

BIRTHS.
—At Union Point, on the Jan. 12, a daughter to Rev. William Fraser Gregory, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.
—MacCALLUM—At St. Joseph's church, on Jan. 12, Rev. William Fraser Gregory, a daughter.

DEATHS.
—In this city, on January 10, a daughter to Rev. William Fraser Gregory, a daughter.

SHIP NEWS.
PORT OF ST. JOHN.
Arrived, Friday, Jan. 10.

Who—Sch. L. M. Ellis, 24, from London.

Saturday, Jan. 11.
Loyalist, 235, from London.

Sunday, Jan. 12.
Lake Superior, 400, from London.

Monday, Jan. 13.
Loyalist, 235, from London.

Tuesday, Jan. 14.
Loyalist, 235, from London.

Wednesday, Jan. 15.
Loyalist, 235, from London.

Thursday, Jan. 16.
Loyalist, 235, from London.

Friday, Jan. 17.
Loyalist, 235, from London.

Saturday, Jan. 18.
Loyalist, 235, from London.

Sunday, Jan. 19.
Loyalist, 235, from London.

Monday, Jan. 20.
Loyalist, 235, from London.

Tuesday, Jan. 21.
Loyalist, 235, from London.

Wednesday, Jan. 22.
Loyalist, 235, from London.

Thursday, Jan. 23.
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Saturday, Jan. 25.
Loyalist, 235, from London.

Sunday, Jan. 26.
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Monday, Jan. 27.
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Tuesday, Jan. 28.
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HON. R. R. DOBELL THROWN FROM A HORSE IN ENGLAND AND KILLED.

Was in Old Country for Benefit of His Health—While Riding His Horse Became Frightened at Motor Car and Threw Him.

Toronto, Jan. 11.—(Special)—A private cable received here late this afternoon from London, England, says: "Hon. R. R. Dobell, Canadian minister without portfolio, was thrown from a horse today and killed." The signer was David Macpherson, brother of Mrs. Dobell. Half an hour afterwards Lady Kirkpatrick received a message from Mrs. Dobell confirming the sad news.

Mr. Dobell was in search of better health. He was not feeling very well for some time past.

Mr. and Mrs. Dobell arrived here a week ago, where they were joined by a groom. They were returning in the afternoon and had reached the foot of St. Nicholas street when the accident occurred.

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Kate Clyde Serious and Kate Clyde Frivolous.

Polly Benedict heaved a huge sigh and flung herself on her divan. I noticed she looked rather worn.

"There was once a woman," she began softly, "who was born with a curse. She wasn't even lucky; she wasn't stupid; she wasn't even clever; she was merely too clever. Being too clever, she saw things which other women didn't see. She perceived how they were wasting opportunities and ruining their lives, and knowing instinctively the right way to do things, she did them."

"Have I mentioned that she was kind hearted? That was the other half of the curse. If she had been selfish, her cleverness would not have ruined her life. So whenever she saw some weak, inefficient woman struggling by the roadside she gave her a lift. She taught her how to live, how to act, even how to think. Her tireless energy burned her like a fierce inward fire, and she knew no rest and no obstacles. She sent her own tremendous personality and overflowing strength through all things, and she was a woman who would succeed. Then what happened? Exhausted by the loss of the strength she had given to the other, she paused to rest for a moment, and the woman she had drifted away and forgotten her. And it was always so in the life of this woman. She was born to help, never to be helped. So she went on through life, making whole beings of the mentally half and lame and blind because with her accurate clever mind she couldn't bear to see anything imperfect or weak. And she went on giving of her very life strength until she died. The fool!"

"Why 'the fool'?" I cried. "She was truly great and noble."

Polly smiled bitterly. "No; she was a fool," she said. "It's something like this in the power of each, but no one else can give that power. Success is a matter of personality. To gain it one must have certain characteristics. Therefore, although a weak personality may be animated, may be wrapped around by the strong will of another and fairly dragged to the door of success, yet when that sustaining will is removed it will sooner or later fall back again as it was. Therefore the woman was a fool, for she gave her strength in vain."

"But wasn't the woman—didn't the woman—realize this in time?" I cried. "After the first bitter disappointment couldn't she stop and spare herself future pain?"

"No. And that is her curse," Polly murmured softly. "She will never profit by experience. She will always keep on trying."

"Dear old Polly! I saw at last that she was speaking of herself."

I have placed the stars here because I am going to talk about something frivolous and there really should be a separation of some sort. Don't you think so? Perhaps it would be better for me if I occupied my mind with graver thoughts, but I simply can't do it even after one of Polly Benedict's conversations, so I shall immediately proceed to ask you if you have one of those new little sashes. No? Well, you must get one. They're all the rage. The tulle is brought down in a point in front, where it is held by a rhinestone slide. In the back it is gathered into a huge rosette, with long ends reaching to the bottom of the skirt. These ends are knotted twice, and each knot there is a tiny rhinestone slide. In the center of the rosette there is also a dainty rhinestone button. It is the most chic sash yet invented, but if you're an almost-minded girl don't get one. Sit on it once, and it's done for.

Mrs. James Brown Potter says that to dress well a woman must have a sense of humor, from which I gather what I have long suspected—that nine-tenths of the women have no humor at all. I am quite sure it is in the case of a woman I saw yesterday. She wore one of those abominable new coats, out sashlike both as to body and sleeves. It reminded me of a Chinaman's very baggy blouse. The thing was a very light tan, and it was an awkward three-quarter length, which made the woman look as if she had no legs at all. An over-heavy black hat, by the way, completed this effect by making her head appear three times its size. Her unfortunate little daughter, a lanky child of twelve, was arrayed in a similarly baggy garment of—ah, horrors. I have to grind my teeth when I think of it—bright red broadcloth. Her small features were almost concealed by one of the new creations in children's millinery—a huge and floppy heaver ornamented with a vivid green ribbon tied in a square bow at the back with the long ends streaming over the coat. Unfortunate woman and still more unfortunate child! There ought to be a dress ordinance to protect children; there really ought to be.

Have you noticed the new facial expression? The fashionable expression, I mean. The next time you are on the street watch the occupants of the victoria. For the last season or two it has been a look of gentle melancholy, as if the thing of life were but ashes and bitterness. Now it's quite different. D.J. you ever see one of Francois Fleming's dainty little water colors? They always represented directorial maidens with striped petticoats and huge furs. Well, now that's the expression. They all look like the French call "spatule," the eyebrows finely penciled and elevated slightly and a half smile lingering at the corners of the lips. It's a look half innocent, half knowing, and it's all the style at present. Do you know why? Because the old gloomy expression didn't go with the popular three-cornered hat. The combination made the woman look sinister. So a new expression had to be invented. That's what they're saying about town, at any rate.

Some people say that womanly tact is fast disappearing and that society leaders are becoming new, womanish and brutal. I haven't made up my mind about that, but

I have just heard a story about a grand dame of other days which made me wish there were more women like her.

An old southern lady told it to me. She said: "It was many years ago, when my son was only sixteen. We had occasion to pass through New York, and Mrs. Van L. invited us to spend two or three days in her mansion. We had been intimate friends in school days, and she had visited me in my Virginia home, but I had no idea of the style in which she lived. Anyway, we were simple, rather patriarchal style. So on the evening of the first day of my visit I put on a black gown, high necked and long sleeved. To my horror, my son Dick burst into the room and exclaimed: 'Oh, mother, you can't go down that way! We ought never to have come here, with our simple clothes. I have just been to the drawing room, and all the ladies are gorgeously dressed for dinner in low necked evening gowns and just like what I see do.' Well, for a moment I was dazed," admitted the dear old lady, with a smile, "but then I drew myself up and said: 'My son, I have made a mistake, but it is too late now. We cannot stay away. We will have to go down as we are. We are the X's of Virginia; remember that. Give me your arm; we must not keep our hostess waiting.' So, with beating hearts, we entered the drawing room. There was most surprising sight met our eyes. Our hostess was no longer in the Parian creation Dick had described. She had seen my son enter the drawing room in his business suit, and, noticing his worried expression and his subsequent hurried retreat to my room, she had guessed the cause and had changed her evening gown for a simple afternoon one of black, high necked and long sleeved, as mine was. So there were two of us alike among the crowd of gaily dressed women. Wasn't that delicate tact?"

New York. KATE CLYDE.

Epilepsy Curable.

A DISEASE THAT HAS LONG BAFLED MEDICAL SKILL.

Mr. M. A. Gauthier, of Buckingham, Gives His Experience for the Benefit of Other Sufferers from this Terrible Malady.

From the Post, Buckingham, Que.

We venture to say that in our town of 2,000 inhabitants few business men are better known than Mr. M. A. Gauthier, the young and hustling brother of Main street. He wasn't, however, as energetic or as busy a couple of years ago as he is to-day, and for a good reason—he wasn't well.

Having gone into business early in his majority his duties increased and he was kept so busy that he had no time to spare for his health. He was in a state of health necessary to stand a strain, and in consequence of the extra work upon the system it became run down to such an extent that epilepsy or falling sickness resulted, and these lapses into unconsciousness becoming alarmingly frequent he consulted physicians and took some remedies, but without beneficial results. Finally, feeling Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a cure for falling sickness he decided to give them a trial. As to the result the Post cannot do better than give Mr. Gauthier's story in his own words: "I was," said Mr. Gauthier, "for nearly four years I suffered from epilepsy or falling fits, which took me without warning and usually in most inconvenient places. I am just twenty-four years of age, and I think I started business too young and the fear of falling fits was a constant worry to me. I was good for my constitution, and the consequence was that I became subject to those attacks which I could not control. I consulted various physicians without benefit, but whatever, leaving me terribly sick and weak after they had passed. I got to dread their recurrence very much, and to my surprise the pills still troubled me. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised and determined to try them. I did so, and the medicine helped me so much that I got more and kept on taking them, until to-day I am as well as better, than I ever was, and am not troubled at all by epilepsy or the fear of its returning again. Thinking there may be others similarly afflicted, I give my story to the Post; it may perhaps lead them to give this great medicine a trial."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a positive cure for all diseases arising from impoverished blood, or a weak or shattered condition of the nervous system. Every disease arising from impoverished blood, or a weak or shattered condition of the nervous system, gives rise to the nervous, thus curing such diseases as epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, paralysis, the maniac, scurvy, heart trouble, and all other ailments. These pills are also a cure for the ailments that make the lives of many women a constant misery. They are sold in bottles of five, ten, and twenty pills, and are sold by all druggists. Can be procured from druggists or will be sent by mail, post-paid, in 51 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

lightness on the Atlantic, Pacific, Gulf of Mexico and lakes, exclusive of beacons, whistling buoys and fog signals operated either by steam or clockwork.

NO DANGER.

There is no danger of heart burn or heart troubles from the use of Chewers Tobacco, if it has been properly manufactured. Great care is taken by the manufacturer of "OLD TOBACCO" and "BIBES" to use only pure and wholesome ingredients, which will leave no bad after effects. If you are not already using these brands, try them. Even the tags are valuable. Save them, and ask your dealer for our new illustrated premium catalogue.

Lake Niparuga, through which the new lake will pass, is the only fresh water lake which holds a species of shark.

"VIGILANT" NEG SLIDING SUBSTANT (Patented Can. & U.S.) The only one in the world which positively prevents heat from entering the eyes. Eight-Hour-Brand cannot leak. The included safety in lowest price. Beware of cheap imitations. Write for literature. F. M. Hill, 111 Post Office Bldg., New York, N. Y.

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

Farmers' Institute Meeting and Basket Social at Kingston, Kings County.

Kingston, Kings Co., Jan. 10.—The Farmers' Institute of this place, held a farmers' basket social last evening in the public hall on the occasion of the visit of the institute delegates, Messrs. Simpson Rennie, of Toronto, and F. E. Sharp, of Midland, N. B. About 300 or upwards sat down to the tables loaded with good things, for the making of which the ladies of this place have established such a reputation. The cooking was excellent and the supply abundant. After the tea the gathering was called to order by the institute president, Capt. Shampier, who called upon the band for some music, which was creditably rendered. Rev. Mr. Field, of Springfield, was called upon and expressed his pleasure at being able to meet with and enjoy the hospitality of the good people of Kingston. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Wainwright, of this place, who spoke upon the same lines. The first of the delegates to speak was Mr. Sharp, who introduced the subject of poultry raising at the close of which a number of questions were asked and a profitable discussion followed. The institute secretary, Capt. O. W. Wetmore, of Clifton, took opportunity of explaining the workings of the institute, after which he sang a song which was much appreciated. Simpson Rennie was the last speaker, his subject being the Cultivation of Corn, Field Roots and Potatoes. Coming as he did from the greatest section of Canada for the production of these crops and having made perhaps greater success in growing them than any man in Canada, his remarks were closely followed and very intelligently discussed at the close. The meeting was another selection of the band. The meeting was a splendid success and had the evening not been stormy there would have even been a larger number out. Messrs. Rennie and Sharp left this morning for Norton where they are holding their next meeting.

Campbellton, N. B., Jan. 11.—The weekly Farmers' Institute, Northumberland county, held their regular January meeting in the evening at this place. The institute president, Mr. Betts, the president, Mr. Munroe and his church in possession of a veritable public building, any community should feel proud of it. Mr. M. S. Tompkins, one of the delegates,

spoke on some reformations made in agriculture. The speaker made comparisons of the era of the sickle and the self-binding, pointing out in his forcible manner, the fact, that in all these reformations that have tended to expand our commercial status, the farmer has been the great central factor in making this country's progress. He detailed the many instances where reformations in farm practices has resulted in an advantage to the farmer.

Mr. Mitchell spoke on essentials in dairying. He explained what constituted profit, not necessarily a high price, but a margin between the cost of production and the price received. He laid more stress on the feeding and care of live stock than the selection and breeding. While a proper breed was essential, without care and proper food its breeding would not insure profit. The addresses of both gentlemen were well received and a number of farmers took part in discussing the arguments advanced.

Frank Jardine, of Pine Dale Farm, a prominent agriculturist and breeder of Ayrshire cattle and Leicester sheep, took a very active part in the meeting. He strongly advised the growing of Danish sash boots for a cheap succulent, tender and palatable food for the dairy cow. He also pointed out the value of a balanced ration for dairy cattle compounded from the food generally grown by the farmer, such as clover, hay, vetch, alfalfa, wheat bran, middlings, peas, oats, in proper quantities the necessary ingredients for the formation of much horse blood, tallow, hair and energy, and continued the speaker, milk is elaborated from the blood. In this relation you are propounding all that is required to stimulate a large flow of milk.

Bloomfield, Kings Co., N. B., Jan. 11.—Two members of the Farmers' Institute of Toronto, and F. E. Sharp, of Midland, N. B., yesterday addressed a couple of meetings here. The subjects were: "Breeding and Cultivation of Field Roots and Potatoes," in the evening, by Mr. Rennie. Mr. Sharp's subjects were: "The Summer Care

and Feeding of the Dairy Cow, and Poultry Production." The subjects were all well discussed. Among those taking part were: Messrs. John Raymond, Clarence Dixon, J. E. Hoyt, W. Fowler, George Barrow, W. Wetmore, Marshall Crabbe, Oscar Wetmore, Boyd Wetmore, Alfred Hayes and F. S. Chapman.

Director of Works Taylor is going to use a balloon to direct the construction of the world's fair at St. Louis.

DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED. You won't be if you use Kendrick's Liniment. There is nothing like Kendrick's for Lameness, Swelling, Pains, Sore Throat and Lungs, and as a general household remedy.

DON'T BE AFRAID. If you have never tested the quality of Kendrick's Liniment, get a cure for your ailment. To be had at all dealers in Medicine. Price 25 cents.

Carous-Duran, the painter, who passed the latter part of the summer and the autumn in Venice, has returned to Paris in robust health.

DON'T BE DECEIVED. Get the genuine McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup. Mothers know the value of this old and well tried remedy.

Whooping Cough

Don't you dread it? There's not a sensible, well-read person in the world who isn't afraid of whooping-cough. It's a most distressing disease and a very dangerous one, too. The child is so liable to have convulsions, pneumonia or bronchitis as a complication.

The cause of the disease is a germ which rests in the back part of the throat and upper passages. How can these germs be destroyed. Certainly not by taking medicine into the stomach. Then why not breathe something into the throat that will destroy them.

That is just what Vapo-Cresolene does. You breathe-in the vapor; it passes right over the germs, destroying every one of them. All inflammation quickly subsides, helping rapidly takes place and recovery is prompt and perfect.

P. C. BARKER, M.D., Physician in Chief, Morristown Memorial Hospital, Morristown, N.J. "I have depended upon Vapo-Cresolene for years past in treating whooping-cough and bronchitis, especially in infants. The rapidity of the beneficial effects of the vapor have been so evident, that some of my patients are in the habit of starting the lamp at night in their children's room for the relief of common colds."

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere, or will be forwarded, express and customs duty paid, upon receipt of regular order. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit, including the Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of regular size, \$1.00; extra supplies of Cresolene, 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booklet containing physicians' testimonials free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., 150 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.—117.

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