Classified Advertisements.

BUSINESS CARDS

THE LITTLE GIANT HOUSEHOLD PUMP, at $4.00, is the only device on the market, and enables people who are not mechanics to clean out their own waste pipes. Write to A. N. NIXON, 290 Charlotte St. 6-12-tf.

CHRISTMAS COAL—All sizes Scotch Anthracite, also Scotch and Sydney Soft Coal. JAMES S. McGIVERN, Agent, 5 Mill street. Tel, 42.

W. V. HATFIELD, Mason, Plasterer, Builder, Stucco work in all its branches, 244½ Union Street. Estimates furnished. Only union men employed. Telephone 1619. 11-19-tf.

S. A. WILLIAMS, CARPENTER and CONTRACTOR, office 109 Prince Wm. Street, Telephone 2081. All kinds of work promptly attended to.

J. D. McAVITY, dealer in hard and soft coals. Delivered promptly in the city, 39 Brussels Street.

WM. L. WILLIARD, successor to M. A. Finn, Wholesale and Retail Wine and Spirit Merchant, 110 and 112 Prince Wm. St. Established 1870, Write for family price list.

F. C. WESLEY CO., Artists, Engravers and Electrotypers, 59 Water Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 982.

E. LAW, Watchmaker, 2 Coburg St.

ROOMS AND BOARDING

ROOMS AND BOARDING—Two furnished rooms, gentlemen only. 72 Sydney street. Apply after 6 o'clock. 29-12-6

FURNISHED ROOM TO RENT—One large front room to let, very sunny and pleasant, centrally located, rent moderate, 25 Carleton street, two doors from Stone church. 28-12-tf

BOARDING—Two large, bright room open grate, separate wash room with hot and cold water running. Apply 36 Coburg St. 24-12-tf

BOARDING—Rooms on car line. Meals if desired. 145 Carmarthen, above Duke. 25-11-tf.

TO LET—Rooms for light housekeeping. Also heated rooms, furnished, gas. Address Box 252, City.

PLEASANT LOCATION in city. Board reasonable. 30 Carmarthen. 14-12-tf.

BOARDING AND ROOMS. On car line, Mrs. Shaw, 148 Carmarthen street, above Duke. 28-11-tf.

PERSONS WISHING WARM, COMFORTABLE ROOMS for winter, with good board at reasonable rates, apply THE TOURAINE HOUSE, 75 King St. or 24 Wellington Row. 20-10-tf

TO LET—Pleasant rooms with or without board. 143 Union street. 21-9-tf.

SITUATIONS VACANT — MALE

WANTED—A young man having a fair knowledge of bookkeeping and experience in the use of a typewriter. Address "ADVERTISER," in own handwriting, Star Office.

WANTED—Office boy. Apply J. S. GIBSON & CO., Coal and Wood Dealers, Smythe street. 1-3-2

MEN AND WOMEN EARN GOOD PAY copying and checking advertising material at home, spare time; no canvassing. Enclose stamp. SIMPLEX MFG. CO., London, Ont. 21-12-2 wkly

YOUNG MEN—I have an excellent plan by which you can greatly increase your earning capacity. For information write to JENSEN, care Star. 15-10-tf.

WANTED—A reliable man in every locality in Canada, with rig or capable of handling horses, on salary of commission, $15.00 a week and expenses, with advancement, introducing and advertising our Royal Purple Stock and Poultry Specifics, putting up our bill posters, 1 by 3 feet, selling goods to merchants and consumers. No experience needed. We lay out your work for you. Write for particulars. W. A. JENKINS MFG. CO., London, Ont.

SALESMEN—$50 per week, selling newly patented Egg-Beater. Sample and terms Etc. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. COLLETTE MFG. CO., Collingwood, Ont.

WANTED

WANTED—Flat of five or six rooms; good location and modern improvements. Apply Star Office, Box 372. 4-1-2

WANTED—To rent by young married couple, flat, about seven or eight rooms, centrally located, with modern improvements. Write P. O. Box 126, City.

WANTED—About first May next, by young couple, small flat in city proper. Apply G. H., this office. 17-12-tf

WANTED—Large room or hall suitable for basketball, for two nights each week. Apply to H. K. CLAWSON, Canada Permanent Association offices.

WANTED TO PURCHASE—Gentlemen's cast off clothing, footwear, fur coats, ladies' furs, jewelry, diamonds, musical instruments, guns, revolvers, tools skates, etc. Call or send postal, H. GILBERT, 24 Mill St.

FULL SET

$4.00

We have a scientific formula which renders the extraction of teeth absolutely without pain. We fit teeth without plates and if you desire, we can, by a new method, do this work without resorting to the use of gold crowns or unsightly gold bands about the necks of the teeth. No cutting off the teeth to secure natural or painful grinding.

Gold Crowns	$3 and $5
Bridge Work	$3 and $5
Teeth Without Plate....	$3 and $5
Gold Filling	$1 up
Other Filling	.50c up

The King Dental Parlors
Cor. Charlotte and South Market Streets.

WANT ADS. will say "this way, ladies and gentlemen," to all who might want to find such a house as you have to sell.

WANT ADS. are booming a lot of business in this town these days.

1 Cent a Word, 6 insertions for the price of 4

You Should Advertise.

Here is a way for you to earn plenty of side money during your spare moments at home.

Every day hundreds of people advertise in the Want Columns of the Sun and Star. They need some one to do a little extra work for them. For instance—such work as addressing envelopes, writing short stories, knitting or sewing. These people will pay you well for your services. Why not take this opportunity of making extra money during your spare moments? It certainly will come in handy. Don't miss these valuable opportunities. Start reading Sun and Star Want Ads. to-day.

SITUATIONS VACANT—FEMALE

WANTED—A general girl at Carvill Hall. 3-1-tf.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply MRS. J. S. GIBSON, 105 Wright street. 1-3-2

WANTED—At 95 Coburg street, an experienced housemaid; good wages. Apply at once. 3-1-6

WANTED—Bookkeeper with some knowledge of shorthand, lady preferred. Apply to A. J. SOLLOWS, 184 Prince Wm. street. 1-1-019

WANTED—Girl for general housework, 26 Queen Square. 3013-tf

WANTED—Girl for general housework. MRS. S. D. CRAWFORD, 204 King St. East. 29-12-6

GIRL WANTED—Apply at the General Public Hospital. 28-12-tf

WANTED—A middle-aged kitchen woman. Apply EDWARD HOTEL. 15-12-tf

WANTED—Several lady canvassers for local work. First class proposition for the right one. Inquire Circulation Manager, Sun Office. 7-12-tf.

WANTED—A CAPABLE GIRL for general housework. Must be a good plain cook. Reference required. MRS. JAMES L. McAVITY 83 Hazen St. 4-tf

COUNCIL WOULD CURB TELEPHONE COMPANY

Resolution Asking That Government Amend Law to Prevent Increases Without Sanction.

Ald. McGoldrick was true to the promise he made at the meeting of the Treasury Board, and at yesterday's meeting of the Common Council introduced a resolution for the memorialization of the Provincial Government for the purpose of having a check placed upon the increase of telephone rates. The resolution was adopted unanimously.

Ald. McGoldrick brought up the matter of telephone rates. He felt that the rates imposed by the N. B. Telephone Company were exhorbitant. If the Central and the N. B. Companies had not been merged, rates would have remained at their former level.

He moved the adoption of the following resolution:—

Resolved.—That the local government be memorialized to amend the Act [Edward VII. Cap. 37, an act respecting telephone companies, was to provide that telephone rates and tolls may not be increased above the present rates, and tolls without the approval of the Lieut. Governor in Council, and upon hearing all parties who may desire to oppose such increase, and that such memorial be prepared by the Bills and By-Laws Committee and reported to this Council.

The resolution was adopted unanimously.

JUST THE WAY HE SAID HE'D DO IT

UNION Me., Jan. 3—Remarking "If I were going to shoot myself, this is how I would do it," Arthur Smith, 18, son of Joseph Smith, of Rockland, placed a revolver against his neck today and was instantly killed when he pulled the trigger. It is not known whether the tragedy was accidental or not.

The sole witness of, young Smith's tragic end was a housemaid employed by Edward H. Clarry, a prominent resident, at whose home the shooting took place.

The schooner Lavonia which was wrecked off the Old Judith Breakwater, is now at New London, Conn., and will be hauled up on Wednesday for repairs. Until she is taken out of the water it is impossible to tell how badly she is damaged. J. Willard Smith, who is at New London to superintend the repairs, will not return for some time.

The Council of the Board of Trade meets to-day to discuss some of the important matters which are before the city. Chief among these are the plans for permanent paving and the Navy Island bridge project.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Cheap horse. Apply to WALSH BROS., Haymarket Square. 1-3-6

FOR SALE—New and second hand sleighs cheap. C. McDADE, Marsh Bridge, City. 17-12-tf.

FOR SALE—A lady's Silver Watch. Price $5.00. Box 369, Star Office. 19-12-tf.

Skates, Plain and Nickled; Sleds and Framers, Snow Shoes. Skate Straps and Fittings. Two Wheel-ed Carts. Express Wagons, Men's, Boys' and Children's Shovels, Toys Brooms, Bells, Cups and Saucers, plain and fancy; China Ornaments. Pocket Knives, Table Cutlery, Razors, Strops and Mugs. Fancy Lamps. DUVAL, 17 Waterloo Street.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—Between Simond street and North End car shed, a grey storm blanket. Finder please return to H. G. HARRISON, 520 Main street. 4-1-2

LOST—Gold locket and chain, between Spring street and St. Mary's Church. Please return to Star Office. 3-1-2

LOST—Between Simond street and North End car shed, a grey storm blanket.

LOST—Gold brooch, between Queen Square Church and foot of Union. Please return to Star Office. 2-1-2

MUFF FOUND IN STORE—Owner can have same by proving property. Apply J. WIEZEL. 1-3-tf

A Handsome Woman

Every woman may be had in health-some, but every woman should keep with care the good points nature has given her. No woman need have sallow skin, dull eye, blotchy complexion, who pays proper attention to her health. Where constipation, liver derangement, blood impurities and other irregularities exist, good complexion, bright eyes and sprightly movements cannot exist. Internal derangements reveal themselves sooner or later on the surface. Headache, dark rings around the eyes, sallow skin, a constant tired feeling—mean that the liver and digestive organs are needing help and correction. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets give this necessary help. They work in nature's own way. They do not merely flush the bowels but tone up the liver and stomach to fulfil their proper functions. So gentle and gentle do they act that you can hardly realizes that they have taken medicine. Chamberlain's Tablets can be relied upon to relieve biliousness, indigestion, constipation and dizziness. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents.

TO LET

TO LET—1 Flat, 77, corner Charlotte and Britain street, in excellent order. Apply direct to E. V. GODFREY, 20 Pugsley Building, City. 22-12-tf

TO LET—Upper flat, 17 Celebration street, containing eight rooms, etc. Possession at once. Apply to MRS. SALINA HARNICK, 82 Wall street. 1-1-tf

TO LET—Shop, 13 Sydney street. Apply 216 King street. 1-1-tf

TO LET—One furnished room. Apply No. 9 Leinster St. 29-12-6

TO LET—New self-contained flat, all improvements, on Wright street. Apply M. S. TRAFTON, 107 Burpee avenue. 28-12-12

TO LET—Small house, 4 rooms, 75 Chesley. Apply ALFRED BURLEY, 46 Princess. 28-12-tf

TO LET—Small flat, partially furnished. 58½ Peters St. 20-12-tf.

TO LET—The rooms lately occupied by Dr. Dickie, 96 King St. Apply to Dr. E. M. Wilson, 57 Charlotte street. 6-7-tf

AMUSEMENTS

ENOCH SCORES IMMENSE SUCCESS AT THE ORPHEUM.

The fact that Enoch, the world's water wonder, known as the human Fish, realized the high expectations, would be sufficient, but when it is admitted that he excelled even this standard, some idea of his success last evening may be had. From seven-thirty till nine-thirty, the Orpheum was crowded to the stairs. It goes without saying that these circumstances will be repeated nightly during the week. Space is inadequate to describe Enoch's remarkable act, but what he cannot do under water, no one can. His comedy is decidedly entertaining, and to the surprise of the audience, the clever performer demonstrated remarkable ability as a ventriloquist. Enoch will change his act entirely beginning Thursday, and those who have already seen him should repeat that experience during the latter part of the week.

REMEMBER THE CARNIVAL NEXT MONDAY AT THE VICTORIA. $30 IN PRIZES.

The costumers are getting busy supplying prospective contestants in the Big Fancy Dress Carnival at the Vic next Monday evening. Five prizes are being offered by the management, aggregating thirty dollars. Ten of this will be for the best combination prize. The most original costume both in the lady and gentleman will receive a prize, as will also the handsomest of each sex. Seldom have such opportunities to secure excellent outfits at reasonable prices as now exist through the medium of the Canadian Costume Co., care the Nickel Theatre. It will be a magnificent sight next Monday night to see the handsome and unique costumes worn by many hundred skaters, and it will doubtless have the effect of drawing many hundreds of spectators from all parts of the city.

"THE MASCOT" WILL BE PLAYED TONIGHT

The Robinson Opera Company will play "The Mascot" at the Opera House tonight, and with the exception of Jack Henderson, the male members of the company will play different parts than they did on New Year's.

A number of Mr. Nelson's friends in the city have asked him to play the part of "Pippo" in which he is very well known, and on this account Chas. Fulton will sing the part of "Prince Frederick," Charles Hillman will play "Rocco," and Arthur Dove will be heard in the part of Mattee.

Miss Nolo will, of course, sing the part of "The Mascot," and will, no doubt, repeat her success of last night.

The Robinson Opera Company have secured the services of George Lyding, one of the best known musical directors of comic opera in New York, to take the part of George A. Fritsch, who left for his home in Pittsburg last night.

Floton's "Martha" will be sung Friday.

J. W. Arnold who for the past two years has been the manager for the John H. Taylor Co., Ltd., has been promoted to general sales manager for the company with headquarters in Toronto. Mr. Arnold has built up an enviable reputation for himself during the past two years, and his promotion to a slight token of how highly he stands in the esteem of his employers. Previous to accepting his present position, Mr. Arnold was with Manchester, Robertson and Allison, Ltd., in their buying department, but believing that a large demand could be created here for the Taylor soaps and perfumes was induced to make the change, and his expectations have been fully realized.

THE TERROR OF THE TWINS.

(By Algernon Blackwood)

That the man's hopes had built upon a son to inherit his name and estates —a single son, that is—was to be expected; but no one could have foreseen the depth and bitterness of his disappointment, the cold, implacable fury, when there arrived instead—twins. For, though the elder legally must inherit, that other ran him so deadly close, a daughter would have been a more reasonable defeat. But twins—! To miss his dream by so feeble a device—!

The complete frustration of a hope deeply cherished for years may easily result in strange fevers of the soul, but the violence of the father's hatred, existing as it did side by side with a love he could not deny, was something to set psychologists thinking. More than unnatural, it was positively uncanny. Being a man of rigid self-control, however, it operated inwardly, and doubtless some morbid line of weakness drove to him, preying upon his thought to such dreadful extent that finally the mind gave way. The suppressed rage and bitterness deprived him, so the family decided, of his reason, and he spent the last years of his life under restraint. He was possessed naturally of immense forces of will, feeling, desire; his dynamic value truly tremendous, driving through life like a great engine; and the intensity of the concentrated and buried hatred was guessed by few. The twins themselves, however, knew it. They divined it, at least, for it operated ceaselessly against them side by side with the genuine soft love that occasionally sweetened it, to their great perplexity. They spoke of it only to each other, though.

"At twenty-one," Edward, the elder, would remark sometimes, unhappily, "we shall know more." "Too much," Ernest would reply, with a rush of unreasoning terror the thought never failed to evoke—in him. "Things father said always happened—in life." And they paled perceptibly. For the hatred, thus concentrated into a veritable tooth of psychic energy, had found at the last a singular expression in the cry of the distraught mind. On the occasion of their final visit to the asylum, preceding his death by a few hours only, very calmly, but with an intensity that drove the words into their hearts like points of burning metal, he had spoken. In the presence of the attendant, at the door of the dreadful padded cell, he said it: "You are not two, but one. I still regard you as one. And at the coming of age, by b——, you shall find it out!"

The lads perhaps had never fully divined that icy hatred which lay so well concealed against them, but that this final sentence was a curse, backed by all the man's terrific force, they quite well realized; and according, ly, almost unknown to each other, they had come to dread the day inexpressibly. On the morning of that twenty-first birthday—their father gone these five years into the Unknown, yet still sometimes so strangely close to them—they shared the same biting, inner terror, but as they stood and all other emotions of their life—intimately, without speech. During the daytime they managed to keep it at a distance, but when the dusk fell about the old house they knew the stealthy approach of a kind of panic sense. Their self-respect weakened swiftly. ——and they persuaded their old friend, and once tutor, the vicar, to sit up with them till midnight. He had humored them to that extent, willing to forego his sleep, and at the same time more than a little interested in their singular belief—that before the day was out, before midnight struck, that is, the curse of that terrible man would somehow come into operation against them.

Positivities over and the guests departed, they sat up in the library, the room usually occupied by their father, and little used since. Mr. Curtice, a robust man of fifty-five, and a firm believer in spiritual principalities and powers, such as well as good, affected (for their own good) to regard the youths' obsession with a kindly cynic-ism. "I do not think it likely for one moment," he said, "that such a thing would be permitted. All spirits are in the hands of God, and the violent ones more especially." To which Edward made the extraordinary reply: "Even if father does not come himself, he will—send!" And Ernest agreed: "All this time he's been making preparations for this very day. We've both known it for a long time—by odd things that have happened, in our dreams, by nasty little dark hints that come from nowhere, especially of late. Haven't we, Edward?" Edward assenting with a shudder; Martha has been at us of late with renewed violence. To-night it will be a regular assault upon our lives, or minds, or souls!"

"Strong personalities may possibly leave behind them forces that continue to act," observed Mr. Curtice with caution, while the brothers replied almost in the same breath: "That's exactly what we feel so curiously. Though—nothing has actually happened yet, you know and it's a good many years now since—"

This was the way the twins spoke of it all. And it was their profound conviction that had touched their old friend's sense of duty. The experiment should justify itself—and cure them. Meanwhile none of the family knew. Everything was planned secretly.

The library was the quietest room in the house, it had shuttered bow-windows, thick carpets, heavy floors lined the walls, and there was a capacious open fireplace of brick in which the wood-logs blazed and roared, for the autumn night was chilly. Round this the three of them were grouped, the clergyman reading aloud from the Book of Job in low tones; Edward and Ernest, in dinner-jackets, occupying deep leather armchairs, listening. They looked exactly what they were—Cambridge "undergrads," their faces pale against their dark hair, and about one or two peas. A shaded lamp behind the clergyman threw the rest of the room into shadow. The reading voice was steady, even monotonous, but something in it betrayed an underlying anxiety, and although the eyes rarely left the printed page, they took in every movement of the young men opposite, and noted every change upon their faces. It was his aim to produce an unexciting atmosphere yet to miss nothing; if anything did occur to see it from the very beginning. Not to be taken by surprise was his main idea, ... And thus, upon this

peaceful scene, the minutes passed the hour of eleven and slipped rapidly along towards midnight.

The novel element in his account of this distressing and dreadful occurrence seems to me that what happened—so—happened without the slightest warning or preparation. There was no gradual presentiment of an horror, no strange blast of cold air; no dwindling of heat or light; no shaking of windows or mysterious tapping upon furniture. Without preliminaries it fell with its black trappings of terror upon the scene.

The clergyman had been reading aloud for some considerable time, one or other of the twins—Ernest usually—making occasional remarks, which proved that his sense of dread was disappearing. As the time grew short and nothing happened they grew more as their ease. Edward, indeed, actually nodded, dozed, and finally fell asleep. It was a few minutes before midnight. Ernest, slightly yawning, was stretching himself in the big chair. "Nothing's going to happen," he said aloud, in a pause. "Your good influence has prevented it." He even laughed now. "What superstitious asses we've been, eh, haven't we?"

Curtice, then, dropping his Bible, looked hard at him under the lamp. For in that second, even while the words sounded, there had come about a most abrupt and dreadful change; and so swiftly that the clergyman, in spite of his keen watching, was taken utterly by surprise and had no time to think. There had swooped down upon the old house they knew the stealthy approach of a kind of panic sense. Their self-respect weakened swiftly. And, in a few minutes before talked ed."

Yet, to his supreme astonishment, Ernest still noticed—nothing!

"Look," he added, "Eddy's sound asleep—sleeping like a pig. Doesn't say much for your reading, you know, sir!" And he laughed again—lightly, even foolishly. But that laughter jarred, for the clergyman understood now that the sleep of the elder twin was either feigned—or unnatural.

And while the easy words fell so lightly from his lips, the monstrous engine worked and pulsed against him and against his sleeping brother, all their huge energy concentrated down into points fine as a needle, dedicate as a hair. The Invasion affected everything. The very objects in the room altered horribidly, revealing suddenly behind their normal exteriors horrid little hearts of darkness. It was truly amazing, this vile metamorphosis. Books, chairs, pictures, all yielded up their pleasant aspect, and betrayed, as with silent mocking laughter, their true and hidden natures—their decay. This is how Curtice tried to body forth in words what he actually witnessed ... And Ernest, unaware talking lightly, half foolishly—still noticed nothing!

For all this, as described, came about in something like ten seconds, and with it swept into the clergyman's mind, like a blow, the memory of that sinister phrase the father had spoken more than once by Edward: "If father doesn't come, he will certainly—send." And Curtice understood that he had done both—both sent and come himself ... That was truly, released from that spell of madness in the body, yet still retaining the old implacable hatred, was now directing the vile, unseen assault. This silent room, so hushed and still, was charged to the brim. The horror of it, as he said later, "seemed to peel the very skin from my back."

And, while Ernest noticed nothing, Edward slept! ... The soul of the clergyman, strong with the desire to help or save, yet realizing that he was alone against a Legion, poured out in wordless prayer to his deity. The clock just then, whirring before it struck, made itself audible.

"By Jove! 'tis all right, you see!" exclaimed Ernest, his voice oddly faint and, and lower than before. "There's midnight—and nothing's happened. Jolly nonsense, all of it!" His voice had dwindled curiously in volume. "I'd get the whisky and soda from the hall." His relief was great and his manner showed it. But in him somewhere was a singular change. His voice, manner, gestures, his very tread as he moved over the thick carpet towards the door, all showed it. He seemed less real, less alive, reduced somehow to little ness, the voice without timbre or quality, the appearance of him diminished in some fashion quite ghastly. His presence, if not actually shrivelled, at least impaired. Ernest has suffered a singular and horrible decrease.

The clock was still whirring before the strike. One heard the chain running up softly. Then the hammer fell upon the first stroke of midnight.

"I'm off," he laughed faintly from the door; "it's all been pure funk—on my part, at least ...!" He passed out of sight into the hall. The Power that throbbed so mightily about the room followed him out. Almost at the same moment Edward woke up. But he woke with a tearing and indescribable cry of pain and anguish on his lips: "Oh, oh, oh! but it hurts! It hurts! I can't hold you; leave me. It's 'treating me asunder—!"

The clergyman had sprung to his feet, but in the same instant everything had become normal once more—the room as it was before, the horror gone. There was nothing to confront or see, or there was no longer anything to put right, to defend, or to attack. Edward, wide awaking, his voice, deep and full as it never had been; nature's the very beginning of it all, sat up in his chair and stared. "Jove, how that sleep has refreshed me! I feel twice the chap I was before. I feel quite splendid. Your voice, sir, must have hypnotized me to sleep. ..." He crossed the room with alert vigor. Something about him had increased, as it were. "Where's—or—where's Ernie, by the bye?" he asked casually. And a shadow as of a vanished memory crossed his face and was gone. The tone conveyed the most complete indifference where once the least word or movement of his twin had wakened solicitude, love. "Gone away, I suppose—gone to bed, I mean, of course."

Curtice has never been able to de-