

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

A temperance concert will be held this (Wednesday) evening, the children will take a large part in the entertainment which is under the direction of the W. C. T. U.

Miss Florence Sullivan is the guest of Mrs. Daniel Gillmor at the beach.

Hon. A. H. and Mr. Daniel Gillmor are visiting Boston.

THURS.

[Progress is for sale in Turin by Mr. J. O. Fulton, and Messrs D. H. Smith & Co.]

SEAT 28.—Mrs. (Senator) MacFarlane and her niece, Miss Seaman, are here from Wallace guests of the Misses Ross, Victoria square.

Mr. Dickenson, accountant in the Merchants Bank left on Monday for Kingston, N. B. where to-day he figures as a principal in an interesting event. Mr. Dickenson has many friends here, who extend him and Mrs. Dickenson good wishes. On their return they will be guests at the Prince of Wales.

Judge and Miss Shannon Halifax are guests of Rev. and Mrs. Rogers Lomison street.

Mrs. S. E. Whiston is visiting Mrs. W. H. Donkin "Stoneycroft Cottage."

Mrs. Hiram F. Donkin and Master Bertie Donkin who are on route to Gloucester C. B. from Charlottetown are guests for a day or two of their friends at "Fairholme."

Large numbers of Truroians have been attending the Provincial Exhibition during the past week.

Messrs C. E. Bentley Ex-Mayor, R. J. Turner and M. Dickie, were in Halifax, last week, in the interests of the Midland Railway.

Miss McKay is visiting Halifax friends.

Miss Mai Dimock is home from Boston, after a prolonged visit with friends.

The large and appreciative audience, which greeted Mr. Avon Saxon, in the Opera House, last night, enjoyed an evening of song, such as has not been given here for some time. Mr. Saxon, was a delight, in all his numbers. Everyone is glad to know that Mr. Saxon, returns for Saturday evening. Miss Mattie Archibald and Masters Ned and Harry Archibald and Harry Yuill, returned last night from the city, where they were "Doing" the Exhibition, during the past week. Pzo.

Recollections.

Methinks I see it even yet—
An old house, deep in roses set;
I smell the fragrant mignonette.

A girl among the leafy bowers,
Her small hands full of bright-hued flowers—
The rose-leaves fell in tinted showers.

Upon the tresses, waving free
Above her brow of ivory,
Her face is fair to see.

She warbles sweetly on her way,
Her silvery notes are clear and gay
As skylarks' joyous morning lay.

'Tis but a memory—long ago
We laid her 'neath the winter snow,
Where bending weeping willows grow.

The old house lies in ruin gray,
Long faded are the blossoms gay,
And I am far, so far away!

Life's Mistakes.

It was only a tiny blossom,
Just the merest bit of bloom;
But it brought a glimpse of summer
To the little darkened room.

It was only glad "good morning,"
As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the life-long day.

Only a song; but the music,
Tho' simply pure and sweet,
Brought back to better pathways
The reckless roamin' feet.

"Only!" In our blind wisdom
How dare we say at all?
Since the ages alone can tell us
Which is the great or small.

Paper Telegraph Poles.

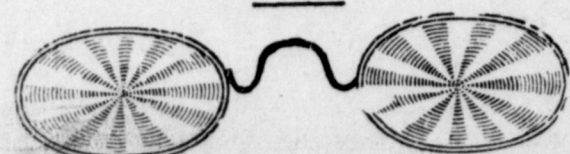
Telegraph poles are now made of compressed paper. Those of that material are said to be more durable than those of wood.

'Mamma what is classical music?'
'Oh! Don't you know? It's the kind that you have to like whether you like it or not.'

Closing Out.

Every pair of Spectacles and Eye Glasses must go at once.

Here are the Prices as low as the Goods Last!



Solid Gold Frames, Warranted,	\$10
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted	2.15
Years	.90
Gold Filled Frames, Warranted 5	
Years	.65
Best Lenses, Per Pair, Warranted,	.85
Aluminum Frames, Gold Filled	
Nose-Piece,	.20
Alloy Frames, Note	.20
Steel or Nickel Frames,	.05

We have taken the sole Agency for the celebrated Mexican Medicine Co.'s Remedies and are closing our optical goods to make room for the same. Come at once. Don't delay. Respectfully yours,

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alternatives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

Nor are these all. Other very valuable curative agents are harmoniously combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla and it is carefully prepared under the personal supervision of a regularly educated pharmacist.

Knowing these facts, is the abiding faith the people have in Hood's Sarsaparilla a matter of surprise? You can see why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, when other medicines totally, absolutely fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

A FORTUNE OVERLOOKED.

The Find Made by Executors of a Washington Estate.

'You may talk about the wonderful discoveries of gold in the Klondike region,' said a lawyer a few days ago, 'but one of the richest gold finds of the year occurred right here in Washington. I will not mention names, but the gentleman referred to was known all over the country before he died as one of the wealthiest pension agents and publishers of the present day.'

'A short time after the captain, (I will call him captain) throughout the story) died, his executors were engaged in making an examination of his effects. His will had been carefully drawn and all of his real and personal property was supposed to be distributed among his relatives and friends, according to his last wishes. One day in clearing out the safe, in the building which still bears the captain's name an old chest was discovered in one of the dark corners of the vault. It had been there for years, and was supposed to contain only some plates and drawings of war pictures, used in connection with a book of war stories. The executors had passed the old chest by without examining its contents, supposing of course, that it contained nothing but the plates and drawings, as indicated by the marking on the outside. One of the clerks engaged in the work had curiosity enough to take a peep into the chest. When the loose drawings were removed a sight met his gaze that fairly took his breath away. There, nestled among the sheets of war pictures, and at the bottom of the chest, was an immense pile of gold coin, which, when counted, amounted to something over \$50,000.

'There were gold pieces of every denomination, from \$1 to \$20. The discovery was so unexpected that the executors were at a loss for some time to account for the pile of treasure. The latest will was carefully scrutinized, but nothing in it could be found relative to the unlooked-for gold deposit. Various theories were advanced to explain the accumulation of coin, and it was finally concluded that the captain had followed the example of other cautious capitalists during the last raid on the treasury gold reserve, and hoarded the amount found in the chest. The coin looked as though it might have been dropped into the chest carelessly, for the various denominations and dates were in happy confusion. The executors were unable to account for the omission of the gold pile in the will, for although the captain was a great spender, he usually kept a clear account of his securities. It is possible that he may have been quietly engaged in hoarding gold pieces for a number of years prior to his death, and when his fatal illness came on he may have forgotten the gold lining to the chest containing the war pictures. Of course the gold was carefully counted and entered up as a very desirable part of the estate.'—Washington Evening Star.

A VICARIOUS SACRIFICE.

A Georgetown Boy Who Owned up to Another's Offence.

That the days of chivalry are not over and that the spirit of Damon and Pythias is not dead is demonstrated by an incident that occurred at Georgetown University and has just leaked out. A poor young man who had worked his way through college passed his examination and had alluring prospects of employment as soon as the graduating exercises were over, went out with a party of students for a lark one night and got into mischief, as young men often do. It was not a disgraceful act, but it was a violation of one of the most serious rules of discipline, and expulsion was the penalty. The culprit was unknown, except to his companions, and they being scrupulous in the

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Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

observance of the code of college honor, sealed their lips. But the Jesuit fathers, who compose the faculty, were unusually energetic in their investigations and the evidence was closing around the poor young man in a manner that made him tremble, when Robert A. W. Walsh, a sophomore from St. Louis, entered the office of the president and said: 'I did it.' Walsh was a quiet, well-behaved boy, popular with the faculty and the students, and his confession created a sensation, for he had not been suspected. Nevertheless, discipline must be enforced, and with reluctance and regret he was expelled from the institution. He left Washington, escorted to the railway station by a large body of students, returned to his home at St. Louis and the next fall entered Princeton University. The poor young man received his diploma and went his way rejoicing, but it was noticed that he never spoke of Walsh without emotion. As the young men are no longer students at Georgetown there is no necessity of preserving the secret, and the faculty and the students are all aware that Walsh, being an under-class man and the son of wealthy parents, and having nothing at stake, voluntarily offered himself as a sacrifice to save the reputation and the prospects of his friend, who otherwise would have been turned out of the institution in disgrace. The act was done without consultation and without the knowledge of the student who was saved, and has received absolution, and Walsh can return to the university whenever he desires. He prefers to remain at Princeton, however, and the publication of the story now will not injure his reputation.—Chicago Record.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

Just Like Being Struck Over the Shoulders With a Club.

Lieutenant Hains, commanding an artillery platoon under Captain Potts in Porto Rico, was wounded on August 12, the day the war ended. He is now at St. Luke's hospital, in New York city. Talking with his brother, Captain T. Rankins Hains, who was at his bedside, he said:

'On the morning of the 12th Captain Potts was ordered to proceed up the San Juan road with five guns for the purpose of shelling the Spanish trenches of Asomanta. Four guns, which included my platoon, were moved into position in a field near the San Juan road at a range of 2000 yards, the fifth gun being sent ahead 100 yards to our right on the road.

'Just before we came into action the enemy opened on us with infantry volleys and two 3 inch howitzers. This hastened us into action. We picked up the range immediately and did splendid work. The two howitzers were soon silenced and the Spaniards were seen running from their intrenchments. Then we slackened our fire.

'Soon after we did so the enemy took heart and began to return. General James H. Wilson sent me with a gun up the road in advance of the rest to try and enfilade the enemy. I went up the road on horseback about 200 yards and found a company of Wisconsin infantry on a bend of the road which formed a cover from the Spanish fire. I passed beyond them, and the gun was unlimbered in the next turn of the road in a somewhat sheltered position. My men lay down by the roadside to escape the Spanish volleys, the maulers coming in a storm with each volley.

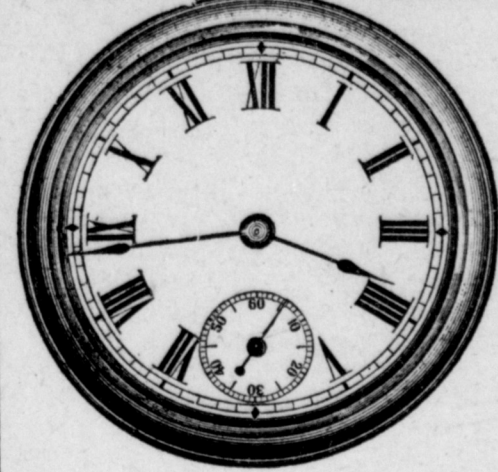
'I told the sergeants we would have a try at them for luck, anyhow. As I could see no Spaniards nearer than 500 or 600 yards I had him run the gun out on the road a little. We had no sooner done this than the fire suddenly increased fiercely, so the gun could not be served. We hauled the gun back to the next turn in the road, where we were joined by the second gun, still unable to do any great execution owing to the sheltered position of the

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SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES.

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WE give free a nickel-plated WATCH, stem winder and setter, American movement, warranted a reliable time-keeper; a full size VIOLIN and BOW; a 10-keyed ACCORDEON, with two stops, double bellows, finely finished; a SOLID GOLD RING, plain or stone setting; or a CASH COMMISSION, for disposing of 20 packages of our ELITE BOUQUET PERFUME for us at 10 cents per package, among friends. Send us your full address on a post card, stating that you want to sell perfume for us, and we will send the 20 packages by mail post paid; when sold, send our money and we will send either of the above named premiums you select, or you may keep one-half the money from what you sell, returning perfume unsold. Read what others say:—

FETITE RIVIERE, MAY 21st, 1898.
The ring you sent me got here a right and I am much pleased with it, I would like to thank you for your kindness.
MINNIE WENTZEL.

CHELSEA, AUG. 11th, 1898.

Yours ROY CAMERON.

Gem Novelty Co.,
TORONTO, ONT.

To GEM NOVELTY CO.,

I received the watch in good condition and I am well pleased with it.

We have hundreds of testimonials from those who have received premiums from us. Address.

Mention this paper.

enemy. The fire continued with fierceness, but from our new position we brought a house into view. I had the gun instantly trained upon it, as I saw several Spaniards outside of it, and felt certain it was not empty. The very first shot landed fairly upon the side of the house and, penetrating, burst inside, sending things flying. The enemy broke cover and I turned to the sergeant saying: 'That was a good one; now give them—'

'As I turned something struck me through the body. I knew I was badly hit, but felt no pain after the first shock. It was like being struck over the shoulders with a club. I passed my hand to my side and brought it away full of blood.

'The sergeant saw me and ran to my side. 'They've got me this time,' I said. He put his arm around me and led me away and let me lie down.'

DISRAELI'S AMBITION.

He Made up His Mind to be Prime Minister at an Early Day.

The late Lord Beaconsfield had a two-sided nature. When plain Mr. Disraeli and a young man, he was noted for 'love of tinsel, glitter and flamboyance,' and for 'delighting in fine clothes and fine dishes.' He was also noted for his mental cleverness and for a certain audacious frankness as to aims and hopes in life, which were high. The Hon. Grant Duff mentions in his 'Diary' that at Lord Melbourne's Mrs. Norton introduced Disraeli to the prime minister.

'I am glad to meet you, Mr. Disraeli,' said Lord Melbourne. 'I hear you're a very clever young man. What's your ambition?'

'To be prime minister of England, my lord,' the frank young man answered.

The sage, good-humored statesman, who had weighed most things of public life and did not think 'their metal worth the clink it made,' must have been amused at the ingenuousness of the gaudily dressed youth; but in less than thirty years from

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that interview Disraeli had realized his ambition. Some time after Disraeli became prime minister, writes Grant Duff, his old travelling companion, Clay, the great whist-player, met him somewhere about the House of Commons and said to him:

'Well, Disraeli, when you and I travelled together years ago, who would ever have thought that you would be prime minister?'

'Who, indeed?' said Disraeli 'But, as they used to say when we were in the East, 'God is great,' and now he is greater than ever.'

Doubtless the remark clashes against our reverence, but Disraeli probably did not mean to utter an irreverent epigram. He believed in God, 'one God, and that God a mighty God,' and in 'the chosen race—the only race to which God has ever spoken'—we quote his own words. 'He was the only man of the 'chosen people' who had ever become premier of Great Britain.

Curious French Legend.

It is asserted by the Industrielles Echo that thousands of five franc pieces are split into halves by their French owners every year in the hope of 'discovering' an immense hidden treasure. This treasury, according to the legend firmly believed in France, is an order to pay the holder 100,000 francs in silver five-franc coins. When Napoleon Bonaparte first set the five-franc piece in circulation the covetous mind of the French revolted against the numismatic revolution, and it was very difficult to induce a Frenchman to receive or proffer the new coin. Hence, according to the story, Napoleon gave it to be understood that he had ordered a check for 100,000 francs, written upon asbestos paper, to be concealed in one of the new silver pieces. From that day to this nobody has objected to the five franc piece.

'Come and dine with us to-morrow,' said the illiterate old fellow, who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society.

'Sorry,' replied the elegant man, 'I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'

'That's all right,' said the hospitable old gentleman, 'bring him with you.'

BREAD, POTATOES and MILK.

A Dyspeptics daily diet.

Dyspepsia is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Thousands of people suffer from it in a more or less aggravated form. Few diseases are more painful to the individual or more far reaching in their effects on human life and happiness. What the dyspeptic needs is not local treatment, not mere temporary stimulus. The real need is the tuning up of the entire system. Fortify the system and it will do its own fighting, and promptly eject any intruding disease. The success of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla in curing indigestion and dyspepsia is due to just this quality which it possesses, of renewing the vital forces, repairing the waste and loss of the body. The ordinary treatment brings the food down to the level of the weak stomach. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla puts strength into the stomach, and brings it up to the level of the strong food fit for men. It does this by strengthening the entire system. The stomach cannot stay weak when all the other organs are gaining strength. What Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do for dyspepsia is best illustrated in cases like that of M. S. Shields, Meridian, Miss. Mr. Shields had got down to the last level of dyspepsia. But let him tell his own story:—

'For years, I was afflicted with dyspepsia which gradually grew worse until I could eat nothing but bread and potatoes

seasoned with a little salt, and drink only a little milk. I became so bad that a trifle too much of even these caused terrible suffering in the regions of the stomach, darting pains back of the eyes, attended with dizziness and partial loss of sight. The only way I could get relief was by vomiting. Finally I had such a severe attack that the entire left side of my body felt numb and partially paralyzed, and in this condition, I was taken to my room unconscious. The physicians failed to help me, and none of the many remedies I took did me any good. At last a friend presented me with a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had used half of it, I could see a decided change for the better. I used three bottles and was so completely cured that for four years I have not been troubled with the old complaint, but am rugged and hearty and able to eat anything that can be eaten. It would be impossible to say too much in praise of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I would not give one bottle of it for a dozen of any other kind.'—M. S. SHIELDS, Meridian, Miss.

Try Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla if you are dyspeptic. If you want more testimony to the value of the medicine, get Dr. Ayer's Curebook. It is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell.