

JAPAN.

Japan is going through a marked period of commercial depression, partly due to the disturbed condition of China. But so energetic a people will shortly recover, if given half a chance.—Buffalo Courier.

Great Victory.

BARNABY RIVER, N. B. Mar.—Few cases of illness and recovery have excited the interest in this community, as has the kidney trouble of Mr. Cornelius Crotchie. Mr. Crotchie's treatment by the doctors at home and in the hospital, and the fact that they absolutely gave him up as a case beyond all hope, is well known. His subsequent restoration by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills reads like a miracle. "For five years I have suffered off and on with kidney trouble. Last fall I had an attack, for which the doctors had little hope of my recovery. I was obliged to go to the hospital for treatment, but it did me no good, so I came home given up by the doctors. A friend suggested Dodd's Kidney Pills. From the first box I improved. Now I am at my work every day."

Cheap Light for the Long Evenings

Call and get some Mayflower brand of Kerosene Oil, the best oil imported to Charlottetown, which I will sell in four gallon lots at 21 cents a gallon. Standard Lobsters, one lb flat, new pack, 25 cents. Libby's Sliced Bacon, 25 cents. Heaton's Chow-Chow, 22c; air tight top. Half doz bars Surprise Soap, 27 cents. No Tea can beat Hazzard's Brahmin. We sell the genuine article. Those are cash prices. Goods delivered free in City. Phone 208.

R. J. Wood

Cor. Easton and Hillsboro Sts. Sept. 1 1901

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likes to wait very long for repairs attended to. Often great inconvenience and serious damage or loss is sustained by not having work attended to at the proper time. We not only do our work promptly but we do it properly. Our workmen are experienced and we guarantee satisfaction. For Bell Hanging, Gas Fitting, Sheet Iron and Tin Plate work we are unexcelled.

ROBT. B. SMALL.

Great George Street, Millers Old Stand. 1114 d & w

International S. S. Co. FOR BOSTON

AND The Pan American Exposition Buffalo, N. Y.



COMMENCING MAY 15th the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 7:30 a. m., for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston. Returning leaves Boston same day, at 8:15 a. m. NOTE: THE BEST ROUTE TO THE PAN AMERICAN IS VIA THE GREAT FOUR TRACK NEW YORK CENTRAL AND BOSTON RIVER R. R. Passengers in St. John in the evening can go direct to the Steamer and take Cabin Berth or Stateroom for the trip. For rates and information apply to nearest Ticket Agent, or WILLIAM G. LEE, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Not To Be "Beaten"

A farmer went into a grocery store and exhibited to the eyes of an admiring crowd an enormous egg about six inches long, which he avowed to have been laid by one of his own hens. He had it packed in cotton and would not allow anyone to handle it, for fear of breaking the precious article. The grocer examined it with the rest, and intending to chaff the countryman said: "Fshaw! I've got something in the egg line that will beat that." "I'll bet you a dollar you haven't," said the countryman, getting excited. "Right!" replied the grinning grocer; and going behind the counter, he brought out a wire egg beater. "There's something in the egg line that will beat it, I think," said he, reaching out for the money. "Hold on there," said the farmer; "let's see you beat it." And he handed the egg to the grocer. The latter held out his hand for it but dropped it in surprise on the counter, where it broke two soup plates and a platter. It was of solid iron painted white. "Some folks think they're mighty clever," muttered the farmer, as he pocketed the money and walked out, "but 'tain't no use backing against the solid fact." "Taint no use backing against the fact that neither the quality nor prices of our Groceries are to be beaten. This accounts for our increasing trade. JAM. Is your stock of jam running low? We still have a quantity of that pure home made raspberry at 10c per lb. Try Eureka Blend Tea, 25c per lb. R. F. Maddigan & Co. Telephone No. 28 Lower Queen Street

SPRINGTIME AND FLOWERS

BY J. M. DUNCAN.

"Forth in the Pleasing Spring The beauty walks—thy tenderness and love."

We all hail the gentle Spring, so delightful to every one whose heart is not callous to all those nobler impulses which make the finer feelings of our nature. Spring breathes of goodness and mercy; it calls forth our gratitude, and affords us thought for contemplation in the power of an Almighty Parent. In spring, tree and shrub, and flower are awakened to renew life and are clothed in vivid green and variegated hues, as with a garment. "From heaven descend the drops of dew, From heaven the gracious showers, Earth's winter aspect to renew, And clothe the spring with flowers."

Spring is a type of that renewed state of man's being, which, when the wintry storms, the buffetings, and the frosts of life are past, he hopes to enjoy, clothed in a new dress of immortality. If spring is pleasant and cheers every well-tuned heart, doubly so must it be to him who can examine minutely the various processes that are now going on; who can look with the eye of a philosophic naturalist on the face of nature; and who can trace from a thousand things, which others have overlooked, the impress of a Divine original. It is scarcely necessary to note here the changes which have taken place in the vegetable world; yet obvious as these changes are, they are often passed by unnoticed and without awakening attention. Our trees and shrubs, which a short time ago were bare of foliage, are now clothed with living verdure. Our fields and waysides are profusely strewn with buttercup and daisy. Our gardens exhibit a profusion of fragrant flowers, our orchards are covered with showers of blossoms; and the breezes, loaded with perfume, waft their odors afar to invite bee and butterfly to partake of the flower's bounteous stores of nectar. These are the familiar and welcome signs of the promise, that seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter shall not fail.

We hail the flowers as they come trooping along. What were our earth but a dull, cold, dreary, and cheerless waste, without its carpet of green and variegated colors? We hail the humble wild flowers. Soon as the chills and coldness of winter pass and the sun "deigns to smile once more upon the wild flowers' resting-place, it comes forth eagerly with its greeting. Hardly have the ravines in the woods lost traces of the winter snowdrifts, ere the trailing arbutus reveals its presence, and the wildflowers, swayed by gentle breezes, are nodding to one another, and to the world."

The children, "the youngest and tenderest of human-kind," meet with and welcome "the youngest and tenderest of flower-kind." Tiny-blended hands and delicately formed fingers pluck and carry home the dandelion—the yellow pioneer of summer flowers; the buttercup, as it spangles and throws its silky petals to the breeze, is plucked by the little girls' dainty hands and placed under the chin of a companion, with the child-like question—"May I see if you love butter?" Or as they walk together and rob the daisies of their milk-white petals, they tremulously and softly whisper, each to herself, as one by one the petals fall—"He loves me, he loves me not; he loves me." Or as they take the stalks of the dandelion and from links to make chains wherewith to encircle their waists as with a girdle, and twine them about their necks with as much child-like pride as their seniors do theirs with chains of gold, they would count the hours as they speed only too quickly, and tell the time of day by gently blowing away the ripened down, while they repeat—"one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock; now it's about time for us to stop." Boys on the other hand, select such flowers as the modest and quiet violet, which they set against each other, and force them to contend in mortal combat. Fastening these flowers together at the crooks near the top of the stem, they pull till the head of one or both comes off.

There are many things which give pleasure to age, but which impart no enjoyment to the young; there are others which afford gratification to the young, which the aged cannot share. The rich can procure pleasures which the poor cannot obtain; the poor man enjoys advantages which the rich cannot buy; but some things appear equally to delight the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, the strong and the feeble, the robust in health and the invalid. One of these is flowers. Whether these flourish in the garden, bloom in the green-house, are scattered in our path-way, sprinkled on the verdant banks, or strewn over the hills and the vales, they never fail to please; they fill the air with their sweetness, and delight the eye with their exquisite beauty. Old and young alike love flowers. In the damp sandy woods, or in the shady pine groves, they search among the leaves in early spring for that little prostrate or trailing rose-colored flower, which so cheerfully exhales its rich, spicy fragrance, and known as the Mayflower—a treasure among the spring wild flowers. The gay brightness of these flowers is reflected in the faces of those who bear them. In this way our wild flowers, symbols of humility, have their days of triumph. How many are the gratifications we may enjoy? The balmy gale breathes health around us; the babbling brook and the crystal spring pour forth their refreshing and invigorating streams; the skies above our heads, and the earth beneath our feet are beautifully adorned with heavenly hands; by day, the sun glides the creation with his golden beams; and by night, the pale-eyed silvery moon and the glittering stars shed their grateful lustre. We feel a thrill of delight as we view these things but we instinctively turn to the flowers. Sweet it is to walk through the green house filled with elegant flowers, where the night-blooming cereus, the geraniums, fuchsias, lobelias, japonicas, and China roses, are intermingled with a thousand other beautiful flowers and ferns. Sweeter still is it to walk in the garden, where in their appropriate seasons one may see the lovely rose, the gaudy tulip, the stately hollyhock, the gorgeous peony, the sweet pea, the pansy, the dahlias, carnations, stocks, and marigolds. But one in the sunlit fields and sequestered dells, where the modest violet, the golden buttercup, the sweet-scented wax-myrtle, the orchids, the eyebright, and the twin flower are profusely scattered! Did the reader ever lie at length, at mid-day, on the side of some hill, covered with living green, or sit on a shady bank, gazing on the earliest flower of the season with admiring wonder? or bend, in a retired nook, with intensity of interest, over the clusters of "wild mignonette"? If not, then to such a one are unknown the pleasure, the joy, and the delight that may be excited by a flower. While the vastness and strength of the mighty and majestic oak excite our astonishment and admiration, the littleness of the delicate myrtle, the fragile violet, and the modest forget-me-not excite our sympathy and love. If we think as we wander over the quiet glen, silent but for the sweet voices of the songsters of Spring knowledge will spread out before us, every fact observed, every truth learned will surprise and delight us. "Creations of boundless extent, displaying unlimited power, matchless wisdom and overflowing beneficence will at every step surround us. The infinitely great and the infinitely little will compete for our admiration."

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Were our earth to be deprived of its flowers, a blank would be left in the creation. What imagination can suggest a substitute for flowers? Were we to enter the statelike room of the statelike mansion; were we to see it decorated with carvings and moldings, with paintings and sculpture, with China vase ornament and drapery; fair though these might be, yet fairer still would be the flowers in the wicker basket on the stand. "Though all around be rich and rare The flowers are fairest of the fair; And, voiceless as they are impart Sweet music to the eye and heart."

This youthful, blushing maiden, elegantly attired, who trips along yonder with alight heart and a sparkling eye, steals ever and anon a glance at the moss-rose blooming on her breast. One may not enquire who gathered and placed it there; though while his hand was thus employed his heart breathed the prayer, that it might be the only thorn he should ever plant in her bosom. Who he was, she

could tell if she would; but look at her happy face, and you may know how much of calm delight and peaceful pleasure may be crowded into the petals of a flower! The poor and aged widow in the alms house must also have her flower. Old and poor, and lonely as she is, the time when she had a garden of her own is not forgotten by her; and now, deprived of this, she goes out to gather a few wild flowers, sticks them in her broken jug, places them in the window, and looks upon them with satisfaction. Why should she not? For her, whoever she is, we breathe the prayers,—May her flowers bloom, and her hope of heaven grow brighter!

The aged laborer who, when in boyhood guided the plough; but now whose wrinkled forehead and furrowed brow and withered cheek and failing voice and kindly manner betoken his near approach to the Bar; when he puts on his Sunday coat, with its swallow-tail and big buttons, and wishes to go to the place where he expects to find strength for the few remaining years, he can not go unless he has a sprig of sweet-william and old-man in the button-hole. Both gentle and simple delight in flowers. The new made grave, that is filled up in the morning, is in the afternoon strewn with flowers that attest the respect and affection of the living for the one who sleeps beneath. There they bloom a while and there they wither. "Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies, Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew. What more than magic in you lies To fill the heart's fond view! In childhood's sports companions gay, In sorrow, or life's downward way, How soothing! in our last decay, Memorials prompt and true." The beauties of the flowers should make us glad and grateful; their frailty should excite reflection. As we gaze on a withered rose or fading lily we should do so with sad, yet with salutary remembrance, that, "as for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone and the place thereof knoweth it no more." The strubs and flowers which lately we watched and tenderly cared for and watered with pleasure, will be destroyed, perhaps, when our hands lie cold and lifeless, and will soon be forgotten. So will it be with us! "The world is gay and fair to us, as now we journey on, Yet still 'tis sad to think 'twill be the same when we are gone; Some few, perchance, may mourn for us, but soon the transient gloom, Like shadow of the summer cloud, shall leave our narrow tomb." Then "gather ye rose-buds while ye may, Old time is still a-flying; And this same flower that smiles to-day To-morrow will be dying." Thee, gentle Spring, we hail with glad welcome! "Then come, O, fresh spring airs, once more! Create the old delightful things, And woo the frozen world again, With hints of heaven upon your wings."

Advertisement for Prowse Bros. featuring an image of a shirt and the text: "Perfect Fitting Shirt", "The Wonderful Cheap Men.", "Gordon & McLellan, Men's Outfitters.", "The Tick System Improved", "L. W. COOK'S", "L. W. COOK, Watchmaker and Jeweler.", "Teams To Hire", "At Large's Livery", "W. F. ROBINS, PROPRIETOR.", "SECOND-HAND PIANO", "TENDERS".

Light Weight Underclothing For Warm Weather. In cotton, light, smooth and soft 50 cents per suit. Nicely Finished Balbriggan fine as silk 90 cents per suit. Beautiful soft Merino \$1.00 per suit. something extra fine in light weight natural wool, nicely finished sizes up to 46 \$2.00 per suit.

KENT STREET LIVERY STABLES. Charlottetown, P. E. I. HORSES, COACHES, BUGGIES, BAROUCHES, OPEN WAGGONS, ON HIRE DAILY. Terms Reasonable. Telephone No 171. W. F. ROBINS, PROPRIETOR.

THE FLAGUG IN LONDON. LONDON, June 1.—At Willesden, an outlying suburb of London, a man supposed to be suffering from the light form of bubonic plague has been discovered. Persons with whom he had come in contact were detained, but have now been released. The patient himself is still under observation.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale. HURLIN FULTON. Pleasant Bay, C. B.

BOWMAN'S HEADACHE POWDERS cure quickly all headaches arising from nervousness, sleeplessness, biliousness and other causes. Bowman's are safe and reliable and the kind that cures promptly. 10 cents and cents.

DRUNKENNESS IS A DISEASE AND CAN BE CURED. IS YOUR HUSBAND, BROTHER OR FRIEND afflicted with the Disease of Drunkenness? With a sure cure which can be given WITH OR WITHOUT the knowledge of the patient. Read the following which speaks for itself:— SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Dec. 1, 1900. DR. W. H. SAUNDERS & CO., Chicago, Ill. Dear Sirs—Kindly accept my thanks for the wonderful and permanent cures you have wrought on many members of my congregation. I have organized a society among my members to promote and advertise this most safe and speedy cure for this dreaded curse and disease which so many are afflicted with. You will learn in the very near future of the result of their labors. I sincerely hope that God will bless you and allow you to still continue in this great and good work in saving our fellow mortals from the scene of destruction, and place them on the road to live a sober and righteous life. Only wishing I could do more to assist you in this noble and worthy work. Yours in Christ, Rev. J. M. B.

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