

THE HIGHLANDER GONE,

HIS NATIVE HEATH KNOWS HIS FOOT NO MORE.

A Once Populous Country Now Waste and Desolate—Deer—Forests and Potato Patches—The Crofter Question—German Waiters at the Brakes of Balquhider.

LONDON, April 8.—Ever since Goldsmith wrote about his native Ireland:

To hastening life a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,
Green Erin's unhappy condition has been the topic of pretty constant comment, but there's a wee spot of land and water, principally water, farther north in Queen Victoria's dominions whose woes are as genuine and less familiar to the reader.

I have just returned from a week's tour of the highlands of Scotland and am



WASH DAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

tempted to say that the highlands themselves are there, but where in the name of history are the Highlanders? They are gone, starved out, driven out, exterminated like the American Indians, and in their place are only desolate moors, sheep farms and deer forests. Winans of Baltimore isn't the only offender, though unpleasant prominence is given to him because he is a Yankee. All over Scotland, north of Loch Katrine, the same terrible tale of desolation is everywhere told by the mutely eloquent landscape.

Near Dunstaffnage castle, the seat of the ancient kingdom of the Scots and a famous show place for tourists, I went into a little shieling upon one of those errands which curiosity prompts the traveller to invent. I told the old woman in a cap, its sole occupant, that I was from America.

"And haf you met the McGillivrays there?" she said, eagerly.

I informed her that I had heard of McGillivrays, but that America was tolerably large and they might not be the same family.

"And the McDonalds, too," she said, "they used to be a great family here, but they haf all gone to America."

I should say they had! The McDonalds are really as common in America as the Smiths, but here in the green islands of their birthplace, where once the lord of the isles could lead ten thousand men to battle, they are no more to be found except a few scattered specimens who sell ginger ale to tourists or go as deckhands on the steamboats which ply upon the lochs. The excursion to Staffa and Iona, which is one of the commonest undertakings by Americans in their European wanderings, takes one through the heart of the island region and scarcely a human habitation does it reveal, except at the little fishing villages at one or two tourist resorts. Iona Island, the burial place of Scotch kings, and the seat and source of the Highlanders' Christian faith, is inhabited by a few half-starved wretches, who sell strings of shells and photographs to the tourists. The south coast of Mull is as lonely as Anticosti.

The high-road from Ballachulish through Glencoe to Tyndrum is a revelation of the desolate condition of the Highlands. Tourists never see more than the first few miles of it. Ballachulish itself is infested with "summer people," and there is a slate mine a little further up the valley, but beyond the wretched hovels where the miners live there are only half a dozen roots until the Orchy bridge is reached, twenty miles away; and from the four or five houses at Orchy bridge, half of them tenanted and falling to ruin, to the outskirts of Tyndrum scarcely another. Of these half dozen roots two are those of tiny hotels and two more of the hunting lodges of Lord Breadalbane. It was a Campbell of Breadalbane who helped to arrange the massacre of the McDonalds, whose cottages stood, where only their blackened walls now remain, in the valley of Glencoe. His descendants hunt deer over the ruined farms. Hotels and hunting lodges aside, there are two or three



A HIGHLAND INN.

shepherd's huts at the head of Glencoe and one near the high road in the moor of Rannoch. That is all.

The MacGregors used to live in this same moor of Rannoch, after the clan had been dispersed and most of its remnants driven north by the "Great Argyle." Now it's a part of the Breadalbane deer forest; a forest without a tree, be it observed. For many miles along this once inhabited tract, no trees are to be seen, yet it is evident that the land was once heavily wooded, for the dried and whitened roots of evergreens peep out of the peat everywhere. A small plantation of evergreens still gives a deeper gloom to the sombre landscape at the lower end of Loch Tulloch, surrounding the Blackmount shooting lodge, but even here there is no tillage.

In Walter Scott's country it is just as bad. Everybody knows that Rob Roy was

a cattle farmer in the braves of Balquhider until he turned his attention to the cattle of other people, that he wooed Mary—not Helen—MacGregor near the west end of Loch Katrine, and that he afterwards made his headquarters on Loch Lomond. Now Loch Lomond is dotted with English summer houses and is lively enough with excursionists from Glasgow, but the braves and the shores of Loch Katrine are almost as lonely as the Moor Rannoch or Glencoe itself. The Trossachs, where Roderick Dhu's warriors met the Saxons—of course that's poetry, but there is pretty good historic foundation for it in the feuds of the MacGregors and lowlanders—has a big hotel and a boat house and steamboat landing, but no Highlanders. Many of the hotels throughout these regions are kept by Germans. It was rather a curious experience to be waited on at table by a flaxen-haired August in Rob Roy's country as I was at the fine new hotel at the head of Loch Lomond.

After all perhaps it's just as well that the McDonalds, MacGregors, MacGillivrays, Colquhouns and the rest of them have gone to Canada or "the states," for those who remain unless they are so fortunate as to somehow get their share of the tourists' money, are in a state of the most utter destitution. This statement cannot be called either sensational or prejudiced, for it has been made by parliamentary commission after commission for 80 years.

The descendants of the old highland lords who were so intimately bound to the clansmen by ties of mutual respect and helpfulness, have turned into English country gentlemen, or their lands have been taken from them by the Saxons. Nobody cares for the crofters, sheep pay better than anything else upon such rough land, deer forests are valuable as property besides furnishing sport, and so the poor tenant, when he does stay, breaks the law of supply and demand. He isn't wanted. He pays, if he can, high rent for a hovel fit for pigs; if he can't pay, so much the better, from the standpoint of the land-



A HIGHLAND RESIDENCE NEAR OBAN.

lord, for then he can be evicted, his hut pulled down and his potato patch turned into a sheepfold. The English soldiers who chased the surviving MacDonalds, women and children, from their homes in Glencoe on a night so bitter that many of them perished in the snow, were not very much more cruel than the modern land owners. Every heartbreaking story of evictions in Youghal or Achill could find its parallel in Mull or Skue.

Perhaps all this does not impress an Englishman quite as strongly as a Yankee. Americans can hardly be expected to realize what it is like to live in a country where one in every 35 of the inhabitants is a pauper. This must be why William Black, the novelist, who as in a sense rediscovered the Highland, and whose novels are scarcely more than guide books with a thin thread of romance running through them, has so much to say of the beauty of the scenery, so little of the ruined homes and squalid hovels which serve as apologies for homes. Black's novels have unquestionably been worth a good deal to the Highlanders by turning thither such a flood of tourists, but the Pennells, whose written and picturesque description of the country a year or so ago



INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE.

caused such a storm of discussion in England, saw more clearly the unutterable sadness which one must expect along with the beauty of the landscapes in the Highlands. The loneliness there is all very well as a picturesque "value" in the idle gaze of a tourist, and may be pleasant enough, seen from the luxurious cabin of a yacht, but the crumbling walls and sagging roof poles of the ruined huts and the pathetic misery of the few remaining natives are sad enough.

An Eye to Business.

A merchant in one of our Western towns is a prominent member of a church there, and in the absence of the pastor sometimes fills the pulpit. After returning from this city, where he had been selecting a stock of goods, he found that the minister had been suddenly called away. Here was his chance. Rushing into the pulpit after the congregation had assembled, and throwing his hat behind him, as he only could do it, he exclaimed, panting for breath:

"Brethren, you must excuse me for being late, but I have just returned from New York, where I have purchased one of the handsomest and best assorted stock of dry goods ever exhibited in this city, and which will be duly appreciated in the daily papers. Let us pray!"—*Hartford Times.*

Ambition.

First Egg.—What are you going to do for a living?

Second Egg.—I expect to become a spring chicken. And you?

First Egg.—I am going on the stage.

As you like it. Gray and faded whiskers may be changed to their natural and even color—brown or black—by using Buckingham's Dye. Try it.—*Advt.*

SCENES FROM THE PAST.

THREE HANDSOME BOOTHS AND THOSE WHO WERE IN THEM.

Descriptions of the Twelfth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth Centuries and the Costumes Worn—The Refreshment Room and its Busy Waitresses.

Owing to a lack of space, PROGRESS was unable to publish a full description of the twelfth, thirteenth, and seventeenth century booths and the costumes worn. These booths, however, were among the most interesting in the exhibition and are given below:—

12th and 13th Centuries.

Miss Winslow, as Duke Isaac's daughter, the captive princess of Cyprus, wore a most charming dress of rose-colored silk with flowing veil of white green and gold plaid by a thin, flowing hanging sleeves, bodice trimmed with gold lace, gold girdle, and necklace—a most lovely princess she was.

Miss DeVeber, as Eleanor of Castile, wore another beautiful costume, a robe of gold-colored velvet, bodiced with ermine, mantle of green velvet lined with ermine, high collar lined with ermine, girdle of gold fastened with jeweled clasp, veil of maize tulle, jeweled crown, gold collar and tassels fastening mantle and hanging sleeves.

Miss Ethel Parsons, as Rebecca, the wife of Isaac, wore a costume which ranked next to Berengaria's or richly. It consisted of a kirtle of *finet* plush over a robe of yellow satin, embroidered with pearls, hanging sleeves of white lace, bordered with pearls, vest, and sash of yellow satin, yellow sash cap with triple border of silver beads, flowing hair and gold bangles on the arms.

Miss MacLaren made a delightful Mait Marion in a kirtle of Lincoln green cashmere bordered with buff leather, close fitting bodice of Lincoln green, with facings of buff leather belt, foresters' cap of darker green velvet, with leopards' paws at the sides, little buff shoes, quiver of arrows slung over the shoulder, and hunter's horn hanging at the side.

Miss Vroom, as a Saracen maid, wore a charming costume of white silk, with Turkish jacket of cloth of gold, veil of silk tissue, and sash of silk; little Saracen shoes with turned up toes, and little silk cap, flowing hair.

Miss Ada King made a most lovable Prince Arthur in a tunic of white plush, trimmed with gold, white hose, cloak of scarlet velvet, flowing hair, gold, pointed shoes of scarlet velvet, flowing hair, and light crown of gold.

Miss Violet Simonds, as a little page, wore a tunic of white brocade, with gold and silver hanging sleeves, pointed shoes, and white silk hose.

Mr. Cleveland, as Thomas a Becket, wore a splendid dress of crimson and white silk, the chasuble of crimson velvet falling over an all of white linen, the chasuble was bordered with broad bands of gold galleon, stole of crimson and gold embroidery, heavy gold chains crossing the breast and supporting a large gold cross, hanging sleeves of bishop sleeves of white lawn, mitre of gold studded with jewels.

Philip Augustus, of France—Mr. Edwards—wore a beautiful costume of golden scale armor, with tunic of black satin embroidered with gold *fleur de lis*, girdle of gold, and cloak of gobeelin blue plush lined with old rose of France crown of *finet* de la design in gold and jewels, with flowing curls.

Mr. Loring Bailey, as Edward I. of England, wore another very handsome costume, a tunic of blue silk richly embroidered with gold and silver chain armor, long cloak of brown velvet lined with amber brocade, pointed black velvet shoes, and jeweled crown, flowing hair.

Mr. Winslow as Saladin wore a rich Turkish costume—a sultan's dress, a robe of green cashmere embroidered with stars and crescents in gold, vest of cream color and gold tissue, Indian cap of shawl, worn as a sash, turban of cream and gold, shawl sleeves lined with cream and gold brocade, and embroidered with jewels. Kohl-noor fastening white pumice in the front of turban.

Mr. Fred Wedderburn as Richard Coeur de Lion wore a splendid dress of silver scale armor with tunic of scale velvet bordered with gold and silver girdle and sword belt of silver scales on black velvet, long Crusader's sword and jeweled crown, silver Crusader's cross on breast and flowing curls.

Mr. J. H. W. Watson, as David of Scotland, wore the disguise in which the king went to the crusades, a suit of chain mail with tunic of buff leather, St. Andrews cross of red velvet on the breast, silver shield bearing David's device as a Knight of the Leopard—a leopard rampant—silver helmet and cross-handled Crusader's sword.

Mr. Frith as a palmer, wore chain mail with tunic of buff leather, leopard in velvet on the breast, steel gauntlets, arms sheathed in chain mail, cloak of scarlet velvet, gold helmet and Crusader's cross, long cloak of a crimson leather belt, embroidered with crosses in gold.

Mr. K. Frith as a palmer, wore a palmer's cloak of black serge palmer hat with shell at the side, pouch with shell on the outside, palmer's staff with swinging bottle, and sandals on the feet.

Mr. F. Tippet, as a knight of Malta, looked every inch a knight in a suit of chain mail, a tunic of red cloth, with white cross on the breast, long cloak of black cloth with white maltese cross on the left shoulder, black velvet cap faced with cream color, and long Crusader's sword.

Mr. Mortimer Robinson as a court minstrel wore hose of white silk, with tunic of white velvet and royal blue velvet cloak, bordered with brown fur, and the key of his harp hung around his neck.

Mr. F. Starr, as master of the templars, wore a suit of chain mail, with a tunic of cream colored serge with red border, long cloak of cream colored serge, with red velvet maltese cross on the left shoulder. Templar's cap of scarlet velvet, with cap, and band of cream colored serge, templar's sword hung from red leather belt, gauntlets of mail, and templar's mystic staff with cross of red, on a white ground.

Mr. Chestnut, as the chief butler, wore a white linen tunic bordered with dark blue, white hose, apron, knife sharpeners hanging from his side, and peaked hood, falling on his shoulders, bordered with blue.

Mr. W. Starr, as Robin Hood, wore trunk hose of Lincoln green cloth, with buff facings, jerkin of Lincoln green cloth, cape of buff leather, foresters' cap of Lincoln green faced with crimson, and hunter's horn slung from the side, buff leather pointed shoes.

Mr. A. P. Tippet made a most impressive St. Bernard, in robes of cream colored cashmere, with hood of the same, and girdle of rope.

Mr. Wilson as a court jester, wore black worsted hose with maltese dress of scarlet blue and yellow, grey cape, jester's cap and bells and pointed shoes.

Mr. G. S. Hall as Cedric the Saxon, was one of the best carried out characters in the exhibition. He wore flashings of such a very realistic shade that they might readily have been mistaken for the costume of the original Cedric a tunic of scarlet cloth bordered with gold belt of leather, studded with brass. Mantle of silk green cloth, with ermine, edged sword 300 years old, bare arms with wrist and armlets of heavy gold, gold band around the neck, flowing Saxon curls, and sandals on the feet.

Mr. W. B. Robinson as Blondin, wore a tunic of scarlet velvet with belt of linked gold, fastened with a jeweled clasp, white hose pointed red velvet shoes, cloak of scarlet velvet, with ermine collar, flowing curls, and guitar slung over the shoulder.

Little John, Mr. H. H. Godard, foresters' dress of Lincoln green cloth, jerkin of Lincoln green cloth, green face, with crimson, Lincoln green hose, green jerkin, and buff leather cape.

Master Eddie Sears as a page wore a pale blue plush tunic, with dark blue velvet sleeves, and belt, white silk hose and pointed shoes.

Master Ned Purdy, page, wore an entire suit of scarlet velvet, with cream colored silk hose, red velvet cloak lined with cream, and pointed red velvet shoes.

Mr. Duncan Robertson wore the costume of a Spanish matador of no particular century. It was of black silk, black silk hose, with black silk knee breeches, and jacket of black silk faced with yellow, sash of scarlet and yellow silk, black silk soft hat, over bandanna of yellow silk.

Seventeenth Century.

This booth, in charge of Mrs. J. C. Allison, Mrs. Sidney Smith, and Mrs. Murray MacLaren, was divided into two apartments and was most skillfully fitted up by the ladies who had the work in hand. The first division represented the ante-chamber of Charles I. at Whitehall, and was furnished in strict accordance with the fashion of the age. Tapestries draped the walls, a large stained glass window at one side was supposed to throw a dim religious light upon the scene during the day, and at night numbers of wax candles illuminated the rich old furniture, oak paneled walls, silver hangings, and the gorgeous dresses of the lords and ladies, who were sometimes seated around the tables playing a stately game of cards and sometimes engaged in dignified conversation, or gazing in high-bred wonder at the curious nineteenth century crowds who surged past their booth.

The other apartment represented a Puritan kitchen—the interior of Gov. Bradford's house, at Plymouth—and was arranged in true puritan style. From the ceiling hung bunches of herbs, strings of onions, hams, and the shelves were also displayed jars of marmalade, pickles and preserves for sale. While the fair Priscilla, Molinoe, and Mary Chilton, turned out in the plain, high-bred womanly, to the eager crowds who thronged to the booth.

The costumes of King Charles and his court were of dazzling magnificence.

Mrs. J. C. Allison as Queen Henrietta Maria, wore a train of cream colored brocade over petticoat of cream colored satin flounced with point lace, elbow sleeves with lace ruffles, court mantle of scarlet velvet lined with cream colored brocade, and trimmed with gold lace, tiny cap of scarlet velvet, bordered with pearls, hair in long ringlets, and jewels of rubies, diamonds and pearls.

Mrs. A. H. Beddome, of Moncton, made a stately Mary of Medicis in an elegant dress of pale blue silk, with train, front of cream colored brocade embroidered with gold, Medicis collar of gold lace, and hanging sleeves of blue silk lined with brocade, and little diadem cap of pearls.

Miss Ring, of Boston, as the Duchess of Buckingham, wore a robe of gold and black silk tissue, over a petticoat of quilted gold satin, Medicis collar, and hanging sleeves of gold and black, little cap of gold satin, bordered with pearls, and yellow satin slippers.

Miss DeVeber, as the Duchess of Gloucester, wore a charming dress of black brocade, flowered with pink roses and green leaves, front of pink satin laced with pearls, and bodice of pink satin with pearl stomacher. Pearls in the hair, and train of brocade, bordered and lined with pink satin.

Miss E. Smith, as Lady Dorothy Percy, wore a train of blue and silver brocade over a petticoat of cream colored satin, embroidered with gold, white collar of point lace and pearls in the hair.

Miss J. C. Allison, as Lady Lucy Percy, wore a train of pink satin bordered with green, over petticoat of green silk embroidered with gold, green and gold velvet, with hanging sleeves of green silk tissue.

Miss H. Smith, as the Princess Elizabeth, sister of Charles I., wore a very elegant dress, indeed, a train of sapphire blue velvet, over a petticoat of cream colored satin thickly embroidered with pearls, and pearls in her hair.

Miss May Beddome made a charming little Prince of Wales, in a dainty dress of flowered brocade, with short waisted slashed bodice, wide collar of pointed lace, Watteau train of primrose satin, puffed sleeves and flowing hair.

Miss J. C. Allison, as the little Prince of Wales, wore a dress of black velvet, made in Fauntleroy style, with point lace collar and cuffs, and Charles I. hat of black velvet, with white satin plume.

Mr. J. C. Allison, as Charles I., wore a costume of dark green velvet knee breeches and black silk hose, tied with clusters of pink satin ribbons at the knee; doublet of green velvet with point lace collar and cuffs, cloak of velvet, lined with pink satin, sword belt of scarlet and silver; royal badge in jewels, sword, and wide cavalier's hat of green velvet, with white and green plumes; pointed shoes with large rosettes.

Mr. J. Robinson, as Prince Rupert, wore a magnificent costume of scarlet and white satin, with white silk hose and trunk, and doublet of scarlet satin, slashed and puffed with white, and loaded with gold lace, the doublet bordered with gold embroidery; court mantle of scarlet velvet lined with white satin, and fringed and bordered with gold, lace ruffles and sword.

Mr. F. Manwell as the Duke of Montmorency, the French ambassador, blue satin knee breeches, doublet of white velvet slashed with blue and bordered with silver lace, cloak of blue velvet lined with white satin and fringed with silver, and white silk hose.

Mr. W. H. Thorne as Stafford wore a costume of royal purple velvet, knee breeches of velvet, doublet of velvet slashed with crimson satin, cloak of purple velvet lined with crimson satin and bordered with gold, cavalier hat with plumes, and sword.

Capt. J. Twining Hartt as Oliver Cromwell wore knee breeches of russet brown cloth, high cavalier boots of russet leather short cloak of russet brown cloth, cavalier hat of russet brown with scarlet plume, gauntlet gloves and sword.

Mr. McKay as Van Dyke wore knee breeches of maize satin with silk hose, doublet of maize satin slashed and puffed with blue satin, cloak of maize lined with blue, and sword.

The inhabitants of Gov. Bradford's house were naturally arrayed with much less splendor.

Mrs. Murray MacLaren, as Dame Bradford, wore a plain skirted dress of quaker drab, with plain white cap and kerchief, white Missus's bonnet, as Mary Chilton, and Miss Harriet Hazen, as Priscilla, were arrayed in precisely the same style, and very modest and sweet.

Mr. G. Ludlow Robinson, as Miles Standish, wore a most accurate costume of brown cloth and russet leather, with high russet leather boots, spurs, long gauntlet gloves, high puritan hat, russet brown coat, and russet leather belt, close russet brown coat, and sword.

Mr. Bowyer, as Governor Bradford, wore a broad skirted coat of brown velvet, long waistcoat of brown brocade, knee breeches of brown velvet and white wig.

Mr. Gerard Ruel, as John Allen, wore a long coat of brown cloth, knee breeches, brown hose, large collar and cuffs of white linen, and high Puritan hat.

The refreshment booth was from an artistic point of view—perhaps the most tastefully arranged apartment in the exhibition. It was a marvel of beauty and brightness, and the ladies in charge displayed the utmost credit to the manner in which they made it "blossom like the rose." It was partitioned off from the main building with a light green lattice work, and within the walls were draped with hangings of red, white and blue cambric, in stripes, and the ceiling was formed of flags, caught in the centre tent fashion, while in the openings left as windows in the lattice work, were draped with green and gold rep curtains. Potted plants stood upon the side tables, and in the centre of each refreshment table was a choice plant in bloom, while the charming waitresses flitted about looking like flowers themselves. I regret to say, that owing to the unceasing stream of patrons which flowed in and out of this room, I found it impossible to obtain a list of the costumes, which were all most original and charming.

The tableaux were far beyond the usual range of amateur tableaux, and were in reality living pictures, as their name indicates, while the stage management and setting was as nearly perfect as possible.

The diune museum, was alone well worth a visit, being rich in new and original ideas, and the number of studies exhibited was unusually large.

Taken all in all, if the Centennial exhibition was as great a success from a financial point as it was from an artistic one, the promoters will be well repaid for the immense amount of trouble they have taken.

The Earl's Daughter in Novels.

The heavy silken portieres were swept aside by an obsequious menial, and Gwendoline, the Lady Lutestring, glided into the richly-furnished east drawing room. It was not difficult to see that it was noble blood which coursed through her veins. Her lissome form, her delicately-shaped head, with its arching eyebrows, thin nostrils, and curving lips, and her dainty foot, with its high instep, recalled vividly the peerless beauty of her mother, the Dowager Lady Counterpane. As she entered, Lord Fitzherbert rose and bowed to her with high-bred grace.

"I have not kept you waiting long," she said in silvery accents. He did not answer her. He was lost in admiration of her wondrous beauty. "She is indeed the daughter of an earl," he said to himself. As she appears in real life:

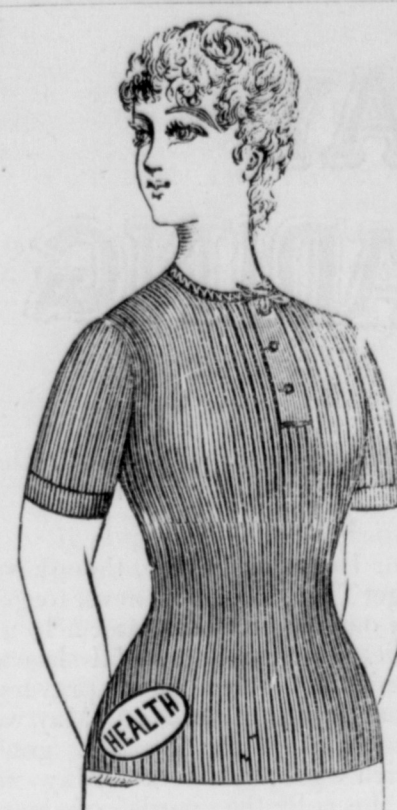
"What a shilling a piece for those fish?"

"I'll make it tenpence, my lady."

The first speaker was a tall, gaunt young woman in goloshes. She was standing at the back door of Castle Chutney, in Wetmold-by-the-Stocks, Dorsetshire. She was haggling over "tuppence" with the purveyor of fish and fresh meat. Her eyes flashed and her lips curled haughtily as she made answer:

"Say ninepence, and I'll take them. There was something striking in the appearance of the woman, whose beauty was the admiration of all who dwelt within sight of the lordly castle, at the back door of which she was standing. The cool morning wind played lightly with the sandy hair which shaded her low brow. The sharp air had given a new lustre to her nose and the points of her rather prominent cheek bones. The goloshes, which hid her feet from view, left their generous imprint on the garden walk. When she had closed the audience with the fishmonger she turned, entered the house, and made her way to the Gothic library in which her father sat. "Papa," she said, "I beat him down to ninepence, and they are perfectly fresh." "My angel daughter!" he exclaimed, imprinting a kiss on her tanned brow. She was, indeed, the daughter of an earl, and a chip of the old block.

Writers in the magazines are inquiring why more girls do not marry. We do not know how it may be in other states, but in Massachusetts we are led to believe it is because the men do not ask them to.—*Somerville Journal.*



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