

LA VERONICA IS DEAD

A FOTOBRIEF OF THE SECOND BRIBES LEAVES A FORTUNE.

To Animals and it amounted to More Than Half a Million—The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got this Generous Bequest—An Old Time Romance.

Three weeks ago there died in a little dingy house opposite the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, France, an old woman. It was not age that made her old, as she was only 62, but an affection of the skin, that turned her face into a mass of wrinkles and given her the appearance of being at least thirty years older. In addition she was bowed and crippled and deformed. Her neighbors saw little of her. Knowing herself to be a sorry sight, she seldom left the house, and was attended by a servant as little prepossessing as herself. She was thought to be rich and miserly. At her funeral, which was simple, there were no mourners; there was nothing about it worthy of remark, save the fact that a venerable pony was led behind the hearse to the cemetery.

That this old woman had ever lived was probably remembered by few people, when, a week ago, a lawyer who had been named as the executor of her will made an announcement that immediately put her name in the mouth of all Paris. This neglected old woman had died leaving \$603,000 in securities and jewels, all of which she bequeathed to the Paris society for the protection of animals. The amount did not cause surprise; nor was it altogether the character of the beneficiary, notwithstanding the rarity of a bequest for a purpose which most Parisians look upon as foolish; it was rather the accompanying disclosure of the woman's identity. She was 'La Veronica.'

Parisians of the Tout-Paris of former years—now mostly gentlemen of girth and gray mustaches carefully waxed—barked back in memory. They recalled 'La Veronica' readily enough, but they found it difficult to believe that she who had once been called 'divine,' who had been worshipped by them as the most beautiful of all creatures, had lived to die in a back street of a questionable quarter of Paris, and had had no one to follow her wasted body to the grave.

Veronica was so called because she was found deserted by her mother, in a bed of flowers of that name in the Park of St. Cloud. She was just two weeks old, and her sole worldly possessions were a dimpled body, lustrous lungs, and a pair of bright blue eyes. At the age of 18 she had so far conquered her world that she had the showiest hotel on the Champs Elysees, a chateau on the Loire, a villa by the sea, and one of the finest stables of horses belonging to a private person in France. She divided with Cora Pearl and 'La Palva,' in addition, the reputation of being the most notorious woman in Europe. A favorite first of Napoleon III. himself, then of De Morny, later of one after another of the high functionaries, she was the life and centre of the frolics which distinguished the Second Empire. For eleven years she kept the pace without faltering. Then, one fine day, she saw herself wither like a dead leaf.

Only 29 years old, at the height of her beauty and success, with triumphs indubitably yet to come, she fought the strange malady by which she had been attacked with the strength of one forseeing living death. Three years spent travelling from place to place, consulting the foremost physicians of the time, and following one cure after another at all the springs of Europe. There was no cure for her, however, nor even help, and when she saw her once wonderful beauty passing away she gave up in despair, renouncing the gay world in which the best years of her life had been spent, and seeking only to remain unseen and forgotten.

For thirty-three years she was both. The sale of her properties provided her with an adequate fortune, and she kept it intact for the benefit of the dumb creatures who did not know the difference between her when beautiful and when hideous. There is to come, however, the final chapter in this drama of a life; Veronica's jewels, which are valued at \$100,000 intrinsically, and may have a fictitious value caused by the memory of the givers, are to be sold at public sale.

Pearl as Big as a Marble.

A Tampa, Fla., dispatch to the Baltimore Sun, says: 'The largest oyster pearl ever found in an oyster taken from waters in this country was found here Saturday night by Colonel Bruce Knight, auditor of the city of Tampa, in an immense oyster from Sarasote Bay, about sixty miles south of here. The pearl is the size of an ordinary marble and unusually perfect. The

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value of the find has been estimated at many hundred dollars, and the fortunate finder sent it at once to Tiffany to ascertain its value. This is the third valuable pearl find made in oysters from that bay within a few weeks and has had the effect of greatly stimulating the pearl fisheries.

WHERE SHE FAILS.

The Woman Drummer is Clever, but She Can't Take a Drink.

The woman 'drummer' has been abroad in the land for a number of years, but no wail seems to go up from the legitimate knight of the grip. He doesn't like some of his brothers, cry out that women are robbing him of employment, lowering salaries, and making havoc generally. His self-satisfaction is still as conspicuous as his scarlet pin; and nothing but a Cheshire cat could equal his radiant smile. The fact is, he feels quite serene. His position is impregnable, and he knows it.

Of course, there are sporadic cases of the woman drummer, but there is no danger of an epidemic. A good many women are on the road selling light lines of goods, laces, gloves, veiling, things that can be handled in small sample cases, but it comes to heavier goods a woman is at a disadvantage. She hasn't the strength to handle the samples and do the packing. One large dry goods house in New York has a saleswoman who travels as far West as Portland and San Francisco and has made a splendid record; but she has a man with her as assistant. He attends to the packing and all that side of the work, and she furnishes the brains. That makes a good combination; but there is no use in hiring two people to do one good man's work, and it is cheaper to send out a man with strength plus brains.

'We have tried putting women on the road,' said the junior partner of a prosperous New York house, 'but we have given it up. They talked well, and they knew their goods; but we found that they did not impress the trade favorably, particularly in the small towns. Then, they couldn't stand the work. They hadn't the strength to put up with the life as men do. One strikes pretty rough living in some little places, especially in the West; and it takes an ostrich to digest the food and a pachyderm to sleep in the beds in some of the hotels. Of course, there's a good deal of hard travelling on poor trains, and a woman, feels that more than a man. You see, she can't hunt up a jolly fellow in the smoker and put in the time swapping yarns and playing cards.

'Then it seems to play the deuce with a woman's nerves to be everlastingly catching ing trains. Why, there was one nice girl who travelled for a Chicago house two years ago. She sold lots of goods too. Her employer bragged to me about her when he was down here, and said she was worth any two men he had out. This winter he came on again, and one day when we were lunching together he asked me if I remembered about the girl who travelled for him. I said I did, and he told me that she went along all right for nearly a year and never complained about anything; said she liked the work, and had her salary raised twice. Then one day last spring, the firm got word from a hotel man in Denver, that she was very ill there at his hotel. They sent her sister out to her, but do you know that girl had gone completely to pieces all of a sudden. Her mind has been wrong ever since, and the queer thing about it is that she is always wild about catching some train and making connection. She doesn't care about anything else. I suppose that was one of the things that wore on her nerves most, and it stuck in her mind.

'You see that story goes to prove what I've been saying—that women haven't the physical endurance for the road business.'

Just at that moment a vision behind a red tie and a diamond scarf pin drifted into the office.

'That's one of our travelling men,' said the member of the firm. 'Johnson, here's a reporter who wants to know something about the women who do your work better than you do.'

The smile spread. 'Bless their heart,' said Johnson, with airy good nature. 'They're all right, only they belong somewhere else. We don't need to worry about their taking our jobs. They can talk and they are clever, but they can't line up at a bar and take a drink with a customer, and there's no selling goods at a profit if you leave out that ceremony.'

Is Your Wife Ill-Tempered?

Examines her feet, and if she has corns buy her Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Home will then become an Eden. Much of the misery of married life is due to corns. Putnam's Extractor is sure, painless and prompt.

Baden-Baden Playing Puritan.

Baden-Baden, once the great gambling hell of Europe, since abolishing her gambling tables has rebounded to the other extreme, and is offering 'blue laws' as an attraction to visitors, two of whom were recently stopped by the police from purchasing flowers on Sunday. One of the purchasers was Prince Hohenlohe, the Prussian Chancellor; the other, the Oberbürgermeister of Frankfurt.

Why is an umbrella never used until it is used up?

Why should nature put a head on a dude if it abhors a vacuum?

Why doesn't some genius invent a safety accordion for beginners?

Why doesn't a trained skirt know enough to keep out of the mud?

Why doesn't the person who eats too much angel cake feel angelic?

Why don't they remove the scales from the eyes of Justice if she is blind?

Why should a man's love for his wife grow cold when she keeps him in hot water?—Chicago News.

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MORIN'S WINE

Creso-Phates.

Mr. G. Germain merchant of St. Tite, County of Champlain, was suffering for a long time from a very bad cold, and in spite of all the medicines used and care taken, his illness grew worse and worse. His family began to lose all hope and his case was considered nearly desperate. One day a friend advised Mr. Germain to try Morin's Wine which was so well recommended for colds and coughs; he got one bottle of it at once and used it according to directions. Two or three days after using the wine, what was the general astonishment to see a considerable change in Mr. Germain's condition; an unlooked for relief was felt in all his body, the cough diminished greatly, expectation came more freely, pains in the side ceased altogether, appetite came back better than before he felt sick, his strength increased and he felt a general change for the better. He used the wine for three weeks. To-day Mr. Germain is perfectly well and says that he has been cured by Dr. Morin's Creso-Phates Wine.

French Wines.

Last year's French vintage was small in quantity and inferior quality, and the vintage of 1896 shows no prospect of being in demand among connoisseurs. The wines of 1895 promise to turn out well, and the vintages of 1893 and 1892 are of the finest body, flavor and aroma and are in great demand.

Some cough medicines, while curing a cold, bring on Stomach trouble; Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine—The Cough Cure—is good for the system.

Millions of Glass Eyes.

It is stated on German authority that the astounding number of 2,000,000 glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, while one French house manufactures 300,000 of them annually.

600 PERSONS WANTED.

600 persons have been advertised for to claim money. Their names and description is given in the "Fortune Book" price 10cts. Address McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

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FOR SALE A VALUABLE PROPERTY in the growing town of Berwick, N. S., known as "Browne's stock" and contains three acres all rented, also two barns which can be easily converted into a Hotel. Orchard and stable in rear. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most growing and prosperous towns in Nova Scotia. There is an excellent opening here for a Hotel. Terms \$400 down remainder on mortgage. Would exchange for good farming property. Apply to H. E. Jefferson or W. V. Brown, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DAWSON 29, Bradford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Bradford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Gold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 46 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

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44 and 46 Pearl Street, New York, February 10, 1898.

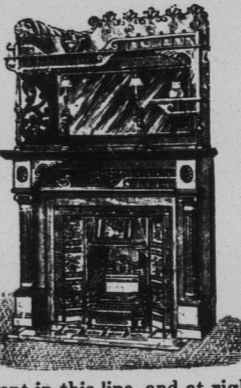
My certificate (Certified Public Accountant) was the seventh issued by the state. There are only 120 in the entire State (N. Y.) holding certificates, so that doesn't speak badly for the method of teaching in the State John Business College. B. McLEOD, C. P. A., (Of McElbain & Lewis, Accountants and Auditors).

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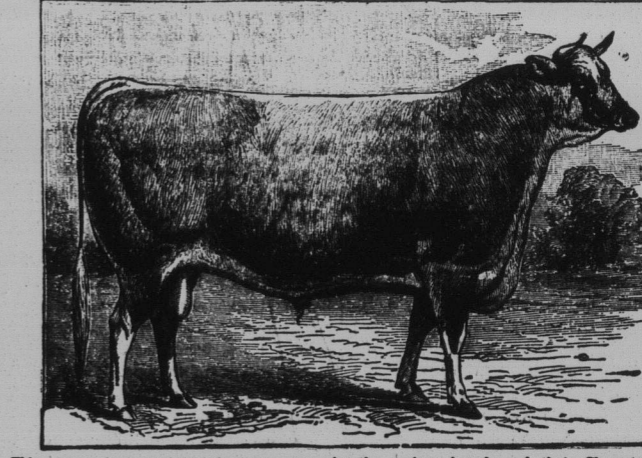
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