

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

points of the instrument and consequently are much pleased with the new instrument. During the absence of the professor at Woodstock, his duties here as organist in the Cathedral was taken by Miss Carmen, who is a pupil of the professor's and who andled the Cathedral organ in such an able maner as to be most pleasing to all who heard it.

Mr and Mrs. John Bauld of Halifax are here with Mrs. Bauld's mother Mrs. George at The Sunnyside Mrs. Bauld having been called home on account of the very serious illness and death of her father, Mr.

Mrs. Eatough of St. John is here, to visit her aunt, Mrs. Chas. Medely, who is very dangerously ill at Victoria hospital, and is the guest of Mrs. Medley, Church S reet:

Mr. Hedley Bond of Torotto, has been spending the past week among Fredericton friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Fairley of Boistown are spending a few days in the city.

Judge Landry and Judge Hannington have returned home after some days spent at the capital. Miss Florrie Marsh has returned home, after a visit of some weeks spent with friends at St. John. Mrs. Harry Phair of Boston is visiting her father Mr. Jas. Tennant.

Mrs. Scovil is here on a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. Bradenburg.

Dr. I. C. Sharp returned from Montreal on Saturday for a few days visit to Marysville. Dr. Sharp is preparing to return to Montreal with his family. where the doctor has already a large practice. Both Dr. and Mrs. Sharp will be sadly missed in Marysville, where Mrs. Sharp has been so earnest a worker in the church. They will take with them to their new home the best wishes of many warm

The very sudden death on Friday last of one of our most esteemed citizens, Mr. D. Farrington George was a shock to the community. Though ailing in health for several weeks past, few but the immediate friends of the family were aware of his very serious condition. Mr. George was a gentleman who had the warm friendship of many of his fellow citizens and the respect of all and his loss to the city will be keenly felt, Mr. Geerge leaves a widow who was a Miss Armington of Providence, R. I., one son Mr. J. Agustus George, a student in the University and one daughter Mrs. John B. Bauld of Halifax. The funeral took place on Sunday afternoon and was very largely attended. Rev Mr. Freeman officiating. The interment was made in Forest Hill cemetry. The pall-bearers were his immediate friends. Hon. A. F. Randolph, Mr. E. Byron Winslow, Prof. Downing, Richard Esty, John W. Spurden, and Frank J. Morrison.

The mourners being Mr. J. A. George, son of deceased, Mr. John A. Bauld of Halifax, son-inlaw, Mayor Whitehead, Hon. F. P. Thompson, Mr. W. P. Flewelling, Mr. Wm. wilson, Mr. T. C. Allen, Mr. T. B. Winslow, Dr. Harrison, Mr.

A. F. Street, and Alex Gibson sr. The floral tributes were very beautiful and in-

Gates Ajar, from Mrs. George and son. Wreath of roses and lillies, from Mr. and Mrs.

Cut flowers, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Winslow. Cut flowers, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen. Bouquet of lillies and terns, Miss Odell. Cut flowers, Mr. J. Mills.

ST. GEORGE.

APRIL, 27 .- The Division S. of T. gave a public entertainment in their hall on Saturday evening. The programme opened with singing by the choir 'My Own Canadian Home" Rev. Mr. Lavers W. P. then introduced Rev. Mr. Fraser who gave a most interesting lecture on the elements of good in an individual which was listened to with marked attention from first to last. Mrs. Sutton Clark sang very sweetly "When the Heart is Young." Miss Jernie McIntyre recited very nicely The Old Clock. The next was a chorus "Come Where the Lilies Bloom." Mr. E. Harvey followed with a recitation "The Stone Cutter" which was well received. The entertainment closed with singing the division ode Good Night.

Miss Rislop spent Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. James McKay. Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Russell have returned from

a pleasant trip to St. Stephen. Mr. Peter McVicar and Miss Annie McVicar

who have been spending the winter in town nave returned to their home in L'Etang. The funeral of the late Mr. Patrick Drumgold took place from St. Mark's church on Tuesday

afternoon, his two daughters arrived home from | the hands of the priests, who had searched Quincy Mass., on Tuesday morning.

of youngli-Mr. McDonald of St. John which took | In 1882 Pitsican, the chief engineer of the place at the home of his sister Mrs. Edward Farran | Texas and Pacific road, was killed by the

Mrs. Williamson is visiting her daughter Mrs. Alex Campbell.

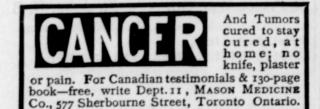
Miss Flo Lavers is confined to the parsonage

The St. George parish S. S. convention convenes in the baptist church on Thursday afternoon and

The social evert of the week was the musicale given at the Elms the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnstone. The affair was for the pleasure of Miss Laura Wetmore of Truro N. S who returns to her home this week. Those attending were Capt. and Mrs. Mahoney, Mr. and Mrs. L. Russell, Miss King, Miss Russell, Miss Lavers, Miss Bessie O'Brien, Miss Ludgate, Miss Marsh, Miss Stewart, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Alexander, Mr. Simmons, Mr. Ludgate.

"Penalty of violated law," would be an appropriate epitah for half the dead.

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A COMPREHENSIVE EPITAPH.

It is on the Dilapidated Stone at the Head of a Patriot's Grave.

'I was up in Vermont not long ago, said a New Yorker, 'and being in the vicinity of the old Guildford Cemetery I paid it a visit. This cemetery has, from neglect, grown to be somewhat of a minmany of the ancient gravestones are past | o'er. all deciphering. On one stone that stands in picturesque obliquity at the head of a sunken and overgrown grass I managed to decipher what had been inscribed there generations ago and copied it. This is

what the inscription says: "Sacred to the memory of the Hon. Benjamin Carpenter, Esq. Born in Reheboth, Mass., A. D. 1725. A public teach. front window of a handsome house a pretty er of the righteousness, an able advocate girl stood smiling at him and genially wavlost for Democracy and the equal rights of | ing a handkerchief. Before he recovered men. Removed to this town A. D. 1770. Was a field officer in the Revolutionary war. A founder of the first constitution and government of Vermont. A councillor of Censors in A. D. 1783. A member of the council and Lieutenant Governor of the states in A. D. 1779. A firm professor in experience, and the game went merchristianity in the baptist church for fifty years. Left this world and 146 persons of lineal posterity March, 29, 1804, aged 78 years, 10 months and 12 days, with a strong mind and full faith of a more glorious state hereafter. Stature about 6 feet, weight 200. Death had no terror.

"If there are any of those 146 persons of lineal posterity left, I think it would be something to their credit if they would drop along up that way some day and fix up that old patriot's and statesman's grave a little."

TIOFA MINE REDISCOVERED.

A Brocklyn Man Entitled to Half of the Government's Big Reward.

A sensation has been created in El Paso, Tex. by the arrival recently from Chuichupa, a villiage in the heart of the Siera Madre Mountains, Mexico, of J. Newton Fowler, with news of the rediscovery by himself and Morris Singleton of the famous lost gold mine of Tiofa. The discovery was made on the evening of April 6, in a deep narrow canon, through which runs the Rio Chico. a tributary of the Aras River. Mr. Fowler, while chasing a wounded deer, came across a stone wall inclosing an opening. On cutting through the wall an old miring shaft was disclosed. At iss mouth were a number of

crude, old mining implements. On going down the shaft a few feet some very rich specimens of gold were found. If this is the old Tiota mine, as is firmly believed, Mr. Fowler and his associate will receive \$15,000 in gold from the Mexican Government, this being the standing reward it has offered for the discovery of the mine. The records of the mine were in the country for it. More than one man Another very sad and sudden death was that has lost his life searching for this mine. Apaches while he was searching for it, J. Newton Fowler is from Brooklyn, N. Y., where his father is a contractor and builder, and Singleton is an old ex-Texas Ranger. The Tiofa mine was fabulously rich in gold, and was walled in when its owners were driven out of the country by Indians in 1890.

English Nurses in Bombay.

To-day, for the first time in his memory the Englishman in Bombay, in taking his morning ride, meets English ladies on their way home from a night's nursing duty under the escort of an armed guard. We are sure that we shall have many with us when we say that on the day on which an Englishwoman who has come out to nurse the poor of Bombay has to pass through the streets behind a loaded rifle her mission should be brought to an abrupt end. Now that the violence of the people whom they have come to tend and to care for has come in as a supplement to the risks of pestilence and the strain of labor and night watching, it seems to us that the time has come to tell the poor of Bombay that English nurses will no longer thrust themselves upon their indulgenc.-Bombay Advocate

FUN FOR TOMMY.

Lark of a Boy Who Resembles His Sister and Has Great Capacity for Mischief.

One small boy in this city is in deep disgrace and his sister stoutly refuses to forgive him. The sister is a remarkably pretty girl, and the brother looks like her, but there the resemblance stops, for in spite of his cherubic face he is an imp of darkness, and provides entertainment not only for the family, but also for the whole neighborhood. One day, not long ago, he made himself so intolerable that his mother lest patience and ordered the maid to take him upstairs and lock him in his sister's vetoed the plan, but she had gone out for the day, so Tommy was hauled upstairs and locked in the big front room on the third

For a while he entertained himself fairly well by playing drug store, and mixing medicines of tooth powder, fingernail paste, soap and perfumery; but at last that palled upon him, and he looked for new words to conquer. The closet door suggested possibilities, and he pulled out one of his sister's dainty frocks and arrayed himself in it. Then he put on her best hat. The resultspleased him. He made a most attractive girl; and, even at his age, he knew a pretty girl when he saw one. He admired himself for a few minutes, but he realized that he was worthy of a larger audience. He was too good a thing to waste his sweetness on the desert air, so he went iature wilderness, and the inscription on to the window and looked the landscape

An electric car line runs past the house, and a car happened to bowl along while the youngster leaned out of the window. The motorman looked idly up at the front of the house. The boy in the window wriggled with excitement as he saw a chance for appreciation. The next moment the motorman was dazed, for in a from the shock the house was blocks bebind him; but the conductor had seen the vision also, and the two compared notes with great interest. The conductor and motorman on the next car had the same rily on until word had been passed along the line, and every man on the road was on the lookout for the house and the girl. Some of the men said she was one of the servants. Others more observing declared that the hat and the leisure disproved the servant theory. When a car came within a block of the scene of action a thrill of excitement ran from front to the back platform. The motorman did funny things with the motor, which sent passengers tumbling over one another, and it one wanted to leave the car the only way to attract the attention of the conductor was to knock him down. Both men hung over the gates and directed idiotic smiles at a third-story window, and the passengers dislocated their necks in trying to see the cause of the excitement. When they did see the women were shocked and

the men were amused. The fun waxed fast and furious and Tommy was having the time of his life, and playing his part with a verve that would have won him fame on the variety stage. When he reflected that he might have been locked in a back room and have misssed all that lark, he would have wept tears of gratitude, if there had been time for it between smiles. But the situation was too blissful to last. Unluckily for Tommy, one of his mother's friend who lived next door was moved to seat herself at the front window, and her attention was attracted by the phenomenal behavior of the people of the cars. She couldn't see what caused the excitement; but, after watching for half an hour, she decided that some one was at a third-story window of the next house. That was Mollies's room; but Mollie-oh, no, that couldn't be possible. It must be one of the servants. She stood the uncertainty as long as she could. Then curiosity was too much tor her; and, putting on her hat, she hurried over to call on Tommy's

mother. The rest of the tale is sad, very sad, Tommy was caught red-handed, and punishment swift and dire was meeted out to him. The carmen stretched their necks in vain, and lamented that the joy had departed from Israel, and deadly monotony had once more fallen on the street car business. Doubtless they still dream of the radiant and gracious vision that brightned an afternoon for them, but Tommy knows the thing was a nightmare; and the story goes that he still stands up to eat his

meals and sleeps face downward. As for Mollie-well, the heathen may rage, but she could give them points. She refuses to be propitiated, and insists that her reputation is ruined. Nothing can persuade her to occupy her beautiful, big front room, and she has moved her lares and penates to a stuffy little room overlooking the back yard. There she calls down maledictions upon the head of her

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small brother, who feels that enough male dictions have decended upon another part of his anatomy to appease even his worst enemy .- N. Y. Sun.

THE INCONVENIENT BIRD.

Regards the Turkey as Too Large for One and Too Small for Two.

In the days "before the war" a family of hand-working people lived in a border county of Mississippi. Their home was situated upon the 'big road' which led from Alabama northward into Mississippi. They did not keep a tavern, but they often fed

One Saturday the housewife roasted a room. The sister would probably have | large turkey, baked a batch of bread, and made a number of pies. She was ready for her Sunday dinner, and expected to go to church the next day. The services were held a number of miles away.

> Atter 2 o'clock that Saturday afternoon a single horseman appeared. He asked for his dinner, and fed his horse in the ample stable of the farmer. The housekeeper was busy and the man in haste, so she set the turkey before him, thinking that he would not make much of an impression upon it.

The stranger sat down in front of the turkey and set to work. He cut into the breast of one side and ate it all. His appetite was only whetted. He demolished the wing and then cut off the leg. The drums ick disappeared and the upper joint was stripped. The woman stood aghast. She pattered out to the back porch where her pies were cooling, and, selecting a tempting apple pie, set it before her guest. He put it to one side, and turned the untouched side of the turkey toward him. He cut off the wing and the leg. The woman saw her Sunday dinner disappear before her eyes.

At length, having exposed all the bones of the large fowl, he attacked the pie and left not a crumb.

The woman sank in a chair near by. She was too much overcome for a moment to speak. Then she said:

'You seem to have enjoyed the turkey. There is not so much left as I expected. She could say no more. She felt that

words were inadequate to the occasion. The man pushed back his chair, took out his quill toothpick, crossed his legs, and sighed with satisfaction. Then he spoke:

"Well, madam," said be, "a turkey is a very inconvenient bird."

He tell to ruminating. His countenance expressed the benevolence which a good dinner is apt to produce in a man. The woman waited for him to explain,

but he was silent. Then she said: "Why is the turkey inconvenient!" "Well, madam, it is a little coo much for one and not quite enough for two," replied her guest.

The woman fainted.

Hindoo Pursuit of a Treasure.

The following incident occured recently in one of the largest hotels in Calcutta. It appears that about a week ago an officer of the Gordon Highlanders arrived in town on his way home. He had a large sum of money with him-about 2,000 rupeesand the usual jewelry of an English gentlemen. These were all locked in one of his trunks. Returning from the dinning saloon to his own room the other evening, he was just in time to see some suspicious looked natives bolting down the corridor. On entering his room he found on examination, that all his trunks had been forced open and the contents thrown about; but, strange to say not a piece of his money was missing nor an item of his ewelry. He believed that the burglars were Afridis, and the object of their cupidity was a copy of the Koran belonging to the Mad Mullah, which they somehow learned was in his possesion. The book was rolled up in an old singlet and thus escaped the searchers, who appear to have tracked the officer from the front.

Walking Home with Mary. The moon was silver-white that night, The snow was pure and sparklin'. And trees and busnes 'gainst the white Was blots of shadder, dark'nin.'
Each fence rail had a j-weled load,
And I, along the pastur' road,
Was walkin' home with Mary.

Se still, a dog, two mile away Could reach us with his howlin', The tumblin' breakers in the hay Was plain as thunder growlin', My clumsy boot-heels' crunch and squeak, Beside her step so airy, Seemed sayin,' 'Now's your time to speak; You're walkin' home with Mary.'

The fur-off breakers lent their help By boomin' 'Now young feller!' And all that dog could find to yelp Was 'Tell her! Tell her!' And every crackin' bit of ice Seemed like a kind of fairy. A-givin' me the same advice. When walkin' home with Mary

And so, I swallered down my heart-'I warn't greatly to my credit, With all the airth to take my part— But, anyhow, I said it.
And then that dog shet off his bark;
There wa'nt a breaker, nary;
The hull wide world stood still to hark

She answered, and the breakers fell And roared congratulation; That blessed dog let out a yell That must a-woke the nation.

And near the word for Mary.

'Twas thirty year or more ago. Yet still it makes me scary
To think, what if I'd heard a 'No.'
When walkin' home with Mary.

Charity.

I don't regret my neighbor's happy lot; When fortune favors him it makes me glad-Provided always that his gifts are not As bountiful as those that I have had. -Chicago Daily News.

One strange feature of Australian social life is the perfectly casual way in which men marry for no ostensible purpose except the purpose of vanishing westily around the corner immediately after the ceremony. In a Sydney case now on band, the husband, it is alleged, married in 1894 and shortly afterward made his tired, indifferent exit around the corner and never came back. In 1896 he married again, and immediately faded away up the street. He never lived with his second wife. When he was arrested on a charge of aggravated harem, he offered no explanation whatever. Apparently he only did it because a fellow must do something.

Compensation.

Mrs. Brown-"We missed you in the conversation so much, my dear.

Where They Marry to Kill Time.

Mrs. Jones - I'm so sorry.' Mrs. Brown-'But then, of course, your absence made a lot of talk.'

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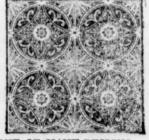
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