, so it happens that half a dozen or more maimed animals are left behind after each visit of one of the big cats.

One day the shepherd who wrote to the Field was informed by one of his gauchos that he had found a puma's den about two miles away on one of the slopes among which the pumas had always escaped. With an old native to superintend things the Englishman and some gauchos went to the slope, and found the den as the gaucho had reported. The day was bitterly cold, so they pried pick and spade with great vigor till the paws of a big puma were seen when operations ceased. Even the dogs did not dare to get to close quarters, for the puma is a lively and effective fighter, having on more than one occasion defended helpless, unarmed men from jaguars, so Hudson the naturalist of La Plata, says. One of the dogs fell into the cavity, and escaped a swipe of the puma's claws by luck. How to get the dog was a question that was decided by a native. The native lassoed one of the two paws in sight—nothing else of the animal being in view. Then he got another noose around the same paw, and hitching both ropes to the pommel of a saddle started up the horse. The puma's body was a large one—2 feet 9 inches long—but the horse had all it could do to haul it out. Once out of the hole it was easy to drag the animal to death by starting the horse at a full gallop, though the dogs nearly tore the helpless beast to pieces.

Then came the New England farmer boy act. There were more pumas in the hole, presumably young, and an armful of pebbles was set afloat in the opening. A half grown puma came out and went into a hole twenty yards away before a dog could say "Boo!" The fire was allowed to burn out and the writer dropped into the den. He gave one glance into the rear of the place then got right out again. Then a carbine bullet killed a big female that had remained in the hole. Two young ones were captured, and the one that went into the nearby cave was suffocated by a combination of gunpowder and sulphur.

NO Calf THERE.

The Boy Knew What to Expect if he Returned.

The boy was starting out in the world to make a living, and possibly a name for himself. His father had given him some money and a great deal of advice. He had a situation in prospect, and as he had never taken kindly to farm work, it looked like a good opportunity for him.

"That's one thing I want to say to ye," the old man said as he handed the youngster his luggage out of the spring wagon at the station, "an' I want yer to understand that I say it in all kindness. Ye're goin' away from home weth purty good prospects."

"Ye, dad."

"An' at the same time ye're goin' ter move inter the neighborhood o' the wicked whur yer foot's liable ter slip any minute."

"Ye, dad."

"Wal, what I want to say is jes' this: Home's goin' ter stay right here whur ye kin allus turn to it. But times bez been

mighty hard lately an' this farm never want't no great shakes no how."

"I know it, dad."

"So ye might ez well understand that ef ye come back 'cuse ye wanted see the folks ag'in, ye'll git yer wish, but ef ye come back lookin' fur fat'ed calf, ye're powerful likely ter get disappointed."

Twenty-four governments, including the United States, Japan, China, Persia and nearly all the European countries, have given official notice that they will exhibit in Paris in 1900.

PARALYSIS CONQUERED.

AT LAST IT YIELDS TO THE ADVANCE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

The Strong Testimony of a Man Who Was a Half-Dead, Bedridden Invalid—He Now Enjoys the Renewed Health of a Strong Man—Doctors Admit That Paralysis is No Longer Incurable.

There is nothing in life sadder than to see a strong man stricken with paralysis. Alive, yet dead to the duties and activities that belong to life; the paralytic, until a comparatively recent period, was doomed to pass the remainder of his days in a country where he was helpless, bedridden invalids have been restored to health by this incomparable medicine. Among these who have been thus fortunately restored to a life is Mr. Allan J. McDonald, a well-known resident of Nine Mile Creek, P. E. I. Mr. McDonald says:—"In the fall of 1893 I injured my back, and during the year succeeding suffered great pain. I had no less than four physicians attend me at different times, but without any benefit. Before the end of the year I was forced to give up all active work and was rapidly falling into a condition of utter helplessness. On two occasions the doctors encased me in plaster of paris, but it did no good. My limbs kept getting weaker and weaker, with a twitching motion and I dragged my feet when I tried to walk. Finally I lost all power of locomotion and absolutely all power of feeling from the waist downwards, and I was as helpless as a piece of wood. In this half dead and half alive condition I laid in bed for eleven months not able to help myself in the least. Physically I did not suffer much, but mentally the agony of those long weary months cannot be described. I was at last told by the doctors that there was no hope for me, and that I was doomed to pass the remainder of my days a helpless, half lifeless piece of humanity. Providentially soon after this I read of a case similar to mine cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It gave me new hope and my friends got me a supply of the pills. After the use of a few boxes I found that life was slowly returning to my limbs. I continued using the pills, gradually getting stronger and stronger, until now, after the use of thirty two boxes I am able to walk about smartly and can do light work, and I feel that I am gaining new strength every day. Words cannot express the thankfulness I feel at again being able to go about actively after passing through that terrible ordeal, and I sincerely hope that my experience may be the means of bringing back hope and health to some other sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatic, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excess, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure.

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$250, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be just as good.

The Safest Place.

Gen. Lee used to tell a story about a darkey that served in the war. I seem during the heat of the battle the general and his attendants were posted on a small knoll watching the course of the action. They descried a colored soldier racing toward them, leaping over obstacles in his path, his face blanched with fear. He rushed up and fell headlong on the ground in front of Lee, crying:

"Oh, massa general, let me stay here."

Lee saw at once that the man was almost frightened to death, and useless as a soldier. It disgusted him somewhat, but his curiosity was aroused, and he asked:

"Did you come here to get out of the way of the bullets?"

"Yes, massa; where do generals am in de safest place on de field." Harper's Round Table.

It Makes a Good Breakfast.



Above all drinks for the morning meal Coffee stands supreme. The odor of it, rich and pungent, pervades the house like an incense. It is our claim and pride that we supply the homes of the land with Coffee of the finest quality. The best the earth affords we give them. There is no variation in the quality of our "Seal Brand" Coffee, every package is of the same high grade. On it our reputation stands.

Packed in air tight tin cans only. CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

SAFE SOOTHING SATISFYING

Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1870. You can safely trust what time has indorsed for nearly a century. There is not a medicine in use today which possesses the confidence of the public to so great an extent as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For more than eighty years it has stood upon its own intrinsic merit, while generation after generation have used it. The best evidence of its value is the fact that in the state where it originated the sale of it is steadily increasing.

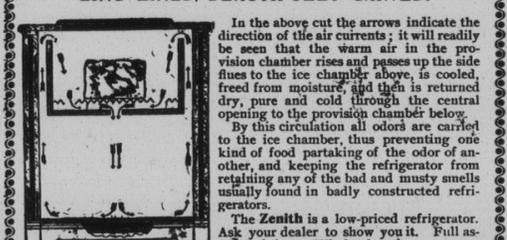
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I. S. JOHNSON, Esq., My Dear Sir—Fifty years ago this month, your father, Dr. Johnson, called at my store and left me some Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on sale. I have sold it ever since. I can most truly say that it has maintained its high standard and popularity from that time to this. JOHN B. RAND, North Waterford, Maine, Jan., 1897.

"Best Liver Pill Made." Parson's Pills

Positively cure Biliousness and Sick Headache, Liver and Bowel Complaints. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find relief from their "Pills." Price 25c; 50c; \$1.00. Sold everywhere.

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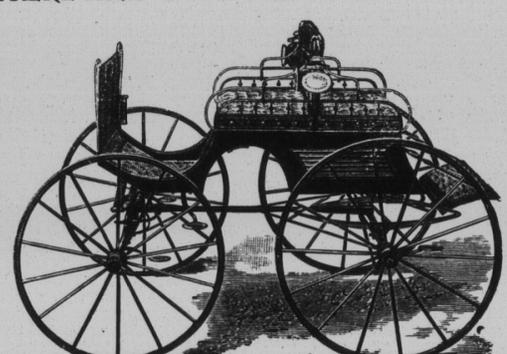


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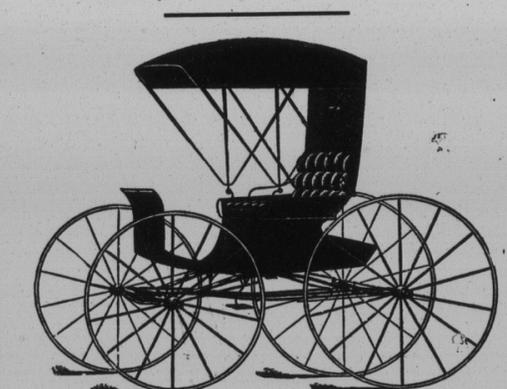
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Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished.

HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES.



A Stylish Dog Cart. Will carry Two or Four with comfort.



The Comfortable Bangor Buggy.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built. Rides as easy as a cradle. Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

For further Particulars and Prices inquire of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

STEAMER CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday, April 18th, the steamer Clifton will commence her season's sailings, leaving Hampton every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 8:30 a. m. for Indiantown and intermediate points. Returning she will leave Indiantown same days at 4 p. m.

ST. JOHN Conservatory of Music AND ELOCUTION

159 Prince William Street. Full term opened Sept. 9th 1895. Branches taught: Piano, Violin, Vocal Music and Elocution. Free classes in Harmony, Physical Culture and Singing classes in Harmony.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

SATISFYING

in 1870.
for nearly a century.

vidence of the public to so great
eighty years it has stood upon
used it. The best evidence of
of it is steadily increasing.

Liniment

with your father, Dr. Johnson,
it on sale. I have sold it ever
standard and popularity from
Waterford, Maine, Jan., 1895.

that Dr. A. Johnson, whose
to every genuine bottle of
Lime Liniment, in the month of
it at my store some of the same
of my customers with it ever
(years) with increasing sales.
WATERFORD, NEWBURG, MAINE.
Liment for Diseases" Mailed Free.
A. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

Refrigerator

CONSTRUCTED AND

ARROWS INDICATE THE

CURRENTS; IT WILL READILY

WARM AIR IN THE PRO-

AND PASSES UP THE SIDE

ABOVE, IS COOLED,

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THROUGH THE CENTRAL

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ALL COLORS ARE CARVED

THUS PREVENTING ONE

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THE REFRIGERATOR FROM

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CONSTRUCTED REFRIG-

ERATOR.

SHOW YOU IT. FULL AS-

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CONSTRUCTED AND

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ST. JOHN

ORATORY of Music

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1000 William Street.

and Sept. 26, 1895. Branches taught:
Vocal Music and Elocution. Free
Money, Physical Culture and Singing.

Sackcloth has always been connected with ashes and penitence in most properly constituted minds, and the mere sound is suggestive of lent, and self-abnegation, fasts, and convents. Therefore it is a shock to all one's ideas of fitness, to hear that the gay Parisiennes have actually adopted it as a fabric to make gowns of, and evening gowns at that! When there are so many beautiful materials to choose from, it is hard to understand just where the famous Parisian good taste is shown in the selection of anything so rough, coarse, and altogether unlovely as sackcloth, which has always been used to typify everything coarse and unlovely. That its cheapness is not the quality which commends it, is shown by the descriptions of the garments evolved from it, since they are lined throughout with the thickest and most lustrous white satin, which, we read gleams through the thick meshes of the dull hued sackcloth supplies the necessary stiffness and makes the sackcloth striking rather than commonplace, if indeed sackcloth ever could seem commonplace in a ballroom. Silks and satins seem but tame affairs in comparison! I should rather think they would! Anything that one had always been accustomed to would be likely to have a common every-day appearance beside a gown of bagging, to which—The necessary modish touches are supplied by a deep band of white satin about the bottom of the skirt overlaid with old jupure lace, and a collar and sash of the same, the collar made iridescent with tiny jewels usually in the form of small bags and butterflies. "One beauty of such a costume," the fashion writes who deserves it, assures us,—"is that any flowers may be worn with it, or any variety of jewels." One would indeed think that any decoration would seem equally out of place and bizarre. The fact that this extraordinary costume was originated and worn by a titled dame of high social position, may perhaps account for the prominence given it in fashion journals, and also for its very extensive imitation, hundreds of sackcloth evening dresses made of the objectionable material, being already in course of construction, and sackcloth promising to enjoy quite as extensive a vogue, as hoopsacking did, two or three years ago.

The jacket bodice shows no diminution of popularity, though of course there are many varieties of the original coat basque one of which, a blue serge, has a double box plait down the back, held down by a narrow belt of green alligator skin, which shows only across the back, and the blouse vest, passing through the side seams, underneath the front of the coat. The Eton coat which has never been quite dead, is occasionally seen, and shows the same fitting back and large revers in front which have always distinguished it. Such coats are worn over full blouses of Persian patterned silk, or some of the many pretty pin head checks, which are always fashionable in summer. Checked wool goods are to



A COUNTRY GOWN.

be very much worn this season, and are either made up into entire gowns, or shirts which have coats of plain cloth: for instance, a skirt of navy blue and white in eighth of an inch checks has a plain coat of navy blue cloth, worn over a soft blouse vest of white silk, or a shirt waist; while another of brown and white, has the coat of plain brown cloth. Blue, brown, tan, and gray, seem to be the popular colors for the tailor made gowns, which every woman who can afford it, supplies herself with in the spring, and some decided contrast in color, for vest, facings and linings is essential, to make the dress strictly fashionable, strange as it sounds, blue with green accessories is most desirable, and yellow, pink, heliotrope, and some of the shades of violet are also favorite shades for cloth gowns, and white is the usual contrast for facings and vests. Braiding is in high favor both on coats and vests, but yet quite a

goodly number of the prettiest jacket waists are made perfectly plain with all the decoration centred in the vest and silk faced revers.

A costume of violet cloth has a perfectly plain shirt, and a plain closely buttoned coat of the cloth opening over a stiff linen shirt front, and standing collar. Revers and cuffs of white cloth braided around the edges in violet and gold, relieve the plainness of the costume. The open coats which display a soft full front of lace and chiffon, or silk, are popular with most well dressed women because the fancy vest always makes the dress more becoming. The variety in these dainty full fronts, is almost beyond description, everything that is pretty seeming to enter into their construction. But fronts of sheer white linen lawn, finely tucked in clusters, and with narrow Valenciennes edging sewn to the edge of one tuck in each cluster, or with narrow insertions of the same lace set in between each cluster, will be quite as much worn as they were last year. Ecru batistes made up in the same way is also used. The close fitted vests in tailor style are made of white silk, white cloth, and all kinds of novelty vesting, but 'aver in the season they will be made of pique, in white, and all pale tints. The newest linen shirt front fastens in the back, and over the high standing collar is a narrow tie of satin which fastens in a little bow in front.

Very English gowns have the close sleeve, but these are very extensive, and the modified mutton leg finds much more general favor. The feature of the reason in trimming is undoubtedly the button, and pecks of small buttons are used. It does not seem to matter what the material of the button is, so long as it is a button, and small. Perhaps the small gold ones have the preference, but tiny silver buttons are very effective when used in profusion, and are for those of iridescent pearl, they are simply exquisite. The effect of these made buttons when properly grouped, or put on in a stated pattern, is like jewel trimming, and the lights and shades they display in the sun, are indescribably charming. Eight and ten dozen may be put on a single coat, or basque without its seeming in the least overloaded.

A pretty model of green cloth shows a double breasted coat made quite close fitting, with a basque frill beginning on the hips and extending across the back; the double breast is outlined in front with two double rows of small silver buttons far apart at the bust, and narrowing down almost to a point at the waist line. A wide Directoire collar falls over the shoulders, and is finished with three folds of gray cloth on the edge. Narrow panels of the gray cloth trim each side of the front breadth, with narrow straps buttoning across them at regular intervals. Waists of different material from the skirt and sleeves still hold their own place among the fashions of the day, but many of the new dresses show skirt, bodice and sleeves all alike. One very pretty model is of dark blue canvas. The back of the bodice is plain, seamless, and embroidered in narrow stripes from neck to belt, with fine beads in gold, bronze, steel and copper. The front has a yoke of apricot brocade, and below it are more stripes of the embroidery. The sleeves are rather small, and pointed epanettes covered with lines of the embroidery fall over them. ASTRA.

SERVICEABLE SUMMER GOWNS.

That will be worn by Fair Belles During the coming Season.

A rough wash stuff in white and ecru linen shades, that imitates Turkish toweling, is a new material for useful morning frocks for both the small and big fry.

It is indeed called Turkish toweling, and though it is commonly used alone the white is sometimes combined effectively with colored duck.

The illustration with the belted blouse and plain skirt show this combination the blouse being in the white towel stuff and the skirt belt and neck band in butter yellow duck.

In any of the ecru shades, as well as the white, this serviceable bath robe texture will also be found admirably suited to yachting purposes. Any of the duck and linen suit models may be used for it, and has the added virtues of washing easily and not needing to be ironed.

In the embroidered linen is given a trim design for an all-day costume for a young lady.

The coloring in the regulation unbleached linen shade, with white figures in raised embroidery. With this toilet also white trimming is used and takes the shape of a big eccentric sailor collar and bias belt of white canvas. Then there is a soft becoming bow of white silk muslin at the throat, and trimmings of the same on the sailor hat, together with green wings and a bunch of pink clover blossoms.

The treasures of this dainty lot, however, are the last two costumes. These are of the blue-ess variety, dear to the male heart, and if they are not calculated to do deadly damage some hot June day, then the foresight of the prephet goes for naught.

A delicate Indian dimiti, in a weave such as fairies spin, and patterned with pale little green leaves between narrow pink stripes, is the material of the morning frock.

The round full bodice is simply gathered, and finished at the waist, throat and sleeve bottoms with white taffeta ribbons striped with pink and green. The skirt is plain but on the bodice a highly ornamental collar is made of thin apple-green lawn edged with footing in a delicate yellow. The fronts of the collar are tacked down to form Figaro effects at the sides of the body. This will be found extremely becoming to very slight figures. And then the coloring—just picture that tender green and the baby pink on a red-headed girl! Then add to this a big leghorn hat with sprays of the white water-lily, which shows so much pale green, and bows and "streamers" of pink taffeta ribbon.

This done, if that red-headed girl does not put the rest of the summer contingent in the shade it will be because heaven has balanced her glorious coloring with a cruel share of plainness.

A new variety of white embroidered muslin is the texture of the last gown. This charming material imitates the old tambour-worked muslins of our great-



A TUCKED LINEN.

grandmother's days, producing faithfully the same fragile vines and sprays done in simple back-stitch.

The new embroidery is of course machine made, but a delicate yellowing of some of the muslins gives a mellow suggestion of age.

The gown shown is in pure white over maize yellow silk. The bodice lining is cut low in the neck and is made without sleeves.

All the insertions of the outside are of real Valenciennes lace and white taffeta ribbon in a belt, stock and bows, finishes with simple elegance the bodice.

With all this summer finery, of course correct parasols are no unimportant detail. For the thin dressy frocks there are parasols that are almost like bouquets with their masses of flowers and fountains of chiffon.

But china handles finish the smartest of them all; and now the very nastiest thing with there is to have the hand rest a bird or animal head, that of a black cat or a pug dog, or a poll parrot or a friendly-looking monkey.

A nice old barnyard rooster with a shrill whistle hidden in his red comb, was the unique design of an expensive imported handle. NINA FITCH.

SILVER GLOSS STARCH

IS THE "OLD RELIABLE" LAUNDRY STARCH. HOUSEKEEPERS WHO HAVE TRIED IT AND THEN OTHERS MAKES ALWAYS RETURN TO "SILVER GLOSS."

THOSE WHO HAVE NOT TRIED IT SHOULD DO SO AT ONCE.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Starches made by the Edwardsburg Starch Co., L't'd., are always reliable.

THEIR LEADING BRANDS ARE

Benson's Canada Prepared Corn FOR COOKING.

Silver Gloss Starch, Ename Starch, FOR LAUNDRY.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Lechetskiy Method"; also "Synthetic System" for beginners.

Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK.

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

Is a necessity to comfort. Our Shoes afford the feet the most delightful housing that can possibly be provided, and are a practical treatise on **WALKING MADE PLEASANT AND EASY.**

All fitting shoes cause no end of annoyance and pain. With our stock a perfect fit in a first class shoe is a very easy matter.

WATERBURY & RISING,

61 King and 212 Union Street.

RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

OF FALLEN FORTUNE.

DECAYED SOUTHERN GENTLE-WOMEN FIND A HOME.

A Beautiful and Unique Charity Organized by a Lovely Creole—La Societe Hospitaliere of New Orleans and its Present Quarters Described.

Perhaps the most unique and beautiful charity in America is that of La Societe Hospitaliere of New Orleans. Its members charge themselves with the housing and partial maintenance of as many gentlewomen of decayed fortunes as their means will permit.

Early in the seventies there died in New Orleans a certain Mr. Henderson, who left a sum of money, the interest of which was to be distributed monthly among the needy in the American quarter, and in the French district. Mdlle. Correjolle, a Creole lady, was chosen as almoner for Frenchtown, and in the course of her ministrations found many ladies of aristocratic lineage and once splendid fortune, who had been legged in by the war and were now living in abject and equal poverty.

To these women of gentle breeding all of the privations and hardships of poverty were easy to be borne in comparison with the poignant misery of a life spent in a squalid tenement, and in contact with a low, ignorant and often debased class of people. This was the daily crucifixion over which they groaned and prayed God to deliver them.

Mdlle. Correjolle was soon convinced that if these ladies could be decently housed, and having no rent to meet, that

society grew richer, gave fetes and fairs, and at last Mdlle. Correjolle was triumphant. La Societe had money enough to buy a house. In March, 1893, an old time, home-looking Creole dwelling was bought, and thirty-five ladies, as many as it could accommodate, were invited to make this their home.

Each lady has her room to herself, and as the Creole clings with tenacity to her ancestral belongings, it so happens that rooms are all comfortably furnished, some in antique mahogany or rosewood, with a few pieces of fine porcelain or crystal or marble. The floors are bare, but most beautifully clean, each occupant doing every bit of the work of her own menage. The entire place is a marvel of cleanliness and order.

The one kitchen is common to all, but many prefer to prepare their meals in their own rooms.

There are few restrictions imposed, no more than are usual in any well ordered family. Each one's privacy is inviolable; she is as secure from the prying eyes of curious visitors as though she were in her own house.

It is easy to see that the family code was framed by a lady, sympathetic to the heart's core. And indeed Mdlle. Correjolle is grand dame to the tips of her fingers, gentle and soft-voiced, and a born organizer. La Societe also furnishes its proteges with coal and their daily bread. But all are skillful needle-women, who have as many orders as they can fill. Several make lace, exquisite embroideries and artificial flowers for church altars. Their earnings are

All of these well born women were once rich. The stories of their descent into the avenues of poverty would make agonizing reading.

La Maison Hospitaliere is on Barracks street, where, in the ancient days of garrisoned New Orleans, trumpets blared and soldiers marched, and where many a gay and sparkling Frenchman loitered. But now the street is still and quiet. If you enter the little wicket at the side of La Maison you are ushered into a pleasant spacious courtyard, set about with parterres of roses and the pot plants of the inmates. At the farther end of the court is enshrined the image of Our Lady of the Prompt Succor, and at one side is a pretty little chapel. These spring afternoons the ladies bring their chairs out into the plainance to enjoy the tepid air scented with orange blossoms and sweet olive and roses, and hold a comfortable causerie. What a plucking of intricate genealogies from oblivion! What a snatching of kindreds and friends from the dark trees, and what a reweaving of them into living realities for their old hearts to feed upon. Then one will recall how another was the belle at a celebrated ball and what toilettes magnifiques both wore, and then with inimitable droleterie contrast with it their dress of today. And how they adore their guardian angel, Mdlle. Correjolle, whose face is cut like a cameo, whose skin is like a rose leaf, whose eyes are soft and brown and loving, whose heart is as tender and whose charity as great as that of Jean Valjean.

LYLIE O. HARRIS.



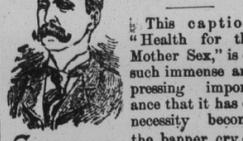
IN THE COURT-YARD.

they could managed to earn enough to buy their own food and clothing. But how to compass this was her great perplexity. However, ce que femme veut, Dieu veut. She began to work for La Maison Hospitaliere, in which to shelter some of these unfortunate ladies. In 1879 she organized La Societe Hospitaliere on a small scale. Membership dues were only 10 cents a month, but each was to interest as many persons as possible in the project and to get their aid. With the money thus raised the society rented a few rooms and installed within them a limited number of ladies. But the

small but then their wants are few. They dress plainly and their simple food which they make savory in the cunning Creole fashion, does not cost many sous each day. And they all seem so contented, so cheerful and buoyant, some even full of gay badinage.

It is quite true that none of ces dames de la Maison give any luncheons, or pink teas, yet not a day passes but Mdlle. de presents with her compliments some little delicatessen to Mdlle. —or Veuve de la —begs Madame La Generale to be kind enough to share with her some dainty just sent her by a friend.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."



COMPOUND

Women who have been prostrated for long years with Prolapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

Prepared by all druggists.
For sale by the
A. M. C. MEDICINE CO.,
136 St. Lawrence Main St.,
Price 75 cents. Montreal.

Letters from suffering women will be opened and answered by a confidential lady clerk if addressed as above and marked "Personal." Please mention this paper when writing. Sold by all druggists.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

A Winning Hazard,

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

Author of "Her Dearest foe," "The Wooing O'Y," "A Crooked Path," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XII.

The rain prophesied by Travers began as the little party sat down to dinner. The table was set in a window which commanded a fine view, but this became gradually enveloped in the dull haze of mist and thick falling rain, which increased in density as evening closed in.

The dinner, however, was gay and festive. For the moment Tulloch seemed to have cast the cold coils of prudence to the winds, Carey was always at his best on such occasions. Travers, too, seemed determined to enjoy himself while Kate's gay recklessness of speech and sentiment, and her sister's quiet appreciation of the other's pleasantries completed the ingredients of an unusually agreeable party.

As the rain continued to come down with increased heaviness they agreed to give up the idea of staying for the fireworks, and get away before the rush for town began. Travers proposed that they should all take tea in his rooms, which was agreed to readily, and they set forth by the underground passage to the high level station.

A train had just started as they reached the platform, and there was no other for half an hour, so they strolled up and down, read the edv risements, and looked at the books and papers on the book-stalls at the usual fashion of unfortunates who have missed their train. Carey, his eldest daughter, and Travers were laughing over some caricatures in "Ally Sloper," while Kate and Tulloch walked to and fro somewhat aimlessly.

"Have you noticed that lady in black who is sitting at the end of the platform, huddled up in a despairing way?" asked Kate, suddenly.

"No!" said Tulloch, "but looking closer as they passed the motionless figure, he added, "I don't think she is a lady, she is some old servant out of place."

"Well, I think she is a lady," insisted Kate. "Her clothes look rusty, but she is quite a gentleman, Jamie, though you may not have learned the fact in India. Somehow, that lady does not seem a stranger to me. I do not like to stare at her too much. Alas, dear," stopping beside her sister, "I want to know if you recognize the lady in black sitting under the board with third-class written on it. Come with me."

The two girls passed it again, and for the first time the woman in black raised her head, and looked at them with dull despairing eyes. Then Tulloch and Travers, their great surprise, saw Kate run to her and take her hand in both her own, and even kiss her sorrowful cheek. After a moment's hesitation Alicia also greeted her. They could not hear Kate's exclamation, "Madame La Rose!" It must be dear Madame La Rose! Don't you remember, Kate Carey—Kate, your naughty pupil—long ago in Du'lin?"

A look of pleased recognition lit up the dull dark eyes and faded face.

"Mon Dieu! Can this be little Kate, and Alicia? What has brought you here, to this cruel town?"

"I may say unfortunate," returned Kate. "I must call papa, he will be so pleased to see you."

"I doubt that," said Madame La Rose. "I am too unfortunate to be welcome to anyone."

"That is no fault in papa's eyes," said Alicia, with her quiet smile.

"I am glad to see you, and he has ever been," cried the poor French woman. "Al! my evil fortune has been too much for me. Here Mr. Carey, with Kate on his arm, came up radiant, chafed to have an opportunity of doing some small kindness to an old acquaintance and protégée. His lowly manner was almost infernal.

"This is indeed a great and unexpected pleasure. I thought you had returned to your own beautiful country. I hope you are staying for a while in London that we may have the pleasure of renewing our old friendship."

"Madame la Rose did not reply; her heart was too full for utterance, and she strove silently to keep composure. I did return to France," she said at length, "and then unfortunately left it. I have a sad story to tell, but I need not trouble you now at any rate; my immediate misfortune is that on reaching the station I found a large number of persons waiting; the train came in at the same time, and I could not in the rush for places, succeed in finding one. I am weak, having been ill. When the train was gone, putting my handkerchief back in my pocket, I missed my purse; some pickpocket had taken it. My ticket was in it, and all my money."

With the last word her voice broke, and it was evident she had sustained a great disaster.

"Oh, never mind," cried Carey, bounding upon her. "Fate, that can soon be remedied. You shall come back with us, and I'll see you to your place myself."

"Oh, no, monsieur. That would be too much. I live far away—near the High Street, St. John's Wood."

promised to call on a friend from Edinburgh who he was staying at the Royal Hotel in Blackfriars Road, and I shouldn't like to disappoint him. Good night, Mr. Carey; good night, Kate. See you tomorrow or next day, Travers. And he was gone.

"You tried him too severely, Mr. Carey. Such a proposition was more than he could stand."

"What is it to him?" asked Kate. "What indeed," echoed Alicia. "Come along, it's all hours," exclaimed her father. "Travers, my boy, a thousand thanks for a delightful day, also to Jamie Tulloch. Tell him from me. He's a square creature. When will you be coming up our way? To-morrow? No. Never mind; come when you can. Always glad to see you."

"Are you?" said Travers, in a low tone, as his eyes sought Kate's, and found their answer there.

"His next move, Travers threw himself into an arm chair and gave himself up to thought. He had several invitations for that evening, but none that compelled his presence.

"No, I shall not want anything more," he said to his ex-servant, and present landlord, who presented himself on the next morning. "I shall soon turn in. Good night!" He lit a cigar, and began to muse over the day. It had not been all pleasure—in fact, it had had many disagreeable moments, but a few sweet ones also. "I am an awful fool—am I not?"

"Old ladies of that sort are apt to lose their purses sometimes," returned Tulloch with a grin, and a knowing look at Travers, who did not respond.

"Oh, you see, that she is pretending she lost it?" returned Kate, with an unscrupulous grin of scorn in her tone, and she turned to speak to Travers, soon goodnight, till after some minutes she asked Alicia to change seats with her, as she wanted to talk to Madame la Rose. An angry frown darkened Tulloch's brow. Kate's quiet contempt made him savage.

Travers watched his young cousin's speaking face, feeling that he could read in it what she was saying to the weary worn woman beside her.

Arrived at Victoria, Carey committed his daughters to the care of his cavaliers. "Come, madame," he said, "though I have talked on hard times I've not only been silent, I'll alter some minutes she asked Alicia to change seats with her, as she wanted to talk to Madame la Rose. An angry frown darkened Tulloch's brow. Kate's quiet contempt made him savage.

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CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS. DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

had excited his suspicion a week ago. He little guessed the range of years through which almost religious care had preserved Madame's best black silk.

"And where is Miss Kate?" asked Tulloch, glancing round with a sudden fear that she should be defrauded of her society.

"She will be here directly, she has only just come in. Miss Golding wanted her to choose some gown for her party next week, so they went early; but Kate stayed to lunch, and spent the afternoon also."

Tulloch was not particularly pleased by this speech. He did not like the intimacy which was growing up between Miss Golding and his cousin, might even compare notes, which would never do. While he balanced between two attractions, and hesitated to which he should throw the handkerchief—while he thought, Madame la Rose was speaking. "Mademoiselle will be ready soon," she asked if Mr. Tulloch was at home.

"I am at home," returned Tulloch, who smiled brilliantly at Miss Golding, and gave him a message from Miss Golding.

"When she heard you were to dine with us, Miss Golding would be sure to tell him to come early, at 3:30; he might help me in my ways."

"Then they have been chattering about me," he thought, while he observed aloud, "I'm sure I shall be very happy to be of any use to her."

"No doubt," returned Kate with an arch glance, which sent a thrill of pride and pleasure through his veins. "She's always been hand and glove with her."

Here dinner appeared, and they sat down in high good humour. Carey helping Madame first with the most polite attention and drawing attention to the excellence of the sole au gratin, which is only a plain asparagus, though you would not know it as such.

"I'm sorry you are not going to Miss Golding's ball," said Tulloch, who took it for granted there was no admission for such humble Paris as Alicia and Kate, through the golden gates of the Westbourne Terrace Paradise. "I'd like to have a dance with you. I dare say you would make a famous partner."

"No doubt I should," returned Kate, with a little nod and smile. "But I told Miss Golding I'd never want to part with you. It was too nice an attempt. She was very nice and kind, and was evidently disposed to offer me a handsome sum. She has brought her into training. She does not attempt to offer presents now."

"No, faith! Kindness and civility as you like, and hearty thanks for them, but we don't want any crumbs from the tables of rich people," said Carey. "Eh, my darling! Any way, Miss Golding seems a brick, and a pretty girl into the bargain. Begad, good looks to some together is too much luck. I suppose nothing short of a peer of the realm will do for her."

"Whoever may be her husband, I earnestly hope she may find a really good one. She is a kind, warm-hearted girl as ever lived," exclaimed Alicia.

Now Tulloch pondered these speeches, while Madame la Rose was saying, "It is always well to have an evening toilette. One may lose much by staying at home. I think what Indian muslin of yours, some ribbon, and little foliage, a charming costume de bal' might be arranged. Let us plan it to-morrow," said Madame la Rose.

Willingly, cried Kate. "You are wonderful, dear madame."

"See Travers lately?" asked Tulloch, helping himself to cream.

"I have had a glimpse of him since our grand day at the Palace," returned Carey. "I had a nice asking us to go to the theatre. But we could not manage it," said Kate.

"He is a great chap for the theatres," resumed Tulloch. "I went to the Opera on Wednesday with Mrs. McClaren, of Bombay, and her daughter, who are over here just now, and doing the shows, and I saw Travers with a grand swell lady in the stage-box. Some young fellows who came to speak to Mrs. McClaren said she was the Honourable Mrs. Douglas. Hum! Anyhow they seemed very thick, looking round the house with their glasses, and laughing together as if the whole world was a source of fun. I'm told she is a rich widow, so maybe Travers is on the road to fortune. She is a fine, handsome woman, nearly forty, but I fancy. They went away together."

"A rich handsome widow!" cried Kate, with a bright glance at the speaker. "If he is good, too; I hope he will marry cousin Dick. He deserves to be happy, and I am sure he will make a most pleasant husband."

"That is high praise," said Madame la Rose; "a pleasant husband is even more rare than a good one."

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION WILL IT WEAR? NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK. 847 ROGERS BROS. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX IS 1847. STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

A CONSIDERATE VILLAIN.

The inspector happened to glance up from his desk at the clock and noticed that it was ten minutes to 11, when the station door opened and a nattily-dressed young man slipped in out of the dark. Nodding politely to the inspector, he tucked a gold-headed cane under his arm and proceeded to remove his tan gloves finger by finger. "I'm sorry to trouble you. I do it only to save you trouble," he said, without looking up from his occupation. "I am here to give myself into custody."

THE ORIGIN OF THE ROSE.

It is found in all Lands—Central Asia probably its Native Country. Some indication of the origin of the rose, both in time and in country, is probably given in its name. This, undoubtedly, comes to us through the Latin from the Greek "rodon," a word which is now agreed to be, in the wider sense, Oriental, not Greek. But to which of the two great families of language it belongs is less certain. Heyn maintains it to be Iranian, that is, of the Aryan family—of the older tongue of Persia and Bactria; and Persia might unquestionably put forward strong claims to be the true native country of the rose. But Prof. Skeat, who has the majority of modern authorities on his side, declares it to be a pure Semitic word—the Arabic "ward," a flowering shrub, thus denoting the flower of flowers par excellence. It is worth noticing that the Persian word seems to have been used first only as a name for the rose, but has come to be used of the rose alone. "U rosa flos florum, sic et domus ista decorum," is the emphatic way in which the inscription over the lovely Chapter House at York claims it to be the very flower of architecture. Both theories, however, of the name agree in all other indications, that with can trace in placing the original home of the rose, much as that of our earliest forefathers, in the central or western central district of Asia; but, instead of spreading only in a westerly direction, the rose took, apparently, a more catholic way of the earth, being introduced to the east and west, without showing any reluctance about longitude, while disliking the more violent changes of temperature implied by an extension of latitude. It has been found by travelers as far south as Abyssinia in one hemisphere and Mexico in the other; but it never occurs voluntarily, to come very near to the equator. Northward, however, nothing seems to stop it, since it has conquered Iceland, Greenland and Kamtschatka. In Iceland, so (in) fertile in vegetation that in some parts the natives are compelled to feed their horses, sheep and even on dried fish, to find the Rosa rubiginosa, with its pale, solitary, cup-shaped flowers; and in Lapland, blooming almost under the snows of that severe climate, the natives seeking mosses and lichens for their reindeer feed the roses mainly and rubella, the former of which brings in the color of our cheeks, and the latter, the greenness of Norway, Denmark and Sweden.

BETTER HEALTH

This Summer than You Had Last. THAT IS WHAT YOU HOPE FOR AND SEEK TO OBTAIN. Life Will be Plesanter and You Will do More Work. To attain this desired result, you will derive the greatest possible aid from a timely course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, the great health restorer. Better digestion, more effective assimilation of food, stronger nerves and muscles, clearer brain—are not these what you seek? The remedy named is the agency through which they may be made yours. Thousands of Canadians have found it so, and are gratified for the knowledge, of so much value to them and to all men and women. This is easily said. A course of Hawker's tonic is easily taken. Prove it for yourself. For sale by all druggists and dealers at 50c. per bottle or bottles for \$2.50, and manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd., St. John, N.B.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS. Doctors Co. Yarmouth Co., to the wife of Mitchell Smith, a daughter. Weston Mass., April 25, to the wife of Allen A. Mosher, a daughter. Montrose, Annapolis Co., April 23, to the wife of Norman Grant, a son. Barrington Passage, April 5, to the wife of Charles O. Wilson, a daughter. Chatham, N. B., April 21, to the wife of Staff Sergeant F. Cope M. S. C., a son. Hamilton, Bermuda, April 23, to the wife of Horace Thompson, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Albert, May 6, Melbourne J. Colpitts to Alice Smith, a daughter. Liverpool, April 30, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Nathan Bell to Martha Eisenor. Windsor, May 4, by Rev. E. J. Grant, Edward Wilton to Eliza Lively. Hantsport, May 4, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, Robert Graham to Everina Kelly. St. John, May 6, by Rev. Dr. Carey Gilbert H. Vail to Lauretta M. Tins. Rose Bay, May 2, by Rev. F. A. Bowers, John Donovan to Louise Beckman. St. John, April 29, by Rev. Canon De Veber, Rev. Leo A. Hoyt to Adina Churchill. Lakeridge, May 2, by Rev. J. M. Allan, George E. Marchant to Ethel Grace Brown. Jordan Bay, April 23, by Rev. C. W. Sables, George T. Giffin to Tryphina Thorburne. Grand Manan, April 20, by Rev. W. H. Perry, James B. Cook to Winifred Eason. Torbrook Mines, April 29, by Rev. Joseph Gaetz, James E. McLaughlin to Lulu Charlton. Havelock, N. B., May 4, by Rev. N. S. Burdick, Clarence L. Foster to Lois Ritchie. Scotch Village, N. S., April 30, by Rev. Wm. Rees, Alfred S. Butler to Susan H. Greeno. Winthrop Highlands, April 8, by Rev. N. S. Burdick, Clarence L. Foster to Lois Ritchie. Centerville, N. B., May 7, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, Gordon F. Merritt to Mrs. Lora Tibbitt. Wilson Beach, N. B., April 27, by Rev. J. B. Dazetti, Julian E. Porter to Eliza M. Howard.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of the Intercolonial Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JO. Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 1.00 Express for Halifax..... 1.20 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 1.40 Express for Sussex..... 1.60 Passengers for St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Montreal at 10 o'clock. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex..... 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.20 Express from Montreal daily..... 10.30 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 11.15 Accommodation from Montreal..... 11.40 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are to be run by steam from the locomotive, and by electric power from the Intercolonial Railway, Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 6th September, 1895. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. 2 Personally Conducted Tours TO ALASKA. To start on Thursday, June 25th, and Friday, July 5th. Return to be about July 25th and August 7th respectively. FARE THE TRIP, \$375. Including Sleeping and Dining Car, Hotels, Drives, etc. For all further information apply to D. P. St. John, N. B. D. McNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN, District Pass'g. Agt. Montreal, St. John, N. B. Dominion Atlantic Ry. THE POPULAR AND SHORT LINE RY BETWEEN ST. JOHN, HALIFAX AND BOSTON. Trains run on Eastern Standard Time. On and after Monday, March 2d, trains will run (Sunday excepted) as follows: STEAMSHIP PRINCE RUPERT. Daily Service. Lvs St. John 8.30 a.m.; arr. Digby 11.15 a.m.; Digby 1.00 p.m.; arr. St. John 3.45 p.m. DAILY EXPRESS TRAINS. Lvs Yarmouth 9.30 a.m.; Digby 12.30 p.m.; arrive at Halifax 7.00 p.m. Lvs Halifax 6.30 a.m.; arrive Digby 12.45 p.m.; Yarmouth 3.50 p.m. Lvs Kenville 6.30 a.m.; arrive Halifax 8.30 a.m. Lvs Halifax 3.15 p.m.; arrive Kenville 6.30 p.m. Buffer prior cars run daily each way between Halifax and Yarmouth. ACCOMMODATION TRAINS. Lvs Annapolis at 6.30 a.m.; arrive Halifax 8.30 p.m. Lvs Halifax 6.00 a.m.; arrive Annapolis 8.30 p.m. Lvs Yarmouth Mon., Wed. and Fri., 12.15 p.m.; arrive Annapolis 6.10 p.m. Lvs Annapolis Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 6.45 a.m.; arrive Yarmouth 11.45 a.m. Lvs Annapolis daily at 7 a.m.; arriving Digby 8.30 a.m. Lvs Digby daily 3.30 p.m.; arrive Annapolis 6.40 p.m. For tickets, time tables, etc., apply to Dominion Atlantic Railway Ticket Office, 114 Prince William Street, Boston, Mass. Street, Halifax; 228 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO CONGREGATIONALISM.

This Church Gave to the World a Brecher—Heard Also what the Rev. S. Nichols, a Prominent Toronto Congregational Minister, Has to Say on an Important Subject. Henry Ward Beecher believed man's religious faith was colored largely by the conditions of his life. He said from his pulpit that no man could hold right views on religion when his stomach was out of order. It is quite certain that no preacher can preach with effect if his head is stuffed up with cold, or if he is a sufferer from catarrh. It is not surprising therefore that we find the leading clergymen of our country speaking so highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, for cold in the head or catarrh. They know the necessity better than anyone else of being relieved of this trouble. Rev. S. Nichols, of Olivet Congregational Church, Toronto, is one who has used the medicine, and over and over again bears testimony to its beneficial character. One short puff of the breath through the Blower, Supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, colds, sneezing, watery eyes, fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. Sixty cents. Sample with blower sent for 10c in stamps or silver. S. G. Detchon, 44 Church Street, Toronto.

Restlessness.

Fever, Congestion, Inflammation, Heat, Pain, are Perfectly Controlled by Dr. Humphrey's Homeopathic Specific, No. 1. Also Fevers of all kinds—Inflammatory, Bilious, Rheumatic and even Typhoid Fever; Inflammation of the Lungs or Pneumonia; Inflammation of the Throat, Head, Liver or Bowels; Pleurisy, or Stitches in the Side or Chest; Croup; Sore Throat; Scarlet Fever; Measles; Fevers of Children from Teething, Worms, Cold; Erysipelas, Headache, with Heat or Throbbing of the Head; Toothache; Cough with pain in the Side or Chest; and all Diseases attended with Quick Pulse, Heat, Restlessness and Tossing. It Chilled or Cold, Lame or Sore, or attacked by any sudden or acute disease always take No. 1. It breaks the chill, reduces fevers, dissipates congestion and cures disease. It is a great pain destroyer. Manual of Diseases mailed free. Small bottles of pleasant pills at the retail price, 25c. Humphrey's Medicine Company, 111 William St., New York.

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"THE PILE OINTMENT." For External or Internal Use, with Bleeding, Cold, Erysipelas, Headache, with Heat or Throbbing of the Head; Toothache; Cough with pain in the Side or Chest; and all Diseases attended with Quick Pulse, Heat, Restlessness and Tossing. It Chilled or Cold, Lame or Sore, or attacked by any sudden or acute disease always take No. 1. It breaks the chill, reduces fevers, dissipates congestion and cures disease. It is a great pain destroyer. Manual of Diseases mailed free. Small bottles of pleasant pills at the retail price, 25c. Humphrey's Medicine Company, 111 William St., New York.

BORN.

Moncton, May 7 to the wife of Peter Duxbury, a son. Brookville, May 6 to the wife of E. T. Nelly, a daughter. Woodstock, May 4, to the wife of S. H. Clark, a son. Lunenburg, May 6, to the wife of Alex. Knickle, a son. Brookville, May 4, to the wife of John D. McInnis, a son. St. John, May 8, to the wife of E. McFarland, a daughter. Hillsboro, May 7, to the wife of J. W. Rogers, a daughter. Yarmouth, April 30 to the wife of F. R. Tretry, a daughter. Fredericton, May 7, to the wife of Dr. G. C. Vanwart, a son. Windsor, April 22, to the wife of George A. Scott, a daughter. Harrington Cove, April 29, to the wife of Chas. Snow, a daughter. Milton, April 26, to the wife of Freeman Moulson, a daughter. Millstream, April 26, to the wife of Rev. A. H. McLeod, a son. Upper Kennetcook, May 1, to the wife of Rupert Clark, a son. Cambridge, N. S., April 22, to the wife of Fred A. Lakin, a son. Lakeside, N. S., April 23, to the wife of Francis Martin, a son. Hamilton, Bermuda, May 4 to the wife of Francis H. Bell, a son. Liverpool, April 29, to the wife of James A. Bath, a daughter. Bridgewater, April 29, to the wife of H. H. Archibald, a daughter. Waterville, N. B., April 25, to the wife of Byron Fines, a daughter.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co.

3 Trips per Week FOR BOSTON. UNTIL further notice the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston, on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 7 a. m. Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m. and Portland at 9 p. m. On Wednesday trip steamers will not call at Portland. Connections made at Eastport with steamers for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. E. L. SCHUBERT, Agent.

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Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe. REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES. To Walsford, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under..... 15 To Sussex, Annapolis, Digby, Hays, Pictou, and Harvey, Fredericton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under..... 15 Over 10 to 15 lbs..... 20 To St. Mary's, McAdam, Bristol, Moncton, Elgin, Hantsport and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under..... 15 Over 5 to 10 lbs..... 20 Over 10 to 15 lbs..... 25 To Woodstock, Newburg, St. Michaels, Macdonald, Fort Elgin and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under..... 15 Over 5 to 10 lbs..... 20 Over 10 to 15 lbs..... 25 To Lunenburg, River Harbour, Joggins, Bath, Halifax, Dartmouth and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under..... 15 Over 5 to 10 lbs..... 20 Over 10 to 15 lbs..... 25 To St. Leonard's, Edmundston and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under..... 15 Over 5 to 10 lbs..... 20 Over 10 to 15 lbs..... 25 Over 15 to 20 lbs..... 25 Over 20 to 25 lbs..... 30 Over 25 to 30 lbs..... 35 Over 30 to 35 lbs..... 40 Over 35 to 40 lbs..... 45 Over 40 to 45 lbs..... 50 Over 45 to 50 lbs..... 55 Over 50 to 55 lbs..... 60 Over 55 to 60 lbs..... 65 Over 60 to 65 lbs..... 70 Over 65 to 70 lbs..... 75 Over 70 to 75 lbs..... 80 Over 75 to 80 lbs..... 85 Over 80 to 85 lbs..... 90 Over 85 to 90 lbs..... 95 Over 90 to 95 lbs..... 1.00 Over 95 to 100 lbs..... 1.05