SOCIAL AND PERSONAL. [CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

Don ville, H. Dibblee, L.B. Pibblee, Fred Hay, F. Wilbur, A. D. Holyoke, A. Garden, and I. Dibblee.
Miss White left on Wednesday morning for her home in Shediac, after a very pleasant visit in ELAINE.

BATHURST.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Bathurst by Master Joe Lordon.]

MAR. 6 .- The concert given by the pupils of the grammar school was a very successful one. Much credit is due Miss Chaiton, Miss Meahan and Mr. Heitherington (teachers) for the manner in which the programme was carried out. The hall in which it was held is quite a credit to the

The drive whist party given by Miss Dyner on Monday the 27 was a very enjoyable one, Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. A. J. H. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Barry, Miss J. Burns, Miss Vail Miss M. Burns, Miss E. Buins, Messrs. T. M. Burns, Pepper, J. Kearny, and Mr. Branscombe. Ices and cake were passed around during the evening, and at midnight all sat downto a tempting supper. Miss Vail and Mr. Brans combe were the fortunate winners. The same evening Mrs S. Bishop had her house beautifully

illuminated. Miss M. Bishop has returned after a pleasant visi Mr. and Mrs. J. White accompanied by Mr. and

Mrs. J. F. Barry, drove to Petit Roches on Friday and spent a most enjoyable day.

Mrs. W. Colners, Chatham, was the guest of her
sister, Mrs. J. Baldwin for a few days. Mrs. F. McKenna was in Dathousie last week fo a few days the guest of Miss Murphy. Mr. J. J. McGaffigan was in town last week.

Mr. J. S. Eagles, of St. John, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. J. McGinley is home from St. John visiting his mother.

Rev. Mr. Richards, who has been absent for some weeks, has returned, and held services in the Eng-

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. H. Stewart spent Sunday in Campbellton with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Comeau. Petit Rocher, were in town for a few days, the guest of Mrs. N.A. Landry.
Mr. F. Young Caraquet spent a few days in Kent-

days hunting, has returned after capturing two arge moose.

SUSSEX.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Sussex by G. D. Martin, R. D. Boal and S. H. White & Co.] MARCH 5 .- Dr. Burgess, of Albert County, was

in town last week. Mrs. J. M. Lyons, of Moncton, spent a few days of last week visiting relatives here.

Miss Nellie Ryan is visiting her brother in Windsor, N. S. Mrs. R. A. Borden, of Moncton, is visiting her

mother at Sussex Corner. Mrs. Warren Byrne, of Norton, is visiting rela-

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Robinson, of St. John, spent a few days of last week with relatives here.

Col. Domville was in town on Friday. The members of the Christiau Endeavor of the Presbyterian Church, held a splendid social in Oddfellows' hall no Thursday evening which was largely attended.

Mr. G. H. White has kindly given one of his rooms in the new brick block on Main street for the nse of the sewing circle in connection with the Church of England, and it will meet there in future. Miss Rena Culbert is visiting friends in Spring-

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McLeod, of Sackville, are visiting Mrs. McLeod of this town.

Miss Keistard, of this place, is visiting her parents in Springfield.

Miss Annie Gorham is spending a few days in

Miss Annie Webster, of Petitcodiac, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hanson.

Mr. Herb Parlee, of the firm of Morrison and Parice. is spending a few days of this week in Miss Mary Cougle, organist of Trinity church, who took suddenly ill during service on Sunday

continues to improve.

The carnival held in Aberdeen rink Tuesday even-The carnival held in Aberdeen rink Tuesday evening was in every way a grand success. The attend ance of both skaters and spectators being very large. Quite a number from Petitodiac and Hampton were present. Dr. Daley as usual captured the first prize; he represented a "Rooster" perfectly, even to the crowing. Miss Annie Keltie, as a butterfly won the ladies first prize. Mrs. Heber Sproul and Miss Bertie Sproul as the McSourley's their received a prize.

twins received a prize SACKVILLE .

[PROGRES is for sale in Sackville at Wm. I. Goodwin's Bookstore. In Middle Sackville by E.

MAR. 6. - The grand social event of the collegiate year took place on Friday evening when the senior class of the university held their "at home." The new college residence was thrown open for the occasion and the spacious corridors, the large dining hall, and the beautiful parlors were filled with the numerous guests. The music, which was furnished by the Moncton orchestra under the leadership of Prof. Watts, was of a very fine order. Delicious refreshments were served during the evening. A number of guests were present from Fredericton, St. John, Halifax, Moneton and Amberet. The guests were received by Miss Mary Duncan and Mr. Jacob Heaney. The seniors who comprise the following: Thomas Archibald, Daniel Bailey, Sedgwick Bailey, Mary Black, Walter Black, George Blakney, William Costin, Ro and Davidson, Fred Day, Lilian Deinstadt, Mary Duncan. Jacob Heaney, William Jost, Hedley Marr, Alber Sanford, and Herbert Sinnott cannot but feel proud of the success which attended their but feel proud of the success which attended their efforts. Some very handsome dresses were worn among which were particularly noticeable: Mrs. David Allison, handsome black silk and

welvet en traine. Mrs. Archibald, black silk. Mrs. Andrews, pretty red velvet. Mrs. Wood, black surah silk.

Mrs. Charles Pickard, a most becoming costume of heliotrope with trimmings of silk.

Mrs. J. Fred Allison, black surah silk, demi-

Mrs. Horace Fawcett looked charming in a gown Mrs. Horace Fawlett trimmings of lace and ribbon.

or pale green silk, with trimmings of lace and ribbon.

Mrs. Bennett, black and green silk.

Mrs. Benedict, (Moncton) a beautiful dress of pink corded silk with feather trimmings.

Mrs. Edgar Ayer, pretty dress of pink and white

silk, lace trimmings.
Mrs. Lawton, (St. John), black silk.

Mrs. Fred Ryan, black silk with trimmings of Miss Mary Duncan looked extremely pretty in a dr-ss of black velvet, with beautiful crimson roses.

Miss Landers, a very pretty combination of pink

cashmere and green velvet.

Miss Ted Deacon looked very pretty in gray silk, corsage bouquet of pink 10ses.
Miss Grace Shewen, pale blue crepon, with trimmings of white silk.

Miss McMullen, cream cashmere, cream swans-

down.

Miss Allison, (St. John), a beautiful dress of yellow, profusely trimmed with lace.

Miss Emma Ayer, gray crepon, pink velvet trim-

Miss Pickard, a striking costume of white with miss Pickard, a strain of the miss Pickard, a strain of the miss Large, pretty dress of pink and green.

Miss Daniels looked very sweet in cream cash

mere.

Miss Borden, pale blue silk.

Miss Marion Long, an extremely becoming gown of pink. with pink gloves and pink shippers.

Miss Alice White, a pe ite blonde, looked very pretty in black velvet and jet.

Miss Shreuder wore one of the prettiest gowns of the evening, a pale shade of pink silk, with knots of green velvet, in which she was much admired.

Miss Greta Ogden, pale fawn silk trimmed with lace the same shade.

Miss Janie Harris, pretty pink crepon.

Miss Daisy Wood, a becoming dress of white silk, with lace overdress, cream roses.

Miss Daisy Wood, a becoming dress of white ship, with lace overdress, cream roses.

Miss Dick looked pretty in a pale blue silk gown.

Miss Pauline Bell wore a stylish and becoming dress of pale green crepon trimmed with green rib-

bons and lace.

Miss Saine Benedict, a pretty dress of cream.

Miss Lotta Shatford, and Miss Edna Shatford,

Halifax, wore pretty dresses of blue silk.

Miss Lena K. ith, cream and yellow costume, beau-

Miss Lewin, pale gray and pink silk.

Miss Lewin, pale gray and pink silk.

Miss Etta Ayer, a becoming dress of manve cash
nere with velvet trimmings of a darker shade.

Miss Smith, white and yellow cashmere.

Miss Wabel Rainnie, a extremely pretty dress
onk crepe with trimmings of pink velvet.

Miss Jean Bruce, Moncton, wore a most becom ng dress of yellow silk.

Miss Gladys Shewen, cream cashmere.
Miss Margaret Holstead, Moncton, dress of blue
and white delaine and forget me-nots.

Miss Fawcett, cream cashmere with trimmings of white morre silk.
Miss Nicholson, Moncton, be autiful dress of cream with white ostrich feather trimmings.

Miss Belle Stockton, black and pink costume, pink

Miss Hall, Fredericton, very pretty yellow cos-Miss Kate Weldon, pink silk waistl black lac

skirt.

Miss Cann, very becoming dress of yellow cashmere, silk lace trimmings.

Mrs. Wetmore and Miss Wetmore of Calgary,
N. W. T. spent Thursday of last week with Mr.
and Mrs. J. Fred Allison.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Benedict, Mr. and Mrs.
Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Borden, Miss Jean Bruce,
Miss Nicholson, and Miss Holstead, of Moncton,
came down on Friday evening for the "at home".

Miss Shatford and Miss Edna Shatford, of
Halifax, are guests of Miss Daisy Wood. Halifax, are guests of Miss Daisy Wood.

Miss Belle Stockton, who has been visiting Mr.

and Mrs. Charles Pickard for the past few weeks, returned to her home in St. John on Saturday.

The promenade concert which the Sackville band intended holding in Music Hall on Saturcay evening was owing to the inclemency of the Mr. Edgar Hewson, of Amherst, was in town on

Mr. Davton, of Edmunston, is the guest of Mr Herbert Wood.

Mrs. Charles Fawcett left on Tuesday for New York, where she will spend some weeks.

Miss Margaret Holstead, of Moncton, spent Friday and Saturday in town, the guest of Dr. and

Mr. Cecil Townshend spent Sunday at his home

Mr, and Mrs. R. A. Borden, of Moncton, spent Sur day at the Ladies' college, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. B. C. Borden.

The friends of Mr. E. L. Stevens, formerly of Sackville, but now of Houlton, Maine, are delighted to see him again in Sackville, where he will spend a

few days.

Mr. Bev. Robinson, of St. John, was in town of Friday.
Miss Estabrook's "Waltz club" which meets on Wednesday evening of each week is proving a grand success. Last Wednesday evening a meeting was held at the Brunswick and a large number were in attendance and dancing was kept up with great miss H. S. Olive, B. A., and Miss Gertrude Allison, of St. John, and Miss Flo Coleman and Miss Gene Hart, of Halifax, are guests of Dr. and Mrs. Allison at the "Cottage." Mrs. Allison and her guests spent Monday at Dorchester, guests of Warden and Mrs. Forster. WILD THYME.

MILLERTON.

MAR. 5.—The rainbow tea given by the ladies great success as the evening proved fine. It was the first of its kind ever held here and was largely patronized. TT . TT . TT . TT . TT Miss Carrie Wetmore, of Blackville, is visiting Mrs. Baylee at the rectory.

Mrs. J. C. Miller entertained a number of her friends at Brookside on the evening of the 1st; among them were Mrs. Allison, Miss Crocker, and Miss E. Crocker, Miss Wetmore, and Miss McGinness, Messrs. Crocker, Allison, Betts and

Wednesday. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. T. Christie Muler on the death of their infant daughter Florence Christie. SWEET MARIE.

GRAND MANAN.

MARCH 5,-Mrs. Holmes, of Eastport, is the gues of her sister Mrs. Watt. Miss Hannington, who has been the guest of Mrs. Covert at the rectory, returns to St. John today. The teachers and scholars of St. Paul's church Sunday school, are making preparations for a concert to take place, I believe, after Easter.

Mr. Frank Newton spent the last week in Halifax Mrs. Jack leaves by today's boat for Montreal,

where she intends spending the next few weeks.

Loyal Heart. Open wide my western window, Let me hear the wild bush speak, Let her soft breath cool the fever That is burning brow and cheek; Surely, Jim, a grander sunset Never lit the Tringa Creek.

I am riding, riding ever To the realms of perfect rest; I shall clash my golden stirrups With the stirrups of the best-Riding to a brighter sunset Than is lighting all the west.

All my heart is lit with longing For the golden days of yore, And, though life was only toiling At a master's galley-oar, I would gladly give me over To the whip and chains once more.

I shall leave some friends behind me, And, until their memory fails, There are comrades who will miss me When the sky to eastward pales, And old Loyal Heart stands waiting With his lean head on the rails.

How the great bush soothes my sorrow With the wind-song that she sings— Frank can have my old bush-saddle, All the racing-gear and things, Give young Jack the Swordfish filly,

Make him ride her with the "ring And Loyal Heart, old Loyal Heart-O, generous friend and true! By honest grip of sun-browned hand, To give him in the blue grass bends The rest that is his due.

The mounted horsemen's chain, If the "brumby" mob should best you In the timber or the plain, When your colts and fillies fail you Saddle Loyal Heart again. When the sand is over fetlock,

But if the ringing cattle break

When the black mud lifts and clings, When the younger steeds are tiring
And the raking rowel stings,
You'll hold them safe on Loyal Heart
From the mulga to the wings.

And when the old horse pays the debt That Nature asks of all. You'll give him, like his master here,

No gorgeous funeral; But let the red sun weep for him, The shadows weave his pall.

Here, hold my hand, old comrade, For the sun is sinking low; The vast wild bush is calling, And I must mount and go Beyond the flame red ranges, Beyond the sunset glow. -Sydney (Aus.) Bulletin.

Rondel to an Old Flame. little girl, a charming tiny tot,

I well remember you with many a curl, Although I recollect you said, "I'm not A little girl." We parted. 'Mid the worry and the whirl Of life, again, alas! I saw you not,

I kept you in my memory as a pearl
Of winsome childhood. So imagine what A shock it was this morning to unfurl

My morning paper, there to see you've got

A little girl!

A Clever Sentry.

An Irish soldier on sentry duties had post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, and Pat boldly challenged him and ordered him to put it out at once. The officer with a gesture of disgust threw it away, but no sooper was his back turned his sentry-box. The officer just happened to look around, and observed a beautiful cloud of smoke issuing from the box. He turned back and at once challenged Pat

"Smoking, is it, sor?" said the sentry.
"Sure, and I'm only keeping it in, to show
to the corporal when he comes round, as
evidence agin you!" for smoking on duty.

In the reception room of the Empress of Russia in a fountain of perfumery, which will yield any desired odor on touching the appropriate button. Her favorite periume is the mayflower. A LIVELY DOG-FIGHT.

A Contest Between a Terrier and a "Cur of

Low Degree." I watched a scrap on the corner the other morning that was the best managed affairfot the kind that I have had the pleasure of seeing for a long time. Not that I am! in the habit of attending such functions to any considerable extent, but the few I have hitherto witnessed have been decidedly inferior to this in almost all respects.

It was in the early morning, and I was hustling down street trying not to think of the weather, the thermometer, and that sort of thing, but being constantly reminded of the same by every person I met. I wonder why it is, when the mercury is down to twenty-four below zero, and one has just argued oneself into believing that it isn't so very cold after all, and that one's fingers and toes are not really freezing, but are, in fact, getting quite warm, that some one meets you with an idiotic smile and observes cheerfully, "Good morning, awfully cold, isn't it?" and sends you back into the Arctic regions quicker than-but that's neither here nor there, I started to tell about the scrap.

Well, just as I reached the corner I met the principals in the affair, each with the end of a leather strap in his mouth. That is, there was only one strap, but there seemed to be some misunderstanding between them as to who was to have complete possession. They stopped just then to decide the matter. The larger of the pair was thick-legged and short haired, brindle in color, and unmistakably "scrub." The other, though smaller, bore evidences of refined and gentle breeding, and looked of the church of England on Feb. 26th., was a every inch an aristocrat. His legs were clean and well cut, his hair smooth, and he stared at his combatant (when he could get time to stare) with a degree of intelligence entirely wanting in the plebian's somewhat ferocious orbs. But both were mad, and each was intent on the possession of that strap, and each was firmly im-Miss Annie Flett spent a few days with her aunt Mrs. Crocker and returned to her home on Wednesday.

pressed with the undersirability of the other as a successful rival. The affair was referred by a capper young fox terrier, who understood his business thoroughly and managed it in a way that would bring the blush of shame and the green of envy to the face of many a sporting gentleman who thinks he knows it all. The crowd was composed of a snub-nosed pug, undoubtedly the bookmaker, a ragged little terrier who exhibited great signs of uneasiness, a grave old spaniel who regarded the scene with quiet complacency, and myself; and I may say that I was by no means the least

interested. The combatants yanked each other into position in the middle of the sidewalk, but the crowd became demonstrative, and the referee raised a dissenting voice, so they steered for the middle of the street instead. Then began the tug-of-war. They hung into that strap like grim death. They pulled this way and that; they jerked, they hauled, they tugged; they snarled and snapped and growled, but they never let go for an instant. If one attempted an unfair advantage by means of a better grip the referee yelped with all his might and the crowd barked itself hoarse. This was to be a fair fight and no favors on either side, and any trickery was promptly squelched and sat upon. The little aristocrat pulled with all his might; the muscles stood out all over his well-knit body; he dragged his opponent over to the edge of the ditch, but the referee sounded a warning note and back they went into the street again. Then it was the scrub's turn. He made up his mind that now or never was the time, and he preferred the now, and he was "jest a' goin to take that blamed old strap in two jiffs."

But whether he wouldn't, or whether he could'nt. Or whether the 'ristocrat said he shouldn't,

The world will never know. However, he made a desperate effort and pulled his plucky little antagonist off his feet, and away they rolled over and over, each clinging to his end of the straw with might and main. The referee stood over them and howled at every violation of the rules. The pug flew hither and thither vainly looking for more bets; the terrier was in a state of the wildest excitement; even the old spaniel seemed rousing to some degree of enthusiasm. Just then there was an ominous growl to the left ot us, and the policeman of the beat, a big, black curly Newfoundland weighing fully as much as the whole crowd put together (myself excepted) appeared, bearing down upon us with righteous indignation blazing out all over him. He made straight for the thick of the fight. In less than two seconds there wasn't a dog but himself in sight. He marched up to that strap, sniffed at it contemptuously and walked off orders to allow no one to smoke near his the field of victory with an air which expressed plainer than words his idea of his own authority and importance. And I walked on, too, with the distinct consciousness that I had the worst of the whole affair, than Pat picked it up, and quietly retired to for I had frozen an ear and the end of my nose while I waited.

Do you Want a Bicy cle.

The advertisement displayed by the H. P. Davies Co., Toronto, will show Prog-RESS readers the class of goods handled by this reliable firm. They have been in the business since its infancy and have now the largest sporting goods business in Carada. It would pay everyone to write them for catalogues of their various | dearly; also that he had been a fool and a lines, as they issue four, No. 1. Athletic villian; that if God spared his life until the

No. 2, Guns, No. 3, Bicycles and No. 4, war closed he would return and ask for Fishing Tackle. They sell largely to the giveness on bended knees. And the boy trade and refer any corres pondence direct to the nearest dealer that handles arms. I suppose he did not speak for fear their goods.

SPLENDID RESULTS.

Such the Figures of the Mutual Life Company Show.

The fifty-second annual statement of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, showing the operations of the Company for the year 1894, will be found on another page of this issue. The figures speak for themselves with all the eloquence

of magnificent results and show; Increase in total income,..... \$6,067,724
 Increase in premium income,
 2,528,825
 84

 Increase in assets,
 17,931,103
 82
 These achievements during a period of

general financial depression and uncertainty are remarkable and unprecedented. The Company paid to the holders of its policies on account of claims by death

\$11,929.794,94, and for endowments, annuities, dividends and other payments to living members \$9,159,462,14. It increased its reserve fund, to guarantee the future payment of all claims, from \$168,755,071,-23 to \$182,109,456.14, an addition for the year of \$13,354,384.91,

The results for 1894 indicate increased security and permanent benefits to every member of this Great Company, These stupendous figures indicate the hold that the Company has upon the confidence of the insuring public and show that it seeks, in constantly increasing ratio, the benefits to be derived from the protection offered by this the greatest of all the companies.

A Tobacco Company's Generosity. The George. E. Tuckett & Sons Tobacco Co., Ltd., of Hamilton, nine years ago instituted the commendable idea of presenting a deed of a building lot each Christmas to their oldest active employee. This year it was the good fortune of Mr. Thomas Milligan to succeed to the firm's generosity, he having been with them for 21 years. In addition to the lot he re- little and hegan to get stiff. ceived a substantial cheque from the same source. The whole staff of the concern also came in for a gift, the day hands receiving an extra week's salary and the piece hands a good sized turkey. Some time ago Messrs. Tuckett turned their factory into a joint stock company, admitinto partnership, and this additional evidence of desire to share with their men the prosperity of the house cannot help but bear fruit in increased energy and goodwill among all who are fortunate enough to be connected with the enterprising

SOLDIER LOVERS.

The following true story of a "man who forgot and a woman who remembered" all came out on the recent death of the woman, who had been a nurse in a military hospital | brities. for nearly a generation:

When the American civil war broke out, this woman was a country girl of eight-The youth was slight, and had a pretty, womanish face. This will explain, perhaps, why the girl loved him and remained faithful; also why the young man grew weary of a big creature who had surpassed him by half a head in height and was getting to look and act more like a man every day.

They had been engaged three years when he finalty got tired of it all and enher, or coming to say good-by. This was

For a month or two the girl went about her work as usual. The facts were not generally known, I believe, at that time. Then one day she, too, disappeared. No trace of her could be found and the search | cylinder used by the lovers in the inwas finally abandoned. These people strument, "just to find out what it might lived in Kansas, near the Missouri line, and a good many strange things were happening then along the border. But far away in the South, where re-

cruits were stumbling along through tangled vines and bad-smelling water, and talling over cypress-knees in their mad haste to join Grant's army and be shot at, a big, smooth-faced boy applied one day for admission into the regiment wherein the recreant lover was marching. It was at a time when men were needed and volunteers not closely scrutinized. The boy was enlisted and assigned to one of the incomplete companies. Later, he succeeded in getting exchanged into that of the

Day after day they marched side by side over very bad roads and through moccasinhaunted swamps, where there were no roads whatever. Recognizing a familiarity of voice and features, the truant lover had inquired of the boy concerning his relatives during their first meeting and had been satisfied with the reply. With a trace, perhaps, of the old love in his heart, he grew tond of the new recruit shortly and they became friends.

By-and-bye he told the boy his story: how he had loved and grown tired of a girl that had looked enough like the boy to be his sister; also how he had run away from her. Then the boy, in return, told him, truthfully enough, that he had also left home on account of a love affair. But he spoke falsely concerning his home, which he said was in the South. And all the time they were hurrying to the front through the mud and burning sun.

As the days passed, and hardships wore away the last thread of romance, the young man spoke to the boy more and more tenderly of his home and the girl he bad torsaken. The truant was beginning to appreciate the love he had thrown away, and, marching beside him, the boy, grown strong and accustomed to misery, listened and grew stronger daily, though he blush-ed rosy, now and then, for he was still a

woman at heart. One night, when they had reached the end of their hard marches and were lying on their guns waiting for the battle at daybreak, the talse one vowed to the boy, who lay beside him, that he still loved the girl

said nothing at all, but seemed to be sleeping with his tace pressed down into his of revealing himself and being sent to the rear. He wished to go into the battle and die, if necessary, for the man he loved, which shows a want of the proper spirit in the breast of even the most masculine of

At sunrise began one of the fiercest and wildest battles of the war; a programme of reckless charges and disastrous retreats. In an hour the field was sown, thickly sown, with men shot and sabred, for the fight was hand to hand and to the death. Some who were still alive were praying loudly. and a number were cursing. One man sang a tew lines of an old hymn and died with a verse half ended.

In the middle of the torenoon there came an order to the Kansas regiment to charge. They had been standing for three hours in the sun pumping volley after volley of lead into the smoke in front of them and they were glad to move. Their blood was thoroughly fired with the smell of powder and carnage. The old savage nature, you see, is not far below the surface as we think. They went forward with a rush and a yell, quickly closing up, here and there, the gaps made hy the enemy's shell and canister. The two young men, with faces streaked with sweat and powdersmoke, shouted and rushed on with the rest. Then, suddenly, the slighter of the two threw up his arms and fell forward on his face.

Now, the orders are very strict about aiding a tallen comrade during a charge, and the boy was a good soldier, but he disobeyed them. He dropped down beside his friend, and the rank closed up and moved on. Bending on his knees, he raised the other's head and looked wildly into his face for life. The dying eyes unclosed just for a moment.

'Oh, Chris, Chris, my darling, speak to me! I am your Mag-don't you know me? Don't you understand? I am Mag -your Mag! Don't die, Chris! oh, don't, Chris, for God's sake !"

The man smiled faintly. He seemed to have comprehended. Then be struggled a

By-and-bye, when what was left of the regiment returned, the boy was still holding the dead man's head on his arm. The captain reproved him sharply for disregarding orders, but when he saw the look of dumb agony in the tearless, blackened face, he retrained from severer punishment.

I suppose the boy must have appreciated this kindness, for he made a good soldier ting many of the more important employees after that and was an orderly-sergeant when the war closed. All of which shows that a woman can do

almost anything as well as a man when she wants to and cares to try.

TALE OF A PHONOGRAPH. "I Love You, Bertie Dear," Were the Words

A certain gallant colonel, who is principal secretary to a certain high official, made a great hobby of the phonograph, and often entertained select parties of his friends with operatic airs, the latest comic songs, marches, flute and cornet solos, and an occasional bit of a speech or lecture by cele-

One morning a frisky relative, of the same name as that of the colonel, called on the latter with his sweetheart. The teen, with a sweetheart a year or so colonel was out, and, as there was no one older. The girl was unusually tall and in the room, the young fellow, who masculine, though with good features. understands the machine, started the phonograph for the lady's amusement. Finding an unused cylinder, he told his sweetheart to speak into the tube. She did so in something like the following

"I love you, Bertie dear."

"Bertie dear" then kissed the girl, and the phonograph faithfully recorded the

"Will you ever be tender and true?" listed and marched away without telling | inquired the maiden fair, and the question was punctuated by another kiss.

As luck would have it, the colonel took his wife and a number of triends to his office that evening, and treated them to various s lections from his phonograph. At last the guileless officer placed the be," and he soon ascertained what it was. the same time, and it took the colonel many a long hour to explain the matter



Mr. F. V. Warmoll Toronto, Ontario.

A Narrow Escape

Took Poison by Mistake **Bad Effects Entirely Eliminated by**

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Gentlemen-In April last, through the effects of a dose of strychnine taken in mistake for another drug, I was laid up in St. John, N. B., for ten days. After this I never seemed to regain my former health, and continually suffered from indigestion and heart palpitation, for which I could get no relief. I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking one bottle, I felt a little better, so continued using the remedy until I had consumed six bottles. I found myself gaining strength

Hood's Sarsa Cures and flesh every day, and am now as healthy as I was before taking the poison." F. V. WARMOLL, representing the Seely Perfumes, 30 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, indigestion.



R A. Gunn, M. D., of New York city: is known to the medical profession and to the public throughout the entire iand. He has had an opportunity of seeing people's needs, both as Professor of Surgery in the U. S. Medical College and in his extensive practice. In speaking about one of his patients who was afflicted with the most terrible of all modern maladies, Pright's disease of the kidneys, he said:

"A chemical and microscopical examinatiou of the patient's urine revealed quantities of albumen and granular tube casts, confirming Bright's diesase. After trying all of the other remedies in vain, directed him to use Warner's Safe Cure. was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month. Within four months no tube casts could be found, and only a trace of albumen, and, as he expressed it, he telt perfectly well."

Dr. Gunn's experience only confirms what other physicians and millions of people have known for many years; that tor all temale trouble, all kidney difficulties, and even Bright's disease itself, there is but one standard, and well known remedy in the world, and that is Warner's Sate Cure. If you are suffering from any symptoms, such as pain in the back, occasional nausea, pains in the muscles, bearing down sensations, or any of those unmistakable signs which indicate the coming on of this great trouble. you should not delay a moment, but be warned in time.

does not entertain his friends with the phonograph.

A SOCIETY WOMAN'S DIVERSION. She Can Take Out a Locomotive Engine as

Well as a Man Mrs. Alfred Bishop Mason is probably the only woman in the States who can take out a locomotive engine. Certainly, she is the only society woman able to accomplish

this teat. When her husband was vice-president of one of the large Florida railroads, Mrs. Mason always went with him on his annual trip. She had been as a girl intensely interested in machinery, and it was with her an insatiable desire to take an engine over the 10 d. And she learned to do it in fine

She began by gaining the permission of the engineer to sit down in the cab with him not doing anything but swinging on, and familiarizing herself with its swing and

the work required for its movement. She says this was one of her most thrilling moments. To be able to sit with her face toward the wind that almost engulfed her, peering out into the darkness that rushed past, and being blinded by the glare of the great fires as the turnace doors

swung open to be replenished. Her next lesson was learned at the whistle. Then came the bell cord, and soon these two functions were left entirely to

her hands. As a train drew up to a station in Florida, where Mrs. Mason was waiting, the engineer and fireman immediately made room for her. Proud was the engineer when his cab contained the bright wife of

the vice-president.

Her seat on the bench near the window was known by the telegraph operator and the station hands as the engine came up, and all had pleasant greetings for her. So, in time, she mastered the most difficult tasks, those that required nerve and skill, and she could take an engine from Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico as well as an old engineer; and the latter were proud His wite and friends also found out at of her. One of the oldest men on the road remarked to her once: "Whenever your

> in the Union." Sara Was Not Acting.

husband gets out of a job, Mrs. Mason,

just come down here and we'll put you 'up

A group of people were discussing Sara Berrhardt with the usual gush and extravagance of praise. "I enjoy her on the stage as much as anyone can," said one man of the party, "but I do wish I had never seen her anywhere else." The rest asked eagerly under what circumstances he had met the divine Sara in private life. "It was at a hotel in Boston," he answered, laughing at the remembrance. "I happened to be passing her door just as she threw it open ejecting some offending bell-boy in wrath. I never heard such a torrent of billingsgate from a woman's lips. She. was the vulgar, shrieking Frenchwoman, not the graceful gifted actress. It was a revelation, I assure you, of the true Bernhardt whom we do not know of."

Another Mail Robbery.

The following news item is sent by the author of the thrilling tale of robbery on the ninth page of this week's Progress: "Recently the Colonial bank of London shipped by the mail steamer Medway to the Colonial bank in Kingston, Jamaica, five boxes, each containing one thousand pounds ir gold. When the boxes reached their destination and were opened one was found to be empty. The affair created considerable excitement at Kingston. The theft had been very cleverly done, the box. being in no way damaged. It is thought the specie was abstracted in England before the ship sailed."

The Opal|Superstition.

"My jeweler told me the other day," said a lady who was giving another an opal for a present, "that the reason that opals came to be called unlucky was simply because they are very tragile; they break easily. So I'll take off the ill-luck of this one by telling you if anything happens to it I stand pledged to replace it." I'he jewelers are anxious to put down this particular superstition, for it seems to be the only thing that stands in the way of opals becoming the fashionable stone of the hour.