

PROGRESS

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY DECEMBER 1 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

EVENTS OF CITY LIFE.

A Warmly Contested Prize—Free Seats in St. Luke's—Talk With an Englishman.

There were quite a number of very nice articles offered as prizes for those who should sell the most tickets for Zephra consequently all the children were in a flutter, and a large number took part in the competition. After the tickets had been counted, Miss Daisy Sears was found to have headed the list with 170 tickets sold, while Master Harding came very close second. Upon the announcement of the prize winners, young Harding's father registered a very decided kick and said his boy should have gotten first prize. It is said Mr. Harding had spared no trouble in helping the lad along. There was some talk and much dissatisfaction felt on both sides about the matter, and the friends and relatives of little Miss Sears took up the cudgels strongly for her, the boy's friends doing the same on his side. Manager Averill was much beset, but finally settled the matter and very justly, in favor of the little girl, awarding her the hard-worked-for folding camera, while Master Harding was given the second prize.

Of course the affair caused a good deal of talk and indignation among the "Zephra" crowd, and the daily papers were about to run the story, so interesting had it become to the public, but they forbore and now the matter has quieted down.

It appears that Rector E. P. McKim is going to have considerable opposition in carrying out his idea of everything free in St. Luke's church. The thinking people find that the church financially is going back, since concerts, socials, etc., by means of which the ladies used to make up a very neat sum of money for the expenses of the church; have been prohibited by the rector. Mr. McKim's contention is, that pretty nearly everything in connection with the church should be free, which it may be here said is a very good theory, but apparently for the church of today, too much of an ideal. Rev. McKim's latest is in regard to free seats. Now he it is known that a large number of the back seats in the church are free, but very seldom filled, and the people think that to do away with family seats would be very unnecessary, besides cutting down that usual income of the church against which no one is grumbling, and of which the treasury is very much in need. The people further contend that they do not wish their boys and girls to be separated in different parts of the building, but want them to be in their own seats with their parents, where they may be made to behave themselves properly, which boys and girls are very apt not to do when left to themselves. Mr. McKim is a very clever and energetic man and has done much good since he came to the city, but his congregation feel that in the matter of seats the rector is carrying his "free" ideas too far.

Mr. Lavers of R. H. Lavers, Limited soap and alkali manufacturers of Liverpool, England, a firm with a long and excellent record was in the city this week and staying at the Royal. An Englishman with that instinct for sport which is a second nature to the race, Mr. Lavers is never happier than when he is trekking big game in the Rockies, or in the jungle of India, and he possesses that commercial skill, and business acumen which has made Britain the first of commercial nations. Mr. Lavers is short and a man of about forty-five years of age. He is a singularly interesting personality, and in half an hour's chat he can take one on a trip round the world, and speak of men and places at every point of the compass. He has served his Queen and Country in the army and navy, and will carry with him to the grave, the wounds he received in a wild rush in the Basuto wars. He has prospected in the gold fields of Australia, shot big game in India, South Africa, and the Rockies and filled in his more peaceful and less exciting days in pushing business, and as a keen observer in the principal cities of the world. Mr. Lavers has travelled on all the railways of all the British colonies, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, the Straits Settlements and

other places and he pays the C. P. R. the compliment of far out-distancing them all, in the accommodation and up-to-date class of service to which they treat the passengers. Indeed he says, he has not seen anything in his life to beat them.

In course of conversation Mr. Lavers told of an encounter he had once had with a lion in Africa. He was alone, hunting, when he noticed the lion walking in his direction. He fired, and the king of the forest fell. Mr. Lavers then advanced to see the animal, but the beast in its dying agonies made a leap at him, and gave him a fierce scratch on the forehead, tore his neck, beneath the ear, and broke three of his ribs, before the surprised and terrified man could attempt to defend himself. Recovering his senses immediately Mr. Lavers finished the suffring brute with a bullet, and has now a number of scars to remind him of his narrow escape.

"DEVELOPMENT" AS IT APPEARS.

How the Club of Political Aspirations Falls Short of its Object.

Since its inauguration, the Development Club has not set the people's teeth on edge. With the formation of the club the public is thoroughly well acquainted. It was then given out that the members were not supposed to have any political favorites. Subsequently a meeting was held when it was decided by vote that the club would support Hon. George E. Foster, the conservative candidate, in opposition to the Hon. Mr. Blair, the nominee of the government party.

More recent events have tended to show that as a body, the Development Club took a very active part in the campaign, much to their discomfiture. It is a matter of ancient history that the worthy president, Mr. Harry McLellan, openly fought against the election of the Hon. Minister of Railways. It has been even whispered that on the night of the return of our Paardeberg heroes, a very large man, in the person of one of the "Developers" went so far in the display of his exuberant spirits that he forgot himself and assaulted a small boy (son of Pilot Wm. Quinn) who dared to lead a crowd of other boys to "Give three cheers for Blair." This is truly a small matter, but it goes to show the bitterness of feeling prevailing at that time.

Another feature which the then widely becoming "Development Club" was to inaugurate, was the redemption of the younger generation; the St. John young man was to be educated in all the finer points of a twentieth century existence. He was to learn to chalk his cue and shoot the ivory billiard ball in a manner that would render him the envy of his conferees but the rooms are stilled, the sound of the rolling billiard ball is heard not.

About the only "development" so far recorded is the introduction of Prof. Jack Caley, the champion light weight of some-where who is engaged to impart the mysteries of the "manly art" to the muscularly inclined developers. The professor has quite a contract.

Variety shows of a high class repertoire companies, etc., were to tread the Institute boards, as they did in days of yore, they have failed to appear; no announcements are forthcoming of their intended appearance.

The public are still in the dark as to the intentions of the Developers. Their whole work has been accomplished. They have cast the die and lost the throw. The public has yet to learn of anything really good which they have done that will give them a right to use the name of Development.

KINGS COUNTY RECOUNT.

An Interesting Point for the Court's Decision.

An interesting feature has arisen in the recount in Kings county, which makes it necessary to remove the scene of operations from one court to another.

Judge Wedderburn is as fair an officer as sits upon the bench, but still he differs in opinion from the counsel of the plaintiff, and the result is that there will be an appeal from his decision regarding the

legality of the ballots.

As there is some misunderstanding as to the nature of the enquiry, PROGRESS may state that under the election law, all the ballots used in the dominion campaign should be printed upon paper supplied by the clerk of the crown in chancery at Ottawa. This paper is specially made and prepared in order to avoid any fraud or duplication and there is what is known as a water line running through it. This water line should appear upon the face of every ballot, and it seems to be the duty of the sheriff to examine each ballot when it comes from the printer, to see that it is



TROOPER ANDERSON.

Whose interesting account of the campaign in South Africa is printed upon the 9th page of this issue.

in every way legal and correct. One of the contentions of the plaintiff, Mr. McIntyre, in this case, is that the ballots used in Kings County did not have this water line running through them. Perhaps there is no intention to claim that there was any fraud, but still it is quite evident, to any thinking person, that the road was quite open to such an end. The very idea of the government in providing water line paper was in some way ignored, and the fact that ballots were used which did not have this distinguishing mark upon them might lead naturally to the belief that ballots were printed upon other paper than that supplied by the government. Then it is equally true that any number of them might have been used. The question is an interesting one, which it is no doubt will be tried out before the courts in order that no such thing should occur in the future.

It does seem unfortunate that in Kings county these post-election differences seem bound to arise. It is well known what has occurred in the past and which party has been accused of perpetrating frauds upon the people. It is therefore regrettable that in this contest there should be any reason for the people to think that their franchise has not been respected and that there has been the slightest chance for defeating in any sense the will of the electorate.

PROGRESS

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TODAY.

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- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social items from all over the province.
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Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

HAPPY NORTH ENDERS.

The Liberal Workers of Old Portland Entertain the Minister of Railways.

It was a pleasant idea for the workers in the North End to assemble after the close of the campaign and honor the gentleman whom they had helped to elect by banquetting him. The toil and worry of the political fight were over and it was eminently proper to enjoy the victory in the happy manner they did on Thursday evening.

The Minister of Railways was the guest of the evening and he was in the best possible form making a speech that was important inasmuch as it was his first public utterance since declaration day and more particularly so since it bore upon the relations of the two great railroads of the continent.

The supper was provided by the ladies of the W. C. T. U. of the North End and it could not have been more bountiful or tempting had it been the work of experienced caterers; The decorations were in perfect taste and the tables reflected credit upon the ability of those who arranged them.

Chairman Henry Hilyard had the minister of railways and Hon. Mr. McKeown upon his right while Senator Ellis and Mr. Thomas McAvity were at his left.

After the supper the adoption of an organization resolution, the presentation of a bouquet of flowers to the guest of the evening and his happy acceptance, passed off in a pleasant way, and the real business of the evening began when the chairman introduced the toast of the evening. The crowd was enthusiastic, and the applause frequent and timely. Mr. Blair was never in better voice, but his language was moderate if decisive, and his references to the honor done him were made in a graceful manner and couched in eloquent terms.

PROGRESS quotes some extracts from his speech, which bear in an important way upon the issue of the campaign in this city.

"The attention of all Canada was concentrated upon the contest in this city. It was an entirely new question which had not previously been treated by political parties. It was a question between the government as represented by the department of railways on the one hand, and the great corporation of the Canadian Pacific railway on the other. It was that which chiefly accentuated the contest, and I am bound to say that in the result you fully realized my expectations. You worked like Trojans, you stood your ground like men."

"I think that no higher tribute could be paid to the sterling manhood of the people of the city and county of St. John than was the result of that fight."

I want to tell you that there is a warmth of feeling all over this country towards you because you demonstrated a fact which I think needed to be demonstrated. You proved that there is no corporation so powerful that it is greater than the people.

I am no enemy of railway corporations. I think I know my own mind, and I know how I feel toward them. For many things they are blamed unjustly. Many things they are expected to do they cannot reasonably do. But they are corporations all the same, and it is needful that they should be kept within proper check, and I want to express my confident opinion tonight that from this time forward they are liable to be kept in proper check.

"I think a lesson might also be justly drawn from the recent contest by a majority of the members of the common council of the city of St. John. I believe that in a large measure they are responsible for the extreme action of the Canadian Pacific. At all events, that company would not have gone to such lengths if it had not been for the active intervention of the common council."

"I do not imagine that it is part of the duty of the Common Council of St. John to project itself into dominion or provincial contests inspired by political partisanship. I question if the people of this consti-

ency elected any of these gentlemen for that purpose. They would have been well advised to have abstained from encouraging Mr. Shaughnessy from taking this extreme stand toward the government of Canada. I hope the Common Council have learned a useful lesson from what has transpired, and I hope the people of the city of St. John will see to it that the proper duties of the council are hereafter discharged.

I am prepared in the administration of the office which I have the honor to hold to treat the Canadian Pacific in all its interests and upon all questions that may arise as if they had not fought me to the death on the seventh of November. That is my frame of mind. I feel that after winning the victory I gave them all the punishment I wanted to inflict upon them. (Cheers). I want to do with them; and I say it in the most public manner possible whatever I can properly and rightly do in the interests of this country.

I am, willing at all times to negotiate with the Canadian Pacific upon any matter affecting their interests and in a perfectly friendly way. I would go out of my way to meet them in such a spirit; but I am not going to surrender what I have always contended were the vital interests of the intercolonial, or to recede from the position I have publicly taken.

"I do not much wonder at the attitude which Mr. Shaughnessy was led to take towards the government in connection with this winter port question. He was deceived. I say therefore that I do not blame the Canadian Pacific as much as I blame others nearer home. (Cheers). I am willing to make some allowance for him under these circumstances. There is no reason why the Canadian Pacific and the intercolonial should not stand in the friendliest relations toward one another. I think we have many interests in common, and we have not necessarily any grounds for antagonism. The field is going to be broad enough, and productive enough to afford business for both. This will certainly be true if the policy of the government is carried out, because we are going to have fifteen years at least in which to carry it to fruition."

After the speech of Mr. Blair there were many pleasant toasts, which were responded to by the members of the legislature present, Mr. McKeown and Mr. Purdy and Mr. Robert E. Armstrong, though the defeated candidate in Charlotte was requested to answer for the House of Commons. He did it in a happy vein and was liberally applauded. The ward workers brought up members of the executive such as Thomas McAvity, Mr. Doody and others and the members of the press spoke in response to the old time toast.

There was plenty of good singing and the 150 earnest liberals, who left the hall at an early hour in the morning, felt thoroughly satisfied with the result of their impromptu reception of the Ministers of Railways.

Regret His Departure From Journalism.

The retirement of Mr. Thomas Dunning from the management of the Telegraph and from newspaper life in the city of St. John is a matter of sincere regret to those who have met him in the field of journalism. Mr. Dunning has for some years occupied a prominent position in the business department of the morning liberal organ and has won the kindly regard, not only of those associated with him in the Telegraph, but of the gentlemen of the press throughout the city. PROGRESS was unable last week to express its appreciation of the fitting manner in which he took his departure from the ranks of the press, but he showed his kindly feeling towards those with whom he had been associated by entertaining them upon his departure. Mr. Dunning goes into the insurance business and this journal is confident there is no one who will not be willing to assist him at any and at all times.

Shubensadie, Oct 31, by Rev John Murray, Mr Henry Zitter to Miss Olive Withrow.
Yokohama, Japan, Aug 13, by Rev Henry Loomis, Rev D M Schar, to Edith Sutherland.
Blissville, Sunbury Co. Nov 14, by the Rev H E Dibble, Rodolph Phillips to Clara Knorr.

DIED.

Boston, Nov 11, Ursula McFay.
Boston, Nov 9, Susan Crow, 11, 55.
Little River, Robert Embree, 90.
Oxford, Nov 8, Thomas Smith, 17.
Truro, Nov 13, Robert Smith, 54.
Halifax, Ella May Hatchesette, 22.
St. John, Nov 28, Thomas B Leck, 28.
Tashtoon, Oct 24, Mrs John Harshman.
Halifax, Nov 19, Miss Sarah Croxon.
Centerville, Nov 12, David Kicup, 56.
Amherst, Nov 17, Margaret Towar, 73.
Bridgewater, Nov 11, S. Isona Best, 54.
Halifax, Nov 17, Miss Agnes Reyno, 17.
Revere, Mass., Mrs Emaline Segee, 78.
Beverly, Nov 6, Michael Duggan, 67.
Back Lands C B, Miss A McKensie, 22.
Beverly, Mass, Nov 7, Sarah Currie, 51.
Everett, Mass, Nov 15, Mr Percy Graves.
Moncton, Nov 15, Wesley McFarlane, 61.
Truro, Nov 16, George W McElhinney, 66.
Boston, Nov 7, Mrs Minerva Archibald, 47.
Lower Oslow, Nov 18, Hunt C Barnhill.
Charham, Nov 9, Mrs Charles Stewart, 81.
Carmouth, Nov 14, Capt Joseph J. McNeil, 44.
River Philip, Oct 27, Mrs Mrs Perry Green.
Massena, California, Nov 10, John W Pitts.
Carmouth, Oct 29, Deacon George Saxton, 79.
Annetcocks Corner, Nov 7, albro M Singer, 22.
Eastern Passage, Nov 17, James Glazbrook, 40.
New Ross, N S, Nov 7, Edmund J Johnson, 30.
Innespools, N.S., Oct 9, Joseph J McNeil, 44.
Vernon Mines, Nov 4, James Leonard, McIntyre.
Maitland Cochester, Nov 10, Elizabeth Matheson, 72.
Halifax, Nov 14, Soppie, wife of Michael Rent, 65.
London, Nov 16, Lizzie, wife of Charles Elliott, 58.
St. John, Nov 16, Marjory wife of Wm Johnston, 80.
Back River, Nov 11, Capt William McNaughton, 84.
Halifax, Mass, Nov 8, Mrs Lillian McLaughlin, 40.
North side, Nov 9, Abigail, wife of Prince W Fenwick, 55.
St. John, Nov 17, Fannie, wife of Jeremiah Thompson, 60.
Halifax, Nov 17, Charlotte, wife of William A McKeport, 80.
Alicia Maud, wife of Freeman Sutherland, 35.
New Valley, N B, Nov 9, Melinda, wife of John, 66.
Johns, Nov 16, Johanna, widow of the late James Ekin, 66.
The Bras d'Or, Nov 10, Mary, widow of the late Robert Johnston, 81.
River River, Nov 11, Mercy, widow of the late Edward Barneaux, 88.
Stratford, N S, Nov 11, Mary A widow of the late William Murphy, 75.
St. John, Nov 19, Caroline, daughter of Mr and Mrs Charles K. Hily, 17.

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The Leading Events of the Closing Century.

An eventful century truly has been this Nineteenth Century of the Christian era, now within a month of its close. From whatever standpoint it is regarded, its history is marvelous. In the knowledge we have gained during its progress, of our own globe, it stands unparalleled. There has been wonderful progress also in science, in education, and in the adaptation of natural forces to human purposes. Political and territorial changes, too, have made this a very different world from that of 1800. It is not possible in small space to even mention the events which make the century memorable, but it may be interesting to recall a hundred, which, if not the most important, are those that have had the greatest influence in shaping and developing the condition of the nations.

Wars and Revolutions.
 Battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon defeats Austrians and Russians, 1805.
 Battle of Trafalgar, Nelson sinks French fleet, 1805.
 Moscow burned by the Russians to entrap Napoleon, 1812.
 Battle of Waterloo, Napoleon vanquished, 1815.
 Battle of Navarino, securing Greek independence, 1827.
 Crimean War, Great Britain, France and Sardinia against Russia, 1853-55.
 India Mutiny, in which native soldiers massacre English men, women and children, 1857.
 Franco-Austrian War, 1859, followed by Garibaldi's Campaign uniting Italy, 1860.
 The Great Civil War in America, 1861-65. Surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.
 Austro-Prussian War. Decisive battle, Sedow, July 3, 1866.
 Franco-Prussian War. Decisive battle, Sedan, September 1, 1870; followed by federation of German States in German Empire.
 Russo-Turkish War. Battle of Plevna, December, 10, 1877.
 Bombardment of Alexandria by the British, 1882, followed by the occupation of Egypt.
 War between Chinese and Japanese, 1894.
 American Spanish War. Manila, May 1, 1898; Santiago, July 3, 1898.
 War by Great Britain against South African Republics, 1899-1900.
 France becomes an empire, 1804; a republic, 1848; an empire again, 1852; Third Republic, 1870.
 General outbreak of revolutions throughout Europe, 1848.
 Rome, seized from the Pope, becomes capital of United Italy, 1870.

Exploration.
 In the Arctic Expedition of Sir John Franklin, 1845; DeLong, 1879; Greely, 1881; Peary, 1892; Nansen, 1894; Duke of the Abruzzi (farthest north), 1900.
 In the Antarctic; Biscoe, 1831; Balleny 1838; D'Urville, 1840; Ross, 1841; Wilkes, 1852; Borobrevink, 1898.
 In Africa; Livingstone, 1840-73; Stanley, 1875-87; Speke and Grant, 1863.
 In America; John C. Fremont's journey westward to the Pacific, 1842-46.

Invention.
 First steamboat, the Clermont, made a voyage from New York to Albany, 1807; the first steamboat to cross the Atlantic, the Savannah, 1819.
 First railroad, Stockton and Darlington, England, 1825; Baltimore and Ohio, fourteen miles long, 1830.
 Lighting the streets by gas, first experiment in London, 1807.
 Electric light produced by Edison's application of sub-division, 1878.
 The McCormick reaper invented, 1834.
 Howe's sewing machine, 1846.
 The electric telegraph, Samuel F. B. Morse, 1837. First line in the United States, 1844.
 The telephone first exhibited, 1876.
 The phonograph 1877-88.
 Cable laid across the Atlantic, 1857; perfected 1866.
 Electric railroad at Edison's home at Menlo Park, 1880.
 Photography: first experiments by Daguerre 1839. First successful portraits by Morse, 1839.
 The spectroscope first used, 1802; perfected 1859.
 Roentgen rays found to penetrate solids, 1896.

Social and Humanitarian.
 Slavery abolished in the British dominions, 1800.
 Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, emancipates twenty three million serfs, 1861.

Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, 1862.
 First International Exposition in Hyde Park, London, 1851.
 First settlement of an international quarrel by arbitration instead of war, Alabama Claims of the United States against England, 1871.
 International Peace Congress summoned by Russia, meets at the Hague, 1890.
 Organization of the Red Cross Society at Geneva, 1864.
 Organization of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, 1878.
 First College Settlement established, 1866.
 The Christian Herald adopts 5,000 children orphaned by the India Famine, 1900.

Religious.
 Organization of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, 1810. First missionaries sent out, 1811.
 Organization of the first Sunday School Union in London, 1803. American, 1824.
 British and Foreign Bible Society founded 1804.
 American Bible Society organized, 1816.
 First Young Men's Christian Association established by George Williams in London, 1844.
 The Inquisition abolished by the Spanish Cortes, 1820.
 Beginning of the Salvation Army, 1865.
 Doctrine of Papal Infallibility formally endorsed by the Ecumenical Council, 1870.
 Bible Revision: New Testament issued 1884; Old Testament, 1885.
 Organization of the first Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, 1881.
 Organization of the Order of King's Daughters, 1886.

Disasters.
 Earthquakes: Caracas, 1812; India, (2,000 persons killed), 1819; Canton, China (6,000 perished), 1830; Calabria, (1,000 persons buried), 1835; San Domingo (5,000 killed), 1842; Southern Italy (14,000 lives lost), 1852; Calabria, (10,000 killed), 1857; Quito (5,000 deaths), 1859; Mendoza, South America (7,000 deaths), 1860; Manila, (1,000 deaths), 1863; Mitylene, (1,000 deaths), 1867; Arequipa and district (25,000 deaths), 1868; San Jose, Colombia (14,000 deaths), 1867; Scio (4,000 deaths), 1881; Casamicciola (1,990 deaths), 1883; Charleston, S. C. (property worth \$6,000,000 destroyed and 41 lives lost), 1887; in the Riviera (2,000 deaths), 1887; Japan (4,000 dead, 5,000 wounded), 1891.
 Famines: Ireland, 1846; Russia (America contributed through The Christian Herald a cargo of corn, sent on board the Leo) 1891; in India 1837, 1860, 1865, 1868, 1876, 1897, 1899. In the last two named years, there were large American contributions in money and grain through The Christian Herald. In 1898 these contributions amounted to \$409,000, including corn on board the City of Everett; in 1899 and 1900 \$600,000, including corn on board the Quito.
 The great fire in Chicago, 1871.
 The Cenemaugh flood, destroying Johnstown, Pa., 1889.
 Tidal wave at Galveston, Tex., 1900.
 Tidal wave in Japan sweeps away 60,000 houses and kills 2,419 persons, 1889.

Literature.
 Goethe publishes Faust, 1808.
 Victor Hugo writes Les Miserables, 1862.
 Thomas Carlyle's History of the French Revolution published, 1837.
 Ralph Waldo Emerson's Essays, 1841-71.
 John Ruskin's Modern Painters published, 1843-60.
 Whittier's Poems, 1836-75.
 Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin, 1851-52.
 Darwin's Origin of Species, 1859.

Statesmanship.
 President Monroe propounds the doctrine that bears his name, 1823.
 Sir Robert Peel Premier of Great Britain, 1834.
 John Sherman, U. S. Secretary of Treasury, resumes specie payments, 1879.
 Abraham Lincoln, elected President United States, 1860.
 W. E. Gladstone becomes Premier of Great Britain, 1868.
 Bismarck made President of the Cabinet, Prussia, 1862.
 Count Cavour, Liberator of Italy, appointed Premier, 1852.
 Louis Kossuth Dictator of Hungary, 1849.

Miscellaneous.
 Gold discovered in California, 1848; in Australia, 1851; in the Transvaal, 1887;

in the Klondike 1897.
 Diamond mines worked in the Transvaal 1870.
 Opening of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, 1871.
 Last spike of the Union Pacific Railroad driven, 1869.
 Trans-Siberian Railroad operated, 1899.
 Opening of the Suez Canal, 1869.
 Alaska ceded by Russia to the United States, 1867.
 First session of the Parliament of United Canada, 1867.
 The Australias under one government, 1900.
 Maximilian executed in Mexico, 1867.
 Expulsion of the Emperor from Brazil, 1889.
 Assassinations: Lincoln, 1865; Garfield 1881; Emperor Alexander II., 1881; Carnot, President of France, 1894; Shah of Persia, 1896; King Humbert of Italy, 1900.
 Expulsion of Jews from Russia, 1882-91.
 Massacre of Christians in Armenia, 1895.
 Massacre of missionaries and converts in China, 1900.
 Army draft riots in New York, 1863.
 Chloroform first used, 1847.
 Vaccination legalized, 1803.
 Pasteur discovers remedy for hydrophobia by inoculation, 1884.
 The Rosetta Stone furnishes key to hieroglyphs, 1841.

Cyclone Franks.
 A traveller in the West, the Rev. C. T. Brady, says that of all the manifestations of power he ever witnessed, from an earthquake down, a cyclone is the most appalling. The midnight blackness of the funnel, the lightning darting from it in inconceivable fierceness, the strange crackling sound from its bosom, the suddenness of its irresistible attack, its incredibly swift motion, its wild leaping and bounding, like a gigantic beast of prey, the awful roar which follows—all this but feebly characterizes that strange ravener of the plains. He continues:
 The cyclone plays odd pranks. I have seen two horses lifted in air and carefully deposited, unharmed, in a field about an eighth of a mile away. I have seen chickens and geese picked clean of feathers, and yet feebly alive.
 One house, I remember, had a hole ten feet in diameter cut out of its roof, as if by a circular saw. I have seen the black, whirling cloud lift a building and shake it to pieces, as one shakes a pepper-box. One of the worst cyclones I ever knew threw a heavy iron safe about as a child might toss a wooden alphabet-block in play.
 It is an irresponsible as well as an almost omnipotent monster, and it seems to love the hideous jokes of its own concocting.

Half-a-Dollar Well Spent.
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A Shanghai Rumor.
 "No, I don't know what the European concert will play," observed Li Hung Chang.
 Then with a knowing smile, he continued:
 "But I should not be surprised if we furnished the Tsun."
Business Proposition.
 "Do you believe that young Swinton proposed to the elderly Miss Linton last night, as she says?"
 "That's what she calls it, but all he did was to make a proposition to propose if she would advance him some of her proposed allowance."
Some for Chocolate, We Trust.
 "Stimson is a mean man."
 "Why so?"
 "He's got a way of keeping his wife from going through his pockets for loose change."
 "How's that?"
 "He spends it all before he gets home."
A Terrible Revenge.
 Bill—"So the Old Batch Club is sore on Jenkins because he was seen rowing with a girl?"
 Jack—"Sore? Why, we expelled him immediately and then married him in effigy!"
 "But," they said to the illustrious noble man, "how is that you are so well educated if you spent every day of your life on the battlefield?"
 "Easy enough," he answered; "I went to knight school."

A New Nation.

Considering its great size, the vastness of its resources, the character of its government and institutions, and the racial affinity of its people, we, of America, are strangely ignorant of the history and present status of the Australian States, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. We know almost as little about them as we do of the Soudan or of Siberia, and much less than we know of other civilized lands.
 It is well to be reminded at this time that the entire group of Australian lands is actually as large as the United States outside of Alaska, and only 400,000 square miles less than the area of all Europe. It could accommodate within its borders 15 republics of the size of France, or 18 kingdoms of the dimensions of Spain, and have room enough to spare in each case to tuck in 15 or 20 Switzerlands. It has a population at present of over 6,000,000, and is increasing this figure at the ratio of about 150,000 a year. A country with such possibilities before it as these figures imply we certainly cannot afford to despise.

While the Australian mainland has been known to civilized man since early in the 16th century, first to the daring Portuguese, then to the adventurous Dutch, its real history covers less than a century. The colony of New South Wales was founded in 1788, but for 25 years its settlers were acquainted only with a strip of country 50 miles wide, between the Blue Mountains and the sea coast. In 1830 the population of the whole country was only 40,000. The unfortunate selection of the island for the establishment of penal colonies gave the region a bad name, and this undoubtedly helped to retard its progress, even after the practice of making it a dumping ground for criminals had been abolished. The discovery of enormous gold deposits in New South Wales in 1850, and two years later in Victoria, marked the actual beginning of Australia's development. Population began to flow that way from all parts of the world, and in the next two decades it had increased to over 1,500,000, and that figure was more than doubled by 1890. And the tide has only just begun to roll in.
 In comparison with other civilized lands, Australia has had a remarkably quiet and uneventful history. It has been under the strong and kindly sway of the British crown from the beginning, and no internal wars, insurrections, or invasions have ever disturbed the peaceful current of its existence. It has been left singularly alone by the rest of the world to work out its own destiny in its own way, according to the natural laws of industrial and political development. Since the abolition of penal transportation in 1839 the Australian colonies have had little or no cause for complaint against the mother country, but have had a steady and healthy growth under her wise and fostering care.

In certain of its climatic and physical characteristics Australia proper is seriously handicapped as a competitor with other countries of its size and population and industry. Its entire coast line is singularly deficient in good harbours. The rainfall of the country is small, and over enormous districts in the interior there is practically none at all. The western half of Australia is a low, barren plateau, not yet fully explored, and, so far as known, with no resources of any kind, mineral or otherwise, to support a population. Unless it can be transformed by irrigation, the process now being tried in the Sahara with success, more than half the Australian continent must remain practically a desert. There are only two navigable rivers in the country, the Murray and the Darling, and in the long, dry, hot summers these streams dwindle away to a mere succession of pools. In the interior are many stream beds, dry except after infrequent showers and terminating for the most part in dreary marshes.
 Practically all the interest in the country past, present, and future, lies in the east region of the south and east, the territory embraced in the colonies of Victoria, New South Wales and Queensland. Here are the flourishing cities of Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane; here the great mines of gold, silver, iron and copper, and here the vast sheep farms and cattle ranges from which Australia draws the larger part of her wealth. Nearly one-fourth of the world's gold supply comes from Australia, yet the yearly product from all her mines is but one-fifth as valuable as the pastoral and farm products. Nearly half the population of the country is found in the four cities named. Melbourne has a population of nearly 500,000 and Sydney nearly as many. The latter has also the

unique advantage, to that land, of one of the largest and most beautiful harbors in the world.
 Australia is chiefly associated in the popular mind, in America at least, as the country of the kangaroo and other curious forms of animal life; the boomerang, that remarkable weapon of savage warfare, and the native bushman, reputed to be lowest in the scale of humanity. In later years it has figured somewhat unhappily in the public prints on account of the rabbit pest, and more unhappily still from the extraordinary and deadly heat which prevailed over large sections of the island for a considerable period in the summer of 1898-99 at a time when in the northern latitude we were shivering in the blasts of winter. The thermometer during this awful visitation ranged above the hundred for days together, and the heat became so intense that birds, wild animals, sheep and cattle died by the thousands. Australia, as a general rule, however, has a salubrious climate, and the country has been as notably exempt from cyclones, earthquakes, plagues and famines as it has been from wars and revolutions.

Like all the other branches of the English speaking race, the Australians have taken a large interest in religious, education, literary and scientific progress, and their institutions representative of these departments of human activity are comparable with the best in England and the United States. In the realm of political reform the world owes much to Australia for an improved ballot system, which has been adopted, with some modifications, in England and the United States.

Recently Tasmania and four of the Australian States confederated and the new governor general, Lord Hopetoun, is on his way from England to the antipodes to take up the duties of the first executive of the confederation. His salary is to be \$50,000 a year. A federal executive council is to be chosen by him from the States originally forming the union. Provision is made for the accession of colonies not now joining, it being expected that New Zealand and possibly other adjacent islands belonging to England may come in. The governor general is to summon the federal parliament within six months of the date of the establishment of the commonwealth, and there must be a session each year. The parliament is to consist of the queen, a senate, and a house of representatives. The senators elected for six years, half of them retiring in rotation every three years. There are to be six senators for each state. The representatives are to be elected on a popular basis, no state to have less than five, and the house is to be twice as numerous, as far as is practicable, as the senate. The members are to be paid \$2,000 a year.

A Letter Day Prodigal.
 Mr. Johnson—Deacon Simpson's prodigal son returned last week.
 Mr. Jackson—I s'pose de ole man killed de fatted calf?
 Mr. Johnson—No; de prodigal stole de calf and skipped out ag'in 'fore de deacon even had time to lock up de barn!
 Young Mother—George, de baby hasn't cried all day.
 George—What did you give it; chloroform?
 "I can't think of suitable heading for this item about the death of the old baggage master."
 "How would 'Passed in his checks, do'?"

"77"

New edition Dr. Humphreys' Manual, 144 pages, on the Care and Treatment of the sick in all ailments, mailed free, fits the vest pocket.

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When the Chills run down your back take "77" and the cold will stop right there.
 When you commence to sneeze, take "77" and that will end the Cold.
 When you begin to Cough, take "77" and that ends it.
 When you feel that you are taking Cold, take "77" at once.
 If you have a Cold that hangs on Grip—take "77" and break it up.
 All druggists, 25c.
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Nation.

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Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONING.

It is an assured fact now that Gwynn Miles, the great baritone, will be heard here in a couple of weeks. The promoter of the affair, Mr. F. G. Spencer, having received sufficient encouragement to warrant him in proceeding with his arrangements. There are to be several other features which Mr. Spencer will announce later, but in the meantime the public are assured that the concert will be up to the high standard Mr. Spencer has always maintained, and that is saying a great deal.

Owing to the severe storm which prevailed on Tuesday evening the organ recital in Centenary church was not quite so well attended as it would otherwise have been, but those who braved the storm were well repaid. The following names on the programme were a guarantee of his superior excellence: Prof. Harry Watts, Mrs. F. G. Spencer, Miss Tonge, Miss Trueman and Mr. L. W. Titus.

A New Orleans despatch says it now looks as if the season of French opera, at the beginning of December, will be the last in that city. Dissension among the stockholders is the root of the trouble. One faction pleads for art and arts sake, the other wants to realize in its money investment.

Asked regarding the life and works of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Wilhelm Gericke, leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra said he was "not familiar with his work as Sullivan was not a symphony composer." This is suggestive of the specialization of the day among professional musicians! All the same one cannot help wondering how on earth Herr Gericke contrived to evade the tuneful melodies that have circled the Globe and brightened the lives of millions, who feel that they have sustained a personal loss in the sudden death of the popular composer.

Speaking of the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan the New York Post says: Sir Arthur Sullivan, the musical composer, died in London last Friday of heart failure. He has been ailing since he returned from Switzerland, in the middle of September. He caught a chill there, and his chest and lungs became affected. He had been ill in bed for a fortnight, but was convalescing, and was sitting up in his bed, talking and laughing, just before he expired.

Within a few weeks England has lost both her most popular singer and her most popular composer of the present generation. Hardly had Sims Reeves been laid in the grave, when Sir Arthur Sullivan passed away. Born in London on May 13 1842, Arthur was the younger of the two sons of Thomas Sullivan, an Irish musician who was bandmaster at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, 1845 to 1856, inclusive and from 1857 until his death connected with the Military School of music at Kneller Hall; his mother, Mary Cogher, being the descendant of an old Italian family, the Rights. It is strange that from this mixture of Irish and Italian blood should have resulted the most thoroughly English of England's operatic composers, since Purcell.

Thomas Sullivan, who conducted a small but extremely efficient band, was an excellent musician and devoted to his profession. His eldest son, Frederick, was fond of music, but was educated as an architect, but Arthur showed from his earliest days that his tastes were all in the direction of music. At eight years of age he had written his first composition, an anthem, which was, of course, very immature; and, what had decidedly the most important bearing on his after life, had learned to play almost every wind instrument in his father's band with considerable facility. In this way the boy gained a lifelong and intimate knowledge of the various instruments, which proved of great use when he became a composer of operettas.

Sullivan's genius was essentially of the operetta type, not the operatic type, for he was not sufficiently deep and dramatic for grand opera, as the fate of his opera "Ivanhoe" (1891), both in London and Berlin, proved. But in the line of light comic opera, or operetta—whichever we choose to call it—he was a master who must be placed on a level with Offenbach and Strauss. Like them, he helped to create a new style of stage music; and while Offenbach is peculiarly Parisian, and Strauss's thoroughly Austrian, Sullivan's is entirely English. To him belongs the honor of having, since the days of Purcell, who died in 1695, created the first genuinely English school of opera, or theatrical music. Much of his enormous success was due, doubtless to the fact that his music strongly betrayed the influence of England's two musical idols, Handel and Mendelssohn. But he had a vein of his own which a number of

imitators have exploited, while none has equalled him. If he was extremely lucky in having so clever and witty a librettist as Gilbert, Gilbert was equally lucky in having so fertile and tuneful a collaborator as Sullivan. It was an ideal combination, and the quarrel of the two men was greatly deplored by all lovers of harmless amusements.

As a song writer Sir Arthur has been quite as popular as in the realm of operetta. "The Lost Chord" has had almost as great a vogue as "Home, Sweet Home," and many of his other songs are sung the world over. Few of them have any great artistic value, and none of them are to be compared with the Lieder of Schubert, Franz, Grieg, or MacDowell, but they have their place and value in the musical world. The purely orchestral works are few in number and of no special value. Among his choral compositions the best and most popular is "The Golden Legend" (1886). His life has been described by Arthur Lawrence under the title of Sir Arthur Sullivan, Life story, Letters, and Reminiscences—a book written with the composer's cooperation. There is also a book entitled "The Gilbert and Sullivan Operas," by Percy Fitzgerald.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The D. W. Truss Company reopened its engagement on Monday evening in an elaborate production of "The Lady of Lyons." The piece was beautifully staged and costumed, and those who took part sustained the excellent reputations they have already made for themselves in this city. Miss Harmon played the name part in a most charming manner and portrayed the haughty yet loving Pauline in a thoroughly pleasing way. She was the recipient of two handsome bouquets and much applause throughout. Mr. Weston played the part of Claude Melnotte in his usual excellent way, and the balance of the cast was in capable hands. The gowns worn by the ladies were very beautiful and the stage setting superb. Later in the week Rosedale was played. The Truss Company are a splendid organization well worthy the best patronage, though the elements seem to think otherwise.

"Bean Hichman" is the title of a play by Willard Holcomb, in which Tim Murphy may be seen next season.

During her stay in Ottawa and Toronto, with "The Christian," Miss Marie Furlong of this city, was the recipient of much hospitality from society people in both cities.

It is said that if Mr. Forbes Robertson succeeds in arranging for a London season in the spring, he will probably produce "Othello," playing the Moor himself, with Gertrude Elliott as Desdemona.

The most ambitious mounting that Liebler and company are to make this season is the adaptation of "Unleavened Bread" Judge Grant's novel, by Leo Dietrichstein. Eleanor Robson, the Bonita of "Arizona" is to play Flossy Williams, wife of the prosperous broker and socially ambitious. To equal her recent profits in Paris Mme. Bernhardt must have tremendous business in American cities. The receipts of L'Aiglon for 234 performances in France amounted to \$495,425, an average of \$2,000 for every performance. Rostand has already received in royalties more than \$59,000 for L'Aiglon alone.

Vaudeville is peculiarly expressive of human nature, says Hutchins Hagood in the New York Evening Post, because of the thoroughness with which the people tyrannize over the manager of a variety theatre or music hall. Nothing but what is popular can be put on the boards. A vaudeville audience is more strict in its demands than the audience at a regular theatre. In the legitimate drama the tradition of art is strong enough to impose somewhat on the average man, to induce him to accept boredom with considerable equanimity; but if he is bored at a vaudeville performance he protests vigorously. There is no reason why he need split his head with an effort to decide what he sees is elevating, intelligent, or reposeful in intellectual or artistic principles. In the popular music hall he will defer to no authority. The average man is consequently the autocrat or vaudeville. The manager studies the audience and changes his show with the constant changes in the crowd's mood. Last year's brand of humor is out of date today, and the soubrette who took all hearts a few months ago now appeals in vain to the fickle emotions of her former admirers.

Speaking of William Farnum who was a great favorite when he visited here with W. S. Harkins, the Boston Transcript says: "William Farnum, a young Bostonian, possessed of unusual ability and promise, is to play Ben Hur in Klaw and Erlanger's great production at the opening of the New Colonial Theatre the week of Dec 17. For some time Klaw and Erlanger have been

seeking a young man capable of playing this part. They discovered Mr. Farnum in the Grand Opera House stock company in New Orleans, where he made great bits in the leading roles in several noted plays last season. Mr. Farnum is but twenty-six years of age. He was born in Boston and made his stage debut in boys' parts with Robert Downing eleven years ago. He played in George E. Lathrop's stock company in Boston, was Margaret Mather's juvenile man, and played in Olga Nethersole's support while she was under the management of Daniel Frohman. Mr. Farnum's youth and remarkable physical development will make him an ideal Ben Hur in appearance. He stands 5 feet 11 inches and weighs 190 pounds. His chest measure is 42 inches and his biceps 15 1/4 inches. In his build he compares favorably with the famous strong man, Sampson, Rolandow, Sandow and Max Unger.

Doctor Hamlin and the Cows.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the venerable missionary and organizer of Robert College, Constantinople, who recently died at the ripe age of eighty-nine, was called by a fellow-clergyman "the man of sixteen trades." If the number was inexact, it was scarcely an exaggeration. College president, minister, mechanic, silversmith, miller, baker, builder, laundryman and farmer—he was all these and more. Most of these employments were secular supplements, and most useful ones, to his missionary labors in Turkey; but to farming he was born. His own account of life on the old Hamlin homestead is a delightful New England idyl, which ends with the dumb beasts with character and charm.

For the two fine oxen, Star and Golding, he and his brother, with vast toil and after many failures, made a shapely yoke, which they painted and repainted till the color was as firm and smooth as enamel, and of a rich and glowing scarlet. Often young Cyrus would stand with his hands in his pockets silently contemplating its magnificence; it seemed to him quite the most splendid object in the world.

The old farm-dog, Bose, who watched nightly for the father's coming long after he would come no more, and had to be caressed and coaxed indoors by a tender little sister, while the widowed mother quietly hid her starting tears in the twilight, offers a picture to place beside the faithful collies immortalized by Scott and Burns. And then there were the cows.

"Our cows were the Great Red, the Great Brindle, Thief Brindle, Old Scrimp, Little Red and Little Brindle. Great Red and Great Brindle were quietly beings. Thief Brindle was wicked. There was hardly a fence she would not jump over or break through to get at corn or whatever else her soul lusted after. Yet she was a great coward. If she saw one of us coming with a stick, she would decamp with such haste that she rarely received her righteous penalty. Old Scrimp was also a thief, but a sneak-thief, her nose in everything."

Once Thief Brindle stole a whole new gate, lifting it off its hinges on her horns, after thrusting her head through it to reach some cabbages. The alternative offered to the disgusted young carpenter was to cut her head off, or take the gate to pieces. They chose the latter course for economy's sake, although angry enough to act as ex-crowdioners, and were laughed at by a crowd of interested neighbors during the process. When, at sixteen, the boy with a full heart left the farm for a wide world, he slipped out, lantern in hand, to the big barn in the chill of a winter dawn, and there, he says, with whimsical pathos: "I kissed the noble oxen and the favorite cows—those good, virtuous, heavenly-minded cows—a sad farewell. I never confessed that weakness till I was old enough to defend it. And thus my life closed."

Novel Dishes.

Leon's flesh is said to make a very good meal. Tiger meat is not so palatable, for it is tough and sinewy. In India nevertheless, it is esteemed, because there is a superstition that it imparts to the eater some of the strength and cunning which characterize the animal.

There appears to be considerable difference of opinion as to the merits of elephant's flesh as an article of diet. The natives of India and Africa consider it a dainty, but the opinion of at least one European is against it. He says:

"I have tasted elephant over and over again. It is more like soft leather and glue than anything else to which I can compare it." Another traveller, however, declares that he cannot imagine how any

animal so coarse and heavy as an elephant can produce such delicate and tender flesh.

All authorities agree in commending the elephant's foot. Even the traveller quoted above admits that baked elephant's foot is a dish fit for a king.

When an elephant is shot in Africa the flesh is cut into strips and dried. This is called "biltong." The foot, having been cut off at the knee-joint, is saved to make a feast. A hole about three feet deep is dug in the earth, and the sides of it are baked hard with burning wood. Most of the fat is then removed and the elephant's foot is placed in the hole, which is filled with earth tightly packed.

The process is completed by building a blazing fire on top. This is kept burning for three hours. Thus cooked, the flesh is like jelly, and can be eaten with a spoon. It is the greatest delicacy that can be given to a Kaffir.

A Mutil Surprise.

In "Sketches of Life in the Golden State" Col. Albert S. Evans tells an amusing anecdote of an ambitious hunter who met his first grizzly bear—in procession. The incident occurred in the woods near the site of the present town of Monterey.

The hunter sat down to rest in the shade of a tree, and unwittingly went to sleep. When he woke it was near sunset, and he sat up, rubbing his eyes and contemplating a return to his hotel several miles distant.

Just then a rustling and cracking noise from a clump of chaparral about a hundred yards away attracted his attention. Out walked a grizzly bear, a monarch of his kind. He yawned, licked his jaws, and then advanced toward the tree where our hunter sat, but evidently was unconscious of his presence.

His grizzly majesty had proceeded about twenty paces when a female bear followed him, and an instant later a third grizzly followed her at a slow, shambling pace.

The hunter sat spellbound with terror as the procession came toward him, until the forward grizzly was within thirty yards. Then scarcely realizing what he did, he sprang to his feet and uttered a frenzied yell—yell upon yell!

The effect was magical. The foremost bear sprang into the air, turned sharply about, knocked the female down, rolled over her, gathered herself up and bellowed like forty cart-loads of rock going down a chute, straight for the chaparral again, the other two bears close at his heels, and never turning to see what had frightened them.

The hunter, seeing the enemy entreating, sprang to his feet and fled at top speed for the hotel, leaving hat and gun behind. The truth of his wild and startling tale was proved the next day by the numerous bear tracks of different sizes found in the marshy ground near by. But the three bears had gone off beyond pursuit.

Mr. Hayden's "Strenuous" Hen.

The grittiest hen in America lives in Alsea, Oregon. Her right to be called brave has been tested, and, says the Corvallis Times, she is not only a brave hen but a "strenuous" hen.

She belongs to one of the Hayden brothers. They also own a threshing-machine, which was taken out of the shed for the first time last week, and a small field of grain was threshed to see that the machine was in good running order.

After the job was finished, the machine was returned to the shed, when to the amazement of all, there in the corner of the separator sat the strenuous hen.

Under her was a nest of eggs that she was endeavoring to hatch. She had been on the nest when the machine was taken out.

She was there when the belts and pulleys began to whir, when the fan began to sing and when the ridders began to shake and rattle. The wind from the fan ruffled her feathers and almost took her breath; but like the boy on the burning deck, she stayed at her post. What her thoughts were when the swift cylinder began to chew up straw cannot be guessed.

When found she was uninjured. There

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was dust in her mouth and a somewhat frightened look in her eye, but she was on her nest. Of the eggs, all were safe save one.

Trying a Donkey.

A newcomer in Africa has many surprises. A. B. Lloyd, the author of "Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country," narrates an amusing little experience of his own in purchasing a donkey in Zanzibar.

We had to procure donkeys, by no means an easy task. Of course each one had to be tried, as we were to use them for riding purposes, and in the course of the work we had various experiences. I had set my mind upon a fine female donkey, and took her out for an afternoon's ride. I shall not forget it. At first when I mounted her she would not move, in spite of all my most tender persuasions, and finally she began to back.

Now the streets of Zanzibar are very narrow, and coming up behind me was a large bullock wagon. My sweet tempered donkey backed right on to the horns of the bullocks. Then it was no longer a case of making her go, but of making her stop.

Away she flew, right along the Naza Moja road, and nothing that I could do would check her headlong career. In fact I soon tried of trying and let her go. On she went, right in among the cocoanut-trees, regardless of everything, until she came to a steep bank. Here she stopped. This showed that she had good sense, and I decided to keep her.

Friend—Your wife has occasional fits of bad temper. I believe.

Henpeck—O! you've been misinformed.

Friend—Indeed?

Henpeck—Yes, she has semi occasional fits of good temper.



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INVENTIONS OF THE PAST.

The experience of the Patent Office, United States with its "hall of models" throws an interesting light upon the progress of American invention. For many years the government required an applicant for a patent to submit a model of his invention. If the invention were a machine, none of the three dimensions of the model was to exceed twelve inches. The models were displayed in show-cases on the upper floor. This extensive collection of little engines, pumps and mowing-machines, came to look somewhat like a top-shop, and to it hundreds of visitors were attracted.

But so long ago as 1880 it became evident that the practice of receiving models must be discontinued. The space they occupied was needed by the office for its regular business. So the models then on hand were sorted over, and the most interesting ones were retained, appropriately grouped, as a patent office museum. They have since been frequently sent, as a part of the government's exhibits, to great fairs like that at Chicago in 1893.

The rest of the models are now kept on two floors of a large storehouse near the patent office which have been rented for the purpose. The few visitors who chance to stroll through that wilderness of show-cases are reminded of the diverse channels in which American inventiveness has sought an outlet.

It is a singular fact that, to understand a machine, the patent office examiners prefer a mechanical drawing to an actual model, so trained have they become in translating the conventional marks of a diagram into the physical reality for which it stands.

THE MORTALITY OF CITIES.

The latest bulletin of the American department of labor contains three statistical tables of unusual interest, showing the number and cause of deaths, during the last fiscal year, in one hundred and twenty nine cities having a population of thirty thousand or more.

Like all statistics, these figures sometimes require to be explained. For instance, the highest death-rate of any city in the country—almost thirty five to the thousand—is that of Charleston, S. C., while New Orleans, Savannah and San Antonio all had a death-rate of more than twenty-five to the thousand. But this does not prove that they are unwholesome places. Each has a very large colored population, and exceptional mortality here swells the general average. The really "deadly" cities are foreign ports, like Bombay, where the death-rate is some times over sixty-four to the thousand.

With the exception of Rockford, Illinois, the most healthful cities seem to lie west of the Mississippi. Seattle heads them, with a death-rate of only about seven to the thousand. St. Joseph, Missouri; Portland, Oregon; Lincoln, Nebraska; Tacoma, Washington; Sioux City, Iowa, and Rockford, Illinois, all have a death-rate of less than ten to the thousand. The death-rates of New York, London and Paris are over nineteen to the thousand.

Coming to specific diseases, Chelsea, Massachusetts, shows the smallest percentage of deaths from consumption, and Houston, Texas, seems to be most free from pneumonia. The fewest deaths from typhoid took place in Fall River. In Charleston there was but one death from diphtheria, and in more than one-third of the cities no death was caused by malarial fever.

It is interesting to note that Salt Lake

City records the largest number—about eleven to the thousand—of deaths from "old age;" that Auburn, New York, had the smallest proportionate number of deaths by violence; that the fewest deaths from heart disease took place in San Antonio, and the fewest from apoplexy in Spokane.

This has been a great year for elections. Members of the Storting were chosen in Norway in September, Great Britain renewed its Parliament in October, when were the first general elections since 1895. In the United States the quadrennial election of President took place November 6th; Canada chose a new parliament November 7th, to succeed that elected in 1896, and on the following day Newfoundland held its parliamentary election. A general election has been ordered in Austria, but has not yet taken place. The situation in that country is described in an article on this page.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON'S LUCK.

Gigantic Fortune Brought an Island Owned by Him in Louisiana.

Joseph Jefferson, the actor, owns a little island near Bob Acres Station, La., that is a veritable salt mine. He bought the property a few years ago for a winter residence, and it was entirely by accident that he discovered recently the fact that the peace of real estate in question is situated directly over an immense mass of solid salt—the largest block of salt known to exist anywhere in the world. It is of the utmost purity, too, being wholly composed of the finest quality of table salt, without the slightest admixture of any other mineral, and its quality is such that one may take a block of it and read a newspaper through it, just as if it were so much glass.

Apparently the whole island, which is about 300 acres in extent, is underlaid by one great body of salt which is struck at a depth of 100 feet or so. Mr. Jefferson came across it while boring hopefully for mineral waters, and since then it has been penetrated through a vertical distance of 2,100 feet, or more than a third of a mile directly downward, without reaching the bottom of it. This was accomplished by means of drills, which yielding cores made it possible to study the material through its successive strata with the utmost accuracy. But there was no variation with the depth in the quality of the stuff, which throughout was pure crystalline table salt.

To Visit Strange Peoples.

Messrs. Jochelson and Bogoras of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition have recently started for Northeastern Asia to continue the work of clearing up the mystery concerning the relations between the aborigines of America and those of Asia. They will visit several native tribes dwelling north of the Amur River, concerning whom very little is at present known. The influx of gold-seekers along the Behring Sea is said to threaten the early extinction of the aboriginal tribes there. From the Sea of Okhotsk, Mr. Jochelson will cross a lofty mountain range, on a trail never pursued by white men, in order to visit the isolated tribe of the Yudagir, and will then try to make his way westward to Russia.

Wheat From Egyptian Tombs.

The statement has frequently been made that it is possible to cause grains of wheat found in ancient Egyptian sepulchres to germinate and grow. This statement has been disputed, and the question was discussed at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences. It was shown that while the albumen of wheat found in a tomb 6000 years old had undergone no alteration, the embryo was changed and could not be caused to germinate. But a fresh embryo placed in the ancient albumen would grow, and this fact, it was said, probably accounted for the statement that the old Egyptian wheat rescued from its long entombment would sprout and grow.

This comes from making love to the daughter of a genius.

What is the trouble, Tom? Why, her father has just invented a parlor clock that sounds an alarm at 10 o'clock, turns out the gas, and opens the front door by a wire spring!

Neck Bands Replaced.

Hosiery darned, repairs made all free, why do you go elsewhere with your laundry, when we do the best work and do so many things free. Try us now, Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and carpet cleaning work. Telephone 58.

Chicago is not only the greatest cattle, sheep and hog market in the world, but it now leads all creation as a horse market. During the nine full months of the present calendar year 147,000 horses were received and sold there, breaking all former records by nearly 30,000.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Malthace Graham. That was her name, Malthace Graham, The flower of Maple Ford; All Canada knew no sweeter name, Nor a maiden more adored. She gave her heart and she gave her hand, To a soldier leaving the town; To fight on Africa's scorching sand, Loyal to England's Crown.

The night was black and the flying gale, Called from the homestead trees; There came a crash like a storm of hail And the maiden was on her knees. Thunder rolled like the cannon's roar, And the gusts like a rain of lead; From the rift a fire beat o'er and o'er, Where the brave were lying dead.

A flame like a crimson flash of light Shot into the maiden's room; And a body stood in her prayerful sight, Beside her from the tomb. None but her spirit caught the sound, Nor dreamed of the soldier's fall; Till deep in her soul she felt a wound, And she heard his dying call.

What sudden cry the fond mother heard, In that hour so dark and late; That out of her slumber to action stirred Like the presence of a spectral pair; Tearful she opened the chamber door, Holding her very breath; And there alone on the naked floor, Lay the love of her life in death.

To a sentry pacing his lonely round, In the dead of the silent night; Passing that Modder River mound, Came a vision of wondrous light. The form of a lovely maiden stood, And wept where her lover lay; 'Till the ghostly moon shone over the flood, And the vision vanished away.

And the wire beneath the swelling waves, From the land so far away; From the lengthened trenches of gallant wars, From the marvellous words to say, "The bright young soldier of Maple Ford, In that awful night surprise; Till where he led with his valiant sword, In a warrior's grave he lies."

CYRUS GOLDB.

The Sweetest and Best. There is nothing so sweet as the winds that blow, Over the roses in May June; There is nothing more fair than streams that flow In the mingled mirth of a merry tune.

There is nothing so sweet as a faithful heart, When the sorrows of time around us roll; The world's temptations lose all their art, In a sunny light of a sinless soul.

There is nothing so peaceful and free from care, As a selfless affection's rod; That leaves unbidden the false world's glare, And finds its peace in the love of God.

CYRUS GOLDB.

The Snow. I am the little white wonder, Snow! As a seal the white snow I bear; Out of the North comes a sower to sow— Out of the North comes a husbandman white.

What will you call me, the seed that he sows? Bloom of a garden whose blossoms have wings? Down of strange thistles past horse's ears? Crystalline dust from the floor of the stars?

There—let me lie on your palm for a space, Brief, for I fall in the wind of your breath; Mark you my symmetry—exquisite grace— Quick! For the leap of your pulse is my death! Moccasined footfall of Indian maid, Softer than this is my step in the glade; Tremble of plumes in the crown of the larch, Lighter than this is the sound of my march;

Chambers of cloud with the pale moonlight filled, Waiter than these are the tents that I build; O'er the bare woodlands my tapestries throw— Yet am I only the Snow—the Snow!

I am the mighty white marvel, Snow! Shepherd of mountains, my fleece covered flocks, Close to the sun dot their pastureage go. Hard by the stars is their fold in the rocks? What will you call me, my front to the morn? Hear is my breath where the glaciers are born. Sphinx-like my marble-cold silence I keep, What will you call me—the Angel of Sleep?

Do I keep silence? The night is o'ercast; Waiter than these are the tents that I build; Hark! To the swirl of my wings on the blast, Hark! To the sea, when I trouble the tide!

See the proud thrones where in splendor I sit, The world at my feet and the glory of it! Strike and sunset lamps over my crest, See, their red roses I wear on my breast!

Mighty the strength of my wind-trowled walls; Mighty my vice when the avalanche falls! Lord of the lands of the berg, and the ice! Yet am I only the Snow—the Snow!

A Veteran's Gratitude.

Two years ago Robert Majors, a civil war veteran, was assistant custodian of the Federal Building at Omaha. His duties required him to pass through the postoffice after the day force left. One evening, during the interval while the clerks were leaving and Majors were entering a certain room, a small package of money, which had been lying on a table was missed. Majors was suspected, arrested and prosecuted. Through the influence of two comrades, Major T. S. Clarkson and Harry M. Turner, of Omaha, he was saved from a felon's cell, although he lost his job. He then went to Huntsville, Ala., to live with relatives. About a month ago a brother died and left the veteran a fortune. With the first cash paid in by the administrator, Majors started for Omaha to present substantial gifts to the two comrades who helped him when he was in trouble. To each one he gave \$10,000 in cash and the three veterans had a jolly reunion.

Fergus county, Mont., possesses one of the most remarkable mines in the world—the Yogo sapphire properties—in that the precious stones are found in regular formed veins like gold, silver and other valuable metals, whereas in other communities diamonds, sapphires, opals and other buried treasures are found in pockets or clusters.

Ontario Has-located Cane, Spikes, Forged-rod, Drums, 17 Waterloo.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

TORTURES BY ITALIAN POLICE.

Again Brought to Notice By Their Failure to Capture the Brigand Mussolino.

In connection with the extraordinary man hunt now proceeding in the Province of Reggio in southern Italy, where the brigand Mussolino continues to defy all efforts to capture him, extraordinary allegations have been made against the police and the judicial authorities. It is alleged that, maddened by their failure in the operations against this desperado, officers of the law and the judiciary have resorted freely to torture in order to extort information from the peasants who are suspected, doubtless not without good reason, of supplying Mussolino with news as to the movements of his pursuers. Complaints have been sent to Rome, and it is possible, but not probable, that they will be investigated—perhaps twenty years hence.

Whatever may have happened in Reggio there is not the slightest doubt that torture has become an almost regular instrument in the hands of the so called administrators of justice in the island of Sicily. There, as is well known, the peasants are almost to a man and a woman in league with the brigands, who have also their friends and agents by the hundred in all the towns, not excluding Palermo, the capital itself. Nearly ten years have elapsed since the late King Humbert called before him various members of the Ministry of the Interior, told them that the continued and defiant existence of brigandage in Sicily was a disgrace to Italy and a standing reproach to civilization, and insisted that the evil should be tackled at once and effectively. Since then relentless warfare has been carried on in the beautiful island, but brigandage still flourishes despite or perhaps because of the activity and ferocity of the special police force charged with the work. Torture, more or less openly used, undoubtedly forms part of the regular judicial machinery in Sicily. The fact has been proclaimed and as often denied. Probably the only officers of the law who have not resorted to torture in order to obtain evidence are the Judges of the High Court in Palermo, but even in that city it is carried out under the very noses of the supreme tribunal. Here is a case in point which came to light this week.

A year or so ago five peasants believed to be accomplices of brigands were charged with the murder in atrocious circumstances of one Giuseppe Grippi, who was suspected of having betrayed a notorious bandit into the hands of the police. The prisoners at first denied and then confessed the crime and all were promptly sentenced to imprisonment for life. Last week, however, a certain Giuseppe Mannino being at the point of death confessed to his priest that he was the murderer of Grippi, and that not one of the condemned men had the slightest knowledge of or complicity in the crime before or after the event. Acting upon advice of the priest, Mannino repeated his confession on oath in the presence of the Magistrate and also furnished material proofs of his guilt.

The five condemned men, when called upon to explain the reasons which induced them to confess to a crime of which they were innocent, declared that it was because of the horrible tortures to which they had been subjected in prison at Palermo. They were led to believe that if they confessed they would escape with nominal punishment, but that if they remained contumacious they would still be found guilty and would be subject to further tortures. A report of the case was sent to Rome and a special inquiry was instituted; the result of which was to prove the innocence of the five men beyond doubt and also the truth of their assertions as to the application of torture. They are still in prison pending the formalities necessary to be observed before they can be released.

England's Coal Mines.

A French author, Monsieur E. Loze, has recently discussed again the question of the probable duration of the British coal-fields. Assuming that the prosperity and power of Great Britain depend upon her supply of coal, he thinks that "the end of Britain" is due within the coming century. He fixes the date 1950 for the complete exhaustion of the attainable supply of coal in the British Isles. To this statement the English scientific journal, Nature, replies that Monsieur Loze has failed to take account of recent investigations proving that

mining can be economically carried on at much greater depths than 2000 feet,—the limit assumed by the French author—and consequently that the British coal supply will last indefinitely longer than his calculation shows.

Madam Butterfly.

Among the famous beauties at the courts of the Stuarts was Mary Villiers, Duchess of Richmond and Lennox. She was born in 1623, and was married at so early an age that her husband, dying within a twelvemonth, left her an eleven-year-old widow. Then she returned to the court of Charles I., her adoptive father, and, a radiant child clad in widow's weeds, created no small sensation.

One little adventure shows her at her prettiest, and won for her the nickname of "Butterfly."

She had climbed into a tree in the king's garden to gather some fruit, and her long black dress and veil spread themselves over the branches in the manner of wings, so that the king, at some distance, imagined he saw a strange bird perching in the tree. Mr. Porter, a gallant young courtier, was in attendance, and his majesty, knowing him to be an exact marksman, said:

"Do you see that strange bird up in that tree? I wish you would fire at it."

But the range was too great, and Mr. Porter crept up under the tree. There among the branches was the countess, looking down upon him with the most innocent air, and pelting him with fruit.

"What have you there, Porter?" asked she, glancing at his fuses. "Why can't you speak? Are you bewitched?"

"O madam," he replied, "if you knew what brought me thither, you would own that I have reason for being surprised. The king, spying you in a tree, took you for a bird. So you may guess upon what errand I came."

"What," she cried, "to kill me?"

"Yes, madam, to kill you! I promised to bring the king some of your feathers!"

"Ha, ha!" cried she, laughing. "You must be as good as your word! I will put myself into a large hamper, and so be carried into his apartment."

So the hamper was conveyed into the king's presence, and Mr. Porter, accompanying it, explained that the butterfly had proved so beautiful that nobody could possibly wish to kill it, and so he had taken it alive.

The king was of course very eager to see so lovely a creature, and opened the hamper with his own hand. There crouched the countess, bubbling over with merriment.

History does not tell us whether she quoted:

"Isn't this a pretty dish to set before the king? But it does declare that the king was delighted anew with the little lady and her fantastic humor."

Inevitable.

Bobby came home one day covered with dirt and bruises, and tramping a broken bicycle.

"What on earth have you been doing, my child?" exclaimed his terrified mother.

"I ran over a big dog and took a fall," explained Bobby.

"Couldn't you see him and give him the road?"

"Yes, I saw him and was turning out, but when I got within about ten feet of him I shut my eyes, and before I got 'em open again I'd run into him."

"For the land's sake, what did you shut your eyes for?"

"Couldn't help it. Had to sneeze. If you think you can hold your eyes open when the sneezes comes, you just try it some day."

If the reader thinks Bobby's excuse was not a valid one let him try it some day, 'when the sneezes comes.'

Compressed Air for Canal-Locks.

On the Erie Canal at Lockport, New York, a pneumatic balance lock is being substituted for a flight of old-fashioned stone locks. The new lock consists of two steel chambers, one for ascending and the other for descending boats. Each chamber is divided into two parts, an upper one containing water to receive the boats, and a lower one containing compressed air on which the upper chamber floats. When a boat has been run into the upper chamber it is either lowered or raised, as may be desired, by filling or exhausting the air-chamber beneath it.

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 PURE
 Delicious and wholesome
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On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. J. Morris Robinson was the hostess at a very large tea given for the purpose of introducing her daughter, Miss Vera Robinson to the friends of the family and to society in general. The debutante who never looked fairer or more winsome, wore a most becoming gown of white silk and carried some beautiful flowers in her hand, one of many such gifts sent by friends and admirers. Mrs. Robinson was gowned in a handsome black satin trimmed with jet sequins. Mrs. James Donville and Mrs. J. R. Armstrong dispensed tea and coffee at a tea table which was very prettily decorated with quantities of pink carnations and upon which were many delicacies of all description. The young ladies who assisted were Miss Donville, Miss Jarvis, Misses Isabel and Bessie Donville, Miss Constance Smith, Miss Grace Scott, Miss Constance Arnold, Miss May Robinson, Miss Celia Armstrong and Miss Frances Stead.

The following ladies were amongst the guests present:

Lady Tilley, Mrs. Robert Thomson, Mrs. Keating, Mrs. James J. J. J., Mrs. Woodford Smith, Mrs. Ludlow Robinson, Mrs. (Judge) Barker, Mrs. L. M. Harrison, Mrs. Murray McLaren, Mrs. Neilson, Mrs. Geo. Smith, Mrs. Kellie Jones, Mrs. Charles Coster, Mrs. Charles Holden, Mrs. Geo. McLeod, Mrs. Malcolm McKay, Mrs. John Parry, Mrs. D. P. Clibstone, Mrs. L. Allison, Mrs. Peniston Starr, Mrs. Herbert Tilley, Mrs. Thomas Stead, Mrs. Harry Scott, Mrs. Walter Scott, Mrs. Edward Sears, Mrs. J. H. Thomson, Mrs. DeWolfe Spurr, Miss Symonds, Miss Burpee, Miss Lillian Hazen, Miss Harriet Peters, Miss Gilbert and many others.

The dance in the evening was pronounced by the young people present to be most enjoyable. Provision was made for the enjoyment of everyone whether they wished to dance, or play cards, or stroll about among the cosy corners, their wishes had been considered—but from the animated appearance of the ball room I rather think they preferred tripping the light fantastic to the music of violin and piano. A delicious supper was served at 12 o'clock and many were the good wishes expressed for the fair young debutante. It was the wee small hours before the last guest departed and a charming party came to an end. The following ladies and gentlemen were among those present:

Miss Lou McMillan, Misses Arnold, Misses Nellie Jarvis, Donville, Constance Smith, Madeline Barker, Robertson, A. Robertson, Bessie Donville, Helen Robertson, Dora Richardson, Coburn, Ontario, Nims Keator, Muriel Fairweather, Miss Kitty McAvity, Lou McAvity, Isabel Donville, Francis Stead, Parker, Mabel Thomson, Miss Winnie Hall, Miss Seely, Miss Thompson, Miss Elsie Holden, Gay Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Blair, and Mrs. Geo. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood Skinner, Mrs. L. M. Harrison, Mrs. D. P. Clibstone, Mrs. J. Harrison, Mrs. Austin Stead, Mr. Geoffrey Stead, Mr. Lance Campbell, Dr. Thomas Walker, Mr. Peter Clinch, Mr. Hyman, Mr. Lucien de Bury, Mr. Harold Allison, Mr. Harry Kaye, Mr. Harry Frink, Mr. L. Kaye, Mr. Sturdee, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Arthur Thorne, Mr. Stuart Fairweather, Mr. Harry McAvity, Mr. Botwick, Mr. S. McMillan and many others.

A number of Mr. and Mrs. Timmerman's friends called at her house on German street one evening last week to congratulate them upon the fifth anniversary of their wedding, among the numerous gifts of wood presented were a number of cloths plus, each guest inscribed their name and good wishes upon the pins afterwards turning them into a necklace which was both unique and pretty.

Mrs. George Jones entertained about eight ladies and gentlemen at dinner on Tuesday evening. The party afterwards adjourning to Mrs. Robinson's dance.

Mrs. Verne McLellan entertained a number of guests at what on Thursday evening.

Cards are out for a tea to be given by Mrs. Malcolm Mackay, and also for one at which Mrs. Fred Harding will be the hostess.

The spacious schoolrooms of St. John's (Stone) church presented a splendid appearance on Thursday afternoon, the occasion being the opening of the annual sale and tea, held by the ladies of that congregation. The decorations throughout the rooms and at the different booths were dainty and artistic. Several tables were arranged for the sale of confectionery, fancy goods, etc., and all were liberally patronized. Supper was served from 8 to 10, Harrison's orchestra was present and rendered some excellent music.

The ladies in charge of the sale were:— Reception committee—Mrs. de Soyres, Lady Tilley, Mrs. J. J. Kaye, Mrs. T. E. Hanington, Mrs. S. E. Hall, Mrs. J. deWolfe Spurr, Mrs. W. E. Crawford.

Fancy work—Mrs. H. D. McLeod, Mrs. G. F. Fisher, Mrs. H. V. Cooper, Mrs. W. W. White, Mrs. C. W. deForest, Mrs. H. E. Wardroper, Mrs.

F. H. Nichols, Miss L. Murray, Miss L. Symonds, Art.—Mrs. R. B. Emerson, Mrs. T. T. Mortimer, Miss McGivern, Miss Jarvis, Miss L. Markham.

Dolls—Mrs. John A. McAvity, Mrs. G. A. Kimball, Miss Ketchum.

Novelties—Mrs. G. West Jones, Mrs. Walter Foster, Mrs. H. P. Timmerman, Mrs. F. E. Sayre, Mrs. Sherwood Skinner, the Misses Skinner, Mrs. Vassie, Miss Keator, Miss Amy Smith, Miss Daisy Fairweather.

Aprons—Mrs. G. A. Knodel, Mrs. Gabriel Merritt, Mrs. F. A. Keator, Mrs. R. B. Patchell, Mrs. R. S. Sanction, Miss Patton.

Flower booth—Mrs. H. W. deForest, Miss Helen Robertson, Miss Carrie Fairweather, Miss Constance Smith, Miss Nellie McAvity, Miss Leslie Smith.

Candy—Miss Shewen, Miss M. Borton, Miss B. Pugsley, Miss E. Anderson.

Ice cream and five o'clock tea—Miss Knodel, Miss Bell Skinner, the Misses Knodel, the Misses Armstrong, Miss B. Melick, Miss Winnie Fairweather, the Misses Frink.

'House that Jack built'—Miss Hattie Robinson, Miss Miriam Hatheway.

High tea—Four large tables in charge of Mrs. Theo McAvity, Mrs. A. H. Hanington, Mrs. G. F. Smith, Mrs. G. E. Keator, Mrs. G. F. Sanction, Mrs. J. F. Robertson, Mrs. A. Markham, Mrs. J. H. Frink. Some 25 or 30 ladies also assisted in the serving room.

The Neptune Rowing Club rooms will today be a scene of gaiety, the members having issued invitations to their annual "at Home." Owing to the somewhat limited reception rooms the club could only extend invitations to the wives and sisters of the members and to those ladies, who in some capacity or other had assisted the club throughout the year.

A pretty though quiet wedding took place at the capital at noon on Saturday last, when Mr. Frederick P. Colter was united in marriage with Miss Gertrude Atterton Fenety, daughter of Mr. W. T. H. Fenety.

The ceremony was performed at St. Ann's church by Rev. Canon Roberts D. D. Miss Fenety was attired in a cloth travelling suit and was given away by her father. Both young people were unattended.

After the ceremony, luncheon was served at the home of the bride's parents and Mr. and Mrs. Colter left on the afternoon train for a short trip followed by the good wishes of their hosts of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Colter spent several days in St. John this week guests at the Victoria Hotel. They return to Fredericton today, where they intend to remain until after Christmas, when they intend taking up their residence in Boston, where Mr. Colter has secured a lucrative position.

There is a possibility that the R. E. Y. C. will, in the near future, give a ball in honor of those young ladies and gentlemen who so ably and so untrudgingly assisted them with their production of Zephra. The only drawback seems to be the trouble in getting a suitable hall. The Institute rooms do not seem to be available, but some arrangement may be made with the Development Club, who now control that building, which will meet the demands of the Yacht Club and the young people as well.

At a recent entertainment given at the Sacred Heart Convent at Halifax, one of the principal parts was taken by Miss Josephine Lynch, daughter of Mr. David Lynch of this city. Halifax papers speak in glowing terms of Miss Lynch's work and appearance in the role assumed.

Mrs. L. B. Harrison has returned from Cambridge where she has been for some weeks in attendance on her son Mr. W. Harry Harrison, a young Harvard student, who has been critically ill with typhoid fever. Mr. Harrison is much improved now and was able to accompany his mother home. He will rest here for some weeks before resuming his studies.

Mrs. Abinette (nee Miss Charlton) is receiving her friends this week at 114 Mecklenburg street.

Mr. John P. Hegan of Chicago is paying a visit to his sister, Miss Hegan, Coburg street.

At the final production of Zephra on Saturday evening last little Miss Daisy Sears was presented with a camera for selling the greatest number of tickets. Little Miss Muriel Gandy, won a toilet set.

Mrs. W. W. Turnbull and Miss Turnbull have gone to Glen Springs, N. Y. to spend the winter.

The Monday evening skating club has been re-organized for this season. All the old members have signified their intention of joining and a great many new members are expected.

Last winter the club met each Monday evening in the Queen's rink. Music was furnished by the Artillery band and the hours from 8 to 10 were passed most delightfully.

The majority of the members are experts on the steel blades and have little difficulty in mastering the waltz and other dances, which to the onlooker are so puzzling and beautiful. Several delightful carnivals were also gotten up by the committee of management and heartily indulged in by the members. The different committees for this season consist of—

Managing—Messrs. E. T. Sturdee, H. F. Fuddington, J. G. Keator, J. G. Harrison, F. R. Fairweather.

Ladies—Mrs. G. F. Smith, Mrs. Inches, Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, Mrs. John H. Thomson, Mrs. R. K. Jones, Mrs. W. W. White, Mrs. H. F. Fuddington, Mrs. J. S. Harding, Mrs. G. W. Jones, and Miss Keator.

Ladies skating committee—Mrs. P. W. Thomson,

Mrs. H. R. Sturdee, Miss Mabel Thomson, Miss Edith Skinner, Miss Gladys McLanahan.

Those who braved the fearful storm of Wednesday evening in order to attend the organ recital in Centenary church were well repaid for any inconvenience it may have suffered, when they listened to the excellent program that was perfectly carried out. The chief interest of the evening was centered in the several numbers rendered by Prof. W. Harry Watts, in his usual mastery style. Some splendid vocal solos were also given by such well-known artists as Mrs. Fred Spencer, Mr. L. W. Titus, Miss Trueman and Miss Tonge.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac H. Northrup returned on Monday from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Murray of Douglas avenue are entertaining Rural Dean Armitage of St. Paul's, Halifax.

Mr. and Mrs. G. V. McLooney and Mr. and Mrs. Richard O'Leary of Richibucto spent a few days in town this week. They were returning from a pleasant visit to Boston.

Mrs. Gilles and her two sons of McAdam are visiting in the West end, the guests of Mrs. E. Foote.

Mrs. Fred C. MacNeill (nee Miss Maud McClaskey) was at home to her friends at 114 Wentworth street, on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

A pleasant event of the week was the annual sale of the St. Paul's church Needlework Society, held in the church school room. The attendance during the three days was most satisfactory, and quite a sum was realized from the sale of the very pretty and useful articles, products of the ladies' industry. Tea was also served each evening. The ladies who assisted in making the affair such a success were:

Mrs. Barton Gandy, Mrs. William Hazen, Mrs. W. J. Starr, Mrs. D. B. Lawson, Mrs. T. Barclay Robinson, Mrs. E. P. Starr, Mrs. W. L. Haman, Mrs. Fred E. Barker, Mrs. R. W. Frink, Mrs. Andrew Jack, Miss Laura Hazen, Miss E. Sydney Smith, Miss Mary Harrison, Miss Ella Dicker, Miss Starr, Miss Bertha Robinson, Miss Grace Scott, Miss Alice Walker, Miss Marion Shaw, Miss Annie Symonds, Miss Elsie Hanford, Miss Wright, Miss Helen J. Thornton and Miss H. Peters.

Miss Scoville, daughter of Mr. J. M. Scoville of Oak Hill, was taken ill with appendicitis at Hampton on Wednesday. She was brought to the city and placed in the hospital, and at present her condition is considered critical.

The engagement is announced of a Douglas Avenue young lady and a well known theological student.

Miss Ella Macneil left this week for Montreal where she will visit friends for a few weeks.

Many of John Noble are interested in the approaching annual of Mr. W. Dacre Walker of Boston, son of Dr. Thomas Walker of this city, and Miss Thomas of Peabody, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Marston of Montreal arrived in the city this week, and will take up their residence in the West End for the winter. Mr. Marston is the representative of the Manchester Steamship company.

Mrs. Florence Montague Gates of London is in the city a guest at the DuRoi Hotel.

The members of Zion church congregation are busy preparing for a grand concert which they propose holding on the evening of December 6th.

Mrs. K. Laddell is spending a few days in the city. Her annual high tea and sale, held in St. Peter's hall, under the auspices of the ladies of St. Peter's church, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week passed off most successfully. The tables and hall were prettily decorated and dainty and efficient waitresses were untiring in their efforts to please.

Charming musical programs was furnished each evening by local talent. On Thursday evening some distinguished visitors were present, among them being Hon. A. G. Blair, who made a few appropriate remarks, and congratulated the ladies of the parish on the success of their entertainment.

The marriage was solemnized at Picton on Nov. 12th, of Mr. George Raven traveller for the firm of C. Flood & Sons of this city with Miss Jessie Gillis a popular young lady of that place. The bride was attired in a cloth travelling suit and was attended by Miss Jennette Chisholm while Mr. James Whalen of Newcastle did the honors for the groom. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Raven left on their honeymoon, which was spent in Boston and other American cities. The bride received many costly and useful presents. The groom's gift being a handsome gold watch and chain. Mr. and Mrs. Raven will reside in St. John.

Mr. George F. Driscoll of the C. P. R. office at Ottawa, who has been in the city for a short time, the guest of his aunt Mrs. B. J. Driscoll, returned to his duties during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Moran, of this city, who have been touring the continent of Europe for the past two months, arrived in New York on Wednesday, and are at present visiting friends in Farmouth. They are expected home within a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Harris and Miss M. E. Harris of Canaan, N. S., were in the city this week and while here were guests at the Victoria hotel.

Mrs. Wilfred Eaton of Calais, is visiting in the city.

The friends of Miss Jennie Pope will be glad to learn that she is able to be up and around her home again.

Mr. John Forbes of Montreal who brought the remains of his wife to the city last week for interment, left for home on Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Armitage rector of St. Paul's church, Halifax, is in town collecting for Wycklife College.

Rev. H. F. Adams who so ably assisted Rev. Mr. Waring in the special services held in Brussels St. Baptist church for the past three weeks, leaves today for his home in Truro.

Miss Carrie Titus who attended the wedding of her niece Miss McVay of Bloomfield, returned home last week.

Miss Grace Humphrey of Union St. entertained a number of her little boy and girl friends at a birthday party on Tuesday from four until nine p. m. Supper was served at six to about thirty-eight little folks. After dancing and playing games for a few hours the children prepared for home, a happy little company.

Mrs. Andrew Robertson and little twin daughters May and Jean, who have been visiting friends in the city returned to their home in Philadelphia last week.

Miss Ida C. Lugin returned on Thursday from a fortnight's visit to Boston and Fredericton.

Mrs. Harry Fuddington gave a very delightful tea at her home on Wednesday afternoon of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George McAvity and little daughter Rosemond, returned home Thursday from Oyster Bay and New York. They also visited Ottawa and Montreal on the return trip.

Mr. Albert O'Dell who has been visiting at the

Continued on next page.

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 Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World.

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Model 256.
 Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat, consisting of Velvet revers, grey and White, Plain \$2.56
 House Bodice with tily trimmed Black fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage, 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35; carriage, 45c. extra.

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 Made in Heavy Frieze Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and skirt wide, carefully finished Skirt, in Black or Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 65c.

JOHN NOBLE KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.
 Thoroughly well made, in Strong Serge, with saddle top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Length in front, and Prices:
 24 27 inches. 40c. 61 cents.
 30 33 inches. 75c. 88 cents.
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Don't take inferior goods; the best do not ... than inferior goods.

"Cacoon" or "Neat" Silk is the pure and unadulterated product of the silk worm.

Corticelli Sewing Silk is made up of one hundred perfect strands of this pure silk.

Each strand is tested and proven as to strength, uniformity of size and freedom from flaws or knots, by a machine that cannot make a mistake.

Corticelli Sewing Silk is dependable silk.

Sold Everywhere.

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. Scovill,—"Having used both we think the St. Agustine's preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic."

JOHN C. CLOWES

E. G. SCOVILL 62 Union Street

Bucouche Bar Oysters.

Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Bucouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch At 19 and 23 King Square.

J. D. TURNER.

Pulp Wood Wanted

WANTED—Undersized saw logs, such as Belling or Spilling. Parties having such for sale on correspondence with the St. John's Pulp Company, Ltd., stating the quantity, price per thousand superficial feet, and the time of delivery.

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FRY'S pure concentrated **COCOA**

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HALIFAX NOTES.

Programs for sale in Halifax by the newspapers and at the following news stands and centres.

- MORSON & CO. Barrington street
LAWSON & CO. Cor. George & Granville Sts
CANADA NEWS CO. Railway Depot
J. R. FIDELAY. Brunswick street
J. W. ALLEN. Dartmouth St.
GREEN BOOKSTORE. 309 Hollis St
Mrs. DeFreitas. 181 Brunswick St

Nov. 28.—The dinner and dance at the Wellington barracks recently was as things military are apt to be, most delightful. Although a small affair, nearly all the younger set were present, and enjoyed the well arranged programme of dances to the fullest.

On Wednesday of last week, Miss Lillie Street, was married to E K Puddington of Craig Bros. The young couple received a number of beautiful and useful presents.

The coming marriage of G F Pearson of Halifax to Miss Ethel Miller of Dartmouth, is a source of considerable interest to the young people of both places. The marriage takes place in December.

A family reunion in honor of Capt H B Stairs, who has lately returned from South Africa, where he won much distinction, was held at the residence of Mrs Wm Stairs on Thursday evening of last week.

Mrs J T Twining is in Boston visiting her friends, and will be absent for some little time. Mrs Delaney and Miss Josie Delaney have gone on a visit to the United States.

Mrs and Miss Plunkett have closed their summer residence at Rockingham, and returned to their home in Lowell, Mass. Miss Frances Plunkett who spent the summer with relatives in Dublin, joined her mother and sister in Halifax a few days previous to their departure for the United States.

Mrs (Dr) Farrell is shortly going to England where she will spend some time with her daughter, Mrs Brush. Mrs Andrews, who has been spending the summer with her mother, Mrs Thompson, of Ferrisburgh, N Y, has gone on a visit to New York.

A very delightful entertainment was given at the Conv. of the Sacred Heart on Thursday afternoon last, the occasion being the centennial of the foundation of the Order of the Sacred Heart, by the foundress the Reverend Mother Madeleine Sophie Baras.

Mrs Walter Davidson, Halifax, is visiting friends in Sydney. J Elliot Smith and wife, Wolfville, will spend the winter in Halifax, and will reside at 89 Spring Garden Road, the residence of Mr Smith's mother, who will remain in British Columbia for the winter with her daughter.

There was a pretty wedding at St. Mary's cathedral on Wednesday morning Nov 21st, and notwithstanding the early hour a large number of friends of the contracting parties were present. The groom was James T Egan, incidentist, son of Lieut Col T J Egan, and the bride Miss Nellie O'Connor, daughter of the late William O'Connor. The ceremony was performed by Rev Father Moriarty. J C Egan was best man while Miss Mina Egan acted as bridesmaid.

The bride wore a pretty tailor made cloth gown of ox blood shade and a large picture hat trimmed with tips. Her bouquet was of white chrysanthemums. Miss Egan's costume was of brown with hat to match. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs Egan drove to North street and left in the D A B train on a fortnight's trip to the Eastern States.

Mrs Stephen and Miss H Haliday, of the household staff of Government House, Ottawa, arrived by the Numidian yesterday and are at the Queen. They leave by the Maritime express this afternoon for Ottawa. Mrs N Cameron, Mrs Delaney and daughter, G T Cunningham, Miss S S Elliott and Jas T Egan and wife left this week for Boston.

Miss M Grace Balcom, of Port Dufferin, is spending a few days with her aunt, Mrs E Donahoe, 27 South Park street. Mr and Mrs C Coleman were "at home" to their friends on Monday afternoon and evening, 26th and 27th Nov at 15 Campbell Road.

A quiet wedding (only relatives were present) took place on Friday last at her mother's residence 149 Granville street, when Miss Lottie Graydon was united in marriage to Mr Percy McDougall, of Shediac. The happy couple left by the afternoon train for New Brunswick, Rev Mr Duxon officiated.

Little daughter who arrived from California on Saturday. On the same day Mr and Mrs Tabor arrived also from California coming to see Mrs Tabor's sister Mrs Eiderian who is very ill indeed.

Miss Fagley of Amherst is the guest of Mrs Townsend, Mr J W Townsend Q C spent Sunday with his brother Dr Townsend. Rev W G Lane is away on a lecturing tour in at present in Quebec. Rev Mr Ryan is taking the services in Grace church during Mr Lane's absence.

Dr and Mrs Johnson and children returned last week from an extended visit at Chivrie. Mr CE Kelley has begun upon his duties as town clerk, Mr N H Upham much to the regret of all having sent in his resignation on account of illness. Mrs Thomas McKay recently gave a pleasant evening party, progressive games being the amusement provided.

Mr F F Lawson is at present at Kentville. Capt Nordby and Mr M L Tucker are in St John. TRURO. [Programs for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fullon, J. M. O'Brien and at Crowe Bros.]

Nov. 28.—Mr. Sullivan, lately attached to the Merchants' Bank staff here, has resigned his position and returned to Montreal. Mrs. F. Beverly and her daughter, Miss Holmes, who have been visiting Mrs. J. F. McDonald and Mrs. W. K. Campbell, have returned home to Parrabore.

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. Vernon gave one of her large and ever popular whist parties. About seven tables enjoyed as usual a very pleasant evening. Mr. Grahame Bell, en route to Washington from Bedford, C. B., was a guest at the Learmont one day this week.

The three score or more of ladies and gentlemen who attended Mr. E. R. Stuart's recital last Thursday evening in Mrs. W. S. Muir's spacious parlors kindly loaned for the occasion, enjoyed very thoroughly the whole evening. The pupils illustrated in a most gratifying way, Mr. Stuart's proficiency as an instructor of piano. Miss McKenzie added much to the success of the evening with some exquisitely rendered obligatos to Mr. E. D. McLean's baritone solos.

Mr. Fred Rowley, Inspector for the Bank of Nova Scotia, was a guest of his friends at "Elmhurst," yesterday. Mrs. James Bigelow entertained the whist club at its first "meet" this season, last night. Mrs. (Senator) Temple, Windsor, is spending a few days in town a guest of Mrs. J. H. McKay. YARMOUTH.

Nov. 28.—Miss Ellen Rielly of Annapolis was a passenger to Boston per Prince Arthur on Wednesday last. Mrs John B Killam accompanied her mother, Mrs Margaret Rogers, from Boston on the S S Prince Arthur Wednesday. Mrs Rogers is much improved in health and is recovering from her late illness.

Miss Kate Pheasant returned from a visit to Boston on the S S Prince Arthur Wednesday. Mr and Mrs Joseph Edwards of Annapolis were passengers from Boston per S S Prince Arthur Wednesday. Mrs James Davis and Mrs Wentworth Bakr leave for Victoria, B C on Saturday.

Miss Florence Johns went to Boston Wednesday. Miss Mamie Perry went to Boston for a visit Wednesday. Mr Percy McDonald returned to Boston Wednesday. He had received no intimation of his sister Elsie's death until he read of the foundering of the City of Monticello in the Boston papers.

A very pretty wedding took place at Lochaber on the morning of the 14th inst, at the home of Mr and Mrs George Sinclair, when their second eldest daughter Cecilia, formerly a missionary in Trinidad was united in marriage to Mr Edward King Perry, first officer on the steamer Fortland, of the Clyde shipping company, Glasgow, Scotland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev A J MacDonald. Miss Bertie Sinclair was bridesmaid, while Mr David R Perry supported the groom. The happy couple were the recipients of many handsome and valuable presents from their friends. The marriage over, the wedded pair, together with the guests, some twenty five in number, sat down to a wedding breakfast. Mr and Mrs Perry will reside in Glasgow.

A wedding of unusual interest, considering the circumstances, took place last evening at the residence of Mr C E Johnson, Alma street, when Mr Wilson Cook, one of the four survivors of the Monticello catastrophe, was married to Miss Louisa Allen, by Rev Edwin Crowell, of the Free Baptist church. The bride was handsomely attired in a dove colored cashmere, with white silk and pearl trimmings. The happy couple were the recipients of a large number of pretty presents. About forty guests were present.

Mr Max Whitehouse returned from Montreal and New York Saturday. Miss Helen Cann has returned from a visit to Boston. Miss Mrs Wood of Halifax returned from New York Saturday and is visiting Miss Kate Rowe. ANNAPODIS.

Nov. 27.—Mrs J P Edwards, who has been visiting in Boston for the past few weeks, returned Wednesday. Mr Edward, who went to Boston Saturday, returned with her. Mrs J Herbert Rusceman has returned from an extended visit to Boston and vicinity. Mr and Mrs C W Mills went to St John Wednesday.

Miss Ella Riley and Miss Mable Riley have gone to Boston on a visit to friends there. Miss Lizzie Hayes, who has been visiting her brother, Rev J A Hayes, returned to her home in Fredericton last week. A quiet wedding took place at Round Hill on last Wednesday morning, when Miss Laura Chipman, daughter of Handy Chipman, Esq, was united to Mr Joseph Harris of Canning, by the Rev H H Bosch, the couple being married under a suspended bell in the Baptist church. One of Edwards' stylish trousseaus conveyed the party from the church to the Queen Hotel in this town, after which they took the west bound express for Yarmouth and other places.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Mr Chas McDormand and Miss Mand Purdy, at the Baptist church at Bear River, Wednesday evening, the 28th inst. DIGBY. Nov. 29.—A pleasant event took place at St Croix church, Frymouth, on Monday, Nov 29th, when Mr William Magee, of Boston, was united in marriage to Miss Mary, daughter of Mr and Mrs Augustine White, of Port Gilbert. The ceremony was performed by the Rev Father Stroh. The bride looked pretty in a handsome dress of white muslin over white silk and wore a veil and orange blossoms

The bridesmaids were Miss Addie, sister of the bride, and Miss Cassie Sabean, the latter two ladies being dressed in blue muslin over blue silk. A reception was held the same evening at the home of the bride's parents. Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address. Progress Job Print. KENTVILLE.

Nov. 27.—The marriage of Joseph A Harris of Canning and Laura Chipman, daughter of Mr. Hanley C Chipman of Roundhill, was performed Wednesday Nov 21st, at the residence of the bride's parents. Rev. Joseph Murray, formerly of Falmouth, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J Walton at Canard. Miss Hattie Millet of Canning, spent a few days of this week with Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Harris.

Mrs. John T Franham of Boston, who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. T W Cox for several weeks, has been quite ill with rheumatic fever. She is now recovering from her illness. Miss Hattie Walsh of Bridgetown, has been spending a few days at Sheffield Mills. Miss Jennie Savage of Shelburne, is spending the winter with her sister Mrs. E L Clark of Jacksonville, Florida.

Miss Barrett of Halifax, arrived in town on Monday last and has entered the employ of F B Newcombe & Co. of this town. Mrs. C H Day and daughter and Miss Cook, sister of Mrs. Day, arrived in town from Bridgewater on Wednesday and Rev. Mr. Day is now settled in the parsonage.

The marriage of Mr. Joseph Spinyne the popular driver on the D A R, and Miss Mary Alice, daughter of Mr. Henry McNamara of this town, was performed last Wednesday by Rev. Father Holden. WOLFVILLE.

Nov. 27.—The whist club, which was so popular a feature of Wolfville's social life last winter, was reorganized last Monday evening at the home of Mr J W Bigelow. The meetings will be held each week at the homes of the different members and a pleasant season is promised.

Mrs T E Sherwood arrived home on Saturday from New York, where she has been visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs A Sherwood, for a month or two. Miss Edith Bars of Dartmouth, is spending a few weeks at the home of her grandfather, J W Bars. Miss Mand Hall of Halifax was in town for a few days this week visiting friends.

Mr and Mrs Edward Chase left last week for Liverpool, where they will be guests at the home of their daughter, Mrs Kilcup. Mrs A E McLeod spent a few days this week in Halifax at the home of her sister, Mrs Burpee Wither.

Mrs and Mrs James Higgins of Astoria, Oregon, formerly of Wolfville, have just returned from a very pleasant trip to Seattle and Alaska, where at Skagway, Ross, Higgins & Co have a branch store. Mrs Higgins, formerly Miss Beila Fraser of Halifax is well known here. ANNEBOST.

Nov. 27.—Mrs V E Harris left on Friday last for Granville, Annapolis Co. Miss May Hanford, contemplates leaving here early in December to spend the winter with her friends, Mr and Mrs. Campbell, in Belfast, Ireland. Miss Maggie Hardin will also leave about the same time to spend some months in England with friends.

Mrs Clarence Fullerton and child, of Parrabore have been visiting her parents Mr and Mrs Chas Smith, Havelock street. Mr and Mrs Moss are located in their new home Lawrence street, the handsome residence lately owned by W C Moore. Rev R A and Mrs Smith left this parish on Monday.

Mrs Stephen Thorne of St John has been with her father, Captain Lowler during his illness. On Wednesday and Friday evenings of last week Mrs T N Campbell entertained a large number of her friends very pleasantly at her home, Church street. Mrs Edward McSweeney of Moncton was in town last week on her return home from Mount Whistler where she had spent Sunday with her friend, Mrs McSweeney at the rectory.

Mrs John Smith of Moncton and Mrs Fred Allison of Sackville were in town recently. Mrs Wilder entertained a few ladies to afternoon tea on Monday. Mrs F W Bent leaves this week en route for her home in Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Robinson has returned to her home in Fredericton, N B after a three months visit with her brother, Mr W H Robinson of the bank of Nova Scotia and Mrs Robinson, Victoria street. Miss Steele who is the guest of Mrs N B Steele is ill with pneumonia. A charming juvenile party was given by Mrs Arthur Moffat at her home, Lawrence street, recently. There was a large gathering of "little people," who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the games and good things provided.

Mrs T N Campbell gave two very pleasant evenings last week, Wednesday and Friday, when she entertained a large number of friends. Mrs Clarence Fullerton and child, of Parrabore, have been spending a short time with her parents Mr and Mrs Chas Smith, Havelock Street. C R Smith expects to have his handsome new residence ready for occupancy the first of next month. Mr and Mrs Smith go to St John this week for a few days.

Mrs Moss and family have taken possession of their late purchase the handsome residence on Lawrence Street, lately owned by Mr. C. Moore. Miss Hardin is in town from Halifax, a guest of her mother, Mrs Jessie Harding, Victoria street. Mrs W H Rogers gave a pleasant little tea last week to a few of her friends at her residence, Rupert Street. Miss Robinson who has been in town for the last three months with her brother Mr W H Robinson, of the bank of Nova Scotia, and Mrs Robinson,

Victoria street, returned to her home in Fredericton last week. Mrs Fred Allison, of Sackville, and her sister, Mrs John Young-Smith of Moncton, spent Monday in town, the guests of Mrs Wilder, Rupert street. Mrs Wilder entertained a few lady friends at afternoon tea on Monday in honor of her guests.

Mrs Fred W Bent, after spending the summer with her daughter Mrs Fred Christie, on Albion at leaves this week for her home in Cincinnati, Ohio, stopping off en route in Montreal and Detroit, Mich. Mrs Harris, formerly of Wolfville, who in company with her father-in-law has been spending the summer with her parents, Mr and Mrs Augustus Carter, in Pugwash, has left to join her husband in British Columbia, where he has decided to settle. Mr Harris, Sr., accompanied her.

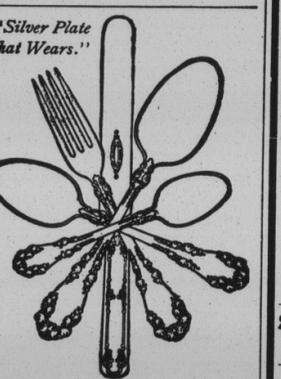
Rev A G Crosswell and daughter arrived on Monday from Springfield, N B. Mr Crosswell enters upon his duties here the first Sunday in Advent. CHATHAM. Nov. 28.—Preparations are being made for the St Andrew's night celebration to be given by the St Andrew's church choir. This anniversary is always appropriately celebrated by St Andrew's church people.

The twenty fourth anniversary of the marriage of Mr and Mrs William Johnston was celebrated by a progressive whist party at their residence quite recently. A very pleasant evening was spent.



After Baby Comes. In the days following the baby's birth there is often a long up-hill struggle to recover strength, and the nurse busies herself in the preparation of jellies and broths for the invalid.

When Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is used as a preparative for motherhood the baby's advent is practically painless, there is abundant strength to nurse and nourish the child, and a rapid recovery from the shock and strain inseparable from maternity. "I was pleased that Dr. Pierce answered my letter," writes Mrs. C. W. Young, of 21 South Regent Street (Lee Park), Wilkesbarre, Penna. "When I had those mishaps I began to think I would never have children. My back used to almost break and I would get sick at my stomach and have such headaches I did not know what to do; they used to get me nearly crazy, and I used to dread to get up. I felt so bad; then I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When baby was expected I took it all the time I was that way. I felt fine all the time, and I never get those dizzy spells now. I hardly ever have a nervous headache anymore. I have a perfect romp of a boy; he is the light of our home. I am now twenty years old and my baby is almost eight months old. I now feel well, and weigh 150 pounds, and the baby 23 1/2 pounds. We feel very grateful for the good your medicine did for us. We are both healthy, thanks to Dr. Pierce's medicine." Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the bowels healthy.



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Free Cure For Men.

A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, nocturnal night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. W. Knapp 200 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich. Gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

Something Choice.

My Gum Picker has arrived with a lot of that lovely SPRUCE GUM. Come and see my window display with the real Gum Trees showing how it is procured. Don't fail to get some of this gum.

REMEMBER THE STORE: ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY, 87 Charlotte Street. Phone 239. Mail orders promptly filled.

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Articles by WALTER A. WYKOFF, author of "The Workers". SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S article on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar. NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PRIXETTO, HENRY MOCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

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SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

home of T. A. Dunlap for some weeks past left on Monday for his home in New York.

Mrs. F. J. Harding has sent out invitations for an at home next Wednesday at her residence, Chipman Hill.

Miss Tweddle of Hampton is spending a short time in the city, the guest of Mrs. John McAvity.

A very successful parlor concert was held at the home of Miss Little Erb, Brussels street, Tuesday evening. The program was good and much enjoyed.

Mrs. Malcolm McKay, Orange street is preparing to give one of her delightful teas on Wednesday, Dec. 6.

Little Miss Moore of Sussex, is visiting for a few days at the home of Mrs. Blais, Orange street, and is being most pleasantly entertained by her young friends here.

Mrs. Elbridge Haines and two little ones, of St. Marys, returned to their home last week, after spending a number of weeks at the home of her father, Mr. Wm. Gray, Main street.

Mr. G. V. Willis sailed on the twenty third for London to visit his parents. He will return early in the new year.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Palmer, who have been visiting friends in the city, have returned to Yarmouth.

Mrs. Joseph Mosher of West end, entertained a number of her young friends at a musicale on Thursday evening.

Mrs. William Russell spent a few days with her mother last week, before leaving for London, Eng. where in future she will make her home.

Miss Lou Russell has returned from a visit to Montreal.

Mrs. James Dunn gave a very enjoyable at home at her residence Wellington Row, yesterday afternoon.

Miss Isaac Burpee has sent out cards for a five o'clock tea next Thursday afternoon.

A quiet wedding took place at the residence of J. W. Fottis, King street East, on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Eunice Fottis was united in wedlock to Mr. Magnus Sabiston. Mr. and Mrs. Sabiston left on the afternoon train for Boston and New York for an extended bridal tour.

Rev. Mr. Kenrick of the Mission church is forming a young men's bible class to meet on Sunday afternoons.

Quite an interesting matrimonial 'affair' is absorbing the attention of it downtown people just now and the disparity in the ages of the prospective bride and groom is a particular feature of the sensation. The groom elect who is a well known captain of the Lower Reach, has seen the snow flakes fall upon the hardened soil for sixty six wintry seasons or thereabouts, while the bride-to-be, a well known girl has seen but returns of the apple blossom. It is rumored that an engagement 'tie' in the shape of property has been transferred to the young bride elect and the thing is considered by the interested friends as about settled. It will truly be a joining of hands between May and October, truly a union of the rose and maple leaf though the one be fresh and budding and the other one of Autumn's latest tokens of cere and yellow glory.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. Fenety and W. H. Hawthorne.]

Nov. 28.—On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Geo. Y. Diblee entertained a large party, 11 tables at supper.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Neil have returned from their trip to New York.

Miss Mabel McNeill of Nashua has been spending a few days in the city, the guest of Miss Beverly.

Mrs. A. J. Gregory gave a pleasant luncheon on Saturday in honor of Miss Pauline Johnston.

A little daughter arrived at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Bridges on Friday.

Mrs. Sherman entertained a few friends on Friday evening in honor of Miss Pauline Johnston.

The whist party at Mrs. F. Babbitts last evening was a very enjoyable function, Mrs. Scott was the fortunate winner of the ladies' first prize and Dr. Bridges took the gentlemen's first prize.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Radford returned home this evening from a pleasant trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Spurden had a pleasant surprise party gathered at their hospitable home on Saturday evening it being the twenty fifth anniversary of their wedding day. Many beautiful presents in silver were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Spurden and Mr. J. J. Weidall read a congratulatory address, a pleasant evening was enjoyed. Ice and cake were served during the evening.

Miss Whelpley has invitations out for a euchre party for tomorrow evening.

Miss Gertrude Albertson Fenety, daughter of Mr. W. T. H. Fenety and Mr. Frederick P. Colter son of the late Joseph E. Colter were united in marriage at Christ church on Saturday afternoon, Rev. Canon Roberts performed the Ceremony. The bride was given in marriage by her father and was unattended. The newly wedded couple left on the afternoon express on a honeymoon trip followed by the best wishes of many friends.

Mrs. F. B. Edgecombe has returned from a pleasant visit to Boston.

The marriage of Miss Alice Neil, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Neil to Mr. Harry Cooper, son of Mr. Samuel Cooper a former Frederictonian it is announced, took place in Ionia, Michigan a short time since. CRICKET.

NEWCASTLE.

Nov. 28.—Miss Katie McLeod of Newcastle left on Saturday to visit her brother, Mr. Wm. McLeod in Denver, Col.

Miss Flo Harvie, of Newcastle spent a couple of days last week with her mother Mrs. Joe Allingham, at Campbellton.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Armstrong are expected home today from a visit to Boston and New York.

Mrs. Snow has returned from a visit to her home in Newfoundland.

Miss Cate, St. John, is visiting friends in Newcastle.

Mrs. W. J. Buckley and family left for Boston, Monday morning.

Misses Hogan and Doughney spent Sunday with friends in Millerton.

Mrs. Elzabeth, Chatham spent Sunday with Mrs. J. D. Cressahan.

Miss Cassidy of Newcastle is visiting her sister Mrs. J. A. Stevens.

Miss Fairly of Boletown is visiting in Sackville.

The Age Limit.

The recent retirement from the army of Gen. Joseph Wheeler on reaching the "age limit" results to General Howard the first meeting between two other famous generals of the Civil War. It was at Chattanooga, and after their introduction,

Grant invited Sherman to take the chair of honor, a rocker with a high back.

"Oh no," was the quick reply, "that belongs to you, general."

Not a whit abashed by this compliment Grant retorted, "But I do not forget, Sherman, to give proper respect to age!"

"Well," laughed the other, arching his brows, "if you put it on that ground, I must accept."

The reader will smile to recall that Sherman was but forty-three, and his commander-in-chief two years younger.

Except under the arbitrary conditions of the army and navy, the "age limit" is usually an imaginary line which a person draws around himself. The Countess of Cork used to skip over it with all the agility of youth. "Leave the ancient music" she once wrote to Samuel Rogers, who was going to hear a Haydn symphony, "and come to ancient Cork." She was ninety three years old, but age could not stale her infinite variety.

At the age of seventy-four, Mrs. Dolany invented a method of making papers flowers so true to life that botanists used them in lieu of herbariums. In the eight years succeeding she did one thousand species of flower and shrub with as Horace Walpole exclaimed, "truth unparalleled."

Tolstoi tells of a very intelligent man who got the idea that his muscles were glass, and would sit in rigid attitudes so as not to break them. Once a doctor told him to stand up thinking he would walk alone. The man fell down, however, said "Smash!" and died.

One smiles at poor hypochondriac, but he has myriads of kin who trip over their advancing birthdays, fancying they try "smash" to all future joy and individual attainment.

The Mischief-Making Mosquito.

Representatives of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine who went to Nigeria recently to study the causes of malaria have sent home word that a new indictment must be framed against the disease-breeding mosquito. According to this information, not only malaria but the terrible disease called elephantiasis, which is characterized by enormous swelling of the glands, is conveyed to human being by their gray-winged tormentors from the swamps. This disease not only affects millions of the inhabitants of tropical countries, but also frequently attacks European residents in those lands.

New Chemical Products.

Messieurs Moissan and Stooks the original discoverers of carborundum, a mineral hard enough to cut diamond, have recently announced two new chemical products which may also be of use in the arts. They are compounds of boron, which is best known in the salt which is called borax, and of silicon, which in combination with oxygen forms quartz, the scientific name of which is silicic acid. Both boron and silicon are non-metallic chemical elements. The two compounds just discovered are in the form of crystals an adamantine luster, and are so hard that they scratch the hardest ruby with ease.

Magnificent Newspaper Building.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, has just moved into its palatial new building, admitted by its contemporaries to be one of the finest, if not the very finest newspaper buildings in the world. With its new lightning presses and equipment, the new building of the Family Herald and Weekly Star cost half a million dollars. The progress of Family Herald is one of the marvels of century.

Not a Doubt of It.

"Don't you believe," asked the girl in the pink shirt waist, "that it makes a pathetic selection still more pathetic to recite it in dialect?"

"I do, dear," answered the girl in pale blue. "It always makes me feel like crying to hear you do anything at all in dialect."

"They tell me a marriage is often the beginning of a feud in Tennessee."

"Yes; I understand that at pretty home weddings down there Johnny, Get Your Gun' is sung instead of 'O Promise Me.'"

"What doth it profit a man," said the Rev. Kwoter, "to gain the whole world and lose his soul?" "Nothing," replied the unregenerate; for if you lose your sole you're naturally on your uppers."

"What is Thanksgiving cheer, Uncle Jim?"

"Well, Jimmy, it's that bloated feeling the farmer gets after he has sold about three dozen turkeys."

Clara—How did you come to accept Mr. Saphend?

Dora—I had to. He proposed to me in a canoe, and he got so agitated I was afraid we'd upset.

"Seeing is Believing."

When you see people cured by a remedy, you must believe in its power. Look around you. Friends, relatives, neighbors all say that Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Medicine, cleansed the blood of their dear ones and they rise en masse to sing its praises. There's nothing like it in the world to purify the blood.

Sores—"My health was poor and I had a sore on one of my limbs. My father thought I better try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I did so and the sores are now all better. Whenever I do not feel well I take Hood's." Miss Nellie A. Lavo, Richmond, Quebec.



NEW DORMITORY AT VASSAR.

The Building Will Cost \$115,000 and Will Accommodate One Hundred Students.

The overcrowded condition of Vassar College is to be relieved by the building of a new dormitory that will furnish living rooms for 100 students. The new building will cost \$115,000 and will be paid for out of the funds of the college by the sale of securities. It has been apparent for the past two years that a new dormitory would soon be needed. Strong Hall, which was built in 1892, and Raymond House, which was erected four years later, have always been taxed to their capacity, as well as the accommodations in the main building, and at the present time there are 135 students living at boarding houses outside the college grounds. At their meeting last spring the trustees authorized its Executive Committee of seven, the local members of which are President Taylor, Edward Elsworth and Henry V. Pelton to erect a new dormitory whenever in their judgment it should be necessary. Accordingly the committee met last week and decided to put up the building at once. The contract was awarded to Dodge & Deaveney of Pittsfield, Mass., who built Raymond House. Ground will be broken in a few days and the contractors have agreed to have the dormitory ready for occupancy at the opening of the next school year in September. The site selected for the new building is seventy-five feet north of Strong Hall. It is to be of brick, four stories with a basement, and will be fitted with all modern improvements. The plans are very similar to those of Raymond House.

It is a novelty, it must sometimes be a convenience to be able to have one's garments mended on the street while one waits. In nearly all the principal cities of China native sewing-women are to be seen seated on low stools, or perhaps on the sidewalk, mending articles of masculine wearing apparel.

The accomplishments of these street seamstresses are somewhat limited, their efforts with their needles being confined, as a rule, to "running." Other branches of needlework are practically unknown to them. As a consequence, their efforts are better appreciated by natives than by American or English travellers.

They are never short of patrons among the Chinese tradesmen, for these are often natives of other districts, and having come to the city to engage in business, have no one to mend a rent for them. Their wives being left at home, they are glad to employ the street needlewoman. For this class of customers the skill of the itinerant sewing woman answers every purpose.

The Ledger Monthly has a good word to say for these Chinese sewing-women. As a rule, they bear an excellent reputation. They are usually the wives of boatmen and laborers, who live in the houseboats which line the creeks, and their needles are a great help in solving the problem of maintenance in a crowded city.

A Long Life-time of Work.

An Englishwoman who lives near Bedford, one of the rural centers of the pillow lace industry, has been ninety-five years at her trade. She was born in the year 1800, and has worked at lace-making since she was four years old. In her young days it was a paying trade, the women often earning more at the pillow than their husbands did at the plow. Mrs. Berrington's parents were not so poor as some of their neighbors, but her father, being a prudent and thrifty man, insisted on putting the child early to work, deeming it best that she should have something to fall back upon if any mishap should overtake him. So at the age of four she was set to work at the pillow, and for the ninety-five years since then she has worked regularly at her craft.

Those who have not seen this variety of lace can have no idea of the hundreds of thousands of turns, crosses and twists that must be given the thread in making a few

yards of the pattern. Even now old Nancy as she is familiarly called, can follow an intricate pattern with ease, and without the aid of spectacles.

Many people call to see the old lady in her hundredth year at work at the lace making, and samples of her lace have travelled far. In her younger days such lace as she makes brought fifty cents a yard; now she sells it for twelve.

Mrs. Berrington's labors have not affected her health. When she was ninety-eight years old she walked home from Bedford, a distance of three miles, because the carrier, on whose cart the country people depend in going to and fro, "dawdled about" too long for her.

Even now she is firm of foot, and thinks nothing of climbing over the fence that encloses her garden in order to pick flowers for a visitor. Her eyesight is good and she has hardly a gray hair in her head.

The Nation's Unoccupied Lands.

It is often asserted, and is often unthinkingly believed, that our national landed possessions, with the exception of the Indian reservations and those tracts set aside for government parks, are practically occupied, and that as a consequence, the opportunities and incentives which once moved pioneers to establish homes for themselves in untried fields are gone forever.

The fallacy of this assumption, however, is shown in recent investigations and compilations of the Land Office at Washington.

From these it appears that of the 2,270,440 acres once more constituting the nation's domains, considerably more than one third are still unappropriated, and with the exception of Alaska, our new possessions—the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico and Guam—are not included in the estimate.

It will, perhaps, surprise many to learn that even in some of the older states, as in those more recently settled, immense tracks of unoccupied land still forms portions of the nation's possessions. Thus there are 428,883 acres in Alabama, 593,000 in Louisiana, 285,000 in Mississippi, 473,000 in Michigan, more than 6,627,394 in Minnesota, and 69,073,490 in Montana.

Government possessions, aggregating more than twice the area of Pennsylvania, exist in Nevada; and in New Mexico, Arizona and Idaho the extent of its ownership is, approximately, as great.

It is not, of course, to be understood that all these lands are susceptible of cultivation, but many of them are, or can be rendered so. It is therefore obvious that within the original boundaries of the nation there is yet, for generations to come, wide fields for agricultural development in which the enterprising and industrious may reap deserved rewards.

White Swelling of the Knee.

This is the old name for a chronic tuberculous inflammation of the knee joint, that is to say an inflammation produced by the same germ that, when seated in the lungs, is the cause of consumption. It is a disease chiefly affecting children, although adults are not wholly exempt from it.

The trouble, usually comes on insidiously without any evident cause; but sometimes it follows an acute inflammation resulting from a strain, a fall or other injury. The first symptom will probably be a slight limp, which may be intermittent, coming and going irregularly for a time; and with this there is apt to be an indefinite dull pain.

Soon the joint grows a little stiff and is slightly flexed, and any attempt to straighten the knee causes pain and an involuntary jerking of the leg or of the entire body. At night the child occasionally starts in his sleep and cries out, but if awakened says he has no pain.

After a longer or shorter time, during which these symptoms gradually become more marked, examination of the knee will show a slight swelling, and if the knee is compared with its fellow it will perhaps feel warmer to the hand.

The degree and kind of swelling vary; usually it is hard and unyielding, and not of very great size; less often it is very large and feels like a distended bladder. It always looks larger than it really is, because the muscles of the leg and thigh are wasted away.

The inflammation, if untreated, may subside spontaneously after some months, leaving a stiffened and bent knee; or it may break down and discharge for a long time, depressing the patient's strength and eventually causing his death.

The treatment of the disease is twofold, local and general. Tonics, good food, cod liver oil or cream, plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and everything to build up the general health are of the greatest importance, for local treatment will be of little use if the patient's resisting powers are weak.



Keep your Hands White. SURPRISE won't hurt them. It has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes, but is harmless to the hands, and to the most delicate fabrics. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap. ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.



It's All Right!

There's nothing wrong with any part of our laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—button holes are left intact when we do your work. Where shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. BODSOE BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeers," Montreal.

Advertisement for 'A WISE WOMAN' book. Includes a portrait of a woman and text: 'Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to the sex, in order that she may be able to prevent and successfully cure them. Valuable information on this subject will be found in my book which I will be pleased to send entirely free to any lady, sending me her name and address. It's a PLAIN COMMON SENSE BOOK written by a woman who has made a life study of these problems. A man sure you'll be delighted with it. WRITE TO-DAY Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal.'

Local treatment consists chiefly in giving rest to the joint. This is usually done by casing the leg in a plaster of Paris band age, or by means of specially constructed splints. The splints are often made in such a way that the patient can go about without crutches, and without danger of jarring the knee.

Innocent Mamma—What kind of a game was it that you and Rudolph were playing in the parlor last night?

Apt Ophelia—Duplicate affinity. You see we played each other's hands.

Mamma—Who won?

Ophelia—He did, by a squeeze.

"Do you think it will take, doctor?" asked the fair young bud who was being vaccinated.

"Well," replied the gallant doctor, "if it doesn't take on such a pretty arm as that I'll have to respect for vaccine hereafter."

"There is something very mysterious about this burglary," said the detective. "None of the family heard a sound, although the house was thoroughly equipped with an old-fashioned rocking chair in every room."

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1900.

Fighting the Boers.

A St. John Member of the Second Contingent Tells of the Many Engagements They Have Been Through.

Trooper W. Earle Anderson of the Second Contingent Canadian Mounted Rifles sends the following interesting letter to a friend in this city.

Dear —

I have been thinking for some time of writing you, but could not get down to business until I received your kind letter of August 24th, which prompted me to send you the following letter which I hope will prove interesting to you. I will give you a detail account of my trip thustar, almost a year. "After leaving Halifax and until we crossed the Gulf Stream we experienced pretty rough weather. Soon after that however the sky cleared, the sun came out, and we enjoyed the sail very much. There were some few fellows who were rather too sea sick to come on deck but they got around all right in time and our thirty days on the water were beautiful. The officers of the vessel were obliging and did everything in their power to make things enjoyable for the men. Time passed very quickly, most of it being spent in watching for the sight of a passing sail or a strip of land. Many of the days nothing was done but lounge about the deck looking at the water and waiting for the bugle call announcing meals.

We sighted Table Mountain, Cape Town, about 12 o'clock March 26th and pulled into the bay the same night, and everyone was up before sunrise the next morning to see the beautiful sight that presented itself to us. In front of us lay the Table mountain with its tablecloth of snow white clouds rolling down its sides. It is a sight which is difficult to describe. I can only liken it to a heavy cloud of smoke rolling along the top of a table until it reaches the edges when it rolls down into space.

In Cape Town harbor there were anchored over two hundred steamers and square rigged vessels, used in transportation of troops, supplies and coal.

After being cleared by the port health officer, we proceeded to the dock to unload and a strange coincidence of this part of our long journey was that our transport was headed by a steamer with troops from England and followed by steamers with soldiers and horses from every part of the British dominions including one with troops and horses from India. As the latter vessel ran along side of ours cheer after cheer would be given by one vessel and answered by another until the air was filled with ringing cheers.

The work of unloading was done by the native coolies and blacks. The unloading over, we proceeded to Green Point wharf, we camped. Our camp was bounded by the ocean on two sides and although the point is green by name it is not green by nature.

At this time of year, the dry season, the soil being of a fine brown dust and with a good stiff breeze blowing constantly, you can imagine what our toilet would be like. I have seen everything covered with an eight of an inch of fine sand and dust. But in spite of our dirty faces we were always in the best of spirits and only anxious to get to the front. We managed to keep the sand and dust from our throats thanks to the abundance of grapes, some fruits, melons and other tropical fruits which grow here in abundance, think of that when you are having snowballs for desert, Cape town of itself is not much of a city and probably was never so lively before.

There are with us over twenty thousand troops here at present and of course things look lively. The Cape Town merchants and men of means reside in suburbs of the place. Their houses are rather pretty and are built of soft brick covered with cement and their grounds are surrounded with pretty tropical trees and plants. Most of the trees are species of palm, blue gum and a pine which grows rapidly. There are also cactus fifteen feet high. The century plant which also grows fifteen or twenty feet high looks grandly beautiful with a snow white flower as large around as a barrel head at its top. They have nicely arranged flower beds studded around with sweet smelling English blue violets. But with all this, I must say I prefer the climate of Canada with its snow storms to the sand storms of Africa.

It was here I joined Captain Howard's Maxim Gun Corps. On April 4th, we started on our march to Stellenbosch which we reached after a two days walk. We were given a compliment of new horses and we left by rail for Springfontein reaching there on the 10th of April. We were assigned to General Hutton's brigade of Mounted Infantry and were started on our long and tiresome ride on horseback. While at Springfontein our men made a sortie and captured several Boer officers who were in our neighborhood.

From that time until April 22nd when we reached Bloemfontein, we were marching through the country accompanied by several other regiments including the famous C. I. V. of London. The country consists of rolling prairie with a heavy growth of grass which looks very tempting, but which our horses will not touch, on account of its strong aromatic flavor.

Bloemfontein is not much of a place and is not nearly as large as St. John and most of the homes are made of mud-brick covered with cement and tin roofs. Here we met the boys of the first contingent, all looking well and particularly Lt. Fred Jones who was in the best of health. I noticed, however, that many were missing, some were invalided to hospitals and some were left on the Veldt to their last resting place.

We were sent out into the country about seven miles from Bloemfontein there to receive new horses to replace dead ones and replace old ones. This place was called Fishers Farm and formerly belonged to the secretary of the Free State who was then fighting against us.

On May 1st, after a short rest we left in battle array as we were then in the enemy's country. Our routine for each day was reveille from 3 to 4 a. m., then get breakfast and leave between five and six, fight if you get a chance, make camp in the evening, get supper, go on picket duty or to bed.

Being on the left flank of our column, our part of the business was to turn the right flank of the enemy regardless of what kind of country we had to cross. On May 4th we received our first baptism of fire, which was heralded to us by the heavy cannonading from the enemy shelling our advance guard. This was at Brandfont. Our two battalions were halted. A short speech made to us by Colonel Alderson, our brigadier in command. Then we started in open order of about twenty paces and on the trot to try and turn the flank of the enemy, who by the way were shelling us at three miles distance. As soon as we were in sight of their batteries, they started shelling us. You can imagine what it is like when you can just see the puff of smoke, hear the report and next you know the shell "whizzes" past and explodes.

After we turned their flank and running into a heavy rifle fire from their skirmishers and supports who are hidden from you, behind rocks, we were ordered to retire from skirmishing and hold a position. This we did and the enemy slowly retired before us. Col. Alderson said, considering this was our first time under fire and that upwards of fifty shells had burst among us we had acted as well and steady as any men he had ever known.

In his address he said we were a credit to ourselves and to the people of Canada. The day following our first brush we chased the enemy and engaged them at a place called Constanca where the same tactics were repeated, the enemy always retiring. On May 6th, the Boers made a stand at Vet river where heavy fighting was done. The enemy occupied the riverbed and the Kopje beyond. These river beds make the best of fortifications, being cut very deep by the rains during the wet season. The men and horses can ride through and be completely sheltered on both sides.

Their shelter proves good except when our artillery opens on them with Shrapnell, and then they scatter like a pack of sheep chased by a dog. This was a very hot engagement and lasted over 12 hours. It was at this fight the brave Lieuts Borden and Turner with seven men, swam the river and drove the Boers from the opposite side of the river. This was the place that old Kruger said the river would run with British blood. I crossed the river but while it was not very red it tasted good just the same.

On May 9th we again encountered the Boers at Weliegele, and after a stubborn fight they retired. The 13th May we reached a place called Kroonstad where we remained in camp until the 20th waiting for transport and provisions. Nothing of importance happened and on the 26th we crossed the Vaal river, the boundary of the Transvaal. Here we expected the enemy to make a stand, which they failed to do, and we marched quietly until the 29th when at Doorn Kop or Klip river, where the enemy were massing in great force for the defense of Johannesburg, and here occurred our first experience with the pom-pom, a machine gun which throws a one pound shell at the rate of three hundred per minute.

We were ordered to advance, capture and hold a Kopje which was covered by the enemy who had three cannon and a pom-pom, while Gen. French swept forward around the enemy's flank. We were obliged to gallop across an open plain of about five thousand yards in complete sweeping range of the enemy's guns. We got there though, but the shells from the Pom-pom were bursting around and among us all the time. I can tell you four horses and a maxine gun are no small target for the Boers to shoot at.

I can further assure you that when these shells are bursting around you in a radius of twenty to twenty five yards you would rather not be there, that's all. But I will say this much it is the moral and not the mortal effect which causes one to dread the pom-pom, as in all their fire not a man or horse was hit. We held the kopje all that day, night and the next day, enabling General French to flank them on the left and occupy Johannesburg. The Canadian Mounted Rifles were complimented by General French for their behavior in holding the kopje which was the key to the city.

Had this kopje been lost it would have meant the cutting off of General French's troops. We did not visit Johannesburg but swept around about eight miles distant to try and cut off the Boers retreat. On June 21st we had a little brush with the enemy rear guard, but they were out of range of our guns. We concluded to keep on the extreme left flank, our object being to come in on the rear of Pretoria and cut off the chances of their retreating from that place. June 4th we caught up with them at a place called the Dyke. At Dyke the Boers put up a very sharp fight, but they lacked field pieces which was to have been sent there. They had plenty of ammunition for big guns but when they retreated they had to abandon all their shot and shell, which we found in a trench and quickly confiscated. They made a second stand some five miles distant from Dyke, but we drove them from there, which gave us practically a clear entrance into Pretoria, and on June 6th, at 11 55 noon, the Canadians rode through the city with the Canadian flag carried by a Canadian lieutenant. We camped about seven miles outside the city.

Pretoria lies between two large ranges of kopjes, and is a city of some fine buildings but is mostly made up of one story cottages for private residences. The bulk of the mercantile business is done by two firms who hold concessions from the Transvaal Government. The city is defended by several large forts manned by local batteries. Its costs the Transvaal government several millions per annum to sustain these defenses, yet strange to say they never fired a shot from either of their forts in the defense of Pretoria when the British marched on it. A great many of the Boers laid down their arms and took the oath but the look on their faces clearly show that they don't mean to be peaceable. Even since our entrance into the city a conspiracy to regain the city was discovered.

Their plans were discovered in time and all foreigners except English and Americans were ordered to leave the city. On June 10th after a short rest we marched and met the enemy at Ranch

Drift. They were in strong position on two Kopjes. We had a two days engagement after which the Boers vacated. As an illustration of the chances of warfare I will relate an actual happening which I witnessed: A fifteen pound shell passed clean through the throat of horse and entered the ground.

The shell did not burst and was dug up afterward. The strange part is that the horse lived and although unfit for service it kept on following us for several days through the country. Now some time afterward a maxze bullet fired at 28 hundred yards struck a horse and it was killed like a snap. That illustrates how easy it is to get hit and live and get hit and not live. The poor horse that got it in the neck is probably living yet.

That same day I was sitting on a kopje with Captain Howard and others, our maxine was in position and the sun which was just setting formed a back ground. We must have made a good target for the Boers who were no where to be seen, but soon, crack! rang out a gun, and the captain got a spatter of hot lead on one of his hands where the ball struck a rock close by and spattered. We found that the enemy were within 2000 yards of us. Later I witnessed a sight which I enjoyed thoroughly, it was an artillery duel. A Boer battery with two guns was attacking our battery in the open at 5000 yards range. It was a fine exhibition of gunmanship but British marksmen proved the better and the shells burst so close to the Boer guns that they had to harness up and make tracks.

While this duel was in progress a similar one was going on between a Boer pom-pom and our own with the same result. On July 12th we again encountered the enemy at Rietfontein, and after a bit of a sharp scrap we drove them. It was in this fight that Lieut Young got hit with a piece of shell and slightly wounded. We again met the Boers on the 16th at Tullisfont. The battle lasted all day and proved one of our worst, for it was here that we lost two of our officers, Lieut Borden, who was shot through the heart, and Lieut Berch, who was shot through the spine. Both lay dying at the same time.

Two troopers were also done up at this fight. Mallory got hit in the eyes and nose and Brown through the lung. Both of them are in a fair way of recovering. On July 22nd we were ordered to proceed, and had not gone far when we were ordered back again to the Kopje. We had not been in position many minutes when we espied four mounted Boers chasing one of our transport teams. We opened fire with the Colts gun and saw one Boer drop; the others wheeled about and disappeared. Pretty soon about 100 Boers showed themselves on a kopje opposite, but when we turned our guns on them they dusted.

On July 23rd we advanced toward Weddeburg and next day came upon the enemy and had a brush with them which did not prevent us in making Middleburg. We stayed at the latter place until the 28th when we left at 4 in the morning, and while on the march we learned that one of DeWit's lieutenants with 3000 Boers had surrendered. The next good news we got was that Buller had captured ten miles of Boer transports. On August 3rd, we reached Nooitgast (pronounced night attack) where we camped for six weeks.

There were many stories afloat of intended attacks on this place but none was made so the first—battalion left for Belfast and I with others remained here with the maxin gun as our protection, of course the second battalion was with us. Our orders were not to retire, but to hold our position at any cost. Sept. 5th, when we last expected it, the Boers attacked us at 4.30 in the morning. Frank Harbottle who was on guard at that hour was the first to warn us. The Boers had got within 100 yards of him when he heard them talking.

They were dressed in our khaki uniform and some even had our hats on. They had surrounded our outposts and stripped them. Harbottle fired and brought his man down, and at the same time gave us the signal.

I have the hat the Boer wore when Harbottle nailed him, and the hole shows he made no error in his shot. We filled the trenches in quick time and peppered away at them. They by the way were about 600 strong, while we could muster but a paltry sixty.

They had with them a pom-pom, a twelve pounder and a nine pounder. We had but one maxin. The fight lasted three hours, but it was three of the longest hours I ever put in. The Boers, however, gave us great credit for the lively fight we put up with such small numbers.

While on our way to Machadodorp the axle of our maxin gun broke and I was compelled to return to Belfast where I have since been acting dispatch bearer to Gen. Smith Dorian.

It seems wonder'ul how providence has watched over the second contingent and particularly over the boys from St. John. Walker Bell is the only one who has been invalided to hospital and but for the terrible loss sustained (through the injury to brave Beverly Armstrong we would have been pretty lucky. Armstrong is made of good stuff however as he never flinched one bit and is as happy as a clam. I may be home soon so I'll say good bye for the present.

W. EARLE ANDERSON.

Down the Ohmney.

Joe May was one of the first settlers of Bureau County, Illinois. His cabin was built on the side of the river bluff. The site for it was partly made by an excavation into the bank, so that the roof was little above the ground. The chimney, built of stones, mud and sticks, was a large affair, with a fireplace six feet wide in the living-room.

One tall a neighbor gave the May boys an old blind horse. The little fellows were delighted with 'Old Bob,' and made a great pet of him.

The second winter of Bob's life with his young masters proved a hard one. The snow was deep, and the poor horse, unestablished and with little hay or grass, found existence a doubtful blessing.

One night Bob was wandering around, searching for comfort in some form, when he discovered that hot air was rising from the chimney, and took up a position near by.

Suddenly the family, sitting around the blazing log fire, were startled by a tremendous racket up the chimney, and the next moment a huge body tumbled down into the fireplace. It was old Bob, who began snorting and plunging about, scattering hot coals and ashes in all directions.

The family fled with cries of dismay. Old Bob was soon recognized, and with one shoulder badly scorched, was led limping out of the door. Meantime there had a scrambling after the coals and firebrands, to prevent the house from taking fire.

Bonnet and Hat.

The story of an elderly couple who lived in a Massachusetts town nearly five years ago is told by some of the oldest inhabitants with much unction.

The lady had been bereft of one helpmeet, and her second husband had twice been left a widower, before the pair were united in the bonds of matrimony. They were both of that temperament which causes its possessor to be characterized as "set."

On the wedding day the bride found in the back entry, on a conspicuous nail, a sunbonnet which had belonged to her immediate predecessor. She removed it to oblivion in a closet.

Her newly wedded husband made no comment, but replaced the sunbonnet on its accustomed nail.

During the next few days the calico head-gear vibrated with more or less regularity between the closet and the nail. Then there came a day when the bride approached her husband with a man's hat in her hand, as he was in the act of reinstating the sunbonnet.

'If you have that sunbonnet there,' she said, firmly, 'I shall hang up my first husband's hat on the next nail.'

She looked at the bridegroom, and met the counterpart of her own expression. She hung the hat on the designated nail, and although the two people lived to be very old, neither the hat nor the sunbonnet ever moved again till the house came into the hands of a new owner.

'It's remarkable,' mused the sick man, 'how poorly a doctor writes his prescription and how like steel-engraving his bills appear.'



Keep your Hands White. SURPRISE won't hurt them. It has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes, but is harmless to the hands, and to the most delicate fabrics. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap. ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.



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There's nothing wrong with any part of your laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere—Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—but ton holes are left intact when we do your work! Why shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214.

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A WISE WOMAN. Should learn all about those ailments peculiar to her sex in order that she may be able to prevent and successfully cure them. Valuable information on this subject will be found in my book which I will be pleased to send entirely free to any lady, sending me her name and address. It's a PLAIN COMMON SENSE BOOK. Written by a woman who has made a life study of these problems, I am sure you'll be delighted with it. WRITE TO-DAY Mrs. JULIA C. RICHARD, Box 996, Montreal.

Local treatment consists chiefly in giving rest to the joint. This is usually done by casing the leg in a plaster of Paris bandage, or by means of specially constructed splints. The splints are often made in such a way that the patient can go about without crutches, and without danger of jarring the knee.

Innocent Mamma—What kind of a game was it that you and Rudolph were playing in the parlor last night? Apt Ophelia—Duplicate affinity. You see we played each other's hands. Mamma—Who won? Ophelia—He did, by a squeeze.

'Do you think it will take, doctor?' asked the fair young bud who was being vaccinated. 'Well,' replied the gallant doctor, 'it doesn't take on such a pretty arm as that I'll have to respect for vaccine hereafter.'

'There is something very mysterious about this burglary,' said the detective. 'None of the family heard a sound, although the house was thoroughly equipped with an old-fashioned rocking chair in every room.'

Mr. Charles, Floor Walker.

IN TWO INSTALLMENTS.

CHAPTER I.

'Sign, please!' The pretty assistant raised coquettish eyes as the new shop-walker slowly responded to her summons.

The business day was young, the shop was unpatronized, except for this one early customer; so the assistant left her place behind the counter, and stood as close as she could get to the man who checked her account.

'Thank you, madam.' The shopwalker turned to look at the customer, who happened to be the first he had had occasion to address as an employee of Richmond and Price. She was evidently a lady, simply dressed, her age anything between twenty five and thirty-five, and tolerably good looking.

An amused expression danced in the eyes which she, in her turn, raised to the shop-walker's face.

His voice suggested a greater measure of culture than usually falls to the lot of a man who is destined to pass his days in the near vicinity of counters.

His personality was as surprising as his voice.

He was tall, and he carried himself well. There was a distinct suggestion of military training about his well-squared shoulders and noticeably straight legs.

Lady Rosamund Loftus forgot to feel any longer amused at the presumed flirtation between him and the pretty assistant.

She was asking herself what there was familiar about the handsome eyes which met her own so coolly, and in the refined, but slightly dissipated looking face.

She left the shop, dismissed by his bow—a bow not easily to be betrayed by any man of her acquaintance—and returned to the hotel where she was staying with her father, the Earl of Barenlans, who had come to the quaint old town of Crossways, ostensibly for the air, which was supposed to be good for gout, but in reality to retrench for a few months.

He and his daughter had travelled down in the same train as Messrs. Richmond and Price's new shopwalker, the evening before; and the earl, tired after his long journey, was sleeping late this morning, and only appeared in the coffee room as Lady Rosamund came in from her shopping.

'Been out?' he asked, with the languor which characterised most things he said or did.

'Yes; I have bought two pairs of gloves.' 'Only two! Glad you are learning to be economical.'

Lord Barenlans then gave his undivided attention to his breakfast, leaving his daughter free to do likewise, if she chose. She did choose. Her walk had made her hungry, and she knew she had a busy morning before her.

Here was the responsibility of choosing rooms likely to satisfy her father, which must be ready for them by nightfall, the earl having announced that he could only afford one night at an hotel.

She managed it, as she contrived to manage most things required of her by her exacting parent, who excused his harshness by a perpetual mental reminder of her folly in having lost so many excellent matrimonial chances.

His elder daughter had married, at eighteen, a wealthy commoner, one Thredwin Lisle, of Manchester.

'Lisle Thred' was Lady Rosamund's name for him—a rather appropriate one, for you would not meet anything thinner in a walk form Charing Cross to St. Paul's at mid day than the natty little man who was so outwardly proud of 'my wife, Lady Sophie,' and so inwardly weary of her.

Rosamund had refused again and again to be disposed of in a similar fashion.

Frequently glimpses behind the scenes of the 'Lisle Thred' ménage had satisfied her that it was far better to put up with the ill she had, her aristocratic father in particular, than to fly to others which might prove far more difficult to bear.

For she had her freedom in a way. She was free to flirt, for one thing, and flirting was with her a necessity, in spite of her noble birth.

She often declared that the reason she could not like any one man enough to marry him, was because she had divided all the heart she had ever possessed amongst the entire race of men presentable who had chanced to cross her path.

Her father's reply to this declaration was that there was no urgent need for her to love her husband; but Lady Rosamund had an old-fashioned fancy that she would like to do so, if she married at all, and this was how it came to pass that she was within measurable distance of thirty, and still signed herself Rosamund Loftus—Loftus being the family name of the Earls of Barenlans.

Sometimes she looked her age, sometimes she looked years older than she was, and sometimes years younger; it depended, of course, a great deal on how she was dressed, and a great deal on how she felt, and something on her father's temper at the time.

He was unusually amiable for fully a week after their arrival at Crossways: The rooms Rosamund had selected pleased him; the situation was all that could be desired in its vicinity to the County Club, which was delighted to enroll my Lord of Barenlans amongst its members.

Lady Rosamund found Crossways exceedingly 'slow.' Men were very scarce, and amongst those whom her father got to know and would bring in for lunch or dinner, there was not one to compare with 'Mr. Charles,' the new shopwalker at Richmond and Price's, where this 'daughter of a hundred earls'—or thereabout—found an unconscionable lot of things she required and could not possibly do without, despite her very limited pocket money.

'Mr. Charles' interested her, and the pretty assistant's persistent flirtation with him irritated her. There was something familiar about the man. Rosamund felt sure that he was in a false position, and she determined to amuse herself and relieve the present monotony of her existence by getting at the truth concerning him.

Strangely enough, it was a letter from Lady Sophie that gave her her first clue.

There was little love lost between the sisters, but they managed to write tolerably interesting letters to each other at rare intervals.

In this particular letter Lady Sophie Lisle vigorously criticised a few of her fellow victims at a particularly crowded 'crush' given by an eminent personage well known in the literary and artistic world.

'The Archibald Curzons were there,' she wrote. 'Mrs. Archie wore one of her new gowns, and I felt sorry for her, but not quite, because I had intended Archie for a cousin of Thredwin's, who is really presentable; wholly different from the rest of the Lisle batch.'

'The Carlos girls were more sensible. They appeared in last year's frocks, which, however, failed to mark their wearers as anything out of date. Ida Carlos told me that your old flame, Hugh, is engaged to a Chicago heiress. Don't you feel flattered at having such a success? I often wish you had married Lord Hugh. I fancy he will outlive Carstairs and come in for the dukedom some day. The third one, Durham, has gone under once more; permanently this time, so Ida declares; he present escapade being too disgraceful for even her to put her name to.'

The letter fluttered to the floor as Rosamund sprang to her feet, with a mental shout of 'Eureka!'

'What the deuce is the matter now?' drawled her father, looking up from his newspaper.

'Only that it has stopped raining; so I can go out,' was the mendacious reply.

'Then, by all means, go,' said the earl. 'But, for Heaven's sake, try and move like a lady, and not bounce about as if you were a milkmaid.'

Lady Rosamund smiled as she crept from the room on tiptoes.

What did she care for ill-humour, or rain either?

She had discovered who 'Mr. Charles' was, and she was about to make use of that discovery.

She forgot that it was early-closing day until she reached High street, and found the principal shops shut.

This upset her plans for the afternoon, but it had little effect on her spirits, which were unusually high.

She felt in no mood to return and put up with her father's companionship until dinner-time, though the rain had by no means stopped.

She was dressed for the weather, and she decided to take a walk in the direction where she had reason to believe 'Mr. Charles' lodged.

She was not sure as to the exact house, and she could not well look into every window of the long terrace, down which she had one day seen him turn, with the unobtrusive step of one who treads familiar ground.

She walked slowly in the faint hope that Fate might stand her friend, and bring about the desired meeting; and Fate, being in a propitious mood, did what was required of her for once.

'Mr. Charles' lounged in an easy chair, smoking a better cigar than any other shopwalker in Crossways could afford to smoke.

He appeared to be reading; but either his book was not interesting, or Madam Fate whispered in his ear to look out of the window; for he had been staring through the rain-washed panes for fully five minutes when he suddenly sat upright with a gleam of interest in his handsome eyes.

Lady Rosamund was just passing the gate; walking with her accustomed springy step, and looting every inch thoroughbred, in spite of her rain-cloak and thick boots.

'Where the dickens can she be going?' This forsaken place leads to nowhere likely to contain anyone she knows. I have a mind to follow her up.'

No sooner said than done.

He had not changed his boots when he returned from 'business.'

Half a minute sufficed for the donning of macintosh and cap, and Lady Rosamund was still in sight as he passed through the little gate and started to follow her, wondering if he would be equal to the invention of some excuse to speak to her.

The elements were on his side.

Blacker clouds than any that had been seen that day crept up from the south-west and broke right over Crossways.

An umbrella was simply nowhere as a shelter from such a deluge, especially as a

stiff breeze accompanied the downpour.

The long terrace had come to an end some time before, and Lady Rosamund, turning her back on the remaining specimens of uncomfortable human dwelling-places, had taken to the high road.

The storm made her seek shelter in a convenient shed just within a field, the entrance to the said field being a five-barred gate, which she was essaying to cross, encumbered as she was with her rain cloak, when steps came hurriedly up the road behind her, and a well-remembered voice said courteously—

'Allow me to help you over. If I mistake not, we are both bound for the same haven of refuge.'

He sprang over the gate and lifted her from her slippery perch, from which she had been preparing to jump.

They both made a rush for the shed, and then she faced him, half breathless, but with radiant eyes and glowing cheeks.

'Thank you, Mr. Charles, or—Lord Durham Carlos. Which name would you rather I called you by?'

'How did you find me out?' he asked, smiling down into her laughing eyes.

'You ask me that? Have you forgotten the old days when we robbed General Hoavittre's orchard together many and many a time? I remember your brothers, Carstairs and Hugh, always declared that the orchard should have been a part of the Rothorpe property; so they robbed it on principles.'

'I suppose so. The apples were excellent, and the pears delicious. You were there, but you were younger.'

'Not younger than you. You look about one-and-twenty.'

She laughed merrily.

'I am nearer one-and-thirty, Lord Durham.' 'Well, I am twenty-eight, I remember that orchard well, and you also. How did you find me out, Rosamund? You see I don't stand on ceremony with an old friend; I hope you will follow my lead, more especially as I have no desire that my shop-mates, or anyone else for the matter of that, shall know who I am. They imagine that the D. before my surname of 'Charles' stands for David. Do you think you could call me 'David?'

She shook her head very positively.

'Impossible! You don't look the least little bit like a David. Are they humorous—or your shop-mates—or merely unimaginative?'

'The latter, I should say, from my fortnight's experience of them.'

'Even the girl with the dark eyes at the glove-counter?'

'Even she also. How did you find me out, Rosamund?'

'By your eyes and your nose, and an indefinable something suggestive of a Carlos which hangs about you.'

'How long have you known for certain?'

'About an hour.'

She told him of the letter she had received, asking, in return, for a confession of the terrible crime he had committed, alluded to in that same letter.

'Mr. Charles' laughed.

'It's just this,' he replied, 'this shop-walking business. Now, I ask you, could anything be more harmless? The duke refused to pay my debts—it was about the five and twentieth time of asking—unless I could prove to him that I was working honestly for a living. I immediately took this situation. I learned the shop-walking business when working up the Shop Girl at private theatricals a year or two ago. But instead of being pacified and relenting, the duke turned crusty; he kept his word about paying the debts, but he cut off my allowance. What do you think of that for an affectionate father's attitude towards an erring, but repentant son?'

This time it was Lady Rosamund who laughed, and she did it very heartily.

CHAPTER II.

'Is that all? Really and truly? You have not committed a forgery or murdered anybody?'

'I have not, I assure you. Have you been weaving a romance of that sort about me? And are you disappointed?'

'Not a bit. I think it is lots better fun being a shop-walker. But oh, to think of it!'

She went off into another peal of laughter.

'It is rather a joke,' he owned. 'I'll spend my first takings on you; you deserve it, for I get a commission on every article sold in my department, and you are one of our most regular customers. So, kindly tell me what I can do for you, madam.'

She laughed again at his tone.

'You do it to perfection, you really do,' she declared. 'I could almost believe that you were "to the manner born."'

'Thank you. But you have not told me what you will have—I trinket of some sort?'

'Certainly not. I absolutely decline to have anything. Do you forget that you have to live on what you earn? How do you propose to do it?'

'My dear old chum, I never proposed in my life, and it is too late to begin now. When I am tired of shop-walking—'

'Well?'

'There is always Monte Carlo and its cemetery.'

She looked at him.

'You are too good for that. Have you left the service?'

'Had to. Sold up everything I possessed—except a change of clothes and a brace of pistols.'

'Don't, Durry; you hurt me.'

'Ah! that old name. I wondered if you would remember it. You always called me Durry in those days.'

'Did I? I had forgotten. The name slipped out of its own accord from some locked store- cupboard of memory. I wish I were rich: I would lend you enough to start you somewhere abroad.'

'Don't you know that no man worthy of the name would accept money from a woman?'

'Pooh! Clap trap, twaddle. Besides, it would be offered from friend to friend, not from woman to man. Anyway, I haven't got it to offer, so you had better

follow Lord Hugh's example and go in for an American heiress.'

'That would involve a proposal of some sort, and, as I have already told you, that sort of thing is not in my line. Why did you not marry Hugh, by-the-by? He was dead gone on you.'

'Or thought he was. I am not fond of cold shoulder, Durry.'

'You don't mean—the duke—'

She nodded.

'Also the duchess. You see, mon ami, you three brothers are rather expensive items, even in so wealthy an establishment as that of Rothorpe. A penniless bride would be a mistake for either; besides, I only half cared for Hugh. I am old-fashioned enough to want love as a chief motive power, if ever I do marry.'

'My dear girl, you are frightfully out of date.'

'I know I am; but just consider the matter for a moment. Take my sister Sophie for instance. Did she ever enjoy an hour of real happiness, in compensation of having sold herself to Lisle Thred? Of course, it is sweet to have plenty of jewels, and all the dresses one wants, and carriages and servants, and nothing to do but enjoy one's self from morning all night. But I would rather have one year of love—real love—than an eternity of such an existence as that; for, you see, Lisle Thred has to be taken into account.'

'Now sketch your side of the question,' he said softly, watching her curiously as she stood gazing dreamily out at the rain.'

'Well, the man would come first, instead of last, for one thing. He would be a man to whom I could give myself willingly, because I should love him without caring whether he was rich or poor. What would it matter? He could work for a living, and I know how to keep house on next to nothing. You may not believe it, but I dress on forty dollars a year, and I could manage with half that, and still look decent.'

'In my opinion every girl who thinks happiness worth waiting for should learn to manage on small income. Knowledge is always power. She never knows how soon her money may be swallowed up in some failure, nor does she know whether the man of her choice will be rich or poor. There would be more real happiness in the world if men and women would not sell themselves for money.'

'This is getting worse and worse, Rosamund. Who cares about happiness? One likes to be amused, I grant you. It is not possible to get amusement unless you have money; therefore money is the one thing needed. It is not—I speak from experience; love is the one thing needed, and I, for one, mean to wait for it. Come, the rain has ceased, and I must be getting back.'

'Why need you hurry?'

'Because my father cannot go out in wet weather, and staying in makes him fractious, and because I want to have him in a good temper this evening, for people I dislike are coming to dinner; and, if the pater is not in an amiable mood, I shall have to do all the talking.'

'I shall certainly not try to hinder you, then; though, Heaven knows, this chat with you has been like a glimpse of Paradise. I have had no one to talk to but Maggie Brent and her fellow-assistants since I came here.'

'I Maggie Brent the girl with the eyes?'

'Yes. She imagines herself to be in love with me. But she means to marry one of the firm who imagines himself in love with her. Her mind is saturated with the literature which teaches that it is a right and proper thing for a woman to love one man and marry another; and so Maggie Brent is perfectly happy—or will be, if I make up my mind to respond to her advances.'

'Poor, foolish girl! But she is safe, as far as you are concerned.'

'You speak very confidently.'

She flashed a look at him as they turned into the muddy road.

'If I thought you were a villain, Durry, I would not speak to you again, though I am an even lonelier than you are.'

'And yet Lady Rosamund Loftus has the reputation of being a thorough-paced flirt?'

'And so she is. But—flirting is harmless enough; my sort of flirting. And so is yours.'

'Have it your own way, you out-of-date enigma. I presume you disapprove of women cycling, and playing golf and hockey?'

'On the contrary, I think it good for both mind and body, so long as they don't give up all their time to it. I cycle myself, because my father says he cannot afford to keep a horse for me.'

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It helps the older hens, makes pullets early layers, makes flocks plump on prize winners. If you can't get it we send one package, 25¢. For 5¢. 25¢. 50¢. 75¢. 1.00. 1.50. 2.00. 2.50. 3.00. 3.50. 4.00. 4.50. 5.00. 5.50. 6.00. 6.50. 7.00. 7.50. 8.00. 8.50. 9.00. 9.50. 10.00.

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The man's eyebrows went up as he remembered one or two decidedly expensive luxuries which the Earl of Barenlans permitted himself to indulge in, and which were the daily talk of the quiet old town of Crossways.

'Who are your guests for the evening?' he asked presently.

'Sir Empeon Richmond and his son. My father is desirous that I should marry one of them; he does not mind which. Kind of him, to leave me a free choice, is it not?'

'Very.' A peculiar smile played round the handsome mouth. 'I am wondering if I shall let you into a secret, Rosamund. You have my secret already; shall I put you in possession of Sir Empeon's?'

'By all means. Especially if it will give me a substantial reason for refusing to marry either him or his son.'

'It might do so. Once upon a time Sir Empeon backed a bill for me; his signature was 'E. Richmond.' I had occasion to learn every stroke of every letter by heart before that bill was met. I saw the same name, written by the same hand, at the foot of a business letter yesterday which was addressed to Mr. Price, who acts as manager of the extensive business carried on in High Street under the name of Richmond and Price. And this morning, Sir Empeon, amply disguised by a full black beard, had a private interview with his junior partner. I understand they have establishments in half a dozen other towns as well as the one here—all rather out-of-the-way towns.'

'Are you sure it was Sir Empeon? I understood he had made his money in cotton.'

'But not on reels! I am quite sure. I rarely, or never, forget a voice. Sir Empeon's is rather raspy.'

'Dear me! The aristocratic Sir Empeon! Think of it! Why doesn't he own up like a man instead of hiding his light under a bushel? Is his son in it, too?'

'I think not. I fancy he is in blissful ignorance of the plebeian source whence he derives his ample pocket-money.'

'How very funny! Look here, Durry, suppose you come to dinner this evening, and meet them? My father will be delighted to see you, so long as I refrain from flirting with you. Will you come? It would be a splendid joke for Sir Empeon Richmond to dine with one of his shop-walkers.'

'But it might result in my losing my situation, and that I have no wish to do as long as—'

'As what?'

'As long as Maggie Brent continues to adore me. And now I am going to suggest that you walk alone, Lady Rosamund; and that you forget that I have a claim to any surname other than that of 'Charles,' until this day week, when I hope you will, out of the kindness of your heart, meet me here under this tree, and give me the pleasure of chatting over old times with you. Is it a bargain?'

'There's my hand on it, Mr. Charles. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye. When shall I see you again?'

'That was for a talk and a walk I want to see you as often as possible. Your act like a tonic on me. Come to the shop every day, and buy—reels of cotton.'

'Poor Sir Empeon! Good-bye, Durry. Good-afternoon, madam.'

She left him, laughing; but her lips sobered into gravity, and she sighed a little as she hastened homewards.

'Poor Durry! What a mad freak! And how like him to think of it! They are a bizarre lot—the Carlos family. It is too bad of the duke to be hard on him, though, of course, it must be trying to have to keep on paying his debts. Poor Durry!'

As she dressed for dinner that evening, Lady Rosamund wondered if Sir Empeon Richmond had any suspicions as to the identity of 'Mr. Charles.'

Probably he had not seen him.

His anxiety to preserve secrecy with regard to his connection with the establishment would, of course necessitate ignorance of his employees beyond their mere names.

He acted evidently, the pleasant part of sleeping partner, while Mr. Price did all the work at organising and managing.

'You don't look particularly fetching.'

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEEN PAGE.)

CANCER

or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 100-page book—see white Dept. 17; Maxon Macdonald Co., 377 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

DON'T FRET ABOUT THE WET, BUT GET



PACKARD'S SHOE DRESSING AND KEEP YOUR FEET DRY. FOUR SHOES WILL BE PRESERVED AND WELL SHINED.

L. H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL.

The man's eyebrows went up as he remembered one or two decidedly expensive parties which the Earl of Barons had permitted himself to indulge in, and which were the daily talk of the quiet old town of Newways.

Who are your guests for the evening?" asked presently.

Sir Empson Richmond and his son. My father is desirous that I should marry one of them; he does not mind which. Kind him, to leave me a free choice, is it not?"

"Very," a peculiar smile played round handsome mouth. "I am wondering if I shall let you into a secret, Rosamond. Do you have my secret already; shall I put in possession of Sir Empson?"

By all means. Especially if it will give a substantial reason for refusing to marry either him or his son."

It might do so. Once upon a time Sir Empson backed a bill for me; his signature was "E. Richmond." I had occasion to see every stroke of every letter by heart, and that bill was met. I saw the same name, written by the same hand, at the bottom of a business letter yesterday which was addressed to Mr. Price, who acts as manager of the extensive business carried in High Street under the name of Richmond and Price.

And this morning, Sir Empson, amply disguised by a full black beard, had a private interview with his sister partner. I understand they have establishments in half a dozen other towns well as the one here—all rather out-of-the-way towns."

Are you sure it was Sir Empson? I understood he had made his money in London."

But not on reels! I am quite sure. I saw him, or never forget a voice. Sir Empson's is rather raspy."

"Dear me! The aristocratic Sir Empson! I don't think of it. Why doesn't he own up like an honest man instead of hiding his light under a bushel? Is his son in it, too?"

"I think not. I fancy he is in blindest ignorance of the plebeian source whence he derives his ample pocket-money."

How very funny! Look here, Durr, oppose you come to dinner this evening. I'll meet them! My father will be delighted to see you, so long as I refrain from teasing you. Will you come?"

It would be a splendid joke for Sir Empson to oblige me with one of his shop-talkers."

"But it might result in my losing my position, and that I have no wish to do long as—"

"As what?"

"As long as Maggie Brent continues to adore me. And now I am going to suggest that you walk alone, Lady Rosamond; and that you forget that I have a claim to your surname other than that of 'Charles,' till this day week, when I hope you will, of the kindness of your heart, meet me under this tree, and give me the pleasure of chatting over old times with you. It is a bargain?"

"There's my hand on it, Mr. Charles. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. When shall I see you again?"

"Why, you have just said—"

"That was for a talk and a walk. I want to see you as often as possible. Your act is a tonic on me. Come to the shop every day, and buy—reels of cotton."

"Poor Sir Empson! Good-bye, Durr."

"Good-afternoon, madam."

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"You don't look particularly fetching,"

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

Sunday Reading.

Christmas in the Old Study.

Old Connor lay in bed, for life, and little of that was left, the doctor said. All his years, he had followed a hope that kept just out of reach, smiled back at him, let him touch the edge of its moonshine mantle, and fitted away.

He was a painter. He had wanted to be a genius. He was an artist, but not a great one.

He had made a living, but he didn't want a living,—he wanted fame.

The palsy had taken him. His work was over, but not done.

So it seemed to him that his whole life was wasted.

'A failure, I am,' he said to his friend, '—a miserable failure. My life has been all for one thing, and here I've missed it. There's no hope. The doctor says I've not long to stay, and what's the hope hereafter for a man that's wasted his life? Tell me that!'

'Well, dear,—dear boy,' said the other softly, 'it'll be over then,—the sorrow and the pain and the hope that beckons and stabs,—the weariness and the longing.'

'Oh, bother! I don't mind that. Can't you see? The trouble is I haven't done anything.'

'Haven't you? Have you not, Joe? Are you sure of that?' asked his friend. 'Well, I mustn't trouble you anymore now. I'll come again, soon.'

The next day, and the next, the broken man brooded and saddened.

Then one morning he woke and saw his friend beside his bed, and others with him, all men he had known well,—painters, too, who had outstripped him in the race and left him far behind. He had seen them but little of late. Each bore an easel and a picture.

'Come to crow over me?' asked Connor. 'Merry Christmas!' said they.

'So it is,' said he, with a sigh. 'I'd forgotten it. What's Christmas to me?'

Then one set his easel beside the bed and uncovered his picture, placing it so that Connor might see it in a fair light, without turning.

He saw a fair-haired, ruddy schoolboy, with a wholesome, earnest face, sitting in a cheerless room, at a table. Beside him sat another boy,—one of his hopeless, helpless kind,—unconscious, with tousel hair sticking up on one side and out on the other,—with an inky, bitten hand clasped hard to his pale forehead,—with scowling brows and lank, hollow cheeks, tear-stained, staring at a book. But the stare was not all blank; there was a dawn of understanding in the red-lidded eyes.

Before them on the table was one poor candle.

The glossy, goodly head, and fair, bright face, were close to the semblance of that early misery; the plump, rosy head lay gently on the thread bare shoulder. The frost gleamed thick on the panes of the window behind them. The steam of their breath rose, mingling in a little cloud.

The handsome face had, somehow, a boyish likeness to Connor's.

The other was like no one. But if the man who had brought it could have looked into one of those magic mirrors that show the face of him who looks as it has been long ago, that other is what he would have seen.

'Do you remember?' said he. 'All I am now, all I have done, I owe to those long, patient hours you gave me, when everybody else said I was a dunce, and you told me I had a will that would beat all their brains rolled into one.'

The sick man smiled, feebly, but very happily, and his eyes glistened.

'I had forgotten,' said he.

The next was a very different scene. The man who put it there had a wooden leg.

A young man, and again the face was Connor's, but with set, grinning teeth, savage jaw and deep vertical wrinkles down the brow, stood with his back to a red rock on a great plain, in a scorching light.

In his right hand was a long spear, in his shoulder the head of another, with the truncheon snapped.

His legs were wide apart. Between them, on the ground, a man leaned heavily against the rock, with agony on his brown face, one leg drawn up, the other lying inert, with a strange twist in the thigh.

All about, at a little distance, were dusky savages, with spears and knives. The two nearest lay dead. Two sketch books lay on the ground.

In the distance was a hurrying cloud of red dust, with a glint of armor in disciplined array shining through it.

'What do you say to that, my boy?'

said the painter with the wooden leg. 'try-

ing to speak cheerily and keep the tears out of his trembling voice.

'That? That was something of a lark, now that you speak of it,' said Connor; but his face took on a slight color, and his eye kindled with a hard, dry light of pride.

The third painter was a tall, gray man, with the mark of a great sorrow on his face. His picture was metaphorical, and harder to understand. Only he and Connor knew just what it meant.

On the left stood Justice, white robed, stern-lipped, implacable, her scales cast tumbling at her feet, her left hand clenched at her side, her right uplifted, threatening with a rod that seemed to quiver in the air.

On the right, a woman knelt with clasped hands between his knees, clad in a hooded garment of sackcloth.

In the middle, between, upright, unfinching under the uplifted rod, calm and steady-eyed, stood a strong man in his prime,—from his outstretched right arm and his massive shoulder to the marble floor a gray cloak hung, hiding the woman from the angry Power,—the woman's face was lifted toward him with unutterable sorrow,—ineffable thankfulness.

The sick man looked long, and his face softened; his eyes grew moist and dim,—yet it was not an unhappy face.

'Dear lady,' said he, 'God rest her sweet soul!'

'You have forgotten her?' asked the painter of the picture.

'Forgiven her, sir? Forgiven her? It was the highest privilege, the greatest joy of my life to help her. When I meet her,—there,—God grant I may,—I'll tell her so, and that'll be the sweetest moment of eternity! Think, man, how grandly she atoned!'

The tall, gray man bent and blubbered like a child. 'My sister!' he whispered, and covered the picture with a crimson cloth.

There was a long silence:—suddenly the tall man started as if from a dream, and said, quietly,—'Now yours, Shandon.'

A jolly little man, with a merry eye that nothing could quite subdue, came forward and set before Connor a happier scene, where pathos and humor,—the grotesque and the beautiful,—were mingled with rare genius.

It was a little garret under a broken skylight,—a wretched bed,—a bowl much chipped and a pitcher, without a handle, on the bare floor,—a young man, thin as the rickety easel before him, long-haired and ragged, rising from a stool, his face transfused and beautified with that look that comes only with the sudden realization of an abandoned hope unexpectedly come true.

One could see there reviving ambition,—returning courage,—a kind of sunrise glow, promise of a fair and happy day.

At the open door stood a man—rather stout,—extremely well dressed,—and the magic of the artist had given him two expressions,—the outward fictitious look of purse-proud, satisfied patronage,—and, beaming through it, the real, whole-hearted, mirthful benevolence of the man himself.

And even through the smug disguise one could recognize Connor—even in the rage, the very skeleton of Shandon.

And Connor in disguise held a fat pocketbook, subtlest disguise of all,—and was holding out a bunch of bills to Shandon in pecuniary.

'My first commission,' said Shandon,—his lips quivering. 'Do you remember it, Connor?'

The sick man—weak as he was,—laughed out heartily. 'Do I remember?' said he. 'Do I remember you sitting there,—barring the rage on your bones and the eyes in your head, I'd not have known which was you and which was the easel,—you fairly rattled as you jumped for the bills,—there was only one thing on earth thinner than you, and that was myself,—stuffed out as I was with a pillow,—and you taking me for a fat and puffy bondholder all the while,—and me in a get-up I'd borrowed from Desborough, and the money I got from Labaree here,—One of the few debts I ever paid—but what am I saying? Who told? Labaree,—did not you pass me your word you'd never tell?'

'He never told till two days ago, Connor,' said Shandon,—'or you'd have heard of it before. Dear man,—it was my start in life; a day more and never a picture I'd have painted. Do you grudge me the unbounded pleasure of knowing that I owe it to you, and thanking you for it,—dear old friend?'

'No, boy, no,—not if you put it that way,' said Connor.

'Well, then, Joe,' said the man who had been there two days before,—'tell us,—is your life clean wasted?'

'It seem to have made some friends,' said Connor. 'Hang the glory I've missed,—the friends I've won are better.'

Then they took their leave, and, as they went out, he called the tall man to come

to him.

'Uncover her picture,' he whispered. 'I'll look at it,—till I can go and see her there.'

They left him with his memories around him.

Next day, one met the doctor and asked for Connor.

The doctor was a gruff old fellow. 'Dead,' said he. 'That picture party killed him.'

'Killed him?'

'Yes,—now, my good friend,' said the doctor, softening and taking the painter's arm,—'don't be foolish. The greatest happiness a man can have is to die of pure joy. It isn't given to many.'

A Light in the Window.

Several years ago a boy, who had given his mother years of anxiety by his willfulness, ran away from his home in Jersey City and became a tramp, and worse. For a time things went merrily, and he was popular with his wild companions; but at length his money was gone, his health was breaking, and he was far from home. 'I found,' said he, 'that when a bad man's money is gone, he can put all his friends into his pocketbook and still leave it empty.'

After a period of sullen remorse, which he tried to conquer by such excesses as were still possible to his condition of poverty and broken health, he turned homeward.

He stole his way to Chicago, riding sometimes on freight-trains and sometimes on the trucks of passenger cars, and from Chicago eastward he rode in an empty stock-car to Binghamton, whence he walked most of the way to Jersey City, the latter part of it in great feebleness. He nerved himself to the utmost by the hope that he might reach his mother's door in time to ask her forgiveness before he died.

He came near his own city at midday, but had not the courage to go through the familiar streets by daylight. All the afternoon and until late in the evening he lay in a corn field.

Then came doubts that almost persuaded him to turn back. Would he be welcome? To return to die, and perhaps by his return bring to the knowledge of the neighbors the story of these last bitter years, and with the story fresh sorrow to his mother, already bent beneath the load of affliction he had brought upon her? He could not, he could not do it! He would turn back and die alone!

So he said to himself; but the desire was strong upon him to see his mother's house again, and he resolved to go into the city, look at the house, and then turn back. Almost to weak to walk, he made his way at last to his mother's gate. The streets were dark and silent, but a light burned in the same window where it used to burn long ago whenever he was out late.

In the five years that had been gone it had burned every night, the whole night through. And his mother had never set down at her lonely table without laying a plate and setting a chair where his place had been. He saw the light and knew full well that it had been burning all those years for him. He could not turn back; he opened the gate and crept toward the house, and although he shut it softly she heard the gate click, and met him at the door.

For weeks he lay with typhoid fever, and his mother nursed him back to health. When his recovery began, he faced the question of his future. 'You have come back to your mother,' said she to him. 'Come back to your Heavenly Father and be His son.'

And so his life began anew. 'I should have doubted God's willingness to take me back,' he said afterward, 'but I could not forget the light in my mother's window, and I crept back into the love of my Father.'

A Young Man's Advice to Young Men.

A young man usually leaves school or college with an idea that he is worth a great deal to the world. In other words, if he is at all bright, he is conceited. He won the first prize in this or that subject, or was graduated first in his class. This is the natural, and, in my opinion, not discreditable condition of a healthy and ambitious young mind,—not silly conceit but good high opinion of himself.

But how different it is when he finally secures a position! Instead of the 'big salary' he expected, he usually finds that he must begin at a 'moderate' one, or, in many cases, a mere pittance. However, his opinion of himself does not suffer in the least, for he imagines he can quickly convince his employers of—that he considers—their mistake, and that they then will give him his just deserts. Herein the danger lies.

Five months pass, but there is no change. He is in the same position, and at the same salary. In the sixth month, however, his employers,—if the young man has proved himself punctual, regular, and

painstaking,—add, perhaps, one dollar per week to his income. Now, this certainly should be an encouragement; but, in nine cases out of ten, it has the opposite effect. Especially is this the case with a college graduate. He thinks he is not being treated 'squarely,' and so becomes discontented.

His paramount thought is then to secure another position. Each morning he rises early, and buys a newspaper. He answers advertisements, and, in time, perchance, receives two or three replies.

At the first place he calls, he is offered the same salary he is at present receiving; but he will have none of that.

At the second place, he is probably offered one or two dollars more, and he at once clinches the 'opportunity,' without troubling himself as to whether the business will be congenial with his tastes. This is but a secondary thought with him; the money is the main question. How foolish! In a very short time he becomes aware that he has made a great mistake. He does not like his new position; the business is not congenial, and so, for the second time, he becomes restless. He secures another, and still another position, with the same result. And so it goes, until he has grown to be quite a disappointed and discouraged young man. It is then but a step to utter hopelessness, which finally leads to despair.

This is what is responsible for most of the failures in life, and, many times, of the suicides that daily occur.

So, young men, take timely warning! If you are in a business which you thoroughly like, which harmonizes with your tastes, and, in a word, in which you find yourself 'at home,' stick to it; learn it thoroughly; make yourself indispensable to your employers, and, in time, they will reward you according to merit. It will not then be an increase of one dollar per week but many, many times that amount.—Success.

Love and Fear.

A poet has written: A pity beyond all telling Lies hid in the heart of love.

But it is not pity only; it is fear lest misfortune come to those who make our happiness. Rev. C. T. Brady, in his 'Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West,' gives an instance of such natural panic over the possibilities of life. He says:

One day I was writing a sermon, when my little son came tiptoeing into the room.

'I won't 'turb you, papa,' said he, and clasped his hands about my left wrist lying on the desk, while he rested his curly head upon my arm. I wrote on and on in silence. Presently his hold relaxed, and the little body slipped gently down to the floor. The hands shifted from my arm to my foot. He laid his head upon it, and went fast asleep.

The room was very still. There was a little clock on my desk, and its ticking was the only sound. As I watched my laddie, the clock suddenly stopped. We whose duty it is to wind them know that clocks often stop; but when that busy ticking died away, and left no sound to stir the silence, I almost felt my heart stop with it. I looked down at the frail life beginning at my feet, and I thought of the stopped clock a moment since quick with life. I thought of the many lives ticked out with each recurring minute. The lad lay very still. In a panic of terror I awakened him.

GRAT METEOR FELL TO EARTH.

Startling Experience of Two Baltimore Hunters on Sideling Hill.

Saturday morning at about 4 o'clock the people living along the west side of Sideling Hill, Hancock, Md., were awakened by a terrific crash, followed by an explosion resembling the firing of many cannon, and a quivering of the earth resembling an earthquake. It was all over before anybody could see what had happened except two early gunners, James McClure and Joseph H. Flake, of Baltimore, who were on the summit of Sideling Hill at the time.

To a representative they said: "We were riding leisurely along, talking about the large number of shooting stars that were falling, when our attention was attracted to a large ball of fire in the west that seemed to be coming directly toward us."

"A rumbling sound, as of thunder, accompanied the ball and gradually increased to a deafening roar as the ball, about as large as an ordinary barrel, sailed directly over us, giving out a sulphurous odor and buried itself in a rock cliff about four hundred yards north of the pike on the summit."

"An explosion followed that tossed rocks and bits of meteoric iron all over Sideling Hill and made the forest ring as though a heavy bombardment was taking place. We tied our horses and went on foot to the exact spot where the meteor struck."

The surface, rocks and trees were all upside down over about a half acre of steep mountain side, but we could find no trace of anything except bits of meteoric iron scattered over everything.

'Distant trees were so plucked with these fragments that they resembled targets. When the meteor struck the earth trembled and we have since learned that all the glass in a farmhouse two miles distant was broken.'

The farmers and people living in the neighborhood at the foot of the mountain thought the millennium had come and gave themselves up to prayer.

Whole families got down on their knees and prayed till daylight. Many of them believe that the end of the world is near at hand and expect every day to be the last. Thousands of leonids followed in the trail of the meteor, exploding in the atmosphere before reaching the earth.

Tasted Like Itself.

Lore Welseley, the retiring commander-in-chief of the British army does not tell this story, but somehow or other it got abroad, and is generally credited as strictly true, says the Chicago Chronicle.

On one occasion the famous field marshal's zeal for the welfare of his men got the better of his discretion. Dinner was being served to the soldiers, and orderlies hurried backward and forward with steaming pails of soup. Lord Welseley stopped one of them. The man was at attention in a moment.

'Remove the lid.' No sooner said than done.

'Let me taste it!'

'But, please yer—'

'Let me taste it, I say.'

'And taste it he did.

'Disgraceful! Tastes like nothing in the world but dishwater.'

'Please, yer honor,' gasped the man, 'and so it is.'

PAIN-KILLER is the best, safest and surest remedy for cramps, colic and diarrhoea. As a liniment for wounds and sprains it is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Lucky to be Alive.

'Haven't seen you for a long while,' suggested the friend.

'No,' replied the cripple; 'I made a slight error of judgement election day.'

'How did it happen?'

'I was a republican challenger in a tough democratic precinct, and I neglected to wear armour.'

'Juno has developed into a confirmed kicker, but his wife can handle him every time; he kicked last night because his dinner was cold.'

'What was his wife's play?'

'She made it hot for him.'

What You Pay For Medicine

Is no Test of its Curative Value—Prescriptions vs. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are just as much a doctor's prescription as any formula your family physician can give you. The difference is that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills were perfected after the formula had proven itself of inestimable value in scores of hundreds of cases.

Dr. Chase won almost as much popularity from his ability to cure kidney disease, liver complaint and backache, with this formula, as he did from the publication of his great recipe book.

The idea of one treatment reaching the kidneys and liver at the same time was original with Dr. Chase. It accounts for the success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in curing the most complicated ailments of the filtering organs, and every form of backache.

Mr. Patrick J. McLaughlan, Beauharnois, Que., states: "I was troubled with Kidney Disease and Dyspepsia for 20 years and have been so bad that I could not sleep at night on account of pains in the back, but would walk the floor all night and suffered terrible agony."

"I tried all sorts of medicines but got no relief until I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. They made a new man of me, and the old troubles seemed to be driven out of my system."

Mr. John White, 73 First Avenue, Ottawa, writes: "I used Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills for deranged liver and pains in the back, with excellent results."

"My wife used them for stomach trouble, and pains about the heart, and is entirely cured. They are invaluable as a family medicine."

Scores of hundreds of families would not think of being without Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills in the house. They are purely vegetable in composition and remarkably prompt and effective in action. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers. Edman, Bates and Company, Toronto.

CANCER

For Canadian testimonials & prescriptions, write Dept. 11, Masov Medicines Co., 577 Bloor Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Dr. Nansen's Arctic Work.

The scientific results of Dr. Nansen's Arctic expedition were published in London some months ago. The volume, a large quarto containing five memoirs, is an important contribution to our exact knowledge of the Arctic regions. Prof. Edward L. Prince, the eminent biologist of Canada and Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, has just written an able review of the volume which appears in the Ottawa Naturalist. The following account of some of the most interesting results of Nansen's researches is condensed from Prof. Prince's article. These results prove the accuracy of Lord Lister's statement in the Royal Geographical Society that nothing is more remarkable than the scientific element in Nansen's expedition.

When Nansen was in this country three years ago he said he had accumulated such a mass of observations, physical, meteorological, geological and biological that some years would be required to work them into treatises. It would take Prof. Sars, his brother-in-law, about three years to study the crustacea alone.

Prof. Sars's memoir contains some very unexpected information. Thus we learn that floating surface animals of minute size are abundant even in the most northerly polar waters, though almost perpetually covered by a layer of ice. Mr. Tyrrell has told us that there are lakes in the northern barren grounds sheeted over with thick ice at midsummer yet abounding in whitefish, but the plenitude of minute crustaceans in the icy surface waters of the Arctic is even more surprising. Most of them are Copepods, an order of almost microscopic crustaceans, of which the common fresh water mite, Cyclops, is a familiar example. They form the staple food of young fishes. The number of species in such cold seas is extraordinary and they often discolor the sea surface by their multitude. Dr. Sars says the largest catches by Nansen were not made at the surface but at a depth of 250 to 300 yards indicating that the ice makes the uppermost strata too cold for even these hardy members of the crab and shrimp class.

Dr. Nansen's net towing in the long lanes of water between the ridges of hummock ice revealed rich pelagic life at apparently all seasons. British, German, Norse and American investigators have found that typical surface animals constantly descend, many species frequenting the basal waters twenty to fifty fathoms deep but the midwater zone of life described by Dr. Sars between the surface and the bottom is a new fact of interest. Heretofore little life has been found in the middle ocean depths. Naturalists anticipated that there might be a rich fauna on the floor of the arctic seas. The reverse appears to be the case. The deep sea soundings gave every indication of a scanty abyssal fauna. Only one bottle in Dr. Nansen's collection contained true bottom living animals.

The most considerable depths, 1,600 to 1,900 fathoms, were found north of 79 degrees north latitude. Near the Siberian coast and up to the seventy ninth parallel the water rarely exceeds ninety fathoms, but a little south of the latitude named the shallows began to disappear, deeper soundings were recorded and the depth increased with amazing suddenness, thus overthrowing altogether the preconceived conception of a north polar sea. Indeed the great depths appear to be a continuation of the North Atlantic channel which extends between Spitzbergen and Greenland.

One popular shrimp like creature, an amphipod, was found clinging to the sounding line when hauled up from a depth of 1,100 fathoms. Its eyes were very rudimentary—indeed it was almost blind—and it afforded every evidence that in its abyssal habitat no light strayed down from the surface of the waters. The deep sea fauna may, however, be more varied than Nansen's fragmentary investigation appears to indicate. Perhaps the most remarkable facts to the minds of naturalists have been the discovery in polar waters of copepods, when are identical with, or closely allied to, species hitherto found in tropical waters and in some cases not nearer than 12,000 miles.

Contrary to all previous hydrographical experience in the extreme north, the temperature was found by Nansen to rise as the thermometer descends in the water to greater depths, thus showing that the warmer currents permeate and influence the conditions which prevail in the very heart of the ice world. Nansen explains this deeper warmer current as the last

remnants of the Gulf Stream spending itself in these frigid zones.

Thus he argues that an abundant floating fauna has been introduced from the west, while the food supplies to support this vast marine population come from the east. 'I think the Siberian current is of great importance,' says Dr. Sars, 'in conveying a constant supply of nourishment to the pelagic animals of the north polar basin. This nourishment consists of microscopic algae, chiefly diatoms which are found to abound in the superficial polar water of the Siberian Sea, though gradually diminishing in quantity westward, apparently owing to their being largely fed upon by various pelagic animals. Indeed, without such a constant conveyance of nourishing matter there could be no such rich animal life in the polar sea.'

The dark bands and discolorations exhibited by ice in northern waters are mainly due to these lowly plants (diatoms). Though mingled at times with mineral dust probably volcanic, the ochre, brownish-red or dull green tints seen on the sides and margins of large bergs, flocs and even pan ice are found to be due to these vegetable organisms. Dr. Wakeham when in Hudson Strait reported on July 14, 1897: 'A great deal of the ice we have seen to day is discolored and soiled; in some of it we noticed sand and gravel. The most of it, however, is covered with an alga similar to that we have seen on the ice through the Strait.'

Prof. Cleve on his first examination of Dr. Nansen's material distinguished sixteen species of these plant forms, all of which are identical with Kellwan's specimens from Behring Strait and twelve are unknown elsewhere. Cleve was struck by the fact that two areas so far separated should be the habitat of the same organisms. But still more remarkable facts were discovered. Nansen found a minute crustacea, a species of Hemicalanus, in the centre of the polar basin. All previous records of this genus are either from the Mediterranean or the tropical zones of the Atlantic and Pacific. None is recorded in British or Norse seas, or in the Atlantic waters of Europe. A precisely similar find was that of two species of Onca, which Dr. Sars to his astonishment found to be identical with species quite recently captured by Dr. Giesbrecht in the Bay of Naples and described in one of his last papers. Two polar species of amphipods brought back by Nansen are closely allied to forms peculiar to the Caspian Sea. It is hardly possible to conceive of a more erratic occurrence of creatures practically identical, and the most reasonable explanation is that already provided by the geologists' supposition, usually accepted, viz., the former contiguity of the Caspian and the Polar seas. Either the species, practically identical, have originated independently in widely separated localities, or they have been carried from one centre to remote and isolated areas and have left us representatives in the intervening waters.

Dr. Nansen and Dr. Collett write of the birds observed during the expedition. Between 81 and 83 degrees North latitude there is an abundance of bird life. Oddly enough young birds seem to prevail in this inhospitable region. Vast numbers of certain species were noticed, including the little auk, the ringed plover, the ivory gull and one specimen of Sabine's gull. On May 13, 1894, when the Fram was moving toward the most northerly point in her drift through the ice, a gull was noticed, and others were seen occasionally until Aug 23, but after the lanes between the hummocks and the channels around the ship began to freeze, about the end of August, no more birds were seen for over eight months. Readers of 'Farthest North' will remember Nansen's reference to the beautiful and rare Rose's gull, or the roseate gull, and for the first time a fully detailed description of the species is now published with exquisitely tinted illustrative plates. In the waters around Hirtland, four glacier capped islands in 9 degrees 38 minutes, north latitude and 63 degrees east longitude, numbers of these scarce and weird bird appeared. Its beautiful rose colored breast, wedge shaped tail, and airy flight, make it, as Nansen tells us, 'the most beautiful of all the animal forms of the frozen regions.'

Foxes were found by Nansen and Johansen further north than any other air breathing animals. This was in 86 degrees north latitude on April 25, 1895, very little

south of their most northerly point. Their astonishment may be imagined when they observed the footprints of two foxes. These foxes probably subsist on small crustacea, which they must dip out the shallow watery lanes between the rugged ice ridges. They shot a large bearded seal at 82 degrees north latitude and a little further south killed three polar bears. It appears as though animal life (so far as quadrupeds and birds are concerned) wholly ceases in the extreme North, and over the vast ice fields no moving thing is visible. Of the polar waters, on the other hand, it may be affirmed that they everywhere abound in minute examples of animal organisms, some of which have been hitherto pronounced by naturalists to be Mediterranean or even equatorial species.

It is apparent that warm and cold currents so effect and modify submarine life as to complicate very much the problems with which the paleontologist deals. As the late Dr. Carpenter long ago pointed out, Arctic shells have been found as far south as Gibraltar, a clear proof that the glacial temperature exists there beneath the waves without making any difference in the terrestrial climate. Vice versa, we find tropical species in Arctic waters. The late Sir William Dawson once wrote to Dr. Carpenter that the latter's account of the temperature of the deep sea and its effect upon animal life, while they tended to modify geological theory, explained facts otherwise difficult to interpret, especially the evidences of glacial conditions in periods when such conditions were not regarded as existing. 'I am quite prepared,' wrote Sir William, 'to accept the conclusion that glacial beds may have been formed in any latitude and at any geological period.'

HEROISM ON THE HIGH SEAS.

How a Crowd of East Indians Settled a Mutiny.

The Zambias, while on its way to Bombay, carrying passengers, and packed between decks with cholera stricken Panjabees, had been ten days becalmed. She rolled gently on the oily swell, with all her sails set to catch the slightest stir. None came. The wretched Panjabees crowded to the door of the cuddy where the passengers sat, invoking Allah to grant them a wind which would not only fill the sails, but blow the cholera out of the ship.

On the afternoon of the tenth day the crew mutinied. Coming aft they declared through their spokesman Lampsey, that they made up their minds to take to the boats, 'and leave the tub and niggers to themselves.'

'Well, all I have to say,' replied the captain, 'is that I'll put a bullet through the first as touches lift or tackle.'

'More nor one can play at that game!' exclaimed Lampsey. 'Come on mates!' he added to his fellows, and the whole crowd made off to the forecabin.

The skipper, his officers and the passengers armed themselves with revolvers. O'Kelly, chief mate, went on deck to look out for steamers; the rest remained in the cuddy, while the crew gathered on the forecabin head.

'Below there!' suddenly called O'Kelly through the skylight.

'Hello!' responded the skipper.

'Sure, it looks black and threatening to the west; it's a breeze of wind, I'm thinking.'

At the welcome words the passengers followed the captain and rushed on deck. The mate pointed to the west.

'A sand-quall!' exclaimed the captain.

'I'll be down on us in no time! All hands take in sail!' he roared in the direction of the forecabin. 'Be smart, lads!'

'Stow yer slack as well as yer sails yerselves!' retorted Lampsey. 'We aint agoin' to budge!'

No one knows what they have passed through the captain's mind at this terrible juncture, for every sail was set, and a squall fast bearing down on his ship—a full-rigged ship, fitted with the cumbersome, old-fashioned tackle of the day, carry quite five hundred souls.

No one knows what he contemplated, but at that moment an unwonted commotion was observable among the hitherto apathetic Panjabees.

They, too, had noticed the change in the sky's aspect, and had heard the short altercation between the captain and Lampsey. They had seen the threatening gestures of the disputants, and without understanding what was being said, had guessed its purport. Then scores of them, suddenly shaking off their lethargy and ignorant of marine etiquette, swarmed up the poop ladders and asked what was the matter. Was a breeze coming at last? If so, why did not the sailors do what had been ordered?

The only man conversant with Panjabe Hindustani hastily explained the situation; the advancing storm, the consequent danger to the ship, clothed as she was to the mastheads, and the refusal of the crew to do their duty.

The Mohammedan mul drivers at once realized what was needed.

'We will make them!' they shouted, their blood thoroughly up. 'God has sent the wind to drive away the cholera, and shall we go to another death because your men are untrue to their salt?'

Before they could be stayed, some two hundred Panjabees rushed along the main deck and mounted the forecabin. The crew was ready to receive them. There ensued a fierce fight; knives were freely used against the now infuriated natives, who were entirely unarmed, their cutlasses being in chests below decks.

Shrieks and groans assailed the ears of the passengers, and they were about charging forward, revolvers in hand, to quell the disturbance, when, numbers having gained the day, they saw the sailors driven along with kicks and cuffs by the victorious Panjabees. They saw them ascend the ratlines, followed by the swarms of mule-drivers, who threatened by gestures to throw them into the sea if they did not immediately turl sail. The seamen, not daring to disobey, worked in fear of their lives, and in a few minutes the Zenobia floated under bare poles.

With a low rumble the squall came on. Sand was in the air; it filled the eyes, nostrils and mouths. The hurricane struck the ship with terrific force, and swept on, leaving them well-nigh on their beam-ends, but safe! The gust proving to be a precursor of a stiff but favorable breeze, sail was speedily made on the ship, and in due course they bowled along toward their destination, thankful for their deliverance from a combination of perils that once seemed to threaten them with annihilation.

The next morning the crew expressed contrition for their behavior; the Panjabees now full of renewed spirits, came aft in a body and interceded for their late antagonists; cuts and bruises were forgotten both parties shook hands in token of amity and the skipper, nothing loath, accorded his forgiveness.

Only two deaths occurred after that terrible day, and without further adventure or misadventure, the Zenobia arrived safely in Bombay harbor.

Had to do It.

Many stories of President Lincoln might be classified as fiction, although few of them are. So it is not unnatural that this little anecdote—which is better than most—should appear in Mr. Irving Bachelier's novel, 'Eben Holden.'

'My son,' he said, taking my hand in his, 'why didn't you run?'

'Didn't dare,' I answered. 'I knew it was more dangerous to run away than to go forward.'

'Reminds me of a story,' said he, smiling. Years ago there was a bully in Sangamon county, Illinois, that had the reputation of running faster and fighting harder than any other man there. Everybody thought he was a terrible fighter. He'd always get a man on the run, then he'd catch up and give him a licking. One day he tackled a lame man. The lame man licked him in a minute.

'Why didn't ye run?' somebody asked the victor.

'Didn't dare,' said he. 'Run once when he tackled me, an' I've been lame ever since.'

'How did ye manage to lick him?' asked the other.

'Wal,' said he, 'I hed to, an' I done it easy.'

'That's the way it goes,' said the immortal President. 'Ye do it easy if ye have to.'

An Offended Crow.

Mr. Bamford, in his book entitled 'Turban and Tails,' records some entertaining observations which he made upon crows in the East Indies. He incurred a crow's displeasure, and does not wish to do so again.

There was a pandanus-tree near my veranda, which was one of my favorite trees. In various parts of the garden there were already four or five crows' nests, with the occupants of which I was on the best of terms, but one pair of birds determined to build in this pandanus.

At first I offered no objection, but when the nest was finished the male-bird found his energies suddenly deprived of direction. He therefore occupied his leisure moments by digging with his strong beak at the heads of the pandanus shoots. It was a piece of the most wanton mischief.

Now as the pandanus is an inside grower, the treatment threatened the tree's life. I expostulated with the bird. He would listen with mock gravity, and the moment I had finished, would dig out a fresh piece of the plant and throw it down to me as I stood beneath him.

When I found that he was not to be reasoned with, I gave the mall orders to remove the nest from the tree. This was done, and as far as I could see, the mall remained in favor, but I was visited with

the most serious displeasure.

Whenever I ventured into the garden that crow would signal to his friends, and in an instant from twenty to fifty crows, according as the exigencies of the hour might allow, would flock around me and make most unpleasant remarks. If I even showed myself on the upper veranda, that offended bird would at once fly on the balustrade of it, and stretching out his neck, would accuse me of every conceivable enormity in such deep, sepulchral tones as went far toward making my life miserable.

His View.

Jack Bachelor (engaged)—'Of course, I realize that matrimony is a very important step, and all that!'

Ned Newlywed (hoarsely)—'Step? Great Scott, man! It's a whole flight of steps and something to fall over on every step!'

Deafness of 12 Years Standing.—Protracted Catarh produces deafness in many cases. Capt. Ben Connor, of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for 12 years from Catarh. All treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew's Catarh Powder gave him relief in one day, and in a very short while the deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you. 50 cents.—33

'The ladies of the sewing society are very busy now,' announced the minister's wife, 'but they will not let us know what they are doing.'

'Yes,' remarked the minister, with a bitter smile, 'they're making bookmarks and carpet slippers, I suppose.'

Sciatica put him on Crutches.—'Jas. Smith, dairyman, of Grimsby, Ont., writes: "My limbs were almost useless from sciatica and rheumatism, and, notwithstanding my esteem for physicians, I must give the credit where it belongs. I am a cured man to-day, and South American Rheumatic Cure must have all the credit. It's a marvel.—34

'Tell me, he said to the grocer's clerk, 'just what is the difference between this Brie and that cake of Camembert? Which do you consider the better kind of cheese and why?'

'I must ask to be excused,' was the reply. 'Comparisons of this kind are always odorous.'

Strong words by a New York Specialist.—'After years of testing and comparison I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the quickest, safest, and surest known to medical science. I use it in my own practice. It relieves the most acute forms of heart ailment inside of thirty minutes and never fails.—35

'Dis is terrible,' said Meandering Mike, with a deep-drawn sigh.

'What's de matter?' asked Plodding Pete, in alarm.

'Here's a piece in de paper. It says we've got muscles inside of us dat keeps up an involuntary action. Dey goes on workin', whether we wants 'em to or not.'

'One Foot in the Grave.'—If the thousands of people who rush to so worthy a remedy as South American Nervine as a last resort would get it as a first resort, how much misery and suffering would be spared. If you have any nerve disorder you needn't suffer a minute longer. A thousand testimonies to prove it.—36

'Is it possible for an operatic prima donna to be reasonable?' asked the interviewer.

'Are we speaking in confidence?' he demanded the great singer.

'Entirely so,' answered the interviewer.

'Then I will say that it is possible, but it isn't policy.'

Jealous Rivals cannot turn back the tide. The demand for Dr. Agnew's little Pills is a marvel. Cheap to buy, but diamonds in quality—banish nausea, coated tongue, water brash, pain after eating, sick headache, never gripe, operate pleasantly, 10 cents.—37

Mrs. Talco.—Men have very poor judgment at times.

Mrs. Nabor.—I should say so. Why, Mr. Nabor wanted to spank Willie today while the child was wearing his new trousers.

Kidney Cry.—Pain in the back is the cry of the kidneys for help. To neglect the call is to deliver the body over to a disease cruel, ruthless, and finally life destroying. South American Kidney Cure has power akin to miraculous in helping the needy kidneys out of the mire of disease. It relieves in six hours.—38

Teacher.—What is the capital of Pennsylvania?

Tommy (the printer's boy)—Why, 'P.' All the other letters are lower case.

Running Sores, the outcome of neglect, or bad blood, have a never-failing balm in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Will heal the most stubborn cases. Soothes irritation almost instantly after first application. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. It cures piles in 3 to 5 nights. 35 cents.—39

He—How often a woman's face is her fortune.

She—Yes, and how often a man's cheek is his.

Stop the Pain But Destroy the Stomach.—This is sadly too often the case. So many nauseous nostrums purporting to cure, in the end do the patient immensely more harm than good. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are a purely vegetable pepsin preparation, as harmless as milk. One after eating prevents any disorder of the digestive organs. 50 in a box, 35 cents.—40

Chat of the Boudoir.

One combination which is in evidence and quite new this season is white mouseline and cloth either in white or some of the pale tints, embroidered with silver or gold. In one costume the entire skirt is of mouseline tucked to the knee and full in at the waist line. Panels of cloth embroidered all around the edges with gold, and graduated in width, fall at either side nearly to the hem, and the bodice, also of tucked mouseline, is partly covered by a short bolero of the cloth, of which the upper sleeve is also made. The touch of black so necessary to the success of all gowns is accomplished by joining the panels with straps and rosettes of black velvet.

Something quite unique in the way of trimming, seen on a pale blue cloth gown in the evening, is made of cream lace braid formed into a design, the spaces being filled in with a lace like stitch which resembles a spider's web. This is dotted over with black chenille and trims the skirt above a narrow band of fur at the hem. Perforated cloth is one mode of decoration which has held its own for a long time and it appears again this season applied in various ways over gold cloth for panels, collars and vests and over panne for entire gowns. It is more elaborate in pattern than ever before and the edges are sometimes finished with embroidery in which gold thread forms a part.

Black and white cloth over gold are both very effective as a trimming, and tan cloth over brown panne, which is the material of one gown, forms the lower part of the skirt. Stitched bands of black taffeta piped with black velvet are the trimming on one cloth gown in a dark shade of red. Again we see bands of satin or panne, inset and the edges laced across with narrow black velvet ribbon, silk cord, or black satin ribbon if the band is in the color of the gown. Folds and pipings are also very much employed.

Plain cloth gowns, tailor made; the more dressy gowns of cloth with elaborate trimmings of velvet and embroidery, and velvet gowns, and gowns of corduroy velvet are the latest attractions.

If the success of the gown is estimated by the amount of attention it attracts, then there should be some notable examples of satisfaction among the fashionable women who thronged the promenade. Women have a reputation for dressing quite as much for the eyes of others as for their own gratification and they might as well live up to it; but in any case there seems to be a subtle charm in the consciousness of being the object of attention even if it is directed to the style and cut of the gown.

In general cloth skirts are trimmed very little, either with tucks, stitched bands or velvet bands, but there certainly seems to be a growing tendency toward wider and fuller skirts. On the very elegant gowns fur decorates the skirt as well as the entire costume, and we see it in graduated bands of three set on so closely together that they have the appearance of one. Some of the cloth gowns show perfectly plain skirts with rows of stitching for the finish and two small box plaits at the back, while others are gathered directly in the back. A costume in gray cloth, worn by a young woman, was made in this way, with a wide Empire belt and sash of gray velvet. The latter is not more than two inches wide at the top and more than a quarter of a yard wide at the hem and is lined with gray silk and trimmed on the ends with an applique design of lace on silver cloth. Above the belt is a short bolero of velvet, also trimmed with lace and silver, and the sleeves are tucked vertical lines to the elbow, where the fulness spreads out into a puff, which gathers into a wristband of lace and silver. Some of the plain tailor-made skirts show a circular flounce which has the appearance of being cut in two or three parts, the joining being covered by stitched bands of the same cloth.

One feature of the new cloth costumes is the coat without any collar except the choker collar band. It is short, of course, ending at the waist line, and made with a vest of lace, or possibly white velvet, while the edges down either side are fancifully trimmed with braid or of velvet bands inset with narrow lines of cream cloth. Double fronts in this sort of coat are very effective. The under one, a little wider than the upper, is of white cloth or of velvet of the color of the gown and both edges are finished with a delicate embroidery of gold. Bands of tacked silk, edged with black and white braid, trim a yellow tan cloth with novel effect. The silk is a lighter shade of the same tan color. The tucks are very fine and the bands narrow, but they extend down the front and

around the hem, giving the outline of a tunic. The tucked silk is cut in scroll shapes for the bolero, and little straps of silk fasten it across a vest of gold cloth covered with lace.

Panne velvet is a decidedly popular material for gowns, and especially for dressy costumes in combination with other fabrics widely different in texture. For example, mouseline and panne are combined with great effect. The former, being used in wide plaited flounces on a skirt of panne, matching it in color of course. For a more diaphanous effect the order is reversed and a tucked mouseline skirt trimmed with incrustations of lace, has a wide circular flounce of panne. The lace is the finish where the two materials join, and the bodice also of mouseline and lace, has a short bolero of panne caught together with a knot in front.

One of the most novel ideas for the use of taffeta in trimming is to use it for a lacing, threading it through embroidered holes in the material, and tying the ends, finished with gold tags, in a bow. This has been mentioned before in these columns, but it will bear repetition, since it is indeed a novelty. Belts, collar bands and bolero jackets are joined in this way, at least they have the appearance of being fastened with the lacing, and the little gold tags are very effective on the black taffeta. They, like so many other fanciful ways of using gold, are a revival from the olden time with the difference that then men sported these gold decorations in their dress and now the women have the monopoly.

Among the waist models is one of panne, trimmed with Irish point lace, black baby ribbon velvet on the tiny revers, and gold braid. The under bodice is of lace, and it in harmony with the color chosen, the belt may be of gold cloth draped narrowly around the figure. A wide revers collar of lace edged with fur is the feature of another bodice, and still another with a lace yoke shows bands of velvet over the shoulders. Boleros trimmed with fur and lace complete the picture.

Fur, lace and gold cloth form one of the most attractive gown trimmings of the season, and short fur jackets show vests of gold and silver. A combination gown of cloth and corduroy velvet is one of the novel costumes worn now, the upper part of the skirt and bodice were of gray cloth, and the lower skirt in a circular flounce was of gray velvet striped around with stitched bands of gray silk. The blouse bodice had wide revers and an inner vest of velvet striped with silk bands, and the vest was of silver cloth embroidered with steel and black velvet.

One of the costumes illustrated is of pale blue cloth with circular flounce, and blouse bodice trimmed with stitched bands arranged in tablike ends down either side of the front. The vest is of pale yellow panne edged with black velvet and small gold buttons over another vest of plaited chiffon. Another pretty cloth costume shows numerous slashes filled in with an open stitch done in silk. This model is very pretty both in the dark and light colors. Bands of red and gold embroidery are the decoration on another cloth gown, made with a bolero over a bodice of tucked batiste striped with insertions of Maltese lace. A brown cloth trimmed with broad tail and lace is shown in another out, the skirt box plaited from either side of the front. A striking costume of ochre colored cloth is trimmed with chinchilla, the bolero of chinchilla being worn over a cream lace blouse.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

White cloth made up in coats of different lengths is very modish for evening wear, and there is always some gold decoration, with usually a warm effect of fur. One long white coat has a collar and stole end of white astrachan and an embroidery of black and gold in the front corners at the hem. Colored panne, brocaded silk and black velvet are all used for evening wraps, one of the latter being shown in the illustrations, while the swagger thing for morning at the Horse Show was the three-quarter length coat of tan cloth. Long driving coats of tan are made a little more dressy by adding a bolero jacket, front turned back in revers, and decorated with fancy buttons. The most elegant of all the driving coats is made of fur with a high turned down collar and a ball sleeve seal, chinchilla and broad tail are most employed.

The most stunning hats worn at the New York Horse Show in the evening were in the toque shape, or some variation of it, with a rather indefinite crown. They were made of white lace, chiffon and gold lace, with a knot of colored velvet, white feathers or flowers for trimming. Roses, and asters are the favorite blossoms and gold roses are the elegant finish on some of the white hats. The gypsy shape also, trimmed with roses, crowned many a

pretty head, but the variously manipulated toque had the lead. One most charming hat in castor beaver felt, and gypsy shape had a band of gold braid an inch and a half wide around the crown tied in a knot with gold tag ends at the back. The soft brim was curved in a becoming line for the face, and directly in front of the crown and quite to the edge of the brim, was a bunch of immense full-blown tea roses shading a faint pink in the centre. These were arranged with foliage, and the effect was simple, but stylish to a degree. Roses are distinctly the swell trimming for hats and quite as much worn in the afternoon as in the evening. Black dotted gauze with gold is used for toques with either black or white feathers for trimming.

The Aiglon cape is one form of outside wrap which has some popularity. It is made of cloth and is really a triple cape, the lowest one three-quarter length, with a collar which stands up or turns down.

Violets and orchids arranged with maiden hair fern were the most popular corsage bouquet at Madison Square Garden in the evening.

Furs are a necessity this season if you would present any kind of fashionable appearance, but there must be wide limit on the money to be expended in order to get anything effective and up to date. Even the high temperature of last week did not disguise the fact that furs in the most rare and elegant grades are the modish thing in fashionable dress. Boas and tarettes vary in style and length and in the number of tails used in the finish, but rumor tells you that the heads are not considered good style. Russian sable, Hudson Bay sable and the finer grades of fox make the most elegant boas and muffs, while added to these there are all the cheaper kinds, many of which are blended in color, adding greatly to their value in effect if not so price. Fur trappings in a bow under the chin are one fancy among the novelties. Pointed fox which is effectively sprinkled with white hairs is one of the comparatively cheap furs and makes a very stylish boa and muff.

Narrow pompadour ribbons are used to trim mouseline de soie party gowns for young girls. They are sewn on the edges of the flounces, sashes and little plaited boleros which complete the bodice.

One of the conveniences for home millinery is found in the ready-made rosettes and bows of ribbon all wired into shape, which can be purchased in the shops. Ribbons of all kinds, colors and widths are used, and while this is not a new branch of industry the productions are more varied and artistic than ever before.

Shopping bags of fur, mounted with silver gilt, are one of the novelties.

Fur is a popular trimming for evening gowns, and it is used in wide bands as well as narrow lines. Three bands set closely together so they look almost like one trim the skirt of a white panne dress, while something of a bolero effect is carried out on the bodice with a band of fur.

One of the novelties shown in the fashionable shops is a shoulder cape of colored or white chiffon, plaited and frilled and combined with lace, plumes and ribbon in the most intricate manner. It is said to be for evening wear, but as it has no warmth its mission must be found in the ballroom, where some little covering is needed between the dances.

CUBA'S HELEN GOULD.

Her Good Deeds for her Country During the Evil Days of War.

Cuba has a rival to Miss Helen Gould, known throughout the island for her deeds of charity and philanthropy. Maria Abren De Estevez is her name, and she owns large sugar estates in Santa Clara province and a theater in Santa Clara. She has for years devoted all the proceeds of the theater to the support of schools for women and children. When the war broke out her sympathy with the insurgents made her practically an exile in Paris, but she kept in touch with events at home, and whenever disaster befell the Cuban cause she cabled large sums of money to the revolutionists, always timing her gifts when the outlook was darkest.

When Maceo fell she proposed to other rich Cubans to raise \$100,000 to carry on the struggle. She herself gave \$40,000, her sister in New York added \$20,000, and other friends made the sum up to \$120,000. While giving this freely in one year alone she lost between \$200,000 and \$300,000 because she sent word to her overseers to obey the edict of the provisional Cuban government forbidding the grinding of the sugar estates. In gratitude for her patriotic assistance the revolutionist government offered to make an exception to the rule in her case, but she refused to set an example which might

cause discontent among others. Her gifts throughout the war amounted to \$121,000 for Cuba alone, and with what she gave to Porto Rico and local charities in Paris made fully \$150,000. She has now returned to Cuba and is actively engaged in relief work.

KIND WILHELMINA.

An Incident That Proves Her Goodness of Heart.

When Wilhelmina, the young queen of Holland, was a little girl her father was presented by his good city of Amsterdam with a beautiful set of cups and saucers. So highly did he prize them that he at once issued orders that anyone in the palace who should be so unfortunate as to break one should at once be dismissed. Not long after this order little Wilhelmina was surprised to discover her favorite footman weeping bitterly. It seemed that he had been so unfortunate as to break one of the cups in carrying it from the room in which he had been serving tea. The princess was deeply grieved at the accident, but, having discovered that the pieces were quite large and could be easily glued together, she said to the footman:

'If you will do exactly as I direct you I will try to help you out of your trouble. You can easily glue these pieces together. This afternoon when you are serving tea bring this cup to me filled with cold tea and I will see what I can do about it. The footman obeyed his directions exactly. A moment after the princess had received her cup she managed to let it fall so that it broke into thousands of pieces. The king was furiously angry. 'Good bye, father,' cried Wilhelmina, her arms about his neck. 'I'm going. You said whoever broke a cup should be banished.'

Of course, her father forgave her, and some little time afterwards she confessed the whole affair—only she would never reveal which of the footmen had been the real culprit.

THE LEOPARD. Cannot Change His Spots. NOR CAN THE BLACKS BE WASHED OUT THAT DIAMOND DYES PRODUCE.

Diamond Dye Blacks far surpass the blacks produced by other manufacturers of package dyes in richness, depth of color and fastness.

Soap or strong sunshine will never fade Diamond Dye Blacks. There are three noted Diamond Dye Blacks—Fast Diamond Black for Wool, Fast Diamond Black for Cotton and Mixed Goods and Fast Diamond Black for silk and Feathers.

Don't risk your goods with the imitations that some dealers try to sell simply because the poor dyes pay larger profits than the Diamond Dyes. Ask for the Fast Diamond Dye Blacks and take no others. Money and time saved when the best are used.

RAILROAD DEVICES.

Some of the Means Applied for the Promotion of Greater Safety.

Among the devices of railroads looking toward greater safety, there is a system of signalling by colored flags or lanterns, and this signal prevails on all lines. In all railway operations white is recognized as the color of safety, red as the color of danger, and green as the color of caution. Thus a red flag or a red light displayed at any point along a line is a command for engineers to stop. A white signal says 'Go ahead,' and a green signal may be interpreted as 'Slow up; keep your train well in hand and be prepared to stop quickly.' The green is displayed usually at the approach of stations or yards, or when another train is close in front. In England the green lamp means safety.

Green, red and white lights are used almost universally for signalling purposes on the various railroad systems of the world, as well as at sea, for this reason that these three colors can be seen from a greater distance than any other at night time or when the atmosphere is obscure, and at the same time no other three colors are so easily distinguished one from another. Where a fourth light is needed a purple light is generally employed.

In addition to the system of signalling by means of flags and lanterns, there is a complete code of whistle signals. For example, on trains not equipped with the airbrake, one long whistle from the engine is a direction to the train-men to set the hand-brakes with which all cars are provided. Two whistles indicate that the brakes are to be released, and three denote that the train is about to back up. A succession of brief whistles is an indication of danger ahead, and it is given when the engineer sees an obstruction on the track, or when a stray cow wanders



Rouse the torpid liver, and cure biliousness, sick headache, jaundice, nausea, indigestion, etc. They are invaluable to prevent a cold or break up a fever. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy your confidence. Purely vegetable, they can be taken by children or delicate women. Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

upon the line.

Another device that is useful in giving warning to engineers at points unprovided with fixed signals, or in case of fog which obscures such signals, is the torpedo. The torpedo is simply a small disk, filled with detonating powder and placed upon the rail, where it explodes with a loud report when struck by a wheel. A single explosion is a warning to the engineer to proceed cautiously; a double explosion directs him to bring his train to a stop. In the movement of trains in and out of the city of London, where fogs very frequently prevail, torpedoes are of the greatest service.

The Longest Electric Railway.

The longest electric railway in the world is to be built in Montana. The proposed line is from Billings to Great Falls, some 200 miles, and the plan is to operate it entirely by electric power, which is to be supplied from generating stations on the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers. The road would have a considerable traffic in coal, ores and other heavy freights and would be the first line with such traffic to be worked by electricity.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to a Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to Dr. Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

He Was "Smoked Out."

'I understand your old pastor had to resign the first week after accepting that Pittsburg call.'

'Yes; he's back with us again. He made a bad break in his first sermon there. 'You don't say?'

'Yes; he preached on the text, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.'

Ally.

'You know,' said Senator Sorghum reprovingly. 'I told you that what I wanted was a good, breezy speech.'

'Well,' answered the professional orator 'I thought that was what I gave you. Nearly everybody who heard it said my arguments were only wind.'

Comforting Reflection.

'Dolly, if you keep on spending money this way we'll have to go to the poor-house.'

'Well, if we do, Jack, we'll have a lot of nice things to take with us.'

'Mrs. Doubleday has always been boasting about the gentleness of her cat, and yet I heard her say that it always gets his back up every time she tries to pet him.'

'The cat's all right; she means her husband, who mistrusts her petting, because he knows that each caress will cost him so much purr.'

'There was one thing that struck me forcibly when I read about the attempted assassination of the German emperor.'

'What was that?'

'That the anarchists must be losing their heads when they expect to kill anybody by getting a woman to throw something.'

Briggs—That medium doesn't know a thing when she is in a trance.

Griggs—Oh, yes, she does.

Briggs—What makes you think so?

Griggs—Because the other day I tried to stand away in the middle of one—with-out paying.

Rob—Do you think he is really a foreign nobleman?

Ethel—Oh, undoubtedly! Why he cannot understand a word of my French.

Advertisement for APOLIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies, featuring a bottle illustration and text describing its benefits for irregularities and general health.

Advertisement for MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER, 'The Universal Perfume,' for handkerchiefs, toilet, and bath, with a list of agents.

the most serious displeasure.

Whenever I ventured into the garden that crow would signal to his friends, and in an instant from twenty to fifty crows, according as the exigencies of the hour might allow, would flock around me and make most unpleasant remarks. If I even showed myself on the upper veranda, that offended bird would at once fly on the balustrade of it, and stretching out his neck, would accuse me of every conceivable enormity in such deep, sepulchral tones as went far toward making my life miserable.

His View.

Jack Bachelor (engaged)—'Of course, I realize that matrimony is a very important step, and all that!'

Ned Newlywed (hoarsely)—'Step? Great Scott, man! It's a whole flight of steps and something to fall over on every step!'

Deafness of 12 Years' Standing.

Protracted Catarrh produces deafness in many cases. Capt. Ben. Connor, of Toronto, Canada, was deaf for 12 years from Catarrh. All treatments failed to relieve. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave him relief in one day, and in a very short while the deafness left him entirely. It will do as much for you. 50 cents.—33

'The ladies of the sewing society are very busy now,' announced the minister's wife, 'but they will not let us know what they are doing.'

'Yes,' remarked the minister, with a bitter smile, 'they're making bookmarks and carpet slippers, I suppose.'

Sciatica put him on Crutches.

—Jas. Smith, dairyman, of Grimsby, Ont., writes: 'My limbs were almost useless from sciatica and rheumatism, and, notwithstanding my esteem for physicians, I must give the credit where it belongs. I am a cured man to-day, and South American Rheumatic Cure must have all the credit. It's a marvel.—34

'Tell me, he said to the grocer's clerk, just what is the difference between this Brie and that cake of Camembert? Which do you consider the better kind of cheese and why?'

'I must ask to be excused,' was the reply. 'Comparisons of this kind are always odorous.'

Strong words by a New York Specialist.

'After years of testing and comparison I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the quickest, safest, and surest known to medical science. I use it in my own practice. It relieves the most acute forms of heart ailment inside of thirty minutes and never fails.—35

'Dis is terrible,' said Meandering Mike, with a deep-drawn sigh.

'What's de matter?' asked Plodding Pete, in alarm.

'Here's a piece in de paper. It says we've got muscles inside of us dat keeps on an involuntary action. Day goes on workin', whether we wants 'em to or not.'

'One Foot in the Grave.'

'—If the thousands of people who rush to so worthy a remedy as South American Nervine as a last resort would get it as a first resort, how much misery and suffering would be spared. If you have any nerve disorder you needn't suffer a minute longer. A thousand testimonies to prove it.—36

'Is it possible for an operatic prima donna to be reasonable?' asked the interviewer.

'Are we speaking in confidence?' de manded the great singer.

'Entirely so,' answered the interviewer.

'Then I will say that it is possible, but it isn't policy.'

Jealous Rivals cannot turn back the tide.

The demand for Dr. Agnew's little Pills is a marvel. Cheap to buy, but diamonds in quality—banish nausea, coated tongue, water brash, pain after eating, sick headache, never gripe, operate pleasantly. 10 cents.—37

Mrs. Taltso—Men have very poor judgment at times.

Mrs. Nabor—I should say so. Why, Mr. Naylor wanted to spank Willie today while the child was wearing his new trousers.

Kidney Ory.

Pain in the back is the cry of the kidneys for help. To neglect the call is to deliver the body over to a disease cruel, ruthless, and finally life destroying. South American Kidney Cure has power akin to miraculous in helping the needy kidneys out of the mire of disease. It relieves in six hours.—38

Teacher—What is the capital of Pennsylvania?

Toanny (the printer's boy)—Why, 'P.' All the other letters are lower case.

Running Sores.

The outcome of neglect, or bad blood, have a never-failing balm in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. Will heal the most stubborn cases. Soothes irritation almost instantly after first application. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. It cures piles in 3 to 5 nights. 35 cents.—39

He—How often a woman's face is her fortune.

She—Yes, and how often a man's check is his.

Stop the Pain but Destroy the Stomach.

This is sadly too often the case. So many nauseous nostrums purporting to cure, in the end do the patient immensely more harm than good. Dr. Von Stan's Pepsine Tablets are a purely vegetable preparation, as harmless as milk. One after eating prevents any disorder of the digestive organs. 60 in a box, 35 cents.—40

A MODERN BULLET WOUND.

Remarkable Case of an English Army Surgeon—Shot Through the Abdomen and Was Left Unattended.

If you look in a report made by England's greatest surgeon you will find under 'Case No. 10,' a concise and detailed account of a bullet wound. The course of the ball is traced with scientific accuracy and exactness. We are told how the merciful little pencil shaped, nickel steel Mauter bullet passed through the body of 'Case No. 10,' but who 'Case No. 10,' is and under what circumstances he received the wound—that is no part of a surgeon's report, and so it does not appear. In the old days when the tearing, shattering leaden bullets did their fearful work, Case No. 10 wouldn't have been a surgeon's case; he would have been in the obituary list. As it is, thanks to the cleanly perforating bullet which cauterize its own wound, he is now alive and well, though shot in what used to be regarded as a vital spot. This is the actual story of how Case No. 10, happened.

It was at the second battle of the Tugela, Jan. 23, Dalton, R. A. M. C. (which means Royal Army Medical corps) had been called off to attend to a wounded officer lying on the flank of the army the main body of which was already falling back across the death plain over which it had endeavored to advance against the hidden riflemen who lay among the rocks. It was quite late in the afternoon when he reached the spot, and on the way the attendant stretcher bearers had picked up a badly wounded man, and so Capt. Dalton found himself in charge of a dressing station all his own. He knew de Rougemont well, and as he bent over him he saw that his friend was badly wounded, shot through the abdomen. The other man lying near had a wound of the same character, while the third man, who had been carried along in the stretcher, was shot, if I remember in two places, through the head and lungs.

The Captain bent over his stricken friend. He saw that the ball had gone straight through him; yet he felt sure that with great care his life might be saved. But the ambulances were from four to five miles away, and it would be almost impossible to drive one over the rocky, uneven ground. A glance at the other man showed that his case was a severe one also. Three casualties, all in the category of the dangerous, would spell small hope to the friends at home who would read the returns in the papers. Three casualties and only one stretcher. The men who carried it were not members of a regular bearer company but two Tommies who had been pressed for the nonce.

The surgeon had got out his bandages and was applying the first aid as quickly and deftly as he could, when one of the men standing by shouted suddenly:

'My Gawd! Look! Here they come!'

Capt. Dalton raised his head in time to see about forty Boers, all mounted, ride into sight above the crest of the little hill, 200 yards or so in front. He only glanced at them, for he thought they must have perceived what he was doing, and despite the recriminations that had been indulged in the Red Cross had always been respected. He felt himself safe under the protection of the little bandage around his arm. So he went on with his work. There came a volley, and the captain felt a shock go through him. Pausing for a minute, he looked down at himself, and perceived that he was wounded in almost the same place as the officer whom he was attending. One of the soldiers was shot dead, and the wounded man lying on the ground had received a second bullet through his chest. The other stretcher bearer had been shot through the arm near the shoulder, and had fallen behind a rock.

They were all casualties now, himself included. But somehow, it may have been the effect of training, or it may have been the surgeon's abstract interest in the case, he continued working, stanching the blood and binding up the wound of his friend, determined to work as long as he was able. The Boers approached. They got off their horses and were standing close about him. His job was almost finished. A sickening feeling was coming over him and he fell slowly back and lay looking up at them. The anger that came over him made him speak in cold, slow tones.

'Look what you have done,' he said. 'You have shot me, a surgeon performing his duty, and you have fired upon the wounded. Do you call that war?'

'We're very sorry, sir,' said a middle-aged bearded fellow in good English. 'We didn't see who you were. We thought you were lying there and about to fire on us.'

The others stood about silently, leaning awkwardly against their saddles. The man who was slightly wounded through the arm stood up; he began to swear. The captain silenced him, and he sat down on the rock nursing his wounded arm. And now comes the strangest part of the story, and one that, if it had not been verified would be hard to believe. The Boers bent over and examined the wounded man. They shook their heads. The captain felt his senses going, the weakness was becoming overpowering. Someone spoke in Dutch and a horseman mounted. The captain looked up and asked loudly: 'Who is in command here?'

'Well, I suppose I am,' said a low-browed ruffian, who spoke English.

'Well, for heaven's sake let the slightly wounded man go and get help for us.'

'He's our prisoner,' said the bearded one. 'We've got to take him along; we can't stay here.'

'Surely you're not going to leave us in this plight?'

There was no answer. The next thing the captain remembered was some one tugging at his feet, and then he heard a sound of horses' hoofs going away over the rocks. He lost consciousness. When he came to himself the sun was down behind the hills and the cold evening shadows were coming on. He knew now what the tugging at his feet had meant; his spurs were gone! Capt. de Rougemont, lying beside him was talking.

'Dalton,' he said, 'can you hear me?'

'Yes.'

'We're in a bad way. What shall we do?'

'Don't move, it's the only thing that will save your life. They may find us in the morning.'

Just then a groaning came from where the other wounded man was lying.

'Water,' he moaned; 'water.'

Dalton raised his voice. 'Lie still, my lad,' he said. 'Water is the worst thing for you. Lie still. What is your name?'

The man gave it and his number, and the captain could almost imagine that a salute accompanied the answer.

'Can you see those other men?'

'Yes, sir; they're both dead, sir.'

'The soldier's agony was sunk in the soldierly training.'

'Keep quiet and lie still, I tell you. Try to forget your thirst. Moving around will only make you worse.'

The soldier did not reply.

A strange thing of it all was this: There had been no bitter words expressed against the action of the Boers. It had been passed by as if by tacit consent. The inhuman part of it, the surgeon perceived, was not intended for torture; he saw that the enemy had regarded them all as being practically dead men.

To describe in detail that night of horror would be too harrowing. Capt. Dalton knew that his only chance of living was in remaining absolutely still. Since he had laid himself down he had hardly moved a muscle, but poor de Rougemont had begun to wander. He began to shout to the stable guard and insisted that the horses were tethered over the hill. He raised himself on his elbows and called aloud time and again. Dalton pleaded with him in vain. He would not listen to reason.

In the meantime the temptation of thirst that overpowering, dreadful agony of the sorely wounded, had been too much for the soldier. He had managed to crawl to the body of one of his companions and had drained the dead man's water bottle. In a few minutes his agony had increased threefold, and he tossed, rolling and wretching to and fro among the rocks. In a few minutes he was silent, and the doctor knew that relief had come to him. Capt. de Rougemont was growing weaker, but a dreadful thirst was on him, too. His water bottle was by his side; despite the surgeon's remonstrances, he took a drink. It seemed at first to help him, for his mind ceased wondering, and then—but why go on? Early in the morning his moaning ceased.

Dalton was stiff from lying in the same position. It was bitter cold and his flesh quivered. He felt the thirst, too, but his will power was strong, and strange to say the overpowering weakness was leaving him and his brain was clear to think. His thoughts were not pleasant. He remembered the great birds whose shadows he knew would be sweeping over the ground the next morning. He knew that the army had gone back, and he reckoned gloomily the chance of being found. He knew it was not one in a thousand.

The sun rose and carefully he raised himself and looked about; he was the only one alive. Slowly, inch by inch, he raised himself, until to his wonder and amazement he found that he could stand. He took a step, holding himself as straight as possible. He took another. He found that he could walk. It took half an hour to go 200 yards to the bottom of the hill where the ground was more level, and there he found a path. He began to have an interest of the surgeon in studying his own case. How far would he be able to go before the deadly pang would seize him? Steadying himself before each movement, he went on. He saw no living thing. There were a few bodies here and there where the troopers had advanced. The sun rose higher and higher and soon the sweeping shadows appeared. He did not turn his head to look to the right or left, nor did he dare to rest. Soon, down in a hollow, he saw a moving figure. It was a Kafir working about a little lonely hut. He raised his voice. The man saw him, but instead of coming to him the black made off. Again he called. He was afraid to raise his arm to beckon, for the movement might mean death. The Kafir turned and approached him. He circled nearer. He behaved for all the world like one who stalked an enemy. The captain all the time stood silent. At last the man came near enough for the captain to talk to him, and then he saw the reason for the white man's strange behavior.

'Troops, baas?'

'Yes, where are they?'

'Go fetch them.' The man was off.

Slowly Dalton began walking in the same direction. In about an hour he met some men coming towards him. In another hour he was in a hospital. The only man who had ever walked six miles with a wound that should have been mortal and had lived to tell the tale.

ON THE FRONTIERS OF INDIA.

Measures to Meet the Effects of Renewed Russian Activity in Asia.

The British Indian Government, after some deliberation, has decided to meet the new conditions that are arising all along the frontiers of India by an increased expenditure for military purposes, principally in artillery, on which, it is authoritatively stated, \$10,000,000 will be spent. The rearmament of the native army is proceeding as fast as magazine rifles arrive from England, the new weapons being issued to the British troops, whose old rifles, after careful examination, are transferred to the native regiments. The expense of the new armaments will not, it is said add to the Indian budget, but will be met with money saved by the action of the Imperial Government in paying the cost of the troops taken from India for service in South Africa and China.

For some time past the condition of things on the northwest frontier of India has been reported to be unsatisfactory, raids by the tribesmen on the frontier outposts becoming increasingly frequent, with loss of life and looting of magazines and guardhouses for guns and ammunition. The latest raids have determined the Indian Government to institute a blockade of the territory inhabited by the offending tribesmen in order to cut their flocks off from their grazing lands. Should this not produce the desired results sterner measures will be adopted, and a punitive expedition similar to that sent into the Tirah country three years ago will be despatched to occupy the country.

The Amir of Afghanistan, in order to guard the neutrality of his territory, has sent one of his generals, Mohammed Ali Khan, to select a suitable site for a cantonment on the frontier to watch the operations. He is also said to have caused a new book in Persian on the subject of 'The Preaching Laws of Islam,' to be issued from the Kabul Press, and copies to be distributed among the preaching staff of mullahs. A portion of the work is devoted to political affairs and the Amir's relations with Russia and the British government.

Meanwhile occurrences have taken place in Tibet, arising out of the Chinese complications, that have caused the Indian government to hasten the repairs to the Darjeeling railway, which was so badly damaged by earthquake and floods, and with the intention of prolonging it into Sikkim towards the Tibetan frontier. Movements are reported from Tibet which are regarded as hostile to British interests in Asia, and an envoy has been sent by the Dalai Lama from Lhasa to Russia, with the object, so it is stated in St. Petersburg, of seeking Russian protection.

Comparatively easy communication now exists between Lhasa and Kashgar in Chinese Turkestan, where the Russian government has an important diplomatic agency presided over by M. Petrovski from the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg, with the rank of Consul-General and an

escort of eighty Cossacks commanded by two officers. He keeps up considerable state and dispenses money freely, which is in contrast with the British agent, whose establishment is humble and expenditure limited. Kashgar is connected by telegraph with St. Petersburg through Urumtsi, a Chinese military station in northwestern Mongolia; and there is an all the year round postal service between Kashgar and Osh in Ferghana, and Fort Narin, a Russian outpost in Russian Turkestan. All communications between the British government and its agent have to pass through the Russian Post Office and telegraphs, except when an occasional explorer comes up from India through Kashmir or some other route.

Russian supremacy is gradually asserting itself commercially, financially and politically. Russian traders are pressing south by the caravan routes into Western Tibet driving out the English goods that at one time filled the bazaars. The Russo-Chinese Banking Company has recently established a branch at Kashgar to facilitate trade, and the Chinese Taotai takes no important step, even in the internal administration of his province, without first consulting the Russian representative. A few Hindoo traders and money lenders are still to be found in Kashgar, but their business is rapidly leaving them.

In order to bring Kashgar more completely under Russian influence, M. Petrovski is now working to have the Russian custom house on the frontier at Irtyshkam removed to Kashgar to facilitate Russian trade operations, and it was believed he would succeed. An English writer, commenting on this move, observes that it was just in this way that Bokhara was gradually absorbed. Lastly, in the event of troubles calling for the display of military force, Russia has already large bodies of troops within eight days' march of Kashgar. The British Government is endeavoring to establish a counterpoise to this preponderance of Russia by encouraging the construction of electric trolley lines in Kashmir but the probability is that before they can be of any strategic value, the Russian outposts will have been established on the watershed between the British and nominally Chinese territory. As to the outcome of the Tibetan mission to Russia nothing is yet known; but its having been sent is symptomatic of the unrest prevailing all over Asia at the present moment.

The Shadow of the Past.

She laid her face against her mother's breast and sobbed.

'My poor child, what is it?' the older lady asked. 'Has Reginald been cruel to you?'

'No, mamma,' the bride replied, 'it is not that. It is all on account of a terrible discovery. I'—

'Ah,' the fond mother exclaimed, 'then he did not tell you all before it was too late! Oh, my poor child! Oh, the monster! There is a dark page in his life! Ah, how can a man be so base! How?'

'He found the photograph of me sitting in a wash bowl,' the stricken one interrupted, 'that you had taken for a baby food advertisement!'

Then they sat there, dumb with grief.

Sore Throat

and hoarseness with their attendant dangers may be speedily averted and remedied by the use of *Nerviline*. Excellent to gargle with—ten times better than a mustard plaster and more convenient for the outside, and speedily allays inflammation. *Nerviline* cures because it is five times stronger than other remedies—penetrates the tissues instantly, soothes the pain, and cures simply because that's what it is made for. Druggists sell it.

Generosity.

'Do you think republics are ungrateful?' asked the statesman.

'No, sir,' answered the professional politician. 'If you know how to work it, you can coax as much salary and incidental profit out of a republic as you can out of any form of government I know of. As a matter of fact a republic is one of the easiest institutions on earth.'

Brook Farm Pleasantly.

Mr. Ripley once announced that a contribution would be taken to defray expenses at Brook Farm; but, as the speaking was to be continued during the time the box was passing round, the audience was requested to put in as many bills as possible, so as to not disturb the speaker by the rattling of small change.

Over Sewing

Is a process excited by vanity, backed up by good tight boots—you may lack the vanity but you have the good tight boots—you may wear any size boots you please up to three sizes too small, if you use Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor. Druggists sell it.

'I have indited,' began the tramping poet. 'a long poem entitled: "Autumn Kindling Wood." "Cut it short!" hissed the heartless editor; and the big blue pencil scratched merrily.

Pale and Bloodless.

THOUSANDS OF ANAEMIC GIRLS HURRYING TO THE GRAVE.

A Young Lady at Cobourg, Ont., Whose Case Was Pronounced Hopeless, Tells How the Regained Health and Strength—A Lesson to Mothers.

Anemia is the term used by doctors to indicate poverty of the blood. The prevalence of this trouble is most alarming, especially among young girls, and a large percentage of the altogether too numerous cases of consumption which annually ravage the country have their origin in this trouble. The first indication of anemia is a pale, sallow or waxy complexion. This is followed by loss of appetite, frequent headaches, indisposition to exertion, swelling of limbs, violent heart palpitation and frequently fainting fits. These symptoms may not all be present, but the more there are the greater the urgency for prompt and effective treatment, which should be persisted in until all traces of the trouble have vanished. Among the thousands who have been brought near to the brink of the grave from this trouble, and ultimately restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is Miss Bella Boyd, an estimable young lady whose home is at Cobourg. Miss Boyd gives her experience as follows:—

'It is nearly ten years since my illness first commenced, and although I was doctoring more or less I received little or no benefit, as the doctors did not seem to understand my trouble. Two years ago my health became so bad that another doctor was called in, and he stated that my case was a most severe type of anemia, and that while he could help me the trouble had progressed to such a stage that he could hold out little hopes of a cure. At this time I was as pale as chalk, my eyelids were swollen and would hang down over my eyes like sacks of water. My feet and limbs would swell, and were always cold. I was subject to violent headaches, severe palpitation of the heart, and if I stooped over I would be so dizzy that I could scarcely regain an upright position. My appetite failed me almost entirely and I grew so weak that I was a mere wreck. While in this condition I read in a newspaper of the cure of a young girl whose case was much like mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. Those who knew me did not think any medicine could do me any good or that I would ever get any better, but I determined at all events to try for nearly a year trial. I have used them for nearly a year with the result that I feel like a new person. The swelling in my eyelids and limbs has disappeared; my appetite is good and my face is regaining the color which left it years ago. I can sew and do work about the house, and this great change in my condition is due solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is too little to say that they have saved my life and I strongly urge girls who are singularly afflicted to give them a thorough trial.

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

Number of Lives and Value of Property Saved During the Year.

The annual report of the Life-Saving Service, made public during the week, shows that at the close of the fiscal year the establishment embraced 269 stations, 194 being on the Atlantic, 58 on the lakes, 16 on the Pacific, and one on the falls of the Ohio, at Louisville, Ky.

The number of disasters to documented vessels within the field of operations of the service during the year was 884. There were on board these vessels 2,655 persons, of whom 2,607 were saved and 48 lost. Six hundred and seventy-three shipwrecked persons received succor at the stations, to whom 1,447 days' relief in the aggregate was afforded. The estimated value of the vessels involved in disaster was \$6,127,500, and that of their cargoes \$3,842,690, making a total value of property imperilled \$9,470,190. Of this amount \$7,264,690 was saved and \$2,235,500 lost. The number of vessels totally lost was 61.

In addition to the foregoing there were during the year 329 casualties to small craft, such as small yachts, sailboats, row-boats, etc. on board of which there were 781 persons, 776 of whom were saved and five lost. The property involved in these instances is estimated at \$267,070 of which \$256,770 was saved and \$10,300 lost.

Besides the number of persons saved from vessels of all kinds there were 591 others rescued who had fallen from wharves, piers and other positions of extreme peril, many of whom would have perished without the aid of the life-saving crew. Five hundred and fourteen of these were rescued from dwelling houses, outbuildings and other elevated places submerged wholly or in part by the terrible flood of the Brazos river in Texas, July 6 to 12, 1899.

The crew saved and assisted to save during the year 371 vessels, valued with their cargoes at \$4,006,500, and rendered assistance of minor importance to 885 other vessels in distress, besides warning from danger by the signals of the patrolmen 194 vessels.

A ten cent package of Magnetic Dressing and very little work will make a new blouse of your faded silk on—try it.

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Young Lady at Cobourg, Ont., Whose Case Was Pronounced Hopeless, Tells How She Regained Health and Strength—A Lesson to Mothers.

Anemia is the term used by doctors to designate poverty of the blood. The prevalence of this trouble is most alarming, especially among young girls, and a large percentage of the altogether too numerous cases of consumption which annually ravage the country have their origin in this trouble. The first indication of anemia is pale, sallow or waxy complexion. This is followed by loss of appetite, frequent headaches, indigestion to exertion, swelling of limbs, violent heart palpitation and frequently fainting fits. These symptoms are not all present, but the more there are the greater the urgency for prompt and effective treatment, which should be resisted in until all traces of the trouble have vanished. Among the thousands who are afflicted with this trouble, and ultimately reduced to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is Miss Bella Boyd, an estimable young lady whose home is at Cobourg. Miss Boyd gives her experience as follows:—

"It is nearly ten years since my illness commenced, and although I was doing more or less I received little or no relief, as the doctors did not seem to understand my trouble. Two years ago my health became so bad that another doctor was called in, and he stated that my case was a most severe type of anemia, and at while he could help me the trouble progressed to such a stage that he could hold out little hopes of a cure. At this time I was as pale as chalk, my eyelids were swollen and would hang down over my eyes like sacks of water. My feet and hands were cold, and were always cold. I was subject to violent headaches, severe palpitation of the heart, and if I stooped or I would be so dizzy that I could scarcely regain an upright position. My appetite failed me almost entirely and I grew weak that I was a mere wreck. While in this condition I read in a newspaper of a cure of a young girl whose case was such like mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. Those who know me did not think any medicine could do me any good that I would ever get any better, but I determined at all events to give the pills a trial. I have used them for nearly a year with the result that I feel like a new person. The swelling in my eyelids and my limbs has disappeared; my appetite is good and my face is regaining the color which left it years ago. I can sew and do quite about the house, and this great change in my condition is due solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is not a little to say that they have saved my life. I strongly urge girls who are singularly afflicted to give them a thorough trial.

CHAPTER III
Sir Empson was more than willing to regard his young hostess with eyes of affection. Whether that affection should be marital or paternal depended entirely on his son. The self made baronet knew himself to have come of humble parentage. His boasted Tudor ancestry was his own invention. An alliance with a really good old family therefore was more than merely desirable. It might be that Wilford was in some ways more suited than himself to become Lady Rosamund's suitor. But should he show no inclination to appear in that character, Sir Empson would himself come forward, confident in the belief that even an earl's daughter, when verging on the thirties, would think twice before refusing so wealthy a bridegroom; for in spite of his secret connection with retail trade—or perhaps on account of it—Sir Empson's annual income was over fifty thousand. Rosamund was equally gracious and cool to both father and son. She disliked parvenus, and though she fathomed the baronet's intentions towards herself, not for one moment was she tempted by his wealth, while Wilford was absolutely not worth considering. Miss brains, good looks, and everything else—except money—likely to win him favor in a woman's eyes, it was as well for him that he did not aspire to become a connection by marriage of the Earl of Barclens.

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

Number of Lives and Value of Property Saved During the Year.

The annual report of the Life-Saving Service, made public during the week, shows that at the close of the fiscal year an establishment embraced 269 stations, 15 being on the Atlantic, 58 on the lakes, on the Pacific, and one on the falls of Ohio, at Louisville, Ky. The number of disasters to document-vessels within the field of operations of service during the year was 384. There were on board these vessels 2,655 persons, whom 2,607 were saved and 48 lost. One hundred and seventy-three shipwrecked souls received succor at the stations, from 1,447 days' relief in the aggregate afforded. The estimated value of the vessels involved in disaster was \$6,127,500, that of their cargoes \$3,342,690, making a total value of property imperilled \$9,470,190. Of this amount \$7,264,690 was saved and \$2,205,500 lost. The number of vessels totally lost was 61. In addition to the foregoing there were in the year 329 casualties to small craft, such as small yachts, sailboats, row-boats, etc. on board of which there were 776 persons, 776 of whom were saved and 48 lost. The property involved in these accidents is estimated at \$267,070 of which \$166,770 was saved and \$100,300 lost. Besides the number of persons saved in vessels of all kinds there were 591 persons rescued who had fallen from wharves, piers and other positions of extreme peril, many of whom would have perished without the aid of the life-saving service. Five hundred and fourteen of these were rescued from dwelling houses, buildings and other elevated places merged wholly or in part by the terrible flood of the Brazos river in Texas, July 6-12, 1899.

The crew saved and assisted to save during the year 371 vessels, valued with their crews at \$4,006,500, and rendered assistance of minor importance to 885 other vessels in distress, besides warning from danger by the signals of the patrolmen's vessels.

A ten cent package of Magnetic Dressing will make a new blouse—your faded silk—on—try it.

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

observed Lord Barclens frankly, when his daughter entered the room.

"No! I thought I looked rather nice," she studied her reflection critically in a long glass panel between two windows.

"This may improve me," she added, taking a dark red rose from a bowl and pinning it amongst the folds of the cream lace which finished her navy blue silk gown at the throat.

"I dislike high-necked dresses for evening wear, unless a woman is scraggy; your shoulders are worth showing."

"This is all right; high-necked dresses are quite the thing for a quiet dinner. I cannot afford to back out my two solitary evening gowns down here."

The earl was silenced, as Rosamund had known he would be at the slightest hint of her limited pocket-money.

To every creature on earth, except himself, my Lord of Barclens behaved as a veritable miser.

A moment later he was holding out a hand of cordial welcome to Sir Empson Richmond, Bart. and to his son and heir, Mr. Wilford Richmond.

CHAPTER III

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On crossing the hall this evening, after leaving the dining-room, she noticed a letter on the floor just beneath the peg on which Wilford Richmond had hung his dust-coat.

The address was uppermost, written in a round, boyish hand, such as she could quite believe the baronet's son would own. Without any thought of obtaining knowledge not meant for her, Rosamund read the address, noting at the same time that the letter was evidently intended for the post.

"Miss M. Brent, 6, Clairville Place, Crossways."

Immediately she remembered that Lord Durham had said in his capacity as shop-walker—viz., that Maggie Brent aspired to marriage with one of the firm.

Was it possible that Wilford contemplated marrying her, ignorant of the fact that she was one of his father's employes?

"Well, it is certainly no affair of mine," thought Lady Rosamund.

She was about to pass into the sitting-room without picking up the letter, which appeared to have fallen from the pocket of the dust coat, when she suddenly changed her mind, and concluded that it might, after all, be slightly her own affair.

If that letter reached Maggie Brent it might possibly turn her thoughts to the writer, and cause her temporarily to cease her attentions to the handsome 'Mr. Charles'; whereas should Sir Empson see the perhaps tell-tale missive, no might take prompt steps to prevent any further communication between his son and Miss Brent.

Only half comprehending her own motives for interfering, Rosamund returned the letter to the pocket from which she correctly supposed it to have fallen, and was entering the parlor when Wilford came hurriedly out of the dining room.

"I—I'm awfully sorry to have to rush away, Lady Rosamund, but I have suddenly remembered an important appointment. It's awfully annoying, for—I'd been looking forward to some music or something, while our respected governors have a hand at cards."

"I am afraid you would have been disappointed, Mr. Richmond. I am not musical, you know. Probably your appointment will prove much more interesting than a tete-a-tete with me would have done. All the same, I am sorry you have to leave so early."

She half-smiled as she saw his hand seek the letter destined for Miss Brent's personal.

And she parted from him with a sigh of relief, released from the ordeal she had anticipated—of having him on her hands while her father tried to win money from him.

"That little man is an ideal shopwalker," she mused, as she looked round for something worth reading. He would be in his element walking up and down between two counters, and ascertaining the needs of customers. Would Maggie Brent approve of the exchange, I wonder if he were to replace 'Mr. Charles' in his father's shop? Pah! Why do I trouble my head about what that girl may or may not like? What connection can there possibly be between Maggie Brent and myself?

Yet, next morning, when she went to Richmond and Price's to match some lace, it irritated her curiously to see Miss Brent's coquettish glances at 'Mr. Charles'.

He responded but once, and then only by a slight smile, when answering to her somewhat imperative call of—

"Sign, please!"

Another girl attended to Lady Rosamund's requirements—a drab-haired, anemic-looking young thing—but Rosamund was pleased to notice that 'Mr. Charles' spoke kindly to her concerning some trifle; and that his smile as he spoke, was much more cordial than it had been for Maggie Brent.

"Thank you, madam." His eyes met Rosamund's unwaveringly. "Is there nothing else we can do for you today? Let me call your attention to this cheap line in ties. A really good article this. Here is a sweet shade in blue—will you not let me tempt you?"

Rosamund bit her lip in a tremendous effort to keep grave, modest assent in her countenance. The blue tie, and shook her head in reply to further tempting.

Speak she could not.

"Mr. Charles" preceded her to the door and bowed her out.

She was smiling broadly by this time. "Permit me, madam; your little parcel lies insecurely fastened."

He took it from her, placed it on the counter, and pretended to fasten it. Lady Rosamund blushed vividly as he gave it again to her.

She felt sure she would find a note inside, but she was not quite sure that she approved of 'Mr. Charles' for putting it there, or of herself for giving him the chance of doing so.

All the same, she hurried home in order to satisfy herself that she was not mistaken; and a little sigh of satisfaction escaped her as her fingers closed over the note, which ran as follows—

"Everything seems changed for me since our chat yesterday. Can you guess at all what it meant for me to meet you—you refreshing bit of the old life which I have forsaken? If so, you will understand the sacrifice I am making in telling you that you are to take no notice of my mad request for another meeting. This life shall not make me wholly selfish, nor shall I deprive you of all common-sense. I must content myself in the future with Maggie Brent, and try to forget that I was ever smiled upon by Lady Rosamund."

Her lip curled.

She was angry with him for the space of five minutes, imagining that she read between the lines a preference for Maggie Brent to herself.

Then she relented and grew nearer the truth.

He was, perhaps, taken by herself, and anxious to avoid the disappointment attendant on a misplaced affection.

"In that case," said Lady Rosamund mentally, "I shall, of course, avoid him whenever it is possible to do so. I should be very sorry if suffering came to him through me, though I really don't see that an occasional chat can do him much harm."

A knock at the door interrupted her soliloquy.

"If you please, m'lady, his lordship 'opes you'll go down to him at once."

Which, being interpreted, meant that the earl had bidden the servant 'Tell Lady Rosamund I want her directly.'

Rosamund knew her father's little ways, and went downstairs without delay, wondering uneasily as to what might have occurred during her brief absence to upset him.

It was a relief that he greeted her amiably.

"Where the dickens have you been, Rosamund? I have news for you. Sir Empson called just now to propose for your hand. I do hope you will be a sensible girl and not refuse him. Of course he has adopted a rather old-fashioned way of doing things. I daresay you would prefer that he had gone straight to you. Still it shows good feeling when you come to look into it."

"He is a bit old for you; fifty-eight, he tells me; but thirty years—on the right side—is not considered a great disparity now-a-days. He is disposed to be very generous, Rosamund. He says he will settle ten thousand a year on you for 'pin-money' as he calls it. Just think of it! Don't you consider yourself lucky to have won the regard of such a man?"

"What particular reason have you for wishing to force me into a marriage with a parvenu, father? A man with little culture and less refinement. I simply could not live with him."

The earl dropped his mask.

"Confound it, Rosamund! but you'll have to go, whether you like it or not. He is going to lend me money to settle certain debts of honour contracted since I have been in this wretched place, where there is nothing to do but play cards from morning till night. I cannot possibly repay him, and so you must marry him. Do you hear? He can't very well press for payment when he is my son in law. Rather a joke having a son in law of one's own age, but useful—very useful. He is coming this evening for your answer."

"How much has he bought me for?" inquired Lady Rosamund.

"Faith! You don't put it very delicately. If you mean, what is the extent of the loan which Sir Empson has kindly undertaken to accommodate? why, I should put it roughly at forty thousand."

"Forty thousand! Do you mean pounds? How can you possibly owe so much as that?"

"I told you, or thought I did—debts of honour."

"Debts of dishonour, you mean. No man of honour would allow himself to owe so very much more than he could ever hope to pay."

"Well, upon my word" began the earl.

Then, his wrath getting the better of him, he forgot he was a gentleman, and reared at his daughter.

Lady Rosamund listened with the coolness born of custom, even smiling slightly as though amused.

"You have shilly-shalied long enough," fumed her father, by way of concluding his tirade. "If you don't take care you will find yourself laid on the shelf, while younger and more sensible women appropriate your admirers. Oh! it's all very well for you to sneer in that superior fashion. You think doubtless that your charms will never fade. But I tell you you are looking passeé already, and you will be a bigger fool even than I take you for if you let this chance slip, to say nothing of landing me in the bankruptcy court, though I can't expect you to consider my feelings in the matter."

"Any more than you considered mine when you got yourself into such a hole," she retorted. "You have scarcely taught me to be unselfish, have you? But I will see Sir Empson this evening; perhaps he may be persuaded to come to terms. I shall suggest that he adopts the hire system with regard to your loan. You must be able to pay off a portion, you know, if you cannot manage the whole, by, say, the end of the year."

"You will see him? And you will not insult him, or be actually unpleasant?"

"I will endeavour to be my most amiable self," she replied, feeling the utmost concern in the trump card she held, viz. her belief—amounting to a certainty—that her titled wooer was in business as a draper, and ashamed to have the fact made public.

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"You mean you will consent to marry him?" asked the earl hopefully.

"No; I don't think I shall marry him. How long will it take you to pay him, supposing that I succeed in prevailing on him to have patience with you?"

"Perhaps in a month's time; perhaps not at all. Now that my luck has turned—deuce take it for doing so!—I may sink deeper into debt every night."

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

The Wonderful Medicine

IS A MARVELLOUS HEALTH BUILDER.

Paine's Celery Compound.

The Tried and Trusted Remedy in Thousand of Canadian Homes.

ITS CURES ARE SPEEDY AND PERMANENT.

Users of Paine's Celery Compound soon recognize the important fact that the great medicine quickly regulates the bowels, clears the complexion and brightens the eyes that before had a dull and jaundiced look. Another proof of the stimulating and invigorating power of Paine's Celery Compound, is its immediate effect on the pulse, which becomes firm, regular and full instead of uncertain and feeble.

Paine's Celery Compound liberally feeds the nerves, the tissues and brain with the proper elements of nutrition, and thus saves countless men and women from chronic neuralgia, rheumatism, dyspepsia, insomnia and failing mental power. No remedy in the world is so rich in flesh forming and energy producing virtues as Paine's Celery Compound. Mr. C. B. Holman, 269 King Street, Hamilton, Ont., says:

"Being troubled with a cough, debility, and general depression of spirits, I used a number of medicines but received no benefit from them. I was then advised to use Paine's Celery Compound. I procured the preparation and began to use it with wonderful benefit. I am now convinced, after using several bottles of this unequalled medicine, that no other can compare with it in any respect. I am now a changed man; my health is renewed, depression of spirits gone, my appetite is good, and I can sleep well."

THE MURDERED EXPLORERS.

The French Recover the Bodies of Bally and Pauly—Murdered in 1897.

Over three years ago the French explorers Bally and Pauly started from the Ivory Coast on the Gulf of Guinea. They had been exploring the completely unknown region northwest of Liberia and had decided to make a long inland journey southward and to catch a steamer for home on the Ivory Coast. They never reached their destination and many months elapsed before their fate was ascertained. They were murdered by members of the Toma tribe who chose to regard the explorers as enemies.

A while ago this fact was ascertained from a chief who had served under the Sultan Samory. He had lived in the Toma country and knew of the massacre. When Samory fell into the hands of the French Keady-Keleba, the chief who had served him, entered the employ of the French and they sent him to the Toma country to recover, if possible, the bodies of the murdered men.

On May 8, last, he returned to the Frontier with the skeletons of the ill-fated

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)

is selected from the very highest grades grown. It is HIGH GRADE PURITY—its fragrance proclaims its excellence.

ALL GOOD GROCERS. CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

explorers. The bodies were carried in a heavy iron box and among the carriers was a considerable number of the Toma tribe. Capt. Basset went with an escort of twenty artillery-men to escort the bodies to the village of Peyla. There a guard was placed over the bodies for the night and in the morning they were identified as those of the murdered men.

The ceremony when the bodies were buried was as impressive as possible. The Tomas promised over the grave that they would never again kill white men. Now Keady-Keleba has been made the ruler of the Toma country which has been taken under the authority of the French Government.

WHY WHO GOT FURTHEST NORTH.

Details of the Expedition Led by Capt. Cagni of the Abruzzi Expedition.

The Duke of Abruzzi and Captain Cagni have furnished the data for an official report on their polar expedition which appears in the Italia Militare e Marina. The earlier stages of their experiences have already been told. What is new and interesting dates from February after their winter on Rudolf Land, 200 yards from the shore, where the ice in the bay had crushed in one of the sides of the Stella Polare and let in water. The story has already been told of an excursion about Christmas time, when the duke and Cagni fell into a crevasse. The duke lost two fingers by frostbite and the doctor forbade him to undertake the command of the expedition over the ice toward the pole. Capt. Cagni started, however, on Feb. 20, but the intense cold and consequent difficulty with the provisions compelled him to return almost immediately. On March 11 the expedition started again. It consisted of ten officers and men, with numerous dogs and some sledges and kayaks.

After nine days' march, during which forty-three and a half miles were made, Cagni, finding the provisions running short sent back Lieut. Querni with two men. These three have not been heard of since. On March 31, when the sledge expedition had passed the eighty third parallel, Dr. Cavilli-Molinelli was sent back with two men. They, with two sledges and sixteen dogs, arrived safely at the main camp on April 24, having taken four days longer to return than to go. Cagni, in the meantime continued his journey with three of the Italian Alpine guides, Canepa, Petigax and Fenouillet. Cagni worked on an equality with his companions and at night they all shared the one sleeping sack of reindeer skin. They had the advantage now of having the sun always with them. The ice softened and their way became easier. They ate their provisions as long as they lasted and then commenced to kill the dogs for food in order to live, rather in order to attain their object. They were able to increase their speed to nine and a half miles per day and at last they reached Nansen's furthest north, 86 degrees 14 minutes. After a long and careful observation to make sure of this they passed beyond, and on April 26 1900, they touched 86 degrees, 33 minutes N. at about 56 degrees E., when they decided to turn back. No land was in sight, nothing but ice in a state of thaw. Petermann's Land, which Payer believed he saw did not exist where he stated, otherwise Cagni would have seen it early in his journey. The same is said of King Oscar Land, which would otherwise have been seen on the return march.

Towards the end of May the four adventurers found themselves at the 82d parallel but the condition of the ice had compelled them to keep too far to the west. On June 8, they made Harley and Ommaney islands, without observing. They now made the best of their way east, then northeast, and finally reached the main camp in good health on June 23, with two sledges and seven remaining dogs.

The Stella Polare still remained above the ice, and Capt. Cagni succeeded in repairing her sufficiently for the return voyage, which commenced on Aug. 15. It was highly improbable that the vessel

would have withstood another winter in the ice. Two years' provisions were left at the camp in the forlorn hope that the three missing men might still return. On Aug. 17, the Stella Polare was blocked by the ice in the British channel and remained there thirteen days, but on Aug. 30, the thirteenth day, she reached Jackson's station at Cape Flora. Six days later she was at Hammerfest, having run great danger of destruction by icebergs when thirty miles from the European mainland. On Sept. 11, the duke and Cagni arrived at Christiania, and on Sept. 14, they were in Turin.

Worthy to be Written in Letters of Gold.

Tete a Gouche, N. B.—You do not praise Catarrhoxone highly enough; it is worthy to be written in letters of gold. One small bottle has done more for me than all the doctors' medicines I have taken in the last three years. I have been troubled with Bronchitis Asthma but by using Catarrhoxone I have been entirely cured. Do you wonder that I am the enthusiastic friend of Catarrhoxone? A. J. Kemp.

Catarrhoxone is an absolute cure for Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever. All druggists sell it or we will send you complete treatment by mail for \$1.00 or trial outfit for 10 cents in stamps. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ontario, Hartford, Conn.

His Title Undisputed.

At an election meeting recently held in England this story was told. An Irishman obtained permission from his employer to attend a wedding. He returned the next day with his arm in a sling and a black eye.

"Hello, what is the matter?" said his employer.

"Well, you see," said the wedding guest, "we were very merry yesterday, and I saw a fellow strutting about with a swallow-tailed coat and a white waistcoat. 'And who might it be?' said I. 'I'm the best man,' sez he, and begorra he was, too."

A Neglected Cold

Is very dangerous, and the farther it goes the faster it goes. A very small quantity of Adams' Botanic Balsam will cure a "young" cough. An older one requires more Balsam to stop it—but no cough is too old for it to cure. 25c. at all Druggists.

Not the one to Object.

The Minister—"I hope this rumor that I hear going about, that you are contemplating getting married for the fourth time is not true, William?"

William—"Well, I don't see that you've any cause to object—yo aye get the job o' marrian' an' berrian' o' them—an' it's no every man in parish pits as muckle in yer way."

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BRUISES, FOR RHEUMATISM, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SLOW BOWELS, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Sleeping Partners.

Two friends on six legs they were, for man and horse, they had been comrades for many years.

The horse was 'Joe,' the man was 'Doctor Potter,' but to the ignorant villagers they were known as 'Joseph and Potiphar.'

Among the doctors friends—and he had many—I am sure there was not one who loved him more or understood him better than did the ancient Joe.

And Joe, in ready acquiescence, would rub his tired old head on his master's breast, leaving two or three hundred loose white hairs there, but showing all his love in the action and in his gently glowing eyes.

Many there were who declared that Joe and the doctor looked alike, but I do not care to go so far as that. True, Joe was a flea-bitten gray, and was tall and old and stiff.

The only difference between these comrades was in their estimation of Mrs. Potiphar's character. The lady was constitutionally afraid of any living thing that walked on four legs.

In that summer, when I first met the comrades, I remember it was common talk that the doctor was breaking up, but to me he seemed bright and alert.

One of the strongest symptoms of advancing age in the comrades was the need they both felt of extra sleep.

Autumn, sharp and cool, came very early that year. Strangers recognized the season by the coloring leaf, the chill in the air, the misty morn and eventide.

The villagers knew another sign of approaching fall, surer, more trustworthy than even the almanac's statements, and that was the coming forth of Doctor Potiphar's sign.

An unassuming appearance is in some places a decided recommendation, but in the Philippine Islands one must not be too modest.

Awful tales were told of his malicious powers in its lusty and blinding youth. One old Irishwoman solemnly declared it had crossed the eyes of her young Patsy, who was but a blinking babe when a

thoughtless "colleen" held him up to a sight of it. The iceman stated that the infernal thing had produced blind staggers in horses.

Yet of all his possessions, I think that next to Joe, the doctor most prized that hideous lap-robe, and if its fell ugliness held your attention for a moment, he smiled and stroked it across his knees and immediately informed you his wife had made it, that it contained so many ounces of wool and so many colors, and took so long to make, and, well, in fact, although of course he should not say it, still she was a remarkable woman—was his Laura.

Shortly after the sign had appeared that fall, sickness broke out almost everywhere. The doctors were all unusually busy, and Potiphar and Joseph felt the strain. People began to say that Joe slept as he travelled, which of course was slander, but at all events, this is what happened to them one night, and won them the new name of the "sleeping partners."

First let me say, no horse in the milk delivery business ever remembered a route better than old Joe remembered the route of the doctor, and it was always more or less difficult to convince him of the recovery of a patient.

Patently the old comrades scrambled into harness, and jig-jogged down the hilly roads, they in due time arrived on the scene of action. There old Joe, having selected a foot to set up on edge, fell asleep.

He found the darkness intense, but scrambled into his buggy safely enough, and as usual jammed the precious signboard under the left leg and then under the right. For years the horse had taken that second jam and the doctor's straightening up from it for his signal to start.

The doctor sat with his head on his breast and slept. The horse selected another foot, set it up to rest, and slept. The wind rose, and blew cold and raw. The thunder began to rumble again, the convent clock boomed out the hour, but the weary old comrades slept on undisturbed.

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Just as the comrades reached home the very heavens seemed to open, but fortunately the old sleeping partners were safe from the falling torrent.

Dear old comrades! The laughter at their expense was always kindly. Some smiled I think, because they were so near to tender tears. Neither storm nor patient disturbs them now. They retired from service forever in the same week, and for ten long years now the earth has been their quiet resting-place.

An unassuming appearance is in some places a decided recommendation, but in the Philippine Islands one must not be too modest. There the natives are said to judge everybody by his appearance.

If a Filipino enters the house of a European living in an unassuming way, he will not believe that the European is either wealthy or wise, and although his manner may be correct, it will not be humble. On the other hand, if he visits an ignorant man

who indulges in great splendor, he will at once become exceedingly respectful.

Mr. Phelps Whitmarsh, who in the Outlook gives his experiences in the islands, tells the story of a wealthy provincial visiting Manila for the first time, who asked to be presented to the governor general.

Upon entering the throne-room and seeing the general in full uniform, surrounded by his brilliant staff, with the accessories of splendid tapestries, laced ushers and all the pomp and splendor of these Spanish functions, the provincial grew pale, and kneeling in deep humility, exclaimed:

"This is indeed my general!" So impressed was he that the following morning he sent a pair of handsome horses to the general with a note which read:

"My general, yesterday I liked you so much in your uniform of gold that I send you this pair of horses, but do not use them when you dress in a white suit."

William Thornton Awoke as the Undertakers Were Lifting his Body. From a supposed dead man William Thornton of 144 Railroad avenue, Jersey City, has become a raving maniac.

He was to have to go out at midnight and an hour before that time his boarding house mistress went to the door and knocked. Getting no response she battered on it and then failed to awaken a man who had been sleeping for 12 hours she became frightened.

The policeman broke in the door. "Dead," said he, as he placed a hand on the man's heart and went away to call up the police station. He returned and sat beside the 'body' while persons in the house gathered about the room and walked quietly through the halls.

After the usual delay, the dead wagon, known as the city hearse, drove up. Two men lifted an ice box from it and carried it to the room where Thornton was.

"You take his feet," said one, and then he put his hands under the man's head. They had his shoulders up and were getting a good hold to lift him into the box when he woke up.

A doctor was called and he was sent to the city hospital. There he came to with ravings about being buried alive. He was still raving last night, and fear was expressed that the incident had unsettled his mind for good.

More Information. Tommy—Say, paw? Mr. Figg—Well? 'What is mistaken identity?' 'One of the commonest cases is where some one horse individual mistakes himself for a statesman.'

First Maine Guide—'Gosh! Hank, it's a wonder you wuzn't killed with sich a drunken gang uv sports. I'll bet they often mistook you for a bear?'

Second Maine Guide—'Bear? Why, they got so bad near the last that they used to mistake me for the Sea Serpent!'

AWAY WITH CATARRH. It's Loathsome Its Disgusting. Instant Relief and Permanent Cure Secured by the Use of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Here's strong evidence of the quickness and sureness of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: 'For years I was a victim of Chronic Catarrh—tried many remedies but no cure was effected until I had procured and used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.'

BORN. Truro, Nov. 19, to the wife of Joseph Brown, a son. Halifax, Nov. 22, to the wife of J. Whelan, a son.

Amherst, Nov. 19, to the wife of John Jollimore, a son. Truro, Nov. 14, to the wife of W. Dickie, a daughter.

MARRIED. Halifax, Nov. 20, Angus Cain and Susana Beal. Neel Road, Nov. 7, Thos. Green to Mahilla White.

Truro, Nov. 19, Edgar Brown and Maggie Brown. Halifax, Nov. 20, Gilbert Hamilton and Ada Grace.

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Oakland, California, Oct. 18, Forrest Blanchard and Frances McArthur. Stillsville, West Co., Nov. 21, William Johnston and Mrs. Elizabeth Truter.

DIED. H. Hux, Nov. 20, Henry Lilly, 63. Amherst, Nov. 20, Nora Cove, 27.

Amherst, Nov. 18, Albert Clark, 69. Amherst, Nov. 19, Albert Clark, 69. Boston, Nov. 18, Daniel Q. Tully, 21.

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SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as displacements, inflammations, etc.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC Tourist Sleepers. MONTREAL TO ST. JOHN.

PACIFIC COAST, EVERY THURSDAY. For full particulars as to Passage Rates and Train Service to Canadian Northwest, British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Campbell and Halifax, 7.50. Express for Halifax, 8.15.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex, 8.50. Express from Quebec and Montreal, 12.40.

D. J. FORTYINGBER, Gen. Manager. Montreal, N. B., Nov. 24, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.