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## WON BY WHISTLING.

(From Tid-Bits.)

Hartley, or rather his wife, had been giving a musical "At Home," and a performance of stifferers had proved the hit of the evening's entertainment. An hour or so later, the "crowd" having dispersed, "Birdy" Jackson, Hartley and I were idly discussing the events of the affair in the smoking room. Jackson and I were stopping overnight with our host, being old chums of his, and living some distance out of town.

"No idea you could give us such a ripping performance, Birdy," remarked Hartley; "and when your wife joined in I was perfectly astounded."

Jackson laughed softly. "No, she doesn't do it at all badly," he admitted. "You know, Dick, there's a bit of romance attached to that whistle of hers; in fact, it was the means of bringing our matrimonial desires to an abrupt point at an extremely critical period in our courtship."

Hartley gave me a gentle kick. "Then your union and the whole of romance about it?" he said.

"Rather! Unique in the annals of love-making, I should say. But folks are so confoundingly incredulous nowadays, I've never attempted to tell the ram but once, and then I swore I'd never do it again."

But he had to on this occasion, and soon began to interest us as follows:—"First of all you must know, Mr. Birdy, addressing me—I'm called Birdy, on account of being practised from early infancy as a boy, and to some people, nasty form of musical recreation. Though cuffed as a boy, severely reprimanded for warbling in slack business hours, and soundly executed by the neighbors, I nevertheless persevered."

"A year this last summer I came in for a sum of money which rendered me a practically wealthy and independent man, and to celebrate my good fortune I threw up my business berth and went into Yorkshire to spend a few weeks with a professional bachelor friend and to idle generally."

"Whilst there I was introduced to a Colonel Alton and his daughter Evelyn, aged twenty-two, who lived at The Chase, and were intimate friends of my chum. New girl she was; plenty of 'go' without being the least fast. In less than a fortnight I was over head and ears in love with her. The subsequent afternoons at The Chase were too hot for tennis. Colonel Alton spent his nooning in his study; Evelyn's elderly companion and her father's housekeeper—for Mrs. Alton had been dead some years—nodded in the shade of her favorite elave, and my friend invariably had to leave for an important case before the tea came out. Very nice of him, I thought."

"Thus thrown together, Evelyn and I monopolized the arbour, and I used to amuse her by thrilling selections from the operas, latest airs (comic and serious) and such like, and would soon find in her a kind of flip to my performance. Through a woman in every other respect, she could whistle. In most of the well-known tunes, up-to-date or pathetically aged, she excelled, owing to the fact that during the winter months for some years past she had always officiated at the piano for the village popular concerts, when the vocal and instrumental items were naturally of an amusing and light order—at times scarcely high-class, perhaps."

"Then came the time when the colonel had to be approached. The old man gave me a prompt and curt refusal. He had other views for his child. I tried remonstrances, then dogged persistence, but without avail. Evelyn stood out like a brick. This burst of independence resulted in her immediate banishment to regions unknown to me, under the surveillance of a relative of mature age and experience, and all communication between us strenuously denied and forestalled. All chances of elopement even were reduced to nil."

"A few days later I left my friends for Bournemouth, there to recruit my shattered health and hopes, and think things over quietly. I was crushed for the time being. As I alighted from my cab at the entrance to the North Cliff, where I had taken rooms, an elderly lady came down the steps. Her face seemed somewhat familiar to me, though I could not at the time recall to mind when and where I had seen it before. When she started as she saw me, and somewhat hurriedly re-entered the hotel, I was further mystified. A thought struck me as I was signing my name in the hotel register of visitors some time later. Two pages back I found an entry: 'Miss Alton and Miss E. Alton, 45-46.' I tumbled to it in a second then. The elderly lady I encountered was undoubtedly Colonel Alton's sister, who had been staying at The Chase and left two days after my arrival in the village, and before I knew anything of Evelyn. I had once passed her walking with the colonel, and she must have recognized me again."

"I remarked on the entry to the clerk in a casual way, and he volunteered the information that Miss Alton had, but a few minutes previously, given notice of her intention to vacate the thirteenth apartment the next morning. The news staggered me. Then Miss Alton certainly did know all, and had decided on flight as the only safe remedy under the circumstances."

"Not a glimpse could I catch of Evelyn. After dinner, from a search on the pier I returned to the North Cliff, and saw in the distance the growing dusk. Almost unconsciously I lapsed into melody, and appropriately commenced to warble, 'Alice, Where Art Thou?' A slight movement on the balcony above mine, and one window of the left, caused me to look up. A figure in white met my gaze, with one of its hands, as if demanding silence, pointing warningly to the window behind her. Yes, it was Evelyn, but her attendant dragon of an aunt was evidently close at hand. Verbal communication, as well as writing, was out of the question. It was already too dark for the deaf and dumb manipulation, even provided she knew its working. An idea suddenly flashed upon me. Why not try? No sooner thought of than done. Softly I whistled the last lines of 'Whisper and I Shall Hear' refrain. A slight shake of the head and then the ren-

dering of 'Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye,' floated down. Then they were really going away.

"Evelyn, I don't think it's quite proper for you to be standing there, came a voice from within, and which, by straining my ears, I could just overhear. My heart beat wildly, and the girl turned to address her aunt without leaving the balcony."

"It's almost dark now, and I can't stay cooped up indoors all the evening—our last one, too! What does papa want us back in such a hurry for?"

"Because he wishes it, my dear; that's all the reason I can give you. You really must help me to finish the packing in a few minutes."

"Then her aunt had revealed nothing, and believed her yet to be in ignorance of my presence at the hotel. Lucky, but the case was a desperate one. Evelyn returned to her former position and leaned over again. 'Where Are You Going To, My Pretty Maid?' began. There was a momentary pause, and then the answer came in a line of Home, Sweet Home, from my darling's lips. 'Oh, I do wish you would drop that vulgar habit of whistling,' again came the voice inside the window."

"But, auntie, there's no piano to sing to," was the somewhat lame excuse. 'I must do something,' and I can't possibly shock anyone up here! Then there was silence once more."

"Back to Yorkshire again. No chance there. Anyhow, she still cared for me, and I must put her affections to a severe test, and win my only chance of securing happiness. 'Oh, Nannie, Wilt Thou Gang With Me?' I piped."

"Where Are You Going To?" was again utilized in reply.

"I was stumped for a minute, but a bar or two of 'Big Ben,' a favorite song of mine, came as a hasty rescue. She understood, bless her! but a lengthy pause intervened before her answer. Love and duty had a hard struggle. Then 'No, sir; No, Sir; No, Sir; No!' was repeated four times in succession. She refused, then! But why so emphatically? What a silly idiot I was! The fourth time the girl in the song said 'No' she meant 'Yes.' I breathed again."

"But about our departure. The morning train via Bath left at 9.45. The earliest Waterloo was 7.45, and we should be easily tracked and our intentions frustrated in consequence. If we left it till then, I consulted my watch. It was 9.15. The night train up left at 10.20. 'Oh, Why Should We Wait Till Tomorrow?' went up without delay. 'All right,' from above soon settled that question satisfactorily, but was followed immediately by a few bars of 'Bradshaw's Guide' ditty. I knew what she wanted, so, after a slight hesitation, I warbled 'Come Into The Garden, Maud,' and chirped ten times. 'Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet again,' from 'Dream Faces,' proved that I was clearly understood, and then she turned to address Miss Alton in louder tones than before."

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## STAMINA OF TROTTERS.

Races that Stand as Landmarks for Well-Sustained Speed.

Strong Finishes by Alix in the Fastest Three Heats on Record—Director's Recuperative Powers—Pat L., a Great Four-Year-Old and Bouncer Again—Blood of the Winners.

(New York Sun.)

Kentucky horsemen have taken sides in a spirited argument around the above winter respecting the relative stamina of the trotting horse and the thoroughbred. This set-to was brought on by the veteran trainer, Crit Davis of Harrodsburg, who had to give up driving trotters two years ago on account of increasing weight, and who now has a stable of runners. Davis said that the thoroughbred race horse of today has not half the endurance of the trotter and attributed the alleged lack of stamina to the modern system of short-distance racing. Gil Curry, who has trained both trotters and runners, agreed with Davis. He said that in his opinion "the work which a good trotting-bred colt is called upon to do in the course of training would kill any thoroughbred alive." Sam Wilson, W. T. Crosthwaite and some other of both breeds also shared the views of Davis. Major Foxhall A. Dainoff, formerly owner of Sam Purdy, 2201-2, and now the manager of James R. Keene's thoroughbred stud in Kentucky, is reported as saying that in his opinion the American trotter is the best horse in point of endurance that has ever been evolved, and that if he had to go a hundred miles in a day he would choose a trotting horse in preference to any other for the journey.

On the other side of the controversy is John H. Madden, who recently sold Hamburg to Marcus Daly. Madden began to speculate in thoroughbreds he followed the same business with marked success among trotters. Few men have seen more of the hidden of both kinds of racing, and his experience and judgment of a trotting horse carries more weight when money is to be put up either at the pool box or in the sale ring. Madden claims that in point of stamina or ability to maintain a high rate of speed the thoroughbred horse has no equal. He says it is untrue to conclude that because the running horse of the present day is not often asked to go a distance he would be unable to do so if called upon. According to his opinion, there are a dozen or more horses in training that could, with the proper preparation, beat the time on record at all distances from two to four miles. He will say, however, that until the harness horse learns to go a mile in 1:40 it is useless to compare the types, owing to the radical difference in "the pace that kills" and the system of racing which they are trained and raced.

It is a recognized fact that the three-in-five system of harness racing, which has remained practically unchanged ever since 2:30 was the limit of speed, has developed the endurance and staying capacity of the trotting-bred horse in a remarkable degree. With the horses now racing along at a clip well down below 2:10, the test under this system has come to be a severe one, and the strain on trotting and pacing contestants strikingly evident in many instances. There are few better examples in the books than the fastest races at three, four, five, six, seven and eight heats, and these performances are noted by turf statisticians with as much care as the single dashes against time in which records are lowered.

One of the best examples of ability to maintain a high rate of speed is found in the fastest three-heat race on record. This stands to the credit of Alix, who was trotted before the guests of the third mile in the fastest race of the season at Lexington, Ky., Oct. 11, 1897, in which he was beaten by Ryland T. and Pixley at Terre Haute in 1894. In this race the daughter of Patronage trotted the last half of the first mile in 1:03.34, of the second mile in 1:01.1-2, and of the third mile in 1:01.1-4, showing increasing speed as the race progressed. The time of her third heat is the fastest ever made in a race. Director equalled it as a four-year-old, but the fast heat was trotted after he had gone two miles in slow time. In the Terre Haute race Alix placed to her credit the fastest first heat, the fastest second heat and the fastest third heat on record. Following is the summary:

Terre Haute, Ind., Aug. 17, 1894; purse \$5,000, free-for-all; Trotting, 3 heats, by Patronage—Alix, by Attorney (Andrew McDowell) 1 1 1  
Pixley, b. m. 1 1 1  
Ely, Va., b. m. 1 1 1  
Time—2:06, 2:06, 2:06.

Director's four-heat race at Lexington in 1893 has never been equalled, although Benzie at Buffalo in 1895 won a fourth heat in a losing race in 2:08.3-4. The black colt was then only four years old. Horsemen who saw the performance said that when Pixley beat him to the wire in the second heat, making her record of 2:08.1-4, Director was apparently very tired. But such was the recuperative powers of the great son of Director that he got his second wind before the bell rang for the third round, and beat the mare back. Those who believe that the best trotters get their stamina from the thoroughbred line point of their defeat in Director's four-heat race by Venture, a horse that was virtually thoroughbred. It is worthy of note that Pixley, who was second to Alix at Terre Haute, was also the controlling horse against Director in his last race at Lexington. The stout old daughter of Director, now driven on the road here by W. M. V. Hoffman. Below is the summary of Director's race:

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 11, 1897; purse \$2,000; free-for-all; Trotting, 3 heats, by Director—Steward, by Venture (John Kelly) 1 2 1  
Pixley, b. m. 1 2 1  
Pamela, b. m. 1 2 1

Walter E. b. g. 1 2 1  
Greenleaf, b. g. 1 2 1  
Time—2:04, 2:04, 2:04, 2:04.

When the summary of the champion five-heat race is examined evidence of the advantage of laying up heats appears. While David B. carried the four-heat victory on a fast mile, Greenleaf had Nightingale up and afterward drove her another easy mile. Dandy Jim then taking a fall out of the four-year-old. It dwindled down to a fresh horse against a tired one, and Nightingale won the race. Both mares made their best records in this contest. The winner was one of the best stayers and long-distance trotters the turf has ever known. She lowered the world's record at two miles to 4:33.1-4, which was afterward reduced to 4:32 by Greenleaf. Nightingale's three-mile record of 6:55.1-2 still stands as the best in the books. Although her stamina was remarkable as her speed, the breeding of Nightingale is short and soft on the side of the dam, so far as it is known. Wood's Hambletonian, the sire of her dam, got few stayers, and Nightingale's second dam was of unknown breeding. She was brought home from the war by a Pennsylvania soldier, however, and ran some scrub races, from which it is presumed that she had thoroughbred blood in her veins. The first of Nightingale's fifth heat in 1:03.3-4 has never been beaten, but it was equalled by Director as a four-year-old in the free-for-all race at Fleetwood, and by Alix in a long-drawn-out race at Columbus the same year. Summary:

Terre Haute, Ind., Oct. 4, 1885; purse \$1,000; 311 class; Trotting, 5 heats, by Mambino—King—Minnequa (George) 1 1 1  
Onoqua, b. f. 1 1 1  
Dandy Jim, Jr. 1 1 1  
David B. 1 1 1  
Time—2:04, 2:10, 2:08, 2:10, 2:09.

The fastest six-heat race on record was trotted at the Cleveland Grand Circuit meeting in 1897 and won by the chestnut mare, Grace Hastings. There were fifteen starters, and the test of endurance was unusually severe for all horses engaged, owing to going long miles in the big field. It is a notable fact that Grace Hastings ended the series of 1897 with the reputation of being anything but a fast horse. She was bred by George A. Leach of New York and is known as one of the best performers on the turf. In a subsequent race she lowered her record to 2:08, the fastest new trotting record of the season. The following table shows the sides. The summary follows the Grace Hastings was laid up in the second and third heats:

Cleveland, July 28, 1897; purse \$2,000; 241 class; Trotting, 6 heats, by Grace Hastings, ch. m. 9  
Grace Hastings, ch. m. 9  
Emma K., by Burger (Spartan) 5 15 14 1 1 1  
Bouncer, b. f. 1 1 1  
Elliott, ch. m. 8 2 1 3 10  
Baron Rogers, b. s. 2 9 10 7 10  
Berby Princess, blk. m. 5 2 10 3  
Ontario, br. s. 7 14 6 3 5 10  
Cephas, b. s. 4 6 3 4 10  
Pilot Boy, Jr. 10 8 5 4 12  
Newcastle, b. g. 12 7 14 6  
Governor Strong, b. s. 12 8 5 6  
Iago, b. s. 12 11 11 11 10  
She, br. m. 9 3 4 6 8  
Gastel, b. m. 11 12 8 5 6  
Rifle, blk. g. 15 13 6  
Time—2:10, 2:10, 2:10, 2:10, 2:10, 2:10.

To the big Nebraska four-year-old colt, Pat L., by Reginald, who won the honor of having beaten the free-for-all cracks for 1896 at Lexington in the fastest seven-heat race on record. The colt was sore and lame at the time, the weather was bad and the conditions unfavorable for fast time. The performance, therefore, is claimed as a great one by the men who follow the circuit. By a quarter of a second the sixth heat of this race in 2:12 beats the sixth heat trotted by Grace Hastings at Cleveland, and the seventh heat at Lexington in 2:10.3-4 is a performance that stands alone. His sire, Republican, 2:19.1-4, by Almont-Wilkes, was a good campaigner, but on the side of the dam Pat L. has only one record of trotting blood. That comes to him through Pat McMahon, the sire of his dam, Pat McMahon, by McMahon, 2:21.3-4, a great performer, who probably possessed as much speed as any horse of his day. Summary of the best seven-heat race:

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 16, 1896; purse \$2,000; free-for-all; Trotting, 7 heats, by Republican—Nelly McMahon (McMahon) 4 2 1 1 1  
Fantasy, b. m. 1 1 1 3 4 1  
William Penn, b. s. 4 2 3 1 2 3 2  
Berby Princess, blk. m. 5 2 10 3  
ward 1 1 1 3 2 4 2 4  
Time—2:07, 2:08, 2:10, 2:09, 2:10, 2:10, 2:10.

For even, well-sustained speed of a high order, few races ever trotted have equalled the eight-heat contest won by William Simpson's four-year-old filly Bouncer at Detroit in 1895. The race was trotted over a new track that was by no means fast, yet was the fastest heat of the eight trotted in 2:11, the slowest was in 2:14.1-4. In each of the last five heats Bouncer was either first or second. Her eighth heat in 2:14.1-4 was beaten last season by the Tennessee mare May Fern, who trotted the last mile of an eight-heat race at Independence, Mo., in 2:13.1-4. Bouncer is by Hummer, who was by Electioneer out of Edith Wilkes, by George Wilkes. It is a singular circumstance that in the list of winners of these champion races the family of George Wilkes, generally classed as the greatest of all families of campaigners, is without a single representative in the direct male line. Of the six winners, Alix, Nightingale, and Grace Hastings are lineal descendants of Clay's Mambino. Chief, through Woodford Mambino, Mambino Patronage and Clark Chief, the best show sons of the old horse. All of these except Grace Hastings have the blood of Rydyk's Hambletonian on the side of the dam. She is the only trotter in the 2:10 list excepting Lord Clinton, 2:08.3-4, that does not carry the blood of Hambletonian. The other three winners, Director, Pat L., and Bouncer, are lineal descendants of Rydyk's Hambletonian, through his sons, Director, Alexander's Abdallah, and Electioneer. Not one of them is without the blood of Mambino Chief. Of the six winners, three are four-year-olds. Following is the summary of Bouncer's eight-heat race:

Detroit, Mich., July 24, 1895; purse \$2,000; 214 class; Trotting, 8 heats, by Bouncer, b. f. 4 years,

## WEEKLY SUN!

## Special Notice to Our Readers.

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Commencing January 1st 1898, the WEEKLY SUN will be issued in two parts of 8 pages each,—one part on Saturday, January 1st, and the 2nd part on Wednesday, January 5th—and this new departure will be continued throughout the year. By this plan readers of the WEEKLY SUN will receive the advantage of the best news service ever attempted in the Maritime Provinces.

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By issuing the WEEKLY SUN in two parts, Saturdays and Wednesdays, its subscribers will be placed as near as possible on a level with the city readers of the daily papers, and will be furnished with the news of the world as fresh

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This great step in advance in the news service of the WEEKLY SUN will not be accompanied by any advance in price. On the contrary the management have decided to make a startling reduction in the annual subscription, and to offer the WEEKLY SUN to subscribers who pay in advance at a discount of 25 per cent.

Henceforth the WEEKLY SUN will be conducted on a strictly cash basis, and subscribers who are in arrears can take advantage of this unparalleled offer by squaring their bills and remitting 75cts. for the new year.

By Hummer-McMahon, by Mambino-Patagon, by (Andrew) 5 6 1 2 2 1 1  
Alix, b. m. 2 1 2 3 6 3 2  
Bertie K., b. m. 2 1 2 3 2 3 2  
Genes, ch. s. 1 2 3 4 9 4 4  
Maggie Sherman, ch. m. 2 3 4 7 5 10  
Gretchen, b. m. 7 6 7 5 10  
Token, b. m. 8 7 6 5 10  
Sixty-six class.  
Time—2:12, 2:11, 2:12, 2:12, 2:13, 2:13, 2:13, 2:14.

TO START A BAULKY HORSE.

The following mode of starting a baulky horse is given by an American writer. It is said to be successful in 99 cases out of a hundred: When a horse baulks, no matter how badly he balks, or how ugly he is do not beat him, don't throw your hands, don't use a rope on his front legs, or even burn straw under him. Quietly go out and pat him on the head a moment, take a hammer or even pick up a stone in the road, tell the driver to sit still, take his hands, hold them quietly while you pat him, either front foot, give each nail a light tap, and a good smart tap on the frog. Drop his foot quickly, and then chirp to him to go. In 99 cases out of 100 the horse will go right along about his business, but the driver must keep his lines back and not pull or jerk him back. The secret of this little trick is simply diversion.

ST. ANDREWS.  
The Young Ladies Guild of All Saints Church and the Women's Sewing Society Entertain the Male Members.

ST. ANDREWS, Feb. 15.—The members of the Young Ladies' Guild of All Saints Church, together with those of the Women's Sewing Society, entertained the members of the Men's Church society on the evening of St. Valentine's day in the Church Sunday school room. The guests on entering the room were received by Mrs. C. M. Gove in that cheerful and pleasant manner so characteristic of her, and by her kind greeting, made to feel at home. Mrs. J. S. McMillan, a very well chosen and gracefully delivered words welcomed the guests of the evening, after which the exercises of the evening were entered into. Mrs. Simpson announcing the numbers on the program. The first number was a duet by Miss Alton, soprano, and Mrs. R. A. Stuart, alto. They were rendered most effectively, with organ accompaniment by Mrs. G. H. Stickney. A series of tableaux vivants were then exhibited, comprising an allegorical sketch of the months of the year—January by Miss K. Gove, February by Miss Ethel Richardson, March by two sweet little girls, Freda Wren and Hazel Grimmer; April, Easter meeting, and part of the shell hunt, revealing a sweet picture, Hazel Grimmer; May, Miss Gertrude Simpson; June, the song 'The Boye that Brightens When I Come,' was sweetly and artistically sung by Mrs. W. Burton, who was recalled by an encore. The boys took no refusal, July, Summer Girl, by Miss Maggie Burton; August, by Mrs. O. Clark, Miss Mary Ross, Miss P. Andrews and Mrs. N. Treadwell; September by Miss Mary Morrison; October by Miss Ethel Carson; November by Miss Annie Billing; December by Miss Mabel Jones. Then came a trio, Dream On, by Miss Alton, Mrs. R. A. Stuart and Mrs. W. Burton, in which the voices of the singers blended in sweet harmonious sounds. This was followed by the tableaux, Winter, Mrs. J. H. Grimmer, and Summer, Miss B. Andrews.

Then followed sandwiches, cake, tea and coffee, served by the young ladies, which were heartily enjoyed by all. John S. Magee, seconded by J. Sidney McMillan, moved a vote of thanks to the ladies who so admirably posed in the tableaux, as well as to the ladies who sang so sweetly; to Mrs. G. H. Stickney, who contributed to the general enjoyment by playing the organ; and likewise to the lady who pumped the organ; also to the members of the guild and having a society for the admirable tea and coffee served by them. This unique function was concluded by the company singing 'God Save Our Queen.'

A lecture before the Men's Church society on Tuesday evening, 30th inst., in the church school room. Subject, 'The Boundary Treaties.'

REMARKABLE LOCOMOTIVES.  
Some remarkable locomotives, recently built at Leeds, England, are described in a recent issue of 'The Engineer' (London). A portion of their proposed work is in tunnel headings, where the clearance limits are 8 feet 6 inches in width and 7 feet 6 inches in height above the rail. The only parts of the engine which normally extend beyond these limits are the stack and the cab. When engaged in tunnel work the cab takes down level with the top of the boiler, and the stack is removed. The engineer then occupies a low shaft in the rear of the engine, and the exhaust is turned into the side tanks.

Timmins—Every once in a while I find myself repeating one of my jokes. Simmons—That's queer. I never hear any one else repeating them.