

A LITTLE BOY Has a good Appetite.

GENTLEMEN:—My little boy was very much troubled with nervousness. I tried several remedies but they failed to do him any good until I tried Doctor Ward's Blood & Nerve Pills. He has only taken one box and they have given him a good appetite and I can truthfully say he is a great deal better. I would recommend them to any one suffering from nervousness. Yours truly, Mrs. Parkman, Main St., Kentville, N. S.

QUEER DISEASES, QUEER CURES.

Anonymous Letters, Freezing Bees and Other Unusual Remedies.

One physician has discovered a new use for the anonymous letter. He has observed that in cases of hysteria, melancholia, rheumatism, &c., patients have sometimes been cured by a violent and sudden shock. That fact being established, the doctor said to himself, 'why not shock my patients into good health?' and since the idea occurred to him his life has been not only profitable but also entertaining. He suits the shock to the case, but says that he has had better results from anonymous letters than from any other method. A few carefully constructed letters, full of innuendo, abuse and threats of injury, will give a patient an absorbing interest in life. He will forget his ailments, and that is a long step toward recovery. Incidentally the treatment may make things interesting for the family of the convalescent, but that's a detail. The physician who invented the treatment says that results have been most gratifying.

This is a day of queer diseases and queer cures. A case of nervous exhaustion, dyspepsia or rheumatism can give one a long lifetime of interesting and varied experiences. One may lounge among the vineyards of Southern France and eat unheard-of quantities of grapes in the name of medical science. One can take the open-air cure in the Tyrol, where the patients, clad simply and sufficiently in one-piece, a abbreviated tunic, ramble over the hills, or minus the tunic, lie on the grass and soak up sunshine. There is the koummiss cure on the Russian steppes and the starvation cure in Germany. Germany is the native home of the barefoot fraternity, too, where devotees believe in Father Kneipp paddle merrily about in the morning dew, and, arrayed in conventional purple and blue linen, but still barefoot, invade the neighboring towns on Sunday.

A Paris doctor has designed a dry bath of Arctic temperature which discounts the noble efforts of a disapproving chaperon. A tank of metal, lined with fur, is sunk in a larger outer tank, and the space between the two is filled with an evaporating fluid, which lowers the temperature of the inner tank to about 100° below freezing. The nervous patient is put into this refrigerator and kept there for a few moments, the treatment being repeated every other day. The effect is said to be marvelous, and disease is frozen out.

Malta's way of treating rheumatism is a trifle heroic, but a generation brought up on mustard plasters and electricity ought not to object to it. The patient is stripped and bees are cordially invited to settle upon his body. It amuses the bees and eases the rheumatism, so it seems to be a philanthropic system all around. The poison in the bee stings is said to neutralize the acid in the blood: which is responsible for the rheumatism.

To A Lover.

I see my own heart, like a Shiraz lily,
Blooming across the plains.
The plains with bubbling springs and fragrances,
And yet, with toilsome stretches, hills, and fragrances,
And looking off o'er all the victor's gains,
I say, aloud, with sad and wistful eyes,
God speed you on your way.

For hearts, like lilies, showing fair in distance,
To their antithesis true,
Bloom sweetest in a hand that tells for them;
And far-off blossoms but make foils for them,
When, close revealing home's purple core—
A whole Damascus garden's gold and blue
In one glad flower, beloved.

And yet my heart, more than an Eastern lily,
I may not give you friends,
Until the plains with streams and fragrances,
And yet with toilsome stretches, hills, and fragrances
Are travelled nigh to the waiting end.
Go then; my eyes watch clearly while I softly say—
God speed you on your way.

Such is the Death the Soldier Dies.

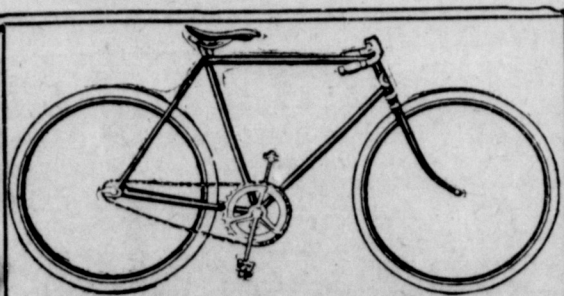
Such is the death the soldier dies:
He falls, the column speeds away;
Upon the dabbled grass he lies,
His brave heart following, still, the fray.

The smoke wreaths drift among the trees,
The battle's arms along the hill;
The glint of distant arms he sees,
He hears the far-off shouting still.

A glimpse of far-borne flags, that fade
And vanish in the rolling din;
He knows the sweeping charge is made,
The cheering lines are closing in.

Unminded of his mortal wound,
He faintly calls and seeks to rise;
But weak knees draw him to the ground—
Such is the death the soldier dies.

—Robert Burns W. son, in Atlantic Monthly.



To Introduce \$1.00

ourselves 19 models early, we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C. O. D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us.

INTRODUCTION PRICES

FLYER—1 1/2 in. Tubing, Flush Joints, 1 piece Cranks, fitted with Dunlop Tires, \$35.00; fitted with M. & W. Tires, \$32.50; fitted with Darlington Tires, \$30.00. Men and Ladies, Green and Maroon, 22 and 24 in. Frame, any gear. Wheels slightly used, modern types, \$25.00 to \$28.00. Price List Free. Secure Agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, Montreal.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Awakening.

Faint, through the silence, I hear
Thy prophet-tongue, O Spring!
Nature grows restless in her sleep;
The dawn is near—she scarce can keep
Her lids to slumbering.

Through ferny wood and spongy marsh
A swift electric fire
Flashes out and cries, "O heart! O heart!
Awake! arise! The dawn is near."
Flashes along the wire.

Her windows wide the south wind throws
Through mist the sun smiles out,
And shimmering through the tender air,
The willow thrills her golden hair,
Tossing its lengths about.

Beside the shallow pool I wait
The grasses straight and slim—
Pale outsiders, with flags of truce,
Where thou, ere long, sweet fleur-de-luce,
Shall nod above its rim.

I catch from far the bluebird's cry,
I hear the gurgling flow
Of rivulets, in their spongy bed,
Where last year's rushes, here and dead,
Fold their pale hands below.

My eyelids droop—I feel the kiss
And, like some sweet long silent lyre,
My heart is touched with sudden fire,
And all the earth grows fair!

I Dream of Thee.

I sleep and dream of thee,
When the Circean spell of night
Changes sorrow into joy,
Change a woe into delight.
Not in the ghostly robe
Of the narrow chamber cold,
With this, decaying cheek,
And forehead damp with mould,
Dost thou come again to me;
But with face serenely fair,
And a glorious aureole,
About thy flowing hair;
And thy angel soul perceives
All my faithfulness to thee,
And I hear thee exulting plead,
'Come up hither—come with me!'

I wake from dreams of thee,
Thou hast remembered one!
When the golden sea of day
Drowns the faint stars one by one;
When the river flashes up
With a new and dazzling grace,
And the zephyr leaves the rose
With a tear upon her face;
But I close my languid eyes
With a woe's scene of pain,
And I feed my heart with hope
Till the night shall come again;
For the bright hours of the day
Are not half so dear to me
As the moments, dark and still,
When I can dream of thee.

A Lover's Message.

See here: my love sent to me
These flowers of rare perfume;
Though not one word he wrote, I read
A message in the blooms.

This violet whispers—Think of me
(As if I could forget!);
This ivy tells of constancy,
Of worth this mynnetine.

This lily tells how pure I am
In my dear lover's eyes;
And more than gold or glittering gems
His thoughts of me I prize.

And here's a sprig of lavender,
A spray of heliotrope,
Close nestled in these modest flowers
That bid me always hope.

How sweet this rose is half unclosed;
About its heart of gold
There clings the fragrance of the love
Of which its beauty told.

And here's a sweet forget-me-not,
Blue as the skies of May;
How tenderly he thinks of me,
And I of him today.

To Sleep.

Come, gentle Sleep, with downy fingers close
The heavy curtains of my weary eyes,
Lap my worn senses in a soft repose,
While darkness rules the circles of the skies.
The day is done, the twilight shadows flee,
And in the silent hush I wait for thee.

Lay on my eyelids now thy mystic spell,
And bid my roving fancy cease to stray;
I'll then but breathe upon me, all is well,
I shall not waken till the dawn of day.
Sweet Sleep! I'm weary of life's toil and pain,
Bear me, I pray thee, to thy fair domain.

The night wears on; I wait thy coming yet;
Lay thy soft fingers on my throbbing brow,
And on the foldings of my eyelids set,
Thy seal. Dear Sleep, look kindly on me now!
My hands I fold, content and patient still,
To wait the guidance of thy own sweet will.

Lead me through all thy fair, decision ways,
With lotus bordered and with poppies strewn,
And let the dream that through my slumber strays,
Smooth from my brow each wrinkle care has sown
With dreams to charm me through the silent night,
Sweet, be my slumbers till the morning light.

Revery.

For thy love
My brain would pay the toll;
Each thought of it, I bring
To each on fancy's wing;
I'd give to thee my soul
For thy love.

For thy love
On yonder mountains high,
I'd be a tree, and dare
My head to storm winds bare;
Each winter willing die
For thy love.

For thy love
I'd be a rock-pressed stone;
Within the earth, its flame
Shall burn my remnant frame;
I'd stand it with no errand
For thy love.

For thy love
My soul I would demand
From God; with virtues I
To deck it out would try
To place it in thy hand
For thy love.

—Michael Vorosmary.

Into the Sunshine.

Dwell who will in the valley below,
I go up into the sunshine;
Free and warm and glad is his play,
Light and life are in every ray,
Burning to brighter and brighter day.
Let who will in the valley stay,
I go up into the sunshine!

Mists are down in the valley below,
Shadow and cold wave to and fro;
The rivers go creeping, sluggish and slow,
The very winds have forgotten to blow,
Dell who is in the valley below,
I go up into the sunshine!

On the golden summit the morning sings,
Like a glad bird pluming his radiant wings;
The torrents flash like living things,
Sparkling and foaming the rivulet springs.
Eve y bright drop like a joy bell rings,
I go up into the sunshine!

At the Fall of the Curtain.
The curtain's falling and the lights burn low,
So, with a-cold, I am ready now to go,
I've seen life's melodrama, paid the price,
Have known its loves and losses, hopes and fears,
The laughter and the tears.

And now, God knows, I would not see it twice,
I've crossed life's ocean, faced its blinding foam,
But now, heaven whispers, I am nearing home,
And through a storm-tossed hull, I reach the shore,
A thing of tattered sheet and broken spars,
Naked against the stars.

I shall soon be at peace for evermore,
For I again I pass these waters through,
I know the kingdom I am sailing to,
What boots it where I lie—beneath the sod,
Or down the dark, impenetrable deep,
Where wayward reamers sleep?

All gates are good through which we pass to God.

A Good Night.

Sleep sound, dear love! Though the winds be
high,
And the dark clouds drift through the troubled
sky;
Though the rising waters foam and roar,
And mournfully howl round the tortured shore;
Ill sounds from thy slumbers be far away,
And soft be thy dreams as a summer's day.

Sleep sound! Though the world be weary with
fears,
And eyes that love thee be sad with tears,
Yet never a sorrow break thy rest;
And never a pang shoot through thy breast;
No shadows pass o'er thy closed eyes,
But their visions be visions of Paradise.

Sleep sound, sweet love!—till the morning's light
Leads up a new day with its fresh delight;
Till the welcome sun, as it mounts above,
Recalls thee to duty, and peace and love—
To a calm existence, untouched by strife,
And the quiet round of a holy life!

Juste's Three.

Three faces, innocents, upturned there—
More they are than all the world besides to me;
Their precious gazes wandering upward, seem
Less of the earth, and more a heavenly dream.

Three hill-like voices ring upon my ear
A thrilling music, purely, silvery clear;
Sweeter than the brightest song-bird's strain,
Echoing from hill and vale its sweet refrain.

Three little hearts throb gladly to the touch
Of tender hands and lips, which idolise them much;
God minds the swelling thoughts that gather there,
And loves to lure them forth in song or prayer.

On The Danube.

Tell me, old stream, how oft thy bosom strong
Is clef by storms and ships that glide along?

How deep and wide these rifts! On heart of man
Inflict such wounds no grief or passion can.

Yet, when the ship is gone the storm is o'er,
The stream rolls smoothly, showing rifts no more.

But when the human heart is slow, no calm
Can heal the wound or bring it aught of balm.

My Last Will.

When I shall once have trod
My rugged path of life,
And in the tomb am laid,
Where is an end to strife.

Raise not a marble dome
To keep alive my name;
The triumph of my thoughts
Will then assure my fame.

And if you pass the spot
Where in repose I lie,
Then sing above my grave,
And chant most sweet and high.

A stirring Magyar song
That flits the soul with fire;
Beneath my verdant grave
Its cadence will inspire.

Then drop a sentient tear
After the song is through;
The song is for the bard;
The tear for the lover true.

THINGS OF VALUE.

To keep a racehorse in even moderate condition
in England, with proper attendants, costs \$248 a year.

Of every 1,000 sailors eighty-four have rheumatism every year.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for the ills to which flesh and blood—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 unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the faintest systems 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 activity a necessary result strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, changed by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

The human system can endure heat of 212 deg., the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor, and because the evaporation cools the body. Men have withstood without injury a heat of 300 deg. for several minutes.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, &c. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

A spectator in a Japanese theatre, on payment of a small extra, is permitted to stand up; and the person behind him cannot object, although the latter's view of the performance is obstructed.

A Life Saved.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbour advised me to try Dr. J. D. Kellogg's ELECTRIC OIL, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

The most wonderful astronomical photograph in the world is that which has recently been prepared by London, Berlin, and Parisian astronomers. It shows at least 68,000,000 stars.

A CLEAR HEALTHY SKIN—Eruptions of the skin and blotches which blemish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the Liver and Kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Farmer's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions without leaving any trace.

The children of the poor in Japan are nearly always labelled in case they should stray from their homes whilst their mother are engaged on domestic duties.

RE THERE A WILL, WISDOM POINTS THE WAY.—The sick man pines for relief, but no dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailments, wisdom will direct his attention to Farmer's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

The Queen's annual coming and going to and from Scotland alone cost her close on £5,000 a year.

BUY
Clemens Salt
THE BEST

Every package guaranteed.
The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

The Great Fire at Windsor, N. Y.,
Was an awful calamity, but cannot be remedied. Now, Catarrh can be remedied and is a positive cure for catarrh and kindred dreaded diseases. This statement is backed up by bushels of testimonials, which we have and can produce. Snuffs, ointments, washes, &c., have been proved useless in giving relief or curing catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, nasal and ear passages, but Catarrhoxone, the ozonated air cure, does not only give immediate relief, but effects a permanent cure. Why delay? Send at once for sample bottle and inhaler, 10 cents. Outfit, \$1.00.
N. C. POLSON & Co., Kingston, Ont.

What beautiful husbands and wives our first loves makes—for other people.

Great Importance

Should be attached to purity in food of all kinds
We guarantee "MONSOON" to be absolutely pure.
25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c per pound.

MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA.

THE YOUNGEST DEPOSITOR.

A Day at the Union Saving Bank Where \$3. was Deposited.

Once every month, in the long line of men and women that forms in front of the teller's window on 'open day' at the Union Dime Savings-Bank, a flaxen head appears at the height of their elbows. Looking down, one sees that close against the breast of a shabby frock is tightly clasped a bank-book—and then, say the New York World, the secret is out. The flaxen-haired little girl is the bank's and New York's youngest depositor.

Alice Metz is her name, and her home close by Hell's Kitchen. She is barely eight years old. How she gets the money nobody knows, but each month there is a deposit of fifty cents to swell her account, which has now reached the sum of three dollars. There she stands patiently in line till some one less hurried and preoccupied than the rest bends to question her.

'Will you help me?' asked the little maid, breathlessly. 'I have fifty cents—two quarters. Johnny got it changed for me; there were five before. And I want to put it in there,' pointing to the window, 'and they write it down here in the book,' finding the row of figures. 'But I don't know how by myself. Will you do it?' Oh yes, I can put down my own name, 'cause I couldn't bring my money till I learned to do that.'

She is so engaging in her pretty youthfulness that men or women, as the case may be, forthwith fill out the desposit blank. Alice laboriously inserts her name and is in a state of ecstasy when she is lifted up to give in those precious quarters. Her December helper was a woman. When the ceremony was over it was already dark.

'Where do you go now, little one?' she said, fearing for the child's safety.

'Oh, Johnny's waiting across the road,' replied the little depositor.

So they travelled in company, and sure enough there was Johnny, sturdy and fat, one year older than his small charge.

'It's in!' Alice cried, gleefully. 'The lady did it! She's ever so good!'

'Somebody's always good to you, I guess,' was Johnny's comprehensive reply. 'But did you count?' and together the two heads bent over the column. Over and over they counted.

'Three dollars that's it,' concluded Johnny, at last, with a sigh of relief. 'It's in for keeps, Allie.'

She clutched the book once more to her bosom, and hand in hand the two trotted off into the darkness.

A Simple Letter.

Princess Pauline of Wurtemberg, who was married in November, had before her marriage a somewhat unusual letter from a peasant girl. It read:

'Dear Miss Princess Pauline: Your wedding is to be on Saturday, and I wish you every happiness. I am sure you are very happy. My wedding is on the same day, and I should be very happy, too, if my father were in prison, you, too, would grieve. Dear Miss Princess, I beg of you say a good word to your father, so that he may let my father off, or at least let him out for a few hours, so that he may come to my wedding. With much love,
Yours

There was too much fellow feeling between the maiden in a palace and the maiden in peasant's cottage to let this appeal pass unnoticed. It might be a fraud and the father a hardened offender, but the princess wanted to know. She took the letter to the King of Wurtemberg, and inquiries were made as to the degree of culpability of this man who must 'sit in prison' on his daughter's wedding day. It was found that he was only a slight offender, and he was not only 'let out for the wedding,' but given a free pardon.

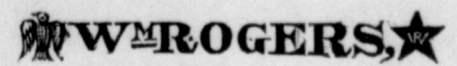
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Was an awful calamity, but cannot be remedied. Now, Catarrh can be remedied and is a positive cure for catarrh and kindred dreaded diseases. This statement is backed up by bushels of testimonials, which we have and can produce. Snuffs, ointments, washes, &c., have been proved useless in giving relief or curing catarrh, bronchitis, irritable throat, nasal and ear passages, but Catarrhoxone, the ozonated air cure, does not only give immediate relief, but effects a permanent cure. Why delay? Send at once for sample bottle and inhaler, 10 cents. Outfit, \$1.00.
N. C. POLSON & Co., Kingston, Ont.

What beautiful husbands and wives our first loves makes—for other people.

Better Sure Than Sorry.

It always pays to buy the best silver plated knives, forks and spoons that you can get. It may cost you a little more at first but you'll find that anything bearing this trade mark



will wear well and look well for 20 years.

Sole manufacturers.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.
Wallingford, Conn., U. S. A.
and Montreal, Canada.

"Avoid fancy type, and if your printer tries to work in any twisted rules or ornamental letters, change your printer, and get one with some sense. Ten chances to one you wouldn't kick if your present printer brought you in a proof of a circular with twelve sizes and styles of type in it—E. D. GIBBS, in "Printer's Ink."

Pin Your Faith to Simplicity.

We strive at simplicity in our printing, thereby it is forcible and attractive—try us.

PROGRESS PRINT.

HOTELS.

QUEEN HOTEL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class
Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

OYSTERS FISH AND GAME
always on hand. in season!
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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Electric Passenger Elevator
and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

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. LAPOI WILLIS, Proprietor.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock,

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.
The "Leschetitzky" Method; also "Synthe System," for beginners.
Apply at the residence of
Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK