

PROGRESS.

VOL. X., NO. 495.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THEY WILL BRING SUIT.

LEINSTER STREET CHURCH VERSUS THE SCHOOL BOARD.

They Claim a Breach of an Unwritten Agreement and Think They can get Damages Because the School Building is not Used now.

Now that the congregation of Leinster street baptist church find themselves soon to be without a spiritual leader, their troubles with the Board of School Trustees comes again before them more forcibly than ever. The following resolution passed at a recent business meeting of the church shows that the members of retiring Pastor Daley's flock intend fighting the educational executive to the bitter end in the alleged breach of faith matter.

The resolution which was passed unanimously reads,—"Resolved, that in view of the evident indifference shown to all communications addressed to the school board and their apparent determination not to meet our board in a friendly conference respecting our claims, our board be authorized at their discretion to enter suit in equity against the Board of School Trustees on behalf of the church."

The history of Leinster street church for years back has in a measure been the history of the School Board, as the edifice itself was built mainly at the instigation of the last named body. They were sorely in need of a new school building and as the young but growing church was contemplating, not seriously however, the erecting of a new house of worship, the educational people advised them strongly to go ahead with the work. They promised that if public school apartments were added to the building the School Board would pay a yearly rental of \$750 for them. No written agreement was made, however, nor period of occupancy fixed. The church people claim they relied wholly upon the earnestness and good faith of the trustees, which was at that time being shown in a very marked degree.

Plans were made and the church, with school rooms in the rear, erected. An additional expense of nearly \$15,000 was added by the building of the educational departments which debt, if the Baptist people had not become responsible for would have made Leinster Street a financially healthy church to-day. As it was when the School Board was paying the \$750 rent, that amount only sufficed to cover the interest on money borrowed.

The church, burdened and encumbered by the business attendant upon their dealings with the educational board, struggled along bravely until early this year when the school trustees withdrew the pupils from the Leinster Street apartments re-arranging the whole system. This change was brought about by the erection of the new High School building. With a heavy debt resting upon them and a loss of nearly \$900 from rental and janitor's fees the church board of management felt the school people had treated them most unjustly, placing them in a very embarrassing position. While the lack of a written agreement perhaps warranted the action of the trustees, nevertheless the baptists felt keenly what they claimed to be injustice, and, in order to force some reasonable settlement with the other parties, have decided, after repeated endeavors to have the matter arranged amicably, to invoke the law.

A suit in equity will be instituted and as the money involved amounts to over 12,000 probably something like that sum will be the damages which they will ask.

This dispute is another illustration of the need of opening the school meetings to the public and the press. Loose methods have prevailed in the past in the conduct of the board's business and in this case there is one instance at least in which the same are shown. It is stated that there are in the minutes of the meetings of the school board of the time of the negotiations between the board and the trustees of the church in 1878, the date when at the solicitation of the school board it was decided to build the school. In a case at law such minutes would be valuable as showing when the arrangement really was made. Mr. John March occupied a dual role here as secretary of both school and church boards and there are not minutes of either body extant.

Another unbusinesslike proceeding was the fact that lately when the church corporation have been asking for a hearing before the school board their communications have not been noticed, or responded

to. Chairman Trueman has told an officer of the church that at a meeting in June or July last a committee of the board was appointed to meet the church authorities but strange to say the latter have received no official notification of the fact from the secretary nor have they been approached by any such committee.

And there is still another looseness, though this applies to the church as well as to the board. A lease was never drawn up. Mr. Weldon admitted their liability to the church and talked of drawing up a lease which would fix it in black and white but it was never done. There is, therefore not a document to support the church's contention. Ex-Secretary John March, however, says that the school board in their negotiations with the church said that they would want the building for school purposes for all time.

The school board base their claim upon the principle of equity that if one body erect a building at the request and solely for the use of another body and the latter then throw it up they should reimburse the former body for their expenditure. The church built the school solely for the school board and now, outside of the use of a portion as a vestry, it is valueless to them.

They feel therefore, that they should be reimbursed for a portion of their expenditure. The land cost them \$4,000 and the building was estimated to cost \$11,000.

It is said that a leading school official thinks that a portion of the Leinster Street school still be used, as the school accommodation is insufficient: even with the big high school. The number of scholars at the schools this year is greater than ever before and there are 993 enrolled at the Victoria school and annex—against 832 last year.

The result of this large increase was that two rooms had to be opened on the top floor which is cold in winter and which makes a long climb for the children.

With 900 children in the yard every day it is apt to be crowded and the result has been that Principal Farles has had to make the strange rule that the children shall not run or walk fast in the yard. It is probably a good rule under the circumstances for if they commenced running the place would look like a football match or bargain sale.

In one room in Victoria school there are 59 children, which is too many for one teacher to handle and give requisite attention to each.

It is well for the school board to be economical but not at the expense of efficiency. Half of Leinster street school might be used again and the strain on the other schools thereby diminished.

ABOUTSOCIETIES.

Something Regarding the Many That Flourish Here.

In proportion to its population there are probably few, if any, cities on the continent that devote more attention to the secret crafts and societies than St. John. The fraternal and benevolent organizations have always found a willing people in the residents of St. John and all that have been established here have grown and flourished.

The secret drawer the public intellect is stuffed full with symbolic signs and rites, strange ceremonies, and countless passwords and all the mysteries that veil these bodies brotherly. There are many halls and buildings where meetings are regularly being held, where the mystic rites are performed, where questions of private and public interest are discussed, and where action is taken to determine to an important degree the history of the city. The secret bodies are certainly an important factor in the city's life and exercise an important influence on social lines, temperance work, benevolence, good fellowship and politics. United by the solemn bonds of fraternity their united action counts for much and with a total membership embracing probably more than a third of the total male population of the city their influence must be greatly felt, and felt too in the line of encouraging husbandry and charity, elevating their membership morally, inculcating higher ideals of life and spreading a knowledge of the art of debate, the intricacies of business and practical knowledge in general. And as for the volume of good time that they give, why, that can't be measured.

There are fifteen different fraternal orders represented in the city of which three are mainly social crafts, three are temperance bodies, one has a national significance and the balance are chiefly for

benevolent purposes. As will be seen by the table given below these embrace all told about 95 lodges, courts, divisions, etc., and their total membership would probably be, according to a conservative estimate, between 5000 and 6000. The city including Fairville has a population of nearly 50,000 and of these there would be about 15,000 adult males so that probably one out of three or four, making allowance for those who belong to more than one craft is learned in the love of mystic shrines and has the privilege of that which delights young and old alike, the possession of secrets. The winter season is the time when the orders flourish, when the lodge room with its dais, its gavel, regalia, banners, warrants, and other paraphernalia is most sought and PROGRESS thought it would interest craftsmen to hear something about the orders here, their history, present position and strength, etc., and something about the chiefs of the orders. This therefore forms but the introduction of a series of articles on the subject in which it will be the endeavor to present the data of most interest in the most interesting manner.

Besides being strong in numbers the orders here have some of the most prominent men in Canada in their different crafts men who by their zeal for their cause have risen to the highest rank which can be bestowed.

In masonic ranks there are several who have attained the highest degree and one is the senior of the thirty third degree in Canada. All the masonic orders are represented here and among them are included the most exclusive and recherche among all.

In Oddfellowship, Pythian knighthood, and Orange body there are several who have taken high rank in the order and occupied positions of trust in the supreme councils.

The temperance bodies include two or three who have been heard in the gatherings where temperance sentiment has been concentrated and voiced as the opinion of thousands of temperance craftsmen expressed through their generals-in-chief. One, for instance, has held the highest office in the gift of all the Sons of Temperance of the world over.

With the Foresters, C. M. B. A. and other purely benevolent associations it is the same way, though being younger crafts here their chief executive officers have not attained to such high position. Some, however, have held office in the councils for the Dominion and upheld the prestige of this city thereby.

These facts will, however, be dealt with more fully later. The following is a summary of the number of subordinate bodies gathered in this city.

Masonic—Lodges F. and A. M.	5
Royal Arch Chapters	3
Councils, Encampments, etc.	11-20
I. O. O. F.—Lodges	5
Encampments	1-6
K. of P.—Lodges	2
Divisions	2-4
L. O. A.—Lodges	11
Preceptories	2
Ladies' Associations	2-15
I. O. F.—Courts	11
S. of T.—Divisions	6
I. O. G. T.—Lodges	6
T. of H. and T.—Temples	3-9
Sections	3-8
A. O. H.—Divisions	3
C. M. B. A.—Branches	3
A. O. U. W.—Lodges	4
Sons of England—Lodges	1
A. O. F.—Courts	1
Royal Arcanum—Councils	1
C. O. F.—Courts	4

A LITTLE BIRD SHOW.

How Visitors to Sand Point Will get the Worth of Their Money

Thousands of visitors will be going henceforth to see the new achievement of St. John's skill and enterprise at Sand Point, the four immense ocean steamer berths containing 4,600,000 cubic feet of solid and enduring wharf construction. It is a tremendous body of heavy timber and ballast for the height of the tide necessitates a wharf 60 feet high from surface to foundation.

With the three big dredges working there, the swarms of men on the elevator shutes, the spiles, the warehouses, the track laying, and all the other departments of the work, Sand Point is a regular hive of industry and is well worth a visit.

Beside the other attractions there will be a waterfall there as a little side show. A sluiceway is being built under the Union street bridge to carry the tide water from the mill pond out past the face of the new wharf, so that it won't get in behind the wharf and weaken it, and there is quite a rush down there when the tide is ebbing.

A SENSATION ON FILE.

A WOMAN BRINGS A FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR SUIT.

Against an Old Time Friend, Whom She Claims to Have Lent Him—Attempts to Settle the Case Fruitless and the Papers are now on File.

A case that promises to develop some very sensational and exciting features is pending at present, and is causing an unusual amount of excitement among several well known gentlemen, who, while endeavoring to assume the calm and dignified demeanor that betokens a guiltless conscience are inwardly consumed with agony. One gentleman in particular, a lumberman who has a large circle of friends in this province and Maine, is in a measure responsible for the prevailing state of affairs and that is why so many gentlemen are zealously engaged this week in berating his want of judgment to say the least.

The story, or rather the beginning of it dates back ten years when the lumberman referred to formed the acquaintance of a lady whose name has since become; if not exactly a household word, at least a very familiar one to many in St. John. The lady in question was single, the lumberman was married. That however was no very serious obstacle to the interesting meetings that a tête conversation, interviews etc., that the gentleman deemed necessary to keep up the platonic friendship existing between them.

It was of course nobody's business how often he went or how long he stayed, but gossip, ever on the watch for a choice morsel said unkind things about the couple, and hinted at even darker things.

In this case as in all similar ones, since the beginning of time the course of true love was not just as smooth as it should have been, though there are those who strongly declare that it was not the man's fault—it never is of course—but the lady was entirely to blame for accepting attentions promiscuously from any other man man who happened to catch her errant fancy.

Now the claim is that some time ago the lady who with a circumspectness that was hardly in keeping with her guilelessness and inexperience had managed to save quite a snug little sum of money, and not to be outdone in generosity gave the lumberman \$5000 with the understanding that she was to be paid a certain rate of interest. Later by his persuasive eloquence he managed to secure from her horses and carriages.

For a short time matters went along as smoothly as in the first days of the couple's love dream, then came the final breach, impossible to bridge over. Most quarrels of this kind end in the regulation way but there are occasional cases where an amicable settlement is never reached and this is one of them.

The dream was shattered, broken in fact, beyond all hope of repair, and in the general chaos the woman seems to have had the best of it. She was mad, fighting mad in fact, and demanded the return of her \$5,000, her horses and carriages. Perhaps the lumberman had a vague idea that after all he had only come into his own again, but that as it may, he didn't send back the presents, and what is more, he plainly showed that he did not intend returning them. Now the woman who brought suit against him for the money, interest, horses and carriages.

The lumberman's lawyers made every effort to have the matter settled quietly out of court and the necessary papers were kept from file until last Tuesday, when as the lumberman had shown no disposition to have the affair arranged otherwise, they were duly filed.

Now the matter has become public property and several gentlemen who are interested in the lady, and whose names are likely to be mentioned in connection with the affair, are feeling anything but comfortable over their rather embarrassing position.

NOT ENOUGH TO GO ROUND.

The Programme for the Pirates of Penzance not Properly Distributed.

The programme for the Pirates of Penzance was a unique affair, and from its excellence of workmanship and design was quite a work of art. Unfortunately many of those who attended were unable to obtain the fac simile of the black flag with its gruesome emblems of death, as a souvenir of the pleasant occasion, because there were not enough programmes to go round; though 900 were printed for each

night it does not appear that anything like that number was properly distributed. Comparatively early in the evening the supply gave out; many were consequently doomed to sit through the entire evening without a programme, or depend upon the kindness of those near them for a chance to identify the different characters. Just where the fault was it is impossible to say, but it looked as though the programmes were left to the tender mercies of any one who happened along; carelessly thrown on a chair near the door, everybody was at liberty to help themselves and not a few appropriated more than the usual number. In deed PROGRESS heard of a case where a lady was expressing a regret that she had been unable to obtain a programme, when the young man to whom she was talking gallantly remarked, "let me give you one of mine; I have four or five that I got for some of the boys who couldn't go, so I can easily spare you one."

Advertisers in the programme have expressed much dissatisfaction, and they, together with patrons of the opera feel sure that the fault was in the distribution.

A JEMSEG FESTIVIX.

Originally a Wedding and Chivalry it Ended in a Law Court.

Jemseg, or rather Upper Jemseg has had the even tenor of its existence so greatly ruffled by a certain incident of late that the talk for miles around is centered almost chiefly on one subject, that of the alleged vandalism during the "charivari" performances of a body of village youths and maidens, while a rustic clergyman was struggling with a nuptial knot at the home of one Thomas Dykeman, a prominent resident of the place.

It was a eve of great rejoicing in the Dykeman homestead, a daughter was being joined in matrimony to the man of her choice and all within the cosy domicile, which by the way was a haven for travellers as well, bearing the name "Temperance Inn," was merry.

Fully awake to, and with a country-like knowledge of every matrimonial event past, present and future, especially the latter, the "boys" and "girls" of the neighbourhood met in council grand before the inn. "Charivari" (Jemseg pronunciation "shiver-ree") proceedings were discussed and a plan for a real old fashioned celebration hit upon.

First of all a delegation was sent out to rake and scrape up all the old guns, tin pans, cow bells, dinner horns and other Zulu hand instruments in the settlement. These were operated upon with exhilarating effect, at least to the spirits of the serenaders. Those of a mathematical turn of mind in the party headed by a third class teacher, sought about the working out of the following problem. To remove intact the spacious piazza of the bride's fathers home to a spot about seventy-five yards away, without the sound of such operations in any way coming in contact with the ears of the owner of said property. Strange to say the problem was solved successfully.

Another contingent resolved themselves into a beast of burden party and sped the peddling wagon of the new father-in-law to a new stand, short of two miles away. Evidently there were some intemperately inclined among the celebrants, for the good old inn sign with its cold water maxim the sight of which for years had raised the hopes of wearied travellers, was indignantly brought to mother earth and further consigned to the bosom of the St. John. It remains, worse the cruel usage it received, were picked up by a Spoon Island inhabitant a few days since. It will be used here in the Francis Murphy anti-liquor campaign next week.

Despite the fact that all temperance restrictions hereby were removed the happy householders failed to extend the usual liquid courtesies.

A set of peeders' scales were relegated to a heap and it was not until a rebel in the ranks thrust a live gobbling gobbler into the presence of the bride, groom clergyman et al through the parlor window, that those on the inside of the building became aware of what was going on outside.

Paternalism changed his disposition from north to due south, and at once set in to berate the crowd. He threatened and vowed over again the most direful vengeance nor were his wild promises empty ones for the following morning at cock-crow he was off in quest of Her Majesty's law on the matter.

Loading himself up with that saccharine commodity vengeance in the shape of seventeen summonses he returned to his home grinning a grin, a cross between a Mephisto smile and Hamlet laugh. Next day the story goes fourteen frightened youths and three maidens faced "the law" and promised to be good ever after.

STEAMBOATS.
1897.
mouth Steamship Co.
(LIMITED),
Boston and Halifax,
via Yarmouth.
and Best Route between Nova
the United States. The Quick-
15 to 17 Hours between
mouth and Boston.
ps a Week - 4
STEEL STEAMERS
and YARMOUTH
L FURTHER NOTICE.
NG June 20th, one of the above
will leave Yarmouth for Boston
X. WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and
returning, after arrival of the Express
s. Lewis wharf, Boston, every
ESDAY, THURSDAY and FRI-
making close connections at Yar-
Domestic Atlantic Railway to all
Nova Scotia, and Davidson's
steamers for South Shore Ports on
City of St. John,
outh every FRIDAY morning for
at Barrington, Shelburne, Locke
and Lunenburg. Returning leave
k's wharf, Halifax, every MON-
for Yarmouth and intermediate
with steamer for Boston on
evening.
amer Alpha,
for Yarmouth every TUESDAY
returning, leaving Yarmouth
NDAY and THURSDAY, at 5
St. John.
Information can be obtained
L. E. BAKER,
Agent and Managing Director.
J. F. SPINNEY, Agent
Lewis Wharf, Boston.
June, 23rd 1897.
Monday, Sept. 27th,
eamer Clifton
wharf at Hampton for
Wednesdays and Satur-
a. m.
will leave Indiantown
p. m. instead of 4 p. m., as
CAPT. R. G. EARLE,
Manager.
NE STEAMERS
Fredericton
Standard Time.)
vid Weston and Olive to leave
(except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for
intermediate landings, and will
every day (except Sunday) at
John.
line will leave Indiantown every
9 p. m. for Wickham and Inter-
returning Monday morning,
1 5 a. m., arriving at Indiantown
other notices one fare. Return
morning or afternoon boat on
tickets less than 40c.
ORGE F. BAIRD, Manager.
RAILROADS.
onial Railway.
day, the 4th Oct., 1897,
this Railway will run,
excepted, as follows.
L LEAVE ST. JOHN:
Shelburne, Pugwash, Ficton
..... 10.30
..... 12.10
..... 13.50
to Montreal 17.10
St. John for Quebec and Mont-
peeping Car at Moncton at 20.10
ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
..... 8.30
real and Quebec (Monday
..... 10.50
tion (daily) 15.50
..... 17.50
ax, Ficton and Camp 18.50
..... 24.50
ntercolonial Railway are being
ocomotive, and those between
al, via Lewis, are lighted by
run by Eastern Standard Time.
POTINGERS,
General Manager.
th October, 1897.
DIAN
CIFIC Ry.
hort Line
TO.....
al, Ottawa,
nto, etc.
leaves St. John, week days
arriving in Shelburne at 6.30
8 a. m. Montreal 9.00 a. m.
ions with train for Toronto,
West, and North West, and
Coast passengers leaving on
lined Thursday with Weekly
Montreal to Seattle.
other particulars, apply at
Corner and at station.
A. H. NOTMAN,
Dist. Pass. Agent,
St. John, N. B.

A TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

HOW SOME OF THE SURPLUS MIGHT BE TURNED TO ACCOUNT.

Moncton Has an Opportunity of Exercising a Truly Christian Spirit by Benefiting the Honest Working Man.—A Grand Jubilee Memorial Suggested.

MONCTON, Nov. 10.—Next to the want of district nurses to look after the sick poor of Moncton or perhaps almost equal with it, is the crying need of decent houses for the laboring classes, the men who are honest and respectable, but who have a wife and four or five children to support on an income of a dollar; or a dollar and ten cents a day. Unfortunately, no month contains more than twenty-seven working days, and the majority have only twenty-six; twenty-six dollars a month to support six people; four dollars and a half a month for each person, and rent and taxes to come out of that, not to mention clothing and doctor's bills. Why it would feed them but scantily; and yet hundreds of working men are living on that sum uncomplainingly, rearing families on it and bringing them up to be respectable citizens. But with such an income it is scarcely to be expected that the laboring man can spend much money for rent, three dollars is about the limit of his ability in this respect, and with such a limit his choice of a house is not easy. In short it usually revolves itself into bad and worse; and his choice lies between the lower part of Telegraph street, Orange, and Pearl streets. If he is respectable he objects very strongly to all these localities, but he has no option in the matter because it is only on those streets that he can hope to find any kind of a dwelling within his means; and what a dwelling it is when found! Scarcely fit to shelter a decent horse or cow, cold as a barn, utterly without conveniences of any kind, and situated in a neighbourhood where the most hardened would scarcely wish to bring up children, the scene of daily and nightly fights "raids" and brawls the gathering place of all the criminals, all the soiled doves, all the "tough" element of the city. But the working man cannot pick and choose his neighbors, he has but three dollars a month to spend on rent and he must be satisfied to make his home in a place where that sum will go farthest. The children can be kept indoors in the winter, and if they are obliged to mingle with the lowest of the low in summer, and see and hear sights and sounds utterly unfit for them, why he is powerless to prevent it, and must do the best he can with his small means.

Here is a typical dwelling on one of the streets I have mentioned, it is reached by a crazy flight of stairs, and presents the appearance of a dilapidated barn; in the two rooms to which the stairs lead lives a most respectable working woman who is supporting herself and her two little girls by going out washing and scrubbing. She is hard working, honest, quiet and a devout Christian, and she has no lack of work, being greatly in demand on account of her honesty and reliability; she earns sixty cents a day, and works usually six days in the week taking the evenings to do her own housework and washing. She thus succeeds in accumulating an income of three dollars and sixty cents a week; in housecleaning times some of her employers voluntarily pay her seventy five cents a day, and then she is wealthy indeed. Of course she gets her dinner at the houses where she works, but prefers getting home in time to give her children their tea, if possible, and sometimes the ladies give her tea to take home, so she gets along all right. She is a cheerful soul and inclined to look on the bright side, but oh, how that woman works and how her bones must ache when she lies down at night!

"Yes, she pays two dollars a month for her two rooms, but then they are upstairs, and therefore warm—for poor folks' rooms—and the water is in the house, so it saves her a good many steps. She does not like living on that street because it is a bad place to bring up little girls, and she has often thought of moving, but then where would she get so comfortable a house for the same money? There do not seem to be any houses in town for poor folks, in a decent neighbourhood and they have to do the best they can."

Another desirable residence for the working classes consists of five rooms through which the winds of heaven roam at their own sweet will, several broken panes of glass are stuffed with rags, to keep out the cold, and the chinks around the door insure more thorough ventilation than is altogether desirable in winter. This urban villa is inhabited by a decent working man, his wife, their grown up daughter, and four small children. He is a man who is honest, respectable, and so industrious that he is willing to work eighteen hours a day if he can get the work to do. He has not always been quite a common laborer but

used to earn good wages and live in a good house.

"This house is kind of cold, but not so cold as some; lots of people he knows live in houses so bad that you might just as well set your cook stove out doors as try to heat them, but there does not seem to be a place a poor man can get that is fit to live in. He paid two and a half a month, and that was cheap for as large a house; lots of folks paid three and three and a half for places that were smaller and no more comfortable."

These are two instances selected at random, of respectable laboring people. Of the other classes, the very poor, and the miserable, shiftless, begging community which is represented in every city the size of Moncton, their inhabitants are of it possible just a little worse, just a little more unfit for human habitation.

Now as none of these buildings would sell for more than a hundred dollars, to put just a very fancy price on them, and as some of the larger ones contain three and four families, it will be seen that the owners all drawing a rate of interest on their investments which many capitalists might well envy—from twenty-five to thirty-six per cent, allowing a margin for taxes, on the single houses, and something over fifty on the larger tenements.

If there is any surplus philanthropy seeking for a measure of expression in Moncton, a good way to employ it would be in either clearing out the rookeries which are an eyesore to respectable people and building some decent cottages for working men in their places; or else employing some of that waste land at the head of Pearl and Orange streets which was suggested as an eligible site for the now defunct Jubilee park, and erecting a square composed of homes for working people. Four roomed cottages would do, as few working men aspire to more than a kitchen, parlor and two bedrooms in their homes, and as such houses could be readily built for two hundred and fifty dollars each, and rented for three dollars per month, the scheme would pay very well.

If no one else will take the matter in hand, the city might do so, and thus turn an honest penny into the civic treasury. For that matter there is nothing to prevent our city fathers from expropriating the property mentioned, on Telegraph and Orange street, paying the owners a certain sum, and erecting decent houses on the ground where the shanties now stand. The valuable property of the Moncton Gas and Water company was ruthlessly expropriated without the least consideration for the feeling of its owners, and there is no reason why other property holders should be treated with more consideration. It would be quite a fitting, and most inexpensive jubilee memorial, and quite as practicable as many of the suggestions made last summer.

The subject is one worthy of careful consideration and it is to be hoped that some action will be taken before long to make the home life of the Moncton labouring man a little more comfortable, and give him a chance of bringing up his family respectably. It is bad for those who are bodily vigorous to be subjected to such hardships, but the thought of what those who are not only poor, but sick also, must undergo during the heat of summer and the bitter cold of winter, is enough to make any human person shudder.

A Library to Itself.

Few people are able to buy as many books as they would like, yet it is possible without them to keep in touch with all the leaders of literature, as well as to follow the world's progress in every department of science and industry. The Youth's Companion already provides the means for more than half a million households—at an expense to each of \$1.75 a year. Every issue of The Companion gives as much reading matter as a 12mo book of 175 pages, and The Companion comes every week. The quality of its contents is shown by the announcement for 1898 which promises contributions next year from the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Rudyard Kipling, Speaker Reed, Capt. A. T. Mahon, Mary F. Wilkins, W. D. Howells, Lieutenant Peary, the Marquis of Dufferin, Senator Hoar, Justin McCarthy and more than two hundred other eminent men and women.

All new subscribers for 1898 will receive The Companion's gold-embossed calendar, beautifully printed in twelve colors, and the paper will also be sent free from the time the subscription is received until January, 1898 and then for a full year to January, 1899. A handsome illustrated prospectus of the volume for 1898 will be sent to any one addressing THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 205 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Windsor Salt
Purest and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.

EXTREME NERVOUSNESS.

FREQUENTLY BRINGS ITS VICTIM TO THE VERGE OF INSANITY.

The Case of a Young Lady in Smith's Falls Who Suffered Severely—Given up by Two Doctors—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored her Health.

From the Smith's Falls News.

Many cases have been reported of how invalids who have suffered for years and whose case had been given up by the attending physician, have been restored to health and vigor through the use of the world-famed medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but we doubt if there is one more startling or more convincing than that of Miss Elizabeth Minshull, who resides with her brother, Mr. Thos. Minshull, of this town an employee in Frost & Wood's Agricultural Works. The News heard of this remarkable case, and meeting Mr. Minshull asked him if the story was correct. He replied: "All I know is that my sister had been given up as incurable by two physicians. She is now well enough to do any kind of housework and can come and go as she pleases, and this change has, in my honest conviction, been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Minshull then related the following story to the News:—"My sister is twenty years of age. She came to Canada from England about ten years ago, and resided with a Baptist minister, Rev. Mr. Cody, at Sorel, Que. In April, of 1896, she took ill and gradually grew worse. She was under a local physician's care for over five months. The doctor said that she was suffering from a complication of nervous diseases, and that he could do little for her. The minister with whom she lived then wrote me of my sister's state of health, and I had her come to Smith's Falls, in the hope that a change and rest would do her good. When she arrived here she was in a very weak state and a local physician was called in to see her. He attended her for some time, but with poor results, and finally acknowledged that the case was one which he could do very little for. My sister had by this time become a pitiable object; the slightest noise would disturb her, and the slightest exertion would almost make her insane. It required someone to be with her at all times, and often after a fit of extreme nervousness she would become unconscious and remain in that state for hours. When I went home I had to take my boots off at the door-step so as not to disturb her. I consulted with my wife, who had great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as she knew of several cases where they had worked wonderful cures, and I concluded it would do no harm to try them anyway, and mentioned the fact to the doctor. The doctor did not oppose their use, but said he thought they might do her good, as they were certainly a good medicine. In September of last year she began to use the Pills and before two boxes had been used, she began to show signs of improvement. She has continued their use since and is to-day a living testimony of the curative power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

SMITH'S FALLS, Sept. 11th, 1897.
I hereby make the declaration that the statements in above as to the condition of my sister, and the benefit she received from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely correct.
THOS. MINSHULL.
Witness, J. H. Ross.

Actual Business.

This is the one "real business" school. Begin at any time, take any combination of studies desired. My graduates get good positions. Send for elegant booklet, free.

Snell's Business College, Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 85 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWER 20, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 40 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Rothsay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Rothsay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebec Falls. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenby, Barrister-at-Law, Puzosy Building. 24 647

THE BEST MUST WIN.

THREE TEACHERS of the Isaac Pitman shorthand have been officially appointed as instructors of that subject in the three new High Schools of New York City. This system is almost daily being introduced into some of the best and largest schools in the country.—Pitman's Art Journal, Oct.

Not bad, considering it is an English system, and has to win against the opposition of all the American systems.

This is the system we teach. Booklet showing the system mailed free. Send for it today.

Students can enter at any time. No better time than just now.
S. KERR & SON

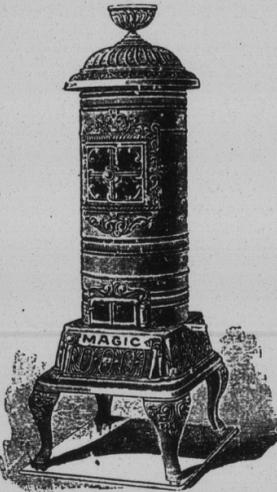
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The selling price is so low that it has become very popular.

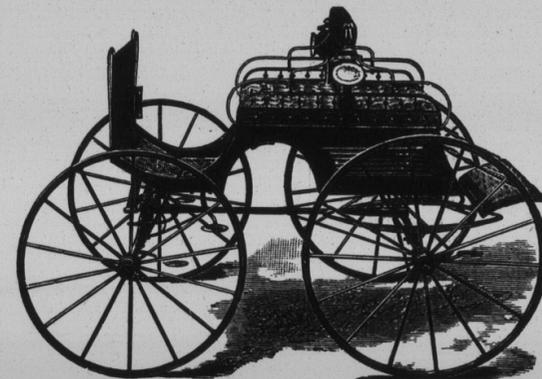
Prices—No 1. \$6.00, No 2. \$7.50, No 3. \$9.00.

EMERSON & FISHER.

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AN ELEGANT DOG CART.

A very handsome and fashionable carriage for family purposes



AN ELEGANT EXTENSION TOP BUGGY.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable carriages built. Commodious and handsome.

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Or at Warehouse, Corner Brussels and Union Sts.

**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The great event in musical circles this week was the performance of *The Pirates of Penzance* by local amateurs and as foreshadowed in this department last week the performance was attended with all the éclat that good, conscientious work on the part of the performers and a large and fashionable audience could give [it—an audience that was most generous in its applause, and kind indeed to the little weaknesses noticeable throughout the entire production, but more particularly in the last act.

The orchestration was excellent, and was never at any time too loud, as often happens, the stage settings were good and the costuming beautiful, the dresses of the ladies being perfect dreams of harmony and beauty. The one great defect that could not be ignored by even the most lenient, was the decidedly inferior make-up of every member of the cast; it was particularly noticeable in the principals, Mr. Kelly's really excellent work being greatly marred by his make up, or rather the want of it. Miss Manning sacrificed the success of a very good part to a good personal appearance, and the result was disastrous in the extreme. Mr. Cochrane's and Mr. Seeley's good work was also spoiled by this same mistake. Mr. Kelly certainly made the hit of the evening, his excellent acting, clear, distinct articulation and his splendid voice making it a very great pleasure to listen to him. He had a true conception of his part, and the happy faculty of expressing it. He received frequent and generous applause and was obliged to respond to several encores. His triumph was shared by Mrs. Taylor, as Mabel, whose beautiful voice it is always a pleasure to hear. Mrs. Taylor made a very attractive appearance, sang delightfully and received well merited plaudits.

Mr. Seeley in the part of the Pirate King was another whose work was entirely satisfactory, his marked artistic ability, clear full tones, and refined style showing to excellent advantage. The different choruses were very well balanced, and, barring the last two, were greatly enjoyed; the policeman's chorus was exceptionally good, Mr. Ritchie rendering his solo with something more than his usual excellence. Taken all in all the performance was a very good one; the little weak spots no doubt being remedied in the second performance on Thursday evening. Mr. Ford who has given a great deal of time and attention to rehearsals must have been justly elated with the result.

The next great musical event for local music lovers will be the coming of Mr. H. Evan Williams, well named America's greatest tenor. In this gentleman's musical ability and his splendid voice, the highest testimonials have been spontaneously offered. Madame Mordica, the famous prima donna we learn, selected him to accompany her on tour but owing to his engagement to sing in this city he was obliged to decline this tempting offer. Then we have Madame Mary Louise Clary, volunteering to St. John's musical people, her testimony to his excellence and superiority. In view of such tributes to his merit as thus indicated, leaving aside altogether the enthusiastic eucossecimus bestowed on his word at the recent manie musical festival, it must be conceded that he has a beautiful, a most musical voice and well entitled to the high position he now holds among the tenor singers of the world.

Valuable and convincing as the tributes should be perhaps a yet more cogent proof of his merit is found in the fact that dating from the first of next year this gentleman's salary as solo tenor of the marble Collegiate Church on 5th Avenue, New York, is guaranteed at the phenomenal figure of five thousand dollars for ten months of the year. This is probably the highest salary paid to any choir singer in any part of the world at the present day.

Another circumstance in connection with the coming Williams concerts on December 1st and 2nd next and which materially adds to the interest of the occasion is the fact that Mrs. Fred G. Spencer will stage some numbers on the programme. This lady has not been heard in concert here for a long time past and as everyone who loves music has distinct recollection of her beautiful rich alto voice, she will be an absolute surprise when she is heard here again.

It is a pleasant reflection that local music lovers are enabled to hear the best singers on the continent from time to time and the credit for this is directly due to the good taste, good judgement and enterprise of Mr. Fred G. Spencer who assumes the risk of bringing here for the delectation of the citizens, such expensive talent. The advantage of listening to such accomplished singers as this gentleman has brought to St. John is of much value, and as Mr. Williams has recently been under instruction by the famous operatic tenor Jean De Reszke and Plancon, his artistic finish is yet more rounded.

Tones and Undertones.

The operetta *Les petites femmes* by Messrs Andrew and Sylvane has scored a Parisian success.

Miss Aino Ackte, is the name of a new prima donna twenty years of age, tall and blonde, who has recently made a bit in Paris. She is a native of Finland. Her mother was a celebrated Swedish dramatic soprano.

Mascagni is furnished a political residence and \$15 a day by the Conservatory of Isarco. He enjoys life, is getting fat, does not any longer burn the midnight oil and is devoted to his wife and children. Sonzoyno, his publisher pays him \$200 a month as a retainer and has a monopoly of all his new operas.

Alice Estey, Bessie McDonald, Lloyd D'Anbique, G. W. Ferguson and Homer Lind are American singers who are members of the Carl Rosa English opera company.

L'Africaine will shortly be produced at Alexandria by an Egyptian company with an Arabic version of the libretto.

The Marine Band was to play at the Chicago Horse show but the permit was revoked because of protests to the secretary of the navy from Chicago Musicians Unions.

Madame Melba was the soloist at the first of this season's concerts New York, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which took place at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening.

Leon Marx, an American and pupil of Joachim will appear in concert in New York early next month.

A young San Francisco lady—Miss Regina Newman—who is now studying in Berlin, has recently signed a five years contract with Pöllini of the Hamburg Opera. Her voice is described as "a pure soprano of excellent power and range."

It is said that the Empress of Austria and Princess Gisela are both very fond of Hungarian music and while at Budapest recently they had a gypsy band, during dinner, play for them the Hungarian National hymn and several folksongs.

The Hungarians have an ancient wind instrument which is peculiar in many respects. It is called a Tarogata and they formerly used it instead of the clarion. Her sound produced from it is said to be rather "melancholy sweet and appealing." It has been neglected by this people for a long time.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Ethel Tucker Company will open an engagement here on Nov. 22. Miss Ethel Tucker will bring an excellent supporting company and will produce an entirely new line of plays. The specialty artists are all bright and clever, "the baby Patti" having given musical and vocal performances before Queen Victoria, the Emperor of Germany, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and other celebrated persons. Miss Tucker is a great favorite here and no doubt her coming engagement will be as successful as preceding ones have been. Miss Tucker's company is playing in Calais Me. this week.

Moving pictures of scenes at the Queen's Jubilee celebration in London, are to be shown at the Opera house here next week.

The Miles Ideal Stock Company open the new theatre in Fredericton on Monday next, with one of their fine productions of

HAIR HUMORS

Itching, irritated, scaly, crusty scalp, dry, thin, and falling hair, cleansed, purified, and beautified by warm shampoos with CUTICURA SOAP, and occasional dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollients, the greatest skin cures.

Cuticura

Treatment will produce a clean, healthy scalp with luxuriant, lustrous hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. FORRIS DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

SKINS ON FIRE With Eczema Instantly relieved by CUTICURA.

"Michael Strogoff." In this play the youthful and talented leading man of the company—Mr. John E. Miles—appears in the title role to much advantage and opportunity is afforded him for a short illustration of his power and skill as a swordsman. The theatre has been entirely remodelled—the stage enlarged, new dressing rooms made near the stage and new and elegant scenery provided all contributing to make this one of the nearest best equipped and most comfortable theatres in the country. The Miles Ideal Company will play an engagement of one week at this visit. Frederictonians should recognize the enterprise of the manager of this house and give the company which is one of the best on the road, bumper houses during their stay there.

George Jepson who will be favorably remembered as a member of the Opera House Stock company in this city a few years ago, is making a great success of his role in "The Little Minister" this season.

It is said that S. E. Dodson, who plays Richelieu in "Under the Red Robe" presents "one of the most remarkable" "make ups" ever seen on the stage.

In Carton's "Tree of Knowledge" played at the St. James theatre, London, the particular hit was scored by young Henry Irving. It may be mentioned that Fay Davis, Julia Nelson and George Alexander were in the cast of the piece with him.

E. H. Sothorn is rehearsing the play "Henry Esmond" which has been dramatized for him.

"Captain Swift" is the bill for the current week at the Castle Square theatre, Boston. Next week "The Fatal Card" will be the bill at this popular house.

Miss Mary Hampton, the handsome Southern actress who is well known to theatre goers here, is not unimportant member of "Under the Red Robe" company this season.

There is a rumor in the theatrical world to the effect that in all likelihood, Madame Modjeska will within the next year settle in New York as a teacher of art dramatic.

Messrs. Harrison and Maud who have just closed a very successful year as manager of the Haymarket theatre, London, celebrated the anniversary by giving "a little dinner" to Miss Winifred Emery, (Mrs. Maud.)

Next Monday evening E. S. Willard begins an engagement at the Tremont theatre Boston. His opening piece will be "The Physician," and during his season there will also present a piece called "Tom Punch" which is a dramatization of Dickens' "Martin Chuzzlewit."

A new music hall is being erected at Hasting, Eng., where the old Marine hotel stood. In this hotel it is said the Empress Eugenie and the Prince Imperial took refuge after Sedan. The new structure will be called the Royal Marine Palace of Varieties.

Maud Jeffries, the leading lady of Wilson Barrett's company, visited her mother in Tennessee recently. She will go to Australia accompanied by her mother.

"Richelieu" as a production failed in Paris recently and the reason given for the disaster is that a man was cast for the title role who was naturally better equipped to play Paletoff.

Substitution Rampant.

SEE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE FOOT ELM.

It has come to our knowledge that some dealers are endeavoring to palm off on the public trashy foot remedies which they claim are "as good as" Foot Elm. The price may be a little less to you and the profits a little greater to them, but the results are always disappointing. Guaranteed foot comfort is surely worth a quarter, which is all that is asked for Foot Elm. Your feet will certainly suffer for it if you buy the other stuff. Price 25 cents at all dealers, or by mail post paid BROT & JURY, Downsville, Ont., Canadian Agents.

VERY STYLISH SWEATERS.

Styles Brought Over From England for the Adornment of Golf Players.

The evolution of the sweater to its present form started with the bicycle and was assisted by the picturesque tennis player, who, which has done more to make men's clothes attractive than anything else in the world since tennis made flannels and negligé shirts popular. Golf has helped the cause of picturesque dressing even more than tennis.

With the primitive sweater of football days of two decades ago the present garment has very little to do. The dark colored sweater came to this country from England five or six years ago, and for a while there was no demand for anything more elaborate. Then the sweater was a garment worn only for the roughest use, and nobody tried or wanted to make it modish. It was the bicycle that changed all that and golf did the rest.

Sweaters began to come from England made in the various browns and blacks of the golf stockings and there was a tasteful variation of the older kind, although to women as well as to men, none of the later styles have ever been so becoming as the pure white wool sweater. But the new colors were tasteful and the combinations neat and quiet; so the brown sweaters became popular. Afterward black and white plaids, dark yellow and brown squares and diamonds and other figures became popular for persons who were going to play golf and wanted to do it in a costume that were certain to attract attention.

The latest development of the sweater was sent to New York this fall from London, and already some of the kind have been seen of the links near the city. Early arrivals from Europe had them late last summer at Newport. They are finely woven in dark blue, red and gray. Scattered over them are small diamonds picked out in white. In the grey sweaters which are rather light in colour, the diamond is scarcely visible, and in all of them it is inconspicuous. Golf stockings are sold with these sweaters to match them exactly. Most of those seen are for men, and sweaters of the finer kind, such as those described here, are indeed not to be found for women. But women and the sweater were friends only in the first mad whirl of the bicycle fever. It was not long before they parted and nowadays a woman wearing a sweater is difficult to find from the Grant monument to the Coney Island cycle track.

In golf the sweater has wholly disappeared among well-dressed women. But the man's sweater continues to grow more elaborate every day.

Whist in the Church.

And that's what's the matter with Emporia—too much whist. The painted china set is married to cards. Women have no higher thought from week's end to week's end than winning head prizes. They grow nervous, irascible, bad tempered, and ugly playing cards. Little crows feet appear at the corners of their eyes after an evening with whist, and deep vertical lines plough themselves just above their noses. There are more plain women in Emporia who lost their bloom at the rented card tables than there are women who have worn themselves out over the kitchen stove. It is worry, not work, that makes women fade, and cards are sapping the juice out of the town. Only the young people patronize the public library. The old folks make "What's trump?" the chief end of man. Cards have invaded the churches. One church has a big factional row looming upon the horizon because the pastor has jumped cards. Another church narrowly avoided it last winter. A third pastor seen his best customers whooping it up in whist clubs and hasn't the nerve to say a word. In the meantime poker rooms, which are just as improving and elevating and just as helpful to the town as whist clubs, have opened on Commercial street, and the town is enjoying the fruit of the seed the women have planted.

"Hardly Worth While."

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat tells what purports to be a true story of an "Eastern woman" who used to be notorious among her friends for the long time it took her to dress. As the newspaper puts it, "There was no case on record of a guest who had been greeted under her roof with any degree of promptitude." Now she has reformed, and this is how the reform came about:

One evening, at a private entertainment of some kind, she encountered a certain bishop, an old friend of the family. "Ah, my dear Mrs. Smith," remarked the ecclesiastic. "How are you? I passed your house yesterday, and thought of dropping in to see you." "And you didn't do it? That was very unkind of you." "Well, no. You see, I said to myself, 'I have just one hour to call upon Mrs. Smith. She will take fifty-seven minutes to dress. That will leave just three for our talk. It is hardly worth while.'"

True Hospitality.

The Washington Post prints a "true story," told by a retired army officer. The occurrence happened in New Mexico. Colonel X. was making a long march, and the provision-wagons had gone astray. He was hot and tired and hungry, when he

MILLINERY



We are showing an elegant display of the latest styles in Trimmed and Untrimmed

Hats, Toques, Turbans and Bonnets.

Ladies Walking Hats, Sailor Hats, Children's Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats, Tam O'Shanter, etc. Also a choice stock of Ostrich and Faney feathers, Birds Wines, Ospreys, Ornaments, Ribbons, Veilings, Hat and Bonnet Shapes, etc. Corsets a specialty. At moderate prices. Inspection cordially invited.

Chas. K. CAMERON & Co. 77 King Street.

Store open every evening.

met Major B., who invited him home—presumably to some fort—to breakfast.

The Major's fortunes were at a low ebb, and when the breakfast was brought on it proved to consist entirely of rice—rice cooked in the wonderful Southern fashion with every kernel perfect. The hungry guest ate a spoonful. He detests rice. Then he waited for a second course.

"Have some rice, colonel," said the major, whom nothing ever disconcerts, quite as if the rice had but that moment appeared.

"No!" snapped the colonel. "I'm a Kentukian, sir, and I don't eat rice. I don't eat rice, sir. Give me something else."

"Why, certainly, colonel, certainly," said the host. "Try some of the mustard; it's very fine, sir, very fine."

Women on a Lofty Wire.

Although the cable at the new bridge, is suspended from the towers at either side of the river, is large and strong, and the concrete box and gearing which slide along under the cable are here are few men in Topeka who would care to take the risk of riding across on the aerial railway.

But there are three ladies who accomplish this feat. A Hunsecker, the engineer, who manages the engines in the little shanty up in the south tower, thought it would be a pleasant trip for his wife and two daughters to cross the river high in the air. They thought so, too, and so the box was lowered at the south side of the river, and Mrs. Emma Hunsecker and her two daughters Alice and Kate, stepped in. Foreman Gaines also got into the 'car.' Engineer Hunsecker pulled the throttle and the cables stretched tightly, lifting high into the air a cargo very precious to him. The cables and pulleys wound up and the car was soon swinging directly from the cable. Then the travelling cable drum was thrown into gear and the 'car' containing the four people started north at a lively rate of speed. The sensation of flying through space was exhilarating, but to many would have been terrifying. But the ladies enjoyed the ride, and after riding to the north tower and returning to the south bank of the river they alighted from the concrete box much pleased with their ride and not in the least scared.

Explained.

"Charley," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have made a discovery." "I hope it isn't anything about athletics," replied her husband, apprehensively. "It is, though. I know now why nature doesn't put any hair on the heads of young children. It is to keep them from becoming football players too early in life."

Misconstrued.

Cholly (with an air of adoration)—Ah, Miss Moneybags, how would you like little bull puppy? Miss Moneybags—Oh, Cholly, this is so sudden.

"77" FOR COLDS Head off

A Cold with a dose of "77." The easy time to "break up" a Cold is at the beginning, and it is a wonder that anyone allows it to "run on."

"77" breaks up Grip and Colds that "hang on;" relieves in a few hours; cures in a few days.

For those who appreciate "77" we make a dollar flask; it is flat, easy to carry and economical. For beginners, the 25c size is for sale by all dealers from Canada to Cape Horn, or is sent on receipt of price.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 13,

PROVINCIAL POLITICS.

Among those politicians who feel the pulse and register the temperature of the provincial body politic there is a belief that there will be a provincial election next year, either in May or June. And those who have faith in the opposition's aspirations and energy think that the government's tenure of office will then come to an end after a reign of fifteen years.

The Opposition's expectation of a provincial election is evidenced by the fact that they have entered upon a campaign to extend through the next few months. Their leaders have already been stumping Kings county and it is said that they intend next to board the Douglas in his hall by entering upon a campaign in the premier's constituency of Albert. They want to give the Hon. HENRY the battle royal of his life here, and Messrs. GEORGE PRISCOTT and CHAS. PECK, men of influence and commercial standing, are talked of as possible candidates against the new premier.

From there the campaign is to be extended all over the province and it is proposed to have tickets in the field in every constituency. But it is in their own county that St. John people are most interested and the chief talk in this city where local politics are wont to be discussed has been as to whom will come for ward as the standard bearers of their party here. Probably no one knows yet who will run, but surmises are rife and it is well known from whom they will be chosen.

Dr. STOCKTON will still lead on toward the hoped-for goal of victory but there is some doubt as to whether his able ally the silver-tongued orator of the house, Dr. ALWARD will fight by his side. It is said that the learned doctor is seriously debating with himself whether it is not "time to call a halt," and retire from public life. Mr. SHAW may run for the county this time instead of for the city, and he should command a big vote. Mr. LOCKHART will probably be out again and there are half a dozen others or more who are talked of for the ticket.—Dr. J. H. MORRISON, the versatile physician, race-courier, O'angeman, and stump speaker; Ald. MACRAE, the newly elected president of the Junior Liberal Conservative Association; the eminent Dr. QUICLEY, Mr. DANIEL MULLEN, a prominent conservative and lawyer, and two leading physicians of the city, Drs. MCINERNEY and DANIEL.

But the chief feature about the coming election is the fact that it will likely be run on federal party lines in this constituency. The opposition ticket would be a straight conservative ticket, and it will be seen that all the probable candidates mentioned above are conservative. The junior liberal conservative association at their council meeting Tuesday night discussed this matter and thought it would be advisable and their suggestion will likely be carried out.

It is also very probable that J. D. HAZEN, ex-M. P., the store time idol of the young men, will run for Sanbury on the opposition ticket in conjunction with either Mr. PARKER GLASIER, or Mr. WILMOT. In Queens Mr. HARRY WOODS, the popular son of the late Hon. FRANK WOODS, is spoken of as the opposition's candidate. Mr. JOHN MORRISSEY is spoken of as one of the opposition in Northumberland and the ticket in Restigouche will probably be Messrs. W. S. MONTGOMERY and JOHN CULLIGAN. FRED LA FOREST may run in Madawaska and in Carleton it is said that one of the members elected as a supporter of the government may come out under Dr. STOCKTON'S banner.

It is a distinguished honor to get an invitation to a Lotus Club banquet in New York but the Lotus eaters are not so mild-eyed as their name implies for they are in one way rather greedy and demand a return for the honor tendered their guests

The other night they entertained ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS, CHAUNCEY M. DREW, HON. J. W. LONGLEY and others. On that occasion they asked the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Paroo," to sign his name to the many cards. As there were no less than 250 of these he was kept quite busy for a while.

M. ZOLA has decided not to enter public life, as he has no confidence that he would be an effective orator. He had ambitions in that direction at one time and conceived the idea of entering public life with a view to carrying out the social reforms which he advocates in his works, but found, after several trials, that he was not equal to public speaking. The world would have been none the worse off had he deserted literature.

Halifax was obliged to submit to the veriscope after all. Well meaning people occasionally make an amusing exhibition of themselves, and that is just what some good ladies of Halifax have done in attempting to stop the really excellent representation of a scientific boxing match between two well matched, thoroughly scientific boxers.

The sea serpent has turned up off the South American coast, and corresponds exactly with the traditional portrait. When seen the serpent was asleep, lying at full length on the surface of the sea. From the story told regarding its general appearance and make up, it is evident that the serpent wasn't the only one lying.

A New York man met death in a peculiar manner the other night. He was walking with a lady, whose weight was 190 pounds, when his head grew dizzy and he fell to the floor dragging his heavy partner with him. She happened to light on him, and the result was serious. The man died a few hours later.

A civil crisis is imminent in Spain and the day apparently is not far off. Internal dissension and distress are already revolutionary in spirit and they are likely soon to become so in action. WYLER, late captain general in Cuba is in an unenviable position.

Between the Republicans whom he betrayed and the Liberals whom he deceived with false promises, the Hon. JACOB WORTH of Brooklyn must be nearly as popular as he deserves to be.

The minister who was expelled from the Boston School of Theology because of his lion's den performance, is beginning to think, no doubt, that marriages are not always made in heaven.

It seems now that VICTORIA did not send a message of congratulation to GROVER upon a recent interesting domestic event. Journalists enterprising over does itself occasionally.

Marshal BLANCO the new captain-general met with a cold reception in Cuba. He may, however, find it warm enough down in the little island before the close of the year.

International trouble is threatened. London and New York are disputing over their respective populations, number of charitable institutions, schools and so forth.

Thirty eight murderers are now charged against the French lunatic VACHER. The slaughterer relates the details of his horrible butchering with much gusto.

Richard Croker is sick. There are others.

How the Note was Written.

A rather good story was told by a commercial traveller in one of the hotels the other evening. An impetuous French Canadian in a Quebec town being rather hard up went to a friend and solicited a small loan. At first he was refused but at length succeeded after agreeing to give him a note for the amount. This is what he gave him!—

This paper to show I promise to pay Tree, four dollar In tree, four day But if tree, four day Do money not bring You keep dis paper It all de same ting.

Positively all Done by Hand.

All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque—Try it. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and Dye Works. Phone 68.

In a new French railway signaling device a lever on the engine hangs in position near the rail to receive a signal from a flat strip of iron lying parallel to the rail, an indicator in the cab showing how many signals were given by the iron strips.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

In November.

Tall trees bare in the chilling gale, Faint gusts of gray veiled rain; Black cloud shadows o'er hill and dale, Was steeply galling down the main.

Out in the dim a broken nest Swam in the heaving wind; In islands of the golden west, Lost songs new roses find.

Over the ridges lone and brown, The drear moss fringes creep; Into the cold stream reaching down, Where winter lilies sleep.

The Good Landlord.

I sing to you about a man whose memory long should last; His name was Brian More-augood, he lived in Notogood; And tho' to save his native land he never drew a sword, He was what all his tenants called a mighty fine landlord.

When'er a tenant chanced to break a pane or two of glass, He never used to scold and rave or murmur out; But he would go and buy some more, in sunshine or in rain, Or if it was at a exp, and have them set again.

No matter if in room or hall the paper should get He would not, as some landlords do, complain from night till morn; And if the paper got scuffed and soiled, the first thing he would do Was send and have the painter come and paint the house anew.

No matter if a fence froze or if got clogged a drain, It made no difference to him; he never would complain. And if a tenant short of wood should burn the cellar stairs, He always thought it sweet delight to make such small repairs.

And if a tenant should neglect to close a swinging blind, And if should be thrown from its place by the wind, And tumbling to the wall, how some passer-by should kill, He would say one unkind word, but go and pay the bill.

And ere the morning light broke forth he from his bed would rise, And not with thunder in his tone nor anger in his eyes, But with a ray shone of joy upon his manly face, Would to the tenant go and give a full deed of the place.

The Child at the Door.

There's a child outside your door Let him in, He may never pass it more, Let him in. Let a little wandering wail Find a shelter sweet and safe In the love and light of home. Let him come.

There's a cry along your street Day by day; There's a sound of little feet Go astray, Open wide your guarded gate For the little one that waits Till a voice of Love from home Bids them come.

There's a voice divinely sweet Calls today; Will you let these little feet Stray away? Let the lambs be home ward led And of you it shall be said "You have done it faithfully Unto Me."

We shall stand some solemn day At His door! Shall we hear the Master say "O'er and o'er?" "Let the children all come in From a world of pain and sin! Open wide the doors of home; Children come."

The Dialect Novelist.

He wachelt and bechelt, He schuchelt and sanchelt, With many a neech and a notch, He scardit an i rakti His munnery, and scrafft A story he said was "braid Scotch."

He rowled and he rowled, In a style oild and bouid, With lot of begerrah and wall; He bej obered and gabbered And paper he gibbered. When he wrote his miscalled Irish tale.

He hum'd and he begum'd, He swowed, swaned, and vam'd, And begoshed about, keones and the bars, He chawed and he hawed, As his poor pen he pawed, While writing a ike Yankee-yare.

He am'd and he beger'd, As he "ammered and dregged, "Hil' it's and P's in the writic, Between "sthand" and "cooter, And unabridged Webster gave him!—

Morning and Night.

A little space of pleasure— A little space of pain, And then the solemn darkness, And then—the light again!

A little song and story In sunlight and in rain, And then—the dark again! And so it goes: The darkness, And then the gleam of light; And so, life is good morning, With sad thoughts of good night. —Atlanta Constitution.

AT THE CITY HALL.

The Man who Represents the People in the Council.

For years people have been reading and discussing the doings of the city council and yet few have penetrated the mysteries of the august and sacred chamber from which have issued the decrees making or breaking the fortunes of the fair city of St. John.

The council chamber is the big forbidding pile of the court house in a general appearance in keeping with its important uses and bears the impress of the same distinction which means the assembly chambers of bodies of greater importance, viz., even legislative halls. A hushed and hallowed air and a dim cloistered light pervades the lofty ceilinged room looking out on King Square and the Fred Young monument. The dark wainscoting and carpet and the heavy "chairs" of the doors and windows further increase the dignity and impressiveness of the apartments.

At the head of the room on a dais of exclusiveness and in a towering high backed arm chair sits the second George in the long line of rulers of St. John's destinies while suspended above in noble but relief stand out the corporation arms giving official stamp to the whole scene. Down the room ranged on both sides and converging at the foot are the desks of the fifteen city fathers. Here once a month or oftener they take their seats arrayed in their best black and with their aldermanic bosoms adorned by the boutonnières which High Constable Stockford distributes. The latter official, by the way, by his presence and dignified carriage adds to the tout ensemble. He has attended more aldermanic councils than any other man in the city and once or twice, as this week, for instance, he has filled the mayoralty chair, the mayor and deputy mayor being both absent. At the foot of the room is a barrier railing and beyond that are the seats in which an occasional two or three spectators watch the proceedings.

This year "the seats of the mighty" are occupied by a fairly representative body of men, with the exception perhaps there are too many grocers, there being no less than six in the list, wholesale and retail. These are his worship the mayor and Ald. Purdy, Tufts, Smith, McPherson and McMullin, Ald. Purdy, however, is also, and chiefly a ship-owner. The others engaged in trade are these, Ald. McArthur, bookseller; Ald. Hamm, lively stable proprietor, and Ald. McGoldrick, junk dealer. There are two in industrial life, Ald. Waring a foundryman and Ald. Stackhouse, a contractor. Four are professional men, Ald. Macrae and Millidge, lawyers; and Ald. Christie and Daniel, physicians; Ald. Robinson is in the insurance business.

A lot of new blood has been incorporated into the council in the last few years and Ald. Christie, McGoldrick, Tufts and Stackhouse are almost the only ones who have been there any length of time. Dr. Christie is the patriarch of the council while Ald. Macrae is probably the youngest man on the board. Despite T. R. A. and other opposition the two North End civic politicians have never met defeat and are still influential in the council, Ald. Christie being chairman of works and Ald. McGoldrick of safety. An alderman who has been steadily making gains in public favor is Ald. Daniel. He is chairman of the treasury and along with Ald. Christie and Waring is the mayor's right hand man. It is said that he will probably be a candidate for mayor next year and that he would stand a good chance. His name is up in a play mayoralty competition at the City Cornet Band bazaar as is that of Lt. Col. Geo. W. Jones and people are saying that the young men may desire to bring forward the latter as their candidate.

Aldermanic duties are no sinecure and it means the expenditure on an average of an hour or two a day. Committee meetings are very frequent and besides that there are the interviews with constituents and trips of inspection to sidewalks, streets, &c., complained of. But then of course there is to offset this the distinction, the honor of officiating on great occasions, and the patronage.

His worship the Mayor devotes about twice as much time to the duties of his office as any of his predecessors. His hours at the Mayor's office are from 10 to 4. His predecessors were satisfied with remaining a couple of hours from 11 to 1 o'clock. He is frequently closeted in his inner office with his lieutenants settling affairs of state and he knows how to do things with the requisite flourish. This year he completes his fourth year and if the city were in the habit of giving five year terms the T. R. A.'s original nominee would stand a good show for re-election. He has always been willing to lend his presence to add dignity to all sorts of occasions, banquets, church celebrations, secret society festivities, &c., and has ad-

dressed hundreds of such gatherings during his term of office. The mayor is the chief orator of the board and though his style is sometimes rather ponderous he commands attention. Alds. McArthur, McGoldrick and Macrae are the other orators, while Ald. Christie and Purdy attend to the comedy part of the entertainment, by an occasional wordy scarp. They are of opposite stripe in politics and the party spirit has full possession of both.

However, there are not the scenes now that used to be enacted in the council providing scope for the scribes imaginative facilities. There is now very nearly a dead monotony of matter of fact speeches and due regard for amity and decorum among the Aldermen. As far as public business is concerned this is better, but from the point of view of the caterer to the public's desire for spicy reading it is a drawback.

LITERARY NOTE.

The number of the well-known magazine Post-Lore for October, November, December of 1897 is vastly interesting. It is divided into five departments, under the following heads:—Poetry and Fiction, Appreciations and Essays, School of Literature, Reviews, Notes and News.

From the three epigrams by Louis J. Black, I quote these lines, in Judas, "Forth from the world's the winged prayer arise, Changed into flowers before thy changeless eyes, Transferred in thy realm, recluse, divine, Heart of one hearted and tender peace that lies Mircroton round the stars that nobly shine, Because they feel that their vast life is thine."

Next comes a "Light Sleeper" by Edith M. Thomas, "Under the Open Sky," by Hannah Parker Kimball, starts doubtfully, but becomes beautiful before its finish. See the picture in these three stanzas: Beyond that green expanse first softly stir In rippling sheets, the happy eye may mark, Like tall, wax tapers glistening through the dark, In the dusk wood white birches thronged by fire. Smoothly the lucid hours dissolve away, While stealthy shadows hang a priceless boon, The trembling crescent of a new-born moon, High in translucent depths of parast rays; Till fading sunset on the vestments harsh Of rough pine boxes pour crimson, and at last A distant pool gleams like a knight's red shield, Dropped 'mid the reeds and rushes of the marsh.

"Music," by J. M. R. is a fine poem, and musical. William G. Kingsland, in his series of early Romances of Charlotte Bronte, writes an interesting article on "The Green Dwarf." A novelette entitled "A Village Romeo and Juliet," by Gottfried Keller, translated and condensed by H. C. P. and C. P. is well worth reading—decidedly. The two versants, Marti and Manz talk like university men, but perhaps this is the fault of the translators.

Then follow interesting papers on "The influence of Milton on Wordsworth," by the great Shakespearean scholar of Cambridge, Mass., W. J. Rolfe; "A Bird Anthology from Gill" by H. L. Graham; "Brownings Jules and Da Maurice's 'Little Billee,'" by Mary R. Baldwin and Brownings in "The Tempest," by Willie Sprane Kennedy.

School of Literature, Reviews, and Notes, are all crammed with valuable matter. I quote from the Notes, "One of the unexpectedly amusing incidents of this search for 'the ten noblest poems' was Mr. Bliss Carman's wicked fun in the Boston Transcript, where he gravely set down a list of nine of his own poems and one of Robert Browning's as the ten best lyrics in English literature. Not all the fun was to be enjoyed by Mr. Carman, however, at the expense of the public; for in due time an anxious enquiry was also recorded in the Transcript.—The paper whose end is to hold, as it were, the mirror up to Boston,—where were these nine poems to be found?"

A number of Post-Lore is a volume of about two hundred pages containing the best in modern literature.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

Really Serious.

'Whore's Brown, the scorcher?' 'Laid up.' 'What's the matter? Wagon?' 'No.' 'Excavation?' 'No.' 'Trolley car?' 'No. Another scorcher.' 'Oho! Then it's really something serious isn't it?'



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of the vestments harsh... as pour crimson, and amid... same like a knight's red shield...

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A surprise party, that was a genuine surprise party was given Miss Fanny Quinn of Charlotte street a short time ago by many of her friends...

The production of the Pirates of Penzance this week may be recorded as an important society...

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Mr. and Mrs. George McAvity left this week for a visit to Montreal.

The City Cornet Band fair opened this week in the Mechanics' Institute. The attendance on Tuesday evening, the opening night was small owing to the very disagreeable state of the weather...

The ladies who are looking after the different tables are: Red table—Mrs. D. Connelly, Miss Mary McCarty, Miss J. O'Brien, Miss Duggan, Miss McGill, Miss McLoughlin, Miss Faye, Miss McHugh, Miss Murphy, Miss O'Brien, Miss Donovan, Mrs. P. O'Mahony, Misses Connelly, Miss Flaherty, Miss McManis, Miss O'Brien, Miss Wallace, Miss McCann, Miss Murphy, Miss Johnson, Miss Carpenter, Miss Gray, Miss McNamara, Miss Nagle, Miss McManis, Miss Leahy, Miss Foley, Miss Gleason, Miss Gibbons, and Miss Cullinan.

White table—In charge of Mrs. W. J. Higgins, and Mrs. Mary Dolan, assisted by Miss Agnes Dolan, Annie Power, Nellie Fitzgerald, McConry, McCann, Annie Haney, Mary McCarty, Mand McEneaney, Louise Fudge, Miss McManus, Brown, McDevitt, Quinlan, Misses Collins, Miss A. Geary, Miss Kichham, McGuire, Murray, Miss Gallagher, Swane, Clara Worden, M. Stevens, Gallivan and Miss Daley.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh S. Wright of Woodstock spent part of this week in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. F. Mackenzie are spending a short time in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. David Watson Jr. of Montreal were in the city for a short time this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Gaskin of Boston and Mrs. Gaskin formerly Miss Alice Mand Sears, a newly married pair, were passengers by the American boat on Wednesday. The young couple will spend the honeymoon in New York but will make their future home in Boston.

Mr. Fred Goddard was at Harvey station for a day or two this week.

be neglected, and no doubt the opera house on December 1st, and the dates of the concert, will have one of the largest and most fashionable audiences it has ever had.

Mr. Frederick Branscombe has returned to Boston after a very pleasant visit to Mr. N. C. Scott of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Myers who have made many friends in this city during her brief sojourn here left Monday evening for their parents and friends in Upper Canada. She will be away about six weeks.

Nov. 10.—The funeral of the late Mr. Henry O'Leary took place yesterday morning at ten o'clock, a large procession followed the body to the R. C. church, testifying to the esteem of the deceased gentleman.

Mr. Stanley White leaves this morning for Boston.

Nov. 10.—Dr. A. A. Stockton was in town on Saturday.

Nov. 10.—The Presbyterian of Wallace is in session here.

Nov. 11.—Miss Belle Burgess spent last week with her sister Mrs. M. H. Parke, Sussex.

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WELCOME SOAP Monthly Missing Word Contest. THE Correct missing word for October was "WISE" and the winners were Miss Christy A. Murdoch, New Glasgow, N. S. 1st Prize \$15.00 Cash. Mr. L. B. Sharp left this week for a holiday trip which he will spend in Boston and New York.

Fry's Cocoa Concentrated. Along with its virtues of absolute purity and delicate richness of flavor—its nutritious healthfulness—its easy digestibility—Fry's Cocoa possesses the economical virtue of easy solubility. This is so because it is concentrated and hence, of great strength.

HEAVY STEEL PLATE Range... Coal or Wood. The McClary Mfg. Co., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.

Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines. Interchangeable Parts. Large Bearings. Simplest and Best Governor. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., - - AMHERST.

PELLEE ISLAND WINES. BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. E. G. SOOVL, Agent Pellee Wine Co. 62 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTEENTH SQUARE PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres.

C. S. DEFRITZ, Brunswick street. MORSON & CO., Barrington street. GEORGE STREET, George street. FOWERS' DRUG STORE, Opp. I. C. R. Depot. DANIEL WYSE CO., Railway Depot. G. J. KLEIN, Gottlieb street. H. SELWY, Dartmouth N. S. M. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S. M. A. QUINN, Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St.

Last week was quite gay, with two dances and various teas and dinners as the last week of the flagship's stay here has been from time immemorial custom.

Mrs. Dwyer gave a very pleasant tea at her home Spring Garden road on Wednesday afternoon, which is admirably adapted for entertaining. Tea was served in the dining room, and both it and the drawing room were beautifully decorated with hot house flowers.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Daly was at home at Government House, having postponed her tea from the day before owing to the funeral of the Duchess of Teck, for whom all official circles are in mourning.

The floor was not particularly good, but the music was, and the sitting-out places as of old were well patronized. It was not a late dance, as the programme was shortened toward the end, but it was a very pleasant one.

Mrs. Aibro, Miss Aibro, Mr. and Mrs. Bullock, Miss M. Bullock, Col. Curran, Mrs. Curran, Mrs. Cady, Misses Cady, C. Cady, Mr. and Mrs. Cory, Miss Cory, Major Comeline, Mrs. Comeline, Mrs. Cameron, F. Cameron, Captain and Mrs. Duffus, Mr. Stairs Duffus, Mrs. Duffus, Allan Duffus, Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer, Miss Dwyer, Misses Dwyer, Mr. Ferris, Mrs. Ferris, Dr. and Mrs. Farrell, L. Farrell, Miss Farrell, Mr. and Mrs. Francklyn, G. Francklyn, Judge Graham, Mrs. Graham, Miss Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, Judge Henry, Miss Henry, W. A. Henry, Mrs. Henry, Mr. Harvey, Mrs. Harvey, Miss Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, Miss Hill, Major and Mrs. Hodgson, Miss Moylan, Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. F. Jones, Miss Nagle, Mr. and Mrs. W. Jones, Captain and Mrs. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. G. Morrow, Dr. and Mrs. Drew-Moist, Miss Moir, Dr. and Mrs. J. Moir, Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie, Miss Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Stairs, Misses Stairs, J. A. Stairs, Mr. and Mrs. James Stairs, Miss Eleanor Stairs, Mrs. John Stairs, Miss Anna Stairs, Harry Stairs, Mr. and Mrs. Seaton, Miss Seaton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Troop, Mrs. J. F. Troop, Misses Troop, Mr. and Mrs. Tremaine, Miss Tremaine, Captain and Mrs. J. Taylor Wood, Misses Wood, Mrs. and Miss West, Captain and Mrs. Leithbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Yolland, Dr. and Mrs. Wright, Major and Mrs. Morris, C. Unsack, J. Willis, Misses Willis, Mrs. and Miss Abbott, Dr. and Mrs. Almon, Dr. and Mrs. Tobin, Miss Maytrother, Colonel and Mrs. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Vizard, Miss Vizard, Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, Mr. and Mrs. S. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. McKeen, Miss Burns, Captain and Mrs. McLane, Major and Mrs. St. Legere, U. S. Consul General Foster, E. Lawson, Dr. and Mrs. Wickwire, Miss Wickwire, Louis Kenny, Joseph Kenney, Mr. and Mrs. Tremaine Twining, Captain and Mrs. Reeves, Dr. and Mrs. McWatters, Lt.-Colonel Anstruther-Duncan, Mr. Byron, Colonel Leach, Miss Michel, Lieutenant-Governor Daly, Miss Turpin, Lieutenant Colonel Clark, D. Pollard R. N., Dr. Bearstock, R. N., Colonel Buccoo, Miss Biscoe, Miss Kimber, Mr. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Wickwire, Miss Anglin, officers of the Renown officers of the Intrepid, Miss Bell, Miss Ritchie, T. Ritchie, Miss Forbes, officers of R. A. and R. E., officers of Leinster regiment, Miss Corbett, Miss Townshend, Captain Barr, Miss Oliver.

The engagement is announced of one of our most popular Halifax girls and an officer of the Royal Artillery, now stationed in England. The future bridegroom is receiving the congratulations of his many Halifax friends.

Mrs. Streteger of the Berkshire regiment, is leaving it for the Army Service Corps, to the regret of his brother officers, by whom he was much liked. On Friday evening Mrs. Dwyer gave a dance highly for young people, the Misses Dwyer being

the debutantes of this season. I was in all ways a charming party, a suitably done and arranged. Good music and an excellent supper were not the least among the many things which go to make a successful dance, and there were of course any amount of dancing men.

The flagship left on Tuesday last for Bermuda which means things will be rather quiet until the cold weather and skating arrives. H. M. S. Cordelia has arrived from Newfoundland, and will remain after the departure of the Borena for some days, after which sailors will be a missing quantity until the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawlor Huddleston arrived recently from England, and are now installed at Keith hall, where Mrs. Huddleston was "at home" to her many old friends on Monday and Tuesday. Mrs. Huddleston who was looking very well wore a very pretty reception toilette of pink with green, on Monday afternoon, and had with her Miss Wickwire and Miss Cameron, her bridesmaids. The latter ladies wore dressed alike in pale pink satin, the dresses being those worn by them at Mrs. Huddleston's wedding. There were of course any number of visitors, everyone being glad to welcome the bride on her return.

TRURO.

[Progress is for sale at Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, & Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co.]

Nov. 10.—There was a quite wedding shortly before noon today at Stonecroft cottage, the residence of Mr. W. H. Donkin, when his eldest daughter, Annie, was united in marriage to Mr. W. C. Cullen of Cullen Brothers, wholesale and retail cutlers. The bride wore her going-away dress, of blue-gray broad-cloth tailor made and elaborately braided, she was attended by her sister, Miss Etta Donkin, in a very becoming toilette of myrtle green ladies' cloth. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Rodgers after which an elaborate breakfast was served, in the dining room, only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present, but from hosts of friends, and relatives came handsome and useful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Cullen left on the noon train for Halifax from there they go for a short trip to Yarmouth, visiting points of interest en route.

Mr. A. V. Smith of the Halifax Bank has returned from New Glasgow where he has been assisting Mr. DeVeber the agent there, for over two months past. Madame Harrison's concert came off last Thursday evening, here with considerable eclat. It was a bumper house, of the best quality, and madame's many admirers heard with intense enjoyment, her sweet voice, always so pleasing but which since her last visit, has improved so in compass and expression, added to her charms of voice, is her very pleasing stage presence, which was fully enhanced by her elaborate and becoming Parisian gown. Miss Bruce the talented violinist accompanying madame made a most pleasing impression here and won for herself much hearty applause. Madame Harrison made a stay here of a few days only leaving on Saturday for Kentville.

Mrs. E. E. McNitt gave a very elaborate tea last Friday afternoon, being assisted in dispensing her hospitalities by Mrs. H. F. McKenzie and Mrs. Curry McDougall. Manager of the Dominion Coal Company, H. F. Donkin Esq., and Mrs. Donkin, left here on Monday last for their home in Glouce Bay. During a short stay in town they were guests of their friend at "Elmhurst."

Miss Hornsby, is a guest of Mrs. Fred Price. The vexed question of place for the Bachelors' ball, is settled. It being finally desired that the same will occur on the twenty-third of the present month in the new "McMechan's Bank" building, the upper floor of which will afford very ample space for dancing. The catering is to be done by a Fall farm. The question now pending is, who will chaperone the function.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Blenkinsop have returned from their wedding tour. PRO.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. F. Smith & Co.]

(Received too late for last issue.) Nov. 4.—The concert in the academy of music on Wednesday last in aid of the Windsor Relief Fund was attended by a very appreciative audience, though not as large as the occasion demanded. The programme was particularly well rendered and a fully merited frequent encores and applause received which is always expected when our older and more popular artists are among the performers who on this occasion were, Mrs. (Dr.) Tupper, Miss Helen Miles, Miss C. Wilson, Mrs. H. F. Logan, Miss Webb, Sackville; Miss Cole, Miss

The fondest anticipation in a woman's life is when she is looking forward to the coming of the sweet and tender little bundle of humanity that will some day call her mother. It is a pity that this joyful expectancy should ever be clouded with solicitude and anxiety if only the prospective mother will avail herself of the health-sustaining power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription taken early during the expectant period.

The special organs and nerve-centers pertaining to maternity are directly fortified and reinforced by this wonderful "Prescription." It gives the mother genuine, permanent strength, capacity and cheerfulness. It renders the ordeal of motherhood absolutely safe and comparatively easy; insures against subsequent relapse and prostration; promotes simple and healthful nourishment for the child and endows it with natural constitutional vigor.

For nearly thirty years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. A man may consult him either personally or by letter free of charge, and with absolute assurance of receiving sound, practical advice from the highest professional authority. By enclosing thirty-one one-cent stamps to pay the cost of a paper-bound copy of Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," or a handsome cloth-bound copy, for fifty stamps.

Mrs. Fred Hunt, of Burrill Hills, Saratoga Co., N. Y., says: "I read about Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription being so good for a woman with child, so I got two bottles last September, and December 13th, I had a twelve-pound baby girl. When I was confined I was not sick in any way. I did not suffer any pain, and when the child was born I walked into another room and went to bed. I never had an after-pain or any other ailment. This is the eighth child and the largest of them all."

Costs, Miss Ford, Miss Lowe, Mr. J. M. Curry Mr. Bliss, and Master Lowe. Mrs. C. A. Kennedy of Campbellton is the guest of her sister Mrs. T. S. Rogers. Miss Ella Moffat is visiting friends in Boston and vicinity. Mrs. J. H. Morrison and son George have returned from a lengthy visit to Minneapolis. On Thursday last Rev. and Mrs. Trotter left for their future home in Victoria B. C. after a short wedding trip to P. E. Island. Mrs. Trotter's friend in Amherst were at the station to bid farewell and wish them every happiness and success in their new home. Miss C. Wilson, Mrs. H. J. Logan, Miss Cole, Miss Coates, Miss Ford, Miss Lowe, Mr. J. M. Curry, the mission band of the Presbyterian church are making preparations for their annual sale on Wednesday next.

Nov. 10.—The Mission Band of St. Stephen's church held their annual sale this evening. Many pretty articles of fancy work, with those more substantial, will be for sale which with a tempting tea and other attractions will without doubt contribute their efforts with success. The ladies of Christ Church met in the Parish-house on Monday afternoon to arrange for a sale on the 22nd to augment the Sunday school fund. A number of young ladies have organized a White Club which I understand includes five tables. They were established by the Misses Maine at Holme Cottage on Wednesday evening of last week which was their first meeting so it goes without saying it had a very pleasant beginning. Mrs. C. T. Kennedy of Campbellton is paying a visit to her sister Mrs. Sherman Rogers, Rupert street. Mr. J. McKen of the Bank of N. S. and daughter Madeline are in town where Mrs. McKen has been detained by illness for several weeks. The latest from her states a marked improvement in her health and her friends in Amherst are hopeful of an early return to her home on Crescent Avenue. The Misses Strothard who are attending Mount Allison Seminary were in Amherst over Sunday to see the graves of their parents. Mrs. McKen has been detained by illness for several weeks. The latest from her states a marked improvement in her health and her friends in Amherst are hopeful of an early return to her home on Crescent Avenue. Mr. C. T. Hillson and Hon. W. T. Pipes have returned from a trip to St. John, Newfoundland. Miss Hawker of St. John is paying a visit to Miss Annie McLeod. Among our visitors of the week are Dr. Smith and bride of Parrboro and Mr. and Mrs. C. T. White of Sand River.

more favorable. The family will remain for the winter in Bolton, and their home on Gordie street has been rented by Mr. Fred Dixon. Mr. John Fairley is at Mt. Allison. Mrs. Geo. Ryan was with Mrs. Bedford Dixon for a few days. Miss Mathew of Bonaville, P. E. I. was visiting her sister at the village this week. Last week Mrs. Hanford, Miss May Hanford, Mrs. W. C. Milner, and Miss Bliss were in town attending the entertainment in the Music hall on Friday evening. LADY OF SHALLOTT.

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

Nov. 9.—The performance given in Bickman's hall on Friday last was a great success. Following is the programme: THE MOON SHIP. Vocal solo. The Sea Hath its Pearls. White Miss Chandler. Vocal solo. The Love of Old. Lane Miss Foster. THE BICYCLER. Mr. Robert Yardley, an expert. C. L. Hinington Mr. Jack Barlow snoker. J. B. Paysant Mr. Thaddeus Perkins, a beginner. E. F. Foster Mrs. Edward Bradley a cofee. Mrs. E. F. Foster Mrs. Thaddeus Perkins a beginner. Miss Hinington Mrs. Edward Bradley an enthusiast. Miss Davison Jennie a maid. Miss Chandler

Tableaux, November 5, 1906. The farces were most amusing. The acting of Miss Florence Palmer and Mr. R. P. Foster deserves special mention, as also does Miss Chandler's representation of Jane the maid which was most natural. The sight of all the ladies who were supposed to be calling on Mrs. Somers, perched on chairs in terror of a cone which was not there was very edification. In the other farce the acting of Mr. C. L. Hinington deserves special mention, although all the actors did remarkably well for amateurs. Mrs. McGraith's solo "The Angel Came" was a lovely song of Cowen's, and was very sweetly rendered, as were the songs of Miss Foster and Miss Chandler.

Mr. N. W. Brown principal of the superior school gave a lecture on Lord Chatham in the Methodist church on Saturday evening. Mrs. McGraith and Miss Chandler kindly consented to sing solos their accompaniments were played by Miss Palmer. Mr. Brown had a very small audience on account of the stormy evening, but those who did venture out listened to a very interesting lecture. Miss McCarthy intends leaving for Newcastle this week for a short visit. Mrs. H. C. Hinington of Moncton is in town, the guest of Mrs. S. L. Hinington. Miss Hinington of Moncton is also in town, the guest of her mother. Miss Cooke and Miss Mary Cooke of Moncton spent Sunday in town the guest of Mrs. J. B. Forster. Miss Cooke played Miss Forster's accompaniment at the performance last Friday.

Mr. Moore of Amherst, was in town last week. We have lost another of our young men. Mr. Percy B. Forster left town yesterday to accept a position in the Vincennes of Paul Penitentiary, at Montreal. He is followed by the good wishes of all his friends. Miss Estabrooks of Sackville, is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. A. S. Oulton. Masters Archie and Rene Richard left Dorchester, last Friday, to attend school at St. Ann's Quebec. Miss Nellie Davison, left Dorchester to day for Atlanta, Georgia, where she will spend the winter. Mr. R. W. Hewson of Moncton, was in town, yesterday.

ST. GEORGE. Mr. Robert Bogue of Boston is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Baine O'Brien are enjoying over the advent of a young daughter. Mrs. Robert Tayte is with her daughter in Salem Mass. A quiet wedding took place in St. Marks church on Wednesday morning Nov. 3rd, when Miss Stella Murray daughter of the late Joseph Murray was married to Mr. William Johnston of Canada. The bride was unattended and wore a costume of purple with corn color silk trimmings. After the ceremony which was performed by the Rev. E. E. Smith rector of the church, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston left on the noon train for Canada followed by the good wishes of a large circle of friends.

The store of Mr. John Dewar and sons was broken into one night last week it is thought the burglars were frightened away as nothing was missed from the store. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Russell late of Depeu, N. Y. are visiting Mr. Russell's parents. Mrs. Stuten Clark and children are spending a week in St. John. Mrs. Edward O'Brien gave a delightful childrens party on Monday evening for the pleasure of her daughter Phoebe. Mrs. K. P. Gillmor is spending two weeks at Upper Falls. MAX.

DR. CHASE'S Catarrh Cure. On Monday evening a small and informal whist party was given in Miss Davies honor by Mrs. J. P. Allison. The guests were Rev. C. F. Wiggins, Miss Davies, Miss Freeman, Miss Webster, Miss Cook, Miss Jones, Miss Harrington, Miss Willis and Miss Annie Allison who is visiting her cousin. The gentlemen were Messrs Tall, L. Harrison, Fraser and McCreedy. Miss Davies who has been visiting her uncle at the rectory leaves this week for Charlottetown where the family are making preparations for a winter in Ottawa. Miss Butcher of St. John is to give readings at the Almutch course on Friday evening. Dr. J. R. Inch of Fredericton was visiting his daughter Mrs. Houston this week. Mrs. Brechen has returned from Toronto and Whitty, where she was attending the convention of the Women's Missionary convention. Professor Hammond is on a trip in Montreal, New York and Boston. Mrs. Beal and granddaughter of Middle Sackville left for New York last week where they intend spending the winter. The latest reports of Miss Lily Fairley are much

more favorable. The family will remain for the winter in Bolton, and their home on Gordie street has been rented by Mr. Fred Dixon. Mr. John Fairley is at Mt. Allison. Mrs. Geo. Ryan was with Mrs. Bedford Dixon for a few days. Miss Mathew of Bonaville, P. E. I. was visiting her sister at the village this week. Last week Mrs. Hanford, Miss May Hanford, Mrs. W. C. Milner, and Miss Bliss were in town attending the entertainment in the Music hall on Friday evening. LADY OF SHALLOTT.

A CORNER OF THE...

Millinery World.

Busy Business is a-going throughout this Autumn Attired Millinery Department.

It's an active corner of the Millinery World—The show spot and sale spot of whatever is the best and newest and wisest to buy in Millinery.

It is a well known and generally admitted fact that our Millinery display this Fall contains the largest and most varied collection of the richest and newest products of the World's best milliners.

THE PARISIAN 163 UNION ST. ST. JOHN N. B.

E. L. ETHIER & CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF Billiard and Pool Tables and Supplies. Bowling Alleys, etc.

SECOND HAND TABLES \$100 to \$200.

Our Columbus Electric Cushions are known to be the best in use.

88 St. Denis St. Montreal.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Has special virtue in healing diseased Lungs & restoring flesh and strength to those reduced by wasting disease.

Always get PUTTNER'S;

It is the original and best.

Ladies' Tailoring

The Subscribers having secured the services of a first-class LADIES' TAILOR, will I assure add LADIES' TAILORING to our regular Tailoring business. Ladies favoring us with a call will be sure of receiving the best attendance. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street.

FERGUSON & PAGE

Have received New Goods in the following lines—Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, Watches, Solid Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Clocks, Bronzes, etc. A variety of souvenir Goods, and a very large stock of Set Rings. Do not miss the place.

41 KING STREET.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

The "Leshchitzky" Method; also "Syntal System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

Turkeys

AND.....

Chickens

THOMAS DEAN, City Market.

DR. CHASE'S Catarrh Cure



DR. CHASE'S Catarrh Cure. On Monday evening a small and informal whist party was given in Miss Davies honor by Mrs. J. P. Allison. The guests were Rev. C. F. Wiggins, Miss Davies, Miss Freeman, Miss Webster, Miss Cook, Miss Jones, Miss Harrington, Miss Willis and Miss Annie Allison who is visiting her cousin. The gentlemen were Messrs Tall, L. Harrison, Fraser and McCreedy. Miss Davies who has been visiting her uncle at the rectory leaves this week for Charlottetown where the family are making preparations for a winter in Ottawa. Miss Butcher of St. John is to give readings at the Almutch course on Friday evening. Dr. J. R. Inch of Fredericton was visiting his daughter Mrs. Houston this week. Mrs. Brechen has returned from Toronto and Whitty, where she was attending the convention of the Women's Missionary convention. Professor Hammond is on a trip in Montreal, New York and Boston. Mrs. Beal and granddaughter of Middle Sackville left for New York last week where they intend spending the winter. The latest reports of Miss Lily Fairley are much

MILINERY World.

Business is a-going throughout... active corner of the Millinery... well known and generally ad...

PARISIAN 3 UNION ST. ST. JOHN N. B.

ETHIER & CO., CUTTERS AND IMPORTERS OF... and Pool Tables and Supplies. Bowling Alleys, etc.

St. Denis St. Montreal.

NER'S

Has special virtue in healing diseased Lungs & restoring flesh and strength to those reduced by wasting disease.

PUTTNER'S Original and best.

Tailoring

Members having secured the services... LADIES' TAILORING... Ladies tailoring...

CAMPBELL, Germain Street.

SON & PAGE

received New Goods in... Diamonds, jewelry, Watches. Sold at Silver Plated Goods, Bronzes, etc.

Campbell Whitlock

ER OF PIANOFORTE.

PERIN, N. B.

Chickens.

MAS DEAN, v Market.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. A. Wall... Nov. 10.—The marriage of Miss Elizabeth MacNicol...

No Knife, No Plaster, No Pain,

We do not claim to cure ALL cases of Cancer and Tumor... Our Dr. Mason has probably successfully treated more cases of Cancer and Tumor than any other physician on this continent...



Our method of treatment is being endorsed by leading physicians... CURES in so large a percentage, but if taken in time our treatment will remove all traces of the disease from the system...

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THE ONLY PLACE IN CANADA WHERE THE GENUINE AND RELIABLE TREATMENT CAN BE SECURED IS FROM

STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont. N. B.—We also manufacture FOOT ELM, a positive cure for sweaty, swollen, tired feet, 25 cents, or five for \$1.00.

Mr. and Mrs. George Downes have invited the ladies and gentlemen of the De Monts club to be their guests at a theatre party this evening... Miss Caroy Washburn has gone to Boston where she will spend the winter...

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HONORON.

Progress is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton bookstore, by W. G. Standfield and at M. B. Jones's bookstore.

THE RESORT

Rev. T. G. Mallor, Rural Dean, Christ's Church Rectory, Guysboro, N. S. referred recently to K. D. C. in the following words:—'I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of K. D. C. for indigestion, I have been a victim of Dyspepsia for some time but your remedy has worked wonders. Whenever the slightest symptoms return I resort to K. D. C. and instant relief is the result. I never fail to recommend K. D. C. wherever I go.'

Estabrooks of Sackville, and Mr. George Trice, commercial traveller, of St. John.

Judge Wells the retiring president of the Moncton curling club entertained the members of the club at Connor's restaurant. About forty guests were present, and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

It is understood that Mr. F. H. Blair organist of St. John's Presbyterian church, has been offered the important position of organist and choir master of St. Matthew's church Quebec. As this is the largest and most important of the English churches in the city...

FREDERICTON.

(Progress is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs. W. T. H. Fenety and J. H. Hawthorne.) Nov. 10.—Mr. and Mrs. David Watson of Montreal are spending a few days among their friends in the city.

Mr. Harrison Sterling, who has been so very ill of typhoid fever in Boston, has so far recovered as to be able to come home. His mother Mrs. McCarty returned with him. Mr. Harrison's many friends are pleased to have him among them once more.

Mr. Hugh McLean of St. John has been spending a few days in the city. Miss Isabel McPeck has returned to Boston. Mr. Frank Street of Montreal is in town.

Mr. Geo. Blair of St. John has been spending a few days with relatives here. Dr. and Mrs. Coulthard arrived home from Philadelphia last Friday.

Messrs. E. Golding, W. J. Robertson and A. Manchester of Montreal are in the city. The Rev. Mr. Teasdale and the teachers of the Methodist Sunday school were entertained at the residence of Mr. Martin Leonard superintendent of the school on Thursday evening.

Mr. Geo. F. Beverly of St. John spent Sunday in Fredericton with his father Mr. Fulton Beverly. Dr. H. B. Nasse of St. John was also a guest at Grape Cottage over Sunday.

Mr. Thos. Combes of Liverpool England is among the guests in the city. Mr. John E. Edwards has returned home from a visit to Boston. Mrs. Luke Stewart has been called to St. John on account of the very serious illness of her friend, Miss Knox who lies in a critical condition all hopes of her recovery having been abandoned.

Mr. Went Winslow and Mr. Thos. Roberts have gone to St. John where they have secured lucrative positions. Mr. Watson Allen and Mr. Chas. Coster spent a few days in the city this week. Mr. Ralph March and Mr. F. Peters of Hampton are among the visitors here.

Mr. Howland of Montreal paid a flying visit here this week. Dr. Chas. Inches of Nebraska and Dr. James Inches of Michigan leave tomorrow for their winter homes. On Monday afternoon, Postmaster Hilyard received a telegram from Boston announcing the remains were brought to St. John and interred there this afternoon.

WOODSTOCK.

(Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. Loane & Co.) Nov. 10.—Mrs. George A. Taylor entertained a few friends most pleasantly at a tea party on Saturday afternoon for the entertainment of her guest Mrs. Seely. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Stevenson, St. Andrews; Miss May Clark, Miss B. Dibbles, Miss O'ra Smith, Messrs. F. Hay, Cad Wallader, F. B. McKay, J. E. Christie George Frapp.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Holyoke entertained a number of friends at a tea party on Tuesday last. Mrs. Wallace and children of New York who spent several weeks the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Holyoke returned to their home in New York on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Barbara who spent a few weeks in Woodstock the guest of Mrs. Holyoke accompanied Mrs. Wallace to New York. Miss Jean Seely who spent the last four weeks in Woodstock the guest of Mrs. George Taylor returned to her home in St. George on Monday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh S. Wright spent part of this week in St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Fisher left for Boston and New York, Monday, where they will spend some weeks. Miss M. M. Allan returned this week from a very pleasant visit in St. John. Archdeacon Neales spent part of this week in Fredericton. Rev. C. T. Phillips is spending this week at Carleton Place.

Rev. O. A. Taylor will give two interesting lectures in the Methodist church next week. His first lecture will be on Tuesday the 14th, and the other the following night. Mr. Taylor's lectures are on temperance and are said to be most interesting. Mr. Taylor lectures under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. The young ladies of St. Luke's church are preparing for a sale and supper to be held on Thanksgiving day. The proceeds are in aid of the organ fund.



The sale is in the Parish Hall adjoining St. Luke's church.

Miss Newcombe and Miss Eva Newcombe returned from St. John on Tuesday. Miss Vince spent Sunday at Hartland. Mr. W. Benson Bellis spent part of this week at Hartland.

The annual Harvest Thanksgiving services were held in St. Luke's church, Sunday with appropriate singing by the choir and sermons by Archdeacon Neales and Rev. W. Benson Bellis. Miss Cutten spent Sunday in Woodstock.

THINGS OF VALUE.

What is probably the most valuable piece of furniture in existence is now in the British Museum. It is the throne of Queen Hatan, who reigned in the Nile valley some 1,900 years before Christ.

Free and easy expectation immediately relieve, and free the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, influenza, etc. This is precisely what Bick's Anti-Cough Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

After Luka Jani, the Bechuanaland chief, had been killed in the recent attack by the Cape forces on his camp, his head was cut off by a British soldier at the order of his superior officer.

In his 'VIGOROUS PILLS,' Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of scientific research in the whole realm of medical science, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions, Female Pains, etc., this is a most valuable medicine, the effect is both a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Stantsipolatrakayatis is the name of a station on Siberian Railway. By the time the time the brakeman gets through calling it the train will be at the next town.

PARMEELE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby restoring to the system its normal condition. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that it has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel a thorough cure—one box to live for. There, however, is a wonder in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

Onions sell for five dollars a pound on the Klondike. Thus for the first time that humble but perennial tuber has risen to an actual picrostatic altitude.

Excellent Reasons exist why DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OINTMENT should be used by persons troubled with rheumatism of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatoid pains, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobtainable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

The newest thing in letter boxes is a box with an electrical attachment, which will ring a bell in the kitchen when the letter is dropped in.

There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Expeller for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

The inhabitants of the German Empire use up about 75,000 tons of tobacco every year, eighty per cent. of it being imported.

Holloway's Cure Cures is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-two cents.

There are about 100,000 islands, large and small, scattered over the ocean. America alone has 5,500 around its coasts.

Wm. Churchill, Detroit, Michigan, writes:—'The instant relief and complete cure by your Nyassan for Whooping Cough was marvellous. Mailed to application any address to throat and chest there was no more strangling nor choking. Cure hastened by three weeks.'

WRITE TO The Nyassan Medicine Co. Truro, N. S. 'Mention this paper when you write.'

Vapo-Resolene

FOR Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it. 'I have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have instructed every family under my direction to secure one.' 'It is of great value in Diphtheria.' 'It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive.' Sole by all druggists.

VAPO-RESOLENE CO. 20 W. 1st St., N. Y. City.

HOTELS.

THE DUFFERIN.

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the hotel in St. Luke's church, Sunday with appropriate singing by the choir and sermons by Archdeacon Neales and Rev. W. Benson Bellis.

BELMONT HOTEL ST. JOHN, N. B.

Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. Baggage to and from the station free of charge. Terms moderate.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N.B.

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

Prescriptions

Are something that require the utmost care in dispensing. It has been my aim for the past sixteen years to procure the purest Drugs and Chemicals and then use the utmost care to dispense every prescription to the Physicians entire satisfaction. When you feel ill do not run away with the idea that some quack nostrum would be best, but consult your family physician. find the real cause of your trouble and have your prescriptions accurately dispensed from the purest drugs by the most competent dispensers, at the reliable Pharmacy (ALLAN'S) 85 KING STREET.

Telephone 589 when the Doctor calls, and I will send for your prescriptions and have them carefully dispensed and delivered at your residence with all possible dispatch.

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc. Prepared by THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Angostora Bitters.

10 Cases Genuine Dr. Sigert's. FOR SALE LOW. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

T. O'LEARY,

Choice Wines and Liquors and Ales and Cigars, 18 DUKE STREET

SHEMOQUE OYSTERS. BUCTOUCHE BAR OYSTERS. P. E I-LAND OYSTERS. PUGWASH OYSTERS. BAY DU VIN OYSTERS.

In stock and arriving daily. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 23 King St. Square.

J. D. TURNER.

OYSTERS FISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY.

CAFE ROYAL

BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B. Wm. OLARK, Proprietor.

LADIES EVERYWHERE....

Admire the NEW COSTUME FABRICS for '97, made by the.....

Oxford Mfg. Co., Oxford, N. S.

Royal Gordon....

10 Years Old—the Perfect Scotch Whisky.

Royal Gordon Perfection...

15 Years Old—the very oldest and finest Whisky shipped from Scotland.

McINTYRE & TOWNSEND, St. John, N. B., SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

FOR SALE WHOLESALE BY JOHN O'BRIEN, St. John, N. B. BIGELOW & HOOD, Truro, N. S. JOHN TOBIN & CO., Halifax, N. S. J. & T. MORRIS, Charlottetown, P. E. I.



Merit

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. If a medicine cures you when sick; if it makes wonderful cures everywhere, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made

That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever. We repeat

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills. cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

that was published in the newspapers his worship could see nothing deserving of prohibition in the Veriscope, and when he had seen it he was more convinced than before of this; he congratulated himself that he had not attempted prohibition.

Mayor Turner of Turro, has the credit of stopping the show in that town, but it is a question if he deserves the glory. Pressure was brought on the mayor to stop the show, but this was not what succeeded.

The anti-show people went to the electric light company and prevailed on them to refuse to supply a current; the result was no light. It was plain sailing thereafter for the mayor. The electric light dodge might have afforded a good pointer for the anti in Halifax. One result of the agitation in this city was to keep women from the exhibition. On the opening night, out of 1500 people present, two only were ladies, and on the second there were only the same number of representatives of the fair sex.

AS SHE IS WRITTEN. A Halifax Professor Talks About Newspaper English.

HALIFAX, Nov. 11.—There is a Professor in Dalhousie university who loses no opportunity of showing his contempt for the newspapers of this city and probably he has very little regard for the press of any other Canadian town. One of his standing phrases, when addressing his class, is "a specimen of newspaper English."

The constancy with which he harps on this makes it monotonous, and causes loss of force in the criticism. But he probably does not know it, and thinks he will be heard for his "vain repetitions."

This professor not long ago spent a considerable portion of his class hour showing the weakness of the English "as she was found" in the columns of a newspaper describing the Windsor fire. That was all right, if it suited the professor and did not weary the class, but it might be interesting to find how long it would take him to obtain all the facts and write up even a three-column account of such a catastrophe as the Windsor conflagration. He would be a week at it instead of a half a dozen hours at most. Ten to one the professor would write what he learned in fairly good style, but one hundred to one he would not have gathered a little of the facts collated by the despised everyday writer of "Newspaper English." Such men as this high-toned critic have been met before. They have been weighed and found wanting.

Let up on it, Mr. Professor, and give your class a rest! There are many in this town, and your own college, who are by no means favorable critics of yourself; would you like to hear some of them?

THE NEW COLONELS. Something About the men who have been Promoted.

The new age limitations affecting the Canadian militia recently put in force have resulted in the creation of two new colonels in St. John. Lt. Col. J. R. Armstrong retires from the command of the Artillery and Lt. Col. Tucker is no longer the commandant of the Fusiliers.

Lt. Col. Hugh Havelock McLean succeeds Col. Tucker and becomes the senior militia officer of the city. Col. McLean who is also known as an astute lawyer and counsel of the C. P. R. and also as a newspaper proprietor has served in the Canadian militia about a quarter of a century, a fact that will probably surprise many. He was first a private in the 71st but on May 7th 1875 was gazetted an ensign in the 82nd and lieutenant in July of the same year. On May 5th, 1876, he was given command of a company. On Jan. 19th 1877, he was appointed adjutant and eight years later he was appointed adjutant of the New Brunswick provincial

battalion for service in the north west in 1885. He was Captain McLean until Oct. 2nd, 1885 when he was promoted to the rank of major.

Lt. Col. George W. Jones succeeds Col. Armstrong as commanding officer of the N. B. R. G. A. Lt. Col. Jones is one of a family of popular and athletic young men and he has represented St. John and Canada on many a well contested field and it the need came for warfare stern and unrelenting no doubt he would show the same skill and stamina that he has shown in cricket, football, hockey and other sports. England's soldiers are recruited from the cricket fields and gridrons and Col. Jones has ably wielded the willow with the Canadian Zingari team and has played on the gridiron in such a way as to be enrolled among the first footballists in the Dominion. His military promotion has been rapid. He was gazetted a provisional 2nd. lieutenant of No. 4. company of the Artillery on April 20th, 1885, and he obtained a first class artillery certificate at Quebec on Nov. 22nd. of the same year. On Oct. 22nd. 1886 he was promoted to the captaincy vice Major Armstrong and on July 28th, 1894, he became major of the corps.

In 1895 he donated a silver cup for competition among companies to be annually awarded for general efficiency points, exclusive of those for officers' questions.

LEISURELY ELOPEMENT. The Fair Carried a Government Mail Bag and no one could Detain Them.

Somehow this contention of the street-car employes and others who believe that a United States mail bag does not confer high powers upon a hobtail horse car or any other uncommon kind of vehicle serves to revive memories of the elopement of Luke Marshall and the Myers girl.

There never was such an elopement in the history of the T. ton county. It was the most deliberate, tranquil, and leisurely running away with which record had before or since dwelt. The elopement was two day days in its progress from one given point to another, and the given points, which were Myer's ranch up in Maryville and Rexburg, down on the mesa, were scarcely more than eighty miles apart. And old man Myers hung around in the rear and in front and on the flank all that time, trying to stop the enterprise, but being utterly baffled by a hearty observance and regard for law.

Myers used to talk about rights and justice and law, and all that kind of thing, a great deal, and had made speeches at many a mountain meeting against violence and illegal acts, and so on.

"Blame it," he argued, "if you people go on lynching rustlers instead of sending 'em down to Evanston for trial, you'll never get no Post Office, nor any other favor of the government, but'll stay right on, a parcel of ignorant exiles." And he argued so well that lawless justice actually ceased, and eventually a star route postal delivery was established by an approving Government, and in recognition of Myer's services he was boomed for Post-master and deputy marshal, both of which offices were given to him. After that he was more legal than ever.

Luke Marshall carried the mail from Rexburg, riding the pass on his sorrel mare, and it was quite natural that he should fall in love with the girl at the Post Office. Now, Myer, for all his earnest talk about lawlessness, had already lamed two men and shot the ear off another, because, at various times, they had tried to prove to him that he ought to let the girl marry. Luke Marshall was no such fool as these. One day when he was ready to leave for Rexburg he called to the Post-master's daughter to fetch her jacket and come on. The girl came out, and Luke lifted her up to a comfortable seat upon the mail bag behind him.

"Here! What's them?" cried old Myer, Marshal and Postmaster.

"Oh, we're going over the range to get married," said Luke casually. "We're eloping."

Old Myer drew up his rifle. "Jule! Git down off'n there!" he cried. "I want fair aim to git that feller square through the eye."

This was where Marshall's nerve came out strong. "Git out of the way, you Anarchist," he cried. "Don't you see you're delaying the United States mail! A man of your age! A man holdin' two public offices! Delaying the Gov'ment of the United States as is represented in this sorrel mare an' this bag. Stand aside or I'll have you, as deputy marshal, arrest yerself as a private citizen, an' call yerself as Post-master to witness the breakin' of the law."

Old Myer slowly let his gun down. "You mean—you," he mumbled.

"I mean that this sorrel mare represents an' actually is the Government of the United States, an' you delay her on her travels at your risk."

"But hold on, Luke. That's my girl—Marshall drew his silver watch. "Are you an Anarchist, an outlaw, an attacker of Gov'ment, an' a fanatic?" he inquired. "It's 10 o'clock." And as Myer silently stepped aside the elopers started off at a slow jog.

Old Myer followed them all the way to Rexburg, and tried to catch Luke off his governmentally endowed sorrel mare, but without avail for the mail carrier knew his limitations and did not dismount until he reached the justice shop in the town. And of course, after that the law-abiding Myer couldn't be expected to shoot his own son-in-law, mail route or no mail route.

THE WATCH AS A CURIOSITY. Some Facts not Commonly Known About the Pocket Timepiece.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment.

The watch carried by the average man is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations. Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eyes cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-100 of an inch wide. It takes 38,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth \$1,585. The hair spring is a strip of the finest steel, about 9 1/2 inches long, 1-100 inch wide, 27 10,000 inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-100 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine before hand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 20-1,000 part of an inch difference in the thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hairsprings when in watches is worth more than twelve and one half times the value of the same weight in pure gold. Hair-spring wire weighs 1-20 of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18 000 every hour, 432,000 every day and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and one-fourth times, which makes 197,000-000 revolutions every year. Take, for illustration, a locomotive with six foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to twenty-eight complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every twenty-four hours.

THE RETIRED BURGLAR. A Brief and Quiet Chapter From the Story of His Varied Life.

"I don't think I was ever very much scared," said the retired burglar, "but I have been as much scared by slight, little things, that were of no real account as by anything else. For instance, by the scratching of a rat, starting up and running around in the wall. I was never more disturbed than I was once by the absolute stillness of a room that I was in. It was dead and oppressive; and I couldn't account for it."

"I swung my lamp around, and saw the usual things that you might expect to see in such a room—it was a dining room—including a clock on the mantel. It was a pendulum clock, one of the kind that has a little clear space in the lower part of the glass front, through which you can see the pendulum as it swings back and forth. The lamp simply swept across the face of the clock, as I swung it around, but an instant later I realized that I had seen no pendulum swinging back and forth behind that clear space. It wasn't swinging. The clock had stopped."

"I set my lamp on the shelf, and opened the door of the clock and started up the pendulum, and then I heard the regular ticking of the clock. And that was all that was wanted. But what a relief it was to hear it. I could sort out the spoons now with a cheerful spirit."

Boston's Clerical Romance. I have it on the authority of William Dean Howells and other eminent Bostonians that there is in the capital of Massachusetts a certain clergyman of widespread fame, who unknown to the world at large is a Roman. Every summer this reverend gentleman cannot resist joining some gypsy band and roaming from place to

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THE many advantages of their use as a modern substitute for wood and plaster, has in the fact that they are light in weight, will not crack nor fall off, consequently no danger of falling plaster; are unquestionably durable, have air tight joints, are easily applied, are practically fire-proof, are highly artistic, do not harbor vermin or the germs of disease, and possess splendid acoustic properties, in addition to many other points of excellence over any other form of interior decoration.

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place as his kindred have done since within the memory of man. Little do the good man's congregation dream that while they picture him as a stately journeying abroad, he is sitting beside gypsy camp fires and chattering the wild Romany tongue, to all intents and purposes a vagrant. But, as Mr. Howells pointed out, none ever heard it said that this preacher preached any the worse for his wild, free life over road and prairie. Indeed, the increased vigor and eloquence of his sermons immediately after each successive annual 'vacation' have long been matters of comment in Boston.

ON THE MONITOR WITH WORDEN. Reminiscences of the Monitor-Merrimack Battle in Hampton Roads.

"The important part which opportunity plays in the lives of men is well illustrated by the career of the late Admiral Worden," remarked Capt. Louis N. Stodder of the United States revenue cutter service and United States Supervisor of Anchorages, port of New York, as he sat one day last week in his room in the Barge office. Capt Stodder has the distinction of being the last survivor of the officers who were assigned to duty on the Monitor when it began its career, and who remained in constant service on the vessel until the end of Cape Hatteras.

By a singular coincidence Capt. Stodder's room almost overlooks the statue erected in Battery Park to the memory of Ericsson, once his intimate friend.

"You see," continued the Captain, "naval officers were not over plentiful at the beginning of the war, and the officials at Washington had to make the best use of the material they had in hand. In fact a great many officers were enrolled from the merchant marine service. I went into the service from the merchant marine myself. I think the fact that Worden, then ranking only as Lieutenant, was placed in command of the Monitor, would show that the vessel was looked upon as rather a doubtful experiment by the Government, and that the selection of a man to take command was not made by reason of any special fitness for the position.

"It was Worden's good luck that he was assigned to the Monitor, for the result of the fight made the vessel and all on board famous.

"The brave part that he played in the fight was recognized by Congress, and he was rapidly promoted to his rank, which other officers obtained only after twenty years of service.

"I remember him well when he first came on board the Monitor about a month before the fight. He had just been released from prison, and looked thin and sorrowful. He had the appearance of one dying from fever complaint. I never thought it possible for him to live long.

"During the fight he was cool and collected. I recall an incident which I do not remember ever seeing published. The pilot house was situated in the bow of the Monitor, quite away from the turret. During the fight I was in the turret with other officers, when suddenly we saw Lieut. Worden climbing up where we were. Without saying anything he opened one of the turret doors and stepped out on the deck in full view of the enemy.

"Why, Captain, what's the trouble?" exclaimed several of the officers in astonishment at his fearless act.

"I can't see well enough from the pilot house, came the quiet reply. 'I wanted to get out here for a moment to take in the situation.' Then, looking around for a few moments he came inside.

A Martyr's Account. Perkins, your wife seems very devoted to her flowers."

"Devoted! Well, sir, many an October night that woman has dragged the blankets off my bed to keep those wretched little geraniums from getting frost-bitten."

One Kind of Klondike. Jack—That Miss Beverly, to whom I bowed just now, is a regular Klondike. Tom—That so? Rich? Jack—Yes; also cold and distant.

Coleman's SALT. Celebrated DAILY HOUSEHOLD AND FARM. PROMPT SHIPMENT GUARANTEED. CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION. CLINTON, ONT.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.) Miss Alice Sharp left last week to spend the winter in Misses polls. Mr. Will Abrams, Moncton, spent Sunday at his home here. Lieut. Herbert Jones' many friends will be pleased to hear of a slight improvement in his condition, although still very ill. Mrs. George Ellison is visiting her daughter Mrs. Peters at Robroy.

ANDOVER. Nov. 10.—Miss Burt of Hartland who has been visiting here for the past few weeks returned home on Friday last accompanied by her sister Mrs. Carter. Mr. Carter is spending a few days in Fredericton and St. John. Mr. Thomas Lawson spent Sunday in Fredericton. The ladies of the Baptist church gave a harvest supper in Brunsidge hall on Thursday night followed by a concert. Miss Edith Tibbitts spent Sunday in Peregou Isle.

THEY WANT HIM TO RESIGN. Medical Students are for a Professor's Resignation.

HALIFAX, Mar. 11.—Many a row has been caused by students at our colleges and doubtless also many a reform has been brought about by the same agency. This remark is prompted by the action of the students of the Halifax medical college the other day. They concluded that the professor of medicine was not what he should be, and it is said that members of the faculty sympathized with them in this opinion. It would seem that there was some ground for this dissatisfaction. Students like to have a good time either in or out of the class room. At the same time, strange to say, they kick if they find a man who has no disciplinary powers with whom they feel they may do just as they please. The absence of such powers the students have for a long time been charging on the professor of medicine. So much for the negative grievance. The positive source of complaint is that this professor holds antiquated theories. He does not believe in the germ theory of disease in the way that the other professors hold it and he is not in accord with the modern school elsewhere in this particular.

These has, therefore, for a long time been kicking in the Halifax medical college openly by the students and secretly by members of the faculty. There was an open outbreak of hostilities the other day—open on the part of the students. They held an indignation meeting, appointed one of their number chairman and drew up a petition. This document asked the resignation of the professor in question, and alleged many reasons therefor. The medicals in embryo had the courage of their convictions in this matter for with two or three exceptions they all signed it. The joint hearts who failed to sign generally had good reasons for their caution.

The next step was to get the petition before the faculty. It was handed to Dr. Carlton Jones to be read before that august body. The doctor read it, but omitted some portions—passages which he said were needlessly harsh. It would not be correct to say that the document fell upon the faculty like a "thunderbolt out of a clear sky." It did not come that way, for the faculty had known almost as much about the affair, on the quiet, as did the students.

The result of the agitation, machinations or whatever it may be called is that an intimation has been made that the professor of medicine will resign at Christmas.

It does seem hard that a man who is almost one of the founders of the college should be treated in this way, that such a course should be necessary. But probably it is as Rev. Dr. Willet's would say, "the survival of the fittest." There are now 75 students at the Halifax medical college, of which the freshman class is unusually large.

THE MAYOR WAS PLEASED. Like all Sensible People Mayor Stephen Approved of the Show.

HALIFAX, Nov. 11.—The opponents of the Veriscope picture exhibition in this city made a big fight for their prohibition by the mayor, but they failed. Yet they came nearer winning that success than in any other town in Canada so far as the show has gone—they had the advertising lithographs censored on the grounds of alleged indecency. But in spite of the petition that he received and of the other

Short's Dyspepticure. cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. 35c. and \$1.00. from C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

AN UNKNOWN COUNTRY AND ITS STRANGE INHABITANTS.

Lesser in the Land of the Lama, the Impenetrable Mountain Realm of Tibet—Its People Are Savage and Depraved. Some Facts About this Land.

A few years since, two Russian explorers, M. M. Monkoudjinnoff and Oulanoff, arrived at Shanghai after a journey of two years and nine months through Tibet, in the course of which they penetrated to the capital, Lassa, and had actually had an interview with the great Dalai Lama himself. The wonderfulness of this feat can only be appreciated in the light of the knowledge that no European has ever before entered Lassa within the memory of the living world.

This impregnable barred Lassa is the dwelling place of the Dalai Lama, the chief priest of Tibet and Mongolia. This religious pretender is worshipped as the earthly incarnation of Buddha. Incense is burned to him before a gigantic idol of the God of Jamba, a monstrous image of clay and gilt with jeweled head, which sits enthroned in the great white palace of the Potala. Lamaism is a hybrid Buddhism, just as Mohammedanism is a hybrid Christianity.

The utter exclusion of all foreigners from this strange land has been and is undoubtedly due to the fact of the Tibetan hierarchy of priests that this absurd imposition of their red and yellow religion, which has completely enslaved the Tibetans, might be speedily overthrown by the Christian 'devils.' They are afraid the wealth of the monasteries would be revealed. At present the priests own Tibet as absolutely as though they held fee-simple to every foot of its ground.

The immense territory of Tibet is all most completely surrounded by mountain-ranges of appalling magnitude, which especially along the southern, western and northern frontiers, constitute formidable barriers against ingress. From the Pamir plateau, in the extreme west, ('the world's backbone,') radiate the great natural ramparts, which shut out India on the one hand and the Tartar countries of Bokhara and Turkestan on the other.

The Tibetans occupy a very low position in the scale of human advancement, especially if judged from our western standard of civilization. Their culture is inferior to that of certain Indian tribes of the American continent, such as the Pueblos, Zunis, etc. In Physiognomy and general appearance they strongly resemble the inhabitants of Swedish Lapland, as well as the Eskimos of Northern Siberia, being short-sized, broad shouldered and possessed of the same angular Mongolian features indeed, the Tibetans are, perhaps, the most ill-favored of Turanian races.

ity of the Tibetan face is the almost total absence of the bridge of the nose. Among a dozen Tibetans, chosen at random, hardly one will be found whose nasal organ is not so completely flattened or sunk in the middle as to be practically level with the eyes. Seen in profile such a face presents a ludicrous appearance; there is one continuous line of cheek bone, with the tip of the nose sticking out like a solitary beacon. But a compensatory providence has added to the ears what is lacking in proboscis circumference, and it is but fair to state that the auricular appendages of the average Tibetans are of generous size.

The Thibeans are absolutely without gratitude. They will demand tremendous rewards for feeble services, steal everything within sight, regard politeness and gentleness as indications of cowardice, and merely refrain from stabbing their guests because their courage fails them. Poisoning is popular, and the Tibetan is so suspicious of his own countrymen that he will drink and eat nothing until his host partakes plentifully before him.

Their physique is notably good, and they stand cold and hunger admirably. They are active, and at first view, light-hearted and genuine; but in reality are cunning, foal and unlovable. They are very unclean, rarely or never bathing their persons. The dress of the common people consists of a very dirty, greasy sheepskin robe which they use as bedding at night. The taste for trading is very strongly developed, and they seize every opportunity to make money. Vast quantities of tea are consumed by them, and they enjoy it, especially when mixed with butter and salt.

The population of Tibet proper and Chinese Tibet is 8,000,000. Looking at the enormous stretch of country over which these millions are distributed, it is apparent that the country is very sparsely populated.—Boston Transcript.

DOCTOR GALL'S FELLOW-GUEST.

His Powers put to the Test by the King Did not Fail.

Frederick Will am III. delighted in preparing strange surprises for his guests, and was, moreover, always anxious to find out for himself whether his subjects possessed the qualities generally attributed to them. On the occasion of a certain fête Potsdam, he observed among the throng of magnificently dressed courtiers a man very plainly clad, and without any of the insignia of rank.

'Monsieur, who is that man in the black coat talking to our learned chancellor?' 'That sir,' replied the marshal, 'is the celebrated Doctor Gall, who can tell a man's characteristics by his physical appearance.'

'Gall' cried the king. 'Ah, I am going to discover whether what they say of him is not exaggerated. Go to him and say that I wish him to dine with me tomorrow.'

At six o'clock the next day there was a banquet at the royal palace, at which a dozen guests were assembled. All wore decorations of distinction, and were handsomely dressed, with the exception of the famous doctor, whose simple raiment looked quite dull between the official uniforms on each side of him.

'Now, doctor, I beg that you will tell us the characteristics of these gentlemen as they are indicated by their exterior physique.'

Doctor Gall rose instantly, for the request of a king is an order, and began to shake his head slowly as he surveyed his neighbor, who was apparently a general. He paused as if embarrassed.

'His excellency is fond of hunting and fighting. He ought to care most for the pleasures of a battle-field. He loves blood!'

'The king smiled, and motioned for the doctor to examine the man who had sat on his right. This time the doctor looked still more disconcerted. 'This gentleman,' he said, with embarrassment, 'ought to excel in gymnastic exercises; he ought to be a great runner, and remarkably adroit with his hands.'

'That is enough, my dear doctor,' interrupted the king. 'I know now that

what was said of your powers is true. Monsieur, the general, your neighbor, is an assassin, who is condemned to prison, and your adroit gentleman is the most notorious thief in all Prussia.'

As the king uttered the last words, he struck three times upon the table. Three guards entered at the signal.

'Conduct these prisoners back to their cells,' ordered the king; then, turning to the stupefied doctor, he said: 'This was a proof. You have dined side by side with the greatest bandits in my kingdom. Examine your pockets.' Doctor Gall obeyed. His handkerchief, purse and tobacco-box were gone!

The next day these articles were recovered and returned to him, and as a memento of this singular occasion, the king sent with the stolen effects a tobacco-box of gold set with diamonds.

SCRIBE'S 'INGRATITUDE.'

He did an Act of Charity in a Graceful Way—A Dream Realized.

Monsieur L'gouve tells a charming story of the distinguished French dramatist, Scribe. On one occasion he was visiting at the country-house of a friend, and the evenings were spent over English novels, which were read aloud by the English governess residing with the family.

One evening the young lady paused for a moment, when she had finished a chapter. 'Ah,' she said, with a sigh, 'if I could only realize my dream!'

'And what is your dream?' asked Scribe. The little governess blushed: 'To have some day,—after a long, long time,—an income of twelve hundred francs, so that I might have independence and rest!'

Several days afterward as the last chapter of a rather insignificant novel was finished, the dramatist turned to the reader and said, 'Do you know, I think that in this there is a pretty subject for a one-act comedy. You have suggested the idea to me; are you willing to write the play with me?'

The proposition was joyfully accepted. Three days later Scribe entered the salon with the comedy finished, and three months afterward it was announced that the piece would be performed in Paris. Scribe hurried to the house of his dramatic agent, and said to him, under the seal of secrecy: 'You are going to produce a piece of mine today. I had a young lady collaborator in the work. I do not know whether it will be success, but I do know that it must bring her twelve hundred francs a year as long as she lives. Arrange the matter so that it will have a perfectly natural air.'

The sequel to this story illustrates a curious trait of human nature.

Charmed with her success, the young English teacher, now spent a great deal of time in hunting up plots for plays from English novels, all of which she carried to Monsieur Scribe, who always gently declined them. One day some one was expressing very warm admiration for Scribe in the young lady's presence.

'Oh yes, she replied, 'he is a charming man, but—well—in fact, he is a little ungrateful. We made a very pretty comedy together which has brought us twelve hundred francs a year, but he will not write with me again!'

HOODOOED ENGINES.

Strange Stories Told by Men in the Illinois Central Shops.

Every engine that comes for repairs to great shops of the Illinois Central at Burnside has a story of interest to tell. Sometimes the engine is an old 'lunker' that looks as if it might have served as ballast for Noah's ark, and its recital of injuries may be the commonplace relation of a pig on the track and a bumping over ties to the damage of frame and rivets. Again it may be the shapeless remains of what once pulled the finest vestibuled express on the road, and its story mutely, but not the less graphically, told on the footboard by the strain that was once the blood of the brave engineer or fireman.

'Few engines as well as few engineers serve very long on the road without going through an accident,' said a man who has worked his way through various positions to one of the most responsible posts in the great shop. 'Some of the engines come in here as wrecks any number of times. I guess there is no fabrication about the stories one hears of hoodooed engines. There are few on every road. They cause more losses of pay and position among the engineers than all the rest of the rolling stock, including hand cars. They seem infested with evil spirits. They will start backward or forward when there is nobody near the throttle, or so I have heard reputable engineers swear with tears in their eyes. Of course, the company doesn't believe it, and the engineer, if he has not

already lost an arm or a leg, loses a few weeks' pay or his position in consequence of something which he could not help. These hoodoo engines cut strange capers when they break loose. If they can't manage to knock the underpinning out from a viaduct or bridge they will turn three or four somersaults into a creek, instead of smashing things in an ordinary way. They generally damage themselves very little, and we have to keep patching them up and sending them out time and again. If they would only destroy themselves all the engineers would be glad.

'Other engines only come to the shop once, but then they come to stay. I remember one engine that had gone a remarkably long time without a smashup of any kind. It was run by one of the oldest engineers on the road. He was about 68 years old and had spent most of his life as an engineer, yet he had never been in a wreck. One day just before he pulled out, he said to the boys that it would be his last run, as he was going to retire from the road the next day and spend the remainder of his life in peace and comfort. He spoke truly in part, for it was his last run. He was going fifty miles an hour when he met a freight coming head-on. The engineer was instantly killed and there was not much more than enough of that engine left to make a good-sized fish-sinker. It was the first accident and the last run for both the engine and its driver.' Chicago Times-Herald.

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

Modern Writers Are Able to Have Bank Accounts.

The 'Grub street tradition' was knocked in the head long ago, but the Pall Mall Gazette has completely demolished it by showing that writers are among the best paid workers. Indeed, the 'literary aristocracy' is becoming a sort of plutocracy whose members, instead of lurking through the side lanes in fear of creditors or 'standing behind the screen' at the publisher's house, are in high consideration at the banks.

Tennyson received \$30,000 for 'The Holy Grail.' During the last few years of his life Macmillan & Co. paid him \$50,000 or \$60,000 a year. For 'The Revenge' alone the Nineteenth Century gave him \$1,600. Dickens left \$500,000; Lord Lytton, \$400,000; Mrs. Henry Wood, \$170,000; Mrs. Dinah Craik, \$95,000. Victor Hugo left property in England alone valued at \$457,000.

But the novelist of the present day enjoys golden harvests unknown to their predecessors. For example, Mrs. Humphry Ward, who has been writing for only ten years and has produced very few books, has earned \$300,000. She received \$90,000 for 'Marcella' alone. George du Maurier received \$50,000 for 'The Martian.' On two books—'The Bonny Brier Bush' and 'Auld Lang Syne'—Ian MacLaren's profits in Great Britain amounted to \$35,000, and so popular is his soft nonsense in this country that he must have earned quite as much again from the American sales.

Rudyard Kipling's profits have been enormous. Their extent may be judged from the fact that the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette acknowledges that he paid Kipling \$750 apiece for the 'Barrack Room Ballads.' Eleven thousand dollars was paid for 'The Seven Seas.' For short stories Kipling receives 2 shillings a word. Conan Doyle earned \$35,000 by writing 'Rodney Stone.' Rider Haggard gets \$100 for a column of 1,500 words. In one year Stevenson cleared \$35,000 from syndicates. The unfinished 'Weir of Hermiston' was purchased for \$15,000. Zola received \$230,000 for his first fourteen books. The women writers of fiction are well up in the race. Ethna Lyall's income from her books is \$10,000 a year.

Miss Braddon charges \$6,500 for a 'fairly long story.' But probably the highest price recently paid for a novel was \$200,000 for Alphonse Daudet's 'Sappho.' Nor are the essayists forgotten in this distribution of gold. J. Addington Symonds left a fortune of \$375,000. Dr. Morrell, the grammarian, \$200,000. The publishers for Mr. Ruskin pay him 20,000 a year. 'Mr. Gladstone used to earn \$15,000 a year by his pen.'

SPLITTING THE DIFFERENCE.

Cases Where Arbitration is Preferable to a Lawsuit.

In all but the most extraordinary cases arbitration is better than war or a lawsuit. So much all wise men are now agreed upon. The Detroit Free Press, has heard of a farmer who dissents. His experience was a most peculiar one, not altogether to his own credit.

'No, sir,' declared a farmer who was visiting his brother in the city, 'I'll never arbitrate no more. When a dispute gets where me and the other feller can't settle it I'm goin' right into court and fight it out. I arbitrated a case last year with Bob Slams, and he skinned me alive. That settled it. The law's good enough for me.'

'What was your case, Andy?'

'It seems there was some mistake in the surveyin' along our division line. This spring, a year ago, I had the whole thing gone over, and it turned out that Bob had took a lot of timber off'n my land. We couldn't agree what it was worth, so Bob says we better arbitrate. I didn't want to seem to be lookin' for a fuss, so I agreed. Bob picked one man, I picked another, and them two picked a third one. Them fellers went all over the ground, estimated how much lumber had been out, and were figurin' for two or three days, eatin' at my house most of the time.

'When it come to settin' on the case, my man was for givin' me two thousand dollars, and Bob's man stuck to it that fifteen hundred dollars was about the right thing. After they'd drunk a gallon or two of cider arguin' the matter, the third man proposed that they split the difference, and I'll be blowed if they didn't leave it that way.'

'Well, seventeen hundred and fifty dollars wasn't so bad.'

'What are you talkin' about—seventeen hundred and fifty dollars? Bob and me both done the figurin' My man said two thousand dollars. His man said fifteen hundred dollars. The difference is five hundred dollars. We split it, and I got two hundred and fifty dollars. Confound your arbitration.'

The city broker managed to contain himself till Andy had his visit out, and then told him in very emphatic language to go home and get that other fifteen hundred dollars if he had to go to law till the crack of doom.

Sufficient Reason.

In business, as in games of skill, the indispensable thing is not merely to be smart, but to be smarter than one's competitor.

According to the Golden Penny, a tourist was stopping at a small country hotel, and seeing the hostler expert and tractable, inquired how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was.

'I'm Yorkshire,' said the fellow, 'and ha' lived sixteen years here.'

'I wonder,' replied the gentleman, 'that in so long a period so clever a fellow as you seem to be have not come to be master of the hotel yourself.'

'Ay,' answered the hostler, 'but the maister's Yorkshire, too.'

Pill Clothes. The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, and disguises it to the sensitive palate. Some coats are too heavy; they won't dissolve, and the pills they cover pass through the system, harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill, with a good coat. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook," with a hundred others. Free. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

We only know he walks with noiseless tread, Unresting ever, voiceless as the dead.

The Silent Ruler.

We only know when this old earth and sky Pass into nothingness, he cannot die.

The Miser's Secret.

Old Miser Furgis was dying. In a large, bare, desolate room he lay, staring wildly at the dull walls and dingy ceiling.

Miser Furgis, as he was known throughout the country, had lived in the old rambling house, in which he was dying, for thirty years.

One morning, after having lain unconscious for days, he opened his eyes and turned them searchingly about the room until they rested on his wife.

'Lucy,' he began in a faint, hollow voice, 'I feel that I can't live much longer. I am dying, and before I go I want to tell you a secret—ask you, and the children to forgive me for the cold, hard life I have caused you to live. You will forgive me when you know all. Call the children—I am going fast.'

The family gathered hurriedly about the bed. The miser asked to be lifted to a sitting position, and continued:

'Children, when you know the secret that I am about to disclose you will forgive my seeming unnatural—I he stopped and writhed in agony as some great pain took hold of him. Trembling violently, he sank back among the pillows. Then with a mighty effort he gasped: 'You'll find it all—on—on—'

After another spell he tried again to speak.

'Don't—sell—the—farm.'

His features relaxed; there was a tremor and the miser was dead.

The miser was scarcely beneath the sod before his children began the search for his hoarded gold. Now that he was gone and had sought in his last hour to make reparation they thought of him kindly.

So confident were they of success, and so pleasant was the contemplation of their fortune, that Albert, the youngest, sat down with pen and paper to figure out the amount their father had accumulated in the last thirty years.

His calculation was something like this: The farm averaged an income of at least \$5,000 a year for the last five years. The next five the average would be \$1,000. The next ten \$1,500, and to his own knowledge the profits the last ten years had been \$3,000. Fifty thousand dollars would be a fair estimate.

'O—that was the only clew. The second story of the building was carefully gone over; then the attic, but nothing but cob webs and accumulated dust and rubbish was found. Then the grounds were gone over again, each time more slowly and carefully special search being made on every eminence. But it was always with the same disappointing results.

Years passed, and the miser's gold lay secure in its hiding place. They who sought it continued hopeful, and with the exception of short intervals of rest, they had kept diligently at work.

The farm during this time had been left to take care of itself and produce whatever crop it saw fit; consequently the fertile acres were covered with a dense growth of weeds and briars. The stock had been sold off, a few at a time, until only a small number of broken-spirited horses remained with which to cultivate the patches necessity forced them to till.

As the years continued to slip away, Mrs Furgis died. Soon Albert followed her, and the two remaining children were left alone in the large, decaying house. Harold and his sister continued to work the patches about the house, and year after year mortgage a few acres of land for money to pay taxes, not daring to sell or rent, for fear their treasure would fall in other hands than their own. Through the long years of foolish and profitless search it never occurred to them, or, if it did, was not acted on, that in the farm they had a fruitful and un-failing source of revenue.

One day early in June as Harold sat on the moss grown stoop, gazing dreamily out on the luxuriant and tangled undergrowth, a peddler crested the stile and labored slowly beneath a pack along the paved walk.

'Would you like to purchase a divining rod?' he asked, placing his pack on the ground. He held out a polished metal rod that flashed brightly in the sun.

'What's it for?' asked Harold, taking the rod in his hand and examining it closely.

'To find minerals; hidden—gold and silver.'

'How is it used?' he asked, striving to retain his curiosity.

The peddler carefully explained the manner of operating it, and again emphasized its occult power of divination.

'Have you sold many?' asked Harold.

'Not near here,' returned the trader;

'Name your lowest figure for the entire lot,' said Harold impatiently, 'and promise not to sell any more in this county, and I'll buy them.'

A bargain was struck. The peddler walked off, laughing in his sleeve over the fine sale, and Harold hurried with his purchase to his sister. Their flagging hopes and energies became again buoyant.

At all hours they could be seen, rods in hand, walking with careful step and bowed head around the plantation.

It was a strange, weird picture to see the lithe, slender woman and the tall, gaunt form of her brother as they pushed their way through the tangled bracken, their eyes riveted on the ground at their feet. Specter-like they traversed the summit of the mound and hill, stalking through field and pasture, and crept in the silence and shadows of the woodland. It was a sad sight to see the twin at nightfall, exhausted with their ceaseless tramp, sit down sullen, dejected and disappointed to their niggery meal in the gloom of the old house.

Intercourse with their neighbors had almost ceased and they were startled one evening when they found themselves face to face with one of their father's old friends. The presence of any person in the house seemed almost an apparition. The visit prompted by a kindly feeling of interest, and their visitor proceeded mildly but earnestly against their course. He urged them to stop their folly, refill the houses with tenants and again cultivate their farms. Harold listened respectfully, thanked his visitor for the show of good will, but asserted positively his intention of keeping up the search.

Not many days after the visit just recorded Harold, while prospecting on the top of a hill, was sure his rod gave indications of a mineral deposit. All a tremble he tried the spot a second time. Yes, he was sure, the rod dipped to the earth. He marked the place and crept stealthily away. Seeking his sister he told her that the treasure was found. At nightfall they would go forth and bring it home.

Armed with pick and shovel, they stole warily out through the darkness, casting furtive glances about them to make sure they were not watched. At last they stood above the precious spot. Harold pushed aside the dead leaves and grass, and began to dig away the mellow earth. Deeper and wider grew the excavation; fainter and fainter throbbed their hopes; lower and lower waned the moon, until the delvers stood pale and faint in the gray of the morn.

That evening Harold and his sister sat moodily in the room in which their father had died. They had always avoided the room, and now they wondered at their presence in it. Some strange fascination was upon them. They were growing morbidly superstitious of late. A candle sputtered on a table between them, illuminating feebly the darkness. The miser covering of the bed on which the white died loomed faintly in the shadows and looked not unlike a crouching ghost about to spring from the gloom. Harold gazed intently at the blurred drapery until the whole scene flashed on him again; he could see his father's face distorted in death agony and hear his whispered words drop from his lips. He sprang to his feet, exclaiming harshly, 'On, on!' Then turning to his startled sister he asked:

'Hettie, can't you think what father would have said after 'on'? See if you can't; put your head to work. This is the point at which we should have started long ago.

After thinking, with knit brow, in silence for a spell, he began: 'On, on top—On, on, on—On, on, on—On, on top—On the top of the—On, on what, sister? On the top of the what? We ought to guess what would come next. On, on—he looked searchingly about the room—on the—the clock,' he cried, springing to his feet as his eyes stared into the face of an old, silent cuckoo clock in the corner. 'It's there, Hettie; don't you remember how father stared at the clock when he was dying? Yes, we'll find some clew on the clock. I have a presentiment that our disappointing quest is at an end,' he continued, nervously mounting a chair. His sister stood at his side, holding aloft the flickering candle. Harold was feeling in the dust and cobwebs when the old clock gave a groan, the cuckoo came to the door and repeated its hollow note; there was a harsh screeching, and the dilapidated timepiece tumbled in a heap. There was a shriek; the candle fell sputtering to the floor, and the two ran like guilty things from the room. They stood in the empty hall for a moment, panting with fright and peering furtively into the dark; then hastened to their apartments.

Morning was stealing gray and shadowy through the quiet old building when Harold stole down the stairway to where lay shattered the wreck of the old clock. He searched amid the debris, and brought to light a bit of yellow, time-stained paper. He brushed the dust from it and read, in a cramped handwriting, the words, 'To my wife.'

At last. There was no hurry now. Harold was perfectly calm as he pushed the paper in his pocket and stepped to the stairway to call his sister. She came down presently, her heart all a-flutter with agitation

'Harold have you found it?' she asked, huskily.

He bowed his head, and the glow of triumphant satisfaction on his face was bluish. He led his sister gently along the hall to the old rotting stoop. Here they sat down in the crimson glow of sunrise and Harold opened the paper and read:

'Dear Wife—In trying to atone for one sin I have been guilty of another—perhaps a greater. But, when you know all, I am sure you will forgive me. I will be brief. When a child I was left an orphan. A wealthy and childless couple adopted me. I was reared in luxury, and when I was old enough I was sent off to college. While there made the acquaintance of some dissipated young men, and soon learned to drink and gamble. It was not long until I deeply involved in debt—debts of honor, as they were called. I was ashamed to ask my foster-father for the large sums I needed, but being threatened with exposure I promised to satisfy my creditors on my return from my vacation, if they would wait.

'Banks were not as common then as now, and I had learned that my father kept his money in an iron box in the study. His keys he always carried with him. The night before I was to return to school I went to his room and secured them. I had intended to take only a sufficient sum to pay my debts, but when the chest with its treasure lay open before my eyes a wicked impulse overmastered me, and I decided that it should all be mine. I packed the money in my portmanteau, locked the box, fastened the study door, returned the keys to my father's pockets, and, returning to my room waited impatiently the coming of the day. It chanced the following morning, it being a busy season, that a servant could not be spared to drive me over to the railroad. I was to go over alone and the team set for later.

'There was a swollen stream on my route and as I drove in sight a scheme occurred to me that I had not thought of. I stopped at the water's edge, and, lifting my grips to the roadside, cast the reins over the dashboard, and then gave the horse a cutting lash. They plunged with a bound into the muddy water. I watched them until they reached the further shore, and then concealed myself in the woods. They would think me drowned and mourn me as dead.

'That night I walked to a distant station and took a train for the West. After years of wandering, ever stung with remorse, I came to this place and opened my farm. I resolved to make what restitution was possible, the larger part of my ill-gotten wealth by this time having been squandered. So scant was the living that I took from my farm I soon became known as Miser Furgis. I was glad, for it made me more secure in my purpose and my concealment. I sent the proceeds of each year's crop to the widow of my foster-father, for he had died soon after my flight. I have, at last, returned every dollar of the stolen money, and the farm, free from incumbrance, is yours. This is my story. I need not speak of the remorse, the fear, the suppressed love that I have felt all the sad years. Forgive me, and think of me as your loving husband. J. H. Furgis.'

The paper fell fluttering to the steps. A breath of air caught and whirled it out over the tangled weeds. Harold gazed for a moment toward the sunrise that flared red above the treetops, then his head sank to his knees and a groan burst from his lips. His sister was weeping silently, her head on his arm. Motionless, silent they sat minutes. Then Hettie, looking up through her tears said softly: 'Brother, I never dreamed that it would be like this.'

'There was no answer. He rose and staggered into the shadow of the doorway. For weeks there was not a sign of life about the old ruins. But one bright morning Harold came forth a new man, and went energetically to work. Now the tenant houses are occupied, the farm blossoms as the rose, and a handsome modern structure crowns the eminence.

Harold and Hettie found where their treasure lay hid.—New Orleans Times Democrat.

A woman never puts so much energy into killing and shooting out flies as when she has been thoroughly riled by her husband.



Safety comes first,

in washing. What is the use of making the work easy, as long as it's risky or dangerous? What does it matter how little a thing costs, or how many prizes you get with it, if it rots and ruins the clothes? It can't be that you want to take any chances. Use Pearlina. Nothing that has ever been used for washing or cleaning is more absolutely harmless than Pearlina. It gives you the easiest, the quickest, the most thoroughly economical work.

PASSING OF LORD FAUNTLEROY.

The Mother Tried to Be Brave When the Golden Curis Fell.

The scene was in a Ninth street barber shop and the time was a morning earlier in the week. The 'tonsorial artist' nearest the door had just called out 'Next!' when there entered a very pretty young woman leading by the hand a 4-year-old boy, with long, golden ringlets. He was a manly looking little fellow, and his hair was just the shade of the young woman's, although she looked almost too young to be his mother.

'Are you the man who cut this little boy's bangs last time?' she asked.

'Yas'm: want em cut ag'in?' 'No, not this time. I want his hair cut short all over. And won't you try to cut each curl off separately, for I want to send some of them out of town and one to his grandmother.'

She had a pasteboard box in her hand in which to take away the gold that was more precious to her than any that has come from Klondike. She said she wanted the little boy's hair cut. It was probably the lad's father who wanted it; she had only acquiesced.

Several of the ebony-hued artists gathered around to watch, while the lad took his seat in a big chair, as proud as Punch, for his hair to be a 'mother's little Lord Fauntleroy' no longer. He smiled, but there was a suspicious tremor about his mother's lips as she took a brush, and for the last time curled his beautiful ringlets about her slim and tapering finger.

'Snip, snip!' went the scissors, and one by one the curls were carefully laid away in the box. Before the last one was gone the young mother was huddled up in the boot-black's chair crying as if her heart would break. There was no doubt now that she was the child's mother. He was a baby no longer. It was much more comfortable for the child, and it was time it was done, and all that, but just the same he would never be mamma's little baby again, and she could not see the wealth of falling gold for tears in her eyes.

Not a man in the place smiled, and even the 'shine mister' seemed to see a bit of pathos in the scene. The barber over in the corner had to stop a moment while the man he was shaving wiped a sudden tear from his own eye. The man, gray-haired and somewhat crusty, was thinking of a lock of gold tucked away in the back of his desk in a busy downtown office, and his memory had gone back to the time when he tucked that strand beneath his blue soldier's blouse and with musket on his shoulder had started for the front.

'Next!'—Washington Star.

GREATLY FRIGHTENED. The Traveller Was in a Dangerous Mood But Didn't Mean Murder.

A young lady who lately journeyed from Wimbledon to London had a very uncomfortable adventure. She reached the station just as the train was starting, and had only time to jump into the first compartments, where she dropped upon a seat. Not until the train was in motion did she notice that she had a single fellow-passenger, a man, young, well dressed, but of a somewhat forbidding aspect.

The young lady unfolded a newspaper and began to read, but as the first station was passed she chanced to glance again toward the other end of the carriage. The man was there but his face was no longer serene. He appeared to be greatly agitated, and was gazing intently in the direction of the young lady.

A sudden, overwhelming fear took possession of her. All the wild stories of railway murders to which she had ever listened rushed through her mind. She felt herself doomed. She thought of shrieking for help, but her tongue refused to move.

The monster—for so he seemed to her—looked anxiously about him, apparently to assure himself that the time was ripe for his murderous design. Then he advanced to the other end of the carriage, came quite close to his panic-stricken fellow-passenger, and put his right hand in his overcoat pocket. Was he feeling for a knife, or a revolver? Springing to her feet, the frightened traveler faced him in despair.

'What do you mean?' she cried, half fainting with fear.

He bent toward her, smiled grimly, and said:

'Excuse me, madam. I offer you ten thousand apologies if I have alarmed you. Such a thing was farthest from my thoughts but the fact is, I have to alight at the next station, and since you entered the train you have been sitting on my hat.'

The revulsion of feeling on the lady's part can be better imagined than described. Blushes took the place of panic. Fortunately the hat was a soft one.

A Boasted Advantage Proves to Be A Source of Weakness and Worthlessness.

Makers of crude and imitation dyes must of necessity claim some advantages for their common productions in order to attract consumers. Amongst the deceptive and sweeping claims put before the public by a certain maker of dyes, one in particular must attract the attention of even those who are novices in the art of home dyeing; we refer to the statement, "Will not soil the hands."

This claim is a direct acknowledgement of weakness and worthlessness as far as coloring power is concerned. Any wise woman will readily see that a dye that will not stain the hands is of little use in the work of dyeing. Such dyes may give to light and flimsy fabrics a show of tint of color, but it soon vanishes from the materials when they see the light of heaven.

The Diamond Dyes, no matter how much water is added, have coloring power to stain the hands. A bath prepared from one ten cent package for dyeing six pounds of goods a light color will give as durable a shade as if the bath had been prepared for dyeing two pounds of goods a dark color.

It is coloring power that home dyers look for and must have, colors that will stand sunlight and washing with soap. As two sticks can be used for moving the goods about in the bath, there is no necessity to have the hands or arms in the dye. Diamond Dyes are true and powerful agents, always doing the best work, and never make false and misleading claims.

The Golden Mean.

Mew Minister—'I propose to hold old Money-bag up to scorn.'

Old Minister—'Don't go to far, my boy.'

New Minister—'What would you suggest then?'

Old Minister—'U'm suppose you hold him up, merely.'—Puck.

Yorkville Fire Station, Toron'o, March 8th, 1897.

Dear Sirs,—Having used Dr Chase's Pills for Constiveness, I am very pleased to say that I consider them superior to any pill I ever used, as they have perfectly cured me of this trouble.

THOS. J. WALLACE, Fireman.

Changed.

'What strikes me in connection with that politician's views,' said the rural statesman, 'is the liberality of the man.'

'He's clean outgrown that,' replied Farmer Courtmessel, positively. 'He won't get up on a platform now and tell what his views are, unless the committee guarantee him \$500.'—Washington Star.

Burdock

Blood Bitters has the most natural action on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood of any medicine known, hence its effects are prompt and lasting. It cures, without fail, all such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bileousness, Bad

Blood

Sick Headache, Boils, Pimples, Tumors, Scrofula, Kidney Complaint, Jaundice, Coated Tongue, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. The fact that it is guaranteed to cure if used according to directions warrants any sufferer in giving a fair trial to Burdock Blood

Bitters



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. 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.

"SHALL I WORK ON SUNDAY."

The Jews called it the Holy Sabbath, we call it Sunday, but I like best to call it the Lord's Day, because that reminds me that I keep the day holy because I am a believer in and worshiper of Jesus.

I remember that in the city where I spent my boyhood the mechanics used to work fourteen and even sixteen hours a day; and the stores were open till ten o'clock, and till midnight on Saturdays.

What I want to tell you, boys and girls, at the very beginning of your life is this: Don't work on Sunday for any man on earth!

You know the old Arabian fable of the camel and the tent. A camel came along one cold morning and poked his nose into the tent where the Arab and his family were sleeping.

I once found an old Scotch ironworker working on Sunday. 'Mr. Mason, how does it come that you have to work Sunday?' I asked.

It is better to have a smaller salary and your Sunday than to be a Sunday slave and rich. In Newfoundland the great whale steamships sail on the tenth of March every year to catch seals.

tell you what one good Christian man, Captain White, did. He refused to allow his crew to take seals on Sunday. He said, 'God's law, of a rest day to be kept holy, ought to be obeyed at sea as on land; and God will, I believe, provide for those who honor him.'

A friend of mine who crossed the plains in the early fifties told me: 'We determined to rest every Sabbath on our journey over the plains. One of the company said it was all fanaticism, Sabbatarianism and nonsense.'

How often our most helpful lessons of faith and trust are taught us by little children! In the moments of our clearer vision, we wonder how it is possible for us ever to neglect the guidance and protecting love of the Father whose power is omnipotent, and whose promises are 'sure'; but we sometimes need such an instance of a child's faith in his earthly father as the following, to recall this to our minds.

The 'Atlanta' had blown her last long whistle and moved slowly and majestically away from the Chicago dock. Down the narrow channel she steamed, between the long wooden piers, past the breakwater and out into the blue waters of Lake Michigan.

On board the steamer a few of the passengers were sitting on the rear deck watching the light as at intervals it shone out across the waters, farther and farther away with every flash.

Close to the railing surrounding the deck and as far forward as possible stood a tall strong man, one arm thrown around a little lad in a blue sailor suit who stood on the rail beside him, perched in careless ease between the darkening sky and the darkening water.

excitement, watching the water as the sharp prow divided it and swept it away to the sides in foam-topped ridges, and certain women who saw him were much distressed in mind lest a false step of the dancing feet should plunge the child headlong in the steamer's path.

'Aren't you afraid you'll fall, dear?' she asked anxiously. 'I'm so worried for fear you'll get hurt.'

'No. I'm not afraid, and I hope you won't be, either. You see, father has his arm around me, so I'm all right. If it was anybody but father, maybe I'd be afraid,' he added, as if willing to yield a point to feminine fears.

To one of those who heard and saw, the incident was like a flash-light revealing an old and ever-beautiful truth in new distinctness. Tried in body and troubled in mind timid and travelling alone, the horizon toward which the steamer moved seemed to her dark and forbidding, while the smoke of the city left far behind looked like a black and ominous stormcloud.

'Father has his arm around me, so I'm all right.' Dear child, you are wiser than we older ones. Yet why should I worry, either? My Father has promised to watch over and care for me wherever I go, and he is infinitely strong and wise and loving.

THE PLEASURE BOOK. How an Aged Lady Remembered Her Daily Joys.

A great many school children keep a pleasure book in the form of a volume of 'memorabilia.' Here are favors, sprigs of flowers, programmes of entertainments, bits of writing, and sometimes photographs each one representing some happy hour that has been passed.

A far better book was that kept to the end of her life by a lovely old lady, whose serenely beautiful countenance was unmarred by lines of care or irritation. So placidly happy was she that a woman given to fretfulness, and almost annoyed by the unassailable peace that shone from the other's face, once asked her the secret of her content.

'My dear,' said the elder woman, 'I keep a pleasure book.'

'What?' 'Yes, a pleasure book. Ever since I was a girl at school I have kept a daily account of all the pleasant things that have happened to me. I have only put down the pleasant things; the disagreeable ones I have forgotten as soon as possible. In my whole experience I cannot recall a day so dark that it did not contain some little ray of happiness.'

'The book is filled with little matters—a flower, a walk, a concert, a new gown, a new thought, a fine sentiment, a fresh sign of affection from my family—everything that gave me joy at the time. So if I am ever inclined to be despondent, I sit down and read a few pages in my book, and find out how much I have to be grateful for.'

'May I see your book?' 'Certainly.' 'Slowly the peevish friend turned the leaves. How insignificant the entries seemed! How much they meant! 'Saw a beautiful lily in a window.' 'Talked to a bright, happy girl.' 'Received a kind letter from a dear friend. 'Enjoyed a beautiful sunset.' 'Husband brought some roses home to me.' 'My boy out to-day for the first time after the croup.'

'Have you found a pleasure for every day?' inquired the fretful woman, wistfully.



'Yes, for every day, even the sad ones.' The answer came in a low tone. 'I wish I were more like you,' said the discontented woman, with a sigh.

In the Book of Life God sometimes writes sorrows, but He does not omit the joys. The determination to make the most of happiness and the least of trouble is the truest philosophy, as well as a sign of a beautiful character and a Christian hope.

HIS LITTLE ONES. To Criticize Beginners Efforts is to Show our Unworthiness.

Sometimes when boys or girls come into the church, or the Endeavor Society, the young people who have been longer in the way regard them critically, and are very ready to find fault with any word or action which is not quite consistent with their new profession.

When a new baby comes into a family, we do not find the various members regarding him from a severely critical standpoint. He is not beautiful according to the accepted standard. He is very weak and helpless. He costs many people a great deal of inconvenience and anxiety and hard work.

Is this not the spirit we should show in dealing with Christ's little ones? If any of them are weak, it is our business to help them to grow stronger. If they stumble often, we should be ready to pick them up again, and show them how to avoid a fall in the future.

RATING THE SEED CORN. It is Wise to Think in Time of Next Year's Seed Corn.

Ambitious boys who are impatient at the thought of beginning at the bottom of the ladder may find good counsel in the following advice given to a bright young friend of the writer.

Eddie was the boy's name; the question of what he should do for a living was brought up at home, and Eddie was very much pleased with an offer of almost man's wages for the summer's work. At the same time he had the chance to learn a profitable business, but for the next three or four years his pay would barely clothe him.

'When I was a boy,' said his father, 'my father used up pick out the very best ears of corn and put them away to plant. One hard year a neighbor came for seed corn. He had let his own corn all go for bread and was destitute. My father had planted his and had none to give.'

RESPECT YOUR WORK. Attending to the Details is What Leads to Sure Success.

A boy is usually set to do drudgery when he first begins any trade. He must kindle fires, sweep stores, care for stables, etc. These things are tiresome and appear to be of little use in teaching him his future business. They are very important tests of his character, however, and he is wise if he treats them as such and attends to them as though he believed they were of consequences.

A distinguished merchant owed his first advancement in business to the way he attended to mere drudgery. He had to take care of two horses, look after the lamps and care for the horse sheds. His lamps always shone and gave good light; he kept the barn where the horses were clean and neat; the ground in the sheds was carefully swept every morning, and some loose bricks which were apt to fall down would be carefully piled. One day the head partner of the firm, who lived at a distance, put his horse under the sheds. When he backed him out the horse knocked down some of the bricks.

'Pick up those bricks!' said the man to the boy who had come to put some packages in the carriage.

That was all the recognition the boy received, and it was the first time that the great man had spoken to him. But the next day the same man came again. He was seen looking about the stable and talking with the manager of the stores. In a week the boy was promoted to the charge of a department which called for especial faithfulness, and from that time rose rapidly.

SEAR ABOVE THEM.

A friend once illustrated to me the difference between three of her friends in the following way: She said if they should all three come to a spiritual mountain which had to be crossed, the first one would tunnel through it with hard and wearisome labor; the second would meander round it in an indifferent fashion, hardly knowing where she was going, and yet, because her air was right, getting around it at last; but the third would just flap her wings and fly right over. I think we must all know something of these different ways of locomotion, and I trust, if any of us in the past have tried to tunnel our way through the mountains that have stood across our pathway, or have been meandering around them, that we may from henceforth resolve to spread our wings and 'mount up' into the clear atmosphere of God's presence, where it will be easy to overcome the highest mountain of them all.—Hannah Whitall Smith.

TOO SMART.

A Very Funny Story That has an Equally Funny Moral.

The professedly comic papers are not above printing stories with a moral. Thus we find in Judge the following electioneering anecdote, the moral of which is, in Judge's language, 'Don't hustle too hard.'

Jim Russle wanted the nomination for county treasurer in Beggs County last fall, and his success was conceded by those who knew him. He was as energetic as a tug-boat, and as tireless as a mule. The other candidates groaned when he entered the lists.

But he failed to reach the goal. One day he drove fifteen miles through a pouring rain, over roads hub-deep with mud, to see a man—a farmer of considerable influence.

The farmer received him coolly. 'So ye drove through that mud in three hours, did ye?' he inquired.

'I did,' replied Russle. The farmer pondered a few minutes. 'I s'pose ye want the delegation from this town?' 'I do.'

'Well, my boy, I'm afraid ye can't have it. You was solid with me up to a few minutes ago, but by thunder! a man who can drive fifteen miles over such infernal roads in three hours wouldn't be a safe man to trust with the county money; he'd be too hard to catch.'

Advertisement for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, highlighting its effectiveness for coughs and colds. Price 25 Cents.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring Pure, High Grade Cocos and Chocolates. Established 1876. Located in Dorchester, Mass., U.S.A.

es first, What is the use of work easy, as or dangerous? matter how little or how many et with it, if it the clothes? It ou want to take Use Pearline. ever been used eaning is more than Pearline. e, the quickest, k. rline ing for a knife, or a g to her feet, the ed him in despair. ean? she cried, half r, smiled grimly, and an. I offer you tan I have alarmed you. eest from my thoughts o slight at the next on entered the train on my hat.' e feeling on the lady's agined than described. e of panic. Fortun- it one. tage Proves to be eakiness and eadness. nd imitation dyes must ome advantages for ions in order to at- mongst the deceptive put before the public e eyes, one in partic- entention of even those e art of home dyeing; ment, "Will not soil ect acknowledgement rithlessness as far as e concerned. Any wise e that a dye that will e little use in the h dyes may give to es a show of tint of eishes from the mater- ight of heaven. es, no matter how e have coloring power e bath prepared from e dyeing six pounds e will give as durable e had been prepared e of goods a dark ver that home dyers e, colors that will e with soap. As e used for moving the e, there is no neces- e or arms in the dye. e true and powerful e the best work, and e misleading claims. e Mean. e propose to hold old e orn' e't go to far, my boy,' e that would you sug- e suppose you hold e ck. e Station, e March 8rd, 1897. e ing used Dr Chase's e I am very pleased to e them superior to any e they have perfectly e. e WALLACE, Fireman. eged. e in connection with that e the rural statesman, e man.' e owed that,' replied e positively. 'He won't e now and tell what his e committee guarantee e ton Star. e dock e most natural action e bowels and blood of e, hence its effects are e cures, without fail, e dyspepsia, Constipation, e ood e, Pimples, Tumors, e Complaint, Jaundice, e ss of Appetite and e e that it is guar- e according to directions e in giving a fair trial e ters

Notches on The Stick

We have written of the palmy time for poetry with Coleridge. Fain would we linger amid such scenes, with such memories, but we cannot be detained when other themes invite us. We had hoped to do more than glance at the poet's sojourn in Malta, with Sir John Stoddart; his intercourse with Tieck, the German poet, at Rome in 1805. He was warned that Buonaparte had issued a warrant for his arrest; when hastening to Leghorn, with a passport furnished to him by the Pope, he put to sea in an American vessel. Having been chased at sea by a French cruiser, the captain in alarm compelled Coleridge to throw all his papers overboard, including all the fruits of his literary labors then in his possession. It would be pleasant also to tarry with him at Grassano, in the company of Wordsworth; to dwell particularly upon the publication of "The Friend," with other notable but less characteristic incidents of his life. We can allude merely to D. Quincey's sketch of him, when he sought the poet at Bridgewater, where he was, for a time being, domesticated with "a most amiable and enlightened family, descendants of Chubb, the philosophic writer." Coleridge had the cuckoo's propensity for taking another bird's nest for his own; but we do not find that he was received and entertained with all due courtesy, reverence; and in the case of the Gillmans, with long continued kindness. D. Quincey has not always spoken so courteously of Coleridge; indeed he had great skill in drawing disagreeable portraits of his contemporaries, and, for so wise a man, committed a great deal of that sort of folly,—which, in the end, cost him his friendships. Witness the following paragraphs, among his most graphic:—

"In Bridgewater I noticed a gateway, standing under which was a man corresponding to the description given me of Coleridge, whom I shall presently describe. In height he seemed to be five feet eight inches; in reality he was about an inch and a half taller, though, in the latter part of life, from a lateral curvature in the spine, he shortened gradually from two to three inches. His person was broad and full, and tended even to corpulence; his complexion was fair, though not what painters technically style fair, because it was associated with black hair; his eyes were large and soft in their expression; and it was by a peculiar appearance of haze or dimness which mixed with their light, that I recognized my object. This was Coleridge. I examined him steadily for a moment or more, and it struck me that he neither saw myself, nor any other object in the street. He was in deep reverie; for I had disarranged, made two or three trifling arrangements at the inn door, and advanced close to him, before he seemed apparently conscious of my presence. The sound of my voice announcing my name first awoke him. He stared, and for a moment seemed at a loss to understand my purpose or his own situation, for he repeated rapidly a number of words which had no relation to either of us. There was no mauve honte in his manner, but simple perplexity and an apparent difficulty in recovering his position amongst daylight realities. This little scene over, he received me with a kindness of manner so marked that it might be called gracious."

Thus the "Opium Eater" describes his brother sufferer. We have not spoken in particular, hitherto, of this habit by which this master mind was crippled and handicapped; but Coleridge came as thoroughly as De Quincey under its dominion, and by the magnificent prose of the one, we may understand something of the suffering and bondage of either. Coleridge had contracted the passion for this drug by its use to allay the pains of rheumatism; and insidiously, it had acquired such an ascendancy as to make him helpless and miserable. For medical treatment he, in 1816, put himself into the hands of Mr. Gillman, the surgeon at Highgate; and that the good Dr. "might exercise a salutary restraint upon him," he went to reside under his roof. This was the beginning of a mutual affection, like that between Cowper and the Unwins, and Coleridge was never permitted to depart, but continued as their guest for eighteen years,—or until his death, in 1834. Here, like a battered, storm-worn vessel, that had long drifted hopelessly on many seas, he put into the quiet sheltered port, out of which he ventured no more. Carlyle in that remarkable chapter on the Sage of Highgate, in the "Life of John Stirling," pictures finely the scenes of his closing life: "Coleridge sat on the brow of Highgate Hill, in those years, looking down on London and its smoke-tumult, like a sage escaped from the

inanity of life's battle; attracting toward him the thoughts of innumerable brave souls still engaged there. . . . The Gillmans did not encourage much company, or excitement of any sort, round their age; nevertheless, access to him if a youth did reverently wish it was not difficult. He would stroll about the pleasant garden with you, sit in the pleasant rooms of the place,—perhaps take you to his own peculiar room, high up, with a rearward view, which was the chief view of all. A really charming outlook, in fine weather. Close at hand, wide sweep of flowery, leafy gardens, their few houses mostly hidden, the very chimney-pots veiled under blossomy umbrage, flowed gloriously down hill; gloriously issuing in wide-tufted undulating plain-country, rich in all charms of field and town. Waving blooming country of the brightest green; dotted all over with handsome villas, handsome groves, crossed by roads and human traffic, here inaudible or heard only as a musical hum; and behind all swam, under olive tinted haze, the illimitable limitary ocean of London, with its domes and steeples definite in the sun, big St. Paul's and the many memories attached to it hanging high over all. Nowhere, of its kind, could you see a grander prospect of a bright summer day, with the set of the air going southward,—southward, and so draping with the city smoke, not you, but the city. Here would Coleridge talk, concerning all conceivable or inconceivable things; and like nothing better than to have an intelligent, or failing that, even a silent and patient, human listener. He distinguished himself to all that ever heard him as at least the most surprising talker extant in this world,—and to some small minority, by no means to all, as the most excellent."

Ah, noble exercise!—from the time when the chairs of Johnson, and of Dryden were hovered about by the wits of their time; till that of this more marvellous discourses, around whom Sterling, Maurice, Carlyle and others of that brilliant host, gathered, as to their master! How pitiful that there was no Boswell and that all remaining to us should be the fragments of "Table Talk,"—these dislocated fragments, mere meteorites of the vanished world of his thought. Most marvellous must have been that discourse, in which, even the perversity of Carlyle allows there were "glorious islets" rising "out of the haze," . . . balmy sunny islets, in that ocean of monologue, with its "inextricable currents and regurgitations. These were passages when all would hang breathless upon the eloquent words. . . . eloquent articially expressive words you always had; piercing radiance of a most subtle insight came at intervals; tones of pious sympathy recognizable as pious, were never wanting long." And yet, it was a fatal facility of speech Coleridge had. We could wish that the fountain of his wonderful thought had been choked at its vocal utterance,—that he had stuttered, like Lamb,—so all that values might not have been squandered into evanescence. If he had only systematized and condensed, and had loved the pen, as he did musing discourse, what might we not have had,—with such ambitious plans and such glorious ideas!

We feel that Carlyle has not done justice to Coleridge; but it is too much to expect that this burly Scotch worker, with his concrete mind, and contempt for human weakness, should approach this dreamer of dreams, and indolent man of infirm will, and mild dissipation,—as he regarded him—Yet we now know that Carlyle needs not less of human charity than did the man he satirized without prejudice.

Among fall books announced by Houghton Mifflin, & Co., are the collected poems of Edmund Clarence Sedman, written during the past twenty years. This cannot fail to drive him over.

We tell your doctor all there is in Scott's Emulsion, just how much cod liver oil, hypophosphites, glycerine. But we do not tell him how these are combined. You have your secrets; this is ours. This knack of making the very best thing has come to us from years of experience with just one thing. We make only Scott's Emulsion—all our energy is bent on making that better than any other emulsion in the world. We have no other business thought. Is it any wonder that it is the standard?

Sterling Lester will also attract the attention of the lover of choice books, reviewing as they do, the memory of two pure minded and nobly gifted men. The Biography of Tompkinson, by his son, and the Letters of Mrs. Browning, are also notable books.

Hall Caine's recent masterpiece, "The Christian," is "waking snakes," especially in England. Caine has, to use a figure of Holmes, turned over a stone with his foot, and all the wriggling things that love earth and darkness, are greatly disturbed. It is a pity that he has not made his book more complete by giving us a correct picture of what a real Christian really is, or ought to be. A review of the book by Mr. William B. Chisholm, in the N. Y. Home Journal, drew from Caine the following response:

Greeba, Castle, Isle of Man, Oct. 7.

My Dear Sir,—Thank you heartily for the article in the Home Journal. It cannot be my personal gratification alone which makes me think it good. At a moment when I am suffering from a good deal of misinterpretation—both unconscious and wilful—it is pleasant to meet with such excellent appreciation. With kind regards,

HALL CAINE.

Our friend, Mr. Will B. Tomlinson of the Hillsboro Ohio, News Herald, writes us of a visit to his town recently made by Wallace Bruce: "Well, we had Bruce here,—a glorious fellow. . . . Our great regret was that he could only stay from 4 p. m. until 7 the next morning. This gave us no opportunity to show him the beauties of our cave region. . . . Our people were delighted with his lecture on Robert Burns." Mr. Tomlinson is himself a popular lecturer, and highly skilled with pen and tongue. One has but to look at his countenance to be assured of an open soul full of bonhomie, and many who have heard him discourse on "Freaks, Fools and Facts," assure us what we can well believe, that it abounds in wit and wisdom, and is at once, a repository of humor, of fancy and of eloquence. PASTOR FELIX.

HIS LAST EFFORT.

Elijah was Careless and Fully Realized his 3148

Mr. Fidelia Crowell often remarked she did not suppose there was another man in the country so careless as her husband, Elijah. This opinion was shared by the neighbors, who remembered numerous instances of Elijah's carelessness. But there was one occasion when Mr. Crowell proved that he could be as thoughtful as anybody, and Mrs. Crowell greatly enjoyed telling about it.

"We never moved but once," she would begin, "and I may say we have never got really settled, although it's over twenty years ago."

"My sister Elizabeth was a real good hand to pack, and she came over and took right hold. She packed all our clothes and most of the dishes; and it was going on two years before I dared lit up a towel out of a trunk without using both hands, not knowing but Elizabeth might have placed a tea plate in it."

"I had six of Grandmother Crowell's china cups. Of course I set considerable by them, and I packed them myself, just as careful as I could. Elijah saw me, and he noticed I put them into a small box and tied them up and set them on the shelf by the sink."

"When we come to start, I went on the first team to see that the things were unloaded and set where I wanted them, and I took the box with the china cups with me, and held them all the way to Corinth. Elijah was coming with the second load. We had a real smart young horse at that time, and Elijah was going to drive him over."

"It seems after Elijah got his load all on he stepped into the kitchen and looked about, and right on the kitchen shelf he saw a box done up as careful as could be. Elijah thought it was the china cups, and I suppose he was dreadfully pleased to find I had gone off and forgotten them; and he made up his mind that he would show that he could be careful if he set out."

"I know he must have had a dreadful time getting into the wagon with that box in his hands, for that horse never would stand for nobody; but Elijah fetched it somehow, and got started."

"He said the horse went so fast; and the wagon shook so that it scared him, for he was afraid those cups would get all smashed up. So he held the box in his lap as careful as he could and being frightened then he made the horse walk every step of the way over twenty miles, and he set on the edge of that seat holding that box as careful as if it was a sick baby."

"When he got here he was as pleased as could be, and says he, 'Now, Fidelia,' says he, 'you can't ever call me careless again. You stepped off and left grandma's cups

AT LAST! *****

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of the sink shelf, and I've brought 'em myself, and walked the horse all the way so's not to jar 'em more than I could help."

"I had unpacked the cups the first thing, and they were set up in the china cupboard; so I just pointed at them, and says I, 'What on earth have you brought, Elijah?' He hurried up to undo the bundle, and if it wasn't my two best flutrons! Yes, Elizabeth had gone to work and wrapped them up, and poor Elijah had been to all that trouble to bring them over."

"Well we had a good laugh at him, but he was considerable riled about it, and I guess it discouraged Elijah, for he hasn't made much of an effort since then, and he don't like to have anybody give him credit for ever trying to be careful."

HOW THEY STOPPED THE ENGINE.

A representative of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat lately spent some time in drawing out a prominent railway manager, especially about the nicknames which in one way and another became fastened upon the different lines. A certain part of the Erie Railway was long known as the "Davy Crockett." How this came about is thus described by the manager aforesaid:

One dark night, when the conductor was taking three passenger-cars through to Sunbury, he noticed the headlight of a locomotive in his rear. He instantly informed the engineer of the fact, and both began speculating what it meant. The train was running at high speed, but the headlight in the rear was gaining steadily on them.

As there were no lights in the rear of the headlight, they concluded it must be an empty engine. The road twists in and out among the mountains and skirts the banks of the Susquehanna River in such a way as to prevent any one looking back to observe what is going on in the rear for a considerable distance.

The conductor ordered the engineer to put on more steam, and the engineer pulled the throttle wide open. Then followed a wild chase. Farser and pursued tore along at the highest speed. Everybody on the car believed that the engineer of the pursuing engine was either drunk or crazy.

At last a bright idea struck the engineer. He recalled the fact that a locomotive can make little progress on greasy rails. The contents of two large cans of lard oil were poured on the track from the rear of the last passenger coach. The idea proved a good one. Soon the headlight of the pursuing engine grew dim in the distance. When it was safe to do so, the train stopped and backed up to solve the mystery. A funny sight was revealed.

One of the finest engines on the road called the "Davy Crockett," they gave the locomotives names in those days instead of numbers,—had broken away from a hostler up at Williamsport, and started down the rack on a voyage of destruction. The oil poured on the track had baffled all the destructive abilities that the locomotive possessed. There stood the "Davy Crockett" puffing, snorting and pawing like a wild Texas steer, the driving wheels buzzing around on the greased track like a fly-wheel in a machine-shop, but hardly moving an inch.

Not a sign of an engineer was found, and the fireman of the pursued train mounted the engine and shut her off. They towed her into Sunbury, and there found a despatch ordering them on to a side track out of the way of the runaway; but the oil had saved them.

INSUBORDINATE PUNISHED.

He Didn't Hear the First Time and it Cost him a Fire.

A Washington correspondent tells of a public man who is a little hard of hearing, and who sometimes attempts to save himself from annoyance by pretending to be more deaf than he is.

In a public place, one day, this man was approached by an office-seeker who, he had reason to believe, was about to bore him with his tale of woe. The office-seeker said, in a low voice, which the others present could not hear:

"Will you please lend me five dollars?"

"What do you say?" asked the public man, in a tone which, he thought, would deter the applicant from repeating his request in the presence of so many; but the man said, in a low voice which drew the attention of everybody within hearing distance:

"Will you lend me ten dollars, please?"

The public man was ashamed to refuse. "Why, yes," he said, and gave the man a ten-dollar note.

As the borrower went away, the lender looked after him bitterly and said, with a sigh:

"I'd have saved five dollars if I'd heard him the first time!"

SADLY QUALIFIED.

Her Want of Tact is Overlooked Because of Her Good Work.

There is a certain dressmaker in a New England village who always finds customers in spite of her lack of tact. Such are her drawbacks in social grace of speech, that she innocently offends one patron after another, though she does not lose them. Her ruffles are too even and her biases too far above reproach. This is a specimen of her conversation, the while she 'fits':

"I guess I'll cut this a little mite lower. 'You've got a real pretty neck!'"

Then when the customer unconsciously bristles with satisfaction, she adds, "It's your own good point."

She goes on snipping and pinning.

"There!" she exclaims, standing off to get an effect, "that's what I call a lovely back. 'Yours is a little bit bowin', but I make allowance when I cut.'"

The customer begins to feel herself a monstrosity, but her innocent tormentor continues:

"Why, I never saw that dimple in your wrist! How nice that is!"

Hope revived but only to sink again.

"But I guess I won't make the sleeves any shorter for that. You see your hands are pretty good sized, and a fall of lace would help to cover 'em."

So the ordeal continues, and the customer feels that she has reached the lowest notch of humility. Only as she is leaving does she pluck up courage to ask, "What do you think of red velvet for my new evening dress?"

"Lovely! Only I'd get a dark velvet for a lady your age!"

A Narrow Escape.

Professor Thinkitout—"Oh, my! Great Cate! but I'm having a frightful palpitation of the heart. God forgive my sins. Oh! Just listen to my heart!"

Mrs. Thinkitout—"Why you've put that little alarm clock in your breast pocket. You wanted it set to ring at this hour so you could remember that it is bed time."

—Truth.

No More Fun in It.

Scorcher—"I'm not going to ride the wheel any more."

Friend—"What's the matter? Come near breaking your neck?"

"Lots of times; but that's not it. There's no more fun in it. Pedestrians have learned to be quick and it's impossible now to knock any of them down."

Turn About.

"Did you enjoy the bear hunt?"

"I enjoyed one part of it very much."

"What part was that?"

"The part where we hunted the bear."

Secretism.

"Did they find any irregularities in his accounts?"

"On the contrary, they were remarkably regular—his doctored them every day."

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Woman and Her Work

I was speaking not long ago of the strange employments women often resorted to in order to earn a living, and it really looks as if the list would never be complete. Almost every week one reads of some new industry devised by women for the purpose of supporting themselves, and their families. Two of the latest specialties which are yielding satisfactory incomes to the women who practice them, are nut-cracking, or more properly nut shelling, and floor cleaning.

Neither of these occupations have hitherto been regarded as special branches, but the enterprise of the women who have taken them up has transformed them into regular businesses. The first of these female pioneers is a Mrs. Barotti of Chicago who makes a good living by conducting a nut shelling establishment. Of course there are other places in Chicago where nuts are cracked and sold, but Mrs. Barotti's is by far the best known and most popular amongst society people, confectioners and street vendors. Her place of business is a long narrow room opening on the street, in the business portion of the city. Down the centre runs a long table at which sit men, women, and children each provided with a square iron slab piled high with nuts on one side, and a hammer, and each worker pounds away from morning till night at the quickly replenished pile! Of course great skill is required to extract the kernels without breaking them, but only practiced workmen are employed, and a good nut cracker can turn out sixteen pounds of good clean nuts in a day; for which he receives two dollars or a trifle more. The work is not by any means hard, as the worker sits all the time but of course it is monotonous. Mrs. Barotti employs from thirty to fifty hands during the busy season, which is from now till the Christmas holidays and her business pays well.

Philadelphia is not supposed to be a very enterprising city, but yet a Philadelphia woman has struck upon a very original plan of turning physical strength and will into cash. When left a widow totally unprovided for, and with four small children to support, she decided to adopt the unique profession of cleaning floors; she was not a common char-woman who simply did scrubbing, but devoted her attention to those floors which are either of hard wood, or tiles, or else covered with oilcloth, and so well has she worked her specialty, that her customers would not think of allowing anyone else to touch their floors. An expert worker can clean them with wonderful rapidity, as this woman has proven, and she usually puts a floor of average size in perfect order in half an hour. For this her charge is twenty-five cents, and she always carries her own tools for getting off the dirt and putting on the polish, using the soap, polish brushes and clothes which experience has taught her are best suited to her purpose. She has a certain half hour on a certain day for each customer, and as she is a very exact woman and plans her work carefully, she earns from three to four dollars a day. Her customers respect her business habits and knowing that she is sure to be punctual they always have the kitchen ready for her, so she shall not be delayed. She likes her work, and says she far prefers it to standing behind a counter, or doing many of the things which other women who were obliged to earn their living might consider more respectable.

Another unusual industry, which is flourishing in New York city is a mending syndicate on a small scale, who earn their living by doing professional mending. A reasonable amount of expertness with the needle is the only qualification required for membership, and as they really have no place of business and therefore no expenses their earnings are clear profit. These menders are missionaries in a certain sense going about doing good as they do not

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indispensible testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon, No 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que

wait to be sought, but seek out bachelors at their boarding houses, apartments and hotels, and make a contract to keep buttons on shirts, vests, coats and trousers, to darn socks, and those provoking golf stockings which cost such a long price, which varies according to the size of a man's wardrobe.

When one considers the prices charged by tailors for making repairs, even sewing on buttons, and the expense unfortunate bachelors are put to by being compelled to buy new clothes simply because they have no way of getting their half worn ones repaired, the term of "missionaries" seems appropriate. Fancy the relief of those helpless men at having a sort of travelling repair shop on constant call, and a repair shop which will cheerfully renovate garments which no tailor could be induced to touch, and no laundress, however highly paid, could waste her time over! They have only to pay a price which seems nominal to them, appoint certain days when the ladies shall have the freedom of their rooms; and then come home to find that the good fairies have dropped in during their absence, and put things in perfect order. The members visit their customers at stated intervals and, are of course, well known to the boarding house, and apartment people so there is difficulty about being admitted.

And yet some people say woman have no inventive genius!

I see that the Governor General and his energetic lady are being very severely "called down" by some of the upper Canadian papers, for the truly singular course they have chosen to pursue in taking a sort of begging trip to the United States and asking the Americans to aid poor benighted Canada in providing nurses for her sick. The Brockville Times thus delivers itself on the subject—

"On Saturday last Lady Aberdeen addressed a public meeting in Boston and solicited contributions to aid her ladyship's scheme of establishing an order of uniformed and tagged nurses for the people of Canada.

"This is too much. "Our governor general is not content with showing us in Canada that she regards us as refractory children, to whom she is determined to administer her blows by main strength, if necessary; she goes to alien cities and solicits pennies for her tiresome scheme, as if we were poor benighted south sea islanders and she were the canvassing agent of a society for sending us red flannel handkerchiefs adorned with moral pictures and improving mottoes.

"This is too, too much! This is rather strong, but the Hamilton spectator goes one better and relieves its feelings in the following drastic paragraph.

"Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been in the United States begging for money to help the Victorian Order of Nurses scheme. They addressed a meeting in Boston, and slips of paper were handed to those present, bearing the following: "I hereby subscribe the amount named below towards one of the cottage homes to be used as an emergency hospital, and to be called the 'Massachusetts.' Subscriptions of small sums will be as welcome as of larger ones."

"It was bad enough when the government sought to induce Canadians to make paupers of their fellow-countrymen by the establishment of any absurd nurse scheme; but when the governor-general of Canada goes to the United States and proclaims Canada to be a pauper community, urgently in need of Yankee money, it is high time that some good friend whispered a little good sound advice in his ear. Canada is no beggar seeking for the dimes and dollars of the Yankees; Canada neither needs, or wants a "Massachusetts" cottage; Canada does not thank her governor-general for his persistent endeavors to pauperize and patronize Canadians. His excellency will do well to confine his work for Canada to its legitimate sphere."

That Massachusetts cottage certainly does rankle in the true Canadian breast, and one cannot help admiring the sturdy patriotism of the Spectator's editor even if one does not quite agree with his sentiments. We are not beggars, and it is unpleasant to be placed in that position against our will.

If you want your autumn costume to be stylish have it braided. If you want it to be very stylish indeed have just a little more braid put on, and if you are anxious to be in the very height of the mode, have it braided all over. Of course the more braid the larger the bill, for the downtrodden modists has arisen in the majesty of her power, and announced that the elaborate decorations in braid which are so fashionable now, will no longer be included in her bill for the making of a dress, but

88 Pairs

of Misses Dongola Kid Slippers, bought as a bargain and will be sold as such (sizes 11 to 1). Regular price \$1.25, but this lot we will sell at 50cts. per pair

WATERBURY & RISING, KING and UNION STREETS.

will be distinctly an "extra." It could scarcely be otherwise, seeing that many costumes have the entire front breadth braided in an elaborate design, while a simpler pattern runs all the way round the skirt, and the bodice is literally covered with braid. There is far more work on the decoration of such a gown than in the mere putting of it together, and it is only fair that the dressmaker should be properly remunerated.

As usual the tailor-made gown distances all competitors in general favor; nothing ever seems to affect its popularity, but quite naturally it has changed its characteristics with the changing fashions. For morning and travelling wear, it is as plain as it is, and all its relations were, when they first came into fashion; but for more elaborate occasions it is a very glorified garment indeed when seen by the side of the plain sister. The French tailor gown is trimmed and braided and ornamented almost without limit, and is the correct costume for calling, afternoon teas, luncheons and receptions; it even appears at the theatre with excellent effect, as it is sure to display some touch of bright color, or some striking effect which makes it very smart indeed. We hear much less about materials than we used to formerly, the fabric of the dress seeming of much less importance than the decoration, which is really what gives it individuality, and makes it suitable either for everyday wear or the most formal occasions. Smooth faced cloths are the favorite materials for elaborate tailor gowns, as they form such a good background for every trimming; but yet there is a great variety in the mixed goods shown. Invisible checks, and bayadere striped checks are the favorites, and they are made up into very simple and serviceable gowns with rows of machine stitching by way of trimming. If something more dressy is required they can be made quite smart with a pretty blouse vest braided revers, collar and cuffs, or a little fur or velvet. There are other pretty woolen fabrics with crosswise stripes in both straight and waved lines of different widths, in black or colored ground, and corded materials of two colors in a shot effect. Another decided novelty is woven with tucks that look wonderfully like the real thing, double and loose on one edge. Covert cloths and tweeds are both used for the plain tailor dress, and when the tints selected are neutral, they are relieved by plenty of braiding in white or black, or black and white mixed, and in tan and gold. Some sort of trimming up the back of the skirts, is one of fashion's fads just at present, and occasionally a skirt is seen braided heavily in V. shape up the back, beginning in a point at the waist and spreading out to fully twenty inches at the foot. Others have five or seven straight rows of braid down the middle of the front on each, these rows turning and trimming the skirt round the foot. Again, a skirt will be tucked all around, or up and down the front seams in five half inch tucks turning towards the back. A favorite trimming is cloth of either white, or some bright color covered with braiding and used for bands, vests, and collars and cuffs.

The announcement made early in the season that all skirts were to be trimmed has scarcely been verified, as amongst the tailor gowns there are many perfectly plain skirts. The skirt worn with the coat

He Showed Practical Sympathy for a Unfortunate Boy. Some years ago Neal Dow was passing down one of the streets of Portland, Maine, says the Christian Herald, when he came to a crowd of people. In the middle of the crowd stood a country lad, crying. A notorious horse-jockey, it appeared, had made the boy drunk, and then inveigled him into swapping his own good horse for a worthless broken-down animal. Everybody was sorry for the lad, but it was not Neal Dow's way to feel sorry and do nothing.

He led the way to the jockey's stable, nearly a mile distant, the boy following and leading the jockey's horse. The jockey not being there, the old horse was turned into the stable, and Mr. Dow, with the country lad still following, started down-town again. On the way they met the jockey in a wagon at which the lad's horse was attached.

"That is my horse," said the boy. Mr. Dow stepped into the road, took the horse by the bridle, and calling to one of his employes who happened to be passing at the time, told him to unharness the horse. This was done, the jockey swearing like a trooper, and threatening to take the law on Mr. Dow, who replied: "You will always know where to find me." Then telling the boy to take the horse, he started to lead the way down town where the lad's wagon had been left. "Look a-here," said the jockey, "what am I to do with my wagon?" "Do what you like," said Mr. Dow. "It is nothing to me."

As may be supposed, the country lad was full of joy and profuse with thanks. When he had unharnessed his horse, he said to Mr. Dow, "Now, what can I do for you?" "Promise me not to drink any more." And the boy did so. Some three years afterward Neal Dow was stopped by a countryman in the streets who, with a mouth stretched on a broad grin, said, pointing to the horse "There he is. I haint drunk no more."

THE MOTORMAN'S FIB. He Was Cheated out of It Through a Lady's Awkwardness.

A melancholy story of a motorman and his luncheon is told in the Washington Post:

The car was nearly ready to start, at the beginning of the route when a woman got on and took her place on the front seat along with the driver, a stern, married-looking man, who had a basket beside him and was somewhat hurriedly eating his luncheon.

The woman began asking questions, and the man, as she left him opportunity, continued to snatch now and then a bite. By and by at the ring of the bell he let on the power and the car started, while he held in one hand a great slab of cherry-pie.

A few blocks down the street an impish child danced across the track suddenly so near the car that the gripman put on the brakes, and the woman with the inquiring mind rose to her feet in alarm. The dan-

A Fair and Beautiful Complexion

Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Blackheads, Redness, And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of

Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS

.....And FOULD'S.....

MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

ONE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers by mail 50c. and 81 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

SOLE BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN CANADA. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Wholesale Agents.

ger passed, she sat down again heavily. The stern-faced gripman had ceased to eat his pie. "You don't have much time for meals, do you?" asked the woman with the inquiring mind.

"No'm," replied the gripman, sadly. "Where's your pie?" went on the woman with the inquiring mind. The gripman looked at her wistfully. "You're sitting on it," he said. And she was.

Cause for Rejoicing. Sunday School Teacher: And when the prodigal son returned home his father fell upon his neck and blessed him. Why did he do that?

Scholar: 'Cause he was so glad to think he didn't come back with a wife and family, I's pose.

Parting Shot. Mrs. Highbury—Yes, I advertised for a footman, but you are too small. You will hardly do.

Applicant (backing out of the room)—Then you didn't really want a footman, mum? You wanted a six footman.

Repairing. "Shall we," he asked, "repair hance?" "Here," she answered, simply, for her tire was already punctured.

In the meanwhile her kit comprised four caramels and a monkey wrench.

Promises of Reform. "Ja'kon has an advertisement in this paper which reads: 'Come back, and I'll be good.' " "Is his wife left him?" "No; it's the cook."

All people who play the fiddle look something alike.

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Nobody is Safe from It.

Mr. Jas. Barry, 28 Hunter Street E., Hamilton, Ont., says: "For the past five years I have had Bright's disease of the kidneys in its worst form. My kidneys were in such a frightful condition that they discharged blood.



"I was unable to work, and most of the time could not sleep. I became so excited and suffered such fearful pains in my back, that I was unable to do the least thing. I was in the hospital, where I was treated by several physicians, and I also took many kinds of medicine, but without relief until I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, which I got at Spackman's drug store last January. "Since taking them I have been getting better rapidly. I can now work without inconvenience. They restored my strength, removed the pains from my back, made my kidneys healthy and strong, so that they are able to perform their work easily and well, thereby carrying off all the poisonous secretions which before used to mingle with my blood, and became diffused through my entire system. "I am only too happy to give this testimony as to the merits of Doan's Kidney Pills, so that others may be benefited by their use as I have been."

One Laxative Pill every Night for 30 Days Cures Constipation.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER. It doesn't cost much, yet it adds wonderfully to the looks. It is youth for a few cents. No gray hair. No dandruff.

TERRIBLE BEES.

When Once They Start on Their Work the Victims Are Sure to Suffer.

Any one who is familiar with the marvelous 'Jungle Stories' of Mr. Kipling will not need to be reminded, having 'The Little People of the Rocks' still vividly in mind, that a colony of bees may make a dangerous adversary. It was in a ravine in India that the little people fought their victorious fight against the ravening pack of the red holes—the wild dogs; but it was in the cliffs of an African mountain and the wilds of an African forest that Major J. R. McDonald, the author of 'Soldiering and Surveying in British East Africa,' learned how formidable is the concerted power of bees by the million. Many times his caravan was attacked and routed. Some of his pack donkeys slain and his porters badly stung. Once he encountered the swarming foe in the clefts of a precipitous mountain, where they had doubtless dwelt and multiplied undisturbed for years, since the place was held sacred to an evil spirit, so dreaded by the neighboring tribesmen that they never ventured an ascent.

'While resting in a shady cave,' says Major McDonald, 'and admiring the masses of maiden-hair fern that clung to its camp walls, we heard a familiar sound above us, and looking up, saw a swarm of bees streaming in and out of a large hole in the cliff. As the hole was close to one of the worst portions of the ascending ledge, strict silence was enjoined on all.

'We Europeans removed our boots, to get a secure foothold, and the whole party quietly along the face of the precipice. But cautious though we were, there was enough noise to attract the attention of the suspicious bees, and soon an angry cloud swarmed out. A false footstep must have been fatal, but there was no time to think of our footing with the angry swarms at our heels.

Fortunately no one slipped, and the van of the expedition, scrambling frantically away upward from their spiteful little enemies, safely reached the summit of the mountain while the rear—for the onslaught had divided the party in two—bolted downward in the opposite direction, and awaited them below. But those on the mountain top had next to think of their return. Luckily for them the domestic habits of bees are as orderly as their methods of harvesting and architecture, and the men had only to wait till after sunset, which is the best-hour of all self-respecting bees, to slip past quietly, unmolested; although the task to which such a delay reluctantly forced them, of descending dangerous crags and pathless slopes in the dark, was more perilous than pleasant.

Far more tragical was an attack in a less dangerous spot; for in the sudden scattering of the caravan before the stinging pests a sick man failed to make his escape and was left behind. He was missed, and the mayor with two natives went back to search for him beneath the hollow tree whence the bees had issued. 'We set to work quartering the ground near the tree; the bees swarmed down on us, and it was quite impossible to avoid being stung all we could do was to keep the brutes out of our eyes. After a short time it became too hot for my companions and they left. It was becoming too hot for me, too, when I stumbled on the Mosgs, and picking him up, ran for it. 'The poor fellow, who wore only a loin-cloth, was terribly stung. His body, owing to the innumerable stings left in him, instead of smooth black skin appeared covered with close brown fur. We dosed him with medicine, removed the stings and carried him to camp some two miles distant, when he was placed in the hands of the hospital assistant. But all was of no avail, and in about five hours the Mosgs died.'

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HER VULNERABLE POINT.

She Said Nervousness was Folly but Couldn't Stand a Test.

'It's very foolish according to my ideas,' said Mrs. Sampson, addressing the Ladies' Sewing Circle, during a lull caused by a frantic hunt for a missing pair of shears, 'it is worse than foolish for people to give way to their nerves as they do. Now I may say with truth that I haven't a nerve in my body which isn't perfectly under control. It's merely a matter of self-control, of course every one knows.'

The minister's wife flushed uneasily, and Miss Marvin looked conscious, but defiant.

'Now I've heard of people,' said Mrs. Sampson, pursuing her theme with relish, 'who couldn't stand the ticking of a little clock in a room where they slept, or even the ticking of a watch! They'd wrap them up in flannel, or some such thing to deaden the sound. It hardly seems possible to me that anybody could be so foolish, but I've been told it for a fact.

'Then there are those who don't like to hear wood sawed.'

Here the minister's wife breathed freely; her particular weakness having been mentioned at the start, she knew that for her the worst was over.

'Now that seems downright ridiculous to me!' continued Mrs. Sampson. 'A necessary sound like that! I should feel it

my duty to sit in the wood-shed and listen to sawing till I had overcome my nerves once for all!

Miss Murvin's nose was elevated, and she gave a distinct sniff.

'I've heard of people who couldn't bear to see others rock, continued Mrs. Sampson, calmly, 'and of those who didn't feel equal to hearing the sound of a hammer, or rain on a tin roof, or water dripping from a faucet, or a pen that scratched once in a while, or squeaky shoes. I've heard that all those things made certain people 'nervous'—and other things just as foolish.'

Mrs. Sampson paused to measure a hem. She wore an air of lofty superiority. Miss Marvin looked like one whose hour of triumph has arrived. She knew her old neighbor 'like a book.' She picked one edge of a length of cotton cloth with her scissors, and proceeded to tear it with great deliberation.

Before the cloth was torn in two the entire sewing circle was wreathed in smiles, for there sat the prophet of self-control with her fingers in her ears!

A HEALED HERALD.

Thinks Rheumatism is Born of the Lower Regions, but Proclaims South American Rheumatic Cure a Heaven-Sent Healer.

Henry Humphreys, East London, sends his unsolicited testimony: 'I was seized with painful rheumatism in my left foot. I could not rest with it day or night, the pain was so intense. I tried many remedies, but they had no more effect on me than water on a duck's back. I was persuaded to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I followed the directions closely and in a very short time this wonderful remedy effected a complete cure, and there has not been the slightest hint of a return of the disease. It is a sure remedy and I delight to herald the goodness all over the land.'

Married to a Flower Vase.

Among the curious marriage customs prevailing in China is one which is thus described by a writer in the Family Herald

No long ago a very pretty girl, the daughter of a prominent Chinese official, was married with great pomp to a large red flower-vase, representing a diseased bridegroom, who had died a few days before his wedding was to be celebrated.

His inconsolable bride, declared that she would never marry any one else, but would devote herself as a widow to the dead man's family. So the ceremony with the flower vase was gone through with to enable the girl to enter the family, and the town proposes to build an arch to commemorate her devotion.

A SUBLE THIEF.

Kidney Troubles Steal on one Insidiously—A Slight Cold—Then Congestion—Then Inflammation—Then the Deadly Malady Bright's Disease South American Kidney Cure is a Kidney Specific—It Relieves in Six Hours and Cures—Never Fails.

Mr. James McBride, of Jamestown, Ont., says: 'I believe South American Kidney Cure saved my life. I was so severely afflicted that my friends had to attend me daily to take the urine from me.'

Mr. A. Williamson, Customs Officer, Kincardine, Ont., writes: 'I can highly recommend this specific as the greatest of boons to suffering humanity for all affections of the bladder and kidneys.'

Meat Cooked by Cold.

Any one who has ever picked up with a bare hand a piece of intensely cold iron knows that the touch burns almost as badly as if the metal were red hot. Indeed, the action of great heat and extreme cold are so similar that, according to London Tid-Bits, a Hungarian chemist has turned the latter to account to prepare meats for food. He subjects the meat to 60 degrees of frost and then seals it up in air tight cans. The result is that the meat which is practically 'cooked by cold,' will keep any time and can be eaten with very little further preparation.

A Better Healer.

'Quickcure' takes the place of ill-smelling Iodoform in many cases with much better and quicker results. Physicians are using and recommending it for ulcers, bruises, cuts and burns. It heals the sore properly by subduing inflammation and destroying the microbes that retard healing, besides relieving the pain instantly.

Nipped in the Bud.

Mudge—Which is proper to say, 'Lend me ten dollars,' or 'loan me ten dollars?' Wickwire—It won't do any good to say either.

OH! THE MISERY.

Mrs. Gilbrath of Shelburne, Ont., was a Great sufferer from indigestion, the cause of so many lives—South American Nervine Released its Hold—It Relieves in one Day.

'I was for a long time a great sufferer from indigestion. I experienced all the misery and annoyance so common to this ailment. I tried many remedies and spent a great deal on doctors' bills without receiving any permanent benefit. I was strongly recommended to try South American Nervine. I procured and used it, after using only two bottles I am pleased to see ify that I am fully restored to health, and I have never had the slightest indication of a return of the trouble. I recommend it most heartily.'

A Daughter's Education.

Daughter—Yes, I've passed my examination at Girton; but now I must improve my knowledge in psychology, philology, bibliology.

Practical Mother—'You needn't continue. I have arranged for you a thorough course in roretology, boilogy,

stitchology, darnology, patchology, and general domestic workology. Now get on your working clothes.'—Tit-Bits.

Will False Teeth Grow.

It is reported that a Russian dentist has solved the problem of supplying us with false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly a natural ones. His method is to bore holes at the root of gutta-percha or porcelain teeth and also in the jaw. After the tooth has been placed in the cavity a soft granulated growth finds its way from the jaw into the holes of the tooth, which, he claims, gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position. A number of American dentists standing at the head of their profession have, however, declared that the Russian's alleged discovery is a fraud.

OUT OF THE FIRE.

Horses do not Always get Excited in a Time of Danger.

The common belief that horses in a burning building are always panic stricken and refractory, not recognizing their friends refusing obedience to those who would rescue them, is not strictly true, as is proved by an incident related by the Youth's Companion. The governor had a fine black driving horse called Dexter. Although strong and spirited Dexter was docile and obedient, and was patted and made much of by his master. As the governor kept no other horse, Dexter had the stable all to himself with a clean stall and a full manger. The stable was the house, and in addition to Dexter's stall and harness-room, contained a large carriage room, an oat-bin, and a haymow over the stall. One night, when the family and the servants were away from home and the governor was in the house alone, he was awakened by an ominous crackling and a bright glare on his chamber window, and before he could collect his sleepy wits he was startled by a cry unlike any sound he had ever heard. As he sprang out of bed, the cry came again, and hastening to the window he learned the cause. The stable was all ablaze, and out of the smoke and flames Dexter was calling his master to his rescue.

"Baby's Own Soap"



"WHAT WE HAVE WE'LL HOLD."

Baby when he has once been treated to a bath with "BABY'S OWN SOAP"—wants no other—because he knows no other makes him feel so nice. Many imitations of Baby's Own Soap, look like it, but baby feels the difference.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations.

CASTLE & SON, 20 University St., Montreal Write for catalogue E.

Good Spices

Cost more than those that are adulterated. Everybody knows that. Few people, however, attach a sufficient importance to the difference in quality when making their purchases, notwithstanding the fact that physicians deprecate the use of impure food.

MOTT'S

Spices, put up in packages, are always pure. Fifty years' test of their merit has proved that fact beyond the shadow of a doubt.

STEM SET, WATCH FREE

To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give away a fine gold-plated watch, Ladies of Gentle, nicely engraved, reliable time-keeper, warranted 5 years. The Pills are 50c per box, \$2.50 for 6 boxes. Send this amount and you receive 6 boxes and the watch, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. THE DR. WESTON PILL CO., 226 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Buy Dominion Express Co's Money Orders

FOR SMALL REMITTANCES. Cheaper than Post Office Money Orders, and much more convenient, as they will be Cashed on Presentation

ed over, seized her pet by the scruff of its neck' and tossed it out the window, saying, 'My! how I hate poodles!'

'We gave one irrepressible cheer, and crowded about to shake hands with our champion.—Harper's Bazar.

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Pausing only to don coat and slippers, the governor rushed out. The outside door of the stable leading into the stall was already blocked by flames, and the only entrance to be had was through the carriage-room, the harness-room and a narrow entry leading past the oat-bin. These rooms were on fire over head, and burning wisps of hay and shingles were raining down in showers. Blinded by smoke, the governor stumbled along the roundabout way, and reaching the stall sooner than he expected, fell headlong down the steps against the excited animal, who was vainly tugging at his halter. Thinking some new danger threatened him, Dexter gave a mighty kick that sent his master sprawling and lamed for a month.

'Whos, Dexter!' shouted the governor. 'Don't you know me, sir? Steady now, old fellow, and we'll get out of this. Recognizing his master's voice, Dexter turned his head toward the prostrate man and uttered a coaxing whinny quite unlike his previous loud cries of alarm. Knowing he need fear no more kicks, the governor crept up and cut the halter, and calling Dexter to follow him, limped blindly through the smoke filled entry and the two blazing rooms beyond. And close after him went Dexter, his nose pressed against his master's shoulder, man and horse reaching the safe outer air together.

'It was Dexter's obedience that saved him,' said the governor. 'I could not lead him, and had he shown the least obstinacy, or any less readiness to follow at a word through all that roundabout, unaccustomed way, I must have left him to perish in the flames. But he followed like a well trained soldier, and we escaped from our burning, fiery furnace almost as safely as Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego did from theirs.'

Don't Neglect That Cold

However slight it seems, for Cough, Hoarseness, Influenza and apparently insignificant Chest Pain, often lead to Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Consumption and other fatal Lung Diseases if neglected. Avert All Danger by Promptly Applying a

Benson's Porous Plaster

to the chest (front and back) upon the first appearance of such warning symptoms. It affords prompt prevention against those dangerous complications, and a sure cure. Always reliable. Price 25 cents. Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Sick Headache

HERBINE BITTERS

Purifies the Blood

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Indigestion

HERBINE BITTERS

The Ladies' Friend

HERBINE BITTERS

Cures Dyspepsia

HERBINE BITTERS

For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

Give the Baby a Chance

The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is

Martin's Cardinal Food

a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL

Teaberry FOR THE TEETH AT ALL DRUGGISTS PLEASANT HARMLESS 25cents a Box ZOPESA-CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO.

General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. J. J. P. Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Niagara, Toronto and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railway, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Chesapeake and Annapolis and Chesapeake Bay Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlotte Harbor and Sumnerville, F. R. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territory and British Columbia.

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er, seized her pet by the scruff of its
and tossed it out the window, saying,
how I hate poodles!
gave one irrepressible cheer, and
dared about to shake hands with our
vion.—Harper's Bazar.

CHASE AND SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE
IN 14 AND 20 TIN CANS—FOLLOW DIRECTIONS.

Don't Neglect at Cold

Benson's Anker-Pain-Expeller
Cures Sick Headache
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Martin's Cardinal Food
The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is
Scientific and highly prepared for infants, the children and invalids.

Seaberry
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J. E. STONE, Asst. Supt.

His Sixth Birthday.
He has given up his cradle, and his little worried
He has hidden all his dolls behind the door;
He must have a rocking-horse
And a hand wood top, of course,
For he isn't mamma's baby any more!
He has cut off all his curls, they are only fit to
And has left them in a heap upon the floor;
For he's six years old to-day,
And he's glad to hear them say
That he isn't mamma's baby any more!

Saved By Shabbiness.

The first great excitement of the opening of the civil war swept over the country like an irresistible tidal wave in that memorable year 1861, and I was caught in the current, though at college, and with nearly all my class enlisted among the first volunteers. My health not being very robust, instead of receiving orders for field service, I was commissioned to fill a place in a disbursement office.

One day I was summoned into the presence of my commanding officer and told I was to accompany Capt. McKay (we will call him) to a certain city for money to pay the troops. The sum was \$160,000. We were given particular directions as to our going and coming. The distance was so great we were obliged to stay over night on the route. A large city was selected and we were advised as to the hotel.

When we reached our destination Capt. McKay produced an old black bag for our precious burden. It was not an ordinary old worn-out bag—such a one as an officer might have used until the glass was gone and the edges were white. There was no air of ancient respectability about it. Since it was new much time must have elapsed, and heavy wear must have been its portion, judging from the patches which were not of the same kind of shiny black leather as the primitive article.

The Captain carried the bag and I watched the Captain. When the numbers traveling admitted of it, I took a seat just behind him; otherwise we sat together. I rather enjoyed hearing the comments of our fellow travellers on the Captain and his bag. One young lady said to her companion: "It that nice-looking captain has a wife she ought to be ashamed of herself for allowing her husband to carry such a furious looking old bag!"

A couple of lads returning from school took the seat vacated by the ladies, and after they were settled they commenced to look about them, and one said to the other: "What's that fellow's rank?" "Which one?" asked his companion. "The one with the bag?" After studying some time he replied, "Brevet colonel, I believe." "Brevet jack-a-napes!" exclaimed the first boy. "I believe he's a low-downer, something like an 'orderly' or an 'adjutant.'" "No, sir-ree, sir; he's a 'brevet' of some kind. Didn't we have the explanation of 'brevet' the other day in class as a commission which entitles an officer to rank above his pay? Now that fellow ranks above his pay, which accounts for his uniform's being first-class, for Uncle Sam settles the bills. But his pay does not allow him to have other nice things—like bags and things."

Aside from remarks, we met with no adventure, and reached the hotel where we were to spend the night about nine in the evening. We had determined to avoid exciting remarks by making unnecessary requirements about our room, so simply asking for a room in the quiet part of the hotel where we could sleep in the morning, we were shown to one of a suite. We realized we had made a mistake in this particular when we were alone, and commenced to make plans for barricading, as the room had three doors to be looked after.

"Now what will we do to the windows?" asked Capt. McKay, as we stood in our shirt sleeves, all heated from our exertions of moving a heavy mahogany bedstead with rollers in front of one door, a marble-topped washstand in front of another and a marble-topped bureau (also without casters) in front of the third.

I considered myself something of a genius about a house, so I replied cheerfully: "I think I can fix the windows all right." I took the chairs and the towel rack, some empty pasteboard boxes found in the closet and a bamboo whinnot and erected a pyramid between the windows. My idea was to construct an easily moved something so that any one trying to enter by the windows would give premonitory symptoms by a grand overthrow. The pyramid not being high enough, I brought me of the window shades. An unfortunate thought, for I lamed my thumb and skinned several fingers trying to get the shades down. But at length we stood in admiring silence before a pyramid that at its base took in both windows and at its summit, by the aid of the rolled up shades placed like an 'A' to form an apex, reached nearly to the top of the room. We felt safe and retired for the night.

organ, which the ant has the power of projecting far beyond the upper lip on occasion. At its extremity it has a pair of powerful forceps with which it can grasp and hold tenaciously small objects and nothing not encased in mineral can resist their strength.

When the Indian receives a cut or wound from a knife or a thorn he proceeds to catch a number of these ants. Holding the lips of the wound close together, he applies the mouth of an ant to the edges and the insect at once bites through and holds on. Then the body of the ant is pinched off at the neck and the jaws remain fixed. Another and another ant is placed in position until there is a row of jaws all up the wound, holding it firmly shut, and when it is healed the jaws are removed with a forceps or other instruments. This style of surgery is strictly antiseptic, since there are no evil after effects from the ants' jaws, and the bite itself does not cause any inconvenience, although the pain must be considerable at first.—Chicago Chronicle.

HAPPY PEOPLE.

Who are Made Well and Strong by Paine's Celery Compound.

No Return of Disease

Cures are Permanent and Lasting.

A Letter From a Montreal Gentleman Cured Four Years Ago.

Medical colleges conferred upon Professor Edward Phelps, M. D., their highest honors for his invaluable investigations in medicine, but all this seems small in comparison with the grand chorus of gratitude that has gone up all over the world from men, women and children who have outgrown weakness, lack of health and disease by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, the noble professor's grandest medical discovery.

Paine's Celery Compound justly boasts of one grand advantage over all the advertised remedies of the day, whether they be pills, nervines, bitters or sarsaparillas. The cures effected by Paine's Celery Compound in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney and liver troubles, nervousness and dyspepsia are permanent and lasting.

Thousands of glad letters like the following from Mr. Charles Bowles, of Montreal, are received every year:

"Over four years ago I gave you a testimonial for Paine's Celery Compound after it had completely freed me of rheumatism of many years' standing. I am happy to state I have had no trouble from the disease since your Paine's Celery Compound cured me, proving conclusively that your medicine works permanent cures. I am always recommending Paine's Celery Compound to the sick, and particularly to those troubled with rheumatism."

A DECLINING INDUSTRY.
Same Skill no Longer Required in Making Famous Straw Hats.

A strike in the gentle, smiling valley of the Arno, says a Rome correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, has drawn attention to the straw-plait industry there. It is one that is greatly affected by change of fashions, and has its periods of prosperity and depression. The days have gone by when the property about Florence was divided among a few manufacturers of straw hats (what the English call Loghorns), who when marrying their daughters gave them a dot of several thousand of scudi, (each scudi being worth four shillings), and a straw hat, the strands of which, less than a millimetre in width, were made of straws so fine that, after being woven a magnificently dignitary, who promptly found refuge behind a high-backed chair, where he remained until the hound had been sent out of the room. Bismarck was fined five thalers for bringing this terrific beast into the rector's sanctum, in addition to the punishment meted out for throwing the bottle.

And for the sixty-odd years that have elapsed since then Bismarck has never been without one or more of these huge crossbred mastiffs as his companion or guard. As a law student and official at Berlin, during his travels in many lands, throughout his diplomatic career at Frankfurt, St. Petersburg, Paris and elsewhere, as well as at Varzi and Friedrichsruhe, Bismarck has always had the companionship of one or more of his favorite dogs. Probably the one to which he was most attached was Sultan, who died at Varzin in 1871. Tyras—the famous dog of the empire—which was of unusual size and of the slate color most popular in Germany, was then called a young dog, and it was the constant companion of its illustrious owner till the time of its death, sharing his walks, his rides, his business and his meals, and keeping guard in his bedroom at night—Good Words.

Biliousness
Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrefy in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache, insomnia, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, cleanse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills
More Precious Than Gold.
At last, after many dangers, she had braved the terrors of the Chilcot Pass and had rejoined her lover on the Klondike. "Are you glad to see me?" she asked. "Do you still think that I am worth my weight in gold?"



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE
Start wash day with good soap, pure soap; that's half the battle won.
SURPRISE SOAP
is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.
It's best for this and every use.

Don't forget the name **SURPRISE.**

made strands which are necessary for one hat. The skill formerly required in the plaiting is, however, no longer required. Once it was an art, now every one can do it—the boys and girls who drive the cattle to pasture, the women at home, beggars, all those who have nothing else to do. In the mountains the men who break stones have been seen at straw-plaiting in their few leisure moments, and even men who drive coal carts. This 'vulgarization' and overproduction will, in the end, be the death of the industry. There have been immense exportations, especially to America, and, consequently, an overstocked market; and until some means are found of diminishing the production the industry will go from bad to worse, with the gravest consequences to those who live by it.

There are exporters who buy the straw plait in bulk, paying if not sufficient for the work, more than is warranted by their own profits, and who only continue the business out of charity for the poor people of the district. But in many cases does not prevent them from being accused of profiting by the necessities of the workers. Hence the strike.

Another misfortune for this industry is the United States tariff, from 25 to 35 per cent of its value. Besides the Italian productions have to struggle, in America, against the competition, increasing day by day, of the Japanese and Chinese straw. The outlook is indeed dark, for no matter how the poor Florentine straw-plaiters protest and strike, they have no remedy. It is a question of overproduction for a constantly diminishing market.

BISMARCK'S FINE DOGS.
The Great Prince has Always Kept a Supply of These Animals.

In Germany, as on the continent generally, the dogs used for hunting large game, the boar included, are varieties of the German or Ulmer mastiff or 'doggie,' and very noble animals they are, albeit of mixed parentage, and it is now over fifty years ago that her majesty, the queen, accepted from the duke of Buccleugh a Saxon 'boar dog,' called Nelson, and imported by Lord John Scott from Saxony by that name. And in a fine painting (by Morely, I think), of a group of the queen's dogs, Nelson appears as a rough-coated, badly cropped mastiff, of such proportions that, a Scotch terrier, in the same picture, looks as if it was altogether no larger than Nelson's head.

This fine animal was the contemporary of young Bismarck's first hound, the terror of the peasantry around Kniephof, where the parents lived. This dog afterward accompanied his young master to the University of Gottingen, where, we are told, he speedily made his mark. Once, when Bismarck was summoned to appear before the rector for throwing a bottle out of his window, he took his enormous hound with him to the great dismay of the reverend dignitary, who promptly found refuge behind a high-backed chair, where he remained until the hound had been sent out of the room. Bismarck was fined five thalers for bringing this terrific beast into the rector's sanctum, in addition to the punishment meted out for throwing the bottle.

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Wife—What a sweet smile there is on baby's face, John!
Husband—Yes, he's probably dreaming that he's keeping me awake.
If the scalp does not give out oil to keep the hair from becoming dry and harsh, use Hall's Hair Renewer to render the hair healthy, soft and pliable.

