

# PROGRESS.

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## Rivals in the Field.

These stirring times in the newspaper field at St. John is to have two more journals and both of them will be weeklies. Mr. W. K. Reynolds will be the editor of one of them and the other will be guided by a hand new to journalism, that of Mr. T. O'Brien.

To say that Mr. Reynolds' friends were surprised when he sent in his resignation as chief of the press department of the Intercolonial railway is to put it mildly. The possibilities of journalism had not appeared so bright to them that a man would be warranted in leaving a good position and a good salary in order to enter the newspaper field again.

The Sun has appeared to know more about Mr. Reynolds' venture than even those journals that supported him when he was a candidate for the local house. At any rate it has given more space to the matter and has either been better informed or is disposed to be more generous towards the new venture. At the same time it has not failed to point out some of the reasons why Mr. Reynolds was unwilling to remain in the service of the government. As everybody knows he was selected as one of the government tickets in the last local election and as representing the catholic section of the party. Three of the ticket were elected but Mr. Reynolds failed by a very few votes. The circumstances attending his defeat were unusual and a great deal of sympathy went out to the defeated candidate because for some days the impression prevailed that he was elected and the error was not corrected until declaration day.

At any rate Mr. Reynolds was "provided for" as they say in politics. An office was created on the Intercolonial and shortly after Mr. Reynolds was made advertising agent of the road. If it was necessary to have such an office the government made a good choice of the man to fill it. For years Mr. Reynolds had been doing special press work of the I. C. R. and almost every summer had a roving commission to go to all the charming spots along the line and describe them in a readable fashion for guide book use.

But, about the same time that he was appointed to this position Mr. George Carvill was made city ticket agent of the road and then politicians began to hint that these two appointments should be sufficient to satisfy the catholic liberals. It is said rightly or wrongly that the campaign organizer, Mr. C. J. Milligan, had made some remark to that effect and that it was taken promptly to Mr. Reynolds. This was some time ago; and ever since he understood that he stood in the way, as it were, of further catholic appointments he has been looking forward to the venture that he had intended to embark upon before he entered the political field. That was the publication of a weekly newspaper. Mr. Reynolds says in the "Sun" that his paper will be non-partisan in politics "under the control neither of political party nor individual politician" but at the same time he says that he confidently expects those who stood by him in the fight last February to give him their support in his present undertaking.

The announcement of Mr. Reynolds' resignation and some disclosure of his plans it seems were almost co-incident with the bow that Mr. T. O'Brien made to the public as the future editor of the "Monitor," a weekly paper, to be published in the interests of the catholic party in this city and province. The "Globe" made this announcement and at the same time pointed out that Mr. O'Brien was well fitted to undertake such work as he had been the correspondent of several catholic papers in other cities. At the same time the idea was given that the newspaper had been promised generous support and that some persons "with a laudable ambition of offering public life later on" were behind the publication.

In his letter to the Sun Mr. Reynolds quotes this phrase and says that no person with any such idea will be interested in his undertaking. The opposition has begun already and there are promises of lively times in this particular field of journalism.

For a long time—since the death of the Freeman—the catholics of St. John have had no newspapers that could be said to represent their views. Now there are to be two of them and the prospects are that the

views of all the catholics will be given. For, it is well understood, the catholics are not united upon their representative men. Some want one leader, some another and it does not seem possible to unite upon any one man. Nearly all of the aspirants for leadership are young men and they have been in the race for some years. Mr. O'Brien of the Globe was always regarded as the most probable candidate for the favor of his people but he was not, it seems, acceptable in a political sense to the local government party. This is how Mr. Reynolds came to the front and his candidature was a great surprise not only to Catholics but to protestants as well. It is not strange that he is not disposed to relinquish the honor so suddenly placed upon him. Still it was impossible to keep in touch with his supporters and remain in Moncton. And thus, it may be assumed, is largely the reason of his resignation and proposed newspaper.

On the other hand there are plenty of catholics who do not relish the idea of Mr. Reynolds as a permanent leader. They say, in spite of the fact that he ran an election, that he is not known to the masses of people. He has not been long enough among them to know the people like those who were born and brought up in the church. Whether their reasons are valid or not will no doubt be settled by the Monitor and Freeman, for that, it is understood will be the name of Mr. Reynolds' paper. They can argue cut such questions with far greater propriety than an outsider and at the same time make the dispute interesting.

It is passing strange that within a short time it has been proposed to revive the names of two of the old newspapers of St. John—the News and the Freeman. The News was to be Mr. Blair's new paper before the purchase of the Telegraph was negotiated and a company bought a charter under that name. The Telegraph does not seem to have changed hands yet, and all the reforms and alterations that were promised are not accomplished as yet. Still these things take time. The new machines are at work and a few columns of new type appear every day alongside of the worn face that the people have been used to. The same staff is at work and the "upper province editor and manager" have not appeared. Time may produce them too but at present the old paper is in line on all the questions of the day and is no longer an organ of the Canadian Pacific railway.

It is understood that one of the gentlemen interested in the renewed paper is opposed to having the office on Canterbury street. His ideas are on a larger scale than any St. John publisher has dared to take up and he wants the office of the Telegraph to be on a front street. It is thought that a paper which is supposed to take the leading place among the dailies should be on a front street. Several buildings have been spoken of as in the market but their suitability is another matter. The Troop building was spoken of first but that is quite a distance down Prince William street and apparently the conclusion has been reached that it was out of the way. The Jardine building has also been spoken of and a building near the head of King street is on the list.

There used to be an impression that the more newspapers there were together the better for all concerned, but this view evidently does not obtain with the new company. They have, it is said, plenty of cash and propose to spend it. That is good. Nobody objects to that and newspaper men are apt to think that they will have a chance to spend quite a large bank account.

**A CASE FOR CHARITY.**  
A Young Lad Illured by His Brother Sleeps out in the Cold.

Winter came with such startling suddenness this year that very few were prepared for its advent and much inconvenience and discomfort was experienced in consequence. That the change also brought suffering with it there is no doubt and one of the most pitiable tales recorded was that of the twelve year old boy, Harold Shonaman who was turned adrift by his half brother a couple of weeks ago and who until this week has been wandering around all day, picking up a

bit where he could get it and sleeping at night in alleyways, barns and outhouses. When the boy was found on Tuesday by officer Lee, his condition was indeed pitiable and the spectacle he presented would move the most hardened to pity. The little fellow looked as if he had not known for a long time what it was to have half enough to eat and the clothing he wore was old and of the most meagre kind.

Young Shonaman lives with a half brother on Fort Howe but claims he was put out of the house and otherwise ill treated. He may have been disobedient and hard to manage, and probably was, but there can be no excuse for sending a child adrift at this time of year.

The S. P. C. A. was notified, and the matter will be inquired into. In the meantime it would seem that right here at home there are excellent opportunities for those who are charitably inclined and while many good ladies were busy last week preparing luxuries for those who perhaps will not have the time or opportunity to appreciate them properly, a helpless child was staring, right here at home. He is not the only one either and PROGRESS knows of five children who are being fed daily by people who can ill afford to dispense charity, and yet it is quietly and unostentatiously done. That is charity indeed and not one of the many deeds committed in its name.

**SOMETHING TO DISBELIEVE.**  
An Enemy Who Did Her Best to do an Injury.

I am going to tell the readers of PROGRESS a story—a true story—as true as the miserable scandal in it is false. Why it should have originated is known to only one person and she will no doubt regret it before the end.

My friend has a daughter, a bright, beautiful girl, so innocent and loving that it is little wonder that one of the sons of a man we talk about and respect should aspire to her hand. He was accepted, finally, and after months of betrothal the friends of both parties were surprised at the estrangement that arose between them. There was nothing unusual in this all will admit. Young people have a right to change their minds and it is well that this is so, for it is the prevention of much unhappiness afterwards, but, I submit, that because my friend's daughter and her affianced agreed to disagree that it was no reason why their names should have been connected in an offensive manner. It was no reason why when young people—friends of both parties were working together for charity's sake—dread gossip should have entered the circle and started a story that was as injurious as it was false.

I do not state the reason or pretext but the writer—who is neither kith or kin—knowing all the circumstances, may feel it necessary to disclose the motive that originated such a contemptible yarn.

**HE WAS ENGLISH YOU KNOW**  
And He Succeeded in Letting Everyone Know It.

A chappie, one of those genuine sloping faced dudes with everything else but the massive brow and nobly poised head, created quite a little sensation in the Opera house on Tuesday evening last during the performance of "Mikado" by the Robinson company. Not satisfied with the furors he created in coming in late and troubling people with his seating operations, he ogled and gaped about until the curtain went down on the first act. An idea of some sort must have been mischievous lodged in his head, for he arose to go out, like so many real men do. But his exit was quite novel, not to say unique. Tossing his nether limbs over the chair backs in college, hurdle-racing style, he vaulted, not ungraciously, as many as half a dozen rows of seats. He then merged into the centre aisle, and the lobby was next honored with his presence. The indepenable cigarette soon followed. Up went the curtain and with the company singing, the dude returned. He took another seat and laid out full length with his legs in the aisle. Honors were even between the low comedian behind the footlights and the unconscious fun provoker in the audience and when it came time to leave the theatre he made as much ado about departing as if an emblazoned barouche were awaiting him at the door.

It was whispered the Johnny was from across the water; if so his actions will have to be half forgotten, as these days all Britons look alike to us, for the common cause of the Empire. Nevertheless he was awfully funny, "doubtless know."

## Captain and Witness.

When PROGRESS went to press the investigation into the treatment of Mr. John McKelvey by Chief Clarke was not ended. It was expected that last night would end it. The case of the plaintiff was closed Wednesday night and some of the evidence of the defence was given. The chief was not on the stand that night but two or three of his officers were and Captain Jenkins as well. The captain seems to have had quite a hand in the affair all through and his evidence under the seductive influence of Mr. Pugsley's examination was somewhat startling.

This time Mr. Pugsley was there. So was Mr. Skinner. Both of these gentlemen are always worth listening to. They do not hesitate to score each other in their pleasant fashion and to any one who knows them well it is as amusing as a play.

When Mr. McKelvey obtained a post provice of the inquiry he felt that he was at a disadvantage without a lawyer. He was right and when he obtained Mr. Pugsley he found a gentleman who could handle his case. It is no disparagement to him to say that he was not a good witness. He knew his facts and he gave them but he was not content to stop there and sometimes added things that could not be admitted as evidence.

Though PROGRESS has stated the story in a general way, in Mr. McKelvey's own words it is direct and interesting. He testified:

I am a customs official. Remember the night the troops left for Quebec. I was at the depot, going there about 5 o'clock. I drove down there with a friend, and the troops having gone in I entered the station by the door where the hackmen stand. There was an immense crowd of people there. The doors had been opened wide so that the people could get in. I was carried by the people down towards the cars which the troops were to board. I was near the second car. It was a good natured and orderly crowd. I was watching the cars, looking at the men in them, when I heard someone call out to open up and make room. I turned around and saw soldiers coming in. There were a dozen or so of them. I with others shook hands with the soldiers I knew and wished them Godspeed. My attention was attracted by a man being helped in through a window when I heard some one call out "That's a shame." I looked round and saw the police pulling a man out. The police came along for the purpose of opening up a passage for the troops. The chief was at the head of the men. He acted in an excited way. The crowd surged against him. The chief came back and one of his heels found a resting place on my toes. I put out one of my hands, placing it on him and told him he had better look out. The chief took hold of me and said: "You get out of the building." I remonstrated saying there was no occasion for this. I said I would not get out of the building, stating that as a citizen I had a right to be there. The crowd surged up and down. I went against the chief and he against me. Then the chief asked where his men were. Two or three of them came along and put me out. The chief had hold of me. One man grabbed me by the shoulder and neck. He used me brutally. I found no fault with the men. The policeman said it wasn't his fault, that he could not help it. I was forced rapidly to the door and out of the building. As I went out a man put his hands up against me. I don't say that I would have fallen but for that, but I was thrown rapidly out. I was not at all excited when the chief caught hold of me.

When Mr. Pugsley asked the witness if there was any occasion for the chief to act so toward him the lun began and Mr. Skinner rose in an indignant manner and protested against such a query. He would not consent to its being put even subject to objection for, he naively said that such a court was no place for objections; but at any rate the witness succeeded in saying that he knew of no reason save that he had been an applicant for the office of chief of police. Mr. Skinner frowned at this and then Mr. Pugsley blandly suggested that Mr. McKelvey give no more evidence in that direction. The result of which was this statement from the witness:

I know of no reason except what I have told. When I told the chief he had better look out, I meant that he had tramped on my foot. The chief appeared to be very much excited. He acted more like a maniac than a sane man. There was no reason why he should have been so excited. The troops had all passed in before this occurred. The police were pushing the people back on the side of the passage-way opposite to where I stood. I was not treated any differently up to that time from anyone else. The crowd was as dense when I went in that I was carried along with it. I was carried to the place from which the police put me by the pressure of the crowd. I heard the call to make room for the troops, and a dozen or so came in. The police found it a difficult matter to make room for them to get in. I never knew them to have such a hard job. I heard Chief Clark say, "Keep back; keep back." That was just what the chief should have done. When he tramped on my foot I said, "Hold on, chief." I made the remark because of his having stepped on my foot. I will not say that he did it intentionally; in fact, I don't think that was the case. Then the chief turned round and grabbed me, saying, "You get out of this building. He grabbed me by the shoulders. I tried to reason with him, asserting my right as a citizen to be where I stood. The chief called out "Men, lay hold of him; out with him; out with him." I cannot swear what policeman put me out. I put my hands on the chief and said, "Hold on." I thought the chief and I were friends up to this time. I didn't think there was any ugliness about it until the policeman put me out.

Colonel Markham is a military man and as he was present when the soldiers left he was called by the chief's counsel evidently with the idea of proving that the police were necessary at the station. He spoke of the good natured orderly crowd, but when Officer Crawford went on he differed from the colonel in this respect and said the crowd was not good natured. They were bound to see what was going on and some bad language was used. He described the density of the crowd and saw Mr. McKelvey put out. He even heard him say to the chief, "Stop, chief, I've got a right here."

Officers White and Crawford seemed to agree pretty well and both of them saw McKelvey put out. In fact White, assisted by Jenkins were the men who responded to the chief's call and put him out. The evidence of the captain so far as the ejection was concerned was much the same but Mr. Pugsley went further and asked him about seeing a witness and trying to persuade her not to attend the enquiry.

It seems that Mrs. Earle, the wife of a baker was in the station that day and was put out, and according to her story roughly handled. She said her arms were black and blue and that this was due to the chief's grip upon them. She spoke to Officer Burchill about the matter and asked what she should do. He mentioned the fact that Mr. McKelvey had made a complaint and later on she told him what took place. It also appears that Mr. McKelvey thought of calling her as a witness and that the chief learning of this sent Capt. Jenkins to Mrs. Earle to persuade her to stay home. She says that he used threats to endeavor to make sure that she would stay home, but at the time of writing that is not in evidence. The important and startling fact comes out however that at the request of the chief of police, Capt. Jenkins went to a probable witness of McKelvey's and advised her to remain home.

The introduction of Officer Burchill's name in the business was regretted by his friends who know him as an officer who minds his own business and does his duty in an acceptable manner. The evidence of Capt. Jenkins was very damaging to the chief and did not reflect credit on anybody. He was an easy mark for Dr. Pugsley's cross examination. The chairman Ald. McGolderick, and the aldermen listened patiently; the rulings were fair and the investigation was finished with much decorum.

Undrollen Hada, Re-covers, F-paired, Duvel, 17 Waterloo.

**MESSENGERS OF WAR.**

**GREAT BRITAIN'S METHOD OF SENDING NEWS.**

Pigeon Post which is furnishing most of the information from Africa—Battleships are fitted out with Pigeons—The Distance These Birds can Fly.

Presumably the pigeons that are serving as post boys in the Transvaal just now arrived out on the warship Powerful, unless, which is not improbable, certain Britishers in Natal or Durban had established lofts where homing birds were trained to the country. I am inclined to favor the former idea owing to the fact that a naval pigeon post has been for some time established and lofts have been built at Devonport, Gosport, and Sheerness at a cost of about £1,000. A couple of years ago the Admiralty bought a large number of one-month-old birds and placed them in the Royal Navy lofts at Gosport, intending to use them for the conveyance of messages from warships to shore, with a view of rendering them serviceable in time of war. There are over three hundred societies in England for the cultivation of homers, and many of the older birds have flown over seven hundred miles without shown signs of flagging.

A good pigeon will fly over sixty miles an hour. These times are kept with great care in Germany, and the apparatus for noting the time is most ingenious. The pigeon is taught to announce its arrival at its loft by knocking with its beak against the closest trapdoor of the dove-cote. This action sets in motion machinery which flings open the door, admits the bird, and at the same time rings a bell that hangs in the attendant's room. The greatest care and patience are necessary while training the birds. It might seem superfluous in these days of telephone, telegraph, and wireless telegraphy to go to the trouble of training birds to carry despatches, but the wisdom of the action is made manifest today, when the whole world centres about the message a pigeon may be carrying among his feathers as he wings over kopje and veldt on his way to his dove-cote on the waiting ship.

You may care to know the way the despatches are carried—in times of peace at least. The message, if it be a long one, is reduced from the original by photographic process, by which eight octavo pages of writing or printing may be reduced to a mere nothing. The little photograph is then rolled and placed within a quill which is introduced among the tail feathers of the pigeon and carefully bound there. The officer at the receiving station removes the despatch, and with the aid of the powerful oxy-hydrogen microscope magnifies the writing to more than its first dimensions.

This process can hardly be in force just now at Ladysmith, therefore the despatches are reduced to a few necessary words or lines to which the reporter or correspondent applies the microscope of his imagination and we get the story magnified to more than seven times its dimensions. The birds would fly direct from Ladysmith to the warships, where no doubt special provision has been made for them. There can be hardly any doubt that the marines brought the pigeons up with them when they went to re-inforce Gen. White, and released the birds would make for their dove-cote.

To Italy belongs the credit of having first reorganized the utility of training pigeons as messengers in war time, while now, nearly every European nation has its regiment homers. These birds are better 'stayers' than the carrier pigeon proper, and some advance the theory that they are more intelligent and easier to train. Commander Tunell is the great English authority on pigeons, and the training of birds in his hobby. For a long time this gentleman and a few officers trained birds at their own expense, and so successful were their experiments, that the Intelligence Department took hold of the matter officially with the result that it was proposed—and may possibly be an accomplished fact by this time—to fit out a number of the armed cruisers with pigeon cote.

The loft at Devonport is built so high that birds can see it when a long way out at sea. The cotes, which were planned by Commander Tunell, are cleverly constructed. The birds have general living and sleeping quarters, with 'cells' provided where, birds of a doubtful character are held over till their special sins are found out. Each cote has its hospital, where the sick post boys are carefully attended to. The officers at the stations are very earnest in their efforts to train the birds to long distance flying, and they apparently have met with great success. As long ago as 1896 racing birds who were flown at Thurso in Scotland reached their English homes a distance of 600 miles in a single day the fastest bird travelling at the speed of 1,400 yards a minute. I do not know the distance between Ladysmith and Durban but roughly guessing it from a close

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study of the map, it appears to be some thing less than 200 miles. If the pigeons on board the Powerful—always supposing the ship came out equipped with a pigeon post—are worth their grain, they would be able to make the journey from Ladysmith to their post in three hours and a half. German military pigeons have the following records to their credit: Eighty-three miles in 1 hour 32 minutes 30 seconds. Four hundred and fifty miles in 6 hours and 18 minutes.

Joe Jefferson's Family of Actors.

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, only plays fourteen weeks during the year. His fall season of eight weeks is now in progress, and when that shall have ended he will rest until spring, when he will play another season of six weeks. In the interim his sons, Thomas B., Joseph, jr., and William, go on the road as members of the Jefferson Comedy Company, playing the parts their father made famous. The part of Rip is taken by Thomas, whose likeness is presented herewith. Charles B. plays Vedder; Joseph, jr., Garrick, and William takes the role of Cocksles.

During their fathers season the boys take part in his financial and stage management. The two companies are quite distinct and the public are not imposed upon by the youthful actors. Indeed, in the contrary, their performance in many respects is said to be equal to that of their father.

For several years past Thomas, who is a

capable and well-trained actor, has been in his fathers company as stage manager. Once the old gentleman did not feel equal to playing a one night stand in Canton, Ohio, so he deputized his son to play 'Rip' in his place. The bill did not record the change, and therefore the young man received the full measure of applause that his father always gets. After the performance he went to the leading hotel and bought the finest cigar he could find, and as he smoked he soliloquized after this fashion:

'Well,' said he to himself, 'I guess I am something of an actor after all. I rather flatter myself the old man couldn't have done better tonight than I did.'

While he was thus pleasantly musing a native stepped up the cigar stand.

'See the show?' asked the clerk.

'Yep.'

'What did you think of it?'

'First rate, all except 'Rip.' Seems to me the old man's tailing.'

At this point the actor's cigar went out and his sleep that night was not of the soundest. But that was years ago, and since then he has learned many things, among them how to act.

Willingly Faid.

On a journey from Vienna to St. Petersburg, Mr. Stuart Cumberland the well-known anti-spiritualist and thought reader, entertained his fellow-passengers by guessing their thoughts. One of the travellers a Polish Jew, who took the whole thing for a hoax, offered to pay Mr. Cumberland the sum of fifty roubles if he could divine his thoughts. Visibly amused, Mr. Cumberland acceded to his request, and said—

'You are going to the fair at Nizhni Novgorod, where you intend to purchase goods to the extent of 20,000 roubles, after which you will declare yourself a bankrupt, and compound with your creditors for 3 per cent.'

On hearing these words, the Jew gazed at the speaker with reverential awe. He then, without uttering a syllable, drew out of the leg of his boot a shabby purse and handed him the promised fifty roubles. Whereupon the magician triumphantly inquired—

'Then I have guessed your thoughts, eh?'

'No,' replied the Jew; 'but you have given me a brilliant idea.'

A New Use for Foesles.

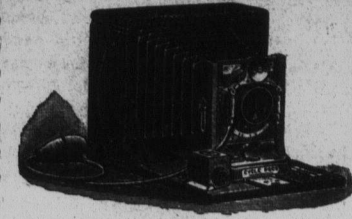
General Miles has a keen sense of the humorous even in the excitement of war. When he first landed in Porto Rico at the head of his invading army he was welcomed by nearly all classes. Among his visitors was an elderly native who had never traveled and who never tired of decanting upon the giant size of the Americans and their horses. He compared a sixteen-hands-high charger with a

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diminutive Porto Rican steed, and asked the General what was done with the latter in the United States. The Commander replied very solemnly: 'We use them to pull baby-carriages with.'

Some Ready-Made Law.

Honorable Bourke Cockran studied law under Judge Theodore L. Dwight. One day the Professor asked a question which seemed easy but way really difficult. With his magnificent voice Cockran answered the best he could, adding as a saving clause, 'Such, I take it, is the common law.' The good old Doctor gleamed benignantly through his spectacles. 'That

would be all right, sir, if you had made it uncommon law.'

The Yuletide Number.

The December number of the Delineator is called the Yuletide number. And with its innumerable illustrations is certainly one of the most artistic magazines ever seen out. Aside from being the leading fashion publication, it contains much choice literary matter from the pens of well known authors. The household and social discussions are ably dealt with and are of real worth. The delightful humorous fantasia Over the Plum Pudding, by John Kendrick Bangs, is thoroughly witty and enjoyable. There is an admirably illustrated article on the Dewey Celebration in New York. An interesting story, The Poppy Lady, by Cornelia Atwood Pratt, disposes of the impression that the union of artistic temperaments is hostile to domestic happiness. Fidele, by Helen Choate Prince, is a dainty sketch of the implicit devotion animal pets have for masters and friends. A Christmas poem, The Legend of the Yale fire, by Edith M. Thomas, is an impressive effort in a somewhat lighter strain are the verses, Kisses Kept are Wasted, by Edmund Vance Cooke. A timely and suggestive article is Some Women's Occupations, by Lafayette McLaws. Concluding the series The Great Scourges of Humanity, by Grace Peckham Murray, M. D. is a valuable paper on Cerebral Disorders. In College News Carolyn Halstead gives an interesting analysis of the inspiration and strength of college friendships. In the department Club Women and Club Life, Helen M. Winslow writes charmingly of the Women's Clubs of Kansas. A very clever and instructive article by Emma Haywood gives directions for making Christmas gifts. Of particular interest are the Household topics: Inexpensive Christmas gifts, and some Holiday Desserts. In addition, the regular departments are unusually bright and original. Social Observances, by Mrs. Frank Learned: The Milliner, The Dressmaker, Crocheting, Tatting, Knitting, the Newest Books, etc.

Subscription price of The Delineator, \$3.00 a year, single copies, 15 cents.

A Real Pessimist.

Laurence Gronlund, the famous socialistic writer who died a few weeks ago in New York, was that rare thing, a thorough pessimist. His favorite quotations were Schopenhauer's sentiments of despair and Heine's more cynical lines. One evening, after he had denounced the modern industrial system in savage terms, a friend remarked:

'It is not so bad as Russian despotism, is it?'

'Not quite. The former is the worst possible; the latter the worst conceivable.'

That Tight Feeling.

in the upper portion of your lungs is incipient bronchitis. You will proceed next to having inflamed lungs and pneumonia may follow. Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam will give immediate relief. It has never failed and will not in your case. All druggists, 25c.



**MAIDEN FANCIES.**

**Music and The Drama**

TONNE AND UNDER

Lola Booth appeared lately concert after a long absence.

Jessie Bartlett Davis has for her starring tour until...

Amelia Stone, the American singing successfully in a Berlin...

Edwin Hoff is at work upon papers that may be produced by Frank Daniels.

Bessie Strong arrived from Friday, and will appear at the tan Opera House New York...

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Mme. Melba is to give three dances in Berlin on her way to it is to sing 'Rigoletto' and 'di Sevilja.' Signor de Lucia with her, and so will Francesco an Italian baritone very popular many. He has recently begun tour through the principal cities...

A young tenor whose name has revealed was recently engaged Royal Opera in Berlin, after he for the director. He was former chant and served his apprenticeship large business establishment already supplied one tenor to His musical education will be by the Royal Opera House so has served his year in the army.

In a recent performance of 'peter von Saekkingen' in London ing of the baritone puzzled the but as he was a popular Muni there was no unusual manifestation excitement until he fell to the When the stage manager announced he was suffering from a severe in which had grown worse during ing, the audience understood the and after hissing him round the theatre.

Lilli Lehmann recently sang the first time in Berlin. It is read that the fault found with sonation was its lack of heart an evident preponderance of its in phases. Berlin has been accused the Isolde of Ross Sucher, who deniably more feminine and lo than Mme. Lehmann's performance which it was much inferior on side. Mme. Lehmann consented only on the condition that a co out be made in the second act. recently endowed a bed in a B hospital which is to be reserved for singers and teachers.

The singers of the Grau Op pany manage to sandwich a litt with the hard work which their calls for. It appears that Herri rials had a beautiful beard acquir

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of the most serious consequences follow. It lives on your vitality. The stronger it becomes the sicker you are.

DRUGGISTS.

would be all right, sir; if you had made it uncommon law.

The Yuletide Number.

The December number of the Delineator is called the Yuletide number. And with its innumerable illustrations is certainly one of the most artistic magazines ever seen out.

A Real Feast!

Laurence Gronlund, the famous socialistic writer who died a few weeks ago in New York, was that rare thing, a thorough pessimist.

That Tight Feeling

in the upper portion of your lungs is inoperative bronchitis. You will proceed next to having inflamed lungs and pneumonia may follow.

Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERSTOOD.

Lola Beeth appeared lately in Berlin, in concert after a long absence.

Janis Bartlett Davis has decided to defer her starring tour until next season.

Amelia Stone, the American soprano, is singing successfully in a Berlin music hall.

Edwin Hoff is at work upon a new comic opera that may be produced next season by Frank Daniels.

Geann Strong arrived from Europe on Friday, and will appear at the Metropolitan Opera House New York this season.

Francis Saville has been engaged for three years more at the Vienna Opera House. A five months vacation is allowed to her annually.

Alice Nielsen may be heard in Massenet's latest opera, Cendrillon next season. Manager Perley is considering the purchase of the American rights to the opera.

Rubinstein's "Der Daeomon," after its revival in Dresden only a few weeks ago, has been taken into the repertoire of the Vienna Opera House.

Lillian Russell having secured a transfer of George W. Lederer's \$15,000 damage suit against her from Brooklyn to New York, Mr. Lederer has assigned his claim to Frederick Williams, of Brooklyn, who recommended the action in that city on Friday.

The score of Johann Strauss's ballet, "Cinderella," is in the hands of the direction and will be produced early in January at the same theatre.

Mme. Melba is to give three performances in Berlin on her way to Russia. She is to sing "Rigolotto" and "Il Barbiere di Siviglia."

A young tenor whose name has not been revealed was recently engaged for the Royal Opera in Berlin, after he sang once for the director.

In a recent performance of "Der Trompeter von Sakkingen" in London the acting of the baritone puzzled the audience; but as he was a popular Munich singer, there was no unusual manifestation of excitement until he fell to the stage.

When the stage manager announced that he was suffering from a severe indisposition which had grown worse during the evening, the audience understood the situation and after hissing him roundly left the theatre.

Lilli Lehmann recently sang Isolde for the first time in Berlin. It is curious to read that the fault found with her impersonation was its lack of heart and the two evident preponderance of its intellectual phases.

Berlin has been accustomed to the Isolde of Ross Sucher, which was undeniably more feminine and less heroic than Mme. Lehmann's performance, to which it was much inferior on its vocal side.

Mme. Lehmann consented to appear only on the condition that a considerable cut be made in the second act. She has recently endowed a bed in a Berlin hospital which is to be reserved for needy singers and teachers.

The singers of the Grau Opera Company manage to sandwich a little fun in with the hard work which their profession calls for.

It appears that Herman Devries had a beautiful beard acquired during the summer months of which he was very proud; consequently the members of the company heard considerable about the French basso beard while on their travels.

During the performance at Louisville of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," which was sung before an audience that filled the great auditorium, it was seen that towards the close of the last act that Mme. Sembrich was so convulsed with laughter that she could scarcely sing the few phrases necessary to finish the opera.

Signor Campanari was apparently just as much amused and the musicians in the orchestra laughed more in unison with the singers than they usually play.

Only Mr. Devries was serious—more serious, indeed, than the demands of his role required. The singers left for Cincinnati the next day, and it was not until some time had passed that the Louisville audience discovered just why the singers had enjoyed themselves so much.

Signor Campanari had kept his throat to cut off part of M. Devries beard at the first opportunity and succeeded in damaging it so much that the basso had to visit a barber the next morning and have it all removed.

Signor Campanari when he snipped his barber scissors at M. Devries snipped the basso's own beard and not as the audience supposed a false one. Ever since the tour began the baritone has been trying to get at M. Devries beard, but it was only at Louisville that he got the opportunity.

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farce-comedy by J. Cheever Goodwin and Louis Harrison.

Joseph Arthur has written a new play of New York life entitled Johnny. It will be produced by Liebler and Company in December.

Margaret Anglin was ill on Nov. 4 when her role of Mimi in The Only Way, at New York, was played admirably by Tessie Busley at short notice.

William Bonelli has in preparation an elaborate production of the romantic drama An American Gentleman. He will open with the play during the latter part of the present or early next season.

Maggie Harold Davidge, widow of Wm Davidge, who has been ill with nervous prostration in Philadelphia, is beginning to show improvement, and her physicians think that convalescence is at hand.

The Very Reverend Charles William Stubbs, D. D., Dean of Ely, began a series of matinee lectures at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, on Nov. 8, his subject being "Shakespeare as a religious Teacher."

It is stated that H. V. Emond has decided to change the name of his latest play from The Trinity to Watchdogs, some discussion having arisen over the alleged irreverence of the first title.

Etzel Barrymore lost a purse containing a considerable sum of money while playing at Kalamazoo, Mich., on Nov. 6. She left the purse on a table in the dressing-room, and when she was on the stage a bold thief reached in at a window and captured the purse.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne will make her stellar debut in January in a new comedy, The Greatest Thing in the World, by Mrs. Henry C. De Mille and Harriett Ford, under management of Liebler and Company.

Mrs. Le Moyne's Duchess in Catherine last season, and her Mrs. Lorimer in The Moth and the Flame the season before, have been among the most successful impersonations of recent years.

Reports that Joseph Jefferson would shortly retire from the stage bob up at frequent intervals. In Cleveland one night last week Mr. Jefferson made a speech in which he said: "Almost every criticism of my performances reads like an obituary notice. I have no intention of retiring. I shall act until I die."

And there seems to be no occasion for the veteran actor to leave the stage while the public continues to throng to see him as Caleb Plummer, Bob Acres and Rip.

Nevertheless, it may be that the feeling which prevails that Mr. Jefferson may retire soon has a sustaining influence upon his receipts. For a good many years that "it-may-be-the-last-time" sentiment has impelled numbers of players to take another and another look at the familiar and always delightful characterizations.

The New York Mirror has the following editorial which is most timely and applies to more than Upper Canadian cities: A Correspondent of The Mirror in a secondary city of Canada—a city that in ordinary circumstances ought to be a good one-night stand—writes that local conditions are now such, owing to great general pro-

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parity, that first class companies would no doubt find it profitable to play there. He adds the offerings this season have been far below the average in merit, and the local manager seems to find it impossible to induce meritorious attractions to include the town in their Canadian itineraries.

The Canadian town in question is on the thoroughfare used by first-class companies that make Toronto and Montreal their ultimate stopping points while in the Dominion. If the conditions in Canada were like the conditions in this country, it is probable that most companies that play a week each in Toronto and Montreal would make profitable one-night stands in several of the intermediate towns.

As it is, they do not do so. The conditions in Canada are very discouraging to American amusement managers. The exactions by the Canadian government in the form of duties on printing, etc., have driven many American managers out of Canada and have kept other managers from venturing into the Dominion.

Only last week a well-known manager informed The Mirror that the duties exacted on his printing alone for a short tour of Canada amounted to nearly \$1,000, and practically wiped out his profits there.

These exactions are unreasonable and oppressive, and until they are modified the theatre public of Canada will continue to be deprived of much entertainment that it might otherwise enjoy.

The discriminations made by the Canadian laws against amusement enterprises from the United States were no doubt founded in a patriotic spirit and intended to protect Canadians themselves as purveyors of amusement.

But the laws have not encouraged amusement ventures by Canadians to any notable extent, while they have deprived many cities of Canada of the best that this country might offer under other conditions.

As has been pointed out by the Mirror heretofore, the remedy lies in Canada, and not in the United States. Managers of theatres in Canada ought to unite to secure the repeal of obnoxious and oppressive laws against "foreign" amusement managers.

When this shall be done, and not before, Canada may have the pick of those attractions that now are hopelessly sought by her managers, and Canadians may be the happier therefor.

KIDNEY DISEASE.

THE RESULT IS OFTEN A LIFE OF PAIN AND MISERY.

Mr. David Crowell, of Horton, N. S., was an Intense Sufferer and Almost Deceased of Finding a Cure—Tells the Story of His Disease.

The Acadien Wolfville, N. S. Recently a reporter of the Acadien was told another of those triumphs of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are becoming very common in this vicinity.

The fortunate individual is Mr. David Crowell, a highly respected resident of Hortonville. Below is his experience, in substance, as he gave it to us: "About two years ago, for the first time in my life, I began to realize fully what ill health meant.

The first symptom was a feeling of overpowering drowsiness which crept over me at times. Often I would be at work in the field when the drowsiness would seize me and I would find that it required the exercise of all my will-power to keep awake.

In a short time I was attacked by sharp piercing pains, which shot through the lower part of my back. At first this did not trouble me very much during the day but at night the pain became almost unendurable and often I would not close my eyes throughout the whole night.

Gradually a nausea and loathing for food developed. Sometimes I would sit down to a meal with a keen appetite, but after a mouthful or so had passed my lips, sickness and vomiting would follow. I became greatly reduced in flesh and in a short time was but a wreck of my former self.

The doctor said the trouble was disease of the kidneys but his treatment did not help me. My mother who was something of a nurse, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last to satisfy her more than from hopes of being cured, I took up their use.

After taking one box I seemed better and I resolved to try another. Before the second box was used my condition was improved beyond gainsay and I felt sure the pills were responsible for it.

I took two more boxes and before they were all used the pain in my back had wholly disappeared, my appetite had returned and I felt like a new man. For the sum of two dollars I cured myself of a painful disease.

There cannot be the least doubt but that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was the sole cause of my recovery, and I consider them the best medicine in existence.

Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all substitutes.

Woods Worth Money. "You may have heard of orchid-hunting in foreign countries, chatted a seedy-looking individual, 'well I do the same kind of thing here in London on a smaller scale.

"The botanical classes started in the various Technical Institutes of the metropolis



The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is as emollient as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Faintly but exquisitely aromatic. Beware of imitations.

are bound to have actual specimens of weeds and wild plants to study from, not even the professors themselves know always where these are to be got.

My business is to keep my eyes open for likely hedgerows and fallow fields where weeds and wild flowers flourish—common things, but necessary in the proper study of the science.

"My terms will vary, according to the quality of the crop I am lucky enough to gather, but a basketful of 'mixed' will generally fetch half-a-crown.

"Ordered" weeds will cost more, according to rarity and distance from town. My chief hunting-ground are Keston Common, and Buekhurst Hill in Epping Forest; but I can often get good specimens of such things as the golden-starred agrimony or the carnivorous sundew within three miles from Whitechapel church."

Complete War News Service.

The enterprise of the Montreal Star places its readers in a better position to have complete war news than the citizens of London or New York. The Star's war services embrace the special cable despatches to the London Times, London Mail, London Telegraph and the New York Tribune, as well as special cables from their own correspondent. The Star has a most comprehensive service.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 25

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

AN UNPLEASANT INCIDENT.

Investigations are not pleasant, still they are necessary sometimes. That which has been conducted by the safety department this week has revealed much that is of interest to the citizens generally and it has been followed with more than usual interest because the question of the liberty of the people seemed in a sense to be at stake.

From the evidence that was given there is no doubt that Mr. McKELVEY was ejected from the railway station by the order of the chief of police. Whether this official was warranted in his action is a question for the committee to determine.

The sight of brass buttons has a wholesome influence upon some people and exercises a pleasing restraint upon those who might make trouble in their absence. Their task in this instance was a difficult one and in some cases it would appear there was undue force applied.

While all will admit that the occasion was one of enthusiasm and excitement and for these reasons will excuse an official who led his head for the time being. The fact that the chief of police apparently singled out a gentleman who had been an applicant for his office is not pleasant to recall and it has undoubtedly made a painful impression upon the minds of the people generally.

RUMORED CHANGES.

Fresh rumors of changes in the New Brunswick government are being circulated and they are stated with some show of authority in certain quarters. That long promised solicitor generalship will it is said fall to Mr. McKEOWN who has been a rival of the Carleton county member for that coveted honor.

The Pedestrian—"You keep a horse! why I had no idea you were so thrifty." "Oh, yes. I deposit regularly in the savings bank all the money I borrow from my friends."

FORMS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Britain loves the man who smelt the furnace and the mine, Britain loves the man who smelt the furnace and the mine, Britain loves the man who smelt the furnace and the mine.

There was a bond in the eyes of the Vigilance gang, Of the Gray Bazaar's snitch that night, As up with a bound to their saddles they sprang.

Who else most it be? quoth Catamount Joe; I see 'em 'em-splitting' the air, 'Comin' gallopin' down, not a half hour ago.

It is him! 'twas the whelp on each horseman's lip As forward he bent for the race; Back the spurs and the merciless whip.

Just How it Happened. "You see," said Mrs. Strong O'Mind, "The reason that they beat us blind is just an striking plain to me."

And Mrs. Louisa Dress was there In such a row that, I declare, The men would stare as if to say, "If that was woman's stuff they were done, and when she'd try to talk."

On the Ball. A few months ago a friend of the writer was travelling on a small branch of a Highland railway. Rather suddenly, the train came to a stand still in a very wild and remote part of the country; not a house was in sight.

Judge—"You say this man was grossly intoxicated and extremely boisterous?" Officer—"Yes, yer honor! He was that drunk and noisy that Oi hesitated to arrest him! Oi thought he was a policeman off duty!"

Briggs—"I see down in Wall street that the rates for borrowing money are something terrible." Griggs—"Yes; it is almost as bad as getting it from a friend."

ENGINE 1129'S SUICIDE.

Pumped Air in a Runaway Down a Mountain Until She Blew Up. Mr. Henry Alquist, a prominent railroad man, relates the story of a curious wreck, the facts in which he will vouch for.

"It is such a remarkable thing," said Mr. Alquist to a reporter, "that I fear many will be inclined to brand it as 'pipe.' I have been railroading now for over twenty years and never in all my varied experience have I seen such a unique and complete work as the one I speak of—that of engine 1129 of the Rio Grande Western.

Railroad men will tell that locomotives seldom explode nowadays, but 1129 did, and in a very peculiar way. "At the time this wreck occurred I was holding down the train despatcher at Soldier Summit, Utah, and a tough old job it was. Never been there, I suppose? Well, Soldier Summit is a station on the top of one of the Wasatch divides.

A bleak and lonely place where the Rio Grande Western has a roundhouse and coal chute located. At the summit are long snow sheds covering the tracks. These sheds protect the line from the heavy snows which fall continually there in the winter. And it is only due to this method that a train ever gets over the mountain.

On down through the gulch sped the galloping Rezin' down the dry sage and the grass, While the prowling coyote sunk out in the weeds To let the grim cavalry pass. Like a wind did they ride; not a word, not a sound Was heard as they flew o'er the head, blistered Save the creaking of iron on the rail, blistered ground.

Then a shadowy speck arose in their sight, Like a bullet it shot on ahead; It seemed like a fugitive wrail in the night As on through the gulch it sped. "It is him!" with an oath muttered Hassavamp Jim; "Kain't ye see how they're splittin' the air?" He was right, for the new rider like Tim, Nor steeled like that the gray mare.

Deep, deep in the flanks of the little gray mare Sank the iron of the rider ahead; Through the sage and the grass sped the fugitive pair, While behind them the Vigilants sped. "On, on!" urged the flying one "Oh! came the sound In the rear, from a dozen of lips; It was right, for the new rider and a bound At the touch of the spurs and the whips."

How ended the race? When the gray sullen morn' As on through the gulch it sped, A naked old cottonwood, standing dry, With the neighbor's grass trampled down, Did the little gray mare, how she Vigilants steeds Through the gulch chased the fog five speck That rose in the dusk mid the sage and the weeds, And then was the race—by the neck.

"You see," said Mrs. Strong O'Mind, "The reason that they beat us blind is just an striking plain to me. As stripes on our horse's side, Some women are as short of sense As mine, and give us evidence Of that in a disingenuous way. On every blamed election day."

"And Mrs. Louisa Dress was there In such a row that, I declare, The men would stare as if to say, "If that was woman's stuff they were done, and when she'd try to talk. Who offer us stocks or a tip on the race. And plumb forget to vote at all."

"I jumped and pulled the lever which opened the spur switches. This I knew would prevent a smashup, as the engine would run upon the switch-back and come to a stop. But I was too late. Almost at the same instant I threw the lever a terrific explosion was heard far down the mountain. The runaway had exploded."

"I thought you said a moment ago, 'Mr. Alquist, interrupted the Scimitar man, 'that the locomotive was a dead one.' If she had no fire under her boiler how could she explode?" "That was the only thing I couldn't understand myself," replied the railroad man. "I could easily see how the dead engine could break loose on that grade, and I could understand not hearing its descent during such a howling blizzard, but the explosion floored me. The only theory which in anyway solved the mystery was that the old kettle was blown up by compressed air! You see, when the engine broke loose from the freight and started down the mountain the pistons in the cylinders began to act as air compressors. During the rough trip up her throttle probably jarred open and as the speed increased with every revolution of her drivers, her boilers soon filled with compressed air. It was not long before those flying pistons had worked up a pressure of nearly 500 pounds to the square inch, which came in faster than it could escape by the safety valve, and before the old machine reached Clear Creek her boiler let go."

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"I do not think that boy of mine," said one member of a company of friends, breaking in upon a lull in the conversation

'is the most remarkable little fellow I ever saw.'

It was too late to avoid the ordeal by a hasty retreat, and the others braced the selves to endure it. "Yes!" said one of them listlessly. "He is six years old," pursued the father, "and I can't remember that he ever said a bright thing in his life."

Other parents, however, who may read this, will be likely to conclude that it must have been the father, not the boy, who was unique.

Saved by a Snuff Box. A captain of the Bengal Lancers, whose story is told in the Cornhill Magazine, was on a visit to a civilian friend in Rajputana, and went out for a walk in the country about sunset. After going four or five miles, he found himself in a narrow path on the side of a steep hill.

The path was a mere ledge in the rock, with a deep chasm on one side and a wall of solid rock on the other. It was not a very pleasant place in which to come face to face with a big tigress, but that was just what happened to the captain.

It was too late to withdraw, so he determined to brave it out. The animal had evidently been asleep, for she continued for a few moments to lick herself into full wakefulness. The captain stood perfectly still, with his eyes fixed upon her. Presently she took a few steps forward and made a dash at him with her teeth. Luckily she seized him by the flap of his coat, just over the breast, so that he was not hurt by the blow.

Then the captain had a chance to appreciate the feelings of a mouse when it is shaken by a rat. The tigress shook him till his senses left him. Perhaps it was as well they did leave him, for his position over the deep chasm was not an enviable one. A fall would have been as fatal as the animal's onslaught.

When he recovered consciousness, a few minutes later, he found himself lying flat on his back, with his feet dangling over the precipice. He opened his eyes to see only the blue sky above him. He dared not move, for the tigress might be close to his elbow. So he shut his eyes and remained motionless.

Then he thought he heard a strange noise at a little distance, a sound as of somebody sneezing. His first thought was that some had come to the rescue and beaten the tigress off, but this was proved to be wrong by certain low, disagreeable, tigerish growls mingled with the sneezing. He turned slowly around. He could hardly believe his eyes. There was the tigress sinking off with her tail between her legs and sneezing violently as she went, her face distorted by the most piteous grimaces.

The truth dawned upon him. In shaking him the tigress had caused his snuff-box to fly open out of his waistcoat pocket, and had received the contents full in her face.

The Youth's Companion Calendar for 1900 is unique in form and beautiful in design. The oval centerpiece, in high colors and enclosed in a border of flowers, represents "A Dream of Summer" and is supported on either side by an admirably executed figure piece in delicate tints. The whole is delightful in sentiment and in general effect. Larger than any of The Companion's previous Calendars, it is equally acceptable as a work of art. As an ornament to the home it will take a prominent place.

The Calendar is published exclusively by The Companion. It cannot be obtained elsewhere. It will be given to all new subscribers for 1900, who will also receive, in addition to the fifty-two issues of the new volume, all the issues for the remaining weeks of 1899, free from the time of subscription. Illustrated Announcement Number, containing a full prospectus of the volume for 1900, will be sent free to any address. The Youth's Companion, 203 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Any Holes in Your Socks? Wouldn't be if you sent them to us. All holed mended, neckbands replaced, repairs made free. Best laundry in town. Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning Works, 28 to 34 Waterloo street. Phone 68. "I wish I owned this great big hospital," "You would make it free for everybody, wouldn't you, Willie, dear?" "Yes, and then I could trade it for a circus."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

BAKING POWDER

and wholesome

remarkable little fellow I ever

late to avoid the ordeal by

at, and the others braced the

sure it.

id one of them listlessly.

years old," pursued the father,

t remember that he ever said a

in his life.

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likely to conclude that it must

the father, not the boy, who

saved by a South Box.

o of the Bengal Lancers, whose

in the Corahill Magazine, was

a civilian friend in Rajputana,

out for a walk in the country

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appended to the captain.]

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This afternoon the Neptune Rowing Club give an

At Home to the lady friends of the members at

their club rooms which have been elaborately ar-

ranged and decorated for the occasion. Quite a

large number of invitations have been issued and

the affair promises to be quite as successful and

fashionable as any which the club has given in the

past and that is saying a good deal. The Neptune

Rowing Club dispenses hospitality very generously

and in this is in pleasant contrast to so many male

clubs and organizations whose members are con-

tent to accept all the entertainment offered them

without any return whatever. Such a course is not

unnoticed by their hostesses, who do not hesitate to

characterize it as utterly selfish. The unmarried

men are not expected to give large dancing parties

if it is true, but there are other ways of showing that

social kindness are appreciated. As a lady who dis-

penses hospitality in the most lavish and charming

way said to a friend the other day: "I suppose it is

not very in good taste to speak of these things but

really one gets out of patience occasionally and if

one thinks of these men as social loafers there is

really some excuse. I don't believe the men mean

to be positively rude and selfish but they are

thoughtless, and for this of course the ladies are in

a way to blame. They never dream of resenting

these men's idleness.

"The other night at the Watkins Mills recital I

counted ten men who are under the deepest obliga-

tions to various hostesses, there alone. On the

other hand these hostesses were there, but they

went with members of their family; and surely an

invitation or tickets to the theatre or a concert

occasionally is not beyond these men and would be

a thoughtful attention that all would appreciate. I

know of two men who have been dropped during

the past year, and three more are on the list. I

think that those who have the courage and spirit to

do this are to be commended. No woman of re-

finement or with proper self-respect would dream

of lavishing continued hospitality upon those of her

own sex, without some recognition, so why should

men be more kindly treated? "As was remarked

before no reflection of this kind can be cast upon

the Neptune Rowing Club which as an organiza-

tion gracefully acknowledges the courtesies ex-

tended to its members.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Altman of Parramore re-

cently spent a day or two with city friends.

The pupils of Miss Maud Bishop of Bathurst

and Mr. Herbert Evans of Montreal were solemn-

ized last week and the following account of the

wedding will be read with much interest here where

the bride has frequently visited and has a host of

friends. "The marriage of Miss Maud Katherine

Bishop of Bathurst and Mr. Herbert Evans of

Montreal took place in St. George's chapel on

Tuesday evening Nov. 14th, the ceremony being

performed by Rev. Thos. Street assisted by Rev.

Dean Forsythe. The church decorations were very

elaborate and consisted of holly, chrysanthemums

and potted plants. The bride who entered the

church with her father was a picture of youth ul

loveliness and grace in her wedding gown of ivory

duchess satin, heavily trimmed with chiffon, pearls

and duchesse lace. Her veil was fastened with

the groom's gift a diamond star. Her sister Miss

Genevieve was maid of honor and looked lovely and

dainty in a pink silk tulle gown with a large

pink picture hat and bouquet of pink roses and

maidenhair fern. Mr. Robertson of Montreal

supported the groom.

After the ceremony the bridal party and guests

were entertained at a delicious supper at Mr.

Bishop's residence, which throughout was decorat-

ed in pink. Among the numerous and costly pre-

sents showered upon the bride were subliminal

cheques from her father, mother and other mem-

bers of her family. The groom's gifts were a diamond

star and a diamond ring, while the groomsmen

presented a diamond and pearl brooch. Many beau-

tiful presents were received from friends in Eng-

land and the United States.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans are enjoying a trip through

Canada after which they will go south before their

return to take up their residence in the beautiful

home awaiting them on Sherbrooke street, Mon-

real.

No. 2, pink and silver, No. 3, green and white, No. 4

pink, No. 5, pink, No. 6, green and gold, No. 7

pink and white, No. 8, green.

The sale was a success in every way and the fol-

lowing ladies who assisted are to be congratulated

upon the result.

Mrs. Baird, Miss Thorne.

Mrs. Troop, Miss McLaughlin.

Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Nixon.

Mrs. F. S. MacIntosh, Mrs. H. A. Austin.

Mrs. George Jenkins, Mrs. J. Fred Sullivan.

Mrs. Joseph Allison, Mrs. W. H. Purdy.

Mrs. Tuck, Miss Gardner.

Mrs. Harvey Hayward, Mrs. William G. Smith.

Mrs. F. U. Murray, Mrs. F. S. Rogers.

Mrs. C. E. Macmichael, Miss Annie Hoar.

Miss Henderson, Mrs. W. A. Lockhart.

Mrs. Thomas Ellis, Mrs. John Read.

Mrs. G. L. Farbour, Mrs. Alexander Law.

Mrs. Barbour, Mrs. I. C. Bowman.

Mrs. Thomas Bell, Miss Thomas.

Mrs. G. F. Calkin, Mrs. Helen Prichard.

Miss Mot, Mrs. A. F. Barnhill.

Mrs. J. H. White, Mrs. F. W. Solder.

Miss Irvine, Mrs. Charles Peters.

Mrs. F. A. Godson, Mrs. A. L. Reid.

Miss M. McLaughlin, Mrs. G. L. Barbour.

Mrs. F. E. Craib, Miss L. McLaughlin.

Mrs. E. T. Knowles, Miss Blaine.

Miss Sandall, Miss N. Macmichael.

Miss E. Stockton, Miss May Sandall.

Miss Nellie Irvine.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Burchill of Northumber-

land Co., spent Sunday in the city on their way to

New York.

Mrs. Tuck has returned from Ottawa where she

was a guest of Mrs. G. E. King for a few days.

Miss Bessie Blair and Miss Snowball of Chatham

went this week to Ottawa where they will remain

until after Christmas.

Miss O'Regan and Miss Murphy of Dalhousie

were in the city for a short time this week.

Mr. T. B. Black of Sackville spent a day or two

in the city in the early part of the week.

Mr. H. V. Brown of Worcester, Mass. made a

short stay in the city this week.

A very successful sale and tea was held on Tues-

day of this week by the Ladies N. rediwork society

of St. Paul's church, in the school room; the pa-

tronage extended was most generously received by

Mrs. DeVeber, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Dicker and

Miss Carter. The tables on which was arranged

dainty as well as useful needlework, were presen-

ted over by the following ladies:

Candy—Mrs. H. B. Robinson, Mrs. Andrew

Jack, Miss Shaw, Miss Walker.

Relish table for home-made preserves, sauces,

etc.—Mrs. Barbour, Mrs. McKay, Miss Wright.

Ice cream—Miss Barbour, Miss Carter.

Ferns—Mrs. George Hoyt, the Misses Stephens,

Miss Wetmore.

Children's underclothing and aprons—Mrs. B. C.

Boyd, Mrs. Upham, Miss Symonds.

Fancy table—Mrs. Wm. Hazen, Mrs. James

Jack, Miss Hazen, Miss Harrison, Miss Ethel Sid-

ney Siml h.

Useful table—Miss Grace Scovill, Miss Berta

Robinson.

Book table—Miss Harriet Peters, Miss Eleanor

Robinson, Miss Winnie Wright.

Dolls—Mrs. Gandy, Mrs. Walter Scovill, Miss

Francis Stead.

Doll's house and yacht—Gladys Egan and Mar-

iel Gandy.

Tea was served from half past five until half

past seven. The committee in charge was; Mrs.

T. B. Robinson, Mrs. F. E. Barker, Mrs. Starr,

Mrs. John Schofield, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Frink,

Mr. T. B. Jones.

Hon. L. J. Tweedie, of Chatham, spent Tuesday

in the city.

Miss Jessie Ingalls, arrived from Norwich, N. H.

on Tuesday of this week and will remain with re-

latives until after Christmas.

Douglas McLaughlin left this week for Minne-

sota, where he will reside.

Mrs. E. M. Jones of St. George spent Tuesday in

the city.

Hon. Charles H. La Billois, of Dalhousie, was in

the city for a day or two this week.

Mr. A. C. Humbert and Capt. Farrell, of New

York, were among this week's visitors to the city.

The Robinson Comic Opera Co. have delighted

large audiences this week, the excellence of the per-

formances meriting all the praise that has been be-

stowed upon them by those who have attended.

The opera given this week have been Boccaccio,

Mukdo, Fatima, Mascotte, Olivette and The

Moors Bride. I believe a special arrangement has

been made by which the company will stay another

week. The choruses are strong, the stage settings

good, and the costuming extremely pretty, appro-

priate and in the best of taste. The audiences

throughout the week have been fashionable and ap-

preciative.

Capt. F. E. L. Baker, Royal Artillery, who has

been visiting his father, Judge Baker, leaves today

to rejoin his regiment now stationed in Malta.

Mr. C. A. Robertson is confined to his residence

this week through serious illness.

Mr. Wm. Gervan of the Bank of

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Programme for sale in Halifax by the newboys and the following new stands and centres.

Nov. 21.—The first general recital of the season at this deservingly popular school of music took place last Friday evening.

In the vocal department the representatives were Mr. W. A. Hart, a growing basso, Miss Lena Murray, a deep and effective contralto, and the ever popular Miss Frances Foster.

Nov. 21.—Mr. L. C. Prime was in town last week. Frank Thurber made a trip to St. John last week. Mrs. Chesley Oulger is visiting friends in town.

Nov. 22.—Mrs. Price and Mrs. Rand have returned from a visit to friends across the Basin. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Langille are the proud parents of a pretty little daughter.

Nov. 22.—The sad death of Mr. Benjamin Hamilton at the Victoria hotel, Halifax on Friday night last caused a gloom to pass over the community.

Nov. 22.—Mrs. Price and Mrs. Rand have returned from a visit to friends across the Basin. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Langille are the proud parents of a pretty little daughter.

How hard a mother has to coax before she can get her child to take its first step.



It is just about as hard to induce a confirmed invalid, especially one suffering with weakness of the lungs, to take the first step to health.

Dr. R. V. Pierce by letter, absolutely without fee or charge. Every letter is regarded as a sacredly confidential. Each answer is mailed in a plain envelope.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Holford Tucker have been house keeping in their cosy cottage on Victoria street.

Mr. Oulhit went to Amherst on Monday to attend Mrs. E. J. Logan's funeral, he being one of the pall-bearers.

Nov. 22.—Mr. Lon Crowe of the Merchants' bank Summerside, P. E. I., who was enjoying a short vacation with home friends at the Rockery, left for the Island via Moncton last Saturday.

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accepted a similar one in the office of the Halifax Post Mill. Mrs. Dennis and family will reside in Yarmouth for the winter, returning to Weymouth in the spring.

Mrs. J. M. Lawson and daughter Miss Laura, returned from a visit to Boston by steamer 'Boston' this morning.

Mr. Geo. Palmer, stenographer for the Coast Railway who has been spending a short vacation in Boston, returns this evening on route for California, where he goes for the benefit of his health.

Mr. J. E. Wyman left Tuesday morning for Halifax Exhibition Commission of which he is a member.

Mr. Wm. Stocomb, station agent at Tusket, arrived by steamer Boston this morning and left by train for home.

Nov. 22.—Miss Elsie Nichols, Berwick, is visiting Miss Keith.

Mr. C. Henry Dimock was in Halifax on Monday.

Mrs. William Soloman of Fall River, Mass. is visiting in town.

Mrs. Chas. Hensley and little Miss Nita, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Edna and daughter Muriel, Truro, returned home last week.

Mrs. Edwin Shaw recently returned from a pleasant trip to Walton.

Mr. Whitfield, of the N. S. Telephone Co., spent Sunday in Halifax.

Mr. W. Morris visited Halifax on Saturday and returned on Tuesday.

Miss Murphy of Windsor is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. H. Wilson, Lunenburg.

Mrs. Caldwell, Wolfville, was in town over Sunday the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Robson.

Miss Madge O'Brien after a pleasant visit at Island Home, returned to Halifax Friday evening.

Mrs. Starr, Starr's Point, visited her old home at Sunnyside, Wentworth, on Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Starr, Wolfville, were in town on Sunday, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse F. Smith.

Mrs. J. O. Redden, formerly of Windsor, now of Wolfville, was in town on Sunday the guest of the Misses Bennett.

Rev. G. J. C. White and Mrs. White, Wolfville, formerly of Annapolis, were in town on Sunday returning on Monday.

Mrs. J. A. Harvie, Annapolis, was in town last week with friends, and intends leaving this week for Denver, Colorado.

Mrs. Jane Kilcup, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. M. A. Kirkpatrick, Shubenacadie, for several weeks has returned home.

Mrs. Fanny Smith arrived home on Saturday from Boston, where she spent a most enjoyable fortnight with relatives and friends.

Miss Idelle, St. John, was in town on Sunday, a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunbar, and left on Monday for Wolfville.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Faulkner, who have been on an extended trip to New York, arrived home on Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Coombs, Halifax, were guests at the Victoria Hotel last week for a few days. Mrs. Coombs was formerly Miss Grennaway, of that city.

Mrs. Joshua Smith, who has been visiting Mrs. E. D. Blackadar at Halifax, and who also attended the W. C. T. U. Convention last week, has arrived home.

Miss Belle Whitman, Wilnot, who has been attending the W. C. T. U. Conventions at Wolfville and Halifax, has also been visiting Mrs. Edgar Shand.

Miss Wilkins and Miss Constance Higgins, Wolfville, were in town on Friday until Monday afternoon and attended the reception at the Manse on Friday afternoon.

Miss Ida Winstan, Halifax, is a visitor at the home of Mrs. Joseph Burgess. Miss Whiston is on her way home from Annapolis, where she has spent the past month visiting her sister, Mrs. Tremaine.

Mrs. Anderson, Liverpool, N. S. is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. C. Smith, Gerrish Street. Mrs. Anderson is President of the Liverpool W. C. T. U. and attended the reception at the Manse on Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe MacDonald and baby Kenneth Wolfville, were in town on Sunday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith. Mr. MacDonald returned on Monday. The other members of his family remain a week here.

Miss Ellen Beg, formerly of our Academy teaching staff, was married at Massena, N. Y., on the 2nd to Mr. Ralph Messenger, B. A., of Bridgetown, N. S. Congratulations.

S. G. Black, Esq., paid us a friendly visit on Wednesday last. On Thursday afternoon, he is in company with Mrs. Black, returned to Halifax after spending the past three months here.

Nov. 21.—C. F. McIsaac, M. P., of Antigonish, arrived by express Thursday night.

Major Fred H. Hart of the St. John Fusiliers was here lately.

G. A. Fryer, of the I. C. R., St. John is stopping at the Sydney.

R. E. Smith, of the Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co., Toronto, manufacturers of billiard and pool tables, is touring Cape Breton in the interests of his firm.

H. W. Weller, representing Babcock & Wilcox, Ltd., London, Glasgow and Montreal, who are supplying the boilers for the Dominion Iron & Steel Co.'s works, arrived last night and is registered at the Sydney.

B. F. Pearson, of Halifax arrived in Sydney Thursday night.

E. C. V. Levasse, of Lunenburg, went west by Tuesday morning's train.

Neil A. McMillan has been appointed Commissioner of the Supreme and County courts for the County of Cape Breton.

Finlay McDonald has been appointed Notary

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. November, 1899.

WRITE FOR IT! New Winter Catalogue

For Season 1899-1900. Just published containing 100 pages fully illustrated. SENT POST FREE TO ANY ADDRESS IN CANADA.

Drop us a post-card and we will mail you a Catalogue or give you any information you wish. Suppose you write us for samples, just give such hints of your wants as you'd give to a salesperson at the counter and tell us about how much you want to pay. Remember our guarantee is broad.

Your MONEY refunded if we FAIL to please you.

The Company's system of dealing with Mail Orders is probably the most elaborate in Canada, possessing immense facilities and a perfect organization, that has gained for us the reputation of having

The Quickest Mail Order Service in Canada.

Every Lady in the land should know the conveniences and advantages of our mail order system, no matter where you live. Thousands already know its great money saving benefits. Why not you?

Send a Trial Order and you'll be convinced. Illustrated Winter Catalogue mailed Free to any address in Canada.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

FREE But "Worth its Weight in Gold." Free samples of "Victorine" have been distributed from house to house in St. John city. Have you tried yours? If so you know now that "VICTORINE" makes clothes white as snow without rubbing. Boiling and rinsing only are required. It cannot hurt either clothes or hands. Contains no strong lye substances, as mostly every other compound. You can now buy "Victorine," 2 cakes for 5 cents, which will wash four boilers of clothes, at almost any leading store in St. John, Moncton or Fredericton, but if you want to try it do so At Our Expense. Send us your name and address on a postal and we will send, postpaid, a working sample of the greatest boon offered to the housewife of late years. W. CRAWFORD GADEN & CO., 257 St. Paul, MONTREAL. P. S.—When writing mention this paper.

Public and Commissioner of the Supreme Court for Cape Breton Co. A. C. Ross arrived from Halifax by express recently. An Arkansas prisoner addressed the following note to a friend of his: 'Dear Bill—I'm in trouble again. I shot the Judge on the bench and general principles, and they went to work and arrested me for it!' Election Inspector severely—Sir, have you ever served the reconstituted of the United States? Naturalized Citizen—No. Have you? Election Inspector—No-o.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION Has special virtue in healing diseased Lungs and restoring flesh and strength to those reduced by wasting disease. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. Butoche Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butoche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE

USE... "Tarina" not only as a hair soap to make the soft, sweet and clean and alloy scalp, but also to prevent the disagreeable effects of perspiration. It's a genuine specific for this purpose. TARINA is sold in tinboxed 25 cts., at your druggist, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., M.F.P. P. O. Box 2410, MONTREAL.

MONCTON. [Programme is for sale in Moncton at Tweed's Bookstore, Mr. B. Jones' Bookstore Nov. 22.—Mr. Graves of the I. C. R. spent Sunday at Follisford. Miss Jennie Magee, who has been seriously ill, is now able to attend to business. Miss Edith Russell, of Newcastle, is visiting Mr. W. F. Smallwood, Fleet street. Mr. James Dunlap, representing F. F. Co., went east Monday morning on a business trip. Mrs. Obed Goldrup, High street, was to her friends Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Mrs. James Harnett returned Saturday six weeks visit with friends in Kent and W. Zealand counties. Miss George Bartlett left this week for Hartford, Conn. Miss Sadie McPadden, of Dorchester, been visiting friends here returned home on Monday. Mr. C. McLeod is back again after a illness. His friends are glad to see him. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Let will sympathize with them in the death of their infant son which occurred on Monday. Mrs. S. J. Struigis went to Shediac to her friends Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of this week. Mr. D. Dickson, of the Mineral Frod went to Bridgetown, N. S. Monday. Mr. F. S. Hutchinson representing Gans St. Stephen, was in town this week. Mrs. M. Q. Steeves, of Hillsboro, who confined to the home of her daughter, Mr.

PILES. A Most Annoying and Dressing Ailment for Which There is Only One Guaranteed Cure. Dr. Chase's Ointment Two Remarkable Cures. If possible we should like every one of this paper to look over the evidence in grateful letters—which has convinced these offices for Dr. Chase's Ointment. Many of these letters described the terrible tormenting cases of piles, cured in vain, and of the universal use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. No one is skeptical after a perusal of these letters. Since you cannot call and read these men if what we claim for Dr. Ointment is not true, and do you Dr. Chase's Ointment would be good to cure any case of piles if there is chance of failure. Mr. David Lockhart, a well known of Hawshaw, N. B., states:—terrible sufferer with piles for 10 years and was frequently compelled to give up work. Two boxes of Dr. Ointment made a perfect cure. Mr. E. G. Langley, proprietor Hotel, Bridgetown, N. S., states:—troubled with piles for two years frequently to quit work as the itching made me so. Mine was a severe case of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured. By its soothing, healing qualities Chase's Ointment gives immediate relief to the terrible itching, and permanent relief, itching, bleeding or prolapsus. 60 cts. a box, at all druggists. Edmandson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Mother's favorite remedy for hemorrhoids, coughs or colds is Dr. Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Chase's Catarrh Cure radical Catarrh. Each 25 cents, at all druggists.

TOURNA GOLDEN ONE DAY Take Laxative Home Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. S. C. E. W. Grove's signature on each box.

FOR LADIES To dye at home Hosiery, Skirts, children Frocks, etc. USE MAYPOLE SOAP is unexcelled and costs no more than old fashioned dyes. Send for FREE book on Home Dyeing to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.



SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Mrs. Richard, Miss Jane Wilson, Mr. C. C. Richards, Mr. Duffin Richards, Miss G. B. Boyce, Miss Blanche Richards.

Winter seems to have made its appearance quite early, the movement of Sunday having changed the appearance of the face of the earth for the time being and will prevent many from attending a social function which is to come off on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. and Mrs. Fred Whelpley and Miss Blanche Richards are visiting friends in St. John.

PILLS OF LYON LAW.

Disorders in Leake County, Miss. After the burning of a Negro.

A story of the consequences of an appeal to Judge Lynch comes from Leake county, Miss. It was a peaceable community in which no lynching had ever occurred. On the night of Oct. 18, Mrs. Gambrell and her four children were murdered and an attempt was made to burn their bodies. Four negroes, Anderson Smith, a school teacher, Robert Smith, John Oliver Gray and Joe Leflone, were accused of the crime, which was committed for purpose of robbery. Joe Leflone was first captured. He confessed and implicated the two Smiths and several negro women in the crime. He also declared that the murder was committed at the instance of two white men, one of them was the very man who captured him and turned him over to the mob. The mob acted promptly. Instead of waiting to secure evidence of the truth of Leflone's confession he and Bob Smith were tied to the stake. Joe Leflone was burned to death. Smith was released after a slight scorching in order to give further testimony. The mob finally elected a committee of twelve men, who were authorized to discover the murderers of the Gambrell family and administer the proper punishment to them. The next day John Oliver Gray was captured, and he, and Brown and the negro women were whipped.

The conservative element in Leake county, who has opposed lynching, thus succeeded in preventing the usual loss of life in a lynching affair of this kind. Only one person had been lynched, although in many parts of the South the mob would have lynched every other person incriminated by Leflone. It is true that these persons had been whipped, but this was a small matter compared with lynching them or burning them at the stake. They were locked up in the jail, but more as a precaution to prevent the mob from doing them injury than as a punishment. Nevertheless, the lawless element became constantly more assertive. Attention was called to the fact that only one negro had been lynched for a crime by which five white persons had perished. It was asserted that, 'this milk and water policy was making the negroes impudent and troublesome.' The extreme faction triumphed and affairs have drifted from bad to worse in Leake county. Judge Lynch once evoked has proved a most troublesome ruler. The lawless element has made the Gambrell murders a pretext for a series of white cap outrages. Negroes many miles distant from the scene of the murder who had and could have no connection with the crime were whipped, and it developed that these whippings were the result of personal difficulties. This condition of affairs ran on for some weeks until the conservative element, the law-and-order party became convinced that it would not do to lock idly on, with labor demoralized and a body of lawless men taking the law into their own hands. Protests were heard against the white cappers

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A Sarsaparilla—"As I had lost five children with diphtheria I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not very strong. They are now healthier and stronger and have not since had a cold." Mrs. W. H. FLECKER, Pembroke, Ont.



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to which the letter replied with threats against the law-and-order people. Some of the law-and-order men in the country were warned to leave; and a favorite trick was to dig a grave in front of a man's house, with an invitation to him to occupy it if he did not keep his mouth shut.

These threats, however, had less effect than might be expected. Those who opposed lawlessness, organized, armed themselves and for the past week have conducted a very vigorous campaign against the white cappers. One of the latter was captured near Conway, escorted to the railway station, placed aboard a train, and warned if he returned to Leake he would be roughly dealt with. Dr. J. R. Kendall one of the leaders of the white cappers was besieged in his house where he and his friends were armed, and a fight was threatened, but a compromise was finally reached, Dr. Kendall agreeing to leave the country if he had a little time to settle up his affairs.

The indications are that the law and order people are getting control again, but this is by no means assured and the two elements may yet meet in a battle. The affair, however, has convinced all doubting persons in Leake county, that a lynching is a great misfortune, that it demoralizes the community and that it is very difficult to restore peace and order after an affair of this kind.

A Good showing. Mr. J. S. Currie, the manager of the Situation Department of the Currie Business University, is meeting with great success in placing students in good situations. The following is a list of positions recently filled, the majority of which were secured through the Situation Department.

- Miss Mabel Lingley of Westfield, with L. G. Higgins & Co., wholesale Boot & Shoes, Montreal.
E. L. MacDonald of Alma, with Sydney Hotel, Sydney, C. B.
Annie G. Laakey, city, with Nice & Nicos, Counsellors-at-Law, Boston, Mass.
Chas. A. Seely, city, with Phoenix Foundry, city.
Geo. N. Duffy, city, with Mt. Morris bank, New York city.
Laura Parker, Alyesford, N. S., with Chas. W. Boyer, Mechanical Engineer, Somerville, Mass.
W. J. McGuire, city, with Alfred Heans city.
Gertrude McGowan, city, with A. A. McClaskey & Son, Confectioners, city.
Myrtle Waring, Amherst, with Cumberland Pork Packing Co., Ltd., Amherst, N. S.
Arthur Abbinette, Hillsboro, with Dufferin hotel, city.
Fred Patterson, city, with F. C. Colwell & Co., Confectioners, city.
Millie Williams, Kingston, with Armington's grocery, Worcester, Mass.
Ethel Wheaton, Norton, with Excelsior Life Ins. Co., city.
Ethel Matthews, Clarendon station, with E. B. Chapman, barristers, City.
Howe Cowan, city, with Confederation Life Ass. Co., city.
C. T. Gard, Hopewell Cape, with E. J. Armstrong, printer city.
D. I. Buckley, Corn Hill, with F. E. Williams, grocer city.
Bertrand Beckwith, Sheffield Mills, N. S., with Dufferin hotel city.

An Official.

Railway-building is progressing rapidly in Mexico, but railway management there is still far below our more northern standard. An American who was one of a party of foreigners invited to take a trip over a certain Mexican line, tell this story in a New York exchange:

On the first day of the journey he was sitting on the rear platform of the observation car. The train stopped to take water and as it was getting under way again a disreputable-looking man swung himself on the bumper and started to climb over the railing. He looked like a greasy cow-puncher, only more dirty and ragged, and the American tried to push him off. He

held on, however, and began to yell in Spanish. The American yelled back, and the two men scuffled and fought on the platform until another member of the party came out, and asked what was the trouble.

held on, however, and began to yell in Spanish. The American yelled back, and the two men scuffled and fought on the platform until another member of the party came out, and asked what was the trouble.

"I'm keeping this tramp from stealing a ride!" exclaimed the American. "Nonsense," said his friend. "You're fighting with the brakeman."

The American vowed that he would never again judge from appearances, at least in Mexico.

TREATMENT OF SMALLPOX.

How to Prevent and Treat the Dread Disease.

Less than a century ago smallpox was as common as scarlet fever is today, and it was a usual for one to escape its attack as it is now for a person to grow to adult life without having suffered from this pest of childhood. So almost inevitable was it that it became a common practice to inoculate people in early life, as the disease so produced was found to be milder than that arising from contagion. Then vaccination was discovered, and as it became general smallpox ceased to be the scourge it had been.

There is no remedy that will cut short an attack of smallpox; but skillful medical treatment, and especially intelligent and careful nursing, can do wonders in the saving of life and in warding off the evils which may follow the disease.

Smallpox being one of the most contagious of diseases, it is imperative to isolate the patient, so no one except the doctor and the nurses being permitted to enter the sick-room. This room should be in the upper story of the house, and no room on that floor should be occupied by any other member of the family.

All carpets, hangings and upholstered furniture should be removed from that floor, and the sick room should be bare of all but the absolutely necessary articles of furniture. In front of the door should be hung a large sheeting reaching to the floor, which must be kept constantly wet with a solution of chloride of lime, carbolic acid, or some other efficient disinfectant.

The patient must not be allowed to leave the room until some days after the peeling of the skin is over. Then a bath should be prepared in another room, and to this he should go leaving his clothes in the sick-room. After the bath which must be thorough, including a shampoo, the patient may dry himself hastily and then with a clean sheet over him, go downstairs to another room where there are clean clothes ready for him. The nurses should go through a similar process before meeting other people.

The clothes left in the sick-room, including bedclothes had better be destroyed, or if not, they must be boiled for at least half an hour. The room and furniture must be thoroughly disinfected before it is again occupied.

The only sure preventive of smallpox is vaccination, and as its protective power gradually becomes weak with time, it is wise to repeat it every ten or fifteen years, and any one exposed to smallpox ought always to be revaccinated, no matter how recently the operation may have been performed.

Even when the efficiency of vaccination is so far weakened as not to protect against an attack of smallpox, it is almost always sufficient to render the attack mild, and it is rare for a person with good vaccination to suffer from anything more than severe than varioloid. It is important to remember, however, that varioloid is true smallpox in a mild form, and the patient is just as dangerous to those about him as if he had confluent smallpox. Hence the above described precautions should be taken in every case, however mild.

The Largest Company in the World.

The relation between subscribers and publishers of the FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR, of Montreal, form, it may be said, the largest Joint Stock Company in the world. It seems that out of every dollar sent in by a subscriber, a certain percentage is put aside to be spent exclusively on improvements in that great paper, so that every subscriber sending in his dollar receives good interest on his money by way of such improvement. Through this system, subscribers this year receive a very much enlarged and improved paper and two beautiful pictures, 'BATTLE OF ALMA,' in colours, and 'PUSSY WILLOWS.' Certainly a great investment for one dollar.

Securing the Deacon.

'There are odds in deacons,' said Lowell, and the little dialogue printed below, taken from the Ohio State Journal, is illustrative of the dictum.

'I didn't particularly like your prayer this morning,' said a deacon to his minister.

'What was wrong with it?'

'Well, in the first place it was too long, and then it seemed to me that it contained two or three expressions that were unwarranted.'

'I am very sorry that it met your disapproval, deacon,' said the good man, 'but you must bear in mind that the prayer was not addressed to you.'

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Pages 9... The indications... Gen. Joubert's... The first day or two... conclusion had been... were no tents and no... Some things had been... Field Cornet, others... general block of all... lands. The real B... badly off. They are... ing out, and besides... up before with their... visions. But the well... and shipowners of... on the commissaries... in a sorry plight, and... in the field very uncomf...



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

WAR AND ADVENTURE.

The indications are that the most interesting account of the progress of the war in South Africa will come in the old-fashioned way—by mail. Each correspondent or rather each newspaper, has been limited in the use of the cable to 200 words a day, and even with this restriction the blockade upon the cables at the present writing imposes a delay of three days upon all despatches, except those of the Government. The most ingenious condensation (no other telegrams are permitted) will not enable a correspondent to crowd a longer narrative of more than, say, 500 words of ordinary English into the prescribed limit. So it happens that the history of events in South Africa as told by the cable is a very bald chronicle, and the world must wait for the mail bag to supply the picturesque details of the campaign.

News down to Oct. 18 has already arrived by steamer from the Cape, and it includes some interesting and important information, which perhaps will prove even more entertaining than the fragmentary despatches which are forwarded from day to day. A letter from a Times correspondent, who spent a week with Gen. Joubert in the Boer camp after war was declared, is one of the most graphic yet at hand. It is fair in spirit, and gives an excellent idea of the Boer situation at the outbreak of hostilities. The following extracts will be found of interest:

Gen. Joubert's headquarters in the artillery camp was about half a mile from Sandpruit Station, and I betook myself there on arriving to renew my request for leave to stay. After some cross-examination as to the object of my coming, the General finally relented and issued a permit authorizing me to stay with the burghers and move about freely from camp to camp. He bound me very strictly to the duty of speaking the truth, and told me not to disbelieve straight away everything I was told by a Boer, as was the habit of most Englishmen. I met the General several times after this first interview, as a rule in connection with the censoring of my telegrams to the Times, which he usually did himself. Gen. Joubert is a painstaking censor and objects to any expressions of opinion with which he is not in full agreement, which, if I had stayed, might afterward have become somewhat of a difficulty. On one occasion I wished to express the opinion that the Boers were in excellent spirits, impatient to fight, and confident of success, but the General made me erase the whole passage, declaring that they had not the least desire to advance, but humbly confided in God to assist them to defend their country and their homesteads from unprovoked attacks. I am afraid that my impressions as to the state of mind of the majority of the burghers were more accurate than the version which Gen. Joubert wished me to substitute. He can hardly have been describing his own frame of mind, for he knew quite well even before leaving Pretoria that the Government had decided to send in its ultimatum to the British agent, and that it was only delaying a few days for its commissariat and transport arrangements to get into working order and for the Free State burghers to get to the Natal border before giving the signal for action. Blim (wily) Piet Joubert is an interesting character, steady, not without contrasts, as the Times recently indicated by publishing side by side his appeal to the Queen with his letter to Lobengula. As is no popular commander like Piet Cronje—he is too cautious and hesitating for that—but the Boers have great confidence in his skill and experience.

The first day or two after arrival the confusion had been very great. There were no tents and no provisions or forage. Some things had been forgotten by the Field Cornet, others were delayed by the general block of all traffic on the Netherlands line. The real Boers were not so badly off. They are accustomed to camping out, and besides most of them had come up before with their own waggons and provisions. But the well-nurtured lawyers and shopkeepers of Pretoria, who relied on the commissariat and the railway, were in a sorry plight, and spent their first days in the field very uncomfortably, with little

to eat or drink and with no shelter at night against the cold and the rain. By the time I came down, however, things were settling down. Many people on arriving had telegraphed home for tents, provisions and servants, and these various comforts were now coming in together with the Government stores.

The arrangements of a Boer laager are very different from those of an English military camp. The chief difference lies in the fact that among the Boers every man is supposed, as far as possible, to look after his own affairs, to bring his own wagon and horses, and to some extent, his own provisions. The Government provides tents, blankets, mackintoshes, forage and provisions for distribution to those who want any of these things, but no one is obliged to take them. On the other hand, there is no limit to what any individual may choose to bring for himself. There are no fixed regulations as to messes, but friends club together and have meals when they like.

There were no drill or field exercises, except a parade on the President's birthday, and even by his attendance was by no means obligatory. Guards, however, were put round the camp regularly every night, and from each of the camps a detachment of twenty or thirty horsemen was sent every twelve hours to relieve the patrols stationed along the Natal frontier. There was very little discipline or method in the camp, but plenty of williness, and a natural instinct for doing the right thing, which served very well in their place. After I had been there two or three days the whole camp was broken up and shifted a couple of miles to bring it near better drinking water and to find new grass for the horses. The whole operation went off perfectly smooth without a single order being given except the order that the camp was to be moved. Every man looked after his own affairs, and in three or four hours from the time that the order to break up was given the new camp was complete and cooking was going on busily. In actions the operations of a Boer commando are directed by the commandant and the Field Cornet or Fields Cornets, but in camp the chief work devolves upon the corporals, of whom there were perhaps half a dozen in our laager. The corporal looks after the stores, distributes forage, rations and ammunition, supervises the removal of baggage, the erection of tents, the drawing up of the wagons on the sides of the laager, the tethering of the horses, in fact most of the operations in camp life. He has also disciplinary power to the extent of imposing small fines or strokes with a stirrup leather for contravention of his orders, though the power is not often exercised.

Many too, among the Pretorians in the camp were English-born burghers who had been considered and could not well refuse and still more were originally from Cape Colony. The ordinary language of conversation in the town half of the camp was English, though efforts were made by many to keep up Dutch for patriotism's sake, especially when some of the real Boers were near. At night while the Boers chanted interminable psalms in Dutch, the Pretorians wiled away the time by singing comic or sentimental songs in English. Many of the younger men among the Pretorians are fine athletic fellows and reputed to good shots, but the real strength of the Transvaal lies not in them or in any of the miscellaneous HOLLANDER, and German or Irish volunteer corps, but in the old back-country Boers, the men who took part in the rising of 1838 and who learned their shooting in the days when game was plentiful and cartridges too expensive to be lightly wasted.

The whole force in the laagers dotted about within a few miles of Sandpruit, amounted to between 8,000 and 10,000 men, comprising the Pretoria, Heidelberg, Middelburg, Krugersdorp, Standerton, Walkerstroom and Ermelo commandos, Germans and Irish. This is the body of troops that has now advanced into Natal over Laings Nek and will defend that position when the British troops begin their advance. The State Artillery detachment consists of 16 Krupp guns of the latest pattern, and some three hundred men. The Boers have taken some trouble with their

artillery since the Jameson raid. The artillerymen are certainly a fine body of men and excellent riders. They themselves are convinced that they will do great execution and very much surprise the British. But the older Boers look upon artillery as dangerous innovation which might seriously hamper the freedom of their movements. There was great grumbling even in the Pretoria camp when it was heard that in the event of a pitched battle the Pretoria commando would be required to assist the artillery. Besides the Krupp field pieces there were two heavy Creusot siege guns, which by dint of getting efforts the artillery had succeeded in getting dragged up to the top of Mount Pogweni opposite Majuba whence they can command Majuba. Laings Nek, and the approaches to it within three or four miles. The Krupp will, no doubt be placed on the Nek itself and make the position an extremely difficult, perhaps almost impossible one to take.

The various corps of foreign volunteers may perhaps number 1,300 in all, and not 4,500 or 6,000, as was generally represented in the press. There was a German corps of 600 men or more under Col. Schiel on the Free State border by the Klip river, the large part of which has now marched into Natal with the Free State commandos. A considerable section, however, broke off while I was at Sandpruit because they objected personally to Col. Schiel, and marched across to join Gen. Joubert's force. The Hollanders at Sandpruit numbered about 250. Neither they nor the Germans are held of much account by the Boers, and many stories were in circulation in the camps as to their skill in falling off their horses. The Irish-American Irish mainly numbered about 100 men, and may not amount to double that number, camped under a green flag with the harp on it. They consisted of some of the worst sweepings of Johannesburg, led by an American adventurer called 'Col.' Blake. Their avowed object was loot, and probably that is all they would be any good for. The Boers themselves had the poorest opinion of them, and were very anxious to keep them out of the way to prevent their doing anything disgraceful.

The confidence of the Boers in the certainty of their success was unbounded. They never doubted for a moment that, having once crossed Laings Nek, they would march straight down to Durban, destroying the mere handful of British in their path. As for Cape Colony, that would rise on every side to welcome them. Only a very few of the more educated among the Pretorians contemplated the possibility of defeat, and even they, after a week in camp, were caught by the general contagion. There confidence was based chiefly on the excellence of their rifle shooting and on the enthusiastic spirit that animated the whole country. As to the former I had no opportunity of judging though I confess to feeling a little doubtful about it, when I heard them quoting the events of the Jameson raid as an evidence thereof. On one occasion I tried to test the Boer's capacity for estimating distances, for which they are so celebrated. I took a distance I guessed to be 700 yards, and asked perhaps a dozen Boers and Pretorians to tell me what it was. I was surprised to get every possible estimate from 350 to 700 yards, the majority judging the distance to be about 500 yards. On stepping it I found it to be about 655 yards. It is quite possible that if any very heavy engagements take place in which the Boers are themselves exposed to a severe fire the quality of their marksmanship will fall very much short of their reputation.

The reception I met with both from the Pretorians and from the regular Boers was in every way friendly and hospitable, and I had nothing to complain of while I was in the camp. Every consideration, too, was paid to my somewhat unusual position, and nothing was even said that could in any way have been construed as offensive. But I had not been more than a day or two in the camp before I heard that there was a certain section in our camp and in some of the other camps, who objected very strongly to an English correspondent in their midst, and were determined to get rid of me. Whether anything would really have been done to me I cannot say—for

my own part I did not think it in the least likely—but some of my friends in the camp were very anxious, and adjured me to leave sooner than get shot, which, I was assured, was to be my fate after the first unsuccessful engagement. I was not able to put my opinion of the matter to the test, as on the morning of Oct. 19 just as the whole camp was moving off to Volksrust to cross the border I suddenly received an order from Gen. Joubert to go to Sandpruit station and make my way to Pretoria by the next train. I was told by a friend that the General had been stopped while riding around the evening before by a deputation who informed him that if he and the 'Engelsch gezind' lawyers of Pretoria could stand the presence of a 'rooinek' spy in the camp they could not and that they would find their own means of getting rid of the objectionable intruder unless he was removed on the spot.

The Standard's correspondent arrived at Capetown on Oct. 3, and it seems strange, in the light of later knowledge, to think that on that day, only a month ago, he and a group of men stood in scant attire on the rain-washed deck, eager to learn whether it was peace or war. A few hours in Capetown, however, was enough to bring conviction that though war had not yet come, it could not be delayed much longer. Speaking of the impatience with which the British residents looked forward to war as the only escape from an intolerable position, he writes:

'Even the women are eager, for they suffer more, perhaps, than the men from the arrogance and contempt of the Dutch, who no longer live on neighborly terms. We have already endured half the horrors of war,' was an oft-repeated remark. And one could well believe it after a visit to the railway station, into which thousands of refugees have been pouring every day from the Transvaal. The sight of women and children, after many hours of exposure and hunger—I saw one frantic mother with a dead child at her breast—brought home to me the misery of war more vividly than the heaps of slain on the field of Omdurman.'

Leaving Capetown, with Sir George White, the correspondent went on by train to East London. 'Night and sleep,' he writes, 'hid from us the picturesque scenery through which the line passes, and at daybreak we awoke in the Great Karoo. The Great or Central Karoo is a desert plain extending over 350 miles, at a level of from 3,000 to 3,000 feet above the sea. In many parts it resembles the Sudan, having vast tracks of sand that stretch to the foot of bare hills. But its likeness to the deserts in Baluchistan is even more striking, for the plain is covered with low scrub, and needs only water to make it fruitful. The bush from which the Karoo takes its name has a purple flower, and looks like heather. Upon this aromatic plant sheep and oxen feed, for in the western provinces no grass grows. The camel thorn also flourishes in this wilderness, as well as a species of scrub with a bright yellow flower, which, at a distance, reminds one of the gorse on an English common. Ranges of dark hills, with the flat tops characteristic of the African Continent, bound the horizon and dry nullahs or gullies wind among the kopjes, or hillocks, of ironstone dotted over the plain. Save for a prairie dog and thousands of great ant hills, there is no sign of life from one end to the other of the plain, which, a quarter of a century ago, was teeming with game. Through the barren region the train hurried along, stopping at irregular intervals in order that passengers might stretch their cramped limbs. Most of these stopping places are marked in large letters on the map of South Africa, and are described as towns, though some of them consist of not more than a score or two of houses. At Prince Albert Road, 265 miles from Cape Town, we met the train which the Boers held up at Vetsenigen, on the Transvaal border, and looted of half million in gold. The story sounded so like a romance of the wild Western States of America that in Cape Town people refused to credit it. But here were the men who had witnessed this highway robbery. Leaving out of a carriage window, and talking as calmly as though adventures were still as plentiful as in the pages of Bret Harte and Fenimore Cooper, a young Englishman told us the circumstances. There was little to tell beyond the fact that the Custom's officers boarded the train, and under the protection of a couple of policemen, carried off the gold. No resistance was offered, and no force was displayed. The Boers commanded the train as quietly and as effectively as they could maneuvered the chairs and vines of the intruder at the railway station.

From Beaufort West, where we lunch-

ed, the General had an enthusiastic send-off. This eagerness for war on the part of colonists who have property, if not lives at stake was apparent everywhere, and was significant of the insupportable condition to which British settlers have been reduced. During that same day we passed five trains laden with fugitives from the Transvaal. Many of them were miners, who complained of insult and ill usage. The Boer police had chalked the backs of some as luggage, and had whipped them to the train when they went in search of food. One looked with amazement at men who could endure such treatment and live, and reserved one's sympathy for the women and children, whose wan faces were eloquent of misery that ought to have made every man clamor for a rifle and to be led back to the frontier.

'More trains and more fugitives! In the condition of those who had preceded excited sympathy and rage, what were the feelings aroused by the sights of this night? Eitherto the refugees had arrived in covered vehicles, and though packed like herrings in a barrel, were protected from the rigors of the night on the Great Karoo. Now they began to come in open trucks. Burning hot in the day, at night the temperature of this elevated plateau often falls below freezing point. Even in a fallen carriage and under a load of blankets one awakens chilled to the bone. And here were hundreds of tender women and children who for three nights had been exposed to these terrible variations of heat and cold, without food and without adequate clothing. They lay like cattle in the bottom of the trucks. Cold and hunger had chilled their very brains. In listless manner, as though misery had robbed them of capacity for indignation, some of them told me how the Boers had taken first class fares and sent them scuth in open trucks, reserving every covered coach for men on their way to the Natal border. Train after train passed during the night with its burden of misery.'

It is possible that the war in the Transvaal might have been postponed for a time, but not for long. I am afraid, said a young American mining engineer at home on a visit from South Africa. 'The Boer and the Outlander misunderstand each other so much that a clash was bound to come, sooner or later. One illustration will show you what I mean.

'I went to the Transvaal in 1894. In the following year President Kruger appointed a day when government licenses to examine and preempt certain gold-bearing lands would be issued to applicants. The short sighted policy was adopted of selling the licenses on the ground; and a corrugated iron house was erected, in advance, to serve as the Boer commissioner's office. All who wished to stake mining claims were officially notified to appear at a window in this office, at nine o'clock in the morning, and pay fees—first come, first served!'

'The experienced miners present knew what would happen, for the attempt to sell claims and lands in that way had been tried on many occasions in the United States, Australia, Canada and elsewhere, until a better way was learned. The Boers, being new to the business, did not probably foresee that the rich companies would hire gangs of 'hunters' to crowd up to the front and grab the best claims.

'As fully twelve thousand miners had been awaiting the sale for weeks, and as the choice claims would go to those who got to the office first, it can always be imagined that there was going to be pulling and hauling around that window when nine o'clock struck! A plan more certain to result in riot could hardly have been devised.

'For five days previous the plain about the office was covered with tents and wagons, and all manner of projects were hatched for getting in ahead. As it was evident that one man, unaided could do little, the miners began banding together. The Consolidated Gold-Fields Company organized a species of regiment of a thousand of its men, who at a signal were to rush forward and push every one else away.

'To thwart this scheme several other companies sent men in advance to set strong posts in the ground near the window, with intention of lashing their agents to these posts during the night before the day appointed for selling licenses. Not less than six of these 'man posts' were planted directly in front of the office-window. The notorious Barney Barnato was one of those who adopted this plan. Alfred Beit also had a post set for his agent; and the Joint

(Continued on Page Fourteen.)

Advertisement for soap and other goods, including 'The least time', 'the dirt simply comes up', 'as if it cost 15.', 'soap as good as', '1845.', 'and 1900', 'address on receipt', 'Montreal.', 'Alloy, strictly A sample keg brass foundry.', 'TION CO.,', 've sole agents Mexico.', 'sale.', 'young wife to her by as been trying to talk', 'have been politics. He ly, but in a few minutes and red in the face as he perfectly wonderful how



Sunday Reading

"Disparately Wretched."
The heart is doubtful where all labor, and
We talk much about "wickedness over self."

Success, the Way There.

Some writer, I do not know his name,
described the way to success in the following
words, and I know of no better way to
define it.

Here are some of the opinions of prominent
men in regard to success:

The Duke of Wellington said that the
secret of success lay in 'doing one's duty in
the station of life to which it pleased God
to call you.'

Chapin made this remark, 'Half the failures
in life arose from the pulling in one's
horse as he is leaping.'

Everett said, 'The world estimates men
by their success in life, and, by general
consent, success is evidence of superiority.'

Becher's opinion was, 'There is nothing
like a fixed, steady aim, with an honorable
purpose. It dignifies your nature and
insures your success.'

The Rothschilds attributed their success
to these rules: "Be an off-hand man;
make a bargain at once. Never have anything
to do with an unlikable man or plan.
Be cautious and bold."

Nicholas Longworth said, "I have
always had these two things before me,
'Do what you undertake thoroughly. Be
faithful in all accepted trusts."

It was A. T. Stewart's opinion, "No
abilities, however splendid, can command
success without intense labor and persever-
ing application."

When Amos Lawrence was asked for
advice, he said, "Young man base all
your actions upon a principal of right,
preserve your integrity of character, and
in doing this never reckon the cost."

"Take care of the cents, the dollars will
take care of themselves," was Stephen
Girard's maxim.

When Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon began
his work, the outlook was discouraging.
He was neglected by the masses for whom
his soul longed. He was determined to be
heard. He said, "You shall hear me! If
you will not hear me in a black coat, I
will make you hear me in a red one."

"Here stand I," Luther said, "and if all
the tiles in Worms were devils, I could do
no otherwise."

Admiral Farragut told this story of him-
self: "My father went down to New
Orleans with the little navy we then had,
to look after the treason of Burr. I accom-
panied him as cabin boy. I was ten years
old. I had some qualities which I thought
made a man of me. I could swear like an
old salt; could drink a good glass of grog
as if I had doubled Cape Horn, and could
smoke like a locomotive. I was great at
cards and fond of gaming in every shape.
At the close of the dinner one day my
father turned everybody out of the cabin,
locked the door, and said to me, 'David
what do you mean to be?' 'I mean to fol-
low the sea,' I said. 'Follow the sea!
father repeated. 'Yes, be a poor, miser-
able, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked
and cuffed about the world, and die in some
fever hospital in a foreign clime.' 'No,' I
replied, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck and
command as you do.' 'No, David, he said
'no-boy ever trod the quarter-deck with
such principles as you have and such habits
as you exhibit. You'll have to change
your whole course of life if you are ever to
be a man.' My father left me and
went on deck. I was stunned by the re-

Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion contains the hypo-phosphites. These alone make it of great value for all affections of the nervous system.

It also contains glycerine, a most valuable, soothing and healing agent. Then there is the cod-liver oil, acknowledged by all physicians as the best remedy for poor blood and loss in weight.

These three great remedial agents blended into a creamy Emulsion, make a remarkable tissue builder.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

buks and overwhelmed with mortification. 'A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? (I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath; I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor; I will never gamble.' And as God is my witness, I have kept those three vows to this hour. Shortly after I became a Christian. That act settled my destiny for time and eternity.'

"See That Thou Say Nothing to Any Man."

This was to be no common test of Christ's marvelous power; yet here was no ostentatious display. There was no call to those near at hand to pause and witness a new exhibition of his greatness. To the unseen spirit that cried out, 'I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God,' he said, 'Hold thy peace.' He cast out many devils, but he suffered them not to speak.

The glory of the deeds by which those in the pangs of "divers diseases" were brought back in a moment to fullness of vigorous life, spread all too fast. He was not moved by the spreading fame, but he was moved with compassion. When the kneeling suppliant at his feet said, "Lord, thou canst if thou wilt," his answer was the simple, sweet consent of pity and love. "I will," he said; "be thou clean," and the sacred story reads that as quick as Christ had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed and the sufferer was cleansed.

No ceremony, no exhortation, no rebuke, no pompous display, no conspicuous authority; but "I will"—two little words of comfort and of promise, and, "Be thou clean"—three little words of quiet, strong command. Yet "as soon as he had spoken"—so the sacred story reads—immediately the order was obeyed.

And while he spoke, he drew near. The object at his feet was loathsome beyond words. From this writhing, quivering mass of corruption even common health and purity could only shrink and flee. Yet Christ himself drew near. With every fiber of his sensitive soul and body responsive as it was to each throb of human pain, yet without letting the leper wait one moment in suspense, he stretched forth his hand. Coarser natures could not draw back in disgust. The pitying Christ drew near. He gave the swift assuring word. He stretched forth his hand, and, more than that, he touched him.

What that touch meant to Christ we dare not hope to know. It must have been a mighty transmission of vitality, a marvelous expenditure of the highest, subtlest forces. We know he had infinite and divine power, unfailing and sure source of strength. Yet who shall say that he knew no conscious weariness and exhaustion because of the "virtues" that had gone out of him? We cannot believe he was spared human loathing and bodily recoil, yet what a marvel of tenderness and pity must have been that dominated shrinking and quieted disgust.

Of the cost to him of the constant exercise of his power to heal we have only such hints as are given by his frequent flight into the wilderness or to some mountain apart—by the midnight hours in solitary places, when through the silence and the shadows he, even as we are forced to do, crept close to the heart of God.

We are apt to think too little of what the deeds of mercy meant to him. We know enough to feel that they were a part of that great, constant outpouring of his soul that made him "a man of sorrows"; a part of his daily dying that others might have life. And what marvelous life it is that he gives—that loathsome leper knew. Whatever his healing meant to Christ, to the leper it meant strength, and vigor, and power, and hope and love, and home. It meant the clear eye, the uplified head, the pure brow; the clean hands the bounding step.

It meant such joy as made him in the

first flush of his transport unable to control himself. He was grateful, as we often are, but not grateful enough to make him obedient. Christ says to us, sometimes, "See that thou say nothing." He has his own reasons, and yet we talk. Or he says to us as he said to Mary, "Go and tell"—and we are silent. The test of gratitude that he seems to require from souls to which he has drawn near, is obedience. Too many times we are ready to feel grateful, but not ready to obey. The effect of disobedience in this case was that Jesus 'could no more openly enter the city.' He was forced to stay without in desert places, and those had to seek the desert who 'came to him from every quarter.'

Strange as it may sound, we believe there are still many times when God wants his children to keep still. Even his gracious dealings with our own souls may be talked about till mischief results. The Christ had said, "See that thou say nothing to any man," yet the leper went out "and began to publish it much. He 'blazed abroad' the very matter concerning which Jesus had said, "Be still."

We have all known instances when the Christ has been driven out from the heart of good work being done in his name, because his own followers "blazed abroad" and published much." It is quite possible still to drive him away—to send him into the desert and force people to go there to find him, when he would gladly have stayed in our midst if we had been careful to obey.

It is sadly true that we can create conditions that hinder and hamper and obstruct his work. Or we can help by keeping ourselves and our experiences and our healings in their proper place, and making him and him alone prominent and conspicuous before the world.

But you ask, "How do it, if we fail to talk of his wonder I work?" Talk, but talk when he commands, when and where he directs. Whatever the experience is, don't "publish it much" till you have permission. Don't "blaze it abroad" till you are sure that the light of the blaze will make his figure stand out clear instead of throwing light upon your own. No doubt the healed leper was an object of much more attention than if he had obeyed and gone about his duties, performing each in loving, grateful faithfulness. He was told to show himself to the priest. He should have waited God's time to show himself to the world.

Too much talk is often, even in our day, the language of an evil spirit within us. Evil spirits knew him, but he said to them, "Hold they peace." Would we, too, have the evil cast out? Let us learn to be still, and give him a chance to do his work in his own marvelous way.

"My Home Shall be my Club House."

This was the language of a travelling man, acting as agent for a firm. He was still a young man and unmarried. He had been visiting one of his former friends, who was married, and lived in a pleasant home. Almost the first words the latter spoke as his visitor seated himself in the parlor was; "I want you to go over with me and see our nice new club rooms."

"But I did not come to see them," was the reply. "I came to see you and your family."

"That you can do anyhow," was the response, "so please get ready and we will go over and spend the evening there with a nice lot of friends."

Further protest seemed ungracious, so the visitor yielded. Hour after hour passed by, and it was midnight before the visitor could induce his host, who was beginning to feel the effects of a night's drinking and revelry, to accompany him to his home.

In the morning, the host, who evidently

felt that nothing had transpired at the club rooms that could be objected to, asked his friend, "Well, what is your opinion of our club room accommodations?"

"The rooms are very nicely furnished," was the rather evasive reply.

"But what I want to know is, how did you enjoy yourself in them?"

"As further evasions was useless, the guest said: You are asking me a plain question and I will answer it frankly. I am a single man and expect soon to get married. If I continue to prosper, I intend to settle down in a comfortable home and spend my evenings with my wife and my children. As for your club rooms, if I wanted to neglect my family and my business and perhaps go to ruin, I think I could soon bring about that result by spending my evenings in your club rooms; and I am more resolved that ever that when I am once married my home shall be my club house."

These are in substance the facts and the language as given by a man who had every opportunity of seeing the snares and pitfalls connected with club life. One of the great dangers that threaten to rob the home life of its pillars is the club room; and the age at which to warn against its pernicious effects is that of boyhood. They are many dangers threatening home life and sentiment and feeling; but the greatest of these is the club room craze.

A BLACKSMITH AGAIN

Writes from Prince Edward Island that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a Boon to Mankind.

Unold Agonies For Nine Years—A Parallel Case to Mr. Connick's—Dodd's Kidney Pills Brought Him Suffering to a Close.

AUBURN, P. E. I., Nov. 20.—A parallel case to that of Mr. M. B. Connick, of Middleton, this province, is that of Mr. P. J. McAntee, of Auburn, Queen's county, Mr. Connick it will be remembered, was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and suffered Bright's Disease, which had always been considered incurable in this province. While Mr. McAntee's case was not the same form of kidney disease, it entailed the most intense suffering, and had not Dodd's Kidney Pills been used, would no doubt have ended his life. Mr. McAntee was afflicted with weak back, which is kidney disease's most common form. Weak back means weak, unhealthy kidneys, and if neglected either form of kidney disease develop. Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a wonderful preparation for curing backache throughout the Maritime Provinces; and Mr. McAntee's letter is only one of ten thousand such that could be written by those cured of this troublesome and painful complaint by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was attacked," says Mr. McAntee, "with weakness in my back, which rendered me unfit to attend to my work. Doctors' medicine and numerous advertised remedies were applied, but the best relief I ever got was only temporary until I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills, of which I have used three boxes, with the result that my trouble has entirely disappeared, and I can work all day as hard as I like and never feel the least symptom of my old trouble."

THE NUTMEG ALABORPHONE.

How the Judge Blazed Up an Ingenious Young Inventor.

He seemed like an ingenious young man," observed Judge Crabtree thoughtfully. "Almost too ingenious, I'm afraid. Though he said he was from Connecticut, and that, of course, will account for a great deal."

"How much did he borrow from you?" asked Major Dodge in a sympathetic tone. "He may have been ingenious, but it doesn't follow that he borrowed anything," returned the Judge with considerable severity. "Some of my own ancestors were from the Nutmeg State, I shouldn't have listened to him but he said he was a nephew of my old schoolmate, Tom Dwyer. I can't think that he would have deceived me on that point. He was going to tell me about Tom, but he was so busy talking about his invention that he forgot it. Says it's not only going to make him rich, but cause him to rank as a public benefactor as well."

"You know how city dwellers live in an atmosphere of alarm bells and gongs. Well, my young friend has noticed that people are becoming hardened to them—sort of immune, you know, so that they don't make any impression on them. He got some valuable statistics from carefully observing a neighbor, a prominent citizen and an old resident in Bridgeport. Three years ago the old gentleman would jump eleven feet at the sound of a near-by fire-engine gong, nine feet for an electric car the same distance for an ambulance, and fourteen feet and six inches followed by a run of two blocks for a bicycle. My interesting young friend kept up a close observation of him and at the end of a year was surprised to find that his jumps had decreased on an average of three feet. At the end of the next year they had fallen off another yard and some inches. Last summer, at the close of the fiscal year, I believe he said the old gentleman had got down so that he scarcely paid any attention

to an ambulance, automobile or electric car, and only made a slight start for a bicycle, car and a bicycle ring for a bicycle."

"Almost this time, certainly," was the cause of inventive progress, the members of my old schoolmate went out to Chicago to visit friends. Noticing that he was a tedious chap, fond of art and literature, they took him down to the city—where he showed him through the park, pointing out the well known little local spots at this point. "Nothing is lost," they remarked impressively, "except the equal."

"Humph," returned my ingenious young Connecticut friend, "such wastefulness is criminal. I am going to save that."

"The able young man immediately set to work. His idea, as you may guess, was to capture and condense the equal, and use it in place of gongs on moving vehicles to warn a gong hardened generation. With an improved and modified phonograph he succeeded in carrying out his project. Armed with a cylinder containing the condensed equal of six Berkshire swine he hurried back to Bridgeport. Here he induced the trolley company to let him place his apparatus on a car. He then waited about till the old gentleman's bicycle accident happened on the track as this car came along. The motorman touched a spring with his foot and let out about five hundred volts of equal. To the immense delight of the nephew of my former schoolmate, the old gentleman cleared a path fence and went tearing off across the landscape. My young friend saw that his invention was a success and that his fortune was made."

"How much stock did you subscribe for?" broke in the Major. "Nothing was said about that," returned the Judge. "He happened to be a little short, and I let him have \$1.40 to get back to Bridgeport. I'd have thought perhaps he was exaggerating if he hadn't been the nephew of my old friend, Tom Dwyer. I told him to send down an alarmphone. Know you'd want one on your bicycle."

Completely Gone.

A rather good story of the past Lenten season is going the rounds. A well-known clergyman, presiding over a large congregation has among his parishioners a lady who recently inherited from a cousin a large fortune.

This wealth came, singularly enough, most unexpectedly to her. She did not know that the deceased cousin was rich and, more than that, that he was aware of her existence. For several years this lady had done much excellent work among the poor, and often she would say to the clergyman, with her eyes beaming with the pleasure the thought gave her—"Oh, doctor, if I were only rich, what pleasure it would give me to go among the poor and aid them!"

Well, wealth came to the lady, but the lady did not come to the clergyman. Indeed he seldom heard of her. So, thinking the Lenten season a particularly timely one, he made a visit.

She appeared shy and reserved. Finally he stated the object of his call, reminding her how wealth had come as she had desired, and the golden opportunity was still hers to command. Imagine his surprise when she burst into tears and exclaimed—"That is all true, doctor; the money has come, but it breaks my heart to admit that the beautiful desire to help the poor has gone, completely gone!"

To Cure Catarrh and Sore Throat.

You must use the most up-to-date and most approved method of treatment. This can only be had in Catarrhone which cures by inhalation and is sure to reach the right spot. Treatments requiring the use of sprays, douches, snuffs, ointments, are a thing of the past and the medicated air supercedes them all. There is no danger or risk in using Catarrhone. It is both pleasant and ineffective to employ in any case of Irritable Throat, Fetid Breath, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Asthma. For sale at all druggists or by mail, price \$1.00. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. POLSON & CO., Box 607, Kingston, Ont.

The Light Fruited Him.

An old farmer who had been to London was describing to his friends the splendor of the hotel he stayed at.

"Everything was perfect," said he, with the exception of one thing—they kept the light burning all night in my bedroom, a thing I ain't used to."

"Well," said one of them, "why didn't you blow it out?"

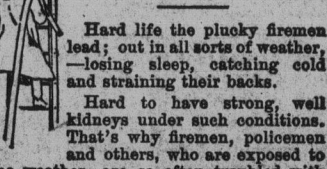
"Blow it out," said the farmer; "how could I? The blessed thing was inside a bottle!"

"SOONER DID THAN SUFFER."

Is the Fair-Backed Rheumatism's Wall—South American Rheumatic Cure gives like the Swedes with Joints—Gives New Life—New Hope—Cures Permanently.

J. H. Garrett, of Liverpool, N. S. "I was a great sufferer for years from acute rheumatism. Was unable to walk or put my feet under me. I tried everything recommended, and was treated by best physicians, but relief was in vain. I was recommended to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I procured a bottle; when half of it was taken I had great relief. A few bottles cured me. I claim today it is the only remedy that will cure rheumatism." Sold by E. C. Brown.

Fighting the Fires.



Hard life the plucky fireman lead; out in all sorts of weather, —losing sleep, catching cold and straining their backs.

Hard to have strong, well kidneys under such conditions. That's why firemen, policemen and others, who are exposed to the weather, are so often troubled with Weak, Lame Backs and with Urinary Troubles.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

are helping hundreds of such to health. Mr. John Robinson, chief of the fire department, Dresden, Ont., says:

"Prior to taking these pills I had kidney trouble which caused severe pain in the small of my back and in both sides. I had a tired feeling and never seemed to be able to get rested. However, I commenced the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking three boxes am completely cured. I have now no backache or urinary trouble, and the tired feeling is completely gone. In fact, I am well and strong."

SHOULD...
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long as life...
DYNE LINIMENT...
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cure every form...
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'S ANODYNE...
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'SICIAN...
of the public to...
a century it has...
we have used it...
originated the...
suffered...
Left me some...
ly said that it...
was...
January, 1891...
by all Druggists...
Boston, Mass.


meeting knows no...
flowed so closely by...
Roger may appear at...
that I scarcely know...
the pleasure or the...
ing here alone, Miss...
I have the pleasure...
back to vicarage? I...
here for—for some-...
summer, and I must be...
my miss one another...
and with a hurried...
when a hand is laid...
y shoulder, while a...
a thrill me—sounds...
Elsie, and with no...
formal bow? I have...
or another meeting? I...
be stiff and formal...
st go, for—here is...
Miss Elsie. We shall...
urtuously and turns...
meet my affianced...
on Roger's brow; but...
ugh as he greets me...
a waiting-long, Elsie?...
interrupt Sir Hugh...
m. Was he inquir-...
or were you giving...
of its demolition? I...
a very few words to...
me but what anyone...
tender to, I reply...
Elsie, dear; but...
not far off? He mut-...
than to me...
and knitted brow. I...
can there be in my...
me whom I have so...
aude's house?

And Tumors...
cured in many...
at home; no...
kind, please...
months & 100-page...
MASON MEDICINE...
Toronto, Ontario.

...just a very little you  
...saw them!  
...with calm  
...Dorothea maid was  
...Dickie Pryna  
...Cecily at once, taking her  
...all the season afforded,  
...her fresh little face was  
...to bring her partners,  
...she had imbibed from the  
...atmosphere of the smart world about her,  
...enough of manner, conversation, and as-  
...sumption to let her carry her head high and  
...command the attention her baby face would  
...never bring her.  
...Unconscious Cecily, one warm evening  
...in May, stood before her looking glass  
...while her maid fastened the little pearl  
...necklace Lady Wetmore considered suited  
...to her tender years. She herself had gone  
...out to dine hours ago, resplendent in silver  
...gray brocade and diamonds; Cecily in  
...maidenly white, and pearls, was to meet  
...her in the cloak-room of Mrs. Ripley Dare's  
..."at home" in Randolph Gardens.  
...Cecily gazed at herself with elation as  
...the maid slipped a new white and gold  
...evening cloak over her shoulders; she  
...cuddled her chin quite luxuriously into its  
...collar of white ostrich feathers.  
..."I look quite well—for me!" She thought  
...as she went downstairs to the carriage qu  
...unwitting that London town and her sister's  
...society was adding that faint something to  
...her air and carriage which distinguishes the  
...successful debutante.  
...The brougham windows were open and  
...the warm night air with its whiffs of flower  
...scents from unseen window boxes was ex-  
...hilarating—nay, intoxicating; as the car-  
...riages rolled quickly along Cecily saw at  
...every ten yards or so, other carriage bear-  
...ing other pretty girls to other parties; as  
...she stepped daintily out on the red carpet  
...spread down the steps of the house in Ran-  
...dolph Gardens, she noticed with a little  
...smile that at the next house but one was  
...another red carpet laid down across the  
...pavement. Was all the world diverting its-  
...self tonight!  
...In the cloak room there was a crush.  
...For some ten minutes Cecily waited pa-  
...tiently, standing near the door. Then she  
...yawned in a faint bored way utterly un-  
...known to the Cecily of a month ago, and  
...turning to a maid inquired if she knew  
...Lady Wetmore by sight, and if she had seen  
...her this evening.  
...The maid was an excellent woman, but  
...she was a trifle deaf and a good deal pre-  
...occupied; and Lady Hedmore was her  
...mistress's aunt.  
..."Oh, yes madame!" She returned with  
...some surprise. "Are you waiting for her  
...ladyship? She went up stairs quite half an  
...hour ago." Glancing at a clock which  
...marked eleven.  
..."Oh!" said Cecily, dismayed. How un-  
...kind—she thought—of Lillian! She might  
...have waited.  
..."Will you not go up stairs madam? Her  
...ladyship is certainly there." Suggested the  
...woman respectfully. And Cecily, who  
...did not know what else to do, her training  
...not being by any means completed, sur-  
...rendered her cloak and boldly sallied up  
...the stairs in the wake of some magnificent  
...ladies.  
...Her throat swelled with injury as she  
...slowly progressed upwards, but that only  
...made her hold her head higher than usual.  
...She had never seen Mrs. Ripley-Dare, but  
...she shook hands with her hostess and pass-  
...ed on, as she had always done with Lillian.  
...Once safely in the drawing room, she  
...looked about her eagerly, warily, for the  
...silver gray brocade, the diamonds, the  
...superb height which meant Lillian; and  
...looked in vain. There was a murmur of  
...polite conversation all round her; under  
...cover of it she had time to decide that  
...since Lady Wetmore had eyes like a hawk  
...and was certain in the course of time to  
...spy her, it would be her best plan to stay  
...where she was and wait.  
...The master of the house happened to be  
...just at her elbow; as she looked keenly  
...about for Lillian he turned and saw her.  
..."Oh, how do you do?" He said. "I did  
...not know you were in town. Alicia never  
...told me!"  
..."I have only been up for a very short  
...time." Cecily returned, more civilly than  
...she might possibly have done had she  
...known that her host took her for a young  
...married friend of his sister's whom he had  
...met but once in the past winter, in the  
...serene-darkness of a fire-lit drawing  
...room.  
...Cecily looked at him struggling with a  
...preconceived idea that Mr. Ripley-Dare  
...for she knew "this was he" was quite an

...gentleman. When the time on  
...the thin weather-beaten face, the gray  
...threads in the dark hair bent towards her,  
...and was reassured; Lillian half said one  
...day that Mr. Ripley-Dare had iron gray  
...hair and wrinkles, she began to talk  
...quite cheerfully pending that lady's arrival.  
..."Your room is so pretty!" she said, glance-  
...ing appreciatively at the pale pink and yel-  
...low hangings, the festoons of rhododendrons,  
...the balls of pink roses, on the walls.  
...As she spoke the Blue Hungarian band  
...struck up a waltz in the next room. Like  
...fairy-music it crept on Cecily's little ears;  
...She had been in London four weeks and  
...never so much as seen dancing—and she  
...loved it dearly.  
..."How delicious!" she cried. "I did not  
...know—I thought—there was not to be any  
...dancing. Mrs. Ripley-Dare told Lillian  
...not!"  
..."Ah!" remarked her neighbour vague-  
...ly, "she would hardly know perhaps. Your  
...own ears tell you there is dancing; per-  
...haps you will do me the honor to dance  
...this with me!"  
..."But my sister—I must wait for my  
...sister!" protested Cecily faintly, "and I do  
...not see her anywhere."  
..."Then she is probably dancing. What  
...do you say?" offering his arm. "Shall we  
...go and see?"  
..."Perhaps it—might be best." Doubt-  
...fully yet with country-bred relief of doing  
...something; country-bred pleasure at the  
...thought of dancing to the slumbrous swing  
...of Santiago.  
...She stole a furtive glance at her partner  
...as she laid her white gloved hand on his  
...sleeve; he was very good looking in spite  
...of the middle aged lines in his face, and  
...the gray flecks in his hair.  
...The dancing room was panelled with  
...pale green brocade and decorated lavishly  
...with pink flowers. Cecily smelled the  
...scent of roses as her partner swung her  
...steadily round a perfect floor to the steady  
...swing of a perfect waltz. Perhaps Lady  
...Wetmore would have been in greater haste  
...to take her sister to balls had she known  
...she danced divinely!  
...When the pair stopped at a door oppo-  
...site the one by which they had entered,  
...Cecily a little breathless, a little excited,  
...looked up into her partner's face.  
..."Do you know this is the first time I  
...have danced since I came to town?" she  
...said. "Indeed, I think if my sister had  
...known there was to be dancing to night  
...she would never had brought me."  
...Her own words reminded her of her situ-  
...ation, her forlorn chaperonless predicament;  
...and every particle of color fled from  
...her pretty cheeks.  
..."Oh! I ought not to have danced," she  
...cried. "And I do not see her anywhere."  
...Craning her slim young neck, "I was to  
...have met her in the cloakroom but the  
...maid there told me she had already come  
...up stairs so I came too. Perhaps I could  
...go down again and see if she has not gone  
...back for me!"  
...Her partner was filled with wonder, to  
...which he discreetly gave no utterance; for  
...this friend of Alicia's was charming though  
...her embarrassment did seem rather cause-  
...less in Alicia's house. Why did he not  
...discover her long ago? He had number-  
...less chances.  
..."It is odd you should have missed her!"  
...He observed thoughtfully. "What can  
...she be wearing?" Craning in his turn  
...about the surrounding dancers.  
..."She is wearing silver gray—and she  
...has on a tiara. Earnestly "are you sure  
...you do not see her—not anywhere?"  
..."I am afraid I do not," reluctantly.  
..."Will you try another turn, or perhaps  
...we should catch sight of her in the next  
...room?"  
..."Oh! I think I will not dance," hastily.  
..."She might not like to find me dancing.  
...You see Mrs. Ripley-Dare told us there  
...was to be none. By the way, the rooms are  
...so pretty! The flowers—are they her idea  
...or yours?"  
..."Mrs. Ripley-Dare? He repeated blank-  
...ly. "Her idea! what could she have do  
...with it?"  
...Cecily gazed no less blankly. She rack-  
...ed her brains to remember if the Ripley-  
...Dares were an ill assorted couple or not.  
...Even if they were, the man spoke rather  
...oddly of his wife!  
..."Then it was your idea!" she returned,  
...faintly, as she passed into the last of the  
...three which connect with each other in  
...the Randolph Garden houses, and on its  
...dull red walls were hung quantities of  
...white flowers and pale green garlands.  
...Cecily did not like that under current of  
...contemptuous indifference with which her  
...partner had spoken of his wife. She re-  
...garded him with childlike, severe eyes.  
..."I think it would have been better if  
...you had consulted your wife a little. Really  
...this room is not," with deliberation, and  
...the audacity of righteous indignation "the  
...least—bit—pretty!"  
...Her partner gave what might have been  
...a start if it had been allowed to develop.

Of Special Interest to Daughter, Wife and Mother



Mrs. J. C. RICHARD,  
P. O. BOX 996, MONTREAL.

**APIOL'S STEEL PILLS**  
For Ladies.  
A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.  
Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchia,  
Pennyroyal, etc.  
Order of all Chemists, or from Mrs. J. C. RICHARD,  
BYANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and  
Toronto, Canada, Victoria, B. C., or  
London, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Newington, Eng.

...sorry for me!" returned little Cecily with  
...some dignity; and Lady Wetmore said no  
...more.  
...When they got in from their drive the  
...next afternoon among the cards on the hall  
...table were those of Lord Stoningham and  
...his sister, Lady Alicia Cardross; two in-  
...dividuals whom Lady Wetmore had never  
...known, and whose bits of paste board she  
...read with some satisfaction; it really seem-  
...ed that Cecily's blunder was better than  
...her own careful schemes of action.  
...People said at the end of the season,  
...that Lady Wetmore had done extremely  
...well for that little sister of hers, who was  
...really not so very pretty after all; though  
...she had certainly bloomed out wonderfully  
...after the announcement of her engagement  
...to Lord Stoningham. And by the way,  
...was there not some tale about the way in  
...which she first met him?  
...But the whole story never came out. Not  
...even Cecily's sister-in-law, Alicia knew till  
...long after her brother's marriage, that he  
...had once been really and truly taken for  
...stout, bald-headed, elderly, Mr. Ripley-  
...Dare!  
**WAR AND ADVENTURE.**  
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE.)  
...Brothers also planted one. Their scheme  
...was to secure a license, passing it back to  
...a mounted confederate, who would ride at  
...a breakneck pace to the gold-bearing reefs  
...where mining engineers stood ready to  
...measure off claims and drive stakes.  
..."Still another company, led by two  
...American engineers from Montana, named  
...Brown and Love, organized a body of  
...about two hundred men into a 'flying  
...wedge,' after the manner of football tactics.  
...This 'wedge' rushing forward from the out-  
...skirts of the throng at a quarter before  
...nine, was expected to push its apex to the  
...window, in spite of all opposition. All the  
...pugilists and tough characters at Johannes-  
...burg were hired for this service.  
..."It soon became apparent that blood-  
...shed was likely to ensue. Several hundred  
...Cornish miners, men of gigantic strength  
...had taken possession of the ground in front  
...of the window at dawn of the appointed  
...day, and all stood together to hold their  
...places till they had procured licenses.  
..."By eight o'clock the struggle began.  
...About twenty Boer policemen from Johan-  
...nesburg had been sent to keep order; but  
...when they saw what they had to contend  
...with, they left at once. The entire field  
...around the office was packed with a dense  
...mass of men, many of them of the worst  
...character; and soon we heard angry shouts  
...and oaths, followed by shots.  
..."From that time on till nine the scene  
...was beyond description. Pandemonium  
...was loose. The miners of the Consolidated  
...Gold Fields Company charged in, shoving  
...everybody out of their way, and gaining  
...the front, plucked up the 'man post,'  
...there, with the men still lashed to them,  
...and passed them back over the heads of  
...those behind to the rear. A huge post  
...with man bound to it was dropped near  
...where I stood and apparently trampled  
...under foot. By this time too many men  
...with faces bleeding or groaning with  
...broken arms were vainly struggling to get  
...back out of the throng.  
..."The Cornishmen held their place about  
...the office, linked together arm in arm and  
...locked leg to leg. No one seemed to be  
...able to break into their massive formation.  
...They were like a Greek phalanx. The  
...apex of the 'flying wedge' encountered this  
...solid human mass a few minutes before  
...nine. The two Americans, Love and  
...Brown, were at the apex, lashed together  
...and tied also to those who pushed them  
...forward. Love held bowie knife in his  
...hand, bent half double, with head and  
...shoulders thrown forward pricked the legs  
...of the Cornishmen to make him give way.  
...In vain they tried to strike and kick him!  
...There was no room for blows. The knife  
...kept at work; and anything like the out-  
...cries I never heard! With two hundred  
...men shoving the apex of the wedge for-  
...ward, and the merciless point of that  
...bowie knife jabbed every one within reach.  
...Kovs and Brown were forced through the  
...jam of men and fairly flattened against the  
...iron wall of the office, just as the signal  
...gun was fired.  
..."Then the office window opened and  
...to the astonishment and indignation of the  
...hired men of Barney Barnato and the  
...other greedy grabbers, the Boer commis-  
...sioner bawled out in Bad Dutch that by  
...President Kruger's order there would be  
...no license sold that day! It may be  
...fairly presumed that the shrewd old dem-  
...ocratic Boer had quickly understood the  
...situation and determined to protect the  
...common miner and give every man a  
...fair chance at a later sale.  
..."But a howl of diabolical and reprobation  
...arose from ten thousand throats, and the  
...next minute the window was riddled with  
...bullets. The Cornishman tipped the house  
...over, and the commissioner narrowly es-  
...caped with his life.  
..."He did not laugh at me at all. He was

...the horrible conviction fashioned upon  
...him that this girl was not Alicia's friend  
...after all, but a perfect stranger. He did  
...not look at her as he said very gently:  
..."I'm sorry it does not please you. But  
...the fact is"—with horrible, awkward  
...downrightness "I haven't any wife you  
...know—to help me."  
...Had she been an older woman, a more  
...self possessed one, he could have laughed  
...outright at the mere thought of being  
...taken for the husband of Mrs. Ripley-  
...Dare; but he had no inclination to smile  
...at their mutual blunders as he saw the face  
...his partner wore.  
..."Do you mean," she faltered, "that you  
...are not Mr. Ripley-Dare?" Awful sus-  
...picion catching her breath. "That this is  
...not Mrs. Ripley-Dare's house. Then oh!  
...where is Lillian." She looked at him in  
...absolute despair.  
..."Would you mind," he said very softly,  
...as though speaking to a child whom all or-  
...dinary tone of voice might startle into cry-  
...ing, "would you mind telling me your  
...sister's name?"  
..."My sister is Lady Wetmore, and I am  
...Cecily Aylmer!" Very bravely but with  
...a swelling lump in her throat, with hot  
...tears starting to her eyes. "I was to meet  
...her at Mrs. Ripley's." Catching her breath  
...ominously, her fine town manner all gone.  
..."I have come to the wrong house!" she  
...said, "Whose is it? It is yours, is it not?"  
..."It's my house, yes!" He returned  
...simply. "I'm Lord Stoningham. Pray  
...don't look so distressed, people often  
...lying valiantly, 'make exactly your mis-  
...take. Mrs. Ripley-Dare's is the next  
...house but one, you can be there in five min-  
...utes. Only first 'seeing how pale she had  
...grown, 'let me give you something; some  
...sherry, some tea, even!"  
..."Oh no! I must go to Lillian." The  
...childish mouth quivered. "She will think,  
...I don't know what she will think!" desper-  
...ately.  
..."You shall be with her in five minutes."  
...He reassured her. "Only I beg of you  
...not to leave my house so pale, so shocked  
...as you look. Let me call my sister!"  
...eagerly. "Perhaps you will go with her  
...to the tea room, if you will not with me."  
..."No!" said Cecily weakly. "Please  
...don't tell her, don't tell any one—how  
...dreadfully stupid I have been. If you  
...would try and get the carriage"—She  
...could not finish. For what—oh! What  
...would Lillian say?  
...She took the arm which was silently of-  
...fered her, and with a feeling that the uni-  
...verse was tottering was piloted down the  
...broad stairs up which she had come alone.  
...Willy-nilly, she stopped in the tea room  
...and had a tiny glass of champagne, as she  
...was bidden; in truth was only too glad to  
...have something to steady her. "Stopped  
...in the cloak room to be wrapped in the  
...new cloak worn this unlucky night for the  
...first time. Somehow its girlish splendour  
...helped to bring back her lost dignity, her  
...air de princesse; and Lord Stoningham  
...noted it as he put her into Lady Wet-  
...more's carriage and saw her driven the  
...few steps to Mrs. Ripley-Dare's house:  
...saw her get out and walk up Mrs. Ripley-  
...Dare's red carpet, beneath her brand new  
...awning.  
...When she came out again with Lady  
...Wetmore he was watching still. That lady  
...had spent the last half hour in a salu-  
...state of fright and anxiety, quite aware  
...that in the small night-brougham driven by  
...the new second coachman, she had not  
...done right to send her young sister out  
...alone.  
...No such reflection had occurred to  
...Cecily; she did not even comment on the  
...man's stupidity in mistaking the house. As  
...she got into the carriage again with Lillian  
...she cast a furtive glance at those other red  
...covered steps.  
..."There is Lord Stoningham, Lillian!"  
...she said shyly.  
..."Oh!" said Lady Wetmore, leaning for-  
...ward to take a calm deliberate look at the  
...man on whose tall figure and handsome  
...face streamed the light from his own door-  
...way. She began to laugh unfeignedly as  
...they drove away.  
..."To think" she cried with heartfelt mirth  
...of your ever imagining that he was bald,  
...fat, old Mr. Ripley-Dare! I wonder he  
...didn't about with laughter at you."  
..."He did not laugh at me at all. He was

...been the dominating  
...most week. The two  
...beautiful objects in the  
...houses, equally obli-  
...vious to the exhibition  
...once again in close  
...proximity of attention,  
...sort of contest has  
...many times before, and  
...you was no exception  
...there; the horses get  
...glances, but it is the  
...women that absorb the  
...Whether or not the  
...represented at the  
...an actual opening  
...has been in a state of  
...makers ever since the  
...appeared. The Horse  
...the leading sartorial ex-  
...tremum season with the  
...the head, and certain  
...dress sufficiently gorge-  
...to retain any fame it  
...former years. A close  
...latest development of  
...veal any very striking  
...rather encouraging fea-  
...possible phase of the  
...less extravagance and  
...exhibited in some degre  
...All the talk about  
...the choice of fashionabl  
...at the Horse Show is  
...little importance now,  
...the kind of simplicity  
...about by the most ex-  
...treme gowns, both bla-  
...ck with deep applica-  
...were very much in evi-  
...ing, and gowns spangle  
...jet, and jet and gold  
...train of elegance thro-  
...around the ring. The  
...gowns seems to be the  
...ed out by using contrast  
...quins, and employing  
...of lace in one gown. W  
...lace are set in waved  
...dotted net skirt, or finely  
...you prefer, and the ef-  
...striking than an entire  
...material alone. A wide  
...heavy lace around the f  
...is in good style, and no  
...cream color, with a bla-  
...per skirt, while cream l  
...and hands in the slee-  
...combined form a large  
...sign on black net in o  
...horate gold embroidery  
...ground appears on ano-  
...So much for the show-  
...daintiest things of all we  
...obine with a satin finis-  
...cloths in the pretty pale  
...blue and pink. All the  
...as to the coming popu-  
...were fully verified in this  
...of dress. In these days  
...decorations it is rather di-  
...line between the tailor  
...the cloth costume made  
...as each seems to have in-  
...of the other in the treat-  
...dressmaker is quite as  
...fashionable stitched band  
...be, and he has branched  
...effects of trimming whic-  
...to touch a few years a-  
...quence is an elegance of  
...that far surpasses anythin-  
...fore.  
...There are two extreme  
...the new cloth gowns, on-  
...med with lace, embroider  
...applique decorations of v  
...afternoon and evening we  
...almost seve in its simp-  
...decorated with the perfec  
...stitching. This is some-  
...white silk on black in w  
...Grecian pattern, outlin-  
...rows and extending up the  
...either side of the front.  
...style worn at the Horse S  
...ng and the afternoon as  
...with the plain skirt, clos-  
...the hips, and just long e

...Although the consumpti  
...throughout the world is on  
...be still greater if its value  
...generally recognized. This  
...pounds of Chocolat-Ment  
...every year, but this might  
...if the public were aware of  
...is an ideal nourishment.  
...convenient form every qual  
...nutrition and it can be as  
...most delicate digestion.  
...Coffee contains nothing  
...nerves, but, on the contrar  
...stimulates in a natural ma  
...Chocolat-Mentier is a p  
...giving food.



WHEN BRUTES SUFFER.

THEY SHOULD BE TREATED AS HUMAN BEINGS.

Mrs. Mountain Lion's Pet in the New York Times...

'Why don't you eat me, outright how I came to be a lion's pet?'

'When I was a boy, I lived in a big city near the public Zoo. I got to know the head keeper pretty well by always hanging about and never getting in the way.'

'Not that they seem speechless to me, you know. I never heard anything more eloquent in my life than the actions of Mrs. Mountain Lion on the day she increased the population by three.'

'But that was not what I started to tell you about. It was a big older, but not yet a full-fledged vet. when there came to be trouble on Lion Hill.'

'The upshot of it was that Judge's continued dislike for general society finally attracted the keeper's attention and he promptly called upon the big lion, politely inquiring during the visit how he did.'

'So far, Molly and Bub had shown only a mild interest in the proceedings, but when they were suddenly and violently thrust through their own front door and ad fastened in the flat, there arose a howl of rage, but the keeper and his helpers had to have the porch to themselves.'

'It's not fair. Five to one in the jungle would be all right, but five to one and me in a cage! If I could not only get at you?'

'I'll tell you,' said the Governor. 'Before the war we owned slaves, and the position of a young master in the slave owning house is something like that of the heir apparent of a European throne.'



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

the gum and yanked one way with a forceps two feet long while an attendant pulled the great jaw quite as hard in the opposite direction, and presently I was holding up the tooth to an admiring crowd.

'That happened while I was a student, and it was the first time I ever rendered real professional assistance to a wild beast. The next time I ministered to similar needs or tried to, was a year after my graduation.'

'The lady for whom my professional services were required was Mrs. Jenkins. For seven years she had occupied a most substantial residence on Tiger Row, and was well known to every child in the State, being particularly noted for her bad temper.'

'The Diamond Dyes, simple and easy to use, have a standard of excellence that no others can approach. They give true uniform and honest results when used in the museum or cottage. Bright, clear and brilliant colors are always obtained on all kinds of goods—all wool, all cotton, or mixed goods—when the plain directions are followed.'

'Just before my visit there had been new developments in the case of Mrs. Jenkins. A large lump had been growing upon her back until it had come to the size of a pint cup and almost as hard as bone. The handsome creature absolutely refused to eat unless she could have an attendant served up as an appetizer, and she was wasting away so fast that my request to try to save her life was speedily accepted, and the lady was coaxed into a portable cage, carried into a large yard set apart for the breeding of domestic fowls, and left there quietly for a day or two to let the strangeness of her surroundings wear away.'

'On the appointed day the head keeper and four assistants accompanied me into the enclosure. Mrs. Jenkins greeted us with a snarl. An assistant put an iron hook through the bars and got a hold on his shoulders. This was preliminary to putting a stout rope on each forepaw and tying the hind legs together. It took the entire force to accomplish this, and all the time the huge tigress was growling and biting at the bars, and her eyes said very plainly: 'It's not fair. Five to one in the jungle would be all right, but five to one and me in a cage! If I could not only get at you?'

'Patience is accounted a rare quality; but it is particularly unusual in a man who has lost an arm in battle and finds himself at middle age handicapped in the ordinary details of life. Ex-Governor Frederick Halliday, of Virginia, lost an arm while fighting for the Confederacy.'

'Since the war he figured prominently in Southern politics and traveled widely in foreign countries. But even more noticeable than his empty sleeve was the evenness of his temper. Nothing ever ruffled it, and for the last twenty years he was never known to speak a harsh word.'

'A few years ago one of the Governor's friends asked him how he happened to control his temper so well.'

'I'll tell you,' said the Governor. 'Before the war we owned slaves, and the position of a young master in the slave owning house is something like that of the heir apparent of a European throne. Every want of mine was anticipated. And if it wasn't it didn't take me very long to know the reason why. I was ruled by my tem-

per, and it was not a pretty temper, either. One day at dinner (it was a big dinner—a function) the butler, who had grown gray in our family service, failed to do something that I wanted him to do, so I threw a knife at him. It was a sharp, keen-edged knife, and fortunately it missed him, but was sent with such force that it was buried half way to the handle in the wall. The next morning at breakfast the knife still remained in the wall.'

'The knife,' remarked my father, 'shall stay in the wall just where you threw it, and the story of your brutal assault shall be told to every guest who comes into this house until you have mastered your temper.'

'The knife stayed there fully six months because as I said before, I had a temper, but before it was withdrawn I had learned the lesson of thoughtfulness and patience.'

An Editorial That Made a Man Famous. The editorial, 'What's the Matter with Kansas?' first gave to the Emporia Gazette its first impetus and which was written by William Allen White, the author, was to a certain extent an accident.

Mr. White, who is only thirty-one years old now, had lately bought the Gazette, after serving a lone apprenticeship in editorial writing on various Kansas papers. He left his town for Colorado, where his bride was spending the summer. Before leaving he wrote this editorial and hung it on the copy book. When he came back he found not only himself but his paper famous. The Republican National Committee sent it out as a campaign document, and among the letters of commendation he received none was more valued than that from Speaker Reed which greeted him on his return from the West.

Mr. White, contrary to general belief, finds it more profitable to devote his time to his newspaper than to fiction. While he is a Republican and has been offered political offices, among which was the Emporia post-office, which is worth \$3000 a year.

Professor Von Martens' Foresight. Professor Frederick Von Martens, who holds the chair of International Law in the St. Petersburg University, and is a frequent representative of the Czar in legal councils of moment, is not a Russian citizen, nor even a Russian subject, but a philosophic German. He is a notable linguist and author, and at the Venezuela Arbitration Conference in Paris, where he read the decision of the Commission, he had a pleasant fashion of addressing each delegate in his own language. One of the English journalists wondered how the Professor was able to keep up his knowledge of so many modern tongues.

The Professor replied: 'It is self defence. You see, in case I lose my chair I wish to be prepared for any offer you foreigners may make.'

SIDES SORE FROM A HACKING COUGH.—Take Pysy-Pectoral, it will cure you quickly, no matter how bad the cold. Endorsed by thousands of Canadians. Sold throughout the land. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

How Halliday was Taught Patience. Patience is accounted a rare quality; but it is particularly unusual in a man who has lost an arm in battle and finds himself at middle age handicapped in the ordinary details of life. Ex-Governor Frederick Halliday, of Virginia, lost an arm while fighting for the Confederacy.'

'I suffered very much from an impoverished condition of the blood, coupled with extreme nervousness. A dizzy sensation on arising quickly or coming down stairs, often troubled me, and my breath was so short that I could not walk up stairs. The least exertion caused my heart to flutter and palpitate violently, and I sometimes felt a smothering sensation on going to sleep.'

I doctored back and forth for my weakness, but I got no relief from any medicine until I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can say that they helped me wonderfully. Sometimes my face and arms would swell and puff, but all these troubles speedily yielded to the restoring influences of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am now strong and well. I did not use them long until I regained the blessing of healthful, refreshing sleep and it will always be a pleasure to me to recommend them to others.'

THE D. & L. EMULSION benefits most those having Lung troubles with tendency to hemorrhages. A few bottles taken regularly make a wonderful improvement. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Professor Tolbert Discovers Something. We learn from the London Zoophilist that one 'Professor Tolbert of Chicago desires to know how the brain works and how it affects the muscles, and he has hit upon the plan of boring holes through a dog's skull and fixing ivory pins in the holes, to which are to be attached electrotic knobs resting on the surface of the dog's brain. As the Professor then plays on his knobs he can watch the effects on the various parts of the poor animal's brain and muscles.'

Why doesn't the playful Tolbert get a piano and have done with it? Or is the dog cheaper? Not only cheaper, probably but a heap more fun, as the piano of the dog is real, while that of the piano is only mechanical. And the vibrator who does not make real agony—of others—and plenty of it is not of the least brotherhood.—Life.

IMPORTANT STATEMENT FROM A PATIENT Paine's Celery Compound Saved His Life Years Ago.

HAS NOT BEEN ILL A SINGLE DAY SINCE HE WAS CURED.

If there are doubters who in the past questioned the efficacy of Paine's Celery Compound in saving life, they must after carefully reading Mr. Kilbride's second letter, come to the conclusion that the great medicine is worthy of closer thought and attention than they were disposed to give it weeks or months ago.

Mr. F. J. Kilbride, postmaster of Ipswerness, P. E. I., is no idle theorist, or speculator, neither has his important testimony been unduly obtained. This second letter, vouching for a permanent and lasting cure, is allowed to be made public for the advantage and weal of thousands of sufferers who are anxiously looking for new life and freedom from the power

of disease. Mr. Kilbride says: 'Nearly six years ago Paine's Celery Compound cured me—in fact, saved my life. At this time I am still feeling well and have not been ill a single day since I used your famous Compound. I truly owe my present health and strength to Paine's Celery Compound; it saved me from family and the grave. I shall never forget the awful state I was in before I used your grand life restorer. Now I can sleep and eat well, for which I thank God and your wondrous curing medicine. I have answered over two hundred and fifty letters written to me by other sufferers after my first testimonial letter was published. These letters have come from all parts of Canada and the United States.'

he is a stickler for local reform, and he has steadily declined to receive any money that he does not earn. He says that the highest compliment that ever was paid him was by an Emporia hack-driver who drove an Eastern visitor from the station to the editor's house.

'How does Mr. White stand in Emporia?' 'Oh, he's all right, I guess. But he's trying to make this town too infernally good to live in.'

AFTER A COLD DRIVE a teaspoonful of Paine-Killer mixed with a glass of hot water and sugar will be found a better stimulant than whisky. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Paine-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

How Esau's Bones Lost his Wagon. Miss Emma Esau has a brother, Harold, who was an ensign in the United States Navy. His ship was stationed at Leghorn, and one day the flagship entered the harbor with the Fleet Command on board. The latter was very dignified and was never known to lose his self-control. One day the Commander was in swimming, and young Esau made a friendly wager with a fellow-officer that he would destroy his senior's equanimity—in naval parlance, "rattle" him. The wager was in the water swimming toward his superior officer. Suddenly he paused, and, stopping his powerful overhead stroke, began treading water. Then he saluted precisely as if he had been on a quarter-deck. To the young man's intense surprise the Commander returned the salute with equal gravity. Mr. Esau lost his wagon.

THE JAPS DID IT.—They supplied us with the menthol contained in that wonderful D. & L. Menthol Plaster, which relieves instantly headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Mexico's Most Active Statesman. Senator Mariscal, the Mexican Vice-President and Minister of Foreign Affairs, and also the representative of the Republic at the recent Chicago festival, has had a career worthy of the proverbial backwood's boy.

He was born in humble circumstances at Oaxaca, and from his early years displayed inordinate ambition and energy. During his long career he has been almost everything, from errand boy to Vice-President. A friend once said to him: 'You have filled every position excepting President, haven't you?'

Sensor Mariscal shook his head gravely as he replied. 'The honor is very great, but it has not enough hard work to suit a man of my active temperament.'

THE D. & L. EMULSION benefits most those having Lung troubles with tendency to hemorrhages. A few bottles taken regularly make a wonderful improvement. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Professor Tolbert Discovers Something. We learn from the London Zoophilist that one 'Professor Tolbert of Chicago desires to know how the brain works and how it affects the muscles, and he has hit upon the plan of boring holes through a dog's skull and fixing ivory pins in the holes, to which are to be attached electrotic knobs resting on the surface of the dog's brain. As the Professor then plays on his knobs he can watch the effects on the various parts of the poor animal's brain and muscles.'

Why doesn't the playful Tolbert get a piano and have done with it? Or is the dog cheaper? Not only cheaper, probably but a heap more fun, as the piano of the dog is real, while that of the piano is only mechanical. And the vibrator who does not make real agony—of others—and plenty of it is not of the least brotherhood.—Life.

per, and it was not a pretty temper, either. One day at dinner (it was a big dinner—a function) the butler, who had grown gray in our family service, failed to do something that I wanted him to do, so I threw a knife at him. It was a sharp, keen-edged knife, and fortunately it missed him, but was sent with such force that it was buried half way to the handle in the wall. The next morning at breakfast the knife still remained in the wall.'

'The knife,' remarked my father, 'shall stay in the wall just where you threw it, and the story of your brutal assault shall be told to every guest who comes into this house until you have mastered your temper.'

'The knife stayed there fully six months because as I said before, I had a temper, but before it was withdrawn I had learned the lesson of thoughtfulness and patience.'

An Editorial That Made a Man Famous. The editorial, 'What's the Matter with Kansas?' first gave to the Emporia Gazette its first impetus and which was written by William Allen White, the author, was to a certain extent an accident.

Mr. White, who is only thirty-one years old now, had lately bought the Gazette, after serving a lone apprenticeship in editorial writing on various Kansas papers. He left his town for Colorado, where his bride was spending the summer. Before leaving he wrote this editorial and hung it on the copy book. When he came back he found not only himself but his paper famous. The Republican National Committee sent it out as a campaign document, and among the letters of commendation he received none was more valued than that from Speaker Reed which greeted him on his return from the West.

Mr. White, contrary to general belief, finds it more profitable to devote his time to his newspaper than to fiction. While he is a Republican and has been offered political offices, among which was the Emporia post-office, which is worth \$3000 a year.

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'I suffered very much from an impoverished condition of the blood, coupled with extreme nervousness. A dizzy sensation on arising quickly or coming down stairs, often troubled me, and my breath was so short that I could not walk up stairs. The least exertion caused my heart to flutter and palpitate violently, and I sometimes felt a smothering sensation on going to sleep.'

I doctored back and forth for my weakness, but I got no relief from any medicine until I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can say that they helped me wonderfully. Sometimes my face and arms would swell and puff, but all these troubles speedily yielded to the restoring influences of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am now strong and well. I did not use them long until I regained the blessing of healthful, refreshing sleep and it will always be a pleasure to me to recommend them to others.'

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Why don't you eat me, outright how I came to be a lion's pet? interrupted the graduate of a veterinary college to whom a friend had been delicately insinuating that he was built for better things. 'Well, I'll tell you,' he continued after a minute's reflection, 'though I can't see why you should place the relief of suffering in case of a four-legged friend so far below the corresponding human profession.'

'When I was a boy, I lived in a big city near the public Zoo. I got to know the head keeper pretty well by always hanging about and never getting in the way. He used to let me into the lot where they moved the cages containing the sick wild beasts, and I took a great interest in studying out why they got well or died. I often looked on at minor surgical operations until I became very used to the beasts, and being very fond of wild things anyway, concluded there would be many a worse way of earning one's living than by gaining the gratitude of dumb animals.'

'Not that they seem speechless to me, you know. I never heard anything more eloquent in my life than the actions of Mrs. Mountain Lion on the day she increased the population by three. When triplets come to an independent, self-supporting family they bring with them, to say the least, a temporary feeling of dismay, if not real annoyance, but when a similar calamity descends upon a royal household, the beneficiaries of a charitable institution, nobody minds. What difference can a baby more or less possibly make when all are public charges? Well, the morning those babies came, you would have known it at once by the important way the parents walked about in their front yard, while at every thirteenth turn before the door, Mrs. Mountain Lion would break the promenade and enter the house, only to return proud-

er than ever. 'But that was not what I started to tell you about. It was a big older, but not yet a full-fledged vet. when there came to be trouble on Lion Hill. Three big lions, Judge, Mollie and Bub, lived together happily in one of the most prominent flats in that thickly settled locality. Judge was the superintendent's special pet, and the biggest lion in town. He had recently lost his appetite, and though he lay quietly enough in a corner, Mollie and Bub were suffering from having to eat up all the raw material, which Judge sniffed at, because they had to keep their porch clean. So much good food was making them cross, and besides, it hurt them to get no answer back from Judge when they asked why he did not do his share.'

'The upshot of it was that Judge's continued dislike for general society finally attracted the keeper's attention and he promptly called upon the big lion, politely inquiring during the visit how he did. Getting no very detailed statement of symptoms, he finally begged for a view of the big red tongue. This was promptly granted, but its lack of coating showed that whatever the trouble might be, it had no connection with the stomach. Next came the teeth, and here was where the difficulty lay. The second molar on the left side of the lower jaw was badly ulcerated and needed to be extracted. Suppose you were a Boer, just from Africa, landed at a hotel where only Englishmen spoke, with your jaw hurting and wanting a hamburger steak in the worst way, wouldn't you crawl into a corner and sulk when you couldn't possibly get it? That was all that ailed Judge.'

'So far, Molly and Bub had shown only a mild interest in the proceedings, but when they were suddenly and violently thrust through their own front door and ad fastened in the flat, there arose a howl of rage, but the keeper and his helpers had to have the porch to themselves. Similarly, Judge seemed to think it quite the proper thing to let the keeper fumble about in the big red abyss, and appeared quite prepared to open his mouth still wider if necessary, although it was already stretched sufficiently to take in a man's head. But when there was eight of us in side with him, and the big fellow felt his hind legs fast and knew he could not bite the ropes which held down his forepaws, it was different. With a two by four plank thrust in his mouth, and a stout cord fastened about each jaw, he felt and acted quite like a human king whose subjects had been to much for him. He attempted no resistance whatever, apparently understanding its futility, but watched me carefully while I prepared to administer the chloroform. As soon as he was thoroughly under its influence, I cut around

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'I said there was nothing to do but to kill her, and we left the cage. The ropes were taken off one at a time, and as she felt the first one give, there came a terrible sigh from the tigress who then lay quiet, making no effort to arise or strike out as the bands were carefully relaxed and removed. A minute later and the reason was evident.'

'Mrs. Jenkins was dying. The telltale glass was creeping slowly over her fiery eyes. That great sigh had been her last earthly protest against the injustice of captivity. Within ten minutes the great handsome creature which just a moment before it had taken five men to bind and hold was being dragged about by the tail by one of them. To me who had watched her gallant fight against such odds and who understood the physical suffering she must have endured, perhaps for years, this seemed a sorry end.'

'Under the shade of the tree which had helped to subdue her, I presently sat beside the beautiful striped beast and made the incisions which verified my diagnosis. To the keeper I pointed out the tumors and watery vapors which showed how diseased were the lungs. To myself I said, she died of a broken heart.'

A Popularity That Increases With Mighty Strides. Diamond Dyes First in All Points That Make Perfections: Notwithstanding the fact that imitation and crude package dyes and soap-grease dyes are before the public seeking recognition, the fame and popularity of the Diamond Dyes increase with mighty strides. Those who have the misfortune to try any of the inferior dyes sold by some dealers know well how deceptive they prove. The users are thoroughly disheartened and disappointed. Their work with these common dyes show muddy and dull colors, and anger is kindled because valuable garments are spoiled. The Diamond Dyes, simple and easy to use, have a standard of excellence that no others can approach. They give true uniform and honest results when used in the museum or cottage. Bright, clear and brilliant colors are always obtained on all kinds of goods—all wool, all cotton, or mixed goods—when the plain directions are followed.'

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IN MEMORY Paste Blacking KILLED BY Packard's "SPECIAL" BOX CALL Shoe Dressing FOR ALL BLACK SHOES APPLY ONCE A WEEK Will Nourish, Clean, Polish and Preserve the Leather.

...and I am still feeling well. I shall never forget the day when I saw you. I think God had your name written in the book of life. I have understood and felt that the sufferer after my letter was published. Some from all parts of the United States.

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# Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

## Its Purity is its Strength

Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.

Imitations are numerous. Avoid them.

### CHASE & SANBORN,

MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

## PINEAPPLE ESSENCE.

In the Shape of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets in Curing Stomach Ailments of Every Kind.

The pineapple has a valuable constituent known as vegetable papain, a wonderful digester of food. Test this by mixing equal parts of pineapple and beef and emitting at a temperature of 103° Fahrenheit, when in due time, the meat will be entirely digested. This rare juice is the principal ingredient in Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets, and anyone, at any time, can enjoy the healing virtues of the ripe fruit by their use. You eat them like candy. They are very palatable; harmless as pure milk. They afford instant relief in all cases of indigestion and dyspepsia. Their right use will cure all stomach troubles and establish sound health. Box of 60 Tablets, 35 cents. Sold by E. C. Brown.

In Consequence.

A police court trial took an unexpected turn the other day.

An Irish witness had just been sworn to give evidence.

Magistrate: 'Do you know the nature of an oath?'

T. W.: 'Yes, sorr.'

Magistrate: 'Do you know how serious matter it is to swear falsely?'

T. W.: 'I do sorr.'

Magistrate: 'Now, do you know what will be the consequence if you give false evidence?'

T. W.: 'Our side will win, sorr.'

Magistrate (after an impressive pause): 'You may stand down, sir.'

FRAGORER'S NERVE

Will Break Under the Strain of Indigestion—Here's the Testimony of the Preacher and His Wife—Backsliders From Good Health Reclaimed by the Power of the Great South American Nerve.

Rev. W. S. Barker of Peterboro, says: 'I was greatly afflicted with indigestion and nervous prostration, and my wife was all run down and suffering much from general debility, and we heartily join hands in giving testimony to the great relief and curative powers of South American Nerve. Splendid results followed the taking of the first bottle, and a few bottles have cured us both and we cheerfully recommend it to our fellow sufferers.' Sold by E. C. Brown.

Misled.

This particular young man had been introduced to the political club as a rising orator who would make just a few brief remarks. He had apparently become impressed with the belief that the mantle of Cicero had fallen upon his shoulders, and was not going to let it slip off if he could help it.

When he had at last brought his oration to a conclusion, he went to a group of friends to receive their congratulations. One of them, and old friend of his family took him by the coat lapel, and led him aside.

'My boy he,' he said, 'I want to talk to you.'

'About my speech?'

'Yes.'

'It's very kind of you,' began the young man, in misguided solicitation.

'I know it is. You may not think it's kind when you hear it, but it is. That speech of yours lasted two hours and a quarter.'

'But I was applauded five times.'

'You were. For the reason that we were misled four times into thinking you had finished.'

BAD HEART—DIZZY HEAD

Life was a Living Death, but Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Believed in Thirty Minutes.

'I was so troubled with heart disease that I could not stand on a chair without growing dizzy. Going up stairs, or being suddenly startled, brought on violent palpitations and suffocation. Had pains about the heart. Tried many remedies and physicians without relief. I took two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and, although two years ago, I have not felt the slightest return of the trouble. I think it the greatest of remedies.' Mrs. W. E. Collier, 32 Pacific Avenue, Toronto. Sold by E. C. Brown.

IN MEMORY of

## Paste Blacking

KILLED BY

### Packard's

"SPECIAL"

## BOX CALF

### Shoe Dressing

FOR ALL BLACK SHOES. APPLY ONCE A WEEK.

Will Nourish, Clean, Polish and Preserve the Leather.

L. H. Packard & Co.

## The Crow of Croup.

It strikes terror to a mother's heart to have her child wake up at night with a croupy cough.

Child can scarcely speak, can hardly breathe—seems to be choking.

There is no time for delay—apply hot poultices to the throat and upper part of the chest, and give Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup—nothing like it for giving prompt relief—will save a child when nothing else will.

Mrs. Win. Young, Frome, Ont., says: 'One year ago our little boy had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs and croup, which left a bad wheeze in his chest. We were advised to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which we did, and it cured him completely.'

'Now we always keep this remedy in the house, as it cures all others for the severest kinds of coughs or colds.'

EMERGENCY REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF Consumption, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. Do not grip or sicken.

I slacken my speed now, for am I not nearing—

What? Gracious Heavens! There it is!

My fearful idea is realized; and I fall senseless upon the lifeless body of Sir Hugh Staunton.

'Elsie, are you strong enough to read this?'

It is the first Friday in the New Year. I am lying on the sofa in our pretty drawing-room, to which I have been borne in my father's arms for the first time to-day, since that dreadful night.

'Yes, father, quite,' I reply, as I glance up and note that it is addressed to me in Roger Elston's handwriting.

'I will join you again presently, Elsie,' father says, as, having placed the letter on the table at my side, he goes out, shutting the door behind him.

I lie and gaze at the superscription for a few minutes, then slowly lift one hand and take it up. Another minute, and I am slowly reading down the first page.

It is not a long letter, and there is no date or heading to it.

It runs thus—

'Ere you receive this, Elsie, I shall be far away. We shall not meet again in this world, till I can procure proofs of the real murderer—no need to say whose. But Elsie, I ask one favor at your hands in the mean-time—that is, try to think, try to bring yourself to firmly believe me, when I say that though my hat was found near the body, that though guilty stains were found on my apparel, still, believe me that I assert nothing but the truth, when I again say I had no hand in the crime. Life was assuredly extinct when I placed my hand for the first time on the body after I saw it fall there by the stone steps. Time will prove all. When I can bring you proofs, I repeat, I will come back to my dear love, and ask for a renewal of—'

Here the letter ends abruptly in a broken sentence, as though the writer—

But I grow faint again.

'Father?'

And then all is darkness once more.

'The proofs, Roger, where are they?'

'What, dreaming, Elsie?' questioned a familiar voice, as I wake with a start.

It is a bright sunny afternoon in early April.

I have been slowly regaining strength during these beautiful spring days.

But this afternoon a certain weakness and drowsiness has overpowered me, and I have lost consciousness in a deep sleep for more than an hour.

And I have dreamed! Dreamed of Roger my dear, lost love.

And yet the dream has not been a sad one.

For I seemed to see him as he was before that awful night, bright and handsome, coming towards me, with outstretched hands and a look of love in his eyes.

'Asleep! and dreaming? Oh! Elsie. And to think that I have been waiting so anxiously all this long time for you to awake, that I might tell you a visitor was wishing to see you,' says Cousin Maude.

'Who is it?' I ask, quietly.

'My dream is still fresh in my memory, and seems so real.'

'Whom would you like to see most on this earth, Elsie dear? Cousin Maude questions, in low and gentle tones.

'Oh! Cousin Maude. It cannot, cannot be! Tell me quickly!'

'He shall speak for himself, dear.'

Then the door opens; a well known figure enters, and—

'I have brought the proofs, Elsie, my love! and then I am clasped once again in my own dear love's arms, and feel his warm kisses on my lips.

A few months later, and we—Roger and I—stand side by side before the altar of our small village church, and listen to my father's halting tones, as he reads out the sacred words that pronounce us man and wife.

And so I am happy again.

'It was a woman's hand that did it dear,' it is all I hear from Roger—my dear husband—when I summon up courage, months later, to question him respecting the dreadful fate of him who was so closely connected with our TWO DREAMS.

A Compromise.

Little Clarence (with rising infection)—'Pa?'

Mr. Clippers—'Oh?'

Little Clarence—'Pa, if a man 60 years old married a girl of 17, and his son aged 25 married the girl's mother, don't that make the old man the son-in-law of his own son, and the father-in-law of himself; and—ah, pa, can I go fishin' all this

PROPOSAL

I was reading a strong advocate of the idea that women ought to propose... 'I'm going to get some bees,' said Aunt Patsy... 'I've made my calculations,' was all she said...

FIELD

Wind on Nov. 11, Gust. W. Chandler to Miss B. Wilson... 'I'm going to get some bees,' said Aunt Patsy... 'I've made my calculations,' was all she said...

DIED

Noel Road, Oct. 5, Isaac White... 'I'm going to get some bees,' said Aunt Patsy... 'I've made my calculations,' was all she said...

BORN

Maplewood, Mass. to the wife of Wm. Poole, a son... 'I'm going to get some bees,' said Aunt Patsy... 'I've made my calculations,' was all she said...

Canada's Great North-West... Government Free Grant of 160 Acres to Bona Fide Settlers... Intercolonial Railway... TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN... TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Nov. 22nd, 1909, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert, ST. JOHN AND DIGBY... Steamship "Prince Arthur" St. John and Boston Direct Service

S.S. Prince George. YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and latest steamer plying out of Boston...

STAR Line Steamers For Fredericton and Woodstock. Change of Sailing. On and after Monday, Nov. 8th, STEAMER Clifton

VOL. XII... A good many people for years of the... For nearly four years... one or two lawyers... right of the city of... who had been rep... man in the commu... When the case... were rather startled... man who had been... and again as their... who had handled the... satisfactory manner... himself (in the char... vector) were gaine... grove, should wish... ship and return... revenues of the... had grown so wealthy... and the assessors... alised that Simon... to pay taxes... His reasons for this... ed briefly. Some... or 1895, Mr. Jones... from business in St... ance with that resolu... brewing business to... Keltis and Frederic... to be run under the... but the announcement... Jones, senior, had retir... It was also said that... house had also been... Prognosis is not sure... Then Mr. Jones went... from place to place... Europe. His daughter... sometimes and again... as he had been doing... people among whom... nothing of it. They... citizen and perhaps... stock in the Bank of... disinclined to think... he was a director in... Mr. Jones was in New... of his time and it was... there as the agent of... was a director. He lived... in a hotel there as beca... wealth but still his fami... seen from time to time... St. John... There is no doubt he ha... but he claimed that it was... He said he lived in New... affidavit to that effect... in New York a great deal... five months of the year... fishing, hunting and movi... place, seeing the best... His assessment in St. Jo... the remarkably low sum... This was all personal. He... rate in the city. The rate... about \$1.55 per hundred... be calculated that his tax... \$2,000 a year... He appealed from the... 1896 and his case was before... committee again and again... decided against him and his... A. Currey, carried his case to... court at Fredericton. There... argued and the judges decid... Jones. Having lost his case... taxes, it is said under protest... he proposed to carry the case... court. Why he did not seek... that judgment is not clear... now but when the city assess... in 1897 after a knowledge of... stances and his statement that... reside in St. John, he appeals... again, the appeals commit... against him. Then to the cour... erior again, and the judge... with the appeals committee... that Mr. Jones was a resident... act and would have to pay tax... This looked as if Mr. Jones... ture and whether he liked it... have to reside in St. John for... his natural life or as a taxati... concerned. He had no real prop... and so the city could not coll... he did not come to St. J... but did not intend to stay... for fear of being nailed by... so he took the bull by the horns... to Ottawa with his case. There... for the city and Mr. Currey... endeavored to persuade the... learned in the law that each