

PROGRESS.

"He who hesitates is lost"—
That applies also to our premium
offer. If you hesitate long about
it, the offer will be closed. See ad.

VOL. XI, NO. 560.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

LOOKING AFTER VOTERS.

CANDIDATES FOR THE LOCAL HOUSE BEING CHOSEN.

How the tickets may be made in St. John—
Fredericton and Carleton, Opposite
Albert Government & Supporters in York
Street, Grand St. Street.

The ball has fallen: the elections are
to be held on a fortnight from today the
people of New Brunswick will choose be-
tween the government and the opposition.
Both parties think they will win and both



DR. SILAS ALWARD.
One of the City Members for St. John in the House
of Assembly.

give what they consider as excellent
reasons for their confidence.

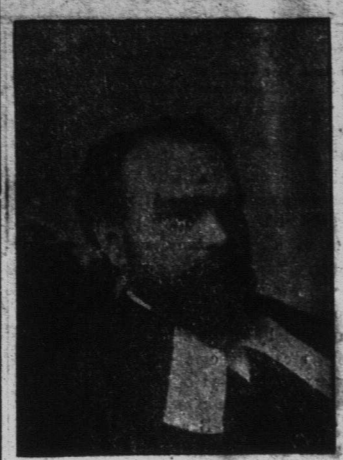
In spite of the fact that the shortest
possible notice was given of the elections
both parties seem to be fairly well pre-
pared.

The announcement of dissolution came
Monday morning and it was a curious fact
that Dr. Stockton, the leader of the
opposition, chose the same day to set forth
his position to the electors of the province.
Some time was lost in this respect at least.

Conventions have been the order of the
day. Scores of candidates were given
way now to facts and the man who hangs
back must give place to the one who is
willing to go to the front. The govern-
ment caucus for this city and county was
not held until last evening after PROGRESS
was printed, but from talk on the street
there was no much doubt as to who would
compose the ticket.

Quite a while ago the name of Mr.
George Robertson was mentioned and
the friends of the government were
jubilant at the idea of securing
him as a candidate. They had a good
many reasons for this. Mr. Robert-
son was at one time—and probably is
yet—a staunch conservative. He was in
fact a candidate for the house of commons
at one time and this added to his prestige
as a party man.

It is quite true that many of the
very men who are seeking his ser-
vices now seemed to take great pleasure
in voting for Mr. John Chesley, and helped



MR. WILLIAM PUGSLEY.
Who Will be a Candidate if His King's County
Friends Say So.

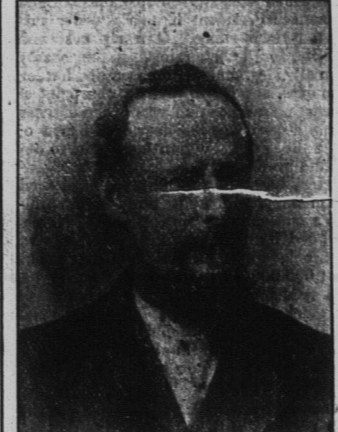
to elect him but time has effaced all the
unpleasant memories of that episode and
now Mr. Robertson has received a cordial
invitation to see if he can travel the road
to Fredericton. He is evidently not
afraid of losing his way for he proposes to
start and accept the nomination of the
local government party. Mr. Robertson
has only been a year out of the mayor's
chair where he sat for four years. Because
of that fact the party which is nominating
him now for Fredericton think that he
possesses great strength. His civic elec-
tion record will hardly bear it out. With
all the influence and assistance that the
citizens could give him as the Tax Reduc-
tion Association the late T. W. Peters
gave Mr. Geo Robertson the fight of his



MR. GEO. J. CLARKE.
Editor of the St. Croix Courier and a Probable Op-
position Candidate for Charlotte.

life and Queens ward decided in
his favour. Then when he had
been three years in office and was
coming for a fourth term two other gentle-
men decided to run. They were Mr. Ed-
ward Sears and Mr. Charles McLaughlin.
Mr. Robertson was elected but the vote was
so close that if he had only had one oppo-
nent his election would have been decidedly
uncertain. These facts are not recalled to
cast any reflections upon Mr. Robertson
as a mayor—he made a good chief magis-
trate—but they serve in some respect as
an indication of his strength as a candidate
of the local government. He will prob-
ably be the only conservative on the
ticket.

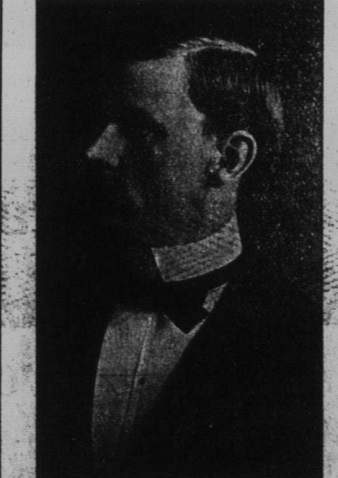
Mr. D. McLaughlin is another man who
was probably chosen last night. His
anxiety to run was not so great as to in-
duce him to look after the nomination.
Here is one of the cases where the honor
sought the man and not the man the honor.



MR. D. J. McLAUGHLIN.
Who Has Been Asked to Run in Support of the
Government.

It is that Mr. McLaughlin hesitated to ac-
cept and when PROGRESS chatted with him
for a few moments this week his conversa-
tion would give one that impression. His
experience in elections has not been happy.
The independents persuaded him that he
stood a good chance of election in the last
election contest and he came out as their
candidate. The stand he took in favor of
the port and against remedial legislation
gave him the support of the independent
bolters but they were not enough to elect
him. His deposit went the same way as Mr.
Pugsley's but the vote that those gentle-
men got elected the liberal candidates.
That is the excuse the conservatives make
for their defeat. Mr. McLaughlin, how-
ever, did not seem to mind the result. He
took it as a matter of course. He had
made his sacrifice and perhaps as a
liberal felt that he had done something for
his party.

Messrs. W. C. R. Allan and H. A. Mc-
Keown are named as the other two
candidates for the city. Both of them have
faced the people before. Six or seven
years ago Mr. Allan joined hands with



ALD. A. W. MACRAE.
Who Will Probably Be one of the St. John County
Candidates.

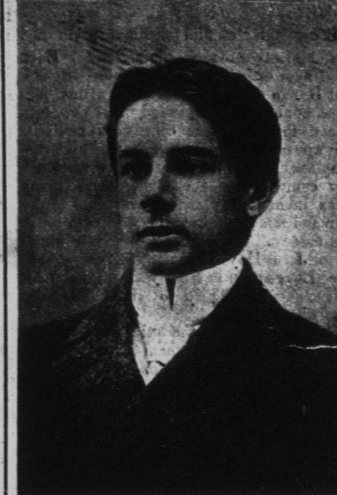
Messrs. Trusman, Carleton and Hethering-
ton in support of the government and all of
them went down before the wave of opinion
that prevailed at that time in St. John
against the government. His associates
have obtained their reward while he has
looked after his business. Now he is ask-
ed to come again. He is a West Side man
and it was doubtful at one time whether he
or Alderman Israel Smith would be chosen.
Mr. Allan seems to be the choice.
(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

IN THE BLOOM OF YOUTH.

VICTOR S. LIDDELL'S EARLY AND
LAKENED DEATH.

The Deceased Young Man Was Well Known
in This City and Highly Esteemed—His
Death Caused Much Sorrow in Amherst—
Laid at Rest in Halifax.

There was genuine sorrow expressed in
this city last Monday morning when news
of the death of Victor S. Liddell was



THE LATE VICTOR S. LIDDELL.

received. Mr. Liddell has made a
name for himself here as one of the best
hockey players that ever visited the city.
Mr. Liddell was a native of Halifax, a
son of the late A. M. Liddell, but for some
time had resided in Amherst and occupied
a position of trust in the Bank of Montreal.
He was only eighteen years of age and
shortly before his death had been promoted
to the position of ledger keeper. On Fri-
day Jan. 20th Mr. Liddell had been a
prominent figure in a game between the
Mohawks and the Amherst hockey team in
this city. On Monday he was the life of a
social gathering at one of Amherst's most
hospitable homes, and though he was
particularly bright and cheerful on Tues-
day as he went about his duties in the
bank, the dark angel of death was already
hovering near, and had marked the young
man as his own. Tuesday evening Mr.
Liddell was taken violently ill, and
later, appendicitis developed in so ser-
ious a form that an operation was deemed
necessary, but before the physicians
in attendance had completed arrangements
for it, the young patient had crossed into
the beyond.

During his two years stay in Amherst
Mr. Liddell had won the warmest esteem
of all classes of citizens for his bright man-
ly ways, and was not less popular in his

business, than in the social world. When
the sad news became known in Amherst
there was deep regret, and it is
a tribute to the respect in which
he was held that several projected
social events were postponed, among these
being a dramatic performance for the
Hockey team funds, which was already
billed for last Monday evening.

On Saturday evening a dinner to some
retiring clerks from the Bank of Nova
Scotia was in progress when tidings came
of Mr. Liddell's death, and effectively
darkened the festivities, the usual toast list
being suspended.

The remains were taken to Halifax on
Monday after a service in Christ Church,
the pall bearers being members of the
Hockey team with Mr. Barry D. Bent in
charge of the arrangements. Mr. Russell
Twining, uncle of the deceased, a grief
stricken mother and a young brother also
accompanied the remains. These young
brothers in Scotland mourn the early
death.

Among the numerous floral tributes was
a magnificent wreath from St. John Hockey
players.

Hope For Cabmen's Future.

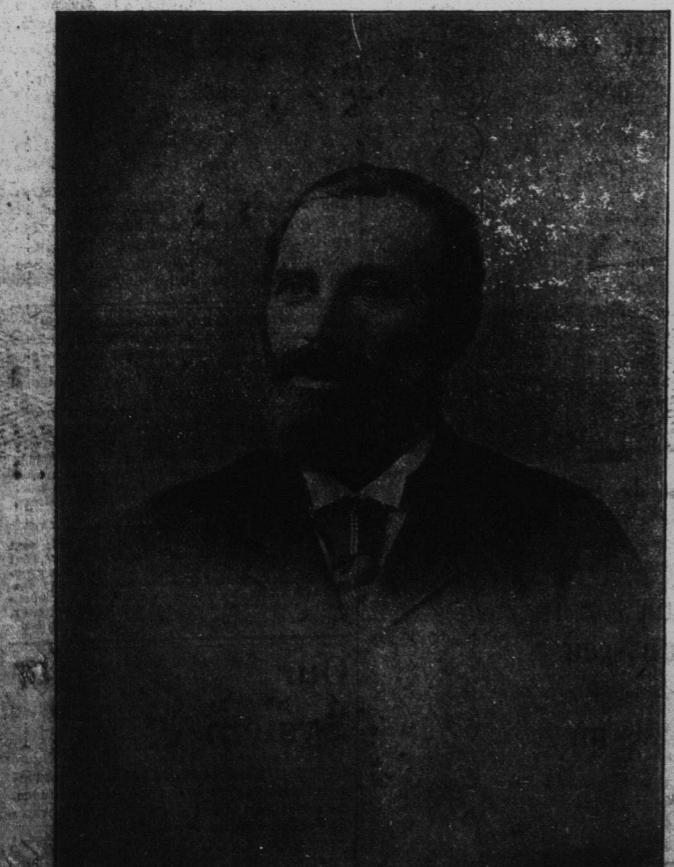
Passing through Barrington street a few
days ago in company with a couple of
friends, writes a Halifax correspondent,
we could not understand the cause for so
much glee among the cabmen, waiting
near the grand parade. Some of them
were exclaiming "Who knows yet!"
"Who knows yet!" Leaving my com-
panions waiting for me I stepped across
and inquired of one of their number, whom
I knew slightly what was the cause of
all their merriment? The answer was
this, "Well sir, I have two sisters, and as
the sister of a certain boss cabmen was
well married today, we were just having a
bit of a laugh as to what might be in store,
in the way of a husband for the sisters of
some of the cabmen you see here."

Remembering Their Friends.

Messrs. Treadwell and Barker of the
Loch Lomond road were honored by their
friends driving out to see them a few nights
ago. The first drive was to Mr. Tread-
well's and the gentlemen who went enjoyed
the splendid supper provided by Mrs.
Treadwell who with her husband was
toasted and praised by all. Mr. and Mrs.
Barker did all they could to entertain the
score of their friends who braved the cold
and drove out to see them on Tuesday
night. Speeches and song made the few
hours there pass quickly and the supper
provided could not be excelled.

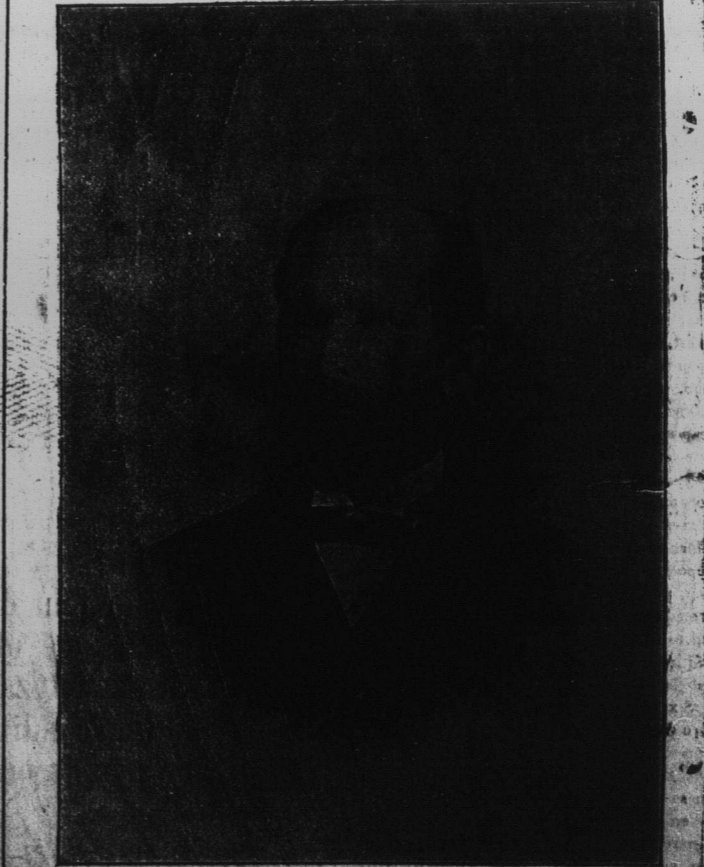
This is a Great Offer.

Any person sending a new subscription
to this office with \$4.00 enclosed can obtain
PROGRESS for one year, and the Cam-
panian, McClure and Munsey magazines for
the same period with only one condition—
all of them must be sent to the same ad-
dress.



MR. WILLIAM SHAW.
Who Is Nominated Again by the Local Opposition Party

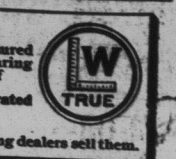
Standard time.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Office Wm. Street,
St. John, N. B.



MR. GEORGE ROBERTSON.
Ex-Mayor of the City and a Probable Candidate for the Local House.

Standard time.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Office Wm. Street,
St. John, N. B.

Ann, widow of the late
D. Donahy, daughter of
L. late daughter of James
Mary J. widow of the late
John J. Isabella, widow
of John W.



W
TRUE
g dealers sell them.

ATTAN
SHIP COY
Sport, and St.
Line:
ST. JOHN (New
November 14th, 1898,
NEW YORK, FIRE
November 14th, 1898,
FIRE, November 14th,
FIRE, 1898, and ST.
here dates, sailings will
members will then be on
for heading freight
at our BARRINGTON
with through traffic
and water, we have
WEST AND SOUTH
hand, all the business
AND SATISFACTION
AND REWARDS SEE-

TING, Agent.
St. John, N. B.
Manager,
New York City.

Atlantic Ry.
Jan. 2nd, 1899,
of this railway will

Prince Edward,
and Saturday.

are Digby 10 00 a. m.
St. John, 3 45 p. m.

TRAINS
accepted.
in Digby 12 30 p. m.
Yarmouth 2 30 p. m.
St. John, Digby 11 45 a. m.
Halifax 8 45 p. m.
Monday, Thursday and
Friday 1 45 a. m.
Friday, Thursday and
Saturday 4 45 p. m.

George,
SERVICE.
steamer plying out of
St. J., every MONDAY
on arrival of the Ex-
on early next morn-
ing, 7 a. m. and ST.
4 00 p. m. Unre-
gistered Railway Steam-
Trains
and on application to
with trains at Digby,
St. John, 114 Prince William
from the Purser on
and all informa-

L.L. Gen. Man'gr.
St.

Railway.
3rd October, 1898
railway will run
as follows:
ST. JOHN

Wash, Pictou
Glasgow and
12.00
16.00
18.00
22.10

AT ST. JOHN
8.00
16.00
19.25
22.10
25.45

Standard time.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Office Wm. Street,
St. John, N. B.

AN
IC Ry.
COMFORT
KEEPERS
DAY of 11 a. m.
moderation second
salary and expenses
\$7.00
7.00
5.00
5.00

points in
ED STATES and
A. HAWAIIAN
CANALS, and also
and maps, write
SOTMAN,
St. John, N. B.

\$300,000 FLYING WEDGE.

"BARBARIAN" BROWN GETS DAMAGED IN THE TRANSVAAL.

He Formed His Wedge in a Gold Rush in the Rand—Was Fought Through a Mob of Thousands, and Reached the Commissioner Only to Lose his Rights.

"Barbarian" Brown, otherwise R. E. Brown, an American, has just received an award of damages amounting to nearly \$20,000 from the Transvaal Government. It is the sequel of the wildest gold farm rush of South Africa, in which Brown pursued the tactics of the football field, and had himself driven through an immense mob of lawless ranshers by a flying wedge of 900 armed men. It was an exploit of a football captain and frontier American.

"Barbarian" Brown came to South Africa with a reputation for nerve gained in the famous Coeur d'Alene strikes, where he took the part of the mine owners and never receded from his stand, though daily threatened with death. He even edited a paper enunciating his opinions, called the Barbarian. This furnished the sobriquet which clung to him when he reached Johannesburg.

Once here Brown secured a place with one of the most important mining companies on the Rand. He was an expert consulting engineer, and soon made himself valuable to the company by gobbling up the very richest claims on the Murchison Range. It was as their representative also that Brown planned and carried out the football rush. Twelve thousand miners, the very roughest men in the gold fields, made up from nearly every nation on the globe, took part in this rush, which occurred on a level stretch of ground in September, 1895, and the goal was a galvanized iron shanty, six feet square wherein stood a Government Mining Commissioner, whose business it was to sell licenses for claims on the Witfontein farm.

This farm lay directly on the gold reef and belonged to the Government. It was one of the last of the rich farms whereon the old Boers had for years been raising their crops of mealies, all unconscious of the hidden wealth. The exodus began ten days before the opening. The Rand was in an uproar. Every mining company there prepared for the occasion. It was well known that the Witfontein lay along the richest part of the reef, and that a claim there would yield fortunes.

The Pretoria Government knew this, too, but had not counted on any such demonstration as followed, or the claims would have been disposed of by lottery, the plan afterward adopted. The proclamation in the Pretoria press gave permission to any one to prospect the farm, so that all buyers had an opportunity for locating the best claims. But first they must obtain a license at the little iron shanty three miles from the farm. Consequently every vehicle in Johannesburg had been hired or bought to transport men to the spot.

The road from Johannesburg to Klerksdorp, which lies near the Witfontein, looked like the route of an army transportation. Tents, cooking outfits, cases of whiskey and roulette tables were all jumbled together on a wagon. It was estimated that on the day of the opening 12,000 men occupied the camp, in addition to many Boers who came from all parts of the Transvaal to witness the scene.

John Hays Hammond was then consulting engineer for the consolidated Gold Fields Company, and he assumed direction over nearly 1,000 men, who were expected to tear a hole right through the mass and smash everything. The whole camp was armed to the teeth. Every man carried at least one revolver and expected to use it, for it was a fight for big stakes, and each company promised protection to its men. There were practically no danger of arrest, however, for the Zaps, or Boer policemen, trembled with fear at that armed mob.

The plans of each company to effect the coup were much the same. Barney Barnato, J. B. Robinson Beit, the Joels and every one interested in gold mining in Johannesburg, great or small, took a vital interest in the struggle and put forth every effort to gain the prize. Each company hoped to push its man up to the window first, purchase the license, hand it to an armed rider and hurry it off to the farm, where the engineers and peggers were waiting to jump in and stake off the richest claims.

Six firms even went so far as to sink strong wooden posts just by the window and to these lashed men with ropes, so that they could not be pulled away. But these precautions availed nothing, for when the struggle began sharp knives severed the thongs and both men and posts landed on the outskirts of the crowd.

Personally, Brown was not formidable. With 5 feet 8 inches of height and smooth boyish countenance, he was not dangerous

looking. But those who had seen him glance down the barrel of a .45 Colt without so much as moving an eyelid knew him as an absolutely fearless Brown was on speaking terms with the rough element, and he utilized these to form a flying wedge, which at that period had just been developed by the American football team.

To get all these men under one flag he hired the seven most desperate characters on the Rand—Alec Love, Jim and Jack Maloney, Manny Garchal, 'Butch' Wilson, Jack Hildebrandt and Danger. They were men who would fight at the drop of a hat, and cut your throat and take chances on escaping punishment. Love, who is now serving a sentence for highway robbery, was a good-looking man, well educated and quite gentlemanly when sober. He had received a college training in the States. He had red hair and a red mustache was very handsome and massively built.

Brown selected him for his captain and gave him carte blanche financially. Each ringleader brought his particular friends, and Brown promised them \$25 a day and good bonus if they pushed him through. When this regiment of toughs made its first appearance in the little town of Klerksdorp the citizens fled for their lives. When the company reached the camp many firms immediately made overtures to the men and tried to win them over with drink and money. A number of Americans started for John Hays Hammond's camp, but Alec Love stood in front with a drawn revolver and threatened to shoot the first man who left.

Brown found that the only way to hold his men was to keep them drunk, so for five days previous to the opening whiskey flowed like water and the ringleaders boosted up their cohorts with bad liquor. On the day of the rush, however, no man was so drunk as to forget about the flying wedge, which had been thoroughly explained and illustrated. At the very peep of dawn the great mass began to push, though the sale was not until 9 o'clock. Lines were formed, and the entire gathering was soon engaged in a vicious free fight. Men emerged with ears bitten off, eyes blacked, noses broken and teeth loosened. As soon as a company got its man to the window he was dragged away and either passed back overhead or nearly trampled to death. Many succeeded in reaching the spot, but it was impossible to hold a man there long, for he was soon borne down by force of numbers.

Brown and his henchmen, in the meantime, held their position on the outskirts. It was not until half an hour before the time appointed to open the window that he began to form his wedge. Probably 6,000 men were massed between him and the goal at that moment, but this never fazed the indomitable Yankee. With thongs of rawhide he lashed himself to Alec Love and Jim Maloney, and, with his feet barely touching the earth, gave the signal to move.

At the first impact with the human wall there was a terrific howl of pain, followed

by imprecations, and a man staggering out of the crowd with the blood spurting from his leg. Maloney had run his knife into him several inches. In a few minutes these cries ceased on all sides and the attention of the mob became divided, some turning to face the wedge, which hung together without a break and seemed to gain velocity as it neared the goal. Maloney and Love with heads down, dashed into every opening, and where there was none, made it with a jab of a knife. Brown was hustled along breathless and bleeding, until within a dozen rods of the window.

Here several Cornishmen, great hulking fellows, with plenty of strength and grit, made a stand that bade fair to spoil the rush. They assailed the apex and were moving down the pagilists when the rest of the wedge broke through and cleared the way. Brown though badly injured, continued to insist on promises of reward to his men if they pushed him up on time. There were but a few minutes left then, and the office was rocking to and fro with the tide of humanity.

Pounded and beaten on every side, the great flying wedge made one last effort, and with a zigzag movement and many knife thrusts finally broke through and fairly hurled Brown against the office. With a good right hand blow a pugilist smashed in the window and Brown clutched the frail partition with a death grip. At the same moment a gun was fired, announcing 9 o'clock, and the whole mass, as the man heard up against the little galvanized iron booth, crushing Brown almost flat.

Surrounded by a regiment of his flying wedge, however, he continued to hang to the window, and was just getting at his wad of five pound notes when the Government commissioner threw open the door and announced President Kruger's order suspending the opening. It nearly cost him his life, for bullets rained in the shanty from all sides, and the mob pushed harder than ever, and Brown was on the point of giving up his position when one of those happy inspirations which occur to men of quick thought and action urged him to demand a license.

'Here I am,' he yelled at the frightened commissioner, sticking through the window a face covered with blood. 'Here's my good hard-earned money. Now give me my license or I'll sue the Government for 1,000,000 pounds.'

A sudden pitch of the mob nearly pushed the plucky fellow through the window and nearly shattered his shoulder blade, but he waited to hear the refusal and have it witnessed, and then allow himself to be passed out on the velvet.

Out of the thousands there he was the only one who had the foresight to do this, and though it took a long time, he finally received his indemnity. This amount has been kept secret, but it is variously estimated by the Johannesburg papers between \$50,000 and £75,000.

During the entire time that the suit was being tried, and it passed through a number of courts, the flying wedge hovered about Brown, many of them not doing a stroke of work, all existing on the hope of receiving their share of the reward, but as Brown left Johannesburg before it was granted these choice spirits were doomed to disappointment.



The Work In Our Departments

In the... Send for Catalogue.

The Currie Business University

Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 99.

OPENED ON DEUCE.

A Jack Pot Won by a Risky Game and Afterward Restored.

'The man who opens a jackpot without holding the opener takes about the longest chance possible in card gambling,' said a Colorado man who has seen some historic doings in the American game of draw. 'It's risky work. It means bullets in a good many sections of this country, and even in peaceful communities the man who's caught at it has a heap of trouble in squaring himself, whether he has actually made a mistake or not. I only recall the case of one man getting away with that kind of proposition, and he was on the level and made good afterward.'

This man was Byron McGregor, who, back in the swiftest days of Colorado, ran the swiftest establishment for money-hazarding purposes in Denver. McGregor was a finely educated and polished man, and he was in a game with three of the most prominent citizens in Denver, one of whom afterward became a United States Senator—no, not Ed Wolcott; another man. The game was agreed out in the private parlor of one of the players, and I was one of half a dozen witnesses of it. There wasn't a high-grade man with a liking for draw poker out that way who wasn't content to sit into a game in which Byron McGregor was one of the players. All in all, McGregor was about the most perfectly honest man I ever met up with. He could beat any magician I ever saw at card tricks, but when it came to inserting any of 'em into a legitimate game, McGregor wasn't there. He played a magnificent game of poker, of course, although he was often a big loser after long bouts at draw with heavy-playing friends.

In this particular game McGregor was 'way loser after the first couple of hours—nearly \$4,000 in the hole. He wasn't bothered a little bit over this, for he was a thoroughbred loser, and, besides, the receipts from his rooms frequently netted him \$8,000 or \$10,000 on nights of big plays at the cases. But he didn't like the

way the cards were running, and he finally pushed his chair back, remarking: 'This isn't one of my nights. Make it a trivariate, you three. I think I'll stay out.'

'Better hang on a bit, McGregor, and get some of it back, so you won't have to smoke a pipe,' said one of the players demurring. 'Stay in a while, anyhow. See any ones as you don't come our way very often.'

'Oh, well, we'll play a final jack pot,' said McGregor. 'But, win or lose, I've got chillsins so far as continuing play tonight is concerned. One more jack.'

'McGregor dealt the hand himself, and I was behind him as he did so. The best he gave himself was a pair of deuces. It was a \$100 jack, and the \$400 was in the centre of the baies in gold. It passed around, and none of the three opened it. 'Well, if I've got to smoke a pipe, I see my way clear for \$400 worth of smoking tobacco, anyhow,' said McGregor, when it was up to him. 'She's open.'

'I couldn't believe that he'd do a thing like that, and maybe McGregor heard me gasp behind him, for, upon the pretence of coughing, he turned his head around and screwed up his left eye at me.

The three of 'em stayed along and draw to their hands. They all filled too. McGregor drew two cards to his pair of deuces and the eight spot he held up, and he caught another deuce and another eight—a comfortable looking full house, deuces atop of eights. When it came to betting McGregor poked them to a standstill, and the three of 'em had finally to look at each other and say: 'If anybody in the crowd's got 'em it must be McGregor.'

'And so they called him. He showed down his full hand and scooped in \$5,900. Then he yawned, put up his topcoat and stuffed his winnings into the pockets thereof and left. The three others played on for an hour or so, and then the game broke up and they went down to the lobby of the hotel. When they made their appearance the night clerk of the hotel called them. He had three envelopes in his hand, one to each of the three players with whom McGregor had been pokerising.

Mr. McGregor left these for you gentlemen before he went out a while ago with instructions that they were to be handed to you when you came down,' said the clerk, handing the envelopes to the gentlemen addressed.

'Each of the envelopes contained a check signed by Byron McGregor for the amount each of the players had involved in the phony jack pot, together with a note reading:

'I didn't want to get shot to pieces, so I employ this method of stating that deuce-opened jackpots are vicious in principle and dangerous to the peace of society, especially in these parts. Never mention a tobacco pipe to a loser. It vitates his sense of squareness. Check inclosed. Query: 'Who's the laugh on?' 'P. S.—I guess it's on me.' 'B. McGregor.'

Not Like Nature.

A visitor to a museum reports that he saw a countryman standing before the bust of a woman in a collection of statuary. The woman was represented in the act of coiling her hair, and as the visitor came up the countryman was saying to himself—'No, sir; that ain't true to nature. She ain't got her mouth full o' hairpins.'

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 55 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

AN HONEST ENTREPREISING MAN or woman wanted in every locality in Canada to represent us; one line of goods sell in every house; we give larger commission than any other firm; particulars and sample free. The F. B. KANE COMPANY, 125 Wellington Street, Toronto.

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the summer months. Good locality in Canada to represent us; one line of goods sell in every house; we give larger commission than any other firm; particulars and sample free. The F. B. KANE COMPANY, 125 Wellington Street, Toronto.

Our System

OF BUSINESS REACTION is the latest development in scientific methods, and gives the student the correct handling of almost every conceivable kind of business paper. Our students make their entries directly upon these papers, and observe in all respects just the same routine as is practiced in an up-to-date business office. Send for samples of these papers, also for our Business and Shorthand Catalogue.

S. KERR & SON.

Cheap--isn't it? That's what everybody says about our combination premium. Well—just think it out for yourself Munsey, McClure CosmopolitanAND..... Progress, all for four dollars, and good reading matter in every one of them. Old subscribers can secure this bonanza for \$4.50, 50c. extra. One condition viz—the three magazines must be sent to one address.

Music and The Drama

So much has been read in the daily papers with reference to the recent highly successful concert...

The Persian Garden concluded these grand concerts, and its success was immediate. The music is very bright and catchy...

Advertisement for '77' (Dr. Humphrey's Specific) featuring a large '77' graphic and promotional text for a medicine treating coughs and colds.

Tesla's Work Undone No Microbes About This

DEAR SIR:— To those suffering from the effects of consumption I can cheerfully recommend Doctor Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills...

displays gives the public a confidence that when anything in this line under his management is announced only something of the very best class may be expected.

Jean de Reszke unfolds his plans for the future as follows: "I am to become director of a theatre in Paris, of a new theatre, which is to be built by a stock company.

George Broadhurst's new play, "The Last Chapter," will follow Viola Allen at the Garden Theatre on March 4, if it proves to be a success when it is staged for the first time in Baltimore next week.

Louise Gunning, who has been rehearsing the ingenue role—a typical summer resort girl—in Hoyt's new comedy, "A Dog in the Manger," to be produced in Washington on Monday next, is seriously ill with pneumonia.

There can be no question about the efficacy of this remedy. Thousands of women have found it do all that is claimed for it. Here is the testimony of Mrs. Gillen, Wesley Street, Moncton, N.B.

First Boy—Is that a good house dog? Second Boy—No. Good bird dog? No. Good for rabbits? No.

SALES OF THE THEATRE

The Spenser Company will begin a special engagement at the Opera house a week from Monday in a repertory of popular plays at popular prices.

James A. Hearn made his New York premiere of "The Rev. Griffith Davenport" at the Herald Square Theatre on Tuesday evening.

Olga Netherwale has indefinitely postponed her promised New York production of Max O'Fall's new comedy, "The Price of Wealth."

Louise Beaudet is to play the titular role in "Mlle. Fit" at the Manhattan Theatre, New York, next week.

The opera house at the Casino Philadelphia is to be followed in three weeks by a new musical comedy called "A Trial Honey Moon," in which Cassio Lotus is to take the part of one of the trials.

When Charles Coghlan goes into the Fifth Avenue Theatre April 10 it will be with the expectation of securing a long spring run for his new play. It is a drama of the time of the French Revolution, and the most imposing scene will represent the Palais Royal.

Julia Marlowe's engagement at the Knickerbocker Theatre will begin February 27, when she will produce a French historical comedy, called "Colinette," the American adoption of which has been made by Henry Guy Carleton.

Louise Gunning, who has been rehearsing the ingenue role—a typical summer resort girl—in Hoyt's new comedy, "A Dog in the Manger," to be produced in Washington on Monday next, is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Nat Goodwin is to make his premiere of Clyde Fitch's "The Cowboy and the Lady" during his coming engagement in this city.

R. C. Carton's "Lord and Lady Algy" or H. Marshall's "His Excellency the Governor" will be staged at the Empire, New York, at the end of next month, succeeding "Phroso."

Lit's next production will be "The Club Baby." In the spring he will bring out a romantic drama, with Otis Skinner in the leading role.

Richard Mansfield has contracted with Charles Frohman to appear in the Garden Theatre next October in an entirely new production.

In Eugenie Blair's production of "A Lady of Quality" William Bramwell will play Sir Joseph Oxen.

Otis Skinner is starring in "Rosemary." Tim Murray will produce a new play in New York in March.

"A Rag Time Reception" will be the title of an entertainment to be directed by John M. Cook.

Harry Deol Parker is arranging to send out a new comedy drama from the pen of his wife, Lottie Blair Parker, who wrote "Way Down East."

Mrs. Kendall has been giving dramatic recitals of "As You Like It," singing some of the songs herself.

H. A. Jones' comedy, "The Maneuvers of Jane," which was a first-night fiasco, has been altered so radically as to be now a success.

Max Pemberton has dramatized his romance called "Kronstadt." "The Elixir of Youth," a new play by George R. Sims and Leonard Merritt, soon will be produced at the London Vaudeville.

"Brother Officers" is to be produced later in the season by the Empire Stock Company. Beerholm Tree's version of "The Three Musketeers" is projected for the early spring at the Broadway Theatre, New York.

A Victim of Neuralgia.

MRS. ROBERTS OF MONTREAL TELLS A WONDERFUL STORY.

She was a sufferer for some seven years and Medical Treatment Failed to Give Her More Than Temporary Relief—A Herald Reporter Investigates the Case. From the Herald, Montreal.

"I thought it was something wonderful when I went three days without being sick," said Mrs. Annie Roberts to a representative of the Montreal Herald, referring to her remarkable recovery from an illness of over seven long years.

"I was really the victim of a combination of troubles," says Mrs. Roberts. "For seven years, neuralgia, with all its excruciating pains, has been my almost constant attendant. Added to this I was attacked with rheumatism and palpitation of the heart, and for the last five years was not able to get out of doors during the winter months.

"I felt as if those terrible pains in my head would drive me mad; my nerves were all unstrung and a knock at the door would set me nearly crazy. I was treated at different times by four doctors since coming to Montreal, but without any lasting good, and I had given up hope of ever being better on this side of the grave.

"I never fail to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when any of my friends are ill," said Mrs. Roberts. "While visiting at Radnor Forge, I urged a young lady friend who has long been a sufferer from curvature of the spine, and obstinate constipation to try them, and they have done her a vast amount of good."

The reporter confesses that Mrs. Roberts story is a wonderful one. That she is thoroughly well is clear from her face, her manner and happy spirit. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts are intelligent and reliable people.

Mr. Roberts is head engineer in the biscuit works of Viau & Frere, the wealthiest firm in this line in the Dominion, and he fully endorses the good words his wife has to say in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In fact he says the speedy cure they wrought in his wife's case has saved him many dollars. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have no purgative action, and so do not weaken the body.

The past week in London furnished three new plays. The best was "A Court Scandal," adapted from the French by Oswald Shillingford. Aubrey Boucault produced it at the Court Theatre. It is a story of "The Musketeers" type, whose popularity is not likely to last long.

Lawrence Irving is adapting into English Sardou's "Robespierre," with which Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will reopen the Lyceum in May. Jacob Litt is endeavoring to induce Ellen Terry to star in America under his management.

There can be no question about the efficacy of this remedy. Thousands of women have found it do all that is claimed for it. Here is the testimony of Mrs. Gillen, Wesley Street, Moncton, N.B.

"I have been troubled with a headache since taking these pills. They increased my appetite, invigorated my entire system, and gave me back my old time strength and vigor."

First Boy—Is that a good house dog? Second Boy—No. Good bird dog? No. Good for rabbits? No.

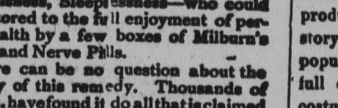
"I have come, sir," exclaimed the wild-eyed caller, throwing his head back defiantly. "To have it out with you."

Tommy, aged five, had been sent to a school by Mrs. Roberts to purchase a pair of shoes for his mother.

HEALTHY, HAPPY WOMEN.

Pain and Weakness Banished through the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

It's sad to think that so many women suffer from pain, Weak Spells, Heart Palpitation, Sickly Sensations,



Nervousness, Sleeplessness—who could be restored to the full enjoyment of perfect health by a few boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

There can be no question about the efficacy of this remedy. Thousands of women have found it do all that is claimed for it. Here is the testimony of Mrs. Gillen, Wesley Street, Moncton, N.B.

Before taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I used to suffer untold agony from violent headaches, irregular action of the heart, together with pains or spasms in various parts of my body.

"I have not been troubled with a headache since taking these pills. They increased my appetite, invigorated my entire system, and gave me back my old time strength and vigor."

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 25 to 40 Cents per copy.

Discontinuation—Remember that the publisher will be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, FEB. 4th

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

THE UNIVERSITY.

Mr GEORGE W. FOWLER of Sussex has a parting shot at the University and the Educational system of New Brunswick as he retires from provincial politics.

In order for the institution to do the work it should there must be more students. The revenues must be increased and as no wealthy graduate has seen fit to remember his alma mater to any extent the only source of additional revenue seems to be tuition fees.

THE CHURCH AND THE SALOON.

Some subject of controversy is never lacking. Now they are discussing and comparing the influence of the church and the saloon in New York.

The effect of explosives is largely influenced by the immediate position of the explosive. It is said that the dynamite, which exploded accidentally at Mispep a short time ago, had been on the ground instead of being in the air, as the unfortunate man held it, the result might have been very serious to his and property.

The effect of explosives is largely influenced by the immediate position of the explosive. It is said that the dynamite, which exploded accidentally at Mispep a short time ago, had been on the ground instead of being in the air, as the unfortunate man held it, the result might have been very serious to his and property.

damage was done by the shock in the village of Walsville, New York, about one mile distant. A week later another magazine in the same place, containing 600 quarts of nitro-glycerine, exploded, but although the shock was felt much farther away than before, no damage was caused except in the immediate neighborhood of the magazine.

The murderer of Mrs. ADAMS and HARRY CORNISH of New York has not been found yet. And the impression is growing that the police do not want to arrest the man whom they think is guilty.

Postmaster MULLOCK is having a great time with stamp speculators. He issues a strange kind of stamp and then recalls it and the speculators rush for the few that have been issued.

Doukbor small pox does not appear to resemble the type that our forefathers used to fight against. The course of the epidemic seems to have been checked very quickly at quarantine in Halifax.

An inquiry for old notes brings out the fact that in the colonial days there was a six dollar bill issued. And there is a man in Philadelphia who has one.

Maritime province men are to be found in all professions but a Halifax lady is perhaps the first to become a manager of a life insurance company.

The leader of the government honored St. John with personal attention. The convention call appeared over his signature.

There is a newspaper in the United States called the Silent Worker. It is published in the interests of deaf mutes.

The first of February reminded us that winter is with us still for it ushered in the second cold snap of the year.

One of the bright and attractive stores of King street will not be there after the first of May. Mr. W. C. R. Allan will vacate the premises occupied by him for some years and take a store on Charlotte street.

Messrs E. L. MacDonald, Alms, A. Co.; L. N. Schofield, Stewarton, K. Co.; M. Gibbon, Collins, K. Co.; Geo. S. Robinson, Cambridge, Q. Co.; A. W. Currie, Eel River Crossing, N. B.; B. B. Jordan, Simonds; Wm. Duplase, Westfield, also fifteen young men and women from the city, have entered the Currie Business University during the past month.

The St. John Street Railway Co. have had the upholstery in all the street cars cleaned by the great carpet renovating process of UNGARS LAUNDRY, Dyeing and carpet cleaning works.

The old practice of badgering witnesses has almost disappeared from many courts, but in some it is still kept up—sometimes, however, to the damage of the cross-examiner. Lawyer S— is well known for his uncomely habits. He cuts his hair about four times a year, and the rest of the time looks decidedly ragged about the ears.

'How long had the barn been built?' 'Oh, I don't know. About a year, maybe. About nine months, perhaps.' 'But just how long? Tell the jury how long it had been built?' 'Well, I don't know exactly. Quite a while.'

'Now, Mr. B—, you pass for an intelligent farmer, and yet you can't tell me how old this barn is; and you have lived on the next farm for ten years. Can you tell me how old your own house is? Come, now, tell us how old your own house is, if you think you know.'

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The Flying Blackbird, Flying above my blackbird gone, Making for Oakvale town; A white house there fell well she knew, Just as the sun went down.

I pulled up in time to save my train, And to see the bridge sink; With an awful scream of pain Sounding above the din.

My beautiful bird-side I knew; And that the fat had where-ever found, So could suffer for providing fun.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is blated and I die; And blackbird seems to say: "I cannot whistle, I cannot wail;" And we keep on our weary way.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater; And vaster the reward that waits the inward creator.

What boots it if our natal day Is not forever come to stay, But year by year slips away?

For rather more than thirty years Our Uncle Sam's been here; And Stars and stripes have about been Where often seen before.

Our Uncle Sam's been here; And Stars and stripes have about been Where often seen before. Will every one exclaim, That Uncle Sam's been here?

How He Won Her. Young Joseph Green was fair to wit Artistic Minnie Green; But when he wooed the tossed her head, And she was won.

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

LOOKING AFTER VOTERS.

The most celebrated breed of shepherd dog ever known in the West, said Jud Bristol, the old time sheep man of Fort Collins, Col., were those bred from a pair of New Zealand dogs brought to Colorado in 1875.

I remember one pup in particular. He was only six months old when he was sent out one day to work on the range. At night when the heard was brought up to the corral we saw at once that a part of the herd was missing.

This same pup's mother was an especially fine animal. One night the herder brought in his flock and hurried to his cabin to cook himself some supper, for he was more than usually hungry.

On another occasion this same dog was left to watch a flock of sheep near the herder's cabin while the herder got his supper. After the herder had eaten his supper he went out to where the sheep were and told the dog to put the sheep in the corral.

Another good story of this same dog: One day he was sent out with a new herder to an outlying ranch, some fifteen miles distant. That night she came home, and by her actions told us that there was something wrong at the ranch.

One time we had a tenderfoot come to work for us, and the boys had filled him so full of hair raising stories that no never went out on the range without expecting to be either eaten by bears or scalped by Indians.

'You've admitted that you were at the prisoner's house every evening all this time?' 'Yes sir,' replied the witness.

'Why, what was the matter with him?' 'Oh, he is one of those children that say the smart things that tickle us so much when we read about them in the newspapers and that drive us distracted when we have to listen to them.'

LOOKING AFTER VOTERS.

He too is a liberal though he used to be ranked as a conservative. Those who remember Mr. McKenna's course in provincial politics, may perhaps be surprised to find him supporting what he used to oppose.

The county convention won't meet until Monday night, and the chances are that Mr. A. W. Macrae and Coun. Dean of Musquash will be chosen.

Carleton and Westmorland held their meetings on the same day as St. John and the news they sent seemed to please the opposition men in this city.

York county put up two new men on the government ticket in the persons of Alex. Gibson Jr. and John Campbell a man with a large interest in the county.

Mr. Dible's of Carleton county who has gone over to the opposition side has found two men to run with him in Messrs Fleming and Hay. Both of these are well known in the county and if Mr. Dible can hold his personal support the complexion of affairs in Carleton may be changed.

PROGRESS is disappointed in not having one or two engravings that were thought to be in its possession, namely those of Dr. Stockton and Mr. McKenna. The enterprising publisher who borrowed them might have a search for them.

The lawyer was trying to serve his client by throwing suspicion on a witness in the case. 'You have admitted that you were at the prisoner's house every evening all this time?'

'We would have had a pleasant evening if it had not been for one of the most insufferable little youngsters who was ever allowed to sit up late.'

Underline Made, No. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.



'Too sweet for anything,' is the Baby after a Bath with Baby's Own Soap. Used by Thousands of Mothers.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL. CELEBRATED ALBERT TOILET SOAP. 20

At the Wedding Breakfast. examine the silver on the table; If it is plated ware—(knives, forks or spoons) and after 20 years still looks bright—Then you will probably find this trademark on it.

W. C. ROGERS. It's known to the trade as 'the kind that wears.' Made only by SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

At the Wedding Breakfast. examine the silver on the table; If it is plated ware—(knives, forks or spoons) and after 20 years still looks bright—Then you will probably find this trademark on it.

At the Wedding Breakfast. examine the silver on the table; If it is plated ware—(knives, forks or spoons) and after 20 years still looks bright—Then you will probably find this trademark on it.

At the Wedding Breakfast. examine the silver on the table; If it is plated ware—(knives, forks or spoons) and after 20 years still looks bright—Then you will probably find this trademark on it.

of very assembly. The first prize... The second prize was given to Mr. Eugene Cole...

Mr. Frank Lee of the Celtic National Bank is quite ill from an attack of grippe...

Miss Cora Maxwell left on Friday for Boston, and will spend several weeks in that city...

After a long illness of several months Mrs. Wm. McIlroy passed away at her home on Water Street on Thursday last...

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McLaughlin are receiving congratulations this week on the birth of a son and heir...

Mr. Augustus Cameron has arrived home after several days absence in Toronto, attending the funeral services of his brother-in-law, the Rev. McAdam...

Mr. W. T. Ross is the guest of Mrs. John D. Chipman...

Mr. E. C. Young is in Portland, Maine, visiting her sister Mrs. Herbert Barnard...

Mr. George J. Clark went to St. John on Monday to spend a few days there and to attend the concert to be given in the opera house this week...

Miss Mary Voss, in Frederick visiting her friend Mrs. Edgewood...

After a long illness of several months Mrs. Wm. McIlroy passed away at her home on Water Street on Thursday last...

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McLaughlin are receiving congratulations this week on the birth of a son and heir...

Mr. Augustus Cameron has arrived home after several days absence in Toronto, attending the funeral services of his brother-in-law, the Rev. McAdam...

Mr. W. T. Ross is the guest of Mrs. John D. Chipman...

Mr. E. C. Young is in Portland, Maine, visiting her sister Mrs. Herbert Barnard...

Mr. George J. Clark went to St. John on Monday to spend a few days there and to attend the concert to be given in the opera house this week...

Advertisement for MONSOON INDO-CYLON TEA. 'IN EVERY SHADOW HE SEES A GHOST'. This contains the most delicate coffee...

hours were spent playing different games, a hot supper was served and a fine moonlight drive ended an enjoyable evening...

Once there was a maiden fair, A many years ago, With bright eyes and misty hair, A many years ago...

At the Wedding Breakfast. examine the silver on the table; If it is plated ware—(knives, forks or spoons) and after 20 years still looks bright—Then you will probably find this trademark on it.

At the Wedding Breakfast. examine the silver on the table; If it is plated ware—(knives, forks or spoons) and after 20 years still looks bright—Then you will probably find this trademark on it.

At the Wedding Breakfast. examine the silver on the table; If it is plated ware—(knives, forks or spoons) and after 20 years still looks bright—Then you will probably find this trademark on it.

At the Wedding Breakfast. examine the silver on the table; If it is plated ware—(knives, forks or spoons) and after 20 years still looks bright—Then you will probably find this trademark on it.

At the Wedding Breakfast. examine the silver on the table; If it is plated ware—(knives, forks or spoons) and after 20 years still looks bright—Then you will probably find this trademark on it.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, including 'ER'S ZINE', '899', 'SEVENTE', 'HIMSON'S', 'AVIS: Start', 'HENRY VAN LER WHITE', 'NEW SERIAL', 'The Star', 'Hartman', 'age Emblem', 'B'S new out-Chronicle of', 'ship of cities?', 'Lath-Lab', 'ical Impres', 'Dunn's', 'are Keg', 'd Pork', 'rk and', 'wholesale', 'a post', 'or tele-', 'TION', 'es this diat', 'and in', 'ling, sooth-', 'Emulsion', 'relief and', 'e sufferors', 'TNER'S', 'd best.', 'inions', 'TANCE', 'UN', 'OTH.', '\$6 a year', '\$8 a year', 'Sun', 'paper in the', '\$3 a year', 'York.', 'ALE', 'DIALS', 'URKE

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including 'At the Wedding Breakfast', 'examine the silver on the table', 'If it is plated ware—(knives, forks or spoons) and after 20 years still looks bright—Then you will probably find this trademark on it', 'W. C. ROGERS', 'It's known to the trade as "the kind that wears." Made only by SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.', 'Wellington, Conn., U.S.A. and Montreal, Canada.', 'We're printing letter heads by the ream, In white, pink, azure, buff and cream; All uncommonly nice, At a moderate price, Ready when promised, and that's no dream.', 'PROGRESS PRINT. 29 - 31 Canterbury Street, St. John, N. B.', 'VICTORIA HOTEL, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator. and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.', 'THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the Hotel, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city, from all parts of the town, pass the horse every three minutes. R. ZIMMEL, Proprietor.', 'QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A EDWARDS, Proprietor.', 'FINE SIMPLE ROOMS in connection. First class Living Quarters. Coaches at trains and boats. OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season! MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL, BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor. CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANO-FORTE, ST. STEPHEN'S, N. B. The "Lecocostly" Method" also "Syston" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK. A LARGE STOCK OF Turkeys, Geese, Chickens and Ducks. THOS. DEAN, City Market.



The People's Faith

Firmly Grounded Upon Real Merit - They Know Hood's Sarsaparilla Absolutely and Permanently Cures When All Others Fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not merely a simple preparation of Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillinga and a little Iodide of Potassium. Besides these excellent alternatives, it also contains those great anti-bilious and liver remedies, Mandrake and Dandelion. It also contains those great kidney remedies, Uva Ursi, Juniper Berries, and Pipsissewa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best - in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, etc.

(COURTESY FROM FIFTH PAGE.) Mr. and Mrs. Lane, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fawcett, Miss Emerson, Miss Lela Ford, Miss W. H. ... The last, but by no means the least, of the Friday entertainments was the lecture in the ...

Mr. J. F. L. Parsons, Halifax, is staying at the Alpha. Messrs. C. B. Smith and Stuart Jenks, Amherst, were in town for a part of last week on legal business. Miss Bigney is the guest of her sister Mrs. J. Fern.

How Experts Test Tea Tasters Test Tea. The expert tea taster carefully weighs the tea, pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it, lets it draw for a few minutes, then tastes it. ...

THE RUNNING CIRCH. Its Meaning and Economical Uses Explained by a Western Sheriff. 'It is in the newly settled regions of the far West, where bad men congregate and turn loose, that the running circh works to best advantage, and it saves costs to the community and trouble to the Sheriff.'

It is in the newly settled regions of the far West, where bad men congregate and turn loose, that the running circh works to best advantage, and it saves costs to the community and trouble to the Sheriff.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

can see, and the prisoner, seeing nothing to hinder, walks out some day and runs for it. He does not get far. The sheriff has everything prepared, with men waiting, and the prisoner is hored and ballasted with lead before he has time to make much of a show as a peacemaker.

The Mormons have used the possibilities of the running circh the most systematically, and in the days when they held cards and spades in Utah a 'Gentile' prisoner in their hands was liable to be overpowered if he declined to take advantage of the chances they gave him to run. During the building of the Union Pacific road through Utah the jail at Brighamville, forty miles from Salt Lake City, became famous for this.

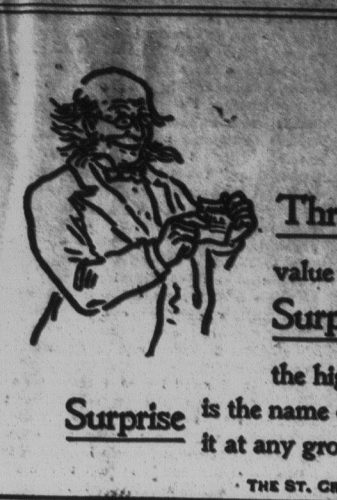
It was through an atrocious misuse of the running circh that the great Apache chief, Mangas Colorado, was killed by United States soldiers about forty years ago. He had surrendered as a prisoner of war and was held under guard in camp when the plot was made for his death. As he refused the opportunity given him to run, he was pricked with a red-hot bayonet thrust through the wall of the tent in which he was lying. At that he sprang from the tent and was killed by the guard as an escaping prisoner. This dastardly murder, which was wholly without justification, proved a costly crime for the Government.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.



Thrifty people look for low cost and high value when buying Soap. Surprise is hard, solid, pure Soap. That gives the highest value in Soap. Surprise is the name of the Soap. You can buy it at any grocers for 5 cents a cake.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

Barber Wants Cheap Pianos. Makers Now Recognize the Demand for Low-Priced Instruments. 'How many piano makers are there in the country?' was a question asked the other day of the head of one of the oldest factories in the United States.

BOSTON OPTICAL CO., 25 King St. St. John, N. B. Eyes Tested Free - BY EXPERT OPTICIANS. The best \$1 glasses in the world. Everything at cut prices. Open evenings till 9 o'clock.

BABY ITCHED 6 YEARS CURED BY CUTICURA. My six-weeks old son had a breaking out on the top of his head. It spread all over his head and arms. Around his body, and legs from knees to ankles, was a solid scab. My family doctor treated him for eighteen months. I tried four more, and then a medical college. No good yet. Spent not less than a thousand dollars in money and time. Old Mr. Barney Clap insisted on my trying CUTICURA remedied. By the time my wife had used the CUTICURA (ointment) up, he began to improve and got so he could sleep about naps, and gave me and wife some rest. He is well now, after six long years of itching, crying, and worrying. CUTICURA remedied him. W. M. NICHOLS, Lexington, Ohi.

FACE HUMORS. CUTICURA REMEDIES the blood and circulating fluids of LIVER, GIBBON, and thus removes the cause of all skin eruptions, pimples, and eruptions. It cures itching, burning, and inflammation, and thus soothes the skin, and restores the natural beauty of the skin, scalp, and hair, with loss of hair, from the scalp.

ESTATE SAFE. On Wednesday, the eighth day of February next, at twelve o'clock noon, at Chamber Court in the City of Saint John in the County of Saint John, there will be offered for sale at public auction the late William McNichol, situated at 81 East in the Parish of Lunenburg in said County, all property occupied by Mr. Harry J. Kesteven.

SPIDER-WEB FACTORY. Some ten years ago a French missionary started the systematic rearing of two kinds of spiders for their web, and the Board of Trade Journal states that spider-web factory is now in successful operation at Chalais-Mendoc, near Paris, where ropes are made of spider-web intended for balloons for the French military aeronautics section. The spiders are arranged in groups of twelve above a reel, upon which the threads are wound. It is by no means easy work for the spiders, for they are not released until they have furnished from 30 yds. to 40 yds. of thread each. The web is washed, and this freed of the outer reddish and sticky cover. Eight of the washed threads are then taken together, and of this rather strong yarn cords are woven, which are stronger and much lighter than cords of silk of the same thickness.

PROGRESS.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

STRANGE GOLD FACTS.

IS MAY BE IN WATER WE DRINK AND AIR WE BREATHE.

Wealth That Has Fluctuated Into the Sea—210

The recent collapse of a company organized for the purpose of extracting gold from sea water has drawn attention to a very interesting question. Many people have doubtless queried at what they supposed to be the credulity which could imagine such a process possible; but a matter of fact, it is, though the expense would far exceed any possible return.

It has been demonstrated by many experiments that sea water carries gold in equal quantities. In fact, it has been found by experiments that sea water on the Pacific coast carries more gold in some localities than it does in others. All the experiments so far with sea water have been made with water taken from the surf, which does not prove that water taken from mid-ocean would carry the same quantity of gold. Books tell us that the chloride of gold is never found in nature; that all gold in its natural condition is in a metallic state; yet all agree in saying that the sea is the great receptacle for all mineral salts. If this is true, it is natural to conclude that it contains the soluble salts of gold. For, although soluble gold may never have been found in nature, gold is found in nature in such a condition as makes it subject to those natural laws which govern other minerals that are soluble.

Prof. Stensted, a high authority, found, from careful experiments with the sea water of Ramsey Bay, Isle of Man, that sea water taken from the surf in that locality contains a little less than a grain of gold to the ton. He does not tell us whether it was the soluble salts of gold he found or metallic gold. Fresh water as well as sea water contains gold. In fact, the water in all the rivers which drain regions where mining is carried on contains more or less gold. Careful experiments with the water from many wet gold crushing mills in California have demonstrated that fully 5 per cent of the gold contained in the ore, after passing over all the gold saving appliances, is held in suspension in the water and lost. Fully 25 per cent of all the gold contained in auriferous gravel worked by hydraulic miners is lost in the same way. The silticness, as miners call the waste material which has filled the beds of the rivers and overflowed the valley lands many miles from the hydraulic mines, all contain gold in much greater quantities than sea water does.

In making experiments in Placer county, Cal., with a wet crushing mill, with a view to saving a larger percentage of the gold, I carefully sampled and assayed the ore. After passing through the mill the tailings were carefully compounded. At the end of two weeks' run the mill was cleaned up. I found that I had saved 68 per cent of the gold in the battery and on the copper plates. After sampling and assaying the tailings and concentrates I found a loss of fully 10 per cent that could not be accounted for. Then as the water which contained the pulp came from the mill I conducted it into a tank, giving all the pulp that did not float time to settle. A sample of this water, analyzed by Kuntz, in San Francisco, showed that it contained fully 5 per cent of the assay value of the ore. This was assuming that I had used ten tons of water to one ton of ore, which was about the correct proportion. Further, to illustrate the manner in which water will hold metallic gold in suspension, take a nugget one penny-weight of the gold, which will adhere to the stone. Take a quart of clear water in a porcelain dish and wash every color of the gold from the stone into the water and you will see scarcely any change in the color of the water. Agitate the water and every ounce of it will be found to contain an equal proportion of the gold. A skillful chemist can take this gold out of the water and give it to you in a gold button, without any except a mechanical loss. Take this same pennyweight of gold and dissolve it with aqua regia and form the chloride of gold. If this is dissolved in 100 gallons of clear water, each drop of the water will contain an equal portion of the gold, which can again be brought back to a metallic state. It therefore plainly to be seen that the gold found in sea water can be in the form a chloride or metallic gold.

Some eminent geologists have advanced the theory that gold originated in the

waters of the sea and has been introduced into the veins and cavities of the rocks in the form of silicate, but they do not tell us how the gold was transmitted from the sea to the quartz. The waters of the ocean are no more the mother of gold than the quartz veins are the mother of pearl or any other organic matter of which the sea is productive. The waters of the oceans, together with the erosions of the atmosphere, have in past ages wasted away continents. Any gold found in sea water, no matter in what condition or form it is found, has been supplied from the decomposition of rocks in which it was originally formed.

Many of the old school geologists still adhere to the igneous theory of the formation of minerals. To sustain this theory they tell us that the heat gradually increases with the depth attained in the mines. During the last thirty years explorations in mines have proved that death has but little, if anything, to do with their temperature. Heat is produced by chemical action which can take place as well at a depth of 100 feet as it can at a depth of 1,000 feet. The deepest workings of any mine in the world are in the Calumet and Hecla mines of Michigan, which are now down 5,000 feet. There has been little or no change in the temperature from the 2,000 to the 5,000 foot level. In the Chollar-Norcross-Savage combination shaft on the Comstock the water on the 1,200-foot level had a temperature of 140°; from the 1,300 to the 3,200 foot level there was no perceptible change.

We have only three primary divisions of matter—solids, fluids and gases. There is no independent igneous element. Lava is not the result of the working of such an element, but of decomposition. In all mountain ranges throughout the world there are vast deposits of sulphites, mostly in the state of auriferous pyrites. When water, which is composed of oxygen and hydrogen gases, is brought in contact with these ores, the oxygen unites with the sulphur of the mineral and forms sulphuric acid and various other compounds. When this violent chemical action takes place the water becomes heated and the hydrogen, being liberated, in its efforts to escape often forces the heated water, at intervals, many feet above the surface, as may be seen at Steamboat Springs, Nev., and other places. We find no evidence to support the theory that minerals are formed by igneous heat. But experiments which have been made in the great laboratory of nature during the past thirty years have convinced me of the fact that all minerals in their natural state, together with all other substances with which they are combined, are in a solvent condition, and that the different metals are produced from the different rocks in which they are found with as much certainty as the different soils under different climatic influences produce the different fruits and vegetables. The processes in nature which cause the blade of grass to grow cause all vegetation to grow; and the same principle applies to the mineral kingdom. The exact manner in which minerals are formed in nature is one of her impenetrable secrets, as incomprehensible to the human mind as is the exact manner in which the electric fluids are formed or set free by the digestion of food which is taken into the human stomach and carried or impelled by some unknown force to every part of the system. It is scarcely necessary to advance arguments proving that minerals in their natural condition are in a solvent state. Everything in nature must have been a solvent before it could become a solid.

Electricity being the only element or substance over which we have any control that enables us to transmit and re-deposit metals from a solvent to a crystalline state, it is natural to conclude that it is the force which controls the reproduction of everything. The exploration and the findings made by American miners since the discovery of gold in California furnish incontestable evidence that all metals are continually being formed from the solvent salts of the rocks in place. In one section of the petrified forest belt that is found in New Mexico, where copper predominated all the petrified trees were found to be copper ore. Some of the ore carried as high as 40 per cent in copper, with traces of gold and silver and all the other substances that were found in the copper taken from the veins in place in the same locality. A smelter was at one time constructed to smelt these ores. These forest trees had evidently been at one time under water, and the silicates, which con-

tained the silica and all the metals in a solvent condition, had percolated from the rocks in place. The wood for a nucleus of attraction. As the wood decayed and passed into some other form the metals, controlled by the currents, came in and took its place. In other sections of this petrified forest belt, where iron predominated in the rocks, iron was found to predominate in the petrified wood. In others, again, silica predominated.

I was once called to examine a copper mine in Arizona. In a tunnel a winze had been sunk about three feet below the level of the tunnel. In the bottom of this winze I found what seemed to be the skin of a rattlesnake, around which native copper had formed until it looked like a petrified copper snake. The water was strongly impregnated with copper in solution. This only went to show that iron was not the only substance that would precipitate copper from the solvent to the solid.

In the Leads, a silver mining district in Utah, a great number of specimens have been found that to all appearances were petrified wood, showing the grain of the wood, and in all other respects resembling petrified wood; but they were found to be pure horn silver. The wood had passed away and the silver in solution, like the copper, had come in and taken its place. The proportion of silver and the chlorine it contained was found to be about the same as the pure horn silver taken from the limestone rocks—25 per cent of chlorine to 75 per cent of silver. A shell taken from a mine in Utah, which resembles a clam shell, was found to be filled with metal which proved to be 54 per cent silver of the value of brittle ore.

I once examined a mine in Mexico that had been mined out to a depth of 200 feet. One hundred feet of the fissure from which the ore had been taken had remained under water for over 100 years. When the water had been pumped out I found incrustations on the walls half an inch thick in places containing the same minerals which were in the original ore. In this same mine a number of specimens of native silver were found. Some of them had formed on the timber. If this open fissure had been allowed to remain under water for 10,000 years there is but little doubt that it would have been found filled with ore similar to that mined out. In the crevices of a piece of petrified wood taken from the Canningham gravel mine in New Mexico crystallized gold can be seen. This gold formed on the wood after the wood was deposited in the gravel.

It is true that gold, silver and copper are being formed on wood, a substance which cannot resist intense heat. It is equally true that metals are formed in the same way, as nature does not have two ways of doing one thing. Gold is never found in its natural condition in nature in paying quantities except in the fissures or in the cavities of the massive rocks in places in combination with silica, which is quartz. The same rocks will be found to produce a great variety of minerals each after its own kind, in the same way that the same soil will produce an endless variety of plants and fruits. All gold found in the soil and known as placer gold is gold that has been freed by the decomposition of the quartz caused by erosion. When we look at nuggets of gold, called wash gold, mined from the placers, we are apt to think that such metals must have been produced by some intense igneous heat instead of being worn smooth by the action of the water and grinding between the rocks. If, however, a piece of quartz carrying free gold is examined through a glass it will be seen that the smallest, as well as the largest, piece of free gold which it contains is irregular and presents a rough surface, identical with the surface found on gold formed in the humid way by electro magnetic action. Take any number of these pieces of gold as they come from the quartz and attempt to grind them so that they will be smooth and will correspond in shape to those taken from the placers, and you will find that you have worn away fully one-half of the gold in the operation. It has been estimated that in fully as much gold has been worn away this manner by natural erosion as has ever been mined from the placers. When we consider that seven-tenths of all the gold that has been mined has been taken from the placers, we get some idea of the billions of dollars worth of gold which have been mined. This gold is still in existence. It has not been destroyed. It is in the same condition that

the gold rubbed off on the whetstone was in. It is taken up by the water, carried down the streams and more or less of it finds its way to the ocean. This accounts in part for the presence of float gold in the sea water and on the seacoasts.

Near the mouth of the Klamath River, on the Pacific coast, there is for a distance of two miles along the beach a bluff of auriferous gravel. In places the bluff is from forty to fifty feet high and the gravel all carries more or less gold. The surf has been wearing the bluff away for ages, freeing the gold until the beach sands in the vicinity of these bluffs have become very rich in gold and have been worked by miners for many years. There are large deposits of these sands that carry from \$1 to \$5 to the ton in value of float gold. A great deal of time and money have been spent in trying to find some method to save this float gold, but without success, of the fact that the gold is lighter than the sand, and when brought into contact with water will float off.

In making experiments with a view to saving this float gold I made a test of the water taken from the surf. I filled a forty gallon cask with the surf water, adding to it a solution of alum water, and allowed it to stand forty eight hours. This water was then carefully drained off with the exception of one gallon. An analysis of this gallon showed that the sea water at this point contained one and a half grains of gold to every ton of water. The same experiment was made on the water taken from the surf near the Cliff House at San Francisco. That showed less than one-half grain of gold to a ton of water. These tests proved that the water of the sea does not contain a certain uniform amount of gold. I fully satisfied myself that the gold I found was float gold. It may have contained gold in some other form which I did not save by this crude process. I also found by experimenting that there is a great difference in the value of the sands in the different localities along the coast. The sand hills on which San Francisco is built contain gold and silver to the value of about 40 cents to the ton. On being concentrated it yields 10 per cent of magnetic sand that assays on the average about \$2 60 a ton in gold and silver—75 per cent silver and 25 per cent gold, and it carries fully 30 cents a ton in value in float gold that cannot be saved by concentration. In other localities these concentrated sands assayed much higher in gold and I showed a larger amount of float gold. The assays in silver were about the same.

The beach sands in the vicinity of the Klamath Bluffs were found to be much richer in both float and fixed gold than were the sands in any other locality. This, of course, is accounted for by the fact that the surf has, for ages, been freeing the gold from the gravel worn from the bluffs. Experiments made in different localities along the coast show that a ton of beach sand contains, on an average, 20 cents in float gold and 10 cents in fixed gold, which is the same given to the gold found in magnetic iron sands. Assuming that all the beach sands from Oregon to San Diego carry 30 cents a ton in gold, it is evident that these sands contain more gold than has yet been mined in the world. Likewise, if the ocean contains only one-fifth of a grain of gold to every ton of water, it still contains many times more gold than has ever been mined.

But, as I have said earlier in this article, the fact that the water near the coast, particularly a gold-bearing coast, contains gold, does not establish the fact that the whole ocean contains an equal amount. Even if this were the case, any scheme for removing the gold with financial profit must be a failure, as the outlay would far exceed the output. The process of attracting solvent gold from water is one of the most difficult and costly known to chemistry; a chemist charges from \$15 to \$20 an ounce of gold from water. Four cents' worth of gold to a ton of water is the highest average

that has been asserted for sea water; in reality sea water does not average more than one cent to a ton. To extract this one cent's worth of gold would require at the lowest calculation an expenditure of \$10.

If there are men who feel that for the good of science one cent in float gold is ample return for the \$10 in mined gold, I can recommend to them no better investment than salt water gold mining. On the other hand, those people who take a mercenary view of the subject would do well to confine their mining to dry land.

HUMOR OF THE INSANE.

Their Is Plenty of It, Says the Superintendent of an Asylum.

"I was sitting in my office the other day" said the superintendent of the insane asylum at Parlor City, "when one of the patients, a harmless fellow who is allowed to have the freedom of the building and grounds, came in pale with indignation, and said that he had a complaint to make. 'What is it, your Highness?' I said, for it was the Prince of Wales I was talking to. 'Are the rules of the palace to be observed or not?' he demanded. 'I want to know whether our rules can be broken with impunity. 'Certainly not, 'Your Highness,' I said, 'what is it?' 'I was coming down the corridor this morning,' he said, 'and in a rack on the wall I saw a dozen red pills, marked 'For fire only.' Now, is that right or not?' 'It is,' I said. 'The sign is correct.' 'Well, then, he said, 'John [referring to a keeper] must be punished. As I stood there he came along and filled the pills with water.' 'He shall be executed at once,' I said, and the Prince bowed with great seriousness and walked out of the room. 'This incident illustrates a trick which few people know anything about,' continued the superintendent. 'That is, that there is more unconscious humor about a lot of lunatics than there is genuine humor among sane people. Some of the things that my patients say and do are funnier than any of the things I read or hear from the outside world. I tell, like isn't so prosaic as you'd think in an insane asylum.'"

Surprised Him.

Of course, every young mother thinks her baby the centre of the universe. There have been several boy babies born in the little town of A—during the past summer. This is not intended as a startling piece of news, because their arrivals have been duly and appropriately chronicled, but it is only stated as the basis of a little joke. Some days ago four of the happy young mothers, all of whom had fine boys at home, met in one of the larger shops. They completed their purchases about the same time. As they were all leaving the place, within speaking distance of each other, a fresh young assistant, in an effort to be pleasant, fired the stereotyped question at one of them, "How is the boy to day?" In an instant four beaming faces were turned towards him and four pleased voices answered in chorus, "Oh, he's all right, thank you. The assistant nearly fainted.

"So you want to marry my daughter, eh?" "Do you think you have the patience and forbearance to make her a kind and indulgent husband?" "I don't know sir," replied the would-be son-in-law. "I can button a six-inch collar on a shirt that is a half-size larger without getting angry and I—"

"Say no more," interrupted the old man. "Say no more, but take her my son, and my blessing goes with her."

ADVICE TO MINISTERS.

Given by a Minister.

Preachers who practise it will preach better.

No class of people is so liable to throat trouble as the great class who make up the Gospel ministry. The strain put upon the vocal organs by constant exercise; the sudden change from a heated building to the cool air when the vocal organs are in state of complete relaxation; the fact that a minister feels impelled to use his voice when actors and lecturers would take the needed rest; these are among the reasons why "Clergymen's sore throat" is known as a special disease. The Rev. E. M. Brawley, B. D., District Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society, writes from Petersburg, Va., the account of his experience of his own which is profitable reading to those afflicted with Bronchitis or other throat troubles. The substance of the letter is as follows:

PETERSBURG, VA.
J. C. AYER CO.
Dear Sirs: Three months ago I took a violent cold which resulted in an attack of acute bronchitis. I put myself under medical treatment, and in the end of two months was so better. I found it very

difficult to preach, and concluded to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The first bottle gave me great relief; the second, which I am now taking, has relieved me almost entirely of all unpleasant symptoms. To ministers suffering from throat troubles, I recommend Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, as a safe and reliable remedy.

"Prevention is better than cure." A bottle of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral kept in the house, will effectually prevent the rooting of a cold and its consequent development into some dangerous malady. This remedy has no equal in Bronchial troubles. The most stubborn cases have yielded to its use. It is equally effective for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and every disease that attacks the throat or lungs. Anyone who is sick is invited to write to the Doctor who is at the head of the staff of our newly organized Free Medical Advice department. The best medical advice on all diseases, without reference to their curability by Dr. Ayer's medicines. Address, J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

ook for low
ost and high
oap.
solid, pure
That gives
oap.
you can buy
a cake.

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

It fortunately hid him from her sight; but he knew the least sound would cause her to look behind it. He kept motionless, until the agony of keeping in the same position became excruciating.

At length, after what seemed hours of waiting, she sank back, and the quiet steady breathing commenced again; but even then, he was afraid to move for some time, till the ever-increasing light warned him that every moment was making the risk greater.

Then once more his hand began creeping through the various articles the trunk contained.

He had almost given up the search in despair, when suddenly his fingers came in contact with a bundle of papers.

He drew them out. They were several folded documents, fastened together with a sealed tape.

He tried to force them apart, so that he might see if they were what he wanted. The tape slipped aside, he caught sight of one word—it was sufficient.

Hastily pushing them into his pocket, he rose from his knees. He dared not replace the tray for fear of rousing the sleeper, but left the room as quickly as possible, and, reaching his study, locked himself in; then, with trembling fingers, turned over the papers which he had dared so much to obtain.

Amongst them were those of which he had already seen copies, with many others of the same sort; but there was one written on thick paper, in a small clear hand.

It was an account of how he hid himself of one wife to obtain another.

It was worded in a business-like way—nothing had been forgotten—small details, which had escaped his memory, were all clearly written down.

He was poring over this document in horrible fascination, when suddenly he let it slip from his fingers to the table, while his eye became riveted on the door.

Yes, it was no fancy—the handle was slowly turning? A clammy moisture broke out upon his forehead—his eyes protruded from their sockets.

She had discovered the theft! She had tracked him! A hunted look came into his face.

Great Heavens! what was to become of him? He remained rooted to the spot, staring wildly at the handle.

It turned again; then his straining ears caught the sound of light, retreating footsteps, and all was quiet.

He tottered to the fireplace, and, dropping the papers into the grate, struck a match and set fire to them. Never resting until nothing but a few blackened flakes remained; these he swept from sight, then sank, half fainting, into a chair.

CHAPTER XI.

"Heard the news, Devitt? Pretty Miss Lorraine—Madge—is engaged to Sir Henry Ayerst."

Devitt had just come into the Golf House.

He had finished playing; his trap was waiting outside for him.

"Sir Henry Ayerst?" he echoed, incredulously. "That old prostrate! My dear fellow, that is a bit of Coddington gossip."

"It is a fact. I met Ayerst driving back to Royal Heath. He pulled up, and told me himself. The two belles of Coddington have done very well for themselves."

The speaker went on laughing, blissfully unconscious that he had filled Devitt with a desire to kick him for having spoken lightly of girls he admired and respected.

His face was very stern as he got into his dogcart and drove towards Bushmead. His admiration for Madge Lorraine had had a touch of something warmer in it—a feeling that would no doubt have become a strong, passionate love, had she met him with anything but the most freezing, haughty indifference.

Even as it was, he cared enough for the news to be an awful shock to him.

He could not bring himself to believe that she who was so dainty and refined, could have given herself to such a man as Ayerst, the greatest rascal in all the country side.

As he drove past Fairfield, he saw the girl he was thinking of sitting alone in the garden, and, acting on the spur of the moment, he drew up and went to her.

She lifted her brows in slight surprise on seeing who her visitor was.

"You have called at an unfortunate hour," "My mother is not at home."

"I have come to see you," he replied, gravely. "Will you spare me a few minutes?"

"If you have anything to say about Bushmead, the solicitors—"

"It is nothing about Bushmead," he interrupted; "but something far more important."

"And concerning me?" with a little disdainful laugh. "Really, Mr. Devitt, I cannot imagine what you have to say."

"It will not take long," he said. "She saw he had no intention of telling her there, and, with scarce concealed annoyance, led the way to the drawing-room."

"Now, Mr. Devitt," she said, "will you kindly tell me what this important business is?"

His blue eyes darkened; a dusky red showed through his sun-tanned skin. He began to feel he had been a fool to come.

Still, he intended going through with the matter.

"I heard today," he said, "that you are supposed to be engaged to Sir Henry Ayerst."

She drew herself up. "You heard what is true," she answered proudly.

"I am sorry to hear you say so," he returned.

"Are you aware of the character he bears?"

Her face flushed crimson with anger. "I am aware," she said, "that Sir Henry Ayerst is a born gentleman."

He did not flinch from the cut at his own birth, but stood firm as a rock; saying, quite quietly—

"That may be so; but Nature has not made him an honorable man. I am convinced you have no knowledge of what he really is—of what I and others know him to be. If you do not believe me, ask one whom you can better trust."

She made no reply, but, crossing the room laid her hand upon the bell.

"I presume, sir, you have said all that you wish to; if not, let me suggest that you meet Sir Henry face to face, and slander him openly."

A gleam of anger came into Devitt's eyes.

"I have warned you," he said; "I can do no more."

"Except to never repeat your visit."

Devitt bowed, and walked towards the door, then paused and looked back at her.

"Some day, Miss Lorraine, you may need a friend," he said. "At such a time, will you remember that Ralph Devitt will always be glad to serve you?"

She looked at him with a little contemptuous smile.

"That day will never come," she answered.

"Insolent wretch!" she cried, aloud, when he had gone. "How dare he speak to me in such a way? No one who was not thoroughly ill-bred would have thought of doing so."

She was very angry. She told herself she despised and hated him.

She called him the "cold" and the "nouveaux riche."

Yet, in her secret heart, there glowed a spark of admiration for his quiet, manly strength.

She tried to quench it.

"My dear Mrs. Blaire, the other cried, rising from her chair, 'what are you trying to make out? He, no doubt, is some poor person in whom your daughter is interested. Now, I remember hearing her mention some poor painter, or curate, or something of that sort. Good afternoon!"

She sailed majestically to the small phaeton waiting before the door, and drove straight back to Fairfield.

Madge was enjoying a solitary cup of tea.

"All alone!" her mother said. "Where is Shirley?"

"I really cannot say. She is so seldom at home now."

Mrs. Lorraine sat down, and loosened her bonnet strings.

"I am vexed," she said. "I hear Shirley has been spending most of her time with some shabby individual. I cannot imagine who it can be."

"Probably no one," Madge returned, indifferently. "You know what Coddington is for scandal."

"But there seems some truth in this," Mrs. Lorraine said, with knitted brows. "It is a person who is lodging with Mrs. Kemp."

"The artist—Shirley's artist," Madge replied, serenely. "I don't think she would be seen about with him. He is a very humble person, I believe."

"Well, I don't like it," Mrs. Lorraine declared. "People have noticed her talking to him, and that horrible Mr. Blaire was quite impertinent about it. I shall speak to Shirley directly she comes in."

"Here she is!" Madge said, as her sister appeared at the gate, and came gaily across the lawn to them, exclaiming, as she did so—

"You look as if you were discussing a funeral. Has anything exciting happened?"

"Nothing at all exciting," Mrs. Lorraine solemnly answered; "but something very unpleasant."

Shirley had lazily dropped into a low wicker chair, and flung her hat upon the grass.

"You will get so sunburnt," Madge expostulated.

"Most unpleasant," Mrs. Lorraine continued.

"Don't keep in suspense," Shirley yawned, closing her eyes.

"I hear," her mother continued, impressively, "that you have been making a most undesirable acquaintance—a young man who is lodging at Sea View Cottage. What you can have found to talk to him about I fail to imagine. If he requires help, the vicar or Sir Martin are the proper people for him to go to."

Shirley was no longer half asleep; her eyes were open to their widest extent.

Shirley was no longer half asleep; her eyes were open to their widest extent.

"My dear mother," she cried, indignantly, "what are you talking about? Mr. West is a gentleman—an artist. I—I have been watching him paint."

"And how is it you have never mentioned him?" Mrs. Lorraine questioned, suspiciously.

"Who introduced him?"

"No one," Shirley admitted, rather reluctantly.

It all had seemed a most natural proceeding before, but now it appeared otherwise.

"He was very kind to us when we had the accident," she went on, determined to make the best of it. "I could not cut him after that."

"And who suggested you should do such a thing?" Mrs. Lorraine inquired, coldly.

"But I really see no reason for you to watch him at his work. I am really surprised at you, Shirley. I thought you had more sense. I am certain Gilbert will be very much annoyed if he hears you have been talked about. You quite understand? You are not to speak to this—young man again."

Shirley's eyes flashed.

"I can't say that I will not," she said, defiantly, "because I know that I shall."

"Dear Shirley!" Madge said, in mild reproach; while her mother looked as if she could not believe the evidence of her ears, and Shirley went on hotly—

"You don't know him—you have never met him, and you have no right to forbid me to speak to him. He is a gentleman, and far more clever than anyone in this wretched little place."

Mrs. Lorraine was perfectly astounded at this outburst.

She turned, helplessly, to Madge, who was leaning back in her chair, a little contemptuous smile on her lips.

"His society does not appear to have improved your manners," she said. "You must know that you cannot pick up acquaintances in that way—and, of course, you must drop him."

"He is a friend of Mr. Devitt's," Shirley argued. "He has asked me to Bushmead."

Madge drew her delicate brows together.

"Why quote that objectionable man to me? No doubt he likes to be friends with Dick, Tom, and Harry."

Shirley stood up.

"I think your ideas are hateful!" she cried, passionately. "You don't like people for what they are, but for what they have, and it's horrible of you."

"You are a silly, bad-tempered child," Mrs. Lorraine said, severely; "and I insist upon your obeying me."

But Shirley waited for no more.

She rushed to her room in a perfect whirl of passion and indignation.

She was furious at the slighting, sneering way in which they had spoken of the man who had become her hero.

Heart-broken, too, at the thought of, perhaps, never seeing him again.

For, though, in the heat of the moment, she had defied her mother, she knew that, in the end, she would have to give in.

Besides which, she was keenly anxious that Gilbert Metherell should hear nothing of it, lest, in a fit of ill-temper, he insulted Vivian West.

She cried herself nearly blind that afternoon, for, now that the meetings were over, she realized how sweet they had been, and how very empty the days would be without them.

She had no one to confide in, no one to sympathize with her; for her chief friend, Lucy Bred, had gone home, to escape meeting Harold Ridley and his affianced bride.

She refused to go down to dinner, on the plea that her head ached, and sat over a solitary meal of cold chicken and claret in her bedroom.

She had left off crying by that time, but her eyes were still swollen and red.

She surveyed them, rather ruefully in the glass.

"I do look a sight," she said. "He would not want to paint me now."

Then the tears broke out afresh at the harrowing thought, that he never again would have the chance of painting her.

After a time, a carriage and pair dashed up to the gate, and Sir Henry came in.

She could hear his voice and laugh in the drawing-room below.

She and Sir Henry were not friends; they had a mutual dislike for one another, of which both were perfectly well aware, and which they seldom attempted to conceal.

For some time Shirley sat listening to the voices beneath.

It was a lovely evening.

A little breeze, coming straight from the sea, puffed out the window curtain, and lifted the ruffled hair on her forehead.

She went to the dressing-table and tidied it; then, putting on a hat, crept from the room, and, leaving the house by a side-door, went through the kitchen-garden to the fields beyond, where the quiet cattle lifted their heads, and watched her with their mild eyes as she passed.

A heavy dew was falling, and soaked through her thin shoes, and made her muslin gown feel damp and clammy.

The sky was a faint turquoise blue, melting to tender grey; one, star, like a jewel, was gleaming there.

But Shirley scarcely noticed the beauty of the evening.

She was thinking intently of Vivian West. So full were her thoughts of him that when, on reaching a small rustic bridge, she looked up and found him on the other side, she felt no surprise.

It was almost as if she had known he would be there.

They hardly spoke.

He turned and walked beside her.

"For the last time," she said to herself. "She would tell him soon, and then they would say 'Good-bye.'"

He was wondering at her silence.

Something had happened to grieve her, he knew, and, after a while, he asked her. "I am going to tell you," she said, lifting her eyes to his handsome young face. "I have been making up my mind to begin; but it is so all hateful, and I—have been so happy."

"Poor little soul!" he said, softly; "can I help you?"

He had never spoken so before.

The color swept all over Shirley's face.

She turned it away, so that he might not see it.

"My mother and sister don't like my knowing you," she blurted out. "They don't know you themselves—they think it is not right. Anyhow, they say I must never come and talk to you again. I said that I would; but I know I shall not be able to."

He said nothing for a moment or so; then, quite quietly—

"I thought it would come to this. I am not surprised. It was rather too pleasant to last."

She felt horribly hurt.

He did not care in the least, she thought. It was like awakening from a lovely dream to the stern realities of life.

"We had better say 'Good-bye' now," she said, coldly.

"May I not walk with you as far as the bridge?" he asked.

"If you care to," she answered.

It was only the length of the field.

She became aware then of how wet her shoes were, and how limp was her dress. It was quite chilly, and she shivered.

Then they reached the bridge, and came to a standstill.

She held out her hand.

She felt tired and miserable, and nothing mattered much.

"Good-bye!"

He took her hand in both his own.

"You have been crying," he said. "Will you tell me why?"

She flushed hotly beneath his gaze.

"It was stupid of me," she said, confusedly. "I don't know why I—"

"Will you answer one question truthfully?" he asked, earnestly. "Was it because of what they said?"

"Yes," she answered, in a shamed whisper.

His fingers tightened their clasp.

"Because we are to meet no more—you cry for that—you cared enough to cry?"

There was a strange gladness thrilling through his voice; his eyes had grown dark and tender.

"I love you," he said. "You must know I love you, though I never meant to tell you. Only, you look so wretched this evening. My little love—my darling!"

He had drawn her, unsuspecting, into his arms.

She let her head rest upon his shoulder.

The earth, and the air, and the sea seemed melting away with love.

"I am only a poor, struggling fellow," he said, holding her gently in his. "But I shall make my mark in time, sweetheart, and, if you are still true, I shall come to you then. I think I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. Do you remember, in the churchyard—it seems so long ago? I did not want to know you because I knew that, if I did, I should just have to worship you."

He lifted her hand, and covered it with kisses.

"I love you," he repeated. "Heaven alone knows how dearly. Have you nothing to say to me, my shy little girl?"

She only clung closer to him.

He bent his head, and their lips met.

He could feel her heart beating beneath the folds of her bodice.

Darker grew the eventide; myriads of

Continued on Fifteenth Page.

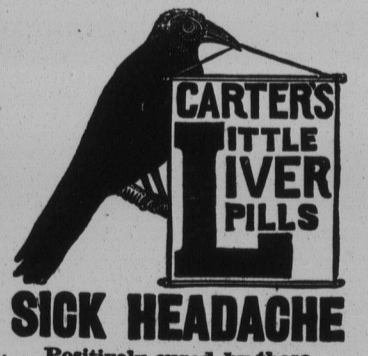
PROOF FROM Port Hope, Ont.

Mr. W. A. Russel, the Popular District Agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Company, Proves that Doan's Kidney Pills Cure Kidney Ills.

This is his statement: "I suffered for five or six years with pains across my back, headaches, dizziness, and kindred kidney troubles. I got very bad, and when driving would often have to stop the horse, as the pains were so severe that I could not stand them. I tried a great many medicines, but they did me no good. Then got Doan's Kidney Pills at Watson's drug store, took them for one month, and am completely cured. I regard the cure as a remarkable testimony to the virtues of Doan's Pills, and am only too glad to recommend them to all sufferers from kidney trouble in any form."

Doan's Kidney Pills are a never-failing remedy for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Backache, Headache, Gravel, Sediment in the Urine, and all Urinary troubles of children or adults. Price 50c a box, 1 for \$1.00. Beware of cheap imitations. The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont.

Remember the name—Doan's—and refuse all others.



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.

Sunday Reading

The Christian Standard.

God is the Christian standard of excellence. Our Lord in his sermon on the Mount gave this precept to those who listened to him—'Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.'

When it is said that God is the Christian standard of excellence, it is meant that the character of God is the great pattern to which the Gospel requires us to be conformed, and furnishes the rule by which our character is to be estimated.

Here the apostle presents the character of God as the model of our imitation. We are to cultivate all those excellencies which are combined in his highest degree and in a most splendid union in the holiness of God.

The good soldier never rushes into the battle without due preparation for it and being properly accoutered and armed for it. Rashness has no place in the Christian life.

But men are prone to estimate themselves by wrong standards. There is the standard which results from the law of the land.

Then there is the standard of honor. The man who makes this his measure of right, will oftentimes look with contempt upon the man who guides himself by the requisitions and restrictions of the civil law.

Now these and a host of other standards which men set up are wrong. They are not the rules by which men are to estimate their character; and the complacency which a man may feel when he tries himself by such tests, is nothing but a delusion.

But the deepest and most fatal delusion, and the most common, is that which results from receiving fashion, or prevailing custom, as a standard of character.

Men judge of their own attainments by the average of attainments around them. They measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves among themselves.

All such standards are a contemptuous disregard of the standard which the Gospel has established. If we would see the kingdom of heaven, our righteousness must exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by The Doctor Ward Co., Limited, Toronto.

excellence appear when placed by the side of divine purity? If we compare ourselves with the character of God as it is exhibited in the divine law, will we be satisfied? No. We must have the same mind and spirit that was in Christ, and like him we must set upon the rule of a perfect purity.

There can be, and there never will be, but one standard of excellence for the Christian. 'Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect.' Not that we shall ever possess an absolutely perfect and flawless character, for as long as the ruins stand, will the ivy cling about its walls.

The Christian is called to a warfare—to a hand to hand struggle that shall cease only with life itself. He is called to fight manfully its battles, to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, to render full obedience to all the commands of his Great Captain, and to stand firm and unshaken however hot and hard the struggle may be.

The good soldier never rushes into the battle without due preparation for it and being properly accoutered and armed for it. Rashness has no place in the Christian life. He will leave no safeguard neglected; he will see to it that no assailable point is unprotected.

God has put us in this world to grow strong and helpful. We are not here to evade or run away from our duty, but to do it. Obstacles in the way, and opposition, are to be expected; but like everything else in this creation, they are put there for a purpose.

That is an old proverb—'It takes all kinds of people to make a world'—which is only an awkward way of saying that there are all kinds of people in the world.

That is an old proverb—'It takes all kinds of people to make a world'—which is only an awkward way of saying that there are all kinds of people in the world.

That is an old proverb—'It takes all kinds of people to make a world'—which is only an awkward way of saying that there are all kinds of people in the world.

That is an old proverb—'It takes all kinds of people to make a world'—which is only an awkward way of saying that there are all kinds of people in the world.

That is an old proverb—'It takes all kinds of people to make a world'—which is only an awkward way of saying that there are all kinds of people in the world.

utmost pity; we wish that he might be persuaded to take in the meaning of Pope's judicious lines.

For every evil under the sun There is a remedy, there is none. If there be one, try and find it; If there be none, never mind it.

Perhaps no mental exercise is more useful to the young as an educative adjunct than participation in debates with others of their own age.

Day by day the angel of the Lord is passing to and fro in our midst. May he find us keeping the great feast by a continuous participation in Christ's sacrificial life and death.

Jesus Forgive and Save. Day by day the angel of the Lord is passing to and fro in our midst. May he find us keeping the great feast by a continuous participation in Christ's sacrificial life and death.

Submission and Consolation. If we would enjoy communion with God we must, like those who came to this feast, humble ourselves. As Paul cautioned his Roman brethren, we must not think more highly of ourselves than we ought, remembering that whatever we have we have from above as a gift of God.

Love One Another. If we would be truly helpful to others, we must cultivate that spirit in ourselves until it has grown to be a longing, an impulse of our nature. To this end there is but one text book of helplessness, and that is the Bible. Let us study the Gospels and drink in their spirit.

Early Accidents Cause Lifelong Suffering. A Case that is Causing Talk. When a lad about eight years of age I fell into a cellar a distance of ten feet, striking on my head, and causing concussion of the brain.

From the Inroads of Dreaded Catarrh—What Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder did for Mr. Le Blanc He Proves Will do for Others. Alfred LeBlanc, of St. Jerome, Que., was a great sufferer for years with catarrh of a very severe type.

From the Inroads of Dreaded Catarrh—What Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder did for Mr. Le Blanc He Proves Will do for Others. Alfred LeBlanc, of St. Jerome, Que., was a great sufferer for years with catarrh of a very severe type.

From the Inroads of Dreaded Catarrh—What Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder did for Mr. Le Blanc He Proves Will do for Others. Alfred LeBlanc, of St. Jerome, Que., was a great sufferer for years with catarrh of a very severe type.

From the Inroads of Dreaded Catarrh—What Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder did for Mr. Le Blanc He Proves Will do for Others. Alfred LeBlanc, of St. Jerome, Que., was a great sufferer for years with catarrh of a very severe type.



Two questions

with common-sense answers. "How long should a man's legs be," somebody asked Abraham Lincoln, and he said, "Long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

"How can you take housework so easy," somebody asked a bright little woman. "By not working so hard," she said. "By doing all my washing and cleaning with Pearlina."



the story of our Saviour. There was one who gave all that he had—a son of gifts so great that we can never bring to understand it this side of heaven.

Jesus Forgive and Save. Day by day the angel of the Lord is passing to and fro in our midst. May he find us keeping the great feast by a continuous participation in Christ's sacrificial life and death.

Jesus Forgive and Save. Day by day the angel of the Lord is passing to and fro in our midst. May he find us keeping the great feast by a continuous participation in Christ's sacrificial life and death.

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache.

- W. W. Hawker & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St. John, N. B.
W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.
R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Watters, Druggist, St. John West, N. B.
Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B.
N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.
C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
Hastings & Pineo, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

125 MEN ENTRENCHED.

Glaciers vary in length from year to year and apparently in cycles of years also, those of the Alps having shown a general diminution since 1850.

From the Inroads of Dreaded Catarrh—What Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder did for Mr. Le Blanc He Proves Will do for Others. Alfred LeBlanc, of St. Jerome, Que., was a great sufferer for years with catarrh of a very severe type.

From the Inroads of Dreaded Catarrh—What Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder did for Mr. Le Blanc He Proves Will do for Others. Alfred LeBlanc, of St. Jerome, Que., was a great sufferer for years with catarrh of a very severe type.

An Illegible Letter. Thomas Bailey Aldrich once received a letter from his friend, Professor E. S. Morse, and, finding the handwriting absolutely illegible, he sent the following reply: 'My Dear Mr. Morse: it was very pleasant to receive a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasant if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date.'

NERVES PARALYZED.

Nervous Prostration so Severe, Lost Power of Hands, Side and Limbs, but South American Nerve Rest of Disease and Saved Her.

Minnie Stevens, daughter of T. A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Co., of London, was stricken down with a very severe attack of nervous prostration, which resulted in her losing the power of her limbs.

Chinese Telegraphy.

The Chinese, owing to the multiplicity of the characters in their written language, have solved the problem of telegraphy by using numbers for transmission over the wire instead of characters.

THE ARAUCANIAN.

Primitive Customs of These Quot South American Indians.

The Araucanians of Argentine live partly in villages, where they use wooden or wattle houses; partly in the country as farmers, herdsmen, and horse-breeders.

Christianity has made no headway among them, for the South American form of the religion with which they would come in contact has but little charm for a race marked by sagacity and good sense, and without superstitious leanings.

Their skill in farming and stock breeding is noted, their knowledge of the arts which conduce to household comfort and personal self-respect, such as carpentry, pottery, metal-working, cloth-weaving from wool and cotton, ample. While they seek no contact with the white man, they are most honest and hospitable in the reception of all strangers.

Some Curious Trees.

The bread fruit tree has a solid fruit, a little larger than a coconut, which, when cut in slices and cooked, can scarcely be distinguished from excellent bread.

The weeping tree of the Canary Islands is wet even in a drought, constantly distilling water in its leaves. A kind of ash in Sicily has a sap which hardens into sugar, like the sap of the American sugar maple, and is used for sweetening purposes by the native without any refining.

the beauty of... of Virginia... small rustic... found him on... had known he... side her... and to herself... and then they... silence... to grieve her... he asked her... he said, lifting... ung face. 'I... and to begin;... have been so... softly; can I... before... Shirley's face... he might not... don't like my... t. 'They don't... think it is not... I must never... I said that I... to be able to... moment or so;... to this. I am... too pleasant... she thought... from a lovely... life... bye' now,' she... as far as the... red... field... how wet her... her dress... shivered... ge, and came... le, and noth... his own... 'Will... his gaze... said, confused... tion truth... 'Was it be... hamed whis... clasp... to more—you... ough to cry?... ness thrilling... d grown dark... u must know... meant to tell... and sad this... darling!... ting, into his... his shoulder... the sea seem... fellow,' he... him. 'But I... sweetheart... shall come to... you from... Do you re-... it seems so... know you, I... should just... vered it with... d. 'Heaven... you nothing... girl?... lips met... ing beneath... ; myriads of... age.

WILLS' ENGLISH PILLS... AGHE... these... in Dyspepsia... ing. A per-... sica, Drows-... dated Tongue... ER. They... vegetable... all Does.

Notches on The Stick

The personality and literary splendor of Nathaniel Hawthorne seem to have cast into shadow the qualities of his wife, who was unquestionably a rare wife and a remarkable woman.

Glimpses then, of the life of Hawthorne may be had through these familiar letters of his wife; such glimpses as heighten our appreciation of his life, especially in its domestic and its spiritual phases.

As a specimen of Mrs. Hawthorne's critical skill, or at least of her impression of style, we have her contrast of Froude and Macaulay.

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason's Medicine Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C.L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

theories at all. But Macaulay's style tires me. He is so ferociously lucid that he confuses me as with too much light.

Hawthorne, it appears, had no inflated notion of his own work or of his literary consequence. This appears from his half-humorous reference to himself as for many years obscurest literary man in America.

But if he was little in his own esteem he grew great in that of others. It has fallen to the lot of few literary men to be regarded by his peers of song and story with more affection and deferential reverence.

The following is from the Bangor Commercial, of Jan. 27th: "The quaint epitaph upon the tombstone of Richard Thomas, who is buried in the For: Hill cemetery in Winslow, has been often published.

Richard Thomas has evidently in his lifetime had access to Pope's "Eulogy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," a classic often on the lips of verse-lovers of fifty years ago.

"The Methodist Review" gives warm critical commendation to the late work of Bliss Carman,—"By The Aurelian Wall."

White Victims of Cannibals. The cannibals of the upper Mobangi River in Africa, are again making white men the victims of their appetite for human flesh.

made of his affluent materials. We have a tale of engrossing interest, founded on the deportation of the Acadians; but the great charm lies in the atmosphere of romantic beauty with which the poet invests his work.

The editor of the New Brunswick Magazine gives us another of his chronicles of the sea, in the February number, which is entitled "The Cruise of the Rechar," and details the adventures of mariners who went from St. John to search for buried treasure on Sand Cay near Turk's Island.

From a high ridge in Berkshire there is occasionally to be heard the sound of the firing of guns at Aldershot, thirty miles to the eastward.

The following is from the Bangor Commercial, of Jan. 27th: "The quaint epitaph upon the tombstone of Richard Thomas, who is buried in the For: Hill cemetery in Winslow, has been often published.

Richard Thomas has evidently in his lifetime had access to Pope's "Eulogy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," a classic often on the lips of verse-lovers of fifty years ago.

Standing in their proper connection, as a part of a really pathetic poem, the lines have force and propriety; but detached, and taken as an epitaph, they seem somewhat cold and stilted.

"The Methodist Review" gives warm critical commendation to the late work of Bliss Carman,—"By The Aurelian Wall."

ENAMELINE THE MODERN Stove Polish PASTE, CAKE OR LIQUID. The only up to date Stove Polish in the market. J.L. Prescott & Co New York

ecstasy, the solemn joy, the winged imagination, the fallacious expression of genuine feeling, the fine shaping of crystalline phrases, and over all and under all a sense of the Greatness which lies around our incompleteness.

The editor of the New Brunswick Magazine gives us another of his chronicles of the sea, in the February number, which is entitled "The Cruise of the Rechar," and details the adventures of mariners who went from St. John to search for buried treasure on Sand Cay near Turk's Island.

From a high ridge in Berkshire there is occasionally to be heard the sound of the firing of guns at Aldershot, thirty miles to the eastward.

The following is from the Bangor Commercial, of Jan. 27th: "The quaint epitaph upon the tombstone of Richard Thomas, who is buried in the For: Hill cemetery in Winslow, has been often published.

Richard Thomas has evidently in his lifetime had access to Pope's "Eulogy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," a classic often on the lips of verse-lovers of fifty years ago.

Standing in their proper connection, as a part of a really pathetic poem, the lines have force and propriety; but detached, and taken as an epitaph, they seem somewhat cold and stilted.

"The Methodist Review" gives warm critical commendation to the late work of Bliss Carman,—"By The Aurelian Wall."

White Victims of Cannibals. The cannibals of the upper Mobangi River in Africa, are again making white men the victims of their appetite for human flesh.

Energy BLOOD & NERVE PILLS FOR THE Languid & Weary

Mobangi used to tell of the expeditions of large canoes they met. Hundreds of men were paddling up and down the river bound for destinations sometimes scores of miles from their starting point.

Warning and Advice To All Those Going Deathward.

How to Meet and Vanquish Kidney Troubles.

Paine's Celery Compound the Sufferer's Only Salvation.

Too many men and women forget the fact that the kidneys are most important organs of the body. They are wonderfully constructed machines that filter all poisons and impurities from the blood.

Any of the symptoms noted above should create alarm, and warn the victim that he or she should at once, make use of Paine's Celery Compound, the only medicine that can put to flight all symptoms of a dreaded and deadly disease.

Everyone, who goes about the world, at last comes to know that there are few great men. He finds that the great man of fame on being met is only ordinary.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes.

In books alone Mr. George Meredith has written about 9,000,000 words, a record which Mr. William black has probably exceeded.

KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS STAMPED BY 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE Meriden Britannia Co. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

BLOOD & NERVE PILLS FOR THE Tired & Weary

of the expeditions of... down the river... times scores of miles... They were not... way slaves for... home the bottoms... be covered with poor... and foot, whom they

Advice... those going... ward.

and Vanquish... troubles.

Compound the... Salvation.

women forget the fact... at important organs... wonderfully con... all poisons and... When, through... do their regular... are carried to all... When the kidneys... fortunate victim is... right to a knowledge... develop Bright's dis... back aches; there... inflammation of the... call to urinate... cannot sediment... pale in color... and stroked with

noted above should... the victim that he... take use of Paine's... medicine that con... of a dreaded... action of Paine's... and telling in... of kidney dis... weak spot, and... strength and... organ. What... had done for... do for you now... destitute poor suf... the Celery Com... will be your... and permanently.

about the world... there are few... the great man of... ordinary. Here... and here and... the difference is... wing's prayer... unnecessary... the difference... boasting over... nt bearings. It... socialist and a... all are equals... all outweigh... Christian, 'for... that is God.

no longer leave... to be cured... gettable remedy... the Asthma and... bronchial tubes... curative... (with a re... man suffering... to all ruffere... ion, Catarrh... ceases, this... English, with... using. Sent... p, naming this... Powers Block,

Dr. J.C. POONS... ANTED THE... mia Co... FACTURING... RLD.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Novelties in ribbons are added each week to those already shown, and now we have embroidered ribbons; white ribbon with bright red, green stemmed cherries scattered all over it; ribbons scalloped on one edge with a brocaded feather design, puffing the scallops in a two inch band; ribbons with plumed gauze edges, and narrow striped ribbons of all kinds and colors gathered into little frills for trimming summer gowns.

Chiffonette, which resembles thin liberty satin in texture and gloss, is one of the pretty dress materials which tempt the shopper. It is figured in two or three colors or quite plain, in pretty, light shades, relieved only by the fine cords which stripe them up and down.

A stunning muff to carry with your black cloth gown is made of black chiffon, shirred into tucks, and white Persian lamb. The chiffon forms the wide band around the centre and the fur is the lining which extends over the edge in two white bands at the ends.

Round waists and Eton jackets of fur are worn with cloth skirts.

Another idea is the short coat bodice and the round waist of colored velvet to wear with cloth skirts, making a very dressy and useful theatre gown.

The prevailing tendency in skirts just at the moment is to abolish seams as nearly as possible. One new model has no seam in the back, and is carried out in cloth with silk introduced at each side in panels, or a sort of stole end effect.

The best-dressed, most-up-to-date, women have discarded jewelry almost entirely for day wear, but gems of all kinds and grades of magnificence glitter in profusion in the evening.

Drap decuir is one name for the new dull-finished cloth which is coming in to fill the place of foad cloths.

Street jackets for the coming season are either buttoned close down the front or turned back in revers to the waist line, or made double breasted, fastening from the shoulder down on the left side.

Fancy handkerchiefs with colored hem-stitched borders and colored embroidery are revived again.

A high-necked lace bolero cut with little epaulettes over the shoulder, the lace forming scallops on the edge, is a pretty addition to white chiffon bodice made with elbow sleeves.

Bengaline in any pretty color is very popular for separate waists, but if you want the smartest thing get white and make it with a narrow round yoke of lace.

A novelty in skating gowns is made entirely of black caracul with rosettes of rose-colored velvet on the bodice to brighten the effect.

Definite conclusions as the coming fashion for spring are possible yet, but the idea that one fashion is bound to be supplanted by another from time to time is so firmly established in the feminine mind that there can be no peaceful certainty of modes for any long interval. Changes are sure to come simply to gratify a desire for changes, and not always because they have any special advantages over the things they supplant. Just why one pretty mode should be uprooted by one not half so artistic is one of the questions in the philosophy of fashion which never have been answered.

However, fashion is improving in this regard, and some other things such as the coat and skirt costumes, the blouse and



Dr. J.C. POONS
OF ALL CORSETS THE BEST

Modeled in many different shapes to suit various types of figures

The Art of Dressing is brought to the highest degree of perfection by the adoption of the

Dr. J.C. POONS Corset.

It lasts longer, looks richer and wears better than any other. For sale by all first class dry-goods dealers.
PRICE: \$1.00 TO \$3.50 PAIR.

Ask your doctor how many preparations of cod-liver oil there are.

He will answer, "Hundreds of them." Ask him which is the best. He will reply, "Scott's Emulsion."

Then see that this is the one you obtain. It contains the purest cod-liver oil, free from unpleasant odor and taste. You also get the hypophosphites and glycerine. All three are blended into one grand healing and nourishing remedy.

Sole and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

the shirt waist, have become fixtures, with no prospect of being displaced by other things until something very superior is presented. The rational and artistic elements of dress are gradually coming together, and it is to be hoped that some permanent standard of beauty may be the result of the evolution.

The woman who possesses that elusive quality called style has a pretty good standard for herself whatever form fashion may assume, and tailor gowns for early spring wear are one special object of interest just now.

Cloth gowns, too, of the more dressy sort, which have the lead in fashion this season, bid fair to hold their popularity through the spring. Gray and light fawn shades will prevail with blue and black at the head of the dark colors. A light gray cloth gown trimmed on the bodice with white embroidered satin and on the skirt with endless rows of stitching is one of the most fashionable costumes on the list, whether it is to be worn now or later on.

White in some form is a feature of trimming on all the cloth gowns, whatever the color, and a kind of embroidery called pompadour is more and more in evidence. It forms revers and collars and bands which decorate evening as well as day gowns.

Cashmeres and lightweight cloths with a dead finish and no gloss at all are the things for spring, with tweeds, chevrets, serge and Venetian cloths for tailor-made gowns. Tunics of cashmere bordered with silk fringe are worn over cashmere and velvet skirts of a contrasting color, as they were years ago, only that the new tunic is much more graceful in cut than the old model. The under bodice and sleeves are like the skirt, while the tunic bodice is in pin-stripe shape, of the cashmere, pale gray cashmere with sapphire blue velvet being especially good style.

The tailor gowns with coats and skirts show a variety in jackets, all very short. They are either double or single breasted, with wide turn-down collar or tiny revers and narrow collar, and quite close fitting. The Eaton coats are particularly jaunty, and are cut longer in the front than at the back and sides, rounding down in one or two deep scallops. Some of the coats are cut in scallops all around the basque, like the one shown in the illustration, finished with rows of stitching. All the short coats are close fitting in the back even though the front is loose, and white cloth and velvet are both used for revers and collar. A stylish tailor gown in the cloth shown in the sketch is trimmed with stitching and bands of velvet in a darker shade. The revers and collar are of coru guipure over white satin, and steel buttons are the finish.

A coat for a gown of dark red cloth with a plain skirt has a wide collar, piped on the edge with black velvet, covered partially with velvet and trimmed with gold and black braid. Another costume in fawn Venetian cloth shows the scalloped lines carried out in rows of stitching, and revers of velvet with a band of white moire covered with fawn and silver braid, on the edge.

Fine stitching and carefully adjusted strappings of cloth or velvet are leading modes of trimming tailor gowns and other cloth gowns, which have any amount of decoration on the bodice. Stitching is not confined to cloth, however, as velvet and silk are both profusely ornamented with rows of machine sewing. It really is the smartest finish which can be produced just at the moment, aside from the elegant embroidery, which, of course, are not within the limit of every purse. Edges which are scalloped and stitched both form a very chic finish, and the latest thing in neck bands is made of velvet stitched around twenty-five or thirty times. It is cut very wide at the back and rises in narrow square tabs at the sides. Silk waists covered with tucks stitched in on the machine are another example of this mode of trimming.

Electric Motor Wagons. The Automobile Club and some electric associations in France are occupied in

Tucked waists of taffeta or corded silk in some pretty color are an important part of the tailor-made coat and skirt costume, and the latest fancy is to have the waist and hat match in color, a mauve silk waist and mauve hat being especially good style with a brown cloth skirt and coat. White blouse waists in panne, liberty satin, corded silk or taffeta are very popular with the cloth skirt, and white wings, lace, or rosettes of tulle carry out the color scheme in the hat.

For theatre wear and other demi-dress occasions the white waist is the swell thing providing it is stylishly made and simply trimmed. Elaborate decoration of any sort ruins the style. The neck may be finished with lace with a jabot down the front but anything more, except tucks or cords, is superfluous. White tulle for the neck in a scarf bow and a plaiting down the front is a pretty finish when it is becoming. Plain satin is used for the white waists, but only the softest, most pliable kinds. It is rumored that pure white for waists, gowns and all the accessories of dress is to supplant the use of cream and ecru tints, which have been favored so long.

White cloth gowns for afternoon teas and receptions are the smartest costumes of the season. Made with a tiny tunic, finished with stitching, and a guimpe neck of lace over satin, with an ermine bertha, the effect is stunning. Cloth gowns have the lead in fashion this season beyond anything in silk, except for full evening dress, and here the gauzy material over silk and satin prevail. Fine soft voile, embroidered lisse, and satin finished crepe de chine are very popular for dressy costumes, and may be accepted as prophetic of the kind of materials most used for summer dress.

One pretty imported model in pale gray voile is made over orange yellow silk and trimmed with cream lace insertion in lattice work design, put on in the form of a tunic and cut out underneath to show the yellow through. The bodice is a round waist of gray guipure outlined with gray chenille and lined with yellow silk. Mouseline de soie is used for both high necked and décolleté evening dresses, and again gray is the popular color. With chinchilla and point de Venise lace for trimming it makes a charming costume. Embroidered gray tulle is another fancy for evening gowns, trimmed with chinchilla another favored material is spangled point d'esprit, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with wavy bands of velvet ribbon.

Some of these gauzy gowns are made with a double or triple skirt, which has the effect of two or three flounces. The tendency toward extreme scantiness in skirts about the hips is more marked, if possible, among the evening costumes than in the day gowns. Tunics prevail to a great extent in Paris, and many of the evening gowns in crepe de chine are made with a long tunic falling over soft flounces of white chiffon or lace on a silk skirt which matches the crepe de chine in color. Fine silk fringe finishes the tunic. Embroidered tulle, however, is the Parisian's pet material for evening dress, made over two other gauze skirts of different but harmonious colors.

A reception gown in dark red cloth illustrates a new fancy for using embroidery and lace in deep points, which, unlike this model, sometimes extend only from the waist down. The yoke and scarf ends are of embroidery, and the front of the bodice is of cream lace over white. A model showing one of the latest forms in polonaises is the next cut, and it is carried out in cloth trimmed with bands of spotted velvet. Another polonaise or tunic dress in cloth is trimmed with bands of velvet, bands of lace arranged down either side of the front over the taffeta of silk and a yoke of the same lace. A very unusual costume is of gray chiffon shirred into a mass of upstanding tufts from the bodice and upper part of the skirt, and completed with accordion-plaited flounces. A bodice of white silk with lace insertions and tucks has a shirred yoke of white chiffon. Rosettes of baby ribbon fasten the front.

A costume which shows one of the many ways of using lace is one of the most fashionable among the dressy gowns. The tunic of pale coru guipure falls over a deep flounce of white chiffon made fluffy by two additional flounces underneath, and trimmed with turquoise blue satin baby ribbon. Lace with loops of blue ribbon finish the edge of the tunic, and ribbon is threaded into the back with rather novel effect. One of the double skirts is shown in an iris crepe de chine gown over taffeta silk, and trimmed with point de Venise outlined with gold thread, and ornamented with Louis XVI. bows of black velvet. Narrow bands of red velvet trim a red silk blouse made with scalloped effect in front, which is edged with an [inch-wide] knit plating of silk. The vest is of tacked red velvet.

Electric Motor Wagons. The Automobile Club and some electric associations in France are occupied in

endeavoring to establish electric charging stations for electric vehicles. The idea is to arrange with electric light and power stations to do the work, so as to make the use of electrically propelled carriages possible all over France.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WALTZ.

Evolution from a Religious Dance—How it Became Fashionable. The opinion most generally conceded is that France received the waltz from Germany toward the close of the eighteenth century, and among many beliefs it contains the most truth; but the justice of attributing to Germanic influence the renaissance of the waltz in France does not necessarily verify the statement that it had its origin in Germany.

Like everything else that touches humanity, where nothing is born spontaneously but everything is the product of a series of successive evolutions, the waltz did not emanate in its present form from the brain of a dancing master. Long before 1780, the time when we find it first mentioned under this name, its graceful curves and cadences were displayed on the village greens as well as in golden saloons of palaces; it had its alternatives of vogue and neglect, its supporters and detractors.

The waltz, like many other secular things we find first in the Church, where, in the midst of a barbaric disorder, it serves to trace the union between ancient civilization and that of the middle ages. The sacred dance of the pagans is preserved to a certain point in Christian rites; it is transformed to a series of revolutions made to the sound of the tambourine. St. Isidore, Archbishop of Seville, born about A. D. 580, was entrusted by the Council of Toledo with the revision of the liturgy as it was then practiced in the Roman Church, in which there was a tambourine dance. The council decided to adopt the Isidorian liturgy in all Spain, and it differed but little from that used in other countries at that time. This rite, celebrated before the sixth century, when the Moors first invaded Spain, was still celebrated by the Christians in the seven churches of Toledo, which the Moors abandoned after their capture of the city, and was after that time called the Moorish rite.

This was known and employed in Provence and Italy. The tambourine in use in this religious dance was called by St. Isidore "moitie de symphonie," and evidently corresponded to the instrument which, in the ancient sacred dances, accompanied the flute, a sort of bagpipe invented two centuries B. C. And thus, as the religious dance of the middle ages is allied to the ancient sacred dance, so the waltz is an evolution of this religious dance, having passed through many changes before arriving at its present form.

In the eleventh century, when the Gregorian rite supplanted the Moorish rite, the dance disappeared from the Church. It appeared very quickly in society under the name of carole, a word derived from the Latin carole: afterward under that of basse-dance, in which the grand prelates, kings and dignitaries did not disdain to join, composed of three parts, two very slow and one more lively.

The people—and, at this time, all who were not of the clergy or royalty were the people—used the latter part, called the tourdion, which, lighter and more lively, appealed to them, and, little by little, it became changed. In Italy it was first separated from the rest under the name of romanesca, and from there it passed to Provence and southern Germany, but in each of these countries it was diversified and developed according to the character of the people.

In Provence it soon became the gaillard, and this name indicates the character of the transformation. Five hundred years later they danced the Volte, which was, in turn, a transformation of the gaillard. The measure was ternary like the latter, and might be designated technically thus: two steps, a skip, feet together, pause. The man first faced the opposite couple, then skipped on the left foot, turning the left shoulder toward them; repeating this four times, he again faced the other dancers; as for the lady, her movements were reduced to embracing as tightly as possible the neck of her cavalier.

As can be seen at once, this dance resembled the waltz in three ways. It was danced in three time, it was the first dance in which a turn was made, and the first in which the dancer embraced his partner. The latter, in fact, did not touch the ground; the cavalier held her suspended with his left arm as he executed the four movements described above.

At the court of Valois the volte was a favorite dance, especially with Catherine de Medici, while Henry II. was charmed with the Psalm which Clement Marot set to an air of the volte, thinking, perhaps, that what came from the Church should go back to the Church. The volte, as did la-

ter the waltz turned the heads of this court. The Queen, Marguerite de Navarre, wife of Henry IV., was an admirable volteuse.

After the corrupt court of Valois had been dispersed by the League, and Henry III., the last of the great voltours, had fallen under the knife of Jacques Clement, this dance disappeared forever from court, city, and people. Though it greatly resembled the waltz, the latter did not descend from it directly, but was rather the younger sister of it.

In fact, the Romanesca transported, as we have said, to Provence and southern Germany, was developed in these countries very differently; in Provence into the gaillard and volte, while the Germans, more dreamy and slow, changed the romanesca into the german and waltz.

The volte succumbed, while young, to oblivion, in the sixteenth century, by very reason of its excess, but the german lived long and produced the waltz which reigns to-day.

About 1786 an incident occurred which tended to fix definitely the waltz among German customs, in its present form and name, placing in high society and making it known to foreigners. This was its introduction in an opera by Vincent Martin, "Una Cosa Varsa," which in 1787, de-throned, at Vienna, the "Figaro" of Mozart. Four characters in this opera, Lubia, Vita, Cotta, and Lilla, dressed in black and rose color, danced on the stage the first waltz.

The favorable reception of the opera naturally drew the attention of society to the dance, and under the name of cosa varsa it immediately became the fashion, and shortly afterward assumed the name of waltz, by which it has been known ever since.

Thus from the tourdion of the aristocratic dance, transformed by the people, was born the romanesca, which became, in France, the gaillard and volte, and in Germany, through various stages, emerged at last into the waltz, and this last avatar of the old dance of the eleventh century seems to be installed definitely and to have fixed the fancy of the world.

The waltz has always had, and always will have, appreciation and opposition, but it has triumphed over all and to-day its musical rhythm, so charming and captivating, which Beethoven and Chopin disdained not to immortalize, is to be heard on every side. "The Invitation to the Waltz," by Weber, magnificently orchestrated by Berlioz, is celebrated. Of course, it must be remembered that these waltzes were composed to be listened to rather than to be danced.

Recently the classical waltz has been obscured by a newcomer of American origin, which is called—I do not know why—"The Boston." There is no dance of that name in America, and if one asks a young American for "un tour de Boston" she does not know of what you speak. This is a very slow and glacial waltz, in which the gyratory movement is rare; in fact, produced only every eight or ten measures, and then slowly and almost insensibly.

On the other hand the waltz, as it is danced in Germany, is very lively, the gyrations very rapid and frequent. The slower waltz has the advantage in that it admits of conversation, is less monotonous to watch and causes less of 'ces vertiges' of tournaments de tete, which so disturbed the good Thoinot Arbeau.

In the same way that the costumes and manners of the world change, the waltz too, is evolutionary and—adapted to the conditions surrounding it. This dance has thrived more noble dances—the pivone, gavotte and minuet. We have not time enough now to learn these complicated dances, and the waltz may, in its turn, be supplanted by something easier. Perhaps the future generations, entirely occupied in other directions, will regard dancing as a childish pastime, belonging to the barbarous days of their ancestors.

UNFADING COTTON DYES.

Special Fast Diamond Dyes For Cotton That Will Not Wash Out in Soapsuds.

It is absolutely impossible to get a fast and satisfactory color on cotton from the same dyes as are used for woolen goods, and for that reason Diamond Dyes have a specially prepared line of fast colors for cotton that will give perfect satisfaction. If you want to color cotton and mixed goods be sure to get the fast Diamond Dyes for cotton, as they will give colors that will not fade even by washing in strong soapsuds or exposure to sunlight. If any dealer tries to sell you the same dye to color cotton as he would sell you for coloring wool, do not accept it, as such dyes are unreliable, and in the majority of cases will ruin the material on which they are used.

There are some fifty different kinds of Diamond Dyes, so that you can get any color that you wish. By using them in different strengths any desired shade can be made, and all the fashionable colors are readily gotten with these dyes. To get a fast, rich, full black, use one of the Diamond Dye Fast Blacks. There are three different kinds, for wool, for cotton and mixed goods, and for silk and feathers. They color a rich, full black that cannot be distinguished from new goods. Diamond Dyes are prepared especially for home use, with very simple directions, so that it is but little trouble or work to use them. A direction book will be sent free to any address. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, Que.

BEHARS ORdeal BY FIRE.

Hindus Walk Unharmed Over a Bed of Live Coals Before Mrs. Besant.

A controversy having arisen in some of the papers about the recent performance of the Fire Ceremony at Benares, India, an account of what actually took place, by an English onlooker may be of interest. It was during the recent convention of the Theosophical society that, a good many of us who are interested in the life of India below the surface being present, some Hindu friends arranged with a certain sect of Shivaite Hindus, who claim the power of rendering fire harmless, to give an exhibition of their powers. Accordingly a trench was dug in the grounds of the Tagore Villa about 15 feet long by 4, and this was filled with logs of wood, which were left to blaze all day. In the evening the trench was filled by a thick layer of glowing coals giving off a tremendous heat. At 7 p. m. we repaired to the scene 'of action. Our party consisted of Mrs. Besant, Countess Wachtmeister, Dr. Richardson, late professor of chemistry at University college, Bristol; Dr. Pascal, a French doctor of medicine; Mr. Bertram Keightley, barrister-at-law; Miss Lillian Edger, M. A.; Col. Olcott and others. Chairs were arranged for us on a kind of dais formed of the earth thrown out of the trench and about eight feet from it. This was the nearest point to the big fire at which one could bear the scorching heat. At our back, and surrounding the trench, was a dense but orderly crowd of hundreds of Hindus. All waited with eager expectation. At last a hubbub approaching from the gates of the villa announced the arrival of the procession.

It consisted of a chief priest, who presided, carrying a sword, two others who were going to pass through the flames, and an image in a glass canopy borne along by others. The leader intimated that his two colleagues would pass through the fiery furnace, and afterward anybody who liked of the male persuasion might follow them through unharmed, but no women were permitted to go through. Then ensued a most extraordinary and, in some respects, painful spectacle. It is a doctrine of Hinduism that all the functions of nature, fire, rain, etc., are presided over by nature spirits. This particular sect of Hindus claims to have preserved the secret of being able to control the fire spirits so that for the time they are unable to burn. Whatever may be the explanation, these are the facts.

Certain mystic ceremonies having been performed, and coconuts having been tossed into the flames, the two junior priests apparently became possessed. With frantic shrieks and cries, they passed twice round the blazing trench, preceded by the chief priest with his sword and followed by the brilliantly illuminated canopy. Then, still in a frenzy painful to behold, they plunged up to their ankles in the scorching furnace and passed backward and forward several times, the red-hot coals and sparks scattering about their feet. The crowd followed in their wake first one or two individuals, until the others, gaining confidence and caught by enthusiasm, rushed through in hundreds, even little children of 4 and 5 years old running up and down the trench over the burning coals exactly as if it had been a soft carpet. All were unburnt. Among those who ventured was a brother of one of our party. This gentleman, whose name I am prepared to give privately, walked through the trench twice very slowly, and described the sensation afterwards as having been like walking over hot sand.

A skeptic among us having profounded the theory that the feet of natives were covered by an integument so dense that it was proof even against live coals, Dr. Pascal carefully examined the feet of this witness immediately after his performance, and found the skin of the soles was of the normal thickness of European feet and that they were untouched by the fire. I saw one man deliberately pause in the middle of the trench to pick up a handful of the flaming embers, which he then carried through to the side. A linen turban which fell from some one's head lay on the coals without igniting, as did the coconuts. The priest's remained on the scene for about twenty minutes, during which time the two apparently possessed men were held by others. After they left the crowd was advised to cease experimenting with the fire, and no more passed over. At this stage Dr. Richardson and myself left our seats and attempted to approach to the brink of the fiery gulf, but the heat was so great that we had to turn back.

The Oldest Postal System.
We find the first recorded postal system in the Persian empire, under Cyrus the Elder, but it is clear that Rome, of all the ancient States, possessed the best organized system of transmitting letters through its numerous provinces. All the great Roman roads houses were erected at a distance of five or six miles from each other. At each of these stations forty horses were constantly kept, and by the help of the relays it was easy to travel one hundred miles in a day

These services were intended for the State only, it being imperative to secure the rapid interchange of official communications. In the time of Julius Caesar the system was so well organized that of two letters the great soldier wrote from Britain to Cicero at Rome the one reached its destination in twenty-six and the other in twenty-eight days. Private citizens had to trust to the services of slaves, and it is not till the end of the third century that we hear of the establishment of a postal service for private persons by the emperor Diocletian, but how long this system remained history does not say.

LIFE IN THE BOX.

It Was a Box of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

And They Cured Mr. J. F. Ireland of Kidney Disease—So Could Stand his Sufferings no Longer—Then he Resorted to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 30.—Mr. J. F. Ireland, the well-known and popular "Commercial traveller" was reported dead. His friends, and the newspapers said he had died far from home. And all who had known him mourned sincerely for him, for he was a man who had many true friends.

But Mr. Ireland wasn't dead. Not by a good deal. And the newspapers were wrong. He had been ill—very ill. He had suffered for years with Kidney Disease, and had not been successful in finding either a doctor or a medicine that could cure him. He became very ill, on one of his long trips away from home. Another man, with an exactly similar name, died and was buried.

But the traveller from Halifax was getting better. He continued to do so, till he was entirely well again, with not the suspicion of a shadow of Kidney Disease in his system. One day he amazed one of his friends by walking into his office and asking: "How are you Jim?"

"Jim gasped, 'I thought you were dead!'"
"But you see I'm not!"

"Yes, I see. But the papers said you were. How did you get better?"

"Dodd's Kidney Pills made me better, put me on my feet, made a new man of me. I tell you, my friend, if you ever have any Kidney Disease, let it be Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Dropsy, Lumbago, or any other Kidney Complaint—use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They'll cure you." Anyone who doubts the truth of this story should write to Mr. Ireland who will corroborate it fully. Anyone who needs Dodd's Kidney Pills can get them at all druggists, for fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2 50, or by sending price to The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Lost Opportunities.
"Talking of lost opportunities for riches," remarked the retired capitalist, "I count two against myself, which I will regret until my dying day. One came a number of years ago when a man wanted to buy a small lot of ground from me and offered for it one thousand shares of the Bell Telephone Company, which he valued at one dollar a share. I refused the bid. The stock has since sold at seven hundred and fifty dollars a share. The other lost opportunity was even worse. An old friend, who had been a school companion in my youth, came to me and implored me to help him out with an option he had on a silver mine in Colorado. He had rated eight thousand dollars, and he needed that much more to prevent the expiration of the

option in about a week. I had been bitten in a number of gold and silver mining speculations, and I refused to put up the desired eight thousand dollars. My friend found a man on Market street who had more nerve than I and took up the option with the sixteen thousand dollars. Since that time these two men have cleared seven million dollars on that mine, three million five hundred thousand dollars apiece. The lightning may strike me yet, but I doubt whether I will ever recover those lost millions."

An Elephant's Teeth.

Whoever has looked inside an elephant's mouth has seen a strange sight. Elephants have no front teeth, and they never eat morsel or any food that requires tearing apart. Eight teeth are all they have, two above and two below on each side, huge yellow molars as wide as a man's hand, about two inches thick. Over these hay or fodder is sifted by the queerest, ugliest tongue that is literally hung at both ends, having no power or movement except in the middle, where it shifts back and forth from side to side, arching up against the roof of the big mouth like an immense wrinkled pink serpent. There is nothing stranger than the working of an elephant's tongue, unless it be the working of his breathing apparatus when he sleeps. Elephants, like human beings, have two sets of teeth—the milk teeth, which are smaller than the permanent molars, fall out when the animals are about fourteen years old. These baby teeth, which are nevertheless enormous, are occasionally picked up by circus men among the fodder and preserved as curiosities.

The Power of His Eye.

It has been told of Van Amburgh, the great lion tamer, that on one occasion when in a bar-room he was asked how he gained his wonderful power over animals. He said:

"It is by showing them that I am not in the least afraid of them, and by keeping my eye steadily on theirs. I'll give you an example of the power of my eye."

"You see that fellow? He's a regular clown. I'll make him come across the room to me, and I won't say one word to him."

Sitting down, he fixed his keen, steady eye on the man. Presently the fellow straightened himself up, rose from his seat and came slowly across to the lion tamer. When he was close enough he drew back his arm and struck Van Amburgh a tremendous blow over the chin, knocking him clean over the chair, with the remark: "You'll stare at me like that again, won't you?"

Coal Consumption.

It will perhaps interest some readers to know how much fuel a locomotive burns. This, of course, depends upon the quality of fuel, the work done, the speed, and the character of the road. On freight trains the average consumption may be taken at about 1 to 1 1/4 pounds of coal per car per mile. With passenger trains, the cars of which are heavier and the speed higher, the coal consumption is greater. A freight train of thirty cars at a speed of thirty miles per hour would therefore burn from 900 to 1,350 pounds of coal per hour.

It takes two to make a reputation.
"Mr. Slowboy tells me that Miss Scintilla is very bright."

"I should be more inclined to believe it if Mr. Slowboy were brighter."

FLASHES OF FUN.

"How long do you want them?" asked the clerk.
"I don't want to borrow 'em," replied Tommy; "I want to buy 'em for keeps!"

"Quizzer—So he shuts his eyes to his wife's temper fit, does he?"
"Gayer—Yes, she's deaf and dumb and talks on her hands, you know."

"Brown—What sort of a man is Spriggin?"
"Smith—Well, you can't get an idea into his head, and you can't get an idea out of his head."

"Architect (looking at new foundation)—"How is this? Your foundation is only half the size my plans call for."
"Experienced Builder—The owner told me to keep the cost within your estimate."

"Johnny—Pa, do people read the newspapers to get the news?"
"Pa—No, my son; they merely read them so they won't have to listen to other folks who have read them."

"City Boarder—'I notice you keep a big bar of soap outside by the pump. It is for the farm hands, I presume?"
"Rural Hostess—'Yes, farm hands and fannies."

"I hate to believe that he discharged his bookkeeper for playing golf. How tyrannical!"
"Naw, not for playing golf, for talking it."

"Why is it," they asked, "that you let your husband have his own way in everything?"
"Because," she replied, "I like to have some one to blame when things go wrong."

"Papa, it speaks here of a burst of confidence. What does it mean?"
"Failure of a trusted bank," growled the old gentleman, who had just been hit by that sort of a calamity."

"Little Nephew—Uncle, what makes cynics of people?"
"Old Uncle Grout—'When a man is a cynic it is because he has had experience; when a woman is a cynic it is because she hasn't."

"The railroad engineer," said the smart boarder, "must be a happy man. He whistles at his work."
"Begging your pardon," said the Cheerful idiot, "prompt to crush all possible rivalry, 'he works at his whistle.'"

"It's all foolishness to talk about any one getting the worst of it in the matrimonial game," declared the big man with a silk hat and loud suit of clothes.
"How's that?"
"Marriage is always a tie."

"Aunt Hotty—That thing that Sue Harkins is playin' on the piano is 'Home sweet home' with variations. Couldn't yer tell her it?"
"Uncle Hiram—I ken only tell the variations."

"She—Oh, just look at that policeman! Isn't he just too lovely for anything?"
"He—Really, I fail to see anything attractive about him."

"She—Why, just look at his badge—98. He's just marked down from \$1, I'm sure."

"First Burglar—Did you see de 'ad' uv dat big jewelry house? I wish I could break in dere some night."
"Second Burglar—Well, if you do, you might leave some word mentionin' de name uv de paper where you saw de 'ad.'"

"Muggins called up his first wife at the seance last night, and what do you think he said to her?"
"Goodness knows."

"He told her he wished she would give his second wife her recipe for mince meat."

"Her Father—And if I consent to your marriage with my daughter, what do you propose to do for a living?"

"Mr. Spooner—I'll demonstrate that two can live as cheaply as one. We won't ask for a cent more than you allow her now."

"That motor you are interested in never worked, did it?"
"Of course it worked," was the indignant reply. "It never pulled any cars or moved any machinery. But it made money for its owners, and that's more than most inventions do."

"Is Miss Binks in?"
"Be yer Mr. Brown or Mr. Jones? If yer Mr. Brown, she's out; if yer Mr. Jones, she's home."

"I'm neither Brown nor Jones."
"Well, then, ye'll have to wait till I go and ask her whether she is home."

"Moralist—Think of the fleeting nature of your popularity. You are notorious for a short time, then some man defeats you, and you are thrown aside and forgotten. What have you ever done that will live, my friend?"

"Pugilist—Well, pard, I put a broken nose on a literary gent once that has out-lived anything he ever wrote."

"Polite Old Gentleman—I perceive, madam, that I need not inquire about your health."
"Nice Old Lady—'Thank you, sir. I confess that I feel ten years younger than I am.'"

"Polite Old Gentleman—'Possibly, madam, but you cannot feel a day younger than you look.'"

"A burglar who was doing a neat job on a large safe was horrified on looking up to see a man standing quietly beside him. He was about to retire, when the gentleman said:

"Go ahead; I am interested in this job."
"Why?" asked the astonished burglar.
"Because I have lost the key. If you can get the safe open, I will make it worth your while."

SEAL BRAND COFFEE
CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL
Chase & Sanborn's SEAL BRAND JAVA & MOCHA
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

Be Sure To Demand, and See That You Get a

BENSON'S
POROUS PLASTER
It is the best
It quickly conquers Coughs, Colds and Inflammations of the Lungs and Throat. No remedy so sure and effective. Price Six. All Druggists, Of Age, Learning, Milled Co. Mont., (Unobtainable).

BAD BLOOD.
You can't be healthy if your blood is impure or watery,—if poison is circulating through your arteries instead of rich, pure, life-giving blood.
If you feel drowsy, languid,—are constipated, have pimples or blotches breaking out on your body the remedy for you is Burdock Blood Bitters.
"I have been using B.B.B., also my brother and sister-in-law, and we find it a most reliable and efficacious blood purifier, and most cordially recommend it. We purchased it from J. R. Ault & Sons of this town." MISS C. M. WATSON, Aultsville, Ont.
B.B.B. is a highly concentrated blood purifying vegetable remedy,—only a teaspoonful at a dose,—you add the water yourself.

FOR THE BLOOD

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC SOAPS
Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes.
Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.
Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

STAINED-GLASS
Memorials,
Interior
Decorations.
CASTLE & SON,
30 University St., Montreal
Write for catalogue B.



RELIEF IN 10 MINUTES!
Every sufferer from catarrh who reads these lines will find in them a message of hope. No matter how severely he may be afflicted, no matter how many so-called remedies he may have tried, no matter how many physicians have experimented upon him in vain, no matter how completely he may have despaired of ever ridding himself of his disgusting and distressing malady—he can be cured! Hundreds upon hundreds of cases as bad as his have been fully and permanently cured by

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER.
This wonderful remedy never fails if taken before catarrh has developed into other necessarily fatal diseases. Don't put it off—go at once to your druggist and get a bottle. It will relieve you in 10 minutes—it will place you on the road to full recovery immediately. It cures cold in the head, sore throat, tonsillitis, asthma, hay fever, loss of smell and deafness. Here is an interesting letter from the Rev. James Murdoch, of Harrisburg, Pa.:
"When I know anything is worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to let my friends know it. I have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for the last two months and am now completely cured of catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me within five minutes. I would not be without it in the house if it cost \$5 a bottle, as it will cure any slight cold I may have, almost instantly."
At all druggists.
Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart relieves heart disease in 30 minutes. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills—see, for 40 doses—are the best. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in a day scabies, tetter and all skin diseases. Cures piles in 2 to 3 nights. 25c.

Continued from Tenth Page.

stars were studding the deep blue above, when at length they parted.

'Good-night, my own, my dearest one,' he said. 'For ever and ever I will be true to you.'

Through the misty evening she went, his voice still echoing in her ears, the print of his kisses still warm upon her lips and cheek.

'I will be true to him,' she whispered, lifting her eyes to the heavens above. 'I will be true to him.'

No one heard her enter the house, and, gaining her room, she locked the door; then kneeling by the open window, she let her thoughts wander back over the past hour.

The very thought sent a rush of joy all through her.

She rested her cheek on the hand he had kissed, and closing her eyes, tried to imagine his arms around her again.

Madge tapped at the door on the way to her own room; but, receiving no answer, believed that her sister was asleep.

However, the slight sound disturbed Shirley's dreaming, and sent her thoughts into a more practical and less pleasant channel.

She would have to break off her engagement with Gilbert Metherell, and face the surprise and displeasure of everyone.

She thought of her mother's anger, of Madge's cold contempt.

No doubt Lady Metherell would take her to task, and condemn her conduct.

It would all be awful; but she intended to do it.

At least, that night she did; but when the morning came she shrank more than ever from the ordeal.

At breakfast she found a letter lying beside her plate.

It was from Metherell.

He was on his way home, and might appear any day.

A feeling of dread pervaded Shirley's heart.

'What would be the result of their meeting?' she trembled to think of it.

Shirley's mother and Madge were busy looking through a heap of patterns which had been sent from town, and never noticed how quiet and pre-occupied she was.

But, as she left the table, Mrs. Loraine looked up to say—

'We are going into Ipswich, on a shopping expedition. You had better come, too.'

She had expected Shirley to raise objections, instead of which the girl merely asked the time they were to start.

That was a long and weary day for Shirley.

The whole time she was trying to screw up her courage to say, 'I have changed my mind and do not intend to marry Gilbert.'

Once, in the train, she almost began the sentence she had prepared; but the words died away on her lips.

'She would tell them when she got home,' she decided, and, when they reached Fairfield, they found Gilbert Metherell leaning upon the gate, smoking a cigarette.

She was looking sunburnt, and much better than usual, and had brought with quite a heap of presents for Shirley.

She wished he had not done so.

She had a miserable feeling that coils of fire were being heaped upon her head.

After dinner Sir Henry came in.

It had been thundering all the evening, and, just as she reached the door the rain came down in torrents.

'It will cool the air,' Mrs. Loraine said, as they sat in the drawing-room, listening to the storm. 'Dear me!—as a terrible clap seemed to shake the house—that was near.'

'I know it is very foolish,' Madge said in her sweet, low voice, 'but I always feel more afraid of the thunder than I do of the lightning.'

Sir Henry burst into a roar of laughter. 'That remark is worthy of a woman,' he declared. 'You have some sense in that head of yours, Madge.'

'Sufficient for ordinary use,' she responded calmly.

He laughed again.

He did not prefer a sharp, clever woman; as he often said to himself. 'He preferred a pretty fool.'

Madge knew this, and allowed him to imagine her one.

Shirley sat on a sofa, at the other end of the room. Young Metherell was beside her, recounting his adventures.

She liked him to talk; it saved her the necessity of doing so.

'You are awfully quiet,' he said, at last. 'What is the matter with you?'

'I am listening to what you tell me,' she replied.

'I don't believe you are,' he declared.

'What is the matter with you?'

'I am listening to what you tell me,' she replied.

'I don't believe you are,' he declared.

'What was I telling you about just now? Shirley had not heard a word.'

'Don't tease me,' she said, pettishly. 'I am tired, and have a headache. We have spent the day in shops. I am quite certain the image of a young man, measuring out yards of things, is imprinted on my brain.'

'I thought,' said Sir Henry, who had overheard the remark, 'that all ladies loved shopping.'

'I adore it,' cooed Madge.

'I detest it,' said Shirley. 'It tires one to death. It has left off raining has it not?'

'Which means you want us to go,' said Matherell, rising rather sulkily; while Mrs. Loraine rebuked her for her rudeness.

'You forget to pay the extra twopenny for her manners when she went to school,' Sir Henry observed, with a sneer.

'I was speaking to Gilbert,' Shirley said, with a flash of her eyes at the baronet. 'I may surely say what I like to him.'

'Certainly; but he has my sympathy,' Shirley said. 'I need not to this remark, but turning to Matherell, she said—'

'I will walk down to the gate with you; in those shoes!' cried Mrs. Loraine.

But Shirley had already left the room, and Metherell followed her, after bidding the others good-night.

He found her waiting on the verandah.

'Your mother thinks you had better not come to the gate,' he said. 'Give me a kiss here Shirley; it seems an eternity since I had one.'

She hesitated, then lifted her face to his.

'—I want to talk to you,' she stammered. '—I want to tell that—that, perhaps after all, I—I don't care enough, that—'

'Heavens Shirley!' he interrupted, 'you don't mean to say you want to throw me over? You can't go back from your word, you know.'

'You did promise. Everybody knows you promised to marry me. I have not done anything to make you change. I thought of you every minute while I was away. I have not given you any cause to alter your mind; and it is not as if you had decided in a hurry. G-d! you kept me waiting long enough.' He put his arm round her waist and kissed her. 'I have won you,' he said, and I will not give you up. So make your mind easy.'

Mrs. Loraine came to the drawing room window.

'Shirley!' she called; 'Shirley, are you standing out there, in the damp?'

'Run in,' Metherell said; 'and don't be such a little duffer again.'

He went off, picking his way down the path, which was flooded with the late rain, and Shirley, without uttering another word let him go.

That night Madge was awakened by someone sobbing on her bed.

She sat up and found it was Shirley.

'What is the matter?' she inquired.

'Are you ill?'

'I am perfectly miserable,' Shirley cried. 'For pity's sake Madge, tell me what to do. I—I don't want to marry Gilbert. I told him so; but he would not hear to it. I should think not,' Madge said, brushing some hair from her face. 'Why you must be mad to think of such a thing.'

'But I don't care for him,' the girl declared.

'You should have thought of that before,' was the condescending reply. 'It is late to draw back now. Do try to be sensible about it. I am not in love with Henry; still, I intend to enjoy myself as Lady Ayerlet.'

'But if you cared for some one else?'

'I do not.'

'But if you did? Shirley persisted. 'If you loved someone with all your heart, only he happened to be poor, and you—you would have to wait for him, would you still marry Sir Henry?'

Madge glanced sharply at her; in a flash she guessed the truth.

'I should marry Sir Henry,' she said, with quiet decision. 'If I were an heiress, I should probably marry the poor man—if of course he was a gentleman. As we are placed now, we cannot afford to think about love. Why, my dear child, supposing you were to set your affection on some poverty-stricken young man, what would become of you? You know that mother is selling capital to buy my trousseau. It must be done; there is no other way. She will do the same for you, and we shall have to make it up to her. Henry will make her an allowance, and Gilbert will, of course, do the like; so that she will be able to enjoy comparative luxury, for the rest of her life.'

'But if you jilt Gilbert, the Metherells will become our enemies; and I know Henry would do nothing for poor mother while you are at home, because you are always so rude to him. He quite dislikes you.'

'Is that two o'clock striking? Oh! Shirley, run away to bed at once, and don't be silly any longer. I am quite certain that you would hate to be poor and badly dressed for the rest of your days.'

It was all so true; every word seemed to be crushing out Shirley's poor little romance.

There was no use fighting longer.

She went back to her room, and crept into bed.

Life seemed very hopeless.

She felt too wretched for tears, but lay staring into the darkness with wide, anguished eyes.

It was some time, too, before Madge managed to fall asleep.

She was worried about her young sister, of whom, in her cold, calm way, she was very fond.

She had found it easy enough to guess the cause of Shirley's grief.

It appeared very patent to her that the unknown young man at Sea View Cottage was unwelcome for it all.

'She had seen him two or three times, and had noticed that he was remarkably handsome; but that Shirley should have con-

descended to fall in love with him seemed, in her eyes, an awful disgrace.

She blamed herself, and her mother, for allowing the girl so much freedom.

Shirley had been spoilt, and given her own way in everything, and this was what had come of it.

Well, it would have to be stopped at once, and the best plan would be to send Shirley away on a visit.

Having arrived at this conclusion, she fell asleep, and did not wake until the maid appeared with hot water.

Shirley was out betimes.

She had felt that to remain inactive would be beyond her powers of endurance.

She chose the loneliest walk she could find.

She dreaded meeting anyone, and west of all did she dread meeting Vivian West.

Once she fancied she caught sight of him standing on the brow of a hill, and turning with wildly beating heart, she ran in the other direction.

If they met what were they to say to one another.

How could she ever tell him the truth? How could she ever make him understand it was not all her fault? And meet him she did.

He came round a bend of the lane, with Ralph Devitt.

'Taking one of your early walks?' the latter said, with a genial smile. 'It is quite the best time of the day, is it not?'

She made some incoherent remark about the beauty of the morning.

She dared not glance at Vivian West as he stood on one side to let her pass.

'He will know now,' she said to herself, with trembling lips. 'He will know now. Mr. Devitt is certain to tell him.'

She hurried down to a little wood, and throwing herself on the grass, buried her face in her hands, muttering all the while, in a hard, gasping way—

'He will know now—he will know now!'

It was the thought of breakfast, which caused Shirley to put aside her misery for the time.

If she were late, she would probably be questioned as to where she had been, and what she had been doing?

So she got up, put her hat straight, and wandered her way towards home.

She was almost there, when suddenly she came face to face with Vivian West again.

He was waiting by a gate through which she had to pass.

He opened it for her, without a word. Then their eyes met, and a little cry of fear broke from her lips.

He looked like a man who had sustained a severe shock.

He had a dazed appearance, and, when he spoke, his voice had lost its pleasant tones.

'I have been waiting for you,' he said. 'I heard a strange thing about you to-day. I want to hear from your own lips that it is a lie.'

She was trembling, and laid her hand upon the gate to steady herself.

'It was Devitt who told me,' he continued, 'after we met you in the lane. He said you were engaged to Sir Martin Metherell's son.'

Another pause, longer than the first. Her dark lashes hid her eyes.

To speak appeared an impossibility to her then.

There seemed no words for her to utter. He broke the silence, with a short, bitter laugh.

'It is true, then! You are a finished coquette, Miss Loraine. I admit you fooled me completely. But why act longer? The play is over. I trust you have enjoyed it.'

His mocking contemptuous tone set her like a knife; it sent the hot blood flaming to her cheeks.

She stretched out her hands entreatingly.

'For Heaven's sake be merciful! I did not mean to do it. I cannot help myself!'

'The hardness of his face never softened.

'I may be dense,' he said, coldly; 'but I fail to understand the meaning of your words. You could not help winning the love of a man, while you were bound to another? Does he know that I have held you in my arms? Does he know that I have kissed your lips? I thought him a brainless fool when I met him; and I pity him now. Do not let me keep you longer.'

He lifted his cap.

She moved a few paces from him, then stopped.

'You think me heartless and wicked,' she said, pitifully. 'I did wrong, I know; but I am suffering for it.'

'You?' she cried, brokenly. 'I love you now.'

'But you love yourself and the good things of this world better,' he replied. 'You say you love me—will you come to me now, as I am? Will you face poverty and hardships with me? Is your love strong enough for that?'

She went nearer to him, longing to creep under the shelter of his arms, and rest her aching head upon his breast.

'I think it is,' she said, wistfully. 'With you beside me, I should be afraid of no one.'

She laid her little hands upon his arm, and lifted her eyes, all moist with unshed tears, to his face.

He knew that he could win her then, but was too proud to take advantage of the moment.

'You think,' he said, more gently than he had hitherto done. 'I would like you to be certain. To-morrow morning, at this same time, I will be waiting here for you. If you are to be mine come to me then.'

'I will come,' she said, and, with a last long look, turned and went away.

Leaving upon the gate, he watched her until she was out of sight.

'Good-bye,' he said, aloud.

He knew she would never come to him again.

For a long while he stood there, gazing across the fields, with eyes which saw no outward things.

His teeth were set, his face was stern and grave beyond its years.

He roused himself at length by again speaking aloud.

'It shall be all work—work!' he said, 'I'll live for that alone.'

Every step that took Shirley nearer home awakened her resolve to be true to her lover.

She loved him, but was she prepared to face poverty and hardships, and endure anger and contempt for his sake?

At one moment she thought she was; at another she felt she was not.

She recalled all Madge had said, and Gilbert's indignation.

They would, she knew, be furious with her for breaking off her engagement; but, when they learnt the reason—when she told them that she intended to marry one who was poorer and obscure—what would their feelings be?

They were seated at breakfast, Madge and her mother.

They were talking earnestly together, but stopped as Shirley entered giving her an uncomfortable feeling that she had been the subject of the conversation.

However, they greeted her with smiling 'Good-mornings,' said how lovely the weather was, and showed her some wedding presents had arrived by the post.

'We shall have yours coming in directly the date is fixed,' Mrs. Loraine said, with a pleasant laugh. 'Oh, I have a piece of news for you, Shirley! Your Aunt Mary is going to take you to the Isle of Wight for a few weeks, just while Madge and I are so busy arranging things. We must go up to town, and I was wondering whom I could ask to come here and chaperon you. This timely invitation has settled the difficulty. I have already sent off a telegram to say you are coming. We can all go up together this afternoon, and I will leave you with Aunt Mary.'

Shirley raised no objection.

She felt that fate had decided things for her.

She also knew that it would be utterly useless for her to object to go.

So, with many conflicting emotions, she packed her neat basket-trunk, and bid farewell to Coddington for some weeks, at least.

Madge noticed that her eyes were red with crying, but she made no remark about it.

As she watched Shirley's pale face and listless manner, she felt that Aunt Mary's invitation had not come a moment too soon.

CHAPTER XII.

Vivian West kept his trust; but no slim, girlish glance came across the meadows to him.

He had not expected her.

He had forced himself to believe she was far to frail and timid to dare much for his sake.

Yet, nevertheless, the disappointment was bitterly keen, and, for once, even his art seemed to lose its charm.

mother's medicine.

What distress and anguish come to the mother when her little one wakes up at night with a nasty croupy cough. Wise mothers always keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It is so pleasant to the taste the youngsters take it without any fuss, and at the same time its promptness and effectiveness are such that the cough is checked before anything serious develops.

From one end of the Dominion to the other people are praising Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as the best remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and all Lung Affections.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

50c. at all druggists.

He had told himself that he would work, and give no thought away from his work, until he had made a wide-famed success; but, that morning, he wondered disconsolately what was the use of it.

There was no one to toil for—no one to urge him on.

In the whole world there was not one soul to rejoice or sympathize with him.

He stood alone, to rise or fall, unaided. He walked many miles that day—walked as men do when striving to crush down thoughts and memories which mean pain and despair.

He endeavoured, with all his strength, to overcome his love for Shirley, to wipe from his remembrance the image of her flower-like face, to forget the charm of grace and manner which had so endeared her to him.

It was a hard task, and the evening found him worn out in mind and body.

As he entered Sea View Cottage, he encountered Sir Martin, who was just leaving. The baronet wished him 'Good-evening,' adding—

'After to-morrow, Mr. West, we shall not trouble you any more. The doctors have at length decided that Lady Metherell may be moved.'

'I am glad to hear it, for her ladyship's sake,' the young fellow replied.

He would have passed on to his room, but Sir Martin stopped him.

'Do you still find subjects for your pictures in this neighbourhood?'

'Yes. I admire the scenery.'

'Your people must feel exceedingly proud of your talent.'

'Unfortunately, I have no people,' Vivian quietly returned.

'Indeed, that is—unfortunate. Nevertheless, there must be some who are taking a great interest in your career.'

Vivian West smiled in a grave sad way.

'If so, I am not aware of it,' he said. 'I believe I am the only person who takes any interest in it.'

'Is that possible?'

'I regret to say it is.'

He had no idea of how Sir Martin was longing to hear something of his life—no knowledge of how almost every expression of face and tone of voice were stabbing the elder man through the heart like a two-edged knife.

It seemed, to Sir Martin, that Lillian West's eyes looked from the young fellow's face into his, with undying reproach in their clear depths.

The delicate, refined features, the proud, restless manner, brought her so vividly to his memory, that the old love seemed to stir to life again, and, in his passion of pain and longing, he almost cried her name aloud.

'Your mother,' he said, brusquely. 'Is it—long since she died?'

'They had sauntered into the little garden.'

'I have no recollection of my mother,' Vivian said. 'I can only look back to a miserable, awful childhood—a nightmare of horror and dread, which at times haunts me even now.'

'You interest me,' Sir Martin said. 'I should like to hear the story of your life; but, believe me, I ask for it from no vulgar curiosity. I am rich and possess some influence, and may be able to help you.'

'You are very kind,' Vivian replied.

'Success, though, must depend entirely on my own merits and perseverance. As to the story of my life, it is scarcely romantic.'

He paused, while his thoughts went flashing back over the life-road he had travelled.

It looked bleak, and bare, and desolate enough; scarce a gleam of sunshine through the universal gloom.

'Who my parents were,' he began, 'is unknown to me; but I believe—I cannot help believing—they were gentle people, who, for some reason, wished to rid themselves of my unfortunate self. I was brought up by a rough, common, illiterate couple. The woman was kind to me in her way, poor soul—I know she did her best; but the man was a drunken cowardly brute, who ill-treated us both. For me he seemed to entertain a special hatred, and never lost an opportunity of revenging himself upon me. I was a delicate, sensitive little fellow. These days have left a mark upon me that no time can efface.'

'The first break that came in that terrible life was caused by the death of my mother. She was the only soul who had been good to me. I was heartbroken, and terrified beyond all expression at the thought of being left alone with the man. I bore it for a few days, then I ran away.'

'There is no need to depict the hardships which followed—and I have no notion how long they lasted—it seemed to me years. Then one bitter winter's day, I fell down in the street, exhausted with cold and hunger. A long illness followed.'

'When, at length, I began to regain consciousness, I found myself in a small, bright room, with a stern, though pleasant, woman to watch over me. Afterwards I learnt she was the housekeeper of an old gentleman named Chadwick.'

'It appears that I had fallen at his very feet, opposite his own door, and he at once had had me carried in.'

To be Continued.

WHEN HEART FAILS.

Life's Charm Vanishes—No Case of Heart Disease Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Will Not Believe in 30 Minutes, and Permanently Cured.

Thos. Petry, of Aylmer, Que., says that for about five years he was a constant sufferer from acute heart der

How We Hid The Nihilist.

How we came to be let in for the job of hiding a Nihilist, and bringing him safely to England, I never knew exactly. Suffice it to say that it caused my fellow-engineers and myself a period of anxiety. Our steamer was loading at Odessa in October, 1888, and the Chief in charge at the time (I was acting a third engineer at the time) was a very nice man, in a ship chandler's shop, in company with many other engineers of different steamers lying in the port. The proprietor of this establishment (whom for the purpose of this tale I will call George Dimetri) was a man well known to seafarers trading to that part of the world.

Several of those present, who knew the Greek better than I did, had remarked that he seemed to be in a most unaccountable mood that night, and he had evidently told them the name of his troubles, for much whispering had been going on between the Englishmen. Our Chief, who appeared to be 'in the know,' later on proposed that we should go for a walk, in the course of which he explained that a certain Nihilist, who had been captured by the Russian Government and sent to Odessa for transportation to Siberia, in one of the volunteer fleet, had escaped, and was actually at Dimetri's shop in hiding. We were told, furthermore, that Dimetri had begged us Englishmen to get the man safely out of the country. The chief asked our opinion on the matter; sounded us, in fact, and I, for one, was strongly against having anything to do with the affair. I cannot say whether I was over by the pitiful yarn that was spun about the poor fellow's condition, or the fact that it was understood that money was no object, suffice it to say, that it was understood that he had been used to anything. As a fact, he had to, whether he liked it or not, before he finished that journey, at all events. We passed as much good down to him as we could, and although he didn't understand a word of English, we cheered him up constantly.

Forty hours steaming brought us to the Bosphorus, and as we had to coal here, and should be very busy on deck, we pulled up the dome, and dragged poor 'Him' out. Oh! what a sight he was. He had been very sea-sick, poor wretch, while the heat had made him lose much flesh, even in that short time, so that his clothes hung about him like sacks.

I think our sense of pity at his condition made us fairly wild at our folly in leaving "Him" there so long; we really hadn't calculated on the heat of his prison, for you must remember that he was in part of the engine himself. We bathed him, however, and changed his clothes as far as we could; we fed him on beef tea and arrow-root; walked him gently up and down the engine room floor, and finally when we thought he was coming round a bit, we locked him up in the store-room, and I went on deck to see that we were not robbed of coal by those rascally Turks.

The usual bustle and excitement were at their height, when the steward ran up to me and said he had been in the engine room examining everything. Could "Him" have got out, I wondered, and I went to see that I was not to be exposed to danger. Hastily I told the Chief the news, and ran down to the engine-room to expostulate with "Him." You may judge of my amazement on seeing quite another individual calmly walking the "staring platform," as though to the manner born. At first I thought he was a thief, but he politely informed me that he had booked a passage to Antwerp in this very boat, and he went on to apologize for going into the engine-room without leave. I might, he said, be quite sure that he was doing nothing wrong. The fellow evidently understood modern machinery, for he calmly asked me where the evaporator coils had got to. I was so thunderstruck that I couldn't reply for the moment, for there was the evaporator dome still in the slings—so, we had been so horrified at our charge's condition when we dragged him out, that we forgot to put it down again. Noticing my embarrassment, he smiled and said: "So the bird has flown, eh?" Without waiting for an answer, the stranger quickly ascended the engine-room ladder and was rowed ashore. I did not know what to make of the affair. It was evident that "Him" had been betrayed, however. At any rate, I thought we had got rid of our mysterious visitor pretty easily, and I was complimenting myself on not being quite such a fool as he had evidently taken me for, when, to my dismay, on leaving the Golden Horn behind us, I saw the same man talking to the captain on the poop. Evidently he had found out that no one had left our steamer at Constantinople, and so had hurried back, determined not to be balked of his prey. We held a hasty consultation as to what was to be done with "Him" under these very alarming circumstances. The captain would undoubtedly search the engine-room, and so he would be bound to find "Him," and the Russian officer, for such the polite stranger was, on the first steamer we passed bound for Russia.

"Put 'Him' in the evaporator again," said the Second.
"What! and boil him to death?" said I, horrified.
"No, at all," said No. 2. "We can run a jet of water over it, to keep it cool. The water will only wash the bilges out, and that they sadly need."
"Good," said the Chief. "And we'll raise the dome every night when we have an opportunity, and let 'Him' have a walk around."
These plans were carried out at once. "Him" protested violently, poor chap, but we thrust him into his ghastly tomb, with all the food we could lay our hands upon.

That evening, when the man had left work, and our steward, who was also a Greek, had gone, as usual, to gamble on the fore hatch, we took "Him" down into the engine-room, and silently placed him on the evaporator base, finally covering the dome over him. Next morning I didn't forget to explain to the stokers that I had had to lower the dome myself, as the Chief didn't like to see it hanging in the slings all night. We next put in the bolts and fastened down the dome as it ready for use. No one would ever dream that the coils of the evaporator were not in the machine, their place having been taken by a stalwart Nihilist, whom we were kidnapping, so to speak, in this very extraordinary manner. The evaporator was fitted with a safety valve on top; this I took out, so as to give our captive fresh air. Through the hole food was also lowered to him, but we couldn't send down very large parcels because the hole was only thirteen inches in diameter.

In the course of the day we received a visit from the Russian police. They had been to other ships also; and let me tell you they searched our steamer from end to end almost as thoroughly as English Customhouse officers would do, but no one dreamt of looking into the evaporator. I really thought we had got off very nicely when we sailed for Antwerp that night; but we soon found that our troubles had only just begun.

Of course, we had fully intended to liberate "Him" as soon as the ship was fairly at sea; according to our calculations, he was then to be located in the store-room, which, as it was only used by our- selves, would have made "Him" a comfortable home for the three week's run. The ship rolled so heavily, however, that the Chief would not allow us to raise the dome; he was afraid, and rightly so, too, that it would carry away and either smash something, or kill poor "Him" in its mad movements.

But what were we to do with "Him"? We understood that he had been used to roughing it, and could stand pretty nearly anything. As a fact, he had to, whether he liked it or not, before he finished that journey, at all events. We passed as much good down to him as we could, and although he didn't understand a word of English, we cheered him up constantly.

Forty hours steaming brought us to the Bosphorus, and as we had to coal here, and should be very busy on deck, we pulled up the dome, and dragged poor "Him" out. Oh! what a sight he was. He had been very sea-sick, poor wretch, while the heat had made him lose much flesh, even in that short time, so that his clothes hung about him like sacks.

I think our sense of pity at his condition made us fairly wild at our folly in leaving "Him" there so long; we really hadn't calculated on the heat of his prison, for you must remember that he was in part of the engine himself. We bathed him, however, and changed his clothes as far as we could; we fed him on beef tea and arrow-root; walked him gently up and down the engine room floor, and finally when we thought he was coming round a bit, we locked him up in the store-room, and I went on deck to see that we were not robbed of coal by those rascally Turks.

The usual bustle and excitement were at their height, when the steward ran up to me and said he had been in the engine room examining everything. Could "Him" have got out, I wondered, and I went to see that I was not to be exposed to danger. Hastily I told the Chief the news, and ran down to the engine-room to expostulate with "Him." You may judge of my amazement on seeing quite another individual calmly walking the "staring platform," as though to the manner born. At first I thought he was a thief, but he politely informed me that he had booked a passage to Antwerp in this very boat, and he went on to apologize for going into the engine-room without leave. I might, he said, be quite sure that he was doing nothing wrong. The fellow evidently understood modern machinery, for he calmly asked me where the evaporator coils had got to. I was so thunderstruck that I couldn't reply for the moment, for there was the evaporator dome still in the slings—so, we had been so horrified at our charge's condition when we dragged him out, that we forgot to put it down again. Noticing my embarrassment, he smiled and said: "So the bird has flown, eh?" Without waiting for an answer, the stranger quickly ascended the engine-room ladder and was rowed ashore. I did not know what to make of the affair. It was evident that "Him" had been betrayed, however. At any rate, I thought we had got rid of our mysterious visitor pretty easily, and I was complimenting myself on not being quite such a fool as he had evidently taken me for, when, to my dismay, on leaving the Golden Horn behind us, I saw the same man talking to the captain on the poop. Evidently he had found out that no one had left our steamer at Constantinople, and so had hurried back, determined not to be balked of his prey. We held a hasty consultation as to what was to be done with "Him" under these very alarming circumstances. The captain would undoubtedly search the engine-room, and so he would be bound to find "Him," and the Russian officer, for such the polite stranger was, on the first steamer we passed bound for Russia.

"Put 'Him' in the evaporator again," said the Second.
"What! and boil him to death?" said I, horrified.
"No, at all," said No. 2. "We can run a jet of water over it, to keep it cool. The water will only wash the bilges out, and that they sadly need."
"Good," said the Chief. "And we'll raise the dome every night when we have an opportunity, and let 'Him' have a walk around."
These plans were carried out at once. "Him" protested violently, poor chap, but we thrust him into his ghastly tomb, with all the food we could lay our hands upon.

It seemed partly like burying a man alive, and partly like thrusting him into an oven. All went well till the mid-day watch next day, by which time we had left the mouth of the Dardanelles far behind us. I fancy our captain didn't want to start the search till we were quite beyond the power of the Turks, who will do anything for Russia in a matter of this kind.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the Russian police, accompanied by the Russian captain, accompanied by the Russian police, came to the engine-room door, and said he was about to search the whole place. I called the Chief, who was lying down just then, but before he could come to my assistance the Russian had got around the evaporator (I had shut off the water as soon as I saw them coming) and, good heavens! I saw with beating heart and feeling of indescribable horror he was going to open the steam valve on top of the coils, and boil poor 'Him' to death. Well, I was about to shriek out, so great was my excitement, when a noise overhead attracted my attention. The Chief with magnificent presence of mind had dashed on the boiler top and shut off the auxiliary valve, a thing which I had been told to do, but had forgotten in the excitement.

"We had a good laugh at his expense, though, when, later on, we again restored 'Him' to liberty." He was an awful wreck when we liberated him out and made a nice bed in the waste locker, for we now wanted the evaporator to do its own legitimate work. Our next port of call was Algiers, and we spent our spare time here in making a nice little surprise for our Russian enemy. We created a fine, stalwart-looking man out of waste, using an old fire-brick for a backbone. This dummy was about the same build as 'Him'.

We reach Algiers after dusk, too late to coal that night, but the agent at once came on board with our letters. We begged the loan of a boat, and then, lowering our dummy carefully into it, three of us jumped in, and pulled quickly for the shore. But, as we intended, our spy saw us as we passed the stern of the steamer, and we saw him running frantically to the captain for a boat to be sent in pursuit.

When close to the quay, we quietly dropped the dummy overboard, and pulling round some coal lighters glided swiftly back alongside our own ship; we then climbed aboard and awaited the result of the search. All night long that Russian searched Algiers for "Him," but of course in vain, and next day we saw the indelible officer dragging the harbor. It had evidently leaked out that a man had been thrown from our boat.

It was a good job for us, by the way, that the relations between France and Russia were not so cordial then as they are now, otherwise we might have had to bid good-bye to the good ship C. at Algiers, and accompany our Russian back to Odessa.

The latter suddenly declined to proceed any further on his eventful voyage to Antwerp, and we afterwards learned that the dragging operations were crowned with overwhelming success during the evening, with the natural result that the Russians became the laughing-stock of the whole city.

Putting into Dartmouth for a further supply of fuel, we smuggled 'Him' ashore, and the Chief and I were not sorry when his train left for the Metropolis. On arrival at Antwerp a letter was put into the Chief's hands; it contained no communication, but twelve £5 bank-notes, and I confess that my share came in very handy.

But the most extraordinary part of the whole story I learned the following year when again at Odessa. Poor 'Him,' it appeared, was, after all, a mere scapegoat for a greater Nihilist than he—a 'political' of high rank. 'Him' was deliberately smuggled out of Odessa on board our ship, not so much because it was necessary that he himself should escape (though he certainly was very much wanted) as to throw the Russian police off the track of the more important conspirator.—Wide World Magazine.

Livingston, Jan. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Quibben, a son.
Tremont, Jan. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Webster, a son.
Canaan, Jan. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Walton, a son.
Springhill, Jan. 27, to the wife of E. B. Fairbanks, a son.
Hampden, Jan. 24, to the wife of Orestes Legere, a daughter.
Black Rock, Jan. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Westworth Jones, a son.
Hampden, Jan. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Otto Vanphan, a daughter.
Dartmouth, Jan. 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. J. Smith, a daughter.
St. Nicholas, Jan. 23, to the wife of John Grant, a son.
Albert, N. B., Jan. 23, to the wife of Walter B. Tarré, a son.
Hartigan Cove, Jan. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Adams, a daughter.
Hartigan Cove, Dec. 28, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Adams—a daughter.
Mussey's River, Jan. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. E. Hillier, a daughter.
Kouchibouguac, Jan. 25, to the wife of Harry Whalen, a daughter.
Port Hope, Jan. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. McLean, a daughter.
Grey's Mills, Kings Co., Jan. 23, to the wife of W. Patterson, a son.
Lower Mosher's Grant, Jan. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Decker, a son.
Lyon Mountain, N. Y., Jan. 23, to the wife of Thomas C. Flynn, a daughter.

MARRIED.
Truro, Jan. 22, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Daniel West to Sadie Lyda.
Aylmer, Jan. 21, by Rev. J. M. G. Wade, Mabel S. Corbin to John F. Ray.
Yarmouth, Jan. 22, by Rev. C. H. Hartley, Geo. F. Mezes to Maggie M. Smith.
Port Hildreth, Jan. 9, by Rev. E. B. Kinley, David Lord to Jennie McConnell.
Arundel, Jan. 28, by Rev. C. H. Thyner, Rowland Forbes to Ellen R. Spaulley.
Centerville, Jan. 24, by Rev. Jas. Trothard, J. A. Stevens to Edna A. Figgott.
St. Charles, Jan. 24, by Rev. E. C. Henry, William H. Street to Mary A. Fisher.
Tobique Road, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. Spencer, William Power to Mary Johnson.
East Sydney, Jan. 12, by Rev. Mr. Sharp, Charles P. Bibe to Mary Isabel McKenna.
Yarmouth, Jan. 22, by Rev. E. E. Barclay, Albert W. Hinger to Clara Nickerson.
Frederic, Jan. 18, by Rev. E. H. Howe, John F. Hersey to Susan E. Wilkes.
Hullfax, Jan. 23, by Rev. T. F. Irvine, James A. Price to Minnie Proctor McNeil.
Antigonish, Jan. 25, by Rev. J. E. Munro, Alexander Goss to Annie Archibald.
Hullford, Jan. 9, by Rev. Father Connors, Maude Saretto to Miss Emille LeBlanc.
Aylmer, Jan. 25, by Rev. J. E. Morgan, Arthur J. Geary to Rose E. Parks.
Amherst, Jan. 25, by Rev. W. J. Mihan, John W. Lethuaty to Mary Ellen England.
St. Stephen, Jan. 25, by Rev. W. G. Goucher, Edward Weston to Geneva Doran.
Lebanon, N. S., Jan. 16, by Rev. J. A. Hart, Gilbert Rasmussen to Blanche Hemlock.
Thurston, Jan. 21, by Rev. J. A. MacKinnon, Finlay D. McDonald to Maggie R. Finlay.
Hullfax, Jan. 24, by Rev. John McMillan, Murdoch McLeod to Isabel A. Hawley.
Gravelly, E. F. I., Dec. 28, by Rev. A. Stirling, Donald McLeod to Annie McNeill.
Tatamagouche, Jan. 18, by Rev. D. Farquhar, Alfred Cole to Glennie Weatherly.
Kinross Settlement, Jan. 24, by H. G. Estabrook, Wm. E. Murray to Margaret Kiser.
Port Maitland, Jan. 14, by Rev. E. Crowell, M. A., Alvin E. Sanders and Anna Irene Byras.
Strathmore, C. B., Jan. 17, by Rev. D. McDonald, Norman MacKinnon to Maggie Ida MacLellan.
Kinross Settlement, Jan. 24, by Rev. E. G. Estabrook, Benjamin H. Keith to Geneva Milton.
Kinross Settlement, Jan. 25, by Rev. H. B. Barker, St. Charles Church to Elia H. Chapman.
Worcester, Mass., Jan. 19, by Rev. W. F. Gillinghuddy, John W. Lonergan to Henrietta Tilley.
East Ragged Island, Jan. 17, by Rev. Douglas Hammock, Leander Decker to Emily S. Crake.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP COY
New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line:
Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, St. John's Point), November 12th, 18th, and December 2nd, and weekly thereafter.
Return steamers leave NEW YORK, F.R.R. & N. ORLEANS (Battery Ferry), November 15th and 22nd, for EASTPORT, N.B., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates the line will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.
With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTPORT TERMINALS, together with our arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business interested in us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PASSENGERS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.
For all particulars, address,
R. H. FLEHING, Agent,
New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.
N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager,
6-11 Broadway, New York City.

EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lvs. Halifax at 9.20 a.m., ar. at Digby 12.20 p.m.
Lvs. Digby 1.30 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 2.20 p.m.
Lvs. Yarmouth 3.20 p.m., ar. Digby 4.10 p.m.
Lvs. Digby 11.20 a.m., ar. Halifax 4.40 p.m.
Lvs. Amnapolis 7.20 p.m., ar. Digby 8.20 a.m. Saturday
Lvs. Digby 2.20 p.m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday
Ar. Amnapolis 4.40 p.m. Saturday
S.S. Prince George,
BOSTON SERVICE.
By far the fastest and finest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N.S., every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returns leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.00 p.m. (Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 4.00 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday).
Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.
W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway
and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898
the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou, and Halifax, 7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, 7.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal, 7.00
Express for Lunenburg, 7.00
Accommodation for Montreal, Yarmouth, and Sydney, 8.10
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.10 for Truro.
Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN
Express from Sussex, 8.00
Express from Halifax, 10.00
Express from Pictou, Quebec and Montreal, 10.00
Express from Lunenburg, 10.00
Accommodation from Pictou, Lunenburg and Montreal, 10.00
Accommodation from Montreal, 10.00
All trains run by Eastern Standard time.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
57 Prince William Street,
St. John, N.S.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY
TRAVEL IN COMFORT
—BY—
TOURIST SLEEPERS
Leaving Montreal every THURSDAY at 11 a.m. for the PACIFIC COAST, accommodations second class passengers for all points, Calgary and west.
Berth Rates:
Montreal to Calgary, 7.00
Montreal to Revelstoke, 7.00
Montreal to Vancouver, 8.00
Montreal to Seattle, 9.00
For passage Rates to all points in CANADA, WESTERN UNITED STATES and to ALASKA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, AUSTRIA and MALTA, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to
A. E. NORMAN,
Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent,
St. John, N. S.

THE PRESIDENT SUSPENDER
EASY STRONG
BORN.
St. Maria, Jan. 12, to the wife of W. J. LeBlanc, a son.
Shediac, Jan. 18, to the wife of Geo. McDevitt, a son.
Truro, Jan. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Spears, a son.
Canning, Jan. 17, to the wife of Samuel Bigelow, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 28, to the wife of Jas. A. Scrives, a son.
Farrshore, Jan. 11, to the wife of Smith Wilcox, a son.
Halifax, Jan. 28, to Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Anderson, a son.

E. R. N. REFORM RAZOR
BEST IN THE MARKET.
THE SHAVERS' IDEAL
BALANCED, GUARANTEED, PAULTLESS SHAVINGS.
STRAIGHT.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP COY
New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line:
Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, St. John's Point), November 12th, 18th, and December 2nd, and weekly thereafter.
Return steamers leave NEW YORK, F.R.R. & N. ORLEANS (Battery Ferry), November 15th and 22nd, for EASTPORT, N.B., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates the line will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.
With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTPORT TERMINALS, together with our arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business interested in us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PASSENGERS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES.
For all particulars, address,
R. H. FLEHING, Agent,
New York Wharf, St. John, N. B.
N. L. NEWCOMB, General Manager,
6-11 Broadway, New York City.

RAILROADS.
Dominion Atlantic Ry.
On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:
Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward,
Monday, Thursday and Saturday.
Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a.m., ar. Digby 10.20 a.m.
Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p.m., ar. St. John, 2.45 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lvs. Halifax at 9.20 a.m., ar. at Digby 12.20 p.m.
Lvs. Digby 1.30 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 2.20 p.m.
Lvs. Yarmouth 3.20 p.m., ar. Digby 4.10 p.m.
Lvs. Digby 11.20 a.m., ar. Halifax 4.40 p.m.
Lvs. Amnapolis 7.20 p.m., ar. Digby 8.20 a.m. Saturday
Lvs. Digby 2.20 p.m., Monday, Thursday and Saturday
Ar. Amnapolis 4.40 p.m. Saturday

S.S. Prince George,
BOSTON SERVICE.
By far the fastest and finest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N.S., every Monday and Thursday, immediately on arrival of the Express Train arriving in Boston early next morning. Returns leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every Sunday and Wednesday at 4.00 p.m. (Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 4.00 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday).
Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.
W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
P. GIFFINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway
and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898
the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Express for Campbellton, Pictou, Pictou, and Halifax, 7.00
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, 7.00
Express for Quebec, Montreal, 7.00
Express for Lunenburg, 7.00
Accommodation for Montreal, Yarmouth, and Sydney, 8.10
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.10 for Truro.
Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN
Express from Sussex, 8.00
Express from Halifax, 10.00
Express from Pictou, Quebec and Montreal, 10.00
Express from Lunenburg, 10.00
Accommodation from Pictou, Lunenburg and Montreal, 10.00
Accommodation from Montreal, 10.00
All trains run by Eastern Standard time.
CITY TICKET OFFICE,
57 Prince William Street,
St. John, N.S.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY
TRAVEL IN COMFORT
—BY—
TOURIST SLEEPERS
Leaving Montreal every THURSDAY at 11 a.m. for the PACIFIC COAST, accommodations second class passengers for all points, Calgary and west.
Berth Rates:
Montreal to Calgary, 7.00
Montreal to Revelstoke, 7.00
Montreal to Vancouver, 8.00
Montreal to Seattle, 9.00
For passage Rates to all points in CANADA, WESTERN UNITED STATES and to ALASKA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, AUSTRIA and MALTA, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to
A. E. NORMAN,
Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent,
St. John, N. S.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY
TRAVEL IN COMFORT
—BY—
TOURIST SLEEPERS
Leaving Montreal every THURSDAY at 11 a.m. for the PACIFIC COAST, accommodations second class passengers for all points, Calgary and west.
Berth Rates:
Montreal to Calgary, 7.00
Montreal to Revelstoke, 7.00
Montreal to Vancouver, 8.00
Montreal to Seattle, 9.00
For passage Rates to all points in CANADA, WESTERN UNITED STATES and to ALASKA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, AUSTRIA and MALTA, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to
A. E. NORMAN,
Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent,
St. John, N. S.