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AMAPOLIS ROYAL, March 12, Francis Marshall, 24, Hampton, March 12, Mrs. (Judge) Wedderburn, 64.

WOOD'S HARBOR, March 4, Mrs. Colin C. Nicholson, 54.

UPPER STEWART, Feb. 23, James Robinson, Hills, 50.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., March 14, Rev. John Cassidy, 64.

SEATTLE, Washington, March 4, William H. Tedford, 57.

LEONARDVILLE, Deer Island, Feb. 26, James H. Lawrence, 50.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

EASTER HOLIDAY EXCURSION

tickets on sale. To the Public, March 20th, to April 3rd, inclusive, good for return until April 15th, and for Family and Teachers in Schools and Colleges, between points in Canada on Atlantic Division, also to points in Quebec and Ontario, east of Port Williams, on surrender of Standard C. tickets from September 1, March 15th, to April 1st, inclusive, good for return until April 15th, inclusive, good for return until April 15th, 1904.

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A. H. NOYMAN,
Asst. General Passenger Agent
St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1904, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Leve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arrive Digby 12.30 p. m., Leve. Digby at 1.30 p. m., arrive St. John, 5.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Leve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arrive Digby 12.30 p. m., Leve. Digby 1.30 p. m., arrive Yarmouth 4.30 p. m., Leve. Yarmouth 5.00 a. m., arrive Digby 11.45 p. m., Leve. Digby 11.45 p. m., arrive Halifax 5.45 p. m., Leve. Annapolis 7.00 a. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday, Leve. Digby 5.45 p. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday, Leve. Digby 5.30 p. m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday, arrive Annapolis 4.45 p. m.

S.S. Prince George,

BOSTON SERVICE.

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F. GIFFKIN, superintendent,
Newville, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway

and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1903 the rate of this Railway will be as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax, 1.00

Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, 1.00

Express for Quebec, Montreal and St. Louis, 1.00

Express for Boston, 1.00

Accommodation from Pictou, 1.00

and Sydney, 1.00

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.10 for Toronto.

Spring and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax, 1.00

Express from Pictou, 1.00

Express from Montreal, 1.00

Express from Boston, 1.00

Accommodation from Pictou, 1.00

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PROGRESS.

We would like to know what a lot of you people are thinking about—can't you see the "clack" in our premium offer?

VOL. XI, NO. 568.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE HESSE CASE ENDED.

AND THE JURY FIND THAT THE DEFENDENT IS GUILTY.

Has Sustained Damages to the Extent of \$25,000—The Facts of the Case Which Has Been a Most Curious One—Some in the Court at the Final Stage.

The case of Hesse vs. the Street Railway Company is ended and in the opinion of the jury the plaintiff is entitled to \$25,000 damages.

When the court adjourned Wednesday afternoon after the council on both sides had addressed the jury opinion was divided as to what the amount of the verdict would be. Some said \$5,000, others \$10,000 and but few thought that it would exceed \$15,000.

Those who had that opinion, however, must have changed it when they heard the charge of Judge Vanwart the next morning. His honor did not take long to address the jury but what he did say was to the point. It is putting it mildly to say that he charged in favor of the plaintiff.

The court room was crowded and his remarks were listened to with great interest. The seven jurors followed him closely and as he made several points in favor of the plaintiff's case the manager and the vice president of the railway company must have felt that the damages were increasing all the time. PROGRESS learned that they expected a verdict against them but not anything like the one given.

The case has created great interest. The great ability of the injured man, Professor Hesse, and the facts surrounding the accident created much sympathy for him from the start. As one of the leading organizers of the United States he held a position in a Providence church and last summer he came to St. John to cool off in company with Father Rafferty, a friend of his. He played the organ in the Cathedral here one Sunday morning and in the afternoon boarded a street car with his friend to see what he could of the city. The brake or the car got out of order and the other appliances to check its speed failed to work, and, in consequence, the track was jumped at the corner of Main and Mill streets and the car crashed into the curb stone and across the sidewalk and into the eating saloon of M. A. Harding. Only one man was hurt, Prof. Hesse, and he either jumped or was thrown to the sidewalk and his leg was broken so badly that all efforts to save it failed and the limb was amputated. Hence the suit for damages.

The street railway was in luck that more than the professor were not hurt. When the car made its sudden entrance into the Harding building the proprietor was sitting on a stool in his office. He had his cash box in his hand and was getting some money. He didn't have time to move himself. The car did that and "Matt" and his money went to the other side of the room. He wasn't hurt and that is the first good fortune of the company. But it cost some hundreds of dollars to fix up his building and he didn't do much business for two or three weeks, all of which came out of the pockets of the street railway. Another piece of good luck was that a horse and carriage with a little boy in it which had been standing directly in front of the place where the car jumped the track, had moved up the street a few yards and thus unconsciously had gone out of danger.

The motor man wasn't hurt and yet he had hold of the lever when the car stopped in the middle of the shop. He was helpless from terror and it was not until he saw the falling timbers around him that he could move.

There were several people on board the car and none of them were hurt. That same morning twenty-three people were on board the same car going to the boat at Indiantown and they went down King street and Indiana hill. If the brake could have been defective then how terrible the consequences might have been.

The street railway is to be congratulated that nothing of the sort did happen and that instead of having to settle the damages of a lot of people they only had to fight it out with one.

There were overtures for a settlement but they did not proceed very far. The friends of Hesse wanted so much that the railway people preferred the verdict of a jury to paying the amount demanded. Had they settled for a reasonable amount they would have saved the law costs which must be tremendous. In the first place there was the sparring here in Chambers over some

preliminaries and then the selection of a jury in connection with which there was an interesting and readable story. Prof. Hesse is a Catholic and when the jury was being selected Mr. H. H. McLean who represented the railway made some remarks regarding the selection which created quite a scene at the time. He did not want certain men on and Mr. Quigley did but that is an old story now. As a matter of fact there were strong objections to a special jury when the court took up the case and the plaintiff waived that privilege and the jury was selected from the citizens summoned by the sheriff to try any and all cases that might come before the court. Not an objection was made and every man was a protestant. The gentleman who composed it were business men, including Mr. Gillespie, an insurance agent, Gordon Boyne an experienced



PROF. HESSE.

jurymen and a fair minded man, Joseph Hazelhurst, a foundryman, Mr. Thorne, a member of the firm of Thorne Bros., on King street, Mr. Crawford, an agent for sewing machines and organs, Mr. Seely a coal merchant and a well known vocalist and Mr. Schofield of the firm of Schofield Bros., paper merchants.

These gentlemen sat there eleven days and heard all the evidence and listened to the wrangling of the lawyers all for a dollar a day! Still it was one of the proud duties of citizenship and no one growled because that made the matter no better.

Selecting the special jury was only a drop in the expense bucket. There were applications for commissions and arguments about postponements and the issuing of commissions, the journeys to and from Providence and New York and Philadelphia and the services of commissioners there. There was a bill of nearly a thousand dollars for the evidence taken before one man and the statement was made in court that because he wanted his money before he delivered the papers the result would not be brought into trial.

Mr. Quigley was engaged by the plaintiff and he associated with him Mr. Chas. A. Palmer and ex judge A. L. Palmer. Since that Mr. C. A. Palmer died and the case was carried on by the other two gentlemen. Mr. Hugh McLean represented the railway and he retained Mr. William Pugsley. This is the first case Judge Palmer has been engaged in in Canada since he left the bench and this fact, coupled with the recognized ability of the counsel for the defendant, Mr. Pugsley, lent additional interest to a trial of such importance. The result was a large daily attendance. Many gentlemen who enjoy the struggle of keen intellect spent hours listening to the arguments, the objections, the subtle questions of these legal giants. Savvy on the one hand, bluntness on the other, often characterized their remarks. The wonderful endurance of Judge Palmer who must be approaching his 80th year was apparent to all. Wonderful at all times yet he possessed wonderful patience in dealing with the witnesses. The presiding judge gave him all possible opportunities and upon one or two occasions Mr. Pugsley seemed to think he was favored too much. That however was a matter of opinion. After the judge had delivered his charge on Thursday morning Judge Palmer, in the ante-room, expressed his appreciation of the fairness with which his honor had conducted the trial and instructed the jury!

Anyone who watched the ex judge as he listened to the charge must have thought that he was satisfied. His face is seldom in repose and every facial muscle seemed to be active as he sat there for the half or three quarters of an hour Judge Vanwart

was speaking. Dr. Quigley on the contrary sat with his head on his hand, his elbow on the table gazing intently at the judge. To his left was Prof. Hesse and his friend. Their faces were a look of anxious concern. It would be hard to say what Mr. Pugsley was thinking about. His face wore an inscrutable expression and his thoughts may have been with his colleagues in Fredericton or calculating the chances of the success of his western ventures just as much as they were following the remarks of the judge. He was in front of Manager Neilson and Vice-President Robinson of the railway company. Mr. McLean was not present.

To the right of Judge Vanwart, Rev. John Read was seated and near him, outside the rail, Rev. Dr. Pope. The Police magistrate was an interested listener and many young lawyers found an hour to spare to hear the judge's charge.

HOW THE CIVIC CONTENT GOES.

There is said to be Opposition in Wellington Ward.

There is not much new in civic politics. The people have eighteen days in which to select their representatives and the candidates have that long to canvass. In the North End there is a chance of some change. It is said that Mr. Holder is not anxious to run and that there is a probability that he will not. This would allow Ald. McGoldrick to go in by acclamation—a graceful tribute for his sixteenth term at the common council. The reason assigned for Mr. Holder's unwillingness to contest the constituency again is that he is a very busy man at this season of the year and cannot afford to spare the time to run an election.

Mr. Storey says he is in the field yet, and Mr. Wallace's friends are being urged to give him all the support possible. He has some energetic workers who are confident that he will poll a large vote.

The window of Mr. Storey's dry goods house contains a large engraving of the interior of the council chamber in Belfast, which he received a few days ago. There is no doubt that it is more elegant than that owned by the city of St. John. The furniture is magnificent and the chamber is very large. But then Belfast is larger than St. John, and more than that, according to candidates Storey and James Kelly, it is in God's own country, the north of Ireland. Mr. Storey has not presented his card yet. It is very readable and PROGRESS will have much pleasure in printing it provided he gives it to no other paper first. It is lengthy but at the same time it gives a fair idea of what our mayor has done and what another will do.

Ald. McGoldrick is home again and ready for the battle if he has to fight one. Ald. Macrae is likely to have opposition. Some time ago a number of Wellington ward voters asked J. Arthur Dawson to become a candidate. He refused then, but since it is said, has reconsidered and will be in the field. If he does run he will be a popular candidate, one that all his friends will work for with enthusiasm and zeal. In the recent local election Mr. Dawson was offered the chairmanship of Wellington ward for the local government party but he refused it though he worked hard for the party afterwards. If the people whom he worked for then support him now he should poll a large vote.

Their Afternoons Amusement.

A St. John lady mourns the loss of the bright golden curls of two youthful members of her family, which curls were not only the pride of her life but of all the relatives of the little folks. One day last week the lady invited a tiny friend in to play with her children and the trio held high carnival in the nursery for awhile. When a silence of longer duration than usual descended upon the children's domain, the lady went to investigate the cause of this unwelcome state of affairs. It is needless to say any thing regarding the state of her feelings when she found the floor strewn with bright curls, the trio having undertaken barbering as an amusement. Two of the children had been entirely shorn of their crowning glory and opera upon the third were well underway when the lady appeared upon the scene.

Removed to Market Square.

Mr. B. McDiarmid has finished the removal of his wholesale drug store from the corner of King and Germain street to the Market Square, where his quarters will be much more roomy, nearer the shipping centres and better adapted in many respects to the needs of his increasing business.

WILL HE BE RETIRED?

A RUMOR THAT CHAIRMAN GEORGE A. KNODELL

Will be Retired From the Liquor Commission—Some of the Reasons Given for the Rumor—Also Chairman of the Alms House Commission—His Opportunities.

There is a rumor around town to the effect that Mr. E. J. Armstrong is likely to become one of the liquor commissioners. Inasmuch as there is no vacancy on the commission at the present time this would imply that there would be one in the near future and if there is any ground for the stories floating about that too is quite probable.

The chairman, Mr. Geo. A. Knodell, is the man mentioned as likely to be retired. The reasons for this are best known to those who are urging that there should be a change and there is no doubt that a con-



DR. J. M. SMITH.
Candidate for Alderman in Lansdowne Ward.

siderable portion of the trade is bent on having something done.

The liquor commission is composed of George A. Knodell, chairman and Messrs W. A. Lockhart and M. Cull. Their duties are not onerous. They meet once a month or oftener, if necessity requires it, and for this they get \$300 each. The inspector, John B. Jones is the man who has to do the work and all agree that he fills that difficult office with general satisfaction. His duties are many and include reporting upon the applications for licences and it is upon his report that the commissioners decide to whom to grant permits to sell. Then again he has to see that there is no illegal or after hour selling and this is perhaps the hardest part of his work. The man who is doing an illegal business has taken precautions against a surprise from the inspector and this officer cannot get within a stone's throw without warning being conveyed to the law breaker. When he gets there no person is in sight, there is no liquor to be had and no report can be made. There are exceptions to this, but not many. It is the same way with those that sell after hours. All modern appliances are brought into play to warn the seller and to prepare for the inspector. Thus it is that unless direct information is given to him the chances of proving anything do not amount to much. The old fashioned way of presuming that because a man goes into a hotel after ten o'clock at night that he is going to patronize the bar has been abandoned.

Some time ago—last summer—there was a report that Chairman Knodell wanted the inspectorship. What gave rise to it perhaps was his watchful attitude on Saturday evenings. He was in the habit of parading from King street and Germain corner, to Breze's corner on Charlotte street and some one started the story that he was usurping the duties of the inspector. While that may not have been true it had that appearance.

That, however, would not account for the present condition of affairs. Chairman Knodell is not agreeable to the liquor dealers. He has put many of them to a great deal of expense in altering their places and yet accomplished nothing in the end. He is only one of a commission of three yet he is the most aggressive and is blamed by the dealers for much that they have had to do. So they want him removed.

The years that he has been chairman have not been unprofitable to him. The salary the first year was larger than it has been since. He has been chairman of the Alms House Commission—His Opportunities.

Chairman Knodell is a man of high character and high ability. He has been chairman of the Alms House Commission for several years and has done his duty well. He is a man of high character and high ability. He has been chairman of the Alms House Commission for several years and has done his duty well.

been since owing to the increased labor necessary, it was thought, to set the law in working operation. More than that, being in the printing business the liquor dealers, some of whom were depending upon him to a certain extent for their business, could not pass him by when they wanted any work done that he could do. PROGRESS noted the first Christmas after the law was in force how a holiday publication was issued from the chairman's printing office the advertisements in which were almost wholly liquor dealers.

Then there is a lot of printing to be done by the commission to do. It might be thought that this would be divided among the city printers, but that is not the case. All the work goes to the chairman's office and the amount is not inconsiderable.

There are a lot of people however not in the liquor business who think that the government might well divide its favors. Mr. Knodell is chairman of the alms house commission and while there is no salary attached to that office there are certain privileges that are not to be despised. The printing of that institution, which cannot amount to much, finds its way into his office and while no one could possibly object to the small amount of profit he might receive from doing such work there is an idea that members of commission should as far as possible refrain from profiting by the orders from the institutions which they control. That is a principle that is not always or perhaps generally followed in this city but it is one that the people believe in and own that it is wise to stick close to.

Both of these chairmanship are in the gift of the government but they are not the only things that the provincial administration gives to this fortunate chairman. He has the privilege of printing one of the arithmetics used in the public schools and it can be very well understood that this is a job of importance and adds to the impression that there is too much of a good thing going to one man.

The gentleman whose name is mentioned for the position, Mr. E. J. Armstrong, is a candidate for alderman at this election, a resident of the North end and a government supporter. He knows the city thoroughly and has all the qualifications necessary for a good commissioner.

Monday Evening's Sparring Contest.

This is the last day of Lent and those who have denied themselves during the penitential season will be at liberty to have those luxuries which they formerly enjoyed. The sporting element will not wait longer than next Monday evening when a large number of them will assemble in the Mechanics Institute to see the ten round contest between "Billy" Curran and "Paddy" Fenton. Fenton is a visitor and Curran belongs to the North End where there are lots of people who think he can put up a good "go" with the clever boxer from New England. The latter has had lots of experience—something that Curran lacks—and he has been in the ring a good many times. While here he has been trained by Mr. T. Mullin who accompanied him from Boston. Several evenings he has sparred with those members of the Neptune Rowing Club who have been instructed by Jack Powers this winter and he has made many friends by his quiet and manly bearing. It is said that he is prepared to challenge the winner. He has shown that he is fairly clever and a hard hitter and has two recent victories to his credit. The attendance Monday evening will no doubt be large. Preliminary bouts have been arranged and they too will be interesting.

A Boom for Accident Insurance.

It is not known whether Prof. Hesse had any accident insurance or not. If he did not, he is not so fortunate as a gentleman of this city who got injured two months ago and who, it is said, is in receipt of \$165 a week from the accident insurance companies. His injuries were severe and he has been unable to attend to business. He too got hurt on a street car and as there is a clause in the policies of some companies providing for double damages in case of an accident on a street or electric car, he is receiving the full benefit of his policies.

This is a Street Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain PROGRESS for one year, and the Comptroller, McClure and Comstock magazines for the same period with only one condition—all of them must be sent to the same address.

A DIVER'S EXPERIENCE.

MOMENTOUS MOMENTS IN A MAN'S LIFE UNDER WATER.

On Lines, Pressure of Blood and Promptness Very Necessary in Their Feasible Work—The Many Dangers etc. to be Expected to While Under Water.

A diver lays himself open to many dangers in the carrying out of his peculiar work; although the most serious are probably not those generally regarded as such in popular estimation. The strange adventures one reads of now and again as having been met with under water have the colour, as a rule, so thickly laid on that a very strong measure of doubt is apt to creep in as to whether they are true or not. I will not say that in tropical waters a diver may not occasionally have run across a fierce or strange inhabitant—shark, devil-fish, or what not—and been rescued from determined attack at the last extremity by means as unexpected as the appearance of the enemy itself; but I must confess that I would believe the more readily if I heard the account from the lips of the man who had had the experience. I have worked myself in many parts of the world, occasionally under unusual circumstances, and have been in danger several times; but it has always been of a far more prosaic type than any such as those referred to. In laying courses of masonry, for instance, under water, in connection with the harbour works at P—, I had my feet and legs badly crushed by the fall of a large block of granite through the snapping of clip holding one end in the process of lowering. Fortunately it was a glancing blow, and the stone, striking against the top of the foundation already laid, fell into deep water alongside. Had it caught my feet squarely and held me fast there would probably have been one diver the less in the country, for I was the only one at work on the job. As it was, I only just managed to send up the signal to be raised before fainting from the pain, when I came to myself I was on the staging erected over the work with helmet off, and my helpers dashing water over my face. For an accident, decidedly a lucky one, although it meant a subsequent six weeks in bed.

One great diving danger in popular estimation—and naturally enough on the face of it—is that from a breakage of the air-pipe, and the consequent overwhelming and fatal rush of water into the helmet and dress. But nothing of the kind would happen; for the inlet-valve in the headpiece is so constructed that, were the pipe accidentally broken, the valve would immediately close and prevent any water getting in. The worker might get smothered from lack of air; but if working 'free'—that is, with open water above—he would have an ample supply to last him till he got above the surface, provided he promptly signalled to be raised, which is needless to presume he would do. Were he working in a sunken vessel matters would, of course, be complicated, and on the wrong side; but such great care is exercised in turning out first-rate apparatus that the risk of anything breaking is comparatively remote. A far more serious one, more likely to happen, and quite independent of excellence of material and workmanship, is that of the entanglement and choking of the pipe; and the closest shave I ever had was due to this very cause. Something had gone wrong with the big inner doors, or gates, between B—Dock and the lock opening into it, and I was engaged to see what was amiss, and to right it. The doors are necessarily heavy, massive structures, weighing many tones apiece; for, working in halves from each side, and meeting in the centre of the lock, they have kept back the weight of the dock-water in the process of letting a vessel in or out—how strong and heavy can be judged from the fact that when closed they are broad enough to form the familiar foot-bridges so commonly used in crossing narrow waterways about all docks. Upon examination I had found that the reason for their not making a sufficiently tight fit of it when closed was that a band of iron at the bottom of one had got torn from its fastenings and this defective band I had been for some days, or during such portions as my work was practicable, engaged in removing, and replacing with a fresh one.

The work being upon the point of completion I wished to see—or feel rather, for seeing was decidedly out of the question with over twenty feet of dirty dock-water between one and the light—how it stood the test of the ordinary closing; and I had arranged a signal before descending upon this particular occasion to have the doors closed when I was below. When ready I sent up the agreed-upon signal, and in a few moments felt the gate upon which my hand rested begin to slowly move. I was not long, however, in realising that I had made a serious mistake; for as soon as the huge masses were in motion I

was gently lifted off my feet by the swirl of water produced in the narrow lock—the earliest of matters it is to upset a diver's balance under water, in spite of the heavy weights he carries—and irresistibly sucked towards their meeting-point. I made desperate efforts, by clutching at and pressing against the gate surface, to prevent being carried between; for, caught there, I would certainly be crushed to death. Failing, however, to get a fair grip at anything, I was drawn into the now rapidly narrowing gap, and, luckily, through; but it was so close a matter that I distinctly felt a leg knock against each gate-end as I passed between. Once on the other side I was immediately pulled up by the life-line or air-pipe tightening against the end of one of the gates, and was just congratulating myself upon my narrow escape, when it suddenly flashed across my mind that the pipe was still between the closing masses at my side. A death hardly less horrible after all, and more long drawn out, than the one I had barely escaped; for, with the pipe crushed flat, when the meeting came, I would be held a prisoner until smothered from lack of air. Had I a knife I might have cut line and pipe, slipped off my weights, and trusted to a chance of a shoot upward. But as the work required no use of a knife, I had not one with me. I had, however, what proved better, in a hammer slung to my wrist by a lanyard tied to the handle, and a lucky inspiration as well as to using it; for instinctively gripping this, I thrust it between the now almost meeting gate-ends. In the very nick of time, too, for almost immediately I felt them jar upon it; and as at the same time there was no stoppage nor diminution of the inward rush of air into the helmet, I knew that the hammer-head had taken the strain, and saved my frail connection with the living world above. Before I had made up my mind what to do next—it, indeed, I could do anything—I felt the hammer loosen in its position—I had taken care not to let go the handle—and the gates began to open again. As they opened I was again carried through by the current, now set up in the contrary direction, to the side I was originally on, and the right one for me, when, after being floated back beyond the immediate flow of water, and regaining some thing of a steadier position, I hurriedly sent up the signal to be hauled up, and was soon thankfully at the surface and in the punt. My men, I learnt a little later, fearing something to be wrong from the movements of the pipe and line, though they failed to guess the immediate danger, had called to stop the gates closing, but, on the lower level of the water, had failed to attract in time the attention of the dockman at the handle, placed well back from the edge of the quay, that set the hydraulic machinery in motion. For greater convenience I had also been working with the

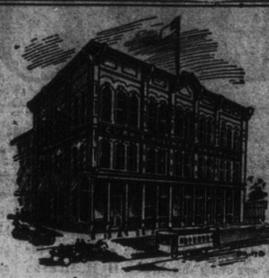
gates but a third open, which still further cut into important disposable time. Upon thinking the matter out afterwards, I saw I might possibly have signalled to be hauled up, when I just lifted off my feet, but I was then exclusively bent upon feeding myself off with both hands in the turmoil from the impending crush. Most fortunate of all, perhaps, it was that my attendants had not obeyed a natural impulse to 'haul me up, for had they done so it would in all probability have meant my being drawn back into the crush I had so narrowly escaped.

NEW STARS NOT VERY COMMON.

A Woman's Share of Those Discovered in the Past Thirty-Nine Years.

It appears that the star which has just been discovered by Mrs. Fleming, the curator of the astronomical photographs at the Harvard Observatory, would have been found much earlier if it had not been for the Spanish war. The photographic plates on which Mrs. Fleming found the star were made in last March and April at the Harvard Observatory at Arequipa, Peru. These plates had been long in transit from the distant observatory, and but for the war might have been received and examined and the presence of the new star discovered some six months earlier. Last April, when the plates were shipped from Peru, there was much doubt in the public mind as to the safety of goods coming from South America, through or from Spanish countries, and Prof. Pickering, director of the Harvard Observatory, ordered the shipment of these plates sent about that time from the Peru observatory to be made around the Horn. This delayed their arrival, and consequently the discovery of the star, about six months.

Much importance is attached by astronomers to the discovery of a new star. In the seventeenth century fifteen new stars were discovered, but from 1670 to 1848 not another new star was found. From 1860 to 1892, inclusive, nine new stars have been discovered, of which number Mrs. Fleming discovered four. Her discovery of this week makes the fifth star she has found, or one-half of the new stars discovered since 1890, or since photography and improved telescopes brought astronomy to its present high plane. Mrs. Fleming discovered her first star in 1887 on a Harvard plate which had come to her for examination. The next star was discovered in 1891 by a Scotch clergyman, who thought so little of his discovery that he notified the astronomers at Edinburgh of it anonymously, and was surprised when he learned that they knew nothing of the star. A close examination of the Harvard plates by Mrs. Fleming showed that this star was present in them, and would doubtless have been discovered by her had the plate not



When a Boy Enters

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

The Currie Business University

Cor. Charlotte and Filmore Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 90.

been imperfect. All other stars found since that date, four in number, including the latest one, were first seen by Mrs. Fleming.

Whether this latest discovery will merge into a nebula is a question of the highest interest to the Harvard astronomers, and undoubtedly to others, for the whole astronomical world knows, through a telegraphic bulletin sent out yesterday by Prof. Pickering, of the discovery of Mrs. Fleming. So complete are the Harvard photographic records of the heavens that within a few hours after the discovery of the star in the plate from Peru Mrs. Fleming was able to state authoritatively that the star had never been visible, in modern times at least, prior to 1898, for the plates of ten years before its discovery, do not show it, though they show stars as faint as the fifteenth magnitude. The Harvard astronomers in Cambridge and Arequipa photograph the entire heavens every year, making a complete record of them, and some sections are photographed many times over. Nothing escapes their powerful telescopes and photographic lenses, and the record of their work is the most complete in the world.—Boston Transcript.

DUST SHAKEN FROM WINDOWS.

Eyes Trouble Caused Frequently by Particles From Mats and Brooms.

Complaints are now being made that the dust from articles shaken out of windows, such as brooms and mats, have as had an effect on the eyes as the breathing of city dust has on the lungs. Cases are cropping up where people suddenly have outbreaks of styes on their eyelids who never suffered from them before, and others suffer from what is known as granulation, by which the eyes feel as if they were constantly full of irritating particles, having had no previous trouble with their eyes that they can remember. There is a growing belief that this is largely due to particles of organic matter dried into dust getting into the eye from the shaking of mats, or from dust containing such particles being blown into the eyes from some other cause, such as the dust in a store being swept into the street.

Some people who had to get their eyes cared for by specialists have traced their troubles to similar causes. A specialist in eye diseases said, in talking on this subject:

A man came to me some time ago suffering from an abscess below the left eye lid, which pressed on the eye and gave him a great deal of pain. He said he never had any trouble with his eyes before and that he could not account for it, as his general health was excellent. I treated him for the abscess, which necessitated about three visits. He then recollecting that some days before he came to see me he was passing a house on a windy day just as a servant was shaking a mat out of a window overhead. A gust of wind came and blew some of the dust sharply against his eyes, nearly blinding him. He used the usual remedies for getting 'motes' out of his eyes and thought nothing further of the matter. In two or three days the abscess formed. It was undoubtedly caused by the irritation of some particle of organic matter which had dried into dust and was shaken out of the mat.

People who have experienced similar annoyances say that if the law does not sufficiently cover such cases a stringent city ordinance should be passed forbidding the shaking of mats or anything else containing dust into the streets. The annoyance and suffering caused by this practice, they hold, are more far-reaching than that caused by spitting in street cars, against which there is already a city ordinance.

The Divine Art Oiler.

The 'divine art' has been coupled with entertaining and instructive literature in a new magazine called 'Music, Song, and Story.' It provides fine reading of both timely and permanent interest and is illustrated with the most beautiful half-tone pictures. The music is however, the most striking feature of this magazine. There are 19 pages (sheet music size) of lithographed vocal and instrumental music of the most tuneful kind, all new copyright pieces never before published. If published as separate sheet-music the prices would aggregate \$3. The magazine is issued monthly at 10 cents a copy or \$1 a year. The publisher is S. W. Simpson, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Astonishing Electrical Experiments.

Tesla, when he lectured at the Royal Institution, London, caused a vibratory current of electricity of enormous power to pass through his body. An ordinary current of the same voltage would have killed him instantly. The experiment astonished his audience and the gentlemen of the Press, at least those who were unacquainted with the more harmless character of such currents. He himself recently told an interviewer that, although he was aware from experiment and calculation that such a current ought not to kill him, nevertheless he hesitated before actually trying it. Tesla's colloquy, 'To be or not to be' ended differently from Hamlet's. The resolute Montenegrin decided to risk it, and after making his will, taking a silent farewell of his sister, and so forth, he put himself in circuit of the current, by way of rehearsal for his lectures. The powerful current traversed his body without causing him the least annoyance, and lit an electric lamp held in one hand.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 50 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

FOR SALE A PROFITABLE MILK BUSINESS IN THE CITY—A good chance for the right man—Reason for selling. In health—Address Milk Dealer care "Progress."

RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the summer months. Most pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property abutting on a half mile from Roxbury Station and within two minutes walk of the Commonwealth. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Pinsky, Barrister-at-Law, Fugate Building. 24-25

Some of Our Students ARE ALREADY ENGAGED and will begin work as soon as their studies are completed. Others, some of them very bright and capable, will be ready to work shortly.

Merchants and professional men desiring intelligent and well-qualified book-keepers, stenographers and typists (males or females) will do well to correspond with us or call upon us. Catalogues of Business and Short-hand Courses mailed to any address.

Advertisement for Progress, Munsey, McClure, and Cosmopolitan magazines. Text: 'FOUR 4 DOLLARS - YOU CAN HAVE - Progress, - and those popular magazines - Munsey, McClureAND..... Cosmopolitan sent to your address for one year. DON'T MISS IT! You can't AFFORD to miss it, if you have time to read, and want CHEAP and GOOD reading matter. P. S. Old subscribers can secure the magazines upon renews, for 50c. extra or \$4.50 in all.'

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FOR SALE A PROFITABLE MILK BUSINESS IN THE CITY - A good location for the right man - Reason for selling, ill health - Address Milk Dealer care "Progress."

RESIDENCE at Highway for sale or to rent for the business people. Cheap pleasantly situated house known as the Tins property...

Some of Our Students ARE ALREADY ENGAGED and will begin work as soon as their studies are completed.

Merchants and professional men desiring intelligent and well-qualified book-keepers, stenographers and typists (male or female) will be well to correspond with us or call upon us.

Music and The Drama

TRUSTY AND UNDERSTANDING

Many of the leading churches have prepared something special in the way of music for to-morrow's services and PROGRESS has to thank their leaders and organists who enabled it to present the following programmes to its readers.

Trinity Church.
E. F. Strand, Organist and Choir Leader.
11 a.m. Morning Prayer and Holy Communion.
Protestant 125

St. John's (Stone) Church.
James Ford, Organist.
Morning.
Besides the usual hymns, the anthems and Proper Psalms are to be sung to chants.

St. Mary's Church.
J. N. Rogers, Choirleader.
Holy Communion at 8 a.m. and 11 a.m.
Rev. W. O. Raymond the Celebrant and Preacher.

St. Luke's.
Miss Farmer Organist.
Morning Services 11 a.m.
Hymn Jesus Christ is risen today.

St. Paul's (Valley) Church.
S. A. M. HOLY COMMUNION.
Professional Hymn 124 Jesus Christ is Risen Today.

Christ Church, Fredericton.
Rector - Rev. CAROL ROBERTS.
HOLY COMMUNION, 8 A. M.

FALLING HAIR RESTORED
by warm shampoos with CUTICURA SOAP, followed by light dressings with CUTICURA, purifier of emollients and greatest of skin cures.

To Deum. Bishop Medley.
Anthem, Behold I show you a Mystery. Bishop Medley.

St. Peter's.
Miss L. F. Mearns Organist.
Solemn High Mass 10.30 A. M.

Holy Trinity Church.
Miss Edith McArthur, Organist.
High Mass at 10 a.m.

Centenary Church.
Miss Haas, Organist.
To Deum in B flat.
Anthem, As it Began to Dawn.

Methodist Church, Fredericton.
(C. H. N. Fisher)
Morning Service.
Anthem - Hallelujah Christ is Risen (Bass and Tenor Solos).

German St. Baptist Church.
Prof. L. W. Titus, Choir Leader.
Morning Service.
Anthem - Rejoice, Rejoice, on This Glad Day.

Christ Church, Fredericton.
Rector - Rev. CAROL ROBERTS.
HOLY COMMUNION, 8 A. M.

Prof. L. W. Titus annual benefit will take place on April 3rd in the German St. Baptist church. And as this is always an event of importance in musical circles the usual patronage will of course be extended.

FAILING HEART

The Curse of the Century.

Dear Sirs:—
Having heart failure and being troubled with fainting spells from a run down system and at a certain age that women always feel weak, I concluded to try Doctor Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills, and after using only one box I found my nerves much stronger and my system in a much better condition.

The New Orleans French Opera Company is booked for a three weeks' season of operas at Her Majesty's Theatre, Montreal, beginning Easter Monday.

The statistics of the Metropolitan opera season which closed last Saturday show that Wagner had 41 performances.

The benefit for Anton Seidl's widow yielded \$16,508. The interest of that sum will now be added to the income of his widow.

The new play of Clyde Fitch's which Julia Marlowe will produce next season is entitled 'The Courtship of Barbara Frietchie'.

"77" GRIP

Is Only One of Dr. Humphreys' Specifics.
There are others equally good.
All Pain, Fever, Heat, Restlessness, allayed by Specific No. 1.

Grand Display

Easter Millinery

We are showing the latest novelties in TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED Hats, Toques and Bonnets, -FROM- Paris, London and New York.

Aside from the local merits of the programme, the band deserves a most generous public patronage.

Marie Burroughs is to star next season. A number of well known German and Austrian dramatists have expressed their belief that the calls for the author at the first performance of a play are prompted by curiosity rather than compliment.

The City Cornet Band Minstrels will appear at the Opera house on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 3, 4 and 5. If

Next to being able to talk well, being able not to talk is probably the greatest accomplishment.

MY STOCK

W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Druggist and Seedman, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Have arrived. They are the very best procurable, and carefully selected varieties.

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PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a British Paper, published every Saturday, at 25 to 26 Chancery Street, St. John, N. B., by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), W. T. H. FRISBY, Managing Director. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Resubscriptions.—Persons sending remittance to this office must do so either by P. O. or Registered order, or by registered letter. Orders payable to the order of the Progress Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 19,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, APRIL 1st

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 96.

CANADIAN GOOD NATURE.

The treasury of the United States has a large surplus of gold—so large in fact that the officials at Washington are instructing the heads of the sub treasuries to pay out gold whenever possible, and the pressure for small paper currency is such that there are frequent refusals to exchange it for gold deposits. According to one of the officials the appeals for paper are becoming absolutely pitious. There is a special demand from Kansas City and other points in the south and west, where small notes and standard silver dollars are the forms of money most desired. Small notes usually accumulate in the treasury during the winter after the crop moving season, but this year very few notes of any kind have come into possession of the treasury. The treasury is running over with gold, and several millions more of gold could be had if there were small notes to exchange for it.

The scarcity of the paper currency is attributed largely to the prosperity of the country, the growth of population and the expansion of business. It is a curious fact that the people of the United States are unaccustomed to the use of gold for their daily necessities and this of course makes the demand for paper money all the greater. They object also to the cumbersome silver dollars of which there are plenty. In England, on the contrary, gold is the favorite currency and except for comparatively large sums bank notes are not in demand. The good nature of Canadians has permitted the introduction of a large amount of American paper currency into this country and the pressure complained of might be relieved if our bankers would refuse it under any circumstances. This would be somewhat on the principle of tit-for-tat, since but few concerns in the States will accept any Canadian bank note, or, for that matter, silver. The street railway of Boston, for example, refuses Canadian currency and it is only at the hotels or at some of the large mercantile establishments that it will be accepted save at a ridiculous discount. American "cart-wheels" and nickels are not in favor here but they are tolerated. There does not seem to be any objection to their paper money.

NEWSPAPER CARTOONS.

The State of California has passed a law prohibiting newspapers from publishing cartoons. The same kind of a bill has been introduced repeatedly in the State of New York and some other legislatures throughout the union but has never obtained much support.

Public men are often too sensitive and easily provoked by the comments of newspapers but a portion of the press is too eager to throw ridicule upon those who are in public life or of different political faith. In Canada newspaper cartoons have been a feature of the larger Canadian papers for only a few years. The one paper who made a business of it—Grip of Toronto—did not prove a success and the bright and versatile editor, BENGOURN, has been doing work in the United States and has even been in Cuba. In our own city many of us remember "The Jury," a comic weekly edited by Mr. RITCHIE. That met with favor for a time but the editor found that his talent commanded more money in large American cities and he followed Mr. BENGOURN's example and became an ex-dias.

The most notable successes in this particular field of journalism is Punch in Eng-

land and Punch and Judge in America. Their artists treat of the political situation, and of politicians. No doubt the American publications take greater liberties than does their English contemporary but they are known to be comic papers and their purchasers take what they print as a jest. Sometimes however, the pencil is powerful and this was shown when THOMAS NAST overthrew Boss Tweed and TAMMANY by his cartoons in HARPER'S Weekly. Newspapers had shown up the ring again and again but it remained for the cartoon to awaken the people of New York and to three Tweed into prison.

Punch has made some excellent hits in the same direction and more than once aroused the English people to a true sense of the political situation. How delightful it is to scan the social cartoons of Life and Truth and who does not remember the fashion girl of DeMaurice in HARPER'S?

The California act goes farther than the prohibition of cartoons. The act prohibits the printing of any portrait of a citizen of California, except public officials, without his consent. It also forbids the publishing "any caricature calculated to reflect on the honor, dignity or political motives of the original, or to hold him up to public hatred, ridicule or contempt."

Editors who violate the law are liable to imprisonment. The history of the act is instructive. It had been passed by the House, but defeated in the Senate, when a San Francisco paper printed a particularly vicious caricature, recalling a youthful misdeed of a member of the legislature. Thereupon the Senate reconsidered its vote and passed the bill, and the governor signed it.

The cartoon, malignantly used, is as vicious a weapon as the bludgeon of the assassin. Its victim has no adequate way by which he can defend himself. If he attempts to find a way further assaults follow. The caricature also offers the deadliest form of libel, and the subject of it may have no redress. The people can very well accept the loss of entertainment, and of good that sometimes comes from the newspaper cartoon, in view of the fact that its use is abused, and is so often a source of evil to the individual and the country as to largely neutralize the reasons that may be given for its continuance.

ONE FOR THE C. P. E.

The Empress of China Honored by German Royalty.

Just before the sailing of the Canadian Pacific's magnificent steamship Empress of China, from Hong Kong on her last eastbound trip, it was visited by their Royal Highness Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, who were shown through the vessel and thoroughly inspected it. The greatest interest was manifested in the workings of the Empress, the Prince, being an admirer, going into tunnels, and other out-of-the-way places, that the ordinary visitor does not think of exploring. After a thorough inspection Prince Henry conveyed to Captain Archibald, and Mr. Tillett, the marine superintendent, his feelings of gratification at what he had seen, and stated that the Empress far exceeded, both in size and out, any ship in the merchant marine he had ever visited. The royal pair were handsomely entertained by the officers and on their departure expressed the great pleasure their visit had given them.

Prince Henry is a brother of the Emperor William of Germany, and is in command of the German squadron in Chinese waters, and both are grandchildren of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

A successful Millinery Opening. A millinery store, so centrally located as that of Miss Bartle, is bound to attract attention, but when the windows and interior were filled with beautiful and fashionable Easter hats and bonnets the lady who could pass without pausing to look was indeed insensible to the vanities of this world. The window decorations were arranged with much taste and the contents of the store fully justified the reputation that Miss Bartle has given it for elegant designs. There was a very large number of ladies at the opening on Tuesday and Wednesday and many hats were selected for the season's wear.

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

Easter Flowers. One of the most elegant floral displays ever made in St. John is that of Mrs. W. H. James who has now on hand a magnificent stock of roses, carnations, lily of the valley, hyacinths, etc., and all seasonable flowers.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duvet, 27 Waterloo Street.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Master. A PRIZE OF LOVE. There came on a Friday morning, As hour of midnight gloom; The pale bow of sorrow thining, Filled a silent room. And there in our agonizing praying, Scarcely above our breath; An angel the Lord obeying, Stood by the bed of death.

There by a form in its effluence, As face like the divine snow; The strain of a wailing lullaby, So hush for us to know. Our treasure our darling only, Why taken we could not tell; Why Lord didst Thou leave us lonely, Is this doing all things well? Is this Good Master the blessing, Then bringest to those who try; Thy lips press unto these addresses, To reveal in Thee to die? Way smooth this dark bereaving, Thy anguish of heart at soul? The billows of sorrow heaving, This breaking the golden bowl? Then the angel turned and glory, Shone from a bleeding face; Till it seemed like the sacred story, Of love and redeeming grace. And a voice of such touch and sadness, As never but once was known; Brought the eternal gladness, That brightens the Father's throne.

"Beloved what manner of talking, Why language so sharp be yours? Even in your daily walking, Seeking love's open doors? If suffering here has tried you, Is it that your eyes we see; The love I have we're denied you, Why can you not trust in me? He left us but Easter waking, Brought sunshine and dawning mild; And then though our hearts were breaking, We buried our darling child. The roses of love were strewed there, The lilies of faith were sweet; And the blossoms of hope just blown here, We laid at The Master's feet." CYPRIUS GOLDB.

A Song of Trust. I cannot always see the way that leads To heights above; I sometimes quite forget He leads me on With hand of love; But yet I know the path must lead me to Immortal land; And when I reach His summit I shall know And understand.

I cannot always trace the onward course My ship must take; But, lo! back toward, I behold star, Its shining wake Illumined with God's light of love, and so I onward go. In perfect trust that He who holds the helm The course must know.

I cannot always see the plan on which He bid me live; For on the sound of banners, blow on blow, The noise of strife, Confuse me till I quite forget He knows And over-rules. And that in all I talk, with His good plan My life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand The Master's will; I cannot always do the tasks He gives In life's hard school; But I am learning with His help to solve During April or in May, And when I cannot understand to say, 'They will be done.'

The Treasure Trove of Springtime. There are treasures in the garden, Buried low and buried deep, Such as succum and pi-sites Has not ever in their keep. You may find them if you seek them During April or in May, With the spade and fork and shovel In the good old gardening way.

Captain Kidd he's never hidden Any gold beneath the sod That is brighter than the yellow Wires the dandelion do nod. And the golden cups the tulips Will lift up as great a gain Than the spoils from out the holds Of all the galleons of Spain.

So, go you a' searching for The joy of life; Go make the steel horn soil give up Its riches ripe and rife! You may find them if you seek them During April or in May With the fork and pick and shovel, In the good old gardening way.

Dir deep the spade, and - it's a will To the west it's that's there! For in the earth there is no dearth Of riches, everywhere.

My Sailor Boy. Have you seen my sailor boy, as you came across the sea? Have you seen my sailor boy with the laughing eyes of blue, With the curl of his hair, and his face so young and fair, And the smile he used to wear, brave and true? Oh! he kissed me on the cheek, as he sailed away to sea, Sailed away from Gloucester town, and I never saw him more. But the ships they come and go, and the tides they ebb and flow, And the waves are moaning low on the shore. Oh! they told me he was dead, but I know it is not true; For he comes to me at night, when the world is all asleep, And he speaks to me by day, when the tempest sweeps the bay. And the billows are at play on the deep. For he said he would come back, and he never broke his word. Have you seen my sailor boy? He is coming home I know. I would go to him to-day, if I only knew the way— Though the grave before me lay, I would go. —James Jeffery Roche.

The Novice's Song. Pray for us, Mother!—the sunset hour Grim o'er the world; on the covert tower The cross is golden, the starred air Seems the sunset to day's sweet prayer. Pray for us, Mother!—the night's dark wing Borrow or death to us may bring, Sorrows will slide in a better land, Death shall lead us with tender hand. Pray for us, Mother!—heard afar, No wild world-clamour our peace can mar. Hear us, ah, Lady of sweetest! 'tis I In the white of the clouded star. Hold us, dear Mother!—ill rest is won, We still walk our weary lone; Help us, dear Mother!—though warily Our steps have faltered, they lead to thee.

Pray for us, Mother!—a eastern sea Wait for the moon; a hoarse sea Beneath the sky, may we rest, In the world's morning, on thy God's breast!

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

A HOT TIME IN HALLIFAX. Recent correspondence in a New York Sporting paper said that the only town in the Maritime provinces which loves the fistic art and permitted skillful combats was St. John. According to him Halifax was not in it. He was mistaken. Progress has received an account of a meeting in the capital of Nova Scotia which is presumed to be an accurate description of a desperate contest. No affidavit accompanies the production and the name of the writer is not familiar to Progress but there is evidently a great future before him as a sporting writer. If the barber has any idea of his identity he might keep himself in practice. The account is given as it reached Progress with some changes in punctuation and many in spelling.

"A grand jumping and boxing contest was held in the gymnasium of a well known hall in the North end on Friday evening last the 24th, the participants being a rising young lawyer and a well known Upper Water street barber, and there was a large crowd on hand to witness the contest. The lawyer was the first to put in an appearance. He was received with rounds of applause by his admirers. When he stripped for the occasion he showed himself to be in a very fine physical condition. In the meantime the barber having not shown up until 9 p. m., the betting previous to his arrival was pretty lively, odds being offered freely on the absence. The crowd, however, being good natured, took the long wait with the best of grace. At last the Knight of the Razor appeared with a smiling mug and soon appeared at the scratch.

The lawyer, while waiting for him was cutting quite a figure in dark blue and he wore no less than fourteen medals (Champion of the Maritime Provinces). The referee, a well known W. U. T. messenger, having announced that everything was ready and having tossed for choice, the lawyer chose the last jump. The barber toed the scratch and was greeted with rounds of applause his best jump being 6 ft. 2 in. When the lawyer took his coat the razor nearly fainted at the sight of the medals (he having none). The lawyer's best jump was 6 ft. 5 in., and as winner of the broad jump met a great round of applause. Great betting took place as to the result of the hop step and jump, the razor being the favorite, jumping 21 ft. 6 1/2 in. which the lawyer failed to equal. The next event was a boxing contest and the barber was in it again his opponent being a well known hardware clerk. The referee was a W. U. T. messenger and the time-keeper a would be stonecutter, the barber's seconds being a well known printer and a checker fiend. The hardware clerk's seconds were a stove-door and a dough-boy. At 9.45 p. m. the gong having sounded the iron man was the first to enter the ring; he was met with a hearty cheer, close behind with a confident smile on his face came the razor. After both men were introduced by the referee a popular member of the Wanderers asked permission to take a snapshot of the men which was granted. The referee having called time both men shook hands.

Round 1—After some lively sparring the razor landed a left on the clerk's neck. Clerk landed uppercut on jaw. Round 2—The razor jabs clerk right in the wind; both feeling weary. Round 3—Clerk jabs right on face and in return received a rib roaster. Razor falls and receives left on jaw. Round 4—Both sparring for wind. Round 5—Clerk lands right on head and left on body and forced his man to the ropes. Referee cautions him for foul tactics. Round 6—Razor came up strong and forced clerk around ring landing heavy body blows, both sparring when gong sounded. Round 7—Opens very lively. Barber does some clever side stepping. Clerk rushes viciously and sent right to body. Barber side steps right to mouth left to body and which sends clerk down. Round 8—Barber opens up with light swing which misses the clerk but lands on the referee's back which nearly puts him out. Both men sparring for wind. Round 9—Barber sends a straight left for face. Barber rushed and Clerk landed right and left and right on jaw. Barber's round. Round 10—Barber sent Clerk's head back with his left razor was a left on the face and got in return a right back. They exchanged left elbows. Barber kept sending straight left jabs with wonderful accuracy with an occasional return. Clerk was bleeding and a black eye and lips pulled by left jab.

Round 11—Barber's physical condition standing to him wonderfully; clerk appears groggy and uses foul tactics; referee warns him second time. Barber lands hot rib-roaster follows up with right on jaw and puts clerk to sleep. Ring he receives a left swing under the ear which sends him over the ropes.

The referee being a popular member of the Wanderers received an ovation and being quite a singer his admirers asked him to favour them with his "Grip" which he entitled "Sweetheart's Hall and it is which he responded in splendid voice. The exhibition was brought to a close by the Wanderers man making a brief speech in which he said that he hoped to see him in the boxing championship to be held at St. John.

There must have been about four hundred people at Lake Bennett, writes Mr. Secretan, in his entertaining book, "To Klondyke and Back," making four hundred different varieties of death-dealing conveyances, for each had to construct his own boat for descending to the Yukon River. The owner of a little wheezy, portable sawmill which was puffing away day and night, tearing spruce logs to pieces for one hundred dollars a thousand feet, was getting rich. Anything that would float was at a premium. Once in a while you would see something resembling a boat but not often. As a general rule the soap box and coffin combination was the most popular pattern. Some men could not wait to be supplied by wheezy sawmill, but went in for whipsawing on their own account. One man stands on top of the log and the other below, and the saw is then pushed up and down along a chalk mark. A story is told of two "pardners" who commenced whipsawing. After working a while till his tired muscles almost refused duty, the lower one exclaimed himself for a moment, and having hired the first man he met to take his place in the pit, disapproved. The sawing proceeded until the uppermost "pardner" all unconscious that he was working with an entire stranger bethought him of a device to rest. Making some ordinary explanation, he got down from the log and quickly hired an Indian to take his place at the saw.

The "pardners" were mutually surprised to meet each other shortly afterwards in an adjacent saloon.

His arm, that had been resting on the back of the little settee on which they sat in the gloaming, slipped down and encircled his slender waist.

"Clara," he whispered, "we shall be very happy shan't we?" A soft sigh was her only audible response, but she nestled closer to him; and he appeared to be satisfied. The mellow haze of the golden October day still hung over the darkening landscape. The voice of a tree toad somewhere in the neighbourhood lifted itself up and called insistently for rain. A faint odour of fried ham from some kitchen to the windward of them pervaded the air. A thought seemed to strike the young man.

"Clara," he said, we ought to have the clearest understanding about everything that affects our future, ought we not?" "Yes," she murmured.

"Clara," he said again, after a long pause, "can you cook?" There was another long pause. Then she straightened herself up, looked at him squarely in the eye, and proudly answered:—"Regional, I can cook potatoes in fifteen different ways!" Then she put her head down where it was before, and into her pink; shell like ear he warbled incoherent outpourings of joy.

A Law Against Night-Cleaning. Assemblyman Duggan has introduced the following Bill into the Wisconsin Legislature: "Resolved that a committee be appointed consisting of three members to draft a Bill to protect the health of the masses, old maids, and married women of the State of Wisconsin, by making a law to prohibit night cleaning. Mrs. Helen Barker, the president of the Women's Temperance Union, says that the trouble will begin when the police attempt to enforce such a law."

A Red, White, and Blue Flower. A novel flower has been found at the Isthmus of Tehuacan. It has a faculty of changing its colour during the day. In the morning it is white, when the sun is at its zenith it is red, and at night it is blue. The red, white, and blue flower grows on a tree about the size of a quince tree, and only at noon does it give out any perfume.

By Cleaning a Photograph. Curtain and Blankets 25c per pair carpets dusted without injury, carpets restored on the floor, taking out dirt stains restoring colors. Shirts, collars and cuffs a specialty. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY DYING AND CARET CLEANING WORKS TELEPHONE 68.

ON A NATIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Proceedings for sale in Halifax by the newspapers and at the following news stands and offices.

- List of news stands and their locations: Monmouth & Co., The Standard, The Halifax Herald, etc.

There has been very little to chronicle the past week with regard to society's savings and doings...

It was truly a night with the great poet, and the great musician. Mendelssohn's grand overture which introduced the play was rendered with splendid effect by the symphony orchestra.

Mrs. Geraldine Stairs of Halifax is on a visit to Mrs. Robert Bell, 138 McLarens street, Ottawa. Miss Crane, daughter of the late William Munsey leaves for England shortly.

Mr. J. C. Mahon and W. H. Mahon, sons of Mr. F. C. Mahon of Lunenburg, arrived in the Californian from England yesterday. Mr. E. A. Wood was also a passenger.

Miss Blanche, daughter of W. H. Bowser, LeMarchant street, has returned home via Yarmouth from Boston, having been visiting in and around that city for the past month.

ANNIVERS.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.] MARCH 29.—Mrs. Eliza McLoughlin of Truro has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. George Christie, Albion St.

D. T. Chapman of the firm of Chapman Bros. is at present in Montreal. The marriage of Howard Moffat and Margaret Bertha Bobb takes place to-morrow at 10 o'clock; after a trip to Boston, New York and other cities they will reside in the cosy home on Eddy St. that is now ready for their reception.

Miss Lillian Brown is a visit of three weeks returned to Halifax this week. Mr. Cookson of Oak Hill has leased the pretty and recently finished house on Church St., owned by C. J. Stilliker.

Rev. V. E. Harris is at home again from St. Catharines, Ont., and Mr. George T. Bryant has returned to Saie Verie.

Mr. F. McCrewe has returned from his business trip to Montreal. Miss Hatchler returned to town last week after a long visit in Halifax the guest of her cousin Dr. James DeWolfe Morris street.

Mr. Barry D. Bent spent two days in Shediac last week a guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Webster, Riverside cottage.

Our young men and maidens are home from the different institutions of learning, Miss Connie Dickey and Miss Maude Chapman, Kinghurst, Master Roland Robb, Victor and Eric Curry, the Boy's School Roxbury, Misses Grace and Fannie Pipes, Misses Mary and Grace Dickey, Miss Clara Harris, Miss E. A. Townsend from Edgemoor, to spend the Easter holidays.

The anthem for Palm Sunday "Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord, Hosanna in the Highest" was beautifully taken by the choir in Christ church at evening on Sunday. Miss Pageley one of our leading sopranos taking the solo exceptionally well. Special music is being carefully prepared for Easter day when there will be three celebrations of Holy Communion and evening at 7 o'clock.

Mrs. C. A. Black leaves this week to pay her sister Mrs. E. W. Chipman a visit in Somerville, Mass., Mrs. T. Sherman Rogers will accompany her, and visit her sister-in-law Mrs. Phillips at Fall River.

Mrs. T. N. Campbell is visiting her parents Rev. Dr. Hazen and Mrs. Hazen, Dartmouth. The third of Miss Tweedie's literary course will be held on Saturday and her subject will be the great novelist "George Eliot."

J. G. Smith expects to leave for a short trip to Montreal on Thursday. Charles Hillcoat has tendered his resignation as organist of Christ church to take effect at Easter. He has filled the position most acceptably for the last three or four years. He takes charge of the re-organizing on his duties April the 16th.

Mrs. Fred Christie and her sister-in-law Mrs. C. O. Black left on Wednesday for Cincinnati, Ohio where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Best the parents of Mrs. Christie. They expect to be absent a month.

Miss Mabel Black and Miss Costes also left the same day for Washington D. C., the former to visit her uncle, Mr. Wright. Mrs. Harry Fride of Halifax is a guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Galus Black, Havelock street. Mrs. Townsend who has been visiting at her brother-in-law's Judge Townsend, Halifax, has returned home.

Miss Pipes who was in Halifax for two weeks is at home again. Miss Messenger is a guest at the Rectory Havelock street. FELIX.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, J. M. O'Brien and G. Crowe Bros.] MARCH 29.—The dinner at the "Odeon" last Thursday evening was a large success. Despite the fact



ST. STEPHEN AND GALLIE.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore on St. W. St. E. Anderson and J. Vroom & Co. In Cash at U. E. Truro's.] MARCH 29.—So far this week society has been very quiet although since my last letter there have been several parties and social doings.

On Thursday evening the St. Stephen Club gave a very delightful social party at her home on Market street. After supper Miss Florence Mitchell played some waltz music and waiting soon ruled the hour. The guests who were present were Miss May Jones, Miss May Foster, Miss Bertha Allen, Miss Daisy Hanson, Miss May Hampton, Miss Florence Mitchell, and Mrs. Ralph Horton, Messrs. Ralph B. Horton, Bruce Todd, Frank V. Lee, James L. Thompson, A. Vassie, and Charles Ouse.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ryker on Thursday invited a party of friends to enjoy a drive with them to the Little Ridge several miles beyond town to the residence of Mr. Ambrose Spang when supper was eaten and the evening spent in the enjoyment of lively games singing and music. The party did not return to town until an early hour in the morning and I have heard it was the jolliest drive of the season.

Mrs. Henry F. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric MacNichol returned from St. John today. A very enjoyable progressive whist party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Fredric M. Murdoch at their handsome home on Friday evening. The first prize was won by Mrs. George Curran and the booby prize fell into the possession of Mrs. Eliza D. Bates. The game was a spirited one, and all being well matched players was unusually enjoyed.

After the finish of the game a dainty supper was served. Those who were Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch's guests on this occasion were, Mr. and Mrs. Hassan Grimmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Murdoch, Mr. and Mrs. Fredric Grimmer, Mr. and Mrs. I. Todd, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Curran, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Murdoch, Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. Eliza Bates, Mrs. Henry Graham, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mrs. J. G. Stevens, Jr., Mrs. W. B. Gausong, Miss Maria Todd, Miss No. Clarke, Messrs. Moses McQueen, Hugh McAdam, John F. Grant and Henry E. Hill.

The ladies of Trinity Church met at the residence of Mrs. W. F. Todd to arrange to give a "Marble Tea" on Thursday evening in their school room on the evening of April the sixth. This is something new in the way of church suppers and I hear will cut alive anything of the kind ever given by these ladies, who have for years won the name and fame of giving the best church suppers on the St. Croix.

Mrs. George A. Curran and Mrs. Joseph Hookwood gave a drive whilst party at the residence of Mrs. Rockwood on Friday evening. The hours of the party were from six until ten o'clock and supper was served directly after the arrival of the guests. At the close of the game the prizes were awarded to Mrs. F. M. Hill who had the most points, while Mrs. W. B. Foster became the happy possessor of the booby prize. The ladies who were present were, Mrs. Henry Graham, Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. J. G. Stevens, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mrs. W. C. Bennett, Mrs. George Eliza, Mrs. E. C. Young, Mrs. J. M. Murdoch, Mrs. F. M. Murdoch, Mrs. Clara Stevens, Mrs. Frank Woods, Mrs. Ella Haycock, Mrs. Albert Todd, Mrs. F. M. Hill, Mrs. M. N. McCusker, Mrs. Howard Boardman, Mrs. Fred S. Hartford, Mrs. Franklin Eaton, Mrs. W. L. Eaton, Mrs. A. L. Todd, and Mrs. C. A. McCullough.

A beautiful stained glass window has been presented as an Easter gift to Trinity church by Mr. Henrietta Blair, and Mrs. F. W. Andrews, both who are prominent members of Trinity congregation.

Mr. A. A. McCluskey of St. John was in town this week. Mrs. B. Murray entertained the Fratellers club at her residence on Monday afternoon.

The Harmony club have finished their season of meetings, much to the regret of the ladies who are members. Many thanks were given to Mrs. John Black for her kindness in lending her parlors and home for the weekly meetings, and the parlor concert given by the club several weeks ago.

Mrs. T. A. Vassie, has returned from St. John after a pleasant visit of a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Vassie is spending the Easter holidays in New York city.

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Established 44 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store 2411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL.

P. S.—Agents for the Dominion of Canada for C. J. & G. G. Potter, Toronto, England.

gone extensive improvements, and is now an ideal hall for a function where the light lantern plays an important part, was secured for the occasion and its beauty enhanced by tasteful and artistic decorations. Seventy-five invitations were issued and nearly all were accepted, representing the youth, beauty and fashion of the town. The occasion was distinguished for the pleasant, sociable and agreeable manner in which it was carried out; the committee in charge having arranged matters so perfectly that not the slightest incident occurred to mar the evening's enjoyment.

Mrs. Robert Oling, and Mrs. B. E. Fajoy, acted as chaperones, and performed that duty with ability and grace. The following is a partial list of the ladies present and the toilets worn, selected at random and from memory by your correspondent.

Mrs. R. Oling, black satin, lace trimmings, flowers. Mrs. B. E. Fajoy, white silk, chiffon trimmings, flowers.

Miss Jessie Douglas, organdie, muslin, blue trimming. Miss Jessie Fraser, pink silk, pearl trimming. Miss Nellie Allan, white muslin, flowers.

Miss Aggie Clark, organdie muslin, yellow trimmings, flowers. Miss Stella Mackenzie, white cashmere, blue trimmings.

Miss Iva McKay, pink cashmere, flowers. Miss Jennie Rodpath, white corded silk, chiffon trimmings.

Miss Della Oling, yellow muslin. Miss Minnie McLeod, grey silk, chrysanthemums. Miss Annie Oling, white muslin, green trimmings.

Miss Maggie Oling, black silk, white trimmings. Miss Jessie Ross, white silk net, over red satin flowers.

Mrs. Geo. Cavanaugh, white cashmere, red trimmings. Mrs. James MacNeil, black silk, flowers.

The music was furnished by Anderson's orchestra, and was that entrancing kind that dancers love. An occasion of this kind that leaves behind it nothing but pleasant memories, deserves commendation, and reflects fact and good judgment on the part of the promoters.

There are forty-eight different materials used in constructing a piano, from so few than sixteen different countries, employing forty-five different hands.

The first libretto was launched in 1700. In France postage stamps are sold at all the cigar shops. There are always 1,200,000 people afloat on the seas of the world.

On the usual tons of 2000 settle monthly within the 110 square miles of London.

Wonderful Asthma Recoveries.

Clarke's Kola Compound Officially Tested by the British Columbia Government at the Home for Incurables, Kamloops, B. C., the Medical Superintendent pronounced Long-Standing Cases Cured!

Many temporary relief asthma remedies have during the past few years been placed before the public, but until the introduction to the medical profession of Clarke's Kola Compound, nothing has been found to have any effect on preventing future attacks. The Medical Superintendent for the Home for Incurables in Kamloops, B. C., has had probably the best chance in Canada to thoroughly test this wonderful remedy for asthma. He reports that on three cases of asthma where Clarke's Kola Compound had been tried, in not a single instance did it fail to cure, and on one patient's case a lady had been confined to her bed most of the time for nearly a year previous to taking this remedy, and less than three bottles have completely cured her. Over one year has now passed, and there has not been the slightest indication of asthma returning. Three bottles of Clarke's Kola Compound are guaranteed to cure. Over 500 cases have a ready cure in Clarke's Kola Compound. Write for a copy of our literature. Free sample bottle sent to any part of Canada. Mention this paper. Address the Quinlan & Macpherson Co., 111 Commercial Street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B. C., sole Canadian agents.

NEW GLASGOW.

MARCH 29.—The Maple Leaf Club of New Glasgow gave one of the most enjoyable entertainments in the shape of a home, that has taken place here for some time. Masonic Hall which has lately under-

Cheap Rates to Montreal. Just one cent invested in a Post Card and directed to G. A. Holland & Son, Montreal, will bring you a most complete book of their magnificent line of

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G. A. HOLLAND & SON. Established 44 Years. Canada's Great Wallpaper Store 2411 ST. CATHERINE ST. MONTREAL.

gone extensive improvements, and is now an ideal hall for a function where the light lantern plays an important part, was secured for the occasion and its beauty enhanced by tasteful and artistic decorations.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

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

GEORGE W. CARLE'S NEW SERIAL "The Story of the Canadian West" Illustrated by Heron.

THE FULL ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE CAMPAIGN, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

OUT OF SORTS? If you are run down, losing flesh and generally out of sorts from overwork, worry or other cause, use Puttner's Emulsion. Nothing else will so promptly restore you to vigor and health.

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

Dunn's Ham. Dunn's Bacon. Just received—Dunn's Ham, Bacon, Canned Ham, Canned Bacon, Devilled Ham, Pickled Pigs Feet and Spare Ribs. Fresh every day, Sausage, Bologna and Henney Eggs. Lard in cakes and tins.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street.

WALCOTT'S PAIN PAINT. The king of all medicines. Guaranteed to cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Sciatica, Liver Complaint, Kidney Diseases, Nervous affections, Catarrh and all Disorders of the Blood. Guaranteed to stop any pain in five minutes.

HERB REMEDY CO., Wentworth, N. S.

BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING. 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RICHMOND THIS DAY IS BSS. Island Oysters. Large and Fat.

J. D. TURNER. At 19 and 23 King Square.

A LONATIC FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Adventure of a Merchant in the Days When Insane People Were Chained Up.

Within the memory of the people now living lunatics and weak-minded people in country districts were confined in the houses of their relatives, sometimes chained to the wall. A story involving a case of this kind fifty years ago is related by a New York Merchant.

He made his start in life by travelling through the country districts of Pennsylvania taking orders for and delivering goods of various kinds from the cities. He is now over 70 years of age.

"One fine afternoon," he said, "I called at a farmhouse to look for orders for goods from stores in Philadelphia and knocked at the door. A voice said 'come in,' and I pressed the latch and found myself in the kitchen of the house. I was confronted by a strange-looking man, unkempt and unshorn, who came forward from a place partitioned off from the rest of the kitchen, which looked like a stall of some kind. He told me that the master of the house was not in and that he was the only person there just then. I had no idea that I was talking to a lunatic, as the man seemed perfectly rational in spite of his strange appearance, and before I started to go out I asked for a drink of water.

"Certainly," said the man, "but if you have no objection to cream you can have it."

"I accepted the proposal with thanks, and the man said: 'Please hand me the key of the dairy. It is on that nail above the door and you are taller than I.' Without suspecting anything I handed him the key remarking it was a very small one. He instantly brought into view a chain by which he was secured to the wall and released himself by unlocking the padlock in less time than it takes to tell it. I had previously noticed that he kept his hands behind his back while he talked. Then I realized that I was in the presence of a madman. I began to back to the door but he caught my arm saying: 'Come with me for the cream.'"

"I first thought of breaking away, but on second thoughts decided that it was safer to humour him a little, especially as he was between me and the door. I went with him to the dairy, the door of which was open. There he filled a bowl with cream and desired me to drink it. I drank part of it and made a move to get away, but his grasp tightened and muttering something about cream not being solid enough he brought me back to the kitchen, where he stirred some kind of meal into the cream and handing me a spoon told me to sup it. I hesitated, when he seized a cudgel, which I suppose had been provided to keep him in subjection and holding it up menacingly said: 'Sup it!'

"I made an attempt to eat the stuff and after a few mouthfuls said I had enough. He raised the cudgel again and ordered me to finish it. A happy thought struck me.

"If you bring me some more cream I can finish it," I said, without daring to look round at the door, as he was watching me.

"The madman was taken off his guard and went back to his dairy for the cream. I immediately darted out and the lunatic hearing me open the door, came after me with the cudgel. It was now a race for life with me I ran my very hardest, not even using my breath in shouting for help, but after I had gone about a quarter of a mile I saw that the lunatic was gaining on me. Not a soul could I see along the road and though I kept my wife about me I could not find any lane or think of any way of doubling on my pursuer. When he was within about twenty yards of me I saw he was bound to overtake me, and I gave a cry for help. Just at that moment several men appeared. They came up in

Head and Limbs

All Covered With Eruptions—Could Not Work, the Suffering Was So Great—Hood's Has Cured.

"I was all run down with complaints peculiar to my sex, and I broke out in sores on my body, head, limbs and hands, and my hair all came out. I was under the doctor's treatment a long time without benefit. They called my trouble eczema. Finally I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after I had used three or four bottles I found I was improving. I kept on until I had taken several more bottles and the sores and itching have disappeared and my hair has grown out." Mrs. J. G. BROWN, Brantford, Ontario.

"I was all run down and had no appetite. I had a tired feeling all the time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and it benefited me so much that I would not be without it." Mrs. G. I. BURNETT, Central Norton, N. B.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla, 25c.

Hood's Pills

time to intercept the lunatic. One of them happened to be his brother and the madman covered and dropped the cudgel at the sight of him. The brother apologized to me for his carelessness and invited me to turn back to the house and get some refreshment, but I had enough of it and declined the invitation. After that while I continued at that business I was always chary of entering a house where there was only a single occupant."

BARNEGAT'S COLONY OF CATS.

Some With Tails, Some Without, and all Expert Fishers and Hunters.

"Speaking of cats," said Capt. Josh Reeves, keeper of the lighthouse at Sea Isle City, N. J., recalls to mind the time, twenty years ago, when every day for several years I saw hundreds of the most peculiar cats any man ever looked upon. At that time I was keeper of Barnegat Light, on the upper Jersey coast, and in those days Barnegat was a mighty lonesome spot. There were no pretty summer cottages spread out along the beach as there are nowadays, and our only visitors were the lighthouse inspector and an occasional sportsman in search of wild fowl. Much of the island, back of the big sand dunes adjacent to the beach, was covered with a thick growth of cedar, holly, oak and half a dozen other varieties of trees.

Some years before I went to Barnegat an English brig was wrecked during a terrific nor'easter on the beach a short distance from the lighthouse. In addition to her crew the ship carried a score or more of Manx cats, which were being carried from the Isle of Man to New York. Nearly all the cats succeeded in reaching the shore. They took to the woods and no effort was ever made to reclaim them. For a while these tailless animals loitered around the lighthouse in search of food, but as the keeper had no liking for so numerous a family of cats he drove them away.

"When I took charge of the lighthouse the cats had become wild, and while I could approach within a short distance of them, the would not allow themselves to be caught. The woods were full of cats. A number of domesticated cats were brought from the mainland by members of the life-saving crew on the island, and several of these joined the colony of Manx cats. There soon were tailless cats, cats with half a tail and cats with the regulation tail. The animals thrived and soon became a nuisance. In the thick underbrush of the woods they raised the large litters of young ones. They found plenty of food by preying on the birds that lived in great numbers in the woods. Rabbits, which were plentiful on the island before the cats were cast ashore, were soon killed or driven away, for they were no match for their feline antagonists.

"The cats even became expert fishers. I have often watched them at work. In the spring and fall of the year large schools of fish swim about in the surf and these gave the cats many a feast. As the breakers drove the fish upon the beach, into a few inches of water, the cats would rush into the surf and, fastening their claws in the sides of the half-stranded fish, would carry them high up on the beach and devour them. I have seen dozens of these cats sunning themselves on the sand hills. They became so troublesome that cat-bunting parties became quite popular among the men living on the mainland. Dogs were used in chasing the cats to cover and the sport was quite exciting. Many cats were killed, but their places were soon filled by others. I never saw such peculiar cats as I found at Barnegat."

"Reason for Doubt."

"Did you sever your connection with the firm or were you discharged?" asked the friend.

"The man out of a job gave a few minutes to thought before answering.

"I'm a little uncertain about that," he said at last.

"Uncertain?"

"Yes. Of course, I know that office boys are discharged and general managers sever their connections, but I can't be sure

that I was high enough up to cover my connection, and I don't like to think I was low enough down to be discharged. Perhaps you'd better make it that the firm and I disagreed."

THE INVARIABLE TELEPHONE.

Tried to do the Town but the Town Did Him.

The train was late that night, writes a Companion contributor, and Atlanta seemed a long way from the South Georgia town in which I was compelled to stay several hours. I curled up on a bench in the little waiting-room and went to sleep. Voices awakened me after awhile. Then I found that some of the men from the village had come in to spend a sociable evening around the stove. A big, broad, red-haired young man had the floor, and was relating an experience, which as I judged, had recently befallen him.

"Yes, sir," he was saying, "when I was in Altanta 't'other week, I jest thought I'd take in the town; so I went into one of them big, tall buildings, that reaches most to the sky, to get a good sight of the whole thing at once. Jest as I walked into an office to look out of the window, I heard a bell go ting-a-ling and a man's voice say 'Hallo!'

"I looked all round, but didn't see anybody, so I aint say nothing. The voice say again, 'Hallo!' This time I answers, 'Hallo!'

"Who is it?" the voice say. 'Abe Turnipsed,' I says. Then it tells me, 'Speak a little louder, I can't hear.' I noticed the voice seemed to come from a little closet in one corner of the room. I yelled out loud 'Abe Turnipsed!'

"It was quiet a few seconds, then, 'Yes, you owe me five dollars.' 'I was surprised, but I only yelled back, 'I don't no sich thing.' 'Yes,' said the voice.

"No," said I, as loud as I could holler. 'You don't say!'

"Yes, I do say, and what's more I'll say it, if you don't shet up, I yelled. 'I would like to see you,' the voice answered.

"By that time I was mad, so I called at the top of my voice, 'Well, jest walk out and take a look at me, you idiot!'

"So you will settle with me, will you?" he asked.

"My, I was mad! 'Yes, I'll settle with you!' I says. And with that I jerked that door open and there stood a man with something up to his ear, an ear-trumpet, I reckon. I just grabbed that man out o' there and kicked him clean to the other side of the room. You oughter heard him. 'Plice! Murder! Murder!' he hollers. A lot of men rushed in and nabbed me.

"Turn me loose," I says. 'There's your crazy man.' But they 'peared to be friends of him, and hustled me into that alligator thing that runs up and down the building, and 'fore I knowed it was at the bottom and a policeman took me off before I could say a word.

"They kept me locked up all night. Next day that man came with his head all tied up, and told the judge that he was just e-talking to a friend (blamed if I could see any friend), and that judge made me plank down ten dollars and seventy-five cents. I kinder felt the town did me."

Soon got a Seat.

The tram was well filled when there entered one of those men who imagine that they own the world, and only permit other people to exist on it that they may observe his importance.

He sat down next to a very pretty little woman, opened his newspaper, threw out his chest, and prepared to impress himself and his magnificence on the people in the car.

As he glanced up to see if all were observing him, he noticed a man in the opposite corner smiling at, and apparently attempting to attract the attention of, the pretty woman sitting beside him. A glance at the lady showed that she was annoyed. She bit her lip and the colour rose in her cheek. The pompous man glared at the offending man opposite, but he still continued smiling. Leaning across the car, the great man said:—

"Stop it, sir! Stop it!"

The man addressed looked amazed, but refused to take the hint, and smiled more broadly than ever.

How she Signed the Oblige.

The other day a young lady, daughter of a well-known millionaire, drove up to the door of a jeweller's shop, went in, and selected a turquoise and diamond ring valued at £200. She quietly made out her cheque for that sum and passed it on to the assistant. The alert young man glanced at it, and then looked inquiringly up at the young lady.

"There is some mistake, here I think," said he, with an apologetic smile. The young lady flushed, and demanded to know if the cheque was not for the right amount. She was told it was, but—

"But what?" she exclaimed, haughtily. "Do you mean that my cheque is not acceptable?"

The assistant mildly acknowledged that he knew quite well who the young lady was, but explained that the cheque was not made out just as it should be, and handed it back.



Good Soap cheap

SURPRISE Soap costs only 5 cents a cake.

But it's the best soap in the world for clothes washing.

No boiling, no scalding, no back-breaking rubbing. It won't injure the finest fabric nor redden the most delicate hands.

It does its work quickly and lasts a long time. Insist on having it. Remember the name—

"SURPRISE."

It was too much! This imprudent masher must be crushed!

Rising majestically to his feet and folding his paper, the patronous one prepared for the annihilation of the man opposite; but to his amazement the man also rose, and, lifting his hat, said, 'Thanks!' and dropped into the seat vacated by our pompous friend, next to the lady at whom he had been smiling.

Drawing himself up, the great man thundered:—

"What do you mean, sir? Don't you see you are annoying this lady?"

"The murmur of the seat calmly looked up and said:—

"Oh, I think not! I've been waiting for a chance to sit next to her. She's my wife!"

PEOPLE REMEMBER THEIR TOWNS.

New York man Made Comparisons Wherever he Went—In Mexico he had Horns.

A New York commercial traveller, recently returned from the City of Mexico, said:

"When I go to Philadelphia I see William Penn nearly everywhere. If I remain there a week I fancy there is a resemblance to Penn in the people. In Cincinnati I cannot divest myself of the idea that many people I see look swinish. Cincinnati has never recovered from the name of Porkopolis. Chicago's shibboleth is a sailing vessel. That suggests wind. Hence when you are in the town you associate it with a breeze, a hurricane or a blizzard. The tower of the Chamber of Commerce is surmounted by a lake schooner. The lakes made Chicago. They won't admit it, but it is a fact. Ask a Chicago man what made a city of his town and he will answer 'I did.' And so the new generation out there has adopted as its emblem a woman who wears upon her brow the motto 'I will.' Eugene Field had a notion that the motto should read, 'I done it.' He knew the town."

"When I am in Boston I fancy that I meet the Puritan wherever I go. If not that, it is a schoolm'am. Commercially the city is dedicated to the codfish. But you can't live in Boston forty-eight hours without feeling that you are an author, or an artist, or something literary. Everybody you meet in St. Louis reminds you of a steamboat. It is so to me. The reason is that steamboating made St. Louis what it is. The old families or the heads of old families were steamboat Captains. The old trademarks in the town have steamboat cuts.

"When I went to Canada I thought I had got into a country where I would not notice these things. But I found the Queen's face on the soap dish in my room. I stopped at the Queen's Hotel. Wherever I went I saw her Majesty or felt her in the air, and when it was not that it was the lion and the unicorn and the Edward III. yarn about the garter.

"Then I went to the City of Mexico. It was torrid and ball everywhere. I saw them over the door of a Chinese laundry. The men, wherever I met them, looked like toradors, and I often imagined myself a bull. I was apprehensive all the time of a conflict. I dreamed that I had horns. The coat of arms of Mexico is a spread eagle choking a rattlesnake, but you never see it anywhere, only the torador and the bull, and the everlasting, continuous query is, 'What did you think of the bullfight?' And the man who has no opinion to express has no more chance than a cat without claws in a fight."

The girl ran her eye over it, and then turned a deep crimson.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I see! And then she proceeded to make out another cheque. She had signed the first one 'Your own sweetheart, Jessie.'"

How Experts Test Teatorters Test Tea.

The expert tea taster carefully weighs the tea, pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it—lets it draw for a few minutes, then tastes it—Tuley's Elephant Brand Tea stands his test which differs not from the right way of making tea.

Brave Derivishes

The tribute paid by Mr. G. W. Stevens, an English war correspondent, to the courage of the derivates at Omdurman, fighting with archaic or impotent weapons against overpowering odds, is generous and manly. After describing the unflinching valor of horsemen, spearmen and riflemen,—these latter "emptying their rotten cartridges dauntlessly," and dying in heaps, face forward,—he pictures the closing scene of the battle thus:—Now under the black flag, in a ring of bodies, stood only three men, facing the three thousand of the third brigade. They folded their arms about the staff and gazed steadily forward. Two fell. The last derivate stood up and filled his chest; he shouted the name of his God and hurled his spear. Then he stood quite still, waiting. It took him full; he quivered, gave at the knees, and toppled with his head on his arms and his face toward the legions of his conquerors.

An Egg-Storing Experiment.

An experiment in storing eggs was recently tried at Leith, where some 20,000 Scotch, Irish, and Danish eggs were sealed in an apparatus for four months, after which only a small proportion of them were found addled. The air in the store is cooled and allowed to circulate freely round the eggs which are turned periodically to the yolk surrounded with albumen. This is done by mechanism.

APOLI & STEEL'S

FOR LADIES' PILLS

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding PINK PILLS, FITZ'S PILLS, FENYROYAL, &c.

Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & BOND, LTD., Montreal and 470, Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont., or 10, Market St., Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

MAYOR.

If elected I shall endeavor to administer civic affairs in a prudent manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of our city.

Soliciting your favor and support, I am, yours sincerely, WILLIAM B. WALLACE.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

ALDERMAN AT LARGE.

If elected I shall endeavor to administer civic affairs in a prudent manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of our city.

Soliciting your favor and support, I am, yours sincerely, J. B. HARRIS.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

ALDERMAN AT LARGE.

If elected I shall endeavor to administer civic affairs in a prudent manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of our city.

Soliciting your favor and support, I am, yours sincerely, JOHN M. SMITH.

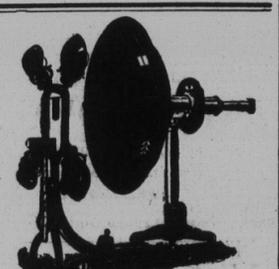
Spring Lamb and Mutton.

Kingston Kings Co., N. S. Seal.

Cumberland Co., N. S. Seal.

Turkeys, Fowls and Geese. Ham, Bacon and Lard. Lettuce, Radish, and all Vegetables.

THOS. DEAN, City Market.



CLOSING OUT

PRICES.

- Solid Gold Frames, \$1.95
- Best Gold Filled Frames, .80
- Gold Filled Frames, .55
- Aluminum Frames, .30
- Steel or Nickel Frames, .05
- Finest Lenses made per pair, .70

Will remain here a few days longer. —OPEN NIGHTS.—

Boston Optical Co., 25 King St.

FREE

A Library of SIXTY BOOKS, New, Startling, Sensational, Interesting and Complete.

The offer is made for the purpose of introducing SCOTT'S STOMACH AND HEART PILLS.

The whole of these books absolutely free to those who buy a box of SCOTT'S STOMACH AND HEART PILLS by mail.

A reliable remedy for palpitation, pain about the heart, brain pressure, sinus, 1st circulation, and all complaints arising from derangement of the heart, constipation, salivary glands, biliousness, &c.

Scott's Stomach and Heart Pills Make Rosy Cheeks. For sale by druggists. Send 50 cents to the Scott Medicine Co., Kingston, Ont., and receive the Pills and Books free. Send 10 post age stamp for full list of books.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1899.

Good Soap

SURPRISE Soap costs only 5 cents a cake. But it's the best soap in the world for clothes washing. No boiling, no scalding, no back-breaking rubbing. It won't injure the finest fabric nor reddens the most delicate hands. It does it's work quickly and lasts a long time. Insist on having it. Remember the name - "SURPRISE."

Heroic Rescues at Sea.

The records of the sea teem with instances of courage displayed in saving human life. Indeed, there are few cases of rescue effected in bad weather which do not show great bravery. To the landsman the launching and manning of a ship's cutter in a moderately rough sea is simply appalling. To him it seems almost madness to tempt fate in a more rowboat; but the sailor is familiar with the sea and well acquainted with the ability of his little craft. He knows just what she will stand, and he confidently puts out from the ship's side in weather which causes the ship herself to pitch and roll.

But when Jack encounters what he calls a real gale of wind, then he knows full well that he faces probable death when he goes over the ship's side to try to rescue some poor fellow from a water-logged and wave-swept craft. His first danger is that his boat may be smashed by some huge sea against the ship's side, and he carried out of reach of help in the swirling combers. If he succeeds in getting away safely, his boat may be swamped, and that means certain death. He reaches the vessel in distress his boat may be dashed against her, or some of the wreckage from her deck may strike in his frail craft; and so death again waits him. And if he succeeds in taking the people off the wreck he must regain his own vessel, and here again he runs the risk of having his boat crushed against her side and losing her in the very instant of success.

All rescues at sea in bad weather must be effected in the face of these dangers, which are present in a greater or less degree, according to the state of the ocean. If to these three be added other dangers, the courage displayed by those who undertake the work of rescue must be great indeed. I propose in this paper to tell of two notable rescues, one accomplished in the face of the usual dangers of the deep, and the other in the face of those with added terrors of an appalling nature.

On January 21, 1895, the three-masted schooner Florence J. Allen left Apalachicola for Philadelphia with a cargo of yellow pine lumber. A fair wind and a smooth sea brought joy to the heart of Capt. John Eastman, master of the schooner. He was more than usually anxious for a safe and speedy voyage, because his wife was with him. For six days the schooner worked very slowly, but comfortably, northward; but on January 27th Captain Eastman found a falling barometer, a solid sheet of driving gray for a sky, and an icy edge in the growing wind that swept over his weather-bow.

With a sigh he gave the order to shorten sail, for already his schooner was beginning to thrust her long bowsprit deep into the advancing waves. The wind increased all day, and at nightfall was blowing a gale. The schooner was snugged down under storm canvas and hove to on the starboard tack. The wind still grew in force, and before morning it was blowing a winter hurricane.

The schooner began to labor heavily. Huge cliffs of white foam roared down upon her out of the gray gloom to windward. The upward leap of her bows, as the hills of water swept under her, was sickening, but there was something terrifying in the fearful plunges she made into the yawning chasms which followed the snowy summits of swirling white. Deeper and deeper became those inky pits, and as the sea light of the gloomy dawn stole up out of the pallid east, it showed the schooner burying herself to her foremast in the furious surges, while her wild leaps, which made her topmasts bend like whips, seemed like the convulsive starts of agony of a living suffering creature.

The continued with unabated fury till February 23, when the wind veered into the northeast, blowing with fresh vigor, and raising a terrific cross sea, which set the Florence J. Allen's timbers groaning in every joint. In the midst of this wild turmoil of the elements came the report that the vessel had sprung a leak. Her timbers could not stand the strain of this mad pitching, and somewhere a seam had opened. Every gallon of water which entered the hold added to the strain upon the timbers as it was heaved about. On the next day the centre of the storm was over the schooner, and there was a thick of milder weather.

"Men the pumps!" was the order - one of the most disheartening orders to which a brave man ever has to listen.

For twenty-four hours the Allen's crew, sobbing with the strain of heart-breaking labor kept the pump-brakes clanking, but the insidious danger under their feet grew in spite of them. On February 6th the gale came on again with renewed force. Captain Eastman, well knowing that his schooner would not stand any further battle with a head sea, furled every stitch of his canvas, and let the schooner end before the wind under bare poles.

On February 7th the Allen was almost full of water. Her deck-load of lumber had torn loose from its lashings, and threatened the crew with instant destruction. With desperate courage the men got it over-board. In the struggle the helmsman was struck by a piece of timber and knocked down. The wheel being unattended, the schooner took a rank sheer on the under running sea and broached to.

The next mountainous billow that came roaring down upon the vessel struck her upon her broadside. She careened till fall her lee rail was far under water, and she was in imminent danger of lying upon her beam ends.

"Cut away the masts!" shouted Captain Eastman, springing toward the weather-shrouds to assist in the work. A few blows from axes severed the weather shrouds of all three masts, which went overboard with a series of terrifying crashes. The Florence J. Allen was now a helpless wreck, driving before the pitiless gale in a water-logged condition.

For four days Captain Eastman and his wife, together with the members of the crew, had nothing to eat except a few bits of hardtack, and almost nothing to drink. They were forced to remain on deck, for they could not go below on account of the water in the schooner. Cold, hungry and despairing, with a wreck under their feet and death momentarily expected, they were hurled along by the wild seas. No help was in sight, and in such a storm none seemed possible.

Meanwhile the Nova Scotian bark Bute-shire had sailed from Cork for New York on December 29th, and soon after clearing the Irish coast had begun to encounter strong westerly gales, veering to north-westerly. Her master, Captain Wyman, found that he could not hold his course, but was gradually driven off to the south-west. On January 29th he found himself some eighty miles off Cape Hatteras.

The wild weather now abated somewhat, and the bark began to buffet her way under short canvas to the northward; but her progress was slow, for the wind still opposed the vessel and the sea was constantly vexed. On February 24th Captain Wyman's sight of the sun, taken from a staggering deck through swirls of flying clouds, showed him that the Bute-shire was seventy-five miles to the southward and eastward of Sandy Hook. The wind was increasing in force, and before night the bark was once again under storm canvas. In three days she succeeded in making five miles on her course, and then a real hurricane of toy wind came pouring out of the north-west. The sea-water was warmer than this cutting blast, and so there rose a fog of alarming density.

Captain Wyman hove the bark to under a goodwinged maintop-sail, and with her rigging loosed into unmanageable iron bars,

she drifted two hundred and fifty miles to the south. On February 11th the gale had abated somewhat, but it was still a gale, and it had been blowing so long that a furious sea was yet running.

In the middle of the forenoon watch a seaman sighted a spar protruding from the water, and when the Bute-shire had come nearer to it, Captain Wyman saw that it was the spanker-mast of a schooner, and that there were persons huddled on the rick deck-house. It was the unfortunate Florence J. Allen with which the Bute-shire



"They Rowed With Their Faces To The Bow"

had thus fallen in. The deck of the wreck was awash, and the mighty seas were sweeping over her. How the people aboard her managed to stay there was a mystery.

Captain Wyman shook his head. "It is facing almost certain death to attempt their rescue," he said, "yet we can't leave them there. Who will volunteer?"

Mate C. R. Grant and four seamen stepped forward. The captain shook their hands and bade them Godspeed. They lowered the bark's life-boat into the sea with the greatest difficulty. The bark herself was lunging and reeling madly, and the onset of the seas was something terrifying. The waves had assumed a fearfully precipitous shape. Their advancing sides were almost as steep as those of breakers, and every one of them curled over at the top in a roaring crest of smothering foam.

The chances were a thousand to one against the life-boat. Yet those five brave men set about their task with coolness and resolution. Getting away from under the lee quarter of the bark, which momentarily threatened to smash their boat into kindling-wood, they began to drop down toward the wreck. They rowed with their faces toward the bow of their boat so that they could watch the action of the seas, and save themselves from impending destruction by quick work. When they drew near the wreck, moreover, they were in this position better able to keep their boat from being dashed against her.

As they dropped down under the lee quarter of the wreck a monstrous billow swept away one of the persons aboard of her. With desperate strength the Bute-shire's men whirled their boat around and forced it toward the struggling man, whom Mate Grant pulled out of the sea. Then they forced the life-boat back again, pausing at a safe distance from the quarter of the wreck.

Captain Eastman of the Allen embraced and kissed his half-fainting wife. Then, seizing her around the waist and putting forth all his strength, he literally hurlled her across the seething caldron astern of the schooner into the life-boat, where she was caught by Mate Grant. The eight seamen of the Allen jumped for their lives, some falling into the boat and some into the sea, but none being lost. Captain Eastman left his vessel when all others had gone. Half of the work of the rescuers was done.

Meanwhile the Bute-shire had dropped down under the lee of the wreck, and once more Mate Grant and his four seamen began the perilous passage be-

tween the two vessels, letting the life-boat slip down stern first while they all faced her bows, not knowing at what instant a breaking billow might engulf them.

Going alongside the Bute-shire was out of the question. The boat would have been stove in and sunk in an instant. Still rowing, almost exhausted by their terrific battle with the infuriated ocean, the volunteers got their boat close enough to have the rescued person hoisted out of her with a tackle, and finally succeeded in reaching the bark themselves and hoisting in their boat.

Both captains and the seamen of both crews agreed that they had never seen a boat live in such a sea, and it was conceded that the volunteers had risked their lives at every moment during the work of rescue.

And that is a story of a rescue at sea in the face of the natural dangers of the deep in their most appalling form.

It was in the fierce month of December a few years ago that the other rescue took place. On the first day of the month the English steamer Coronation sailed from Lisbon for Norfolk, Va. On December 10th the German sailing-ship Prinz Heinrich sailed from New York to Liverpool with a cargo of nine thousand barrels of naphtha.

From the hour when she thrust her long flying jib-boom past the red hulk of the Sandy Hook light-ship the Prinz Heinrich had evel weather, and Captain Knoop, who commanded her, would very gladly have put back to seek shelter in the Horsehoe, but the wind blew from that quarter, and drove him farther and farther to sea. On December 12th the gale, which was now blowing with hurricane force, suddenly whipped round from northwest to northeast. The Prinz Heinrich had been hove to on the port tack, and this sudden change of the wind, taking her aback, snapped her masts off like so many pipe-stems.

For a time the vessel was in imminent danger of being sunk by the pounding of her own wreckage against her sides. The captain worked with a will, however, and the spars were cut away. The rest of that day and all of December 13th the ship drove helplessly at the mercy of the furious wind.

Captain Knoop strove vainly to put some kind of a jury-rig on her and to leave her to behind a sea anchor. The morning of December 14th dawned with the vessel leaking and the gale increasing. The sea was breaking madly over the dismasted wreck and it was with peril that anyone moved about her decks at this juncture a pale faced man rushed up from below shouting:

On a clear day and in a calm sea such a cry brings dismay to the heart of the stoutest seaman. In the midst of a yelling gale with a sea running in which no ship's boat could live for a single moment and with a ship laden with a terrible explosive, the horror of an alarm of fire becomes something beyond all imagination.

For a few seconds Captain Knoop's crew stared about wildly and some of the men seemed on the point of throwing themselves into the sea but with cheering cries the master of the vessel rallied them to their work. The hand pumps were manned and a stream of water burned on the blaze. The men worked with the energy of despair but the flames slowly gained on them.

At this terrifying juncture a seaman forward screamed out in ecstasy: "Steamer ho!"

The men could hardly believe their eyes, when they saw plunging wildly out of the writhing grey gloom to windward the black hull of a steamer. For an instant the men who had felt their doom impending were filled with joy but in another moment they realized that it was a small steamer, that the seas were making a clean breach over her and that she was plainly in great danger of being overcome by the gale before which she was flying. There was no possibility that she could do anything to save them. Yet hope would not die in their breasts, and they waited.

On came the little steamer, hurried about like a yawl by the monster seas, and half-buried beneath some of them. Would she drive past? That question was quickly answered, in spite of the fearful danger to be incurred by laying herself broadside to the seas, the little steamer rounded up half a mile to windward of the wreck. She was thrown nearly on her beam ends in doing so, but finally righted and rode head to the gale.

Captain Knoop had not been idle. He had rigged a flagstaff at the tail of the Prinz Heinrich, and he now ran up the international code signals meaning, "We are afloat."

The little steamer answered, "Will lie by you till gale abates."

Captain Knoop then signalled, "Our cargo is explosive." He did that, brave fellow as he was, not as an appeal for immediate help, but as a warning to the steamer to keep off.

How do you think that little steamer answered? She dropped down to within three hundred yards of the wreck, and her crew hove overboard a large cask made fast to a hawser. Several buoys were bent to the hawser at various points. As it was paid out it drifted down toward the wreck.

The seamen aboard the Prinz Heinrich understood that this line was to be their only chance of salvation, and they feverishly watched its end approaching them. The little steamer drew nearer. Captain Knoop waved his arms in a warning appeal to keep farther off.

But there were English hearts of oak on that little steamer, and no attention was paid to the Gallant German master. As the line approached the German vessel, a column of smoke, the first that had appeared, shot up out of the aftermost hatch. Some of the German seamen uttered loud cries of dismay, and eight of them rushed madly to the rail and jumped into the sea. Two of these eight disappeared swiftly in the boiling mass, but six managed to get hold of the hawser or the buoy.

Before they did so, however, there was a sudden, deep and appalling roar. A blinding sheet of flame rushed upward toward the grey sky, filled with huge fragments of the deck and timbers of the Prinz Heinrich. In the midst of this column of fire the body of the brave and devoted Captain Knoop was seen whirling. It fell into the sea and disappeared as the waters swept over the fragments of the shattered vessel.

Fourteen members of the crew of the Prinz Heinrich were aboard her when she blew up. Two of them managed to reach the life-buoys from the little steamer, and these two were saved with the other six who had jumped overboard. All the rest perished. The little steamer outlived the gale, and landed the rescued men at Norfolk. The little steamer was the Coronation, and her master was Capt. Henry Barckard. - W. J. Henderson.

The Coming End of Leap Year.

Within eight more centuries leap-year will have become a relic of the present time. By that time the extra eleven days lost to make up the changes from the old Julian Calendar to that of the present day will all have been duly accounted for, and the world will run in just 365 days and no more.

A DOCTOR'S DIRECTIONS.

They save a daughter from blindness.

When a father writes that yours "is the best medicine in the world," you can allow something for seeming extravagance in the statement if you know that the medicine so praised, cured a loved daughter of disease and restored to her the eyesight nearly lost. The best medicine in the world for you is the medicine that cures you. There can't be anything better. No medicine can do more than cure. That is why John S. Goode, of Orrick, Mo., writes in these strong terms:

"Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine in the world. My daughter had a relapse after the measles, due to taking cold. She was nearly blind, and was obliged to remain in a dark room all the time. The doctors could give her no relief, one of them directed me to give her Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles cured her completely."

The thousands of testimonials to the value of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla cannot be over and over again in one term or another the expression "The doctors gave her no relief, one of them directed me to give her Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two bottles completely cured her."

A common experience to have Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla prescribed by a physician. It is a common experience to see a "complete cure" follow the use of a few bottles of this great blood-purifying medicine.

Because it is a specific for all forms of blood disease, if a disease has its origin in the impure blood, Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, acting directly on the blood, removing its impurities and giving it its vitalizing energy, will promptly eradicate the disease. The great feature of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the radical cures that result from its use. Many medicines only suppress disease - they push the poisons down under the skin, they point the combatant with subtle arsenical compounds, but the disease rages in the veins like a post-mortem fire, and some day breaks out in a cancerous eruption that eats up the body. Ayer's Sarsaparilla goes to the root. It makes the fountain clean and the waters are clear. It makes the root good and the fruit is good. It gives nature the elements she needs to build up the broken-down constitution - not to brace it up with stimulants or push it up on the surface. Send for Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Two more than the cure effected by this remedy. It's sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

APIOL & STEEL PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Suffering, Bitter Apple, Full Cocks, Fenestrals, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.00 from EVANS & BONS, L.D., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martine, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

MAYOR.

If elected I shall endeavor to administer civil affairs in a prudent manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of our city.

Soliciting your favor and support, I am, yours sincerely, WILLIAM B. WALLACE.

To the Electors of the City of St. John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - At the solicitation of a large number of citizens, I have concluded to be a candidate for the office of

ALDERMAN AT LARGE.

If elected I shall endeavor to administer civil affairs in a prudent manner and with a view to advancing the commercial and other interests of the city.

Soliciting your favor and support, I am, yours sincerely, J. B. HAMM.

To the Electors of the City of Saint John.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN - At the last City election I received from you a vote as Candidate for Alderman for Leav-down Ward, which in view of the fact that I was then unknown to many of you, and that I was also somewhat late in entering the field, was no small encouragement to yield to the wishes of many of the electors of this ward as a Candidate at the coming election.

Respectfully soliciting your support, I am, yours faithfully, JOHN M. SMITH.

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

THOS. DEAN, City Market.

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

"That is not very likely. I am coming to your wedding."

"My dear boy don't be so absurd."

"You haven't called me that since that afternoon when you jilted me. What did you do it for Shirley? It was a beastly cruel thing to do."

"It would have been more cruel not to have done it," she replied, gravely. "I think we won't talk about it—it is rather foolish. We are both engaged, and we are both very happy."

"I am not," he declared. "I never shall be until I have you. You are mine by right; you belonged to me first, before that fellow came sneaking round trying to get you away from me. What are you stopping for—what are you going to do?"

"I don't wish to walk any further, thanks. I am going to ride."

She sprang into the saddle, and would have ridden off had he not seized the handle-bar.

"I'm hanged if you aha!" he declared, angrily. "You shall listen to me this once, whether you want to or not. You made me love you—you promised to be my wife. I was a fool not to hold you to that promise. You can't play fast and loose with a fellow like that."

Shirley's face had grown white with anger in which perhaps there was a mingling of fear, for Gilbert Metherell looked rather unpleasantly desperate.

"Let me go at once," she commanded.

"How dare you behave in this way? Do you hear me, Mr. Metherell?"

"I see you," he answered, insolently; "that is enough for you."

Then, before she was aware of his intention, he had flung his arm round her waist, dragged her down, and kissed her, with rough force, half-a-dozen times.

"I will never forgive you!" she cried passionately, as he released her. "I will never speak to you again."

"I don't care," he returned, surlily. "I have done what I have been wanting to do ever since I went to Royal Heath."

He stood on one side, and watched her ride away.

He knew that he had offended past all forgiveness; but he had kissed her, the whole of her life.

She went along with her little teeth set firmly together, vowing vengeance on Gilbert Metherell.

Her face still burnt from his kisses.

She felt that the horrible sensation would never pass away.

She was close to Royal Heath when she met Vivian West.

He was strolling down the road to meet her, so he said.

He had been playing in a cricket-match that afternoon; it was just over, and he was still in his flannels, looking—so Shirley thought—handsomer than any man she had ever seen.

She had jumped off her bicycle on meeting him.

He took her hand, and would have held it to his lips; but she jerked it from him so suddenly, that he looked at her in amazement.

"I am not mad," she explained. "Only furious."

"Why! What has happened? What have I done?"

"You?—nothing. It is Gilbert Metherell. I think he must have been tipsy. He was most insolent. I don't want you to touch me anywhere where his horrid hands have been."

"What do you mean, Shirley? West asked. "The fellow hasn't dared to insult you?"

He has—^{he} kissed me, not once, but three times. He dragged me off my bicycle—he behaved like an utter cad."

It relieved her feelings to recount the way in which she had been treated.

It was not until afterwards that she thought crossed her mind that, perhaps, it would have been wiser to have held her tongue.

West received the news very quietly, so quietly, indeed, that Shirley felt rather hurt until she met his eyes, and saw the passion burning in them.

"I shall, probably, be late for dinner," he said. "Will you make my excuses to Madge?"

"Where are you going?" she questioned, in surprise.

"To see Mr. Gilbert Metherell," he replied.

"Don't!" she cried, laying a detaining hand upon his arm. "He is not worth it."

"Perhaps not; but I am going."

"What will you say to him?"

"Nothing," with a curl of the lip. "I shall give him a thrashing, that is all."

"Vivian, for my sake don't do anything foolish," she implored, nervously. "Besides, he is so vindictive, he will never rest until he revenges himself on you. Leave him alone, and let us forget him."

"I will thrash him first and we will forget him afterwards."

The expression of his face showed her that it was utterly useless to argue with him, and so she let him go, knowing that she had not the power to keep him.

It was then that she wished she had said nothing about it.

Madge, to whom she told the whole story, comforted her by saying that she was so-wiping would do Gilbert good—his conduct richly deserved it.

"And," she added, "he will have Cora Roxier to console him afterwards."

"Has she gone?" Shirley exclaimed.

"At last, you said she left so very unwell, she thought she had better go home."

"What can be the matter with her? Do you know, Madge? I can't help feeling sorry for her; she will have such an awful time of it with Gilbert Metherell."

"I fancy they are very well matched."

"I suppose they are, Shirley agreed. "It is impossible to say which is the most unpleasant."

At that precise moment Cora was travelling by train to Codrington.

She had driven to the station, where she had taken a first-class ticket.

When the train came it, she walked quickly past the carriages till she came to one, on a window of which a tiny three-cornered piece of white paper was sticking.

Opening the door, she jumped in, closing it after her.

A man was sitting at the other end of the compartment.

He glanced at her as she got in, then continued reading his paper.

Another minute, and the train was steaming from the station.

The instant they were clear of it, Cora sprang up, and seated herself opposite the man, who at once put down his paper.

"You are not Paul Duvet," she said, in French.

He answered in the same language.

"I am his brother. Paul has never recovered his long imprisonment. He is dying; but I—I thirst to avenge him."

"The hour is here!" she said. "Do you know him?"

"This English devil, no; but you will point him out to me, and I—see here!" He drew stealthily from his place of concealment, a long, cruel looking knife.

"With that in my hand, and hate in my heart, he cannot hope for escape."

She smiled.

"It must be done to-night," she said. "You must come up to the house with this—pulling a bracelet off her wrist—say that you found it outside the gates. I will contrive to see you, and show you Jim Hartland. He goes by the name of Dorrien. You must lose no time, or he will give us the slip."

The man showed his white teeth in a fierce grin.

He was a cadaverous looking creature, with a thin sallow face, beady black eyes, and a great wicked looking mouth.

His clothes though respectable, were shabby.

"I have carried out all your instructions," he said, folding his long, bony hands together. "They have cost money. I have none left."

She gave him her purse.

"I will send you more," she said.

"I want but sufficient to take me home," he answered. "I do this, not for money, but revenge."

The journey from Royal Heath to Codrington took little more than ten minutes.

Cora's companion was reading the newspaper when the train stopped.

She stepped on the platform without looking in his direction, and, engaging a fly, ordered the man to drive to Metherell Court.

Arriving there, she went straight to the smoking-room, and, flinging open the door walked in.

She had expected her appearance would be an awful shock to Dorrien; but she saw at once that he had been aware of her escape, and was prepared to see her at any moment.

She wondered how he had heard, and why he had not escaped.

Thought passed quickly.

Cora had taken in the whole situation while the two men rose to their feet, Gilbert exclaiming, in more surprise than pleasure—

"Cora! by all that's holy!"

"Ah, yes, Cora," she said. "I grew so fatigued of it, Gilbert, after you had departed, that I said adieu, and followed."

"Might have let us know you were coming," he said, dropping into her chair again. "I've just arranged to run up town, and, unfortunately, can't put it off now. Oh, I forgot you didn't know each other—Mademoiselle Rozier, Captain Dorrien."

GRIPPE'S LEGACY.

Shattered Nerves and Weakened Heart—A St. John Lady Tells About It.

Mrs. John Quigley, who resides at 90 Sheriff St., St. John, N.B., states: "Some time ago I was attacked by a severe cold, which ended up in a bad attack of La Grippe. Since that time I have never regained my health, being weak, nervous and run down."

"I suffered very much from Indigestion, accumulation of gas in the stomach, and was in almost constant distress. I doctored with some of the best physicians in this city; but got no relief until I began using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am pleased to say that they have completely cured me."

"My appetite is restored; my nervous system has been toned up to its old-time condition, and I have no more trouble from the Indigestion and can eat anything I choose."

"I am only too glad to testify to the merits of such a marvellous remedy as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for the cure of nervousness, heart trouble, indigestion, etc. Price 50c. a box, all druggists."

"I have heard so much of Captain Dorrien," Cora said, "I feel quite happy to meet him."

"It is very kind of you to say so, mademoiselle."

Dorrien's voice shook a little, in spite of himself.

"And Sir Martin, Gilbert, how is he?" Same as usual. He is in the library. Go and see the old chap."

Cora seated herself in an armchair.

The awful thought flashed through Dorrien's mind that she never intended to lose sight of him again.

His chances meant that mischief was close at hand; he was certain of that.

Every step he took, every move he made, would have to be done warily.

A cold perspiration broke out on his forehead.

Would he be able to make his escape? Would he be able to baffle her? He got up, and walked to the door.

"Are you going out, Monsieur Dorrien?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, for a little turn, before dinner."

"Ah, let us go also, Gilbert!" she cried.

"It is impossible," Dorrien almost groaned aloud.

He found it was impossible to collect his thoughts, or form any plans, while Cora's dark eyes were watching his every expression.

"You also, purpose going to town?" she said to him, as they paraded the lawn.

"We did make some such arrangement," he answered, evasively.

"It's awfully unfortunate your turning up like this," Gilbert interposed. "We are bound to go now."

"By that train which leaves, I think, about nine?"

"That's the one."

"Why not wait until to-morrow?"

"Oh, we can't—can we, Dorrien?"

"Not unless you particularly wish to be repaid, guardedly. It would not do to let Cora think he was anxious to get away. Of course we might manage."

"Impossible, impossible!" Metherell cried. "You know it is. I am really very sorry, Cora, but—what the duce is this?"

From where they were walking they could see a figure coming up the drive.

"It is a man, a stranger," Cora cried, with well feigned surprise. "Who can it be? He is not sure where to go. Shall we inquire of him what he desires?"

The stranger stood looking helplessly round him; then, seeing the three people on the lawn come towards them.

"I have found this," he said, speaking in good English, though with a foreign accent. "It lay at the gate."

It was a gold bracelet he was holding out.

"It flashed in the sunlight."

"By Jove! Cora, it is yours!" Metherell exclaimed. "The last one I gave you."

"It is true," Cora cried, in feigned amazement. "But how did I come to lose it? My good man, I am most grateful to you for so kindly restoring my property. Come to the house and I will reward you. But wait one moment. Captain Dorrien, will you fasten this for me?"

She held the bracelet to him.

He clasped it on her wrist, while Metherell drew a half-crown from his pocket, and tossed it to the man, who, with profuse thanks, bowed, and turned away.

"But a little half-crown, Gilbert?" she cried, reproachfully. "Ah, but I must make it five shillings!"

She ran after the man, and, under pretext of giving him the money, whispered—

"At half past eight, in the plantation!"

An expressive glance in the direction, told him where she meant.

Captain Dorrien went to a seat and sat down.

He felt that all the strength had suddenly gone from his limbs.

For, in a flash, he had understood why the man had come, and who he was.

Perhaps it was his likeness to Paul Duvet, whom he well remembered—perhaps the emphasis Cora had laid upon his name when she asked, in so marked a manner, for him to fasten her bracelet.

Anyhow, whatever the clue may have been, he had guessed the truth, and knew as surely as if he had seen the knife, that the mad was to be his assassin.

"Suspicious-looking party," that Metherell said. "What the duce is he doing down here? Give me a match, old fellow."

He fumbled in his pocket for his match-box, took it out and dropped it, picked it up and dropped it again.

Metherell burst into a loud laugh.

"What's come to you? Throw it here."

Cora came across the grass to them.

"Monsieur Vivian West is coming up the drive," she said.

"West!" Metherell exclaimed, pausing in the act of striking a light. "What is he always sneaking about here for? Beastly, under-bred upstart!"

"Monsieur West, to Gilbert, is like a red rag to a bull!" Cora said to Dorrien, who, with a night effort, forced a smile to his lips.

"He's a miserable cad," Metherell went on spitefully. "A fellow who has sprung out of the gutter, and is trying to out a dash. He is always hanging about Sir Martin with the hope of being able to beg, borrow, or steal."

"A nice customer!" Dorrien said; the knowledge that Cora was narrowly watching him giving him courage to hide the deadly terror he was in.

"He sees us—he is coming this way," she said, as Vivian West caught sight of them, turned in their direction, and came slowly across the lawn, his fine muscular figure showing to advantage in his loose flannel attire.

Metherell struck his hands in his pockets, and puffed hard at his pipe, giving a sly nod as West lifted his cap.

"Good evening, mademoiselle. I did not expect to find you here. I have come over to see you, Mr. Metherell. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

Perhaps the stars were darkened eyes warned Gilbert as to what was about

to bestial him, for a look of lost mingled with the violence of his expression.

"To see me! What the duce about?"

"A matter of some importance, or I should not be here."

"I don't know about that. You seem to be pretty often here—rather too often, if you ask my opinion."

"I do not ask it."

They stood there, in the sunlight, facing one another.

Metherell scowled, with rage and fright, his hands still in his pockets, nervously clasping what they contained, his shoulders humped up, his shifty eyes looking unwillingly at the man standing before him, perfectly calm and self-possessed, but horribly determined.

"What do you ask, then?" Metherell cried, impatiently. "What have you come here for?"

"To settle a small matter with you," was the quiet reply. "It will be better, perhaps, if we settle it privately."

"What the duce do you mean? Metherell blundered. "Speak out, for Heaven's sake! I hate this hinting sort of business."

"Then, perhaps, mademoiselle Rzier will be kind enough to leave us."

"I'll Ob, certainly. Monsieur the captain and I will take a little stroll."

Metherell watched them go off, then he sat down in the place Dorrien had just vacated.

When your knees are knocking together, it is easier to assume a nonchalant air sitting down than standing up.

"Now, then," he said, "out with it; no beating about the bush!"

"Miss Lorraine called here this afternoon."

"Well, what of that?"

"You met her, and were insolent to her. I have come here to thrash you for it—that's all."

"You thrash me?" Gilbert cried, in shrill accents of wrath and fear. "Great Scott! I'd like to see you try. I'll have you kicked out of the place by the servants, you miserable cad!"

"You had better make less noise about it. West said; unless you are anxious for Mademoiselle Rzier to hear of your conduct."

"I don't care what she hears!" Metherell declared; but, all the same, he got up and began moving in the opposite direction to the one taken by Cora and Dorrien.

"I call it infernal impertinence, your daring to come here and question my conduct," he raged. "You have been taken out of your place, and don't know where to stop, that's what it is. There is a short cut through the plantation to the road. You had better take it, and thank your stars I have let you go so easily."

Vivian West had uttered no word.

His grey eyes had darkened to black, and the muscles about his mouth stood out as if his teeth were clenched together, but he showed no other sign of anger.

They had reached the edge of the plantation.

Metherell stopped and turned round, as if about to go back; but a sudden grip upon his arm drew him up with a jerk.

"You can thank your stars," Vivian West said, grimly, "that I am going to thrash you in private instead of public. Come along."

Gilbert struggled, and fought, and kicked, but all in vain.

West almost carried him into the plantation.

As luck would have it a long ash rod, which someone had cut and flung away, lay right in his path.

With an exclamation of satisfaction he picked it up.

"Let me go, you cowardly brute, let me go!" Metherell cried, fighting with all his puny strength.

"When I've whipped you, you cad, I will," West said, bringing the ash with a stinging swish across Metherell's kicking legs.

A howl of pain followed the blow.

"Help!—help!—murder!"

His thin, high voice came out in piteous squeals, till West, flinging the stick away, dropped him upon the ground.

"You miserable reptile!" he said, contemptuously, "you are too poor a thing even to punish."

As he was striding away, he suddenly came face to face with Sir Martin.

"You here, West?" the latter exclaimed, in surprise. "I had no idea you were over. I thought I heard cries for help just now. Is anything wrong? Has there been an accident?"

"No, sir, there is nothing wrong," Vivian replied, feeling some slight regret for having touched the baronet's son, however richly he had deserved chastisement.

"Are you quite sure, my boy?" Sir Martin questioned, looking him in the face. "I fancied it was Gilbert's voice I heard."

"It was. We had a disagreement. I threatened to thrash him, and struck him two or three times. I did not hurt him. But I am sorry now that I touched him. It is a poor return for your kindness to me."

"My kindness to you?" Sir Martin echoed bitterly. "Would to God I could comfort myself with the thought that I had shown you any."

"You have been my best friend," Vivian West said, as they walked on together. "My acquaintance with you seem to mark the turning point in my career. From that time I began to succeed. You brought me good luck, sir. The elder man made no response.

He walked slowly with his head bent.

Since that day, when his old love, Lillian West, had so strangely appeared to him, the agony and unrest of his mind had been ten times more terrible than it had ever been before.

He felt that Heaven had mercifully sent him an opportunity for making some reparation, and he had but added to his sin.

Time after time he had risen up with the determination of going straight to the woman he had so basely deceived, telling her all—kneeling at her feet, and pouring out the story of his temptation; and then that is all want of moral courage, that

terrible weakness of will, which had been the ruin of his life, still kept him from rising out of the depths to which he had sunk.

He tried to persuade himself on this occasion that he had acted for the best for Vivian West.

Vivian West little dreamed of what was passing in his companion's mind, as they moved on side by side.

He noticed that he was looking more worn and hollow-eyed than usual, his shoulders more bent, his step more lagging, and a great compassion arose within him.

"You are not feeling so well to-day," he said, breaking a long silence.

Sir Martin started.

He had been thinking so deeply that he had forgotten he was not alone.

He had not heard the remark, only the voice. He looked at Vivian questioningly.

"I did not hear you, my boy. I was thinking of you and your future."

"My future looks promising enough just now," Vivian West replied, happily. "I have all I can desire, with just one exception."

"And that is—"

"The mystery of my birth."

"Why think about it? Let it remain a mystery. After all, what does it matter? You have your name and position."

Vivian West lifted his hat, and brushed back his soft dark hair.

"I sometime think," he declared, impetuously, "that I would willingly give up both for the truth. It is the little cloud on my horizon, which I always feel may one day grow immense and cover my sky."

"That is a morbid fancy."

"Perhaps; but it is possible for it to become a horrible reality."

"Not after this year."

"Why not? I must have had parents; they cannot have had friends, relatives. They cannot all have been swept away. The world is not so very wide. Some day I shall meet some of them, and then—perhaps to late—I shall know the truth."

"Too late! What do you mean?"

"I mean that to know the worst now, would only be pain and misery to myself. Very shortly it will include another. The thought that has haunted me lately is, ought I to risk this?"

"What is it you fear?" Sir Martin asked, after a few moments' thought.

"I can scarcely tell," Vivian West replied. "But I know I would rather give up all that now makes life worth living than bring shame to Shirley."

"You have been thinking to much about this," Sir Martin said, uneasily. "You are over-sensitive. Don't try to meet troubles half way. Probably those you expect will never come at all. What are you going to stay, and have some dinner."

Vivian declined.

He had a long walk before him.

He was glad of it, for it gave him plenty of time for thought, and he was in a thinking mood.

Sir Martin did not return by the plantation.

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A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 157 Charlotte St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.

E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.

G. W. Hobson, Chemist, 367 Main St., St. John, N. B.

E. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.

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C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.

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'What is it you fear?'

'Sir Martin did not return by the plantation. He had no wish to meet Gilbert just then. He had often been struck by the offensiveness of his manner towards West, and felt tolerably sure that he deserved any punishment he had received.'

It was strange that these two, who had the same blood in their veins, should be so entirely opposed to one another.

Strange still, that the son whom the father had never known until he had reached manhood, should be dearer to him than the son he had watched grow from childhood.

But it was so.

For the one who was to inherit his wealth and title he felt an affection in which a pitying contempt was largely mixed; but all the love he was capable of was given to the son who knew him not.

As he reached the terrace the dinner-gong went blaring forth.

He found Cora and Captain Dorrien waiting for him; but Gilbert was not there nor did he come in during the meal, which would have been a very dull affair had not it been for Cora, who chattered incessantly, making up for the silence of the two men.

That dinner was purgatory to Dorrien.

He had to eat when every mouthful threatened to choke him; to slobber the same as usual, placid and contented.

Continued on Fifteenth Page.

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We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Willis' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Willis' English Pills are used. A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hoban, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Watters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B. Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brunswick St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 100, Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 69 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Sunday Reading THE RESERVED CHRISTIAN.

A dignified, benignant looking old gentleman, with one of the sweetest and most winning faces I ever saw, entered a church where I was worshipping with a friend one Sunday morning, and I mentally remembered that there, if outward evidences were to be trusted, was one of the saints who impregnate the earth with saving virtues. After the service I spoke to my friend about him, and he replied, 'Yes, that is Deacon K—, our senior deacon; of fine a character as you will find anywhere; upright, godly, noble minded, with a spotless reputation, but so reserved that no one of us has ever been able to get into real spiritual touch with him. I do not believe his reserve springs from spiritual pride, however, or from a sense of moral or intellectual superiority—in fact, I know it doesn't. There isn't a particle of egotism or arrogance in his make-up. The fault is entirely a bad habit, rooted in natural timidity, and fostered by the foolish aloofness of those who stand in awe of the man's dignified and saintly presence. It is an almost ridiculous situation, when you come to think of it. He is afraid to approach us, and we are afraid to approach him, and yet both parties long to come into closer spiritual touch with one another. Haven't you observed altogether too much of this reactionary shyness among Christians? It floats around in every church like a big lump of ice. I was never in my life connected with a religious organization where there wasn't some of it.'

My friend's remark found corroboration in my own experience, and I at once recognized in Deacon K—the type of a class of men and women who are to be found in almost every church in the land.

The reserved christian is a pathetic figure, more to be pitied than blamed, and yet not outside the province, or the reach of legitimate criticism and correction.

He is indeed like a lump of ice, floating around in any religious body with which he may be connected. Godly though his life may be, upright, blameless, serene, and worthy the highest official honours the Church can bestow, his presence in a religious body is, nevertheless, chilling, dispiriting and sterilizing. His example and influence are potent in destroying the one thing that makes the Church vital and aggressive, its homogenous, organic character, its family relationship, its cornucopia of sympathy and purposes. A corps of men cannot move forward determinedly and spiritedly unless every man has some point of perceptible contact with his neighbour—the touch of the shoulder or of the hand, the feeling of perfect oneness, sympathy, mutual support. The reserved christian creates a gap in the ranks of the Church militant. He breaks the continuity of touch. On either side of him there is a weak place in the line. His comrades are dispirited, and there is left an unprotected and vulnerable point, where the enemy may easily break through.

But the reserved christian is the easiest of all offenders to be won over, because his heart is ready and yearning for the opportunity. All that is needed to thaw this lump of ice is sufficient warmth in the surrounding medium. As I have said the environment of religious reserve is largely responsible for it. If a person is naturally shy and withdrawing in temperament, and if those about him encourage his aloofness, from a foolish fear of trespassing upon or offending his feelings, his personality, the blame of a confirmed bad habit rests largely with them. The timid, introverted, hermit-like christian recoils, because he sees, or fancies he sees, a disposition in others to recoil from him. It is like two nervous persons, meeting in the street, and uncertain upon which side to pass one another. If one begins to dodge, the other is immediately thrown into a sort of vibratory panic, and so they start back and forth, with ever increasing demoralization of nerve and judgement, until, perhaps, an embarrassing collision is the result. The same kind of contagious revulsion seizes Christians when they give way too sensitively to each other's crochets and temperamental peculiarities. The only right and safe course is to be firmly and confidently, and it need be, aggressively sympathetic. Make some positive and decided advance in the way of brotherliness and cordiality. That is the way to

win over your reserved christian, and all other Christians who, for any reason, have backslidden or fallen into the back-ground.

If the true christian spirit is in one, he will always be responsive to christian brotherliness. Should he resent the sympathy and cordiality that are the natural outgrowth of a loving communistic spirit, then he is plainly not of Christ's fold, but still unregenerate and in need of true conversion. Genuine, sincere love always responds to love. This reserved habit of his, this spiritual aloofness and withdrawing into oneself, are only awaiting to be approached and entreated by true brotherliness and sympathy, in order to give way to the deeper and sweeter and more congenial feelings of the heart. The stamp of withdrawal and being in one's self, like good old Deacon K's, and he who reads that yearning look might not doubt that the warmth of true christian sympathy can at any time melt the reserve of the most retiring soul.—James Buchanan.

The Important Man of Bethesda.

Jerusalem was plentifully supplied with baths and pools of all sizes, the remains of which had been discovered in modern times. The pool of Bethesda appears to have been formed by a mineral spring, the waters of which contained curative properties considered good for diseases of the rheumatic order; and therefore a crowd of such patients were to be seen in its porches. What the aspect of the crowd was can easily be imagined by anyone who had seen those gathered to take advantage of the mineral waters at places like Harrogate and Strathpeffer. Apparently, however, the virtues of Bethesda were intermittent, dependent on a moving of the waters which took place at intervals. Such a phenomenon is one unknown in mineral springs at the present day. Professor Tholuck mentions a place or resort visited by him in Germany, where the water bubbled up at a certain hour owing to a strong escape of the gas with which it was impregnated, and the hour when this took place was considered the favorable one for bathing. It was in accordance with the notions of the time that this motion should be attributed to an angel who came down at a certain hour and troubled the water. But the sentences of St. John in which it is ascribed to this cause are an interpolation not found in the best manuscripts and omitted in the Revised Version.

This resort of the miserable was a natural place for Christ to be found in; and he addressed himself to what was probably the most desperate case in the whole crowd—that of a man who had been for thirty eight years in the grasp of disease. It is not said that he had been all that time frequenting the pool; but he had been at least a long time there. He received, however, no benefit, because he was too prostrate to step quickly in at a favorable moment, and he had no friends to put him in; so that another stepped in before him. This complaint seems to show that the paralysis extended to his mind as well as his body. Prolonged suffering had reduced him to despair, and he had no hope of betterment. It was to stir the smoking flax of hope within him that Jesus asked: 'Wilt thou be made whole?' Some have suggested that it might be to test the reality of his suffering. He might be a confirmed beggar, who did not even want to be restored to a condition in which he would have to work. This, however, is unlikely. The question of Jesus was his kind way of commencing the transaction which was to follow, and contained no insinuation against the patient's honesty. It must, however, be confessed that, when applied spiritually, this question does contain a suggestion that the patient may be unwilling. 'Wilt thou be made whole?' Jesus says to every sinner; but, though it is an infinitely greater mercy he is offering than that which he proposed to the impotent man, there are multitudes who are unwilling. They are unwilling to be delivered from the habits of their sinful life and the enjoyment of their lusts; and they are unwilling to take up the cross daily and follow Christ. Is this not also the great difficulty of sanctification? The Saviour asks everyone who is to any extent under the domination of Sin: 'Wilt thou be made whole?' If we were thoroughly willing, there would be difficulty in the thing being done. But Jesus is sadly saying, 'Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life.'

This man was willing. Whereupon he heard from the lips of Christ the three commands: 'Arise—take up thy bed—and walk.' Have not these words an imperial sound? They are the commands of Omnipotence. Not one of these things could this man do before then: he could not rise; still less could he carry a burden; and least of all could he walk thus encumbered. But the command of Jesus had creative force, and he who heard it could do all

Lost flesh lately? Does your brain tire? Losing control over your nerves? Are your muscles becoming exhausted?

You certainly know the remedy. It is nothing new; just the same remedy that has been curing these cases of thinness and paleness for twenty-five years. Scott's Emulsion. The cod-liver oil in it is the food that makes the flesh, and the hypophosphites give tone to the nerves.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Toronto.

things through Christ strengthening him. This is a lively parable of faith. An un-saved sinner is just as impotent to believe or do anything that is good, but, when he listens to the voice of Christ, everything becomes possible.

The man now knew who Jesus was, and he went straight and told the authorities. In what light are we to look upon this act? Was it done in the innocence of simplicity, or was it due to pride in Jesus, or was the motive malicious? At all events, the result was to bring down on the head of Jesus the bitter opposition of the Jews, who charged him with being a Sabbath-breaker. His reply on this occasion is perhaps the finest of the many noble answers he gave on various occasions to this charge: 'My father worketh hitherto, and I work,' he said. This gives us, like many of his sayings, a glance into the deep workings of his mind with the Old Testament Scriptures, in which he saw profound and subtle meanings which had never been seen before. Evidently he had been thinking of the creation narrative in the first chapter of Genesis, where, after six days' work, God rests the seventh day. The rabbi thought that, when the six days' work was done, the Creator's rest meant idleness, the world being allowed to go for the future by itself.

But Jesus saw deeper. Even the rest of the Creator is a kind of work. It includes the sustaining of the world in being and the direction of all the natural forces which minister to its well-being. Jesus felt his own works, and especially his miracles, to be in harmony with this beneficent presence and providence of God in his own creation. God does not suspend his providence on the Sabbath day, and neither did Jesus need to interrupt his course of beneficence. But his enemies saw in this magnificent apology only a daring act of blasphemy. It seemed to them that he was making himself equal with God. Shall we say that they understood or misunderstood him? If we read the discourse which follows, we must say that in one sense they were right enough. As St. Augustine remarks, the Jews understood better than the Arians. They were right in interpreting his claim, though they woefully failed to comprehend what just justice he made the claim.

The morning in the gate of the day, and should be well guarded with prayer. It is one end of the thread on which the day's actions are strung and should be well knotted with devotion. If we felt more the majesty of life we should be more careful of its mornings. He who rushes from his bed to his business and waiteth not to worship is as foolish as though he had not put on his clothes, or cleansed his face, and as unwise as though he dashed into battle without arms or armor. Be it ours to bathe in the softly flowing river of communion with God, before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the way begin to oppress us.—Spurgeon.

Precious Memories.

The sweetest and happiest homes—homes to which men in weary life look back with yearnings too deep for tears; homes whose recollections linger round our manhood like light and the sunshine and the sweet air, into which no base things can intrude—are homes where brethren dwell together in unity; where, because all love God, all love their brothers also; where, because all are very dear to all, each is dearer to each than to himself.

A clergyman tells a good story in which he had a hand. It is his rule, he says, to use the plainest words possible in his sermons—a habit which might, by way of contrast, strike some congregations very forcibly. Once, after preaching in a strange church, he received a beautiful envelope, for the next day a sweep who had been in church was asked what he thought of the visiting clergyman.

'I like him,' he replied; 'he don't use no grammatical words.'

Very Polite, Indeed.

The people of Dresden are very polite, so ever polite that they not infrequently bring down ridicule upon themselves. It used to be told in that city that a stranger one day was crossing the great bridge that spans the Elbe, and asked a native to direct him to a certain church which he wished to find.

'Really, my dear sir,' said the Dresdener bowing low, 'I grieve greatly to say it, but I cannot tell you.'

The stranger passed on, a little surprised at this voluble answer to a simple question. He had proceeded but a short distance when he heard hurried footsteps behind him, and turning round, saw the same man running to catch up with him.

In a moment his pursuer was at his side his breath nearly gone, but enough left to say, hurriedly: 'My dear sir, you asked me how you could find the church, and it pained me to have to say that I did not know. Just now I met my brother, but I grieve to say that he did not know either.'

Not the Kind of Obed he Thought.

An Irish judge was trying a case in which a man was indicted for robbery, and the first witness was the young son of the man whose house had been entered by burglars. He identified the prisoner, and stated that he saw him enter the house and smash his father's chest.

'Do you say that the prisoner at the bar broke your father's chest?' said the judge, in astonishment.

'He did, my lord,' answered the boy.

'He jumped on it till he smashed it entirely.'

'The judge turned to the Crown counsel and said: 'How is this? Why is not the prisoner indicted for murder? If he smashed this poor man's chest in the way the witness has described, he must surely have killed him.'

'But,' said the council, 'it was a wooden chest.'

HER LIFE WAS SAVED

Sent Home From the Hospital to Die.

Edna Rathburn—Her Case was One in a Thousand—Tortured by Diabetes—A Remarkable Cure.

HAMPSHIRE, N. B. MAR. 27.—If ever any remedy for human ills was put to a stringent test, in practical experience, that medicine is Dadd's Kidney Pills, and the test was the case of little Edna Rathburn, of this place.

Six years ago, Edna, who was then only two years old, met with a terrible accident, two of her ribs being torn from her spine. She fractured and refused to "knit." The child could not straighten her body, but was bent almost double, and could walk only with the greatest pain and difficulty.

Diabetes set in, and her sufferings were terrible to witness. Night and day she was in the most awful agony. The doctors could do nothing to relieve her, and advised that she be sent to the St. John Hospital. The surgeons there said the case was hopeless. They sent her home again, with the advice to give her the greatest care as that was all could be done for her.

In despair, Mrs. Rathburn one day decided to try it Dadd's Kidney Pills would help the child. They did. Day by day she improved under their influence, till after a time came perfect health. Not a vestige of Diabetes was left.

Now, Mrs. Rathburn says: "Our child's life was saved solely by Dadd's Kidney Pills."

Sufferers from Diabetes who read of this case can rest assured that they will find a cure just as surely as did little Edna Rathburn, in Dadd's Kidney Pills.

To Rival the Great Wheel.

The Sherman umbrella, devised for the Paris Exposition in 1900 as a rival of the Great Wheel, consists of a gigantic steel structure three hundred and fifty feet high, built on the principle of an umbrella. To the steel beams which act as ribs are fastened ten cars, carrying three hundred and fifty passengers, and, as the umbrella is opened by hydraulic pressure, the cars are carried up. When the top is reached the umbrella will revolve. The spread of the ribs will be two hundred and fifty feet.

An Easter Greeting.

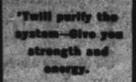
For those who have thought that catarrh is incurable and to whom the constant use of snuffs and ointments was almost unbearable. Catarrhazone comes as a sure and delightful cure. No need for fetid breath, broken voice, and drooping in the throat. Send for Catarrhazone and be convinced. Outfit, \$1.00. Sample bottle and inhaler, 10 cents.

N. C. POLSON & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Varies in Weight.

Milk is a deceptive article so far as weight is concerned. In a hard fifty cows samples of milk can be taken from individual animals that show extraordinary variations when placed upon the scales. The milk from one cow will weigh two pounds to one and one-half quarts, while her neighbor produces milk which weighs two pounds to one and one-half pints. It does not seem to make much difference what the breed is or how much milk they

Take B.B.B. This Spring.



Very few people escape the enervating influence of spring weather. There is a dullness, drowsiness and inaptitude for work on account of the whole system being clogged up with impurities accumulated during the winter months.

The liver is sluggish, the bowels inclined to be constipated, the blood impure, and the entire organism is in need of a thorough cleansing.

Of all "Spring Medicines," Burdock Blood Bitters is the best.

It stimulates the sluggish liver to activity, improves the appetite, acts on the bowels and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, removes all poisonous products, and imparts new life and vigor to those who are weak and debilitated.

7 Big Mr. Wm. J. Hopburn writes from Centralia, Ont.: "I can sincerely say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine on the market. Last spring my blood got out of order, and I had seven or eight good sized boils come out on my body, and the one on my leg was much larger than an egg. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and inside of six days, when only half the bottle was taken, there wasn't a boil to be seen. I have recommended B.B.B. to different people in our village, and all derived benefit from it. I wish B.B.B. every success, as it is indeed a great medicine for the blood."

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated vegetable compound—teaspoonful doses—add water yourself.

produce. The milk is a little higher in summer than in winter. It is hardly possible to find a cow whose milk will weigh alike, but when mixed, if there are not too many in the lot that give very heavy milk it will weigh two pounds to a good full quart every time.

"Bread and Cheese."

Some years ago a football match was being played between teams representing Great Willey and Ombersley, on the ground of the former, which club, as a nickname, was called 'The Bread and Cheese Club.'

For a time play ruled very even, but at last the visitors began to gain the upper hand, and were penning the homesters in, when one of the crowd shouted, 'Play up, Bread and Cheese!'

One of the visitors' half-backs, whom they were calling 'Woggon,' not knowing what it meant, turned to his comrades, and, amid roars of laughter, said:—

'Knock off, you chaps; don't play any more. That fellow over there's been looking in my pockets in the dressing room.'

In Which Life are you?

Of 1,000 women at the age of 20 940 live ten years more, thus making the chance at the age of 20 of a woman living to the age of 30 about 16 to 1 in favor of living. Similarly, of 1,000 women living at the age of 30, 806 live twenty years more; the chance at the age of 30 of a woman living to the age of 50 being, therefore, about 5 to 1 in favor of living. Again, of 1,000 women at the age of 50, 250 live twenty years more—i. e. 25 in 100 live to the age of 80, and 75 in 100 do not; the chance at the age of 60 of a woman living to 80 being 1 in 4.

Just a Theory.

The bootless atrocity of the crime was what fascinated us.

'Why,' we asked ourselves, again and again, 'should a man whose only purpose was robbery, go out of his way to murder the entire family, thus?'

It was the haggard person with the thin chest who had a theory.

'Possibly,' he suggested, in a fearsome whisper, 'the fellow had buried his shins against bicycles in the front hall!'

Ball of Zinc.

Beir, the mushroom city of Portuguese East Africa, may be called a city of zinc. All the houses, all the hotels and public building, barracks and warehouse, are built of zinc. So great has been the speculation in building and so urgent the need for supplying the inhabitants with cheap and speedily erected dwellings that a city has been built up in six months. Thousands of tons of zinc from France, England and America supplied the material.

The Largest Standing Army.

Russia possesses the largest standing army on earth. Every year some 280,000 conscripts join the Russian forces, which in time of peace number 1,000,000 men. On a war-footing this rises to 2,600,000 and calling out the reserves would increase it to 6,947,000 well-trained soldiers. Should necessity arise, the militia would be called out, bringing the Czar's forces up to 9,000,000 men.

Captain (to belated passenger who has suddenly appeared on the deck of the abandoned ship): 'Jump, man! Jump, quick! Don't you see she is going down?'

Passenger: 'Is my wife saved?'

Captain: 'Yes.'

Passenger: 'Well, good-by. I can't spend the rest of my life explaining why I let her take this steamer.'

Notches on The Stick

Polychrome journalism seems to be not enough, but the rainbow must extend itself to pure literature, and just now has seized upon "The Book of Books," so that we have a Bible whose type is many-headed as the chameleon. The colors are intended to illustrate the various critical positions—for you cannot call them anything better—with reference to the text. It would appear, however, that the public are not so clamorous for the gaudy affair as the publishers supposed they must be; and as considerable expense is involved in its production, that it must lie on their hands as a serious consideration for them. Moreover the critics, cleric and laic, are puncturing the prismatic balloons, and letting out the gas therefrom; and it may finally appear among the vanquished desiderata, not so badly wanted after all.

Dr. Wm. Kelley, of the Methodist Review, stigmatises it as "The Harlequin Bible," and thinks it resembles nothing so much as the patchwork of a crazy quilt. He says: "Molly was the dress of the Professional Jester. It has recently been put on the Holy scriptures, in a way which would be droll were the subject less serious, by costumers whose passion for colors seems as aboriginal and fantastic as the garb of the buffoon in early Italian comedy." That clever metaphysician, Prof. Borden, F. Bowne, of Boston, has not gone into raptures over it. He says: "The examples of Polychrome work exhibited thus far do not inspire high hopes. To see on one page of the book we have been accustomed to call the Bible print in five, eight, ten, and sometimes fourteen different colors is bewildering. To turn page after page and behold these iridescent and curiously intermingled shades of the rainbow, is to have an over-powering sense of the inextricable confusion of the text as deciphered by the critics. If we may judge the effect on the minds of nonprofessional Bible readers by its effect on our own we are warranted in saying that the polychrome edition will not increase a better knowledge of the book or reverence for it among the people."

But the light Ithuriel-touch of Criticism is laid by that calm master of style and scholarship, Andrew Lang, of Merton College, Oxford. He has a poke at the Americanism of the thing; "We are to have a new Bible, the 'Polychrome Bible.' If the people are to get the most possible from the Bible they must have it in modern idiomatic English, say newspaper English. The type will be in lots of colors. 'In answer to the cry of the people for more light upon the literary history of the Bible the distinctive polychrome feature was advised. . . The people have a right to know, but the people can only in one way, and that is by reading a great many books of a tedious character, full of arguments which for the most part, the people, not being oriental scholars or logically minded cannot possibly estimate at their true value. There is no more a people's path than there is a royal road to learning. The translators are men of learning, I gladly admit, and the Joseph's coat of many colors and the bright up-to-date English may attract the people. The people may buy a Polychrome Bible in twenty parts, at from five to ten shillings a part—and I hope the spelling is not to be American. But if the people, or anyone, thinks that the riddle of biblical criticism is mastered, I congratulate them or him on inexperience of misfortune. It hath been my lot lately to read a good deal of biblical criticism made in Germany. The method is simple and Teutonic. You have a theory, you accept the evidence of the sacred writers as far as it suits your theory, and when it does not suit you, say that the inconvenient passage is an 'interpolation.' It must be, for, if not, what becomes of your theory? So you print the inconvenient passage in green, I suppose, or what not, and then the people know all about it. . . I know this game well. The Germans have played it with Homer till it would be difficult to find a passage in the 'Iliad' which has not been denounced as an 'interpolation,' because it does not fit somebody's theory. This may be 'criticism,' but it is not business—no, not if it is printed in all the colors of the rainbow. If the people really want to know, if the cry of 'the people is for more light,' let the people begin by reading Professor Robertson's book, where they will find common sense, regard for logic, and a disconcerting sense of humor.

CANCER And Tumors cured to any extent, at home, no pain, please. For Canadian testimonials & 100-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MAJOR HENNINGSON Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

Then they can go on to Stude, and I hope they will find him as comic a logician as I do.

"A reader who is not an oriental scholar (as I am none) has no locus standi as a critic of biblical critics where questions of language arise. But when the Teutonic judges of the Old Testament wander into anthropology, as they often do, then no one knows where to have them. The people of course do not know where to have them, and are likely to swallow their statements about 'antiquism' and 'fetichism,' and so on. For instance they dispute as to Jehovah's name being Indo-Germanic, Assyrian-Babylonian, Egyptian, Kenite, Cassanite . . . or, is the name of Hebrew origin? 'The people have a right to know? But nobody knows. This pastime has long been played with names like Athens or Arcensis. 'The people have a right to know the results of these studies.' There are no results. Nobody is one whit the wiser. Of course we do not mean that there should be no biblical criticism. But if the people think it safe to swallow the variegated theories made in Germany, France, England, or America, the people are wrong. . . What can we make of criticism when one leader (Stude) says that Israel was never in Egypt, and another leader (Wellhausen) says that Israel was in Egypt? . . . The Egyptian bondage was the corner stone of Hebrew history. One famous critic takes it away, and another leaves it standing, and the people may toss up for it. These are the results for which the people are supposed to be yelling. . . ."

"This is not written in the interests of orthodoxy but in the interests of ordinary common sense. It is just as provoking to see Homer or Herodotus pulled about by German 'ingenuity' as to see the Bible treated in the same way. But the people are not 'a-hollering and a-bellering for a Polychrome Iliad. They let the criticism of Homer go by; they do not care for Homer. For the Bible they do care, and one can only repeat, 'Do not swallow theories because they are German, Polychrome print is no argument."

If my neighbor has a Polychrome Bible I would like to look curiously into it. I fancy I should not care to invest.

The Musee in Vill's Marie.
(To Wilfred Chateaucclair.)
Dear Chateaucclair, it seems to me
The Musee live in Vill's Marie;
For there a rarely-gifted three—
To name nas mair—
Know love's supreme felicity,
And breathe its air.
Lives he not there, who sang see sweet
The woes of gentle Marguerite?
And Merlin's kindly laureate
Is surely there;—
And one they all delight to greet—
Our Chateaucclair!
There Murray sings; and there is he
Whose herald-blazon was "Fleurs-de-lys;
There quaint M'Lellan d intilly
Turns the said lay;—
Rob Wankelck and John Ashory
Still with you stay.
With you in many a forest strait
Trapper and voyager live again;
S. Lawrence swells the wild refrain
And choral chant;
While Drummond makes us see him plain—
The habitant!
When you a feast shall make, my wish
Shall be for neither fish nor fowl,
Save blackbird pie—whence wings go—whirl
And throats all sing;—
Ah, set that old-time dainty dish
Before the king!
Home's cheeriest Light illum your Flail,
When long November evenings fall;
Giance the glad fire-gleam on th' wall,
When down ye sit,
While off the friendly Muses call
To chat a bit.
Long live ye 'neath Laurentian skies,
Securely good, serenely wise;
Lead to new lights and victories
Your Ville Marie,
Till monumental marbles rise
At last for these.
My dream is oft of Ville Marie,
Its very name is dear to me;
For there a rarely-gifted three—
To name nas mair—
Know love's supreme felicity,
And breathe its air.

While pursuing the evasive personality of Goethe through all the nooks and crannies of a small library we recently came upon a presentation of him a little startling. The Professor we last encountered, who assumed to be a guide of the unwary and uninitiated in the preserve of German literature, kept saying to us, as soon as we had entered Goethe's domain,—"Beware the dog!" "See! yonder goes Dr. Diabolus! This is indeed an unholy region and a suspicious character whom we are here liable to encounter!" Before we have reached the back gate of the park, and have taken our backward glance at the world's greatest egoist, we have been pulled violently by the coat-sleeve toward, if not to, the conclusion that Goethe is not Faust but Mephistopheles. That is to say, the Professor's critique is as unlike as possible to what we should expect a sane and scholarly article to be—such as "Edward Dowden or Oscar Browning might have

written. Not that our Professor is poorly furnished, or lacking in style or scholarship; but he is at the pole of repulsion and antagonism from his subject. His sentences attract and pique the writer; he can be vivacious, elegant, even poetic. Yet his work is a critical failure, because he sets out with a deliberate prepossession, and as he proceeds everything in relation to his subject appears in distortion and through a mist of Prejudice. The sum and substance of it all, is that of the ultra-purist: Goethe, is an ill man, confirmed in his evil, who can give us nothing really good. One of the minor criticisms of Faust is on a passage in the famous "Prologue in Heaven":

The sun in ancient times, is said to be,
With brother-aphes; in rival cars;
And his appointed journey rounding
With chattering movement rolls along.
His look, now changed to angry landing,
No creature's fancies can for them;
The lofty world, past comprehending,
Stand lonely, as on time's first day.
Brooks' Trans.

This piece has as yet been feebly rendered into English. With reference to the fourth line our Professor writes: "Klopstock was before Goethe in conceiving the course of the sun as accomplished with 'thunder-sound.'" To us the accompaniment of noise seems to degrade, instead of elevating the idea of the motion of celestial bodies. It is, however, perhaps the pagan notion of a sun-chariot driven with whirl and rattle of wheels, that Goethe inconspicuously mixes with the Christian representation of God and arch-angels." But sublimity, as well as pathos, may subsist in opposite conceptions. Goethe, as well as Addison, celebrates the silence of the stars:—

"Stars silent over us,
Gleam on under as silent.
What though his solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
Wh at though no real voice or sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?"

But if the conception of universal silence and the quiet, orderly procession of the universe,—which are relative only to our apprehension of universal phenomena,—is sublime so is the conception of universal combustion which cannot be accompanied by active silence. The beating of gongs the chirping of the critic [mean crickets] are not sublime; but surely the tropical thunderstorm and the convulsions of Etna or Krakatoa are. Prof. W.—'s taste may or may not be off-nded, but the Goethe may be nearer to nature and truth than himself. Who can imagine that colossal blast-furnace of our system, with the opening of its awful doors of flame, rolling its round in silence; and who will refuse to call those inconceivable thunders, no mortal could endure, sublime? The poet, who does not desert realism even in his flights of fancy, implies the scientific relation of sound to finer or coarser organs of sound, in the opening of the Second part of Faust, where the fairies disperse in the twilight of morning: (A tremendous tumult announces the uprising of the Sun.)

Arise!
Hark! the horal trumpet nears!
Sounding but for spirit ears,
Lo! the new-born day appears;
Clang the rocky portals, climb
Phoebus' wheels with thund'rous chime;
Breaks with martial noise the light
Blare of trumpet, clarion sounding,
Eye-sight dazing, ear astounding!
Hear not the whirlwind; take flight!
Into petaled bosoms glide
Deeper, deeper, still to bide,
In the cloist' 'neath thickets! ye
If it strike you, deaf will be.
Swanwick Trans.

We expect, though Prof W— does not mention it, that he would be even more emphatic against the second passage than the first; but it all goes to show how a rooted prejudice may vitiate our criticism of an author, even in the smaller details.

"Follow the Gleam."
Why should we follow every wandering fire?
The star that led the Sages through the night,
And brought them safely to their Soul's Desire,
Will lead our wayward feet its certain light.
No marsh-born gleam towards which we vainly grop,

TO INTRODUCE \$1.00
our new 1900 models early.
We will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C. O. D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer a splendid chance to a good price in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us.
INTRODUCTION PRICES
FLYER—14 in. Tubing, Finish joints, 1 face Crank, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$1.00; fitted with M. S. W. Tires, 32.50; fitted with Dunlop Tires, 32.00.
Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any rear.
Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$2.00 to \$3.00.
Price List Free. Secure Agency at once.
T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.

No midnight motor falling from sky—
It saves no clue of adventures hope—
Can light us like that well-appointed Star!
For he shall travel the Desert Road,
Falter for doubt, or haste for its their flight,
Who wish that some pains overhead
Whom millionths stand still, to smother bright;
Staying to those whose eyes with tears are dim,
"No cometh: let th' Earth be glad for Him!"

More than twenty years after his death, by his own hand, a small volume of the poetry of Richard Realf appears, with a memoir by his friend Colonel Hinton. It is the record of a melancholy life—the life of one of the children of despair; and the poetry, aptly musical as it is, is the poetry of regret and sorrow. To live obscurely, to die and be forgotten, is the bane of melodious spirits; and here is one more attempt to revive the frost-bitten hopes of one who began with brightness and ardency, but ended in profoundest depression and gloom. There may come to sympathetic eyes to read such lines as these:

There is no little child within me now,
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple bough
Lungs into blossom, or a buttercup
Flays with the sunbeams, or a violet
Dances in the old fern—alas! alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgot, or, if my cheeks are wet,
It is not with the blithesome of a child,
But with the bitter sorrow of past years.
PASTOR FELIX.

GOLDEN PRIZES FOR WRITERS.

Literature is the Worst Paid of all Free Professions.
In spite of the golden prizes which occasionally fall to the lot of a popular writer, the truth remains that literature in all its grades, is the worst paid of all the professions, with the exception of the Church.

The life-earnings of the most successful writer seem quite pitifully small, for it is doubtful whether any living writer has actually made £100,000 by his books alone apart from their dramatization.

It is one of 'life's little ironies' that one of the largest fortunes made in our time by a writer is credited to Harlan P. Halsey, whose blood-curdling tales have been the delight and blame of American errand-boys for years. 'Old Sleuth,' as he was familiarly known, wrote no fewer than 600 stories recounting the adventures of 'Fly-away Ned,' 'Firebomb Jack,' 'Magic Dick, the Boy Detective,' and similar heroes of highway.

The author of this 'pernicious literature' lived in regal style in one of the handomest of New York houses, surrounded with rare paintings and tapestries, curios and statuary, and every costly evidence of wealth. It is instructive to contrast with Halsey's £100,000 the £5 for which Milton sold his immortal 'Paradise Lost,' and the £200 a year which Sir Walter Scott was glad to earn in his early writing days.

Mr. George Meredith was probably twenty years in earning a single year's income of 'Old Sleuth,' and Mr. Herbert Spencer worked a dozen years without earning more than would pay his stationery bill.

But literature has its dazzling prizes, which, however, few may earn, and only one or two of which fall to any author's lot in a lifetime. The largest sum ever paid for a simple book brought no gold to its writer. It was the £70,000 paid to his widow for President Grant's autobiography, published after his death, the writing of which occupied many years of its author's life. But there is a great gulf between this golden bait and any others which have been held out to writers.

Many living authors, however, have made £10,000 by a single book, and in some cases these books have incidentally brought them a still larger reward. It is said that Mrs. Humphry Ward received £14,000 for her latest novel, 'Helbeck of Rhinisdale'; and her first epoch-making book, 'Robert Elsmere,' brought £10,000 to her exchequer. It is estimated that Mrs. Ward's publishers have paid her over £60,000 within her writing life of seventeen years, or the gratifying average of over £3,500 a year.

Prince Bismarck's memoirs may be assessed at over £20,000, half of which has been paid for publishing rights in Great Britain and America alone. Messrs Constable paid Nansen £10,000 for his 'Farthest North,' a sum which was at least doubled by publishing rights in other countries. Mr. Savage Landor has received £5,000 from Mr. Heinemann for the story of his adventures in Tibet.

Mr. Stanley's 'In Darkest Africa' also reached five figures, a feat which Lord Beaconsfield's 'Elohimism' was among the first to achieve in recent years. Probably none but Mr. Barry and his publishers know the fortune which 'The Little Minister' has brought its lucky author. It is estimated that, in its book and acting form together, it has enriched him already to the extent of £50,000.—Tit-Bits.

Extraordinary & equal to a Buffalo.
An extraordinary suicide has been committed by a young married woman at Emsstead, Essex. The woman was the wife of an insurance agent named Watsam, and

It is impossible for money or position to procure a Coffee superior to that which bears this seal.
Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee
is sold in one and two-pound cans, and is guaranteed to be the best coffee grown.

fourteen weeks ago gave birth to her first child, since which time she had been mentally deranged, and told both the doctor and her husband that she should make way with herself. One day she set fire to herself in her room, and succumbed to the injuries a few hours later. The jury returned a verdict of suicide whilst insane. Her mother, who has been quite dumb for twenty-three years, as the result of the shock recovered her speech, and can now talk quite clearly and fluently. Medical men had often told her that only a sudden shock would restore the lost faculty, and this has been accomplished by the tragic death of her daughter.

HOW TO GET STRONG.

Nature should be Assisted to Throw off the Poisons that Accumulate in the System During the Winter Months.

Thousands of people not really ill require a tonic at this season. Close confinement in badly ventilated houses shops and school rooms during the winter months makes people feel depressed, languid, and 'out of sorts.'

Nature must be assisted in throwing off the poison that has accumulated in the system during these months, else people fall easy prey to disease. A tonic is needed and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the greatest tonic medicine in the world. These Pills make rich, red blood; strengthen tired nerves, and make dull, listless men and women, and children feel bright, active and strong.

Mr. John Siddons, London, Ont., writes: 'I can speak most favorably of the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They prove invaluable in strengthening and toning up the system when debilitated. Having used them for some time past I can speak most favorably of their beneficial results. As an invigorator of the constitution they are all that they claim to be.'

But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Imitations never cured anyone, and there are numerous pink colored imitations against the public is cautioned. The genuine are sold only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' If your dealer does not keep them send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Wibble: 'I hear that young Jinx has broken his engagement with Miss Flyer.'
Wabble: 'Yes; and it's odd the way it happened, too. You see, he left a photograph at the house, so she could whisper a 'good night' into it just before she turned out the gas, and send it to him through the post. Quite romantic, you see. Well, now, in the excitement of the affair, she forgot to shut the machine off, and he not only received her words, but a large and varied assortment of snore that had accumulated while she was asleep.'

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847. ROGERS BROS.
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Chat to... Boys and Girls.

At this season of the year when our door sports are on the wane, especially during the evening when skating, sleighing or tobogganing are no longer possible, through lack of snow, I am sure my young folks will be glad to find pleasant recreation indoors and games either quiet or noisy, will serve to while away most agreeably the winter evenings and keep restless hands and bodies "out of mischief."

I have mentioned to give my boy Jimmy a few "new" games; something not too easily as dear old grandma's room is next to the family sitting room where he and his brothers and sisters, with two or three cousins, gather on cold stormy evenings, about the long table, so well suited for what they call "sitting still games."

Well Jimmy, I should like to give you something new if possible, of course you have all played "Simon says thumbs up" and "Consequences." But have you ever tried "The pig book?" If not, you will find it great fun, not only at the time, but to look at, and laugh over many days long after; and you will be the possessor of an album, full of extraordinary and most curious pictures. All you need for your artistic effort will be a common blank-book and a few sharpened lead pencils. Each member of the circle is required to draw in the book, the outline of a pig, and add his name thereto, both drawing and writing being done blindfolded. The productions are certain to be very laughable, and well worth preserving; if there is a party of young folks, a prize may be offered for the best and also for the poorest drawing. A candy pig would do for the latter, and a match safe or pen tray in the form of a pig would be very suitable for the other.

Another game, and one which sharpens up your wits is called "The Ant and the Cricket."

One of the players must be the cricket and all the others who are ants, sit around him in a circle. The cricket writes on a slip of paper the name of some kind of grain—then he says to the first ant "My kind neighbour I am very hungry, and come to you for food, what have you to give me?"

The ant names any grain he likes, such as wheat, oats, rye or corn, etc. The cricket asks the same question of each ant in turn, until one of them offers him the grain that the cricket has written upon his paper: the cricket is then satisfied and changes places with the ant. If, however, the name of the crickets favourite grain is not guessed, the same cricket keeps his place. Next the cricket writes upon his paper, the name of a dance and says to each ant in turn "I am no longer hungry, but I would enjoy a dance, what shall it be?"

The ants name different dances, and when the right one is mentioned the cricket is released as before. The cricket then declares he cannot dance without music and asks each one, "What kind of an instrument would you recommend?"

The ants reply as before, and when one of them has answered correctly, the cricket asks he is tired of dancing, and asks the ants where he shall sleep. "On a mossy bank," "In the heart of a rose" or on a lily leaf," and other such bids they will answer, but until the name written on his slip is mentioned, the cricket still keeps his place. After this round the cricket says he is afraid some fierce bird may devour him while sleeping, and when this has been answered the game is ended. Of course the crickets object is, to get some one to take his place, while the ants try to keep their positions as long as possible.

I remember we had a good deal of fun once at our house, in playing "Birds fly." This game requires one for leader, then all the players being seated around the table the leader calls out "Birds fly" at the same time raising both arms to imitate wings and all the players must raise their arms in the same way. The next time, however, the leader may call out "Trees fly" moving his arms as before; but as trees cannot fly the players must keep quiet; however, some are sure to make a mistake, and the faster it is played the more amusing and if the leader says "Flies fly" somebody is sure to imitate the motion, tho' it would be a funny sight I am sure. A forfeit may be taken from those who raise their arms at the wrong time, and it is interesting to give some little prize to the one who continues longest in the game.

Have you ever played "Repairing the donkey?" If not I will tell you all about it another time; and also the "Robber's story," which I am sure would delight the boys, and now just one more game for this week, and I sincerely hope you will enjoy them and ask for more.

This one is called "Whirlwind" and it is very well named. All the players sit in a circle, the chairs being placed closely together, and facing inward. One of the players will rise and stand in the centre of the circle; this leaves one chair empty. At a signal from this person, all the players move on, one chair to the right, then to the next and the next the whole circle moving as fast as possible. While this is going on the player who stands in the middle, tries to secure a seat, and when he or she does so, the player who is left without a seat takes his place. This is by no means a quiet game, as there is sure to be a good deal of rushing and laughter.

A dear little girl who has a birthday in April, asks me to tell her from our corner how to arrange the party her good mamma is going to give her on that day; what she shall do to amuse her guests, what refreshments they should have and everything else needed to make the occasion a success and a pleasant remembrance. Well, I am sure I shall do my best to plan for these young folks so an evening as will send them home saying from the bottom of their happy little hearts "we had a perfectly lovely time." Yet after all, no one however willing or hardworking can make a birthday party or any other festival a success unless the little host or hostess forgets his or her own pleasure in seeking the pleasure of her guests, and unless each member of the united party tries to join happily in the amusements provided, and to be gratified by the kind efforts of her entertainers to make her enjoy herself. Always remember my boys and girls that your behavior reflects upon your parents—if you are gentle and unselfish, kind and polite, your elders will be very apt to say, "what a little lady that girl is," or "what a nice gentlemanly boy." So try and do credit to your home training.

Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dizziness,

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

widely separated as the ends of the earth if the advance models of summer gowns give any indication of the policy Dame Fashion intends to pursue.

One of the distinguishing features of the new costumes is the popularity of foulard and the varied combinations of this material with plain silk, lace and chiffon.

One of the new fads in Paris is to trim light cloth gowns with lace matching the cloth in color.

Many of the new foulards are trimmed with cream lace, and quantities of white chiffon are used for plaited tablier fronts, and entire waists striped around with black Chantilly insertion.

Some of the new ideas in foulard gowns can be turned to good accounts in making over the old ones since plain taffeta or foulard is combined so effectively with the figured. It is used principally for the ruffles at the bottom of the skirt with a figured foulard overdress, and for the plaited tablier in front when lace and chiffon are to dressy.

When a lady visits our establishments to buy a Swiss, Bang or other hair work, she can have the fullest confidence that not only will it be a perfect match for her natural hair, but it will also match or suit her face and appearance.

One of the best customers can help us greatly by sending their photograph with the sample of hair when ordering.

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is the magazine for you, if you care for good music. Every issue contains 6 to 10 pieces of brand new sheet music—both vocal and instrumental of every variety, but only the best quality.

It contains also the best of stories, poems, recitations, mythic, folk- and fairy-tales, musical and dramatic instruction, etc., etc., and the most beautiful illustrations.

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Send at your dealer's cost 10 cents for a trial copy with 3 pieces of new music.

S. W. SIMPSON, PUBLISHER, 70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

THE WOOLY PORTIONS OF THE WEST

State Legislatures have some weird ideas of their new duties in life. There was Daggott of Wisconsin, who wanted to legislate the feminine corset into relaxing its hold.

And now there is a Senator Crael out in North Dakota, who has introduced a bill providing that all applicants for marriage must first pass an examination before a board of physicians. The bill passed in the upper house.

Mrs. Langtry has been given her reminiscences. She was one of seven children, the others all boys. She was put through a course of manly sports by her brothers, who, when her mother interfered, proudly observed that they were making a man of her.

Among other pranks, she was mounted on stilts one time, enveloped in a sheet smeared as to her face with phosphorus, and sent at night with her youngest brother, similarly adorned to make a blood-curdling demonstration in the neighboring churchyard. She always loved horses, and began her sporting career at 11, when she became part owner of a mare named Flirt, uncertain both as to age and forelegs, but winner of a £30 race.

The great granddaughter of Lord Byron was married not long ago, and forthwith entered upon a honeymoon quite romantic enough to have suited even her famous ancestor himself. Miss Blunt—that was her name—married Mr. Neville Lytton at Cairo, and the couple then drove ten miles across the desert to her father's place near Heliopolis. They were met by a picturesque train of Arab horsemen and Bedouin camel riders under the leadership of the oldest Sheik of the tribes. The villages were decorated, a whole flock of sheep were roasted, and there was an Oriental cast to the occasion which is not customary in English weddings.

Roll in a Day. The red letter promise that never fails in cases of the severest and most chronic stomach troubles in using Dr. Von Stan's Pepsin Tablets. Nature decreed the pepsin as one of humanity's great panaceas—medical science has reached it out and now it's at the door of every sufferer. A pleasant and positive cure. 35 cents.

Unforeseen. Mrs. Hayrick: "You oughter be more keertful Josiah! The almanack said it was going to freeze."

Mr. Hayrick: "Yes; but so did the Weekly Eagle, and I near knowed both of em to be right before!"

Husband: "Why don't you wear your cloak?"

Wife: "It's last winter's."

Husband: "It's just as warm now as it was last winter."

Wife: "True, but I don't need it so much. When I see all my neighbors with new cloaks, I'm hot enough without any."

Queen Wilhelmina seems to be conducting herself with a degree of common sense not always characteristic of youthful sovereigns. Her mother, Queen Emma, lives with her, and is consulted upon every point. The people understanding that this community of sovereignty is at the wish of Wilhelmina often send letters and petitions addressed 'To Both Queens' Wilhelmina, is said to resent it if people speak of her mother as the queen Dowager, and to declare with emphasis that she is 'Queen Emma of the Netherlands.' The young Queen is said to be exceedingly fond of dancing and to carry herself with more grace than most women of her nationality.

Everyday life for the English woman in Calcutta is said to pass about as follows; About 7 o'clock in the morning comes the light bread-and-butter breakfast, followed by a drive or a ride. When she returns she makes (one of the changes of dress with which the Anglo-Indian day is punctuated, then has a real breakfast at 10. After this comes a long morning of industrious idling before 3 o'clock, the hour for tiffin. Ovals are made between 12 o'clock and 2, for after tiffin Calcutta goes to sleep. Four o'clock tea is the signal for them to be up again and dress for the afternoon drive. At 8 everybody dines, and then follow cards, dancing, billiards or the theatre.

The legal Lochevans who come out of

It is impossible for money or position to that which bears this seal. Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee is sold in one and two-pound cans, and is guaranteed to be the best coffee grown.

fourteen weeks ago gave birth to her first child, since which time she had been mentally deranged, and told both the doctor and her husband that she should make way with herself. One day she set fire to herself in her room, and succumbed to the injuries a few hours later. The jury returned a verdict of suicide whilst insane. Her mother, who has been quite dumb for twenty-three years, as the result of the shock recovered her speech, and can now talk quite clearly and fluently. Medical men had often told her that only a sudden shock would restore the lost faculty, and this has been accomplished by the tragic death of her daughter.

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Wabble: "Yes; and it's odd the way it happened, too. You see, he left a photograph at the house, so she could whisper a 'good night' into it just before she turned out the gas, and send it to him through the post. Quite romantic, you see. Well, now, in the excitement of the affair, she forgot to shut the machine off, and he not only received her words, but a large and varied assortment of snore that had accumulated while she was asleep."

"I wonder why he is called the best man—I mean the man at the wedding who is not getting married?"

Savage Biobelor: "Because he is the best off."

KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. Genuine and Guaranteed by the MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

The D & A "CREST" CORSET is Unbreakable. D & A "CREST" CORSETS. Stand every strain. Always comfortable and absolutely unbreakable, every active woman needs one. Unrivalled for golfers and bicyclists. Cost only 50c. more than regular D & A styles, and made in all sizes. Ask to see them. (3)

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Very pretty petticoats are made of plain satins cut with a circular flounce which is nearly covered with rows of black velvet an inch or more wide, alternating with three rows of black and white velvet ribbon of the narrowest width.

White tulle neckties covered at the ends with rows of narrow tulle ruffles are very pretty and becoming.

A new variation in color is duck-egg blue, which is both gray and blue.

Fishnet veilings without any spots at all are said to be the latest novelty and are recommended for being cooler than the dotted veiling for summer wear.

Nun's veiling, more sheer and soft than ever before, is one of the most popular dress materials. It lends itself charmingly to the season's various modes of decoration, of which none is more in evidence than the lavish use of fine tulle.

If you want to have your new spring gown cling and hang in the most approved fashion, wear a divided skirt of soft taffeta or China silk. This is fully trimmed with ruffles at the bottom and is the only petticoat required by fashion.

Something altogether novel in combination is a white pique chemise vest in a foulard gown, which is trimmed on the bodice with a fine batiste embroidery.

Floral bonnets are one of the novelties for summer neckwear. They are made of rose leaves and leaves of gathered gauze.

The new artificial flowers are made of velvet and gauze.

Boleros of remembrance lace are a feature in dress and are very effective over the soft muslin veilings and crepe de chine.

Fashionable dress and economy are as

MATCHING THE FACE.

When a lady visits our establishments to buy a Swiss, Bang or other hair work, she can have the fullest confidence that not only will it be a perfect match for her natural hair, but it will also match or suit her face and appearance.

One of the best customers can help us greatly by sending their photograph with the sample of hair when ordering.

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JUDGE AND JURY.

The Man Who Uses Shoe Polish is his own Judge, and the Jury can't disagree.

PUT PACKARD'S Special Shoe Dressings ON TRIAL. Watch the Verdict.



L. H. Packard & Co., Montreal.

Vim Vigor Vitality

VIM—to work and to win—to keep a sane mind in a sound body—to laugh at worry.

VIGOR—to ward off disease—to conquer obstacles—to transmit health and strength to your posterity.

VITALITY—to resist the fearful strain and tension of modern life—to make up for the constant drains of overwork.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills confer all these essential qualities on the user.

THIS EVIDENCE IS AMPLE PROOF.

Before using Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills I felt weak, nervous and run down. I had lost weight steadily for some time; my circulation was poor; hands, feet and limbs were cold. I always felt weak and my muscles trembled. Now, after the use of one box of Dr. Ward's Pills, I feel like my old self. I have gained five pounds in weight and 100 per cent in cheerfulness. I now walk firmly, my muscular system is strong and my blood circulates vigorously. I have more comfort than I have experienced in years. Dr. Ward's Pills have done more for me than any medicine I ever took.

PETER CARMICHAEL,
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All good druggists can supply you. If they won't, we will by mail. Price 50c per box, or 3 boxes for \$2.00. THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Always Demand The One That Gives Surest, Quickest Relief. That's a



BENSON'S

It is the best POROUS PLASTER

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Continued from Teeth Page.

while his heart was banging like a leaden weight and one desperate thought filled his mind—how to escape.

When Cora had walked away with him, she had waited until he was out of ear-shot of the others before she had spoken; then she said with a laugh—

"How odd, my friend, that we should meet again!"

"I am glad," he cried. "I swear I am glad. I was drunk—I was mad I vow I'll never attempt to lay a finger on you again."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"That is what you say. But your words they are not worth that!" with a snap of the fingers.

"On my honour—"

"Your what? Surely monsieur is talking of what he does not understand. A pig might as well imagine it had wings, as for Captain Dorrien to imagine he has honour."

"How, then, can I assure you?"

"It is impossible. But—your pardon has a price."

"Excuse me," she eagerly.

"If it lies in my power," he began; but she held up her hand to stop him.

"I cannot discuss it now. Meet me tonight in the plantation, at half-past eight."

The wild hope which had leapt to life in Dorrien's breast had died out.

Had it been a fancy, or a reality, that as Cora had given the money she to Frenchman, he had seen her make sign towards the plantation?

He shuddered.

They meant to get him there, and do him to death.

"Yes, indeed," he said, "that I have promised to go up town with Metherell. I must wait for your terms till I return."

She smiled wickedly.

"No, I think not. You shall hear my terms first, and then go to town. What I have to say will take but a few minutes; you can catch your train afterwards. That way is a short cut to the road. It can be arranged in this manner: You can slip off without seeing Gilbert Metherell, but leave word with one of the servants that you have walked on. He will go in the carriage, and take you up on the road. Do you comprehend?"

"Yes; but it is not possible for you to say what you have to say? We are quite alone."

She turned upon him, her eyes flashing.

"Look here, Jim Harland, you murdered my mother, you attempted to murder me. It is up to justice instantly. I am kind—I speak of pardon—and you are not satisfied."

"You couldn't prove a thing," he said, with sulky defiance. "If you attempted to harm me I'd show you up for what you are. You have not a single witness. No one would take your word."

"Make not too sure," she warned him. "I have proof."

"It is a lie."

"Trifle with me, and you will see if it is a lie."

It was one; but she spoke with such assurance, that he believed her.

"Will you meet me, or will you not?" she demanded.

"I will," he said.

"If you play me false you will regret it. I shall not attempt to."

There is one thing I desire to know. What had Sir Martin to do with the murder of my mother?"

The surprise he showed at the question was genuine enough.

"Sir Martin?" he exclaimed.

"Did he not converse with you? Did he not assist, or shield you? I want the truth."

"I know nothing about it," he declared. "I was out of my mind the other day, when I said what I did. I don't what possessed me. I—I had nothing to do with it."

"Do you take me for a fool," she questioned scornfully, "that you talk such idle trash to me? Answer me, yes or no. Had Sir Martin a hand in the crime?"

"Don't talk so loudly—someone may hear."

"Yes or no?"

"No, then. What made you think he had?"

"Nothing, my friend, nothing. Let us now enter the house. Gilbert seems as if he did not intend to return just yet. And

I am still stiff and sore from your little playfulness upon the cliff the other day. Do not forget, Monsieur Jim. In the plantation, at half past eight, to-night."

No wonder Dorrien found it difficult to eat or talk.

It was eight when they rose from the dinner-table.

In another half-hour who could have told what might have happened?

"Go you, and Gilbert are going up to town?" Sir Martin said to Dorrien, as they left the dining-room together. "I can't think what can be detaining him."

"He will turn up in time," Dorrien said. He had not a thought to spare to Gilbert; his whole mind was in a torment of doubt as to the result.

"The night is so beautiful," she said. "If I were you, Captain Dorrien, I would walk to the station."

He gave a ghastly smile.

"It is not time yet," he said.

Never before, in the whole of Dorrien's existence, had the moments flown so quickly; all the clocks in the place were calling out the half-hour, before he felt he had had time to make any plans.

He was in his room sitting on the edge of his bed, his head clasped in his hands, when there came a gentle knock at the door.

It opened a little way and Cora looked in.

"It is half past eight, monsieur. Go first and I will follow you."

He got up and went down stairs.

Sir Martin was in the library.

Dorrien never thought of bidding him good-bye.

He felt that he was going out to his death.

His lips were dry, and his eyes burning. The butler helped him on with his coat. Cora stood by, watching.

"Am I to tell Mr. Metherell," she said, following him on to the steps, "that you have walked on?"

"Thank you," he managed to say. "Good-bye."

She waved her hand to him.

It was not dark yet, except beneath the trees, but that bewildering in-between-lights, when all things are indistinct.

Directly he had gone, Cora ran upstairs to a window where she would be able to see him going towards the plantation.

A high yew hedge hid him for some little distance, and it seemed to her an extraordinarily long time before he emerged beyond it.

In fact, she was on the point of thinking that, after all, he had played her false, when she caught sight of his light coat moving quickly in the direction of the plantation.

She clasped her hands together with horrible gloom.

"Revenge!—revenge!" she cried, exultantly. "Will he think of me when that long, sharp knife is driven into him? Ah, but I hope it will hurt—torture! Duvet, do not kill too quickly. Stab again, and again, and again!"

The light coat had disappeared in the twilight.

She leant from the window, and listened intently.

A peaceful silence brooded everywhere, till, from far away, something like a faint, indistinct cry reached her straining ears.

Only once; there was no sound after that.

She drew her head in, and gently closed the window.

They will find his body," she said. "I wonder whom they will suspect? Not me, for example; and Duvet will be far away before the morning dawns."

She went singing down the wide staircase.

The butler came to her.

"The carriage is at the door, miss; but Mr. Metherell has not yet come in."

"How very odd!" Cora exclaimed. "He went away with Monsieur West. I have not seen him since."

"He ordered his portmanteau to be packed, and the carriage to be here in good time. Do you think, miss, it is likely he will have gone on to the station, expecting the captain to meet him there?"

"Perhaps. Tell Hatcher to wait a few moments longer, and then drive to the station. He will overtake Captain Dorrien."

Restless the coachman, waited another five minutes, then drove off with a couple of neat brown portmanteaus in the basket-tray and no one inside the carriage.

In about an hour's time he returned.

The portmanteaus were still there, and the carriage still empty.

He had not overtaken Captain Dorrien on the road, neither had Captain Dorrien or Mr. Gilbert Metherell appeared at the station.

He had waited until the train had gone, then had returned.

"How very odd!" Cora said, again; adding: "They have evidently changed their minds, and have decided to spend the evening elsewhere."

Gilbert, she expected, would come home drunk, in the small hours of the morning, and Dorrien would lie stiff and stark where he had fallen, until someone in horror and surprise should find him.

But Gilbert did not come reeling home in the small hours of the morning, nor did he put in an appearance during the next day.

No one hit any anxiety about his absence.

He had often stayed away for a couple of days at a time.

Sir Martin imagined he had gone away in a rage, after his encounter with Vivian West, and would come back when he had cooled down.

He and Dorrien were, of course, together.

"It was a queer way to behave. Had Sir Martin's mind been less occupied with sad and terrible thoughts, he might have bestowed more attention on the missing man."

But a week had almost gone before he awoke to the fact that the matter was beginning to look serious.

No one in or near the neighbourhood had seen anything of either of them.

A wire was despatched to Dorrien's

town quarters; but he had not been there for some weeks.

Then Sir Martin telegraphed to every possible place, but without result.

It seemed as if the two men had disappeared from the face of the earth.

For miles round everyone was talking of it.

Advertisements appeared in all the papers, begging them to let their whereabouts be known at once.

But no answer came.

Then once again detectives came down to Metherell Court.

And people began to whisper that a curse rested upon the house.

CHAPTER XXV.

At Royal Heath, as elsewhere, little was talked of but the strange disappearance of Gilbert Metherell and Captain Dorrien.

"It's a rum go, and no mistake," Sir Henry said.

He had just returned from Metherell Court with the intelligence that there was still no news of the missing men.

Lady Ayerst, with most of her guests, was sitting under the trees on the lawn.

The sunlight struck bright gleams in the silver and china on the tea table, over which she was presiding.

Sir Henry sank into a vacant chair.

It was a hot day, and he had been riding. "And they have absolutely found no clue!" one of the ladies questioned.

"Not the remotest clue," Ayerst answered, and helping himself to some strawberries and cream. "Metherell has two detectives down. They are having the river dragged—conummate asses! It is likely that either of those two committed suicide."

"They might have met with an accident," Madge remarked.

Sir Henry laughed scornfully.

"It is likely that Dorrien, on his way to the station, would turn off in the opposite direction, and take a swim in his clothes instead? Of course what those fellows believe is, that Dorrien met Metherell on his way to the station; that they fooled about until too late to catch the train, got drunk, and, coming home, fell into the river. The only argument against this is, that not a single soul in the whole neighborhood saw either of them that evening. As the case stands now, Gilbert Metherell disappeared at seven, and Dorrien at half-past eight."

"It is incomprehensible," Madge said.

"Ours disappearance may have nothing to do with the other," a tall, dark man—Colonel Harvey, by name—observed.

"I should say it has," Sir Henry argued. "My belief is, they will turn up, safe and sound, in a day or two's time, and I think this detective business all nonsense. According to Sir Martin, the little Koser girl, and the servants, the fellows were going up to town on the spot. I suppose Gilbert is having a final kick-up before he settles down."

"But they took no clothes!" cried one.

"They would surely have answered the advertisements," said another.

"It is nine days since they disappeared," remarked a third; while a fourth—it was Vivian West—said—

"I agree with you, Ayerst. I should say they are doing it for a joke."

"By-the-by, West," Sir Henry exclaimed, "I expect we shall have one of these detective chapters round here soon. It seems that you were really the last person to see Gilbert Metherell. Shouldn't be surprised if they wanted to make out that you had something to do with it."

Vivian looked up in annoyance.

"I can tell them nothing," he said.

He had no wish to be questioned about his interview with Gilbert.

So far, he had kept it quiet, and Shirley's name, and the indignity to which she had been subjected, had not been gossiped over by everyone in the place.

It was known that he had walked and talked with Gilbert Metherell of the evening of his strange disappearance; but Sir Martin was the only person who was aware that there had been a quarrel.

The chief detective, a small spare man, with a shrewd kindly face questioned Cora closely.

She gave all the information required of her in a perfectly simple, straightforward manner.

She had come home that afternoon, not feeling very well. She met Captain Dorrien then for the first time. He was a great friend of Monsieur Metherell's. They all three went into the garden. Monsieur Metherell then said, had he known she was going to return that day, he would have arranged to go to town. "There was some talk of putting off the visit," Captain Dor-

rien was very agreeable, and seemed only anxious to do as Monsieur Metherell desired.

While they were conversing, a gentleman Monsieur Vivian West, called. He said he had come to see Monsieur Metherell. He had something of importance to say. He refused to speak it before her, Cora, and finally, she walked away with Captain Dorrien.

Afterwards Monsieur Metherell and Monsieur West walked in the other direction. It was towards the plantation. Neither of them came back. Monsieur Metherell was never seen again.

At half-past eight Captain Dorrien said he would walk on to the station, it was such a lovely evening. The carriage waited for Monsieur Metherell, but he never came.

Cora drew a long sigh.

"That is all Monsieur," she concluded.

Mr. Hatcher, the detective, had listened intently to all she had said.

"This Mr. West," he observed. "What sort of a gentleman is he?"

"Young, handsome, an artist," Cora glibly replied.

"And a great friend of Mr. Metherell's?" Cora pursed her red lips together.

"Friend, you say? I should say they hated one another."

"Indeed, and why?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"How can I tell?"

"You probably have some idea, miss, the man respectfully suggested. "Was there a lady in the case?"

"Oh, no; nothing of that, though it is true that Monsieur West is about to marry Miss Lorraine, who was at one time affianced to Monsieur Metherell."

Mr. Hatcher stroked his shaven chin.

"I must thank you very much, miss," he said, "for so kindly answering my questions. It is a strange business and we have absolutely no clue to work on. It would be as well for me to interview Mr. West. Does he reside near here?"

"He is at present staying with Sir Henry and Lady Ayerst, at Royal Heath, a pleasant drive from here," Cora answered, pleasantly. "If there is anything I can do to help in this search, I shall be glad to do it. It is so hard to wait and wait, and to be able to do nothing."

"I trust you will not have to wait much longer. We shall do all in our power to end your suspense."

And the little man bowed himself out.

It was about half past five that afternoon that he presented himself at Royal Heath, and sent in his card to Vivian West.

"I told you the fellows would be down upon you," Sir Henry cried. "Hatcher, that's the man. Don't look so scared, Shirley; they won't arrest him to-day."

"I didn't know that I was looking scared," Shirley returned, scornfully; and I certainly don't feel so."

Sir Henry laughed teasingly.

It always pleased him to make her angry.

"Be careful what you say," he called after Vivian, "or you'll be locked up before you know where you are."

The young fellow looked back, smiling. He was rolling a cigarette as he went.

Mr. Hatcher was standing in the hall. West took him into the morning room.

"Now," he said, pleasantly, "what is it you want?"

Mr. Hatcher stroked his chin—a habit of his.

"I am given to understand, sir," he said, "that you were with Mr. Metherell on the evening he disappeared."

"Yes, I was with him."

"You have some communication to make to him, of a private nature?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that communication had anything to do with his disappearance?"

"I don't see how it could, possibly have anything to do with it," Vivian replied.

He was sitting on the edge of the table, his cigarette between his fingers.

Mr. Hatcher, who had declined a chair stood by the window facing him.

"May I ask you to give me some idea of what it was about?"

Vivian hesitated for an instant, then said—

"I do not see my way to doing that. Besides, it would help you in no wise. It would not afford you the slightest clue."

"Pray don't think me impertinent for asking; but you see, Mr. West, we are at present completely in the dark. On the same evening, at different hours, two people vanish—there is no trace left of them!"

"I think you will find that in time they will turn up all right."

"They may—they may; but I doubt it, Mr. West. It don't look that way to me. Was Captain Dorrien a friend of yours?"

"I saw him once. It was the evening he was going up to town. I have never spoken to him."

"And you feel that it is quite impossible for you to give us any information that may help us?"

"Quite. I know very little of young Metherell."

"You went to Metherell Court purposely to see him?"

Vivian stood up.

"You know all that I can tell you," he said, quietly; "or rather, all that I intend to tell you. I could say anything that would assist you I would do so, however unpleasant to myself. I saw Mr. Metherell on the evening of the seventeenth. What I had to say to him concerns no one. He walked with me to the plantation; I left him there; I have never seen him since."

He opened the door for Mr. Hatcher.

"And you parted on friendly terms?" that gentleman said, as he passed through.

"I think," Vivian said, "that you have come down here to discover the whereabouts of Mr. Metherell and Captain Dorrien, not to pry into my affairs. Good-afternoon."

And Mr. Hatcher found himself handed from footman to footman until he was outside the great oak doors.

He returned home, wept in such profound thought that he drove past the gates

of Metherell Court, and only found his mistake when he reached the foot of the hill.

Sir Martin met him as he came from the stable-yard.

"Have you made any progress yet?" he asked.

"I am sorry to say, Sir Martin, we have not," Hatcher replied. "But give us time. Problems like these are not solved in a few hours. I have just been over to see Mr. West, trusting that he could help us, as I have ascertained that he was the last person in whose company your son was seen."

"Ah, yes; I met him in the plantation."

"Alone?"

"Yes; he had just parted from my son."

"He told you so?"

"Yes."

"You did not actually see Mr. Metherell?"

"No, I did not see him. I heard his voice. But what has this to do with it?"

The detective shrugged his shoulders.

"At present we hold no clue," he explained. "I seek every scrap of information that may lead to one. You say you heard your son's voice. Can you recollect what he said?"

Sir Martin thought for a few moments before answering; then he said—

"My son and Mr. West had had some slight dispute. Mr. West struck him two or three times. I heard my son call for help."

"You did not go to him?"

"I met young West, who told me what had occurred, and expressed his regret for having noted in the way he had. I tell you this because my first impression was that my son was keeping away in a fit of ill-temper. I still think that this may be the cause."

"If so, he has managed to efface himself very cleverly. I should like to take a walk through this plantation. Is it in this direction?"

"I will take you there now," Sir Martin said. "We turn to the left here."

The sun was shining brightly, the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers and drowsy with the hum of bees.

Two gardeners were mowing one of the tennis lawns.

The whirr of the machine made a pleasant summer sound, and the scent of the grass was sweet.

To Mr. Hatcher—straight from busy, crowded, sweltering London—it was like Paradise, and he wondered, vaguely, why a man living in such an ideal spot, should have such bitter discontent stamped upon his features.

The green shade of the the plantation was fresh and cool.

"Delightful!—delightful!" said Mr. Hatcher, appreciatively. "One feels far, indeed, from the madding crowd."

"It is a pleasant change from the glare of the sun," Sir Martin assented.

"And this," Mr. Hatcher observed, after a moment or of reflection, "is the place where Mr. Metherell and Mr. West had their—slight difference of opinion? Now, can you tell me the exact spot, Sir Martin, where you met Mr. West?"

"Right at the other end, near the road. If we continue this path we shall come to it."

"And you did not come this way yourself?"

"No; I went through the garden."

"The narrow, mossy path they were traversing dipped into a leafy hollow, then wound up again towards the opening where Sir Martin and Vivian West had met.

Hatcher's quick, sharp eyes were looking from right to left, while he kept up a desultory conversation with the baronet.

If he saw anything worthy of notice, he said nothing about it.

Once he asked if that way to the road was much used; and when Sir Martin answered in the negative, the little man drew his lips into his teeth, and began stroking and scratching his chin.

That evening, while Sir Martin was sitting down to his dinner, two men entered the plantation.

It was Mr. Hatcher and his colleague, Mr. Williams.

"Now," said Hatcher, "my impression is, that this young West went rather too far in his chastisement of Metherell. Down in the hollow we are coming to there is every sign of a struggle of some sort. The ground is kicked up, some of the undergrowth broken and crushed down. There ain't much trace left, for it's nine days, you see, since it happened and none but an eye looking out for such signs would have noticed anything out of the ordinary. What I propose now is that we search every inch of the ground down there."

They had not far to look.

But a few yards from the path, hidden from sight by the brushwood, they found a man lying face downwards, his clothes sodden and stiff with blood.

They turned him gently over.

The face was all disfigured and discolored; but they could see it was the face of a young man.

"It's Metherell," Hatcher said, in a whisper; "and it's murder."

Sir Martin was about to light an after-dinner cigar, when one of the servants informed him that Hatcher, the detective, desired to see him at once.

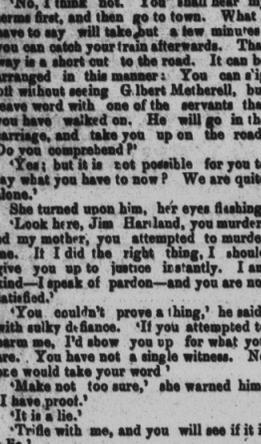
He was shown into the dining-room.

Cora, who had seen him in the hall, followed.

"You have found them?" she cried excitedly. "You have heard something?"

"Speak!" said Sir Martin. "You have found my son?"

To be Continued.



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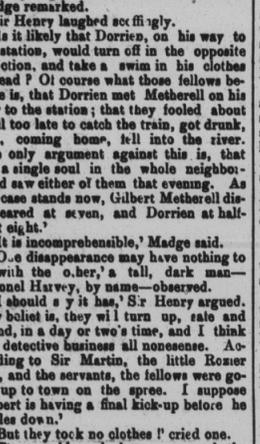
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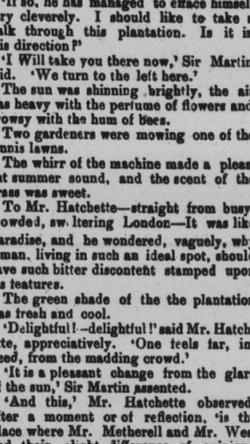
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