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is the only binding that can fit the skirt, because the brush edge is woven with one long side and one short side, and the sixteen, cut on the bias, is inserted between the long and short sides of the head, forming the famous and only **Natural Curve** and then there is no other binding with half its durability, and none other half so soft and rich—In this binding you receive "Fit, Wear and Beauty."

Caution—Never buy a ready-made skirt not bound with it—poor skirts are bound with poor bindings.

S. H. & M. on every yard. If dealer will not supply you, we will. The S. H. & M. Co., 24 Front St. W., Toronto.

Frank Hazen during her stay abroad. To both young ladies their many friends wait best wishes for a safe and happy journey.

Miss Flossie Wilson is this evening entertaining the "Juniors" at her home.

The Choral Society have in view their first concert for a date in the very near future when all lovers of music will enjoy a rare treat, as it is expected we will have something very much beyond the ordinary.

Mrs. White, wife of the Attorney General, went to St. Martins on Monday evening having been called there by the serious illness of her mother Mrs. Vaughan.

Mr. and Mrs. DeWolfe Spurr are the guests of Mrs. Ketchum at Elmcrest.

Mrs. Alex Gibson, of Marysville, will be at home to her friends on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Thos. Euloch is visiting her mother Mrs. Enoch Chestnut, York St.

Mrs. F. B. Ellis with her husband has been a guest at "The Queen" this week.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

[Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of S. Wall, J. E. Acheson and J. Vroom & Co. In Calais at D. P. Treat's.]

APRIL 19.—On Saturday evening Mrs. James G. Stevens gave a whist party to the ladies of the Caring club. The prizes were won by Mrs. George A. Curran and Mrs. C. H. Clarke, and Mrs. Franklin Eaton and Mrs. Henry Graham had the honor of capturing the baby prize. It was a delightful evening of enjoyment, as Mrs. Stevens' entertainments usually are. These who were guests are Mrs. Henry Graham, Mrs. George A. Curran, Mrs. W. F. Todd, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mrs. Howard N. McAllister, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mrs. A. L. Teed, Mrs. Franklin Eaton, Mrs. Joseph Rockwood, Mrs. Howard Beaman, Mrs. F. M. Marchie, Miss Miss Carrie Washburn and Miss Mary Abbott.

Mr. R. E. Clarke's studio has been the scene of two pleasant parties since my last letter, on Wednesday evening the young ladies of the Tuesday Cooking club gave a dance, and invited a number of their young friends to enjoy it. On Tuesday evening last Mr. Clarke was again invaded and kindly lent his spacious rooms for a dance, about thirty were present and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Refreshments were served, and it was mid-night before the dance came to an end.

Mrs. George A. Curran most pleasantly entertained the ladies of the Travellers club at her home on Monday afternoon and evening.

Mrs. A. E. Neil's friends welcomed her home on Friday last, after an absence of several months spent in Florida and Georgia.

Mrs. Waterbury entertained a party of lady friends on Wednesday evening, cards were the chief amusement, and a Welsh rare bit was served with other refreshments at half past ten o'clock.

Mrs. J. M. Descon gave a pleasant tea party at her home in Mill town on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Pike have returned from Boston.

Miss Mary Cameron is spending a few days in St. John with her sister Mrs. Thos. McAdams.

Mr. Henry F. Todd left on Saturday for a visit in New York.

Miss Stevenson who has been Mrs. R. W. Grimmer's guest has returned to her home in St. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd have returned from a visit in Portland and Boston.

Miss Bertha Adams has returned to her studies at the Bradford Academy, Mass.

Miss Mabel Clarke left on Thursday last for Boston, and expects to remain for a fortnight or three weeks.

Miss Bessie McVey has returned from Boston after a delightful visit of a month.

Mr. W. F. Todd, M. P. P. arrived from Fredericton on Saturday evening to spend Sunday with his family.

Mr. George J. Clarke visited St. John during the past week.

Mr. W. C. H. Grimmer went to St. John today for a brief visit.

Miss Mabel Marchie has returned from a visit in Boston.

Miss Mildred Sawyer is visiting Boston.

A Vancouver Policeman

—Permanently Cured of Catarrh
—After 12 Year's Suffering.

JAPANESE CATARRH CURE CURES.

Mr. Thos. Crawford, Sergeant Vancouver Police Force, writes: "I have been a great sufferer from catarrh, which I contracted over 17 years ago in Winnipeg. I tried many so-called catarrh cures, consulted physicians, catarrh specialists, and not one of them gave me more than a little temporary relief. About two years ago I tried Japanese Catarrh Cure, and since completing this treatment I have been permanently cured. I can highly recommend it—the first application relieved."

Sold by all druggists, 50 cents. Six boxes, guaranteed to cure any case of nasal catarrh, for \$2.50. A free sample sent to any person suffering from catarrh. Enclose 5 cent stamp. Address, The Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto.

Miss Bessie Wetmore is still confined to her home from the effects of a bad fall.

Madame Lee is very ill at her home in Calais and very grave doubts of her recovery are felt by her physician and family.

THINGS OF VALUE.

In Swiss land they are making clocks which do not need hands and faces. The clock mechanism is in the fall and you press a button in its mechanism, when, by means of the rhymographic internal arrangement, it calls out "half past six" or "twenty-five minutes to eleven" as the case may be.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of man's curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound undisturbed state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailties of the system, which make man a prey to disease, are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts. On Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the animal function of the system, thereby making a necessary result strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—re-its improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

It is no bigger than a pin is one of the exhibits of the skill of a Swiss clock worker; and these stars which less than half a grain, or about the weight of a postage stamp, they are as perfectly made as stars of ordinary size.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhea and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Erysipery Cradial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The price is one cent a bottle, and any case of cholera or summer complaint.

A club exists in Vienna the members of which are pledged to marry a poor girl. It is by chance or design, a member marries a rich girl, he is fined \$400 which sum is bestowed on some responsible but impetuous couple engaged to be married.

Still Another Triumph.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen of Dorland writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Ointment. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over twenty years but Electric Oil cured it and it is a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Pills nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

At a certain church near Ledbury, an annual sermon is still preached against the vice of duelling. This is done in accordance with the will and testament of a damsel whose rival lovers died fighting for her hand.

NOT A NAUSEATING PILL.—The excellent of a pill is the substance which contains the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That Dr. Parmenter's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from becoming stale, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parmenter's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

Switzerland annually exports condensed milk valued at over \$500,000, nearly all of which is sent to Great Britain.

How TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM.—Parmenter's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study; the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the liver and the kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

Parisian barbers are legally compelled to wash their hands after attending to a customer and before waiting on another. They must also use only nickel-plated combs.

The Destroyer.

A dwarf-like thing of steel and fire;
My iron nerves obey
The bidding of my crafty sire,
Who drew me out of clay,
And sent me forth, on patis untrod,
To slay his puny clan,
A slave of hell, a scourge of God;
For I was made by Man.

When I full fog curtains droop and meet
Athwart an oily sea;
My rhythmic pulse begins to beat;
The bustling tides for me
A breathing spell is hardly seen,
To stir the emerald deep,
As through that ocean jungle green
I, velvet-footed, creep.

And lo! my prey, a palace reared
Above an arsenal,
By lightning's fireless finger steered,
Comes on, majestic.
The mists before her bows dispart;
And 'neath that iron's Gate
The royal vessel hies her fate;
Sweeping questle to her fate.

To confident strength to heed
The menacing taint of bloodhounds freed,
As from their leash, like bloodhounds freed,
The snub torpedoes bound:
She does not need a them quattering wide,
Nor guess who, up in this
That presses on her stately side
Its biting Judas kiss:

Till, with a roar that frights the stars,
Her crackling timber rend,
And lurid smoke and flaming spars
In one red storm ascend:
Where booming thunder mows the eiks
Of myriads souls in pain;
Where tessed on turbid waters lies
My quarry, torn in twain.

Awhile I watch her, half in fear;
There needs no second blow;
A full-armed giant leaves the deer,
My hunter filled, I go.
The stricken monarch may not mark
What foe her trust betrayed,
For swiftly as it came, the bark
Sinks back into the shade.

A will one strong than steel or fire
Controls my tigerish play;
My cry of hundred-headed sire
Who dragged me forth from clay.
He roars, claims kindred with the clod,
Thence some divine place:
Half imp of hell, half child of God
The Murder Angel, Man.

—Edward Sydney Tyle

Don't Look for Perfection.

I've met with a good many people
Who are looking for perfection,
I've encountered the clever, the simple,
The coward, the grave and the gay,
I have traveled with beauty, with virtue,
I've been with the ugly, or so they said,
I've laughed with the ones that were merry,
And wept with the ones who were sad.

One thing I have learned in my journey,
Never to judge one by what he appears—
The eyes that seem spark line with laughter
Often belie to be a cold heart;
An long sanctimonious faces
Hide oft in the soul that is vile,
While the heart that is merry and cheerful
Is often the freest from guile.

And I've learned not to look for perfection
In one of our frail human kind;
In hearts the most gentle and loving
Some blemish or fault we can find.
But yet I have found a creature
No low, so depraved, or so mean,
But had some good impulse, some virtue
That mong his bad traits might be seen.

And, too, I've learned that some friendships
We make are brittle as glass,
Just like a reverse over the sea,
Our friendship on the other side pass.
But ah! I have found some few boys!
Some hearts ever loving and true;
And the joy and the peace they have brought me
Have cleared my whole journey through.

HORSE "KNOCKED OUT."

Alaskans have no use for him since the Reindeer has Arrived.

Some interesting facts about the use of reindeer in Alaska are contained in the United States Commissioner of Education's report, just issued (Vol. II. pp. 1601-1647). The report states:

Siberian reindeer were first imported by our government in 1891 as a humanitarian movement. The Alaskans were ready to starve, for their sole food—whales, walrus and native game—had been mostly killed or frightened away by white hunters. The progress from this initiative has been great. In July, 1897, the Alaskan herds amounted to 1466, at four stations north and south of Prince of Wales—the most western cape on the American mainland. This number has since greatly increased, not only by native births, but by an agency established in Siberia for securing animals all through the year and having them ready for transportation within the brief summer in which navigation is permitted by Arctic ice. Siberian owners often refused to sell their reindeer unless they were themselves taken along to care for those 'members of their families,' and they became schoolmasters, as it were, to Alaskan herder apprentices.

It was soon, however, ascertained that the Lapps were superior to all other nationalities as regards the most improved methods of handling reindeer. An agent dispatched to Lapland prevailed on seven families of the most expert trainers to teach their mystery in Alaska for three years. This service they performed with gratifying success. Then three of them were persuaded to remain, becoming herders, while four, in accordance with the original terms, were carried back to their homes. The reindeer superintendent Kjellmann—whose name bespeaks a Norseman, if not a Lap—soon went abroad with orders to import a permanent colony from Lapland for building up a sort of normal school of Reindeer culture.

It is now demonstrated that for the development of Alaska reindeer are an absolute necessity. Dogs, horses and mules are as nothing in comparison. They all starve where the reindeer finds plenty to eat, and freeze where he has no care for shelter. To capabilities of our Arctic camels have never been so tried and found not wanting as in Alaska. In the winter of 1896-7, when Congress had voted \$200,000 for sending food to starving Klondikers and 400 whalers frozen in still further north, it proved that no other creature but the reindeer could either find food on the routes of rescue or draw enough of it for its own subsistence. Reindeer gathered from the different stations then afforded the only reasonable plan of relief, and showed beyond a doubt that they are invaluable as freighters, mail carriers and aids to miners prospecting where no other means of transportation can carry them.

Early in 1897 three men with seventeen reindeer finished a trip of 2000 miles, the longest known to have been ever made with the same teams. Their route was through unknown regions partly to discover new oasis of moss pasture and partly to learn what could be done away from trains and timber. In twelve hours of one day they made eighty-five miles. The cold was sometimes 77 degrees below zero, but the colder it was the more the reindeer thrived, and at night found their own food. In spite of a poorge—which is a blizzard raised to the highest power—all would have gone well to the end. But when nearing their goal no moss could be discovered where it had been declared to abound. After all, in a forced march of four days, four only of the seventeen in the foodless teams perished.

SNOW RESTORED LIFE.

A Victim of Pneumonia Practically Raised from the Dead.

Dr. John B. Boucher told the Hartford Medical Society how he had raised a man from the dead by burying him in snow. The patient was Charles F. Robinson, of Hartford, Conn., who had been ill for weeks from pneumonia. When he was beginning to recover his second lung became affected and the relapse appeared to have a fatal ending. Apparently he had passed through all the last stages of the disease. His raving had ceased, his temperature was 107, his pulse had begun to weaken, his breath came in short gasps, and every evidence of the end was at hand. At 9 o'clock the last test to show life, that of the reflex action of the eyeball, had failed, and the nurse informed the doctor that the man was practically dead. The family took the fact for granted and preparations were started to quickly remove the lifeless body.

To the doctor there was one desperate hope left. Placing a rubber blanket under the man he caused snow to be brought in and made into a bed, on which he laid the patient, stripped naked. Not a quiver of an eyelid, not a single gasp, came as he was laid in the frigid mass. More snow was brought. It covered his arms, his legs and his body. Everywhere the mass was placed tightly around him.

The order was 'keep him there till his temperature goes down to 101.

For forty-five minutes the man lay in the snow with no signs of returning life. In fact, every one believed him dead. At the end of that time the doctor had the snow taken away, and again tried the reflex action test. As he put his finger on the eye the lid quivered, and a minute later the first flickering pulse sent a thrill through those who were anxiously waiting.

Then came another surprise. The doctor a man of experience, suddenly struck the insensible man a blow on the face. The eyes opened.

'Who am I?' asked the physician.

'Hello, doctor,' said the patient.

Mr. Robinson recovered.—New York Herald.

A ROMANCE BY TELEGRAPH.

Pittsburg Operator Wins a Chicago Bride by Clicking Key Method.

More than one romance has worked itself out through the aid of the monotonous click of the telegraph, and not always the people who are paying for the message get the romance. Some two or three years ago a young girl operator at the central Chicago office had a little difficulty arise over an Eastern message, so she clicked to the operator at the other end more than the usual 'Good day,' and thereby began an acquaintance, very narrow, as only such an acquaintance can be. Like stolen kisses it was very enjoyable as well, for the operators are not permitted to send personal remarks unless they are paid for at so much a word. But the strange little acquaintance continued to grow until each one began making telegraphic inquiries about the other. For a joke the girl was told that her 'friend' was very aged and with a white beard and bald head, which merely served to make her less reserved over the wire, while the man appreciated the fact because he had been truthfully told that the girl was young and handsome.

Last week the man came to Chicago for a day. He telegraphed the girl he was coming and asked that they might meet. As the man could only be here a day, and as the girl began her duties at 1 o'clock in the afternoon the man was told he could call in the morning, which he did. Of course, it was necessary for the man to prove his identity, as the girl was not prepared to see so young a man. The general impression each received of the other was so charming that two hours after they met they were standing before a minister replying to the sacred vows of matrimony and that night, when the operator took the train for Pittsburg his bride was with him.

And now the happy pair are receiving congratulations from operators all over the country, who mar the romance by suggesting that the company conducts a matrimonial agency as a side line.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE LETTER FROM HOME.

Aunt Louise's Excellent Plan for Making Her Letters Interesting.

'I feel as though I had met a whole roomful of my old friends,' said the girl who is trying—in spite of homesickness—to make her own way in the city. 'I've just had a letter from Aunt Louise. It isn't filled with her own aches and pains and trials and troubles. The home news is all here, but there isn't one selfish, whining word.

'She writes eight pages. See! She's mentioned most of the people and places I'm interested in, and told me dozens of things I wanted to hear about. I don't mean to say they're important things; but it is nice to know the name of cousin Carrie's baby, and to learn that Elma Mayo is taking music lessons and to have a description of the new minister's family, and even to hear that they've laid a new sidewalk over the muddy place above the post office!

'Gossip? Perhaps it is, but it isn't mean gossip. I wouldn't hesitate to show it to any one who is mentioned here. And it makes me feel as though I'd made a visit home, and found that I wasn't forgotten.

'I know how Aunt Louise does it. She makes a list of the people we know, and when the time comes to write, she just looks at the list, to make sure she hasn't left anyone out. She says she doesn't pretend to be a letter writer, but her letter does me a lot of good, for all that. Little things look large when one's away from home, and everything is news!

Perhaps there is a hint here for young people—and older ones—who profess that they would be glad to write to absent friends if they only knew what to say.—Youth's Companion.

A BUSINESS MAN'S FAITH.

Tortured by Rheumatism for Months, He Finds His Faith in South American Rheumatic Cure and Is Healed—It Cures in One to Three Days.

Mr. S. Barker is a business man in Toronto, and lives at 9 Suffolk Place. He contracted very acute Rheumatism, and for months was a great sufferer. He treated with best physicians without any relief. He took South American Rheumatic Cure for what it claimed to be in advertisement he read of it, and when he had taken two bottles he was completely cured. He says: "I voluntarily give this testimonial that other sufferers may be benefited, as I believe the remedy is a perfect specific. Sold by E. C. Brown and all druggists."

The Superior English Pickpocket, admits of a vast display of ingenuity. While disclaiming any particular merit for that country, says a London paper, it is an indisputable fact that again England is in the van of all nations in that her pickpockets hold their own against all foreign competition. In London alone over one hundred thousand men, women and children gain their daily bread by this unscrupulous mode of living.

The Power of Habit.

Custom is the mother of convenience, and convenience is the nurse of indolence. Some would rather die than pay the price of liberty; languish in disease than endure the pain of a novel mental exercise. Nevertheless, so Protean is human nature, that when once a new attitude is assumed, however momentarily, it becomes the norm of a new habit, and its second assumption is less a task than its first. The mind is a machine motored by usages. Volition, first a difficult effort, soon becomes unconscious mechanical action.—Henry Frank in The Arena.

Treasure in Paris Sewers.

Paris sewers are being searched carefully for treasure trove, owing to the recent discovery by a workman under the Rue Montmartre of a bundle containing \$120,000 in securities.

The Same but Different.

Doctor: 'Women, you know, are very subject to attacks of nervous prostration. Mr. Wicklow: 'Don't men have it? Doctor: 'No men have irritability.'

Good Printing

is always done by design, never by accident. It requires intelligence, but need not be high-priced. Our superior work is done at less price than you are paying for poor printing. Try us

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HOTELS.

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.

E. LEIKO WILLIS, Proprietor.

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FREDERICTON, N.B.

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