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PRICE FIVE CENTS

HE DID NOT LIKE THEM.

COUNSELLOR L. A. CURRY OBJECTED TO PROGRESS' SKETCHES.

Some at the Conclusion of the Case "Progress" Libel Suit—Imprudent Spectators Called Down—How the Jury Agreed Upon the Damages.

When PROGRESS went to press last week the suit of Mrs. Susan Nase against this paper was still before the circuit court. The case did not go to the jury until Saturday morning and the verdict was returned at noon that day.

In the meantime a good deal that was interesting happened. In fact the liveliest sort of evidence was given in the last few hours. The decision of the judge, refusing to allow the defence to put in any evidence except as to what transpired in the police court necessarily under the old plea prevented the admission of much of the testimony that this paper had secured.

Then the fact that the police magistrate had made no minutes of the case when it came before him in the police court and also the judges ruling out the daily newspapers containing accounts of the trial and proceedings there necessarily narrowed the defence down to a fine point.

Then it was that the gentlemen conducting the defence added a fourth plea justifying that portion of the articles referring to the "broom and dust pan war," and which was the cause of the suit begun by the Smiths against the Nases in the circuit court. Mr. Mont. McDonald had given evidence of this and shown just when the writ for assault and abusive language were served on Mrs. Nase and when notice of trial was given. He also spoke of the settlement and of the fact that it had been mainly arranged by friends of both parties.

Friday afternoon was largely taken up by the evidence under the new plea and Mrs. John Smith was placed upon the stand. Mrs. Smith is a woman of nearly sixty years of age and has a pleasant, motherly appearance. When she was on the stand on Thursday, the nature of the questions which prevented her from stating anything except what she had told the magistrate a year ago in the public court, seemed to bother her, and she could not remember much, but when Mr. Skinner asked her to tell her story on Friday she went ahead at a rapid rate, sometimes too much so and the efforts of the lawyers and the judge to keep her within the bounds of what she had a right to say caused not a little amusement at times. But the evidence she gave under direct examination, as taken by Stenographer D. Vine (with the objections where noted stricken out) is given as follows.

Q. I want to ask you now if any difficulty took place between you and Mrs. Nase with regard to assault and if so state what it was? A. Have I got to tell from the first start when we first commenced? Mr. Currey—She cannot tell anything only what is stated in the plea.

Q. You need not go back to the past history? A. I will just commence where it took place? Q. Yes? A. Well it was July 13th a year ago this July I was at work in my kitchen doing up my work quietly and saying nothing to nobody. Me and my daughter were alone all at once I heard my back door, wood house door open and I walk d out—as I went to go to meet my daughter she met me half way. She says "M—"

Mr. Skinner—You need not say any conversation with anybody but Mrs. Nase? A. She says "Our back door is open" and I started to go.

Mr. Skinner—You need not say anything you daughter said? A. As I went I saw the dirt that they had carried to my door.

Q. You did not see who did it? A. I saw Mrs. Nase. She swept the dirt out of the backhouse into my woodhouse and swept my mat into my woodhouse. I stood for a moment. I says "I will go out and throw that dirt out." I said that to my daughter.

Mr. Skinner—Do not tell anything you said to your daughter? A. Mrs. Nase was in her own apartment then. She did not hear this between me and my daughter.

Mr. Skinner—I do not want any conversation between you and your daughter? A. I went to the door and took my broom and dust pan to sweep the dirt up and as I was sweeping it up Mrs. Nase opened the door dressed with nothing on but her chemise and petticoat. She was half naked; she came in on me and she says "Now sweep up your dirt—dirt."

Mr. Currey—I contend in point of law Mr. Skinner is entitled to the plea and this should be stricken out.

Witness—As I was sweeping it up she came right out and caught hold of me right in my own apartment. And I says "I do not want to talk to you." She says "I do not want to talk to you." She says "Where are you?" I says "I am just what I am, I do not want to have anything to say to you at all, just keep your own place and let me alone." At that my daughter came out and told me to go into the house. I said to Mrs. Nase "Hadin' you ought to be ashamed of yourself to come out here to fight me an old woman over 50 years old and your own aunt and one that has done so much for you as I have, hadn't you ought to be ashamed of yourself?" She says "Who are you?"

I says "I am just who I am that is who I be." I says "You ought to be ashamed of yourself." So she tried to get the broom stick away from me and could not but she held on to me and pounded me with one hand and tried to get the broomstick away from me, she shook me there until I was nearly shook off my feet. I started to go in my home and she hung on to me still yet and would not let me go; then my daughter came out and took hold of me and took me into the house and as I turned round to go into the house there was a mat she had swept in and she picked it up and fixed it into my face and she says "Take that, you d—d dirty old slob."

Q. When that occurred did that end it? A. Then my daughter took me into the house and I was completely overcome. She shut the door and my daughter ran and locked the door to keep her out and she came to the door and knocked against it and kicked against it and swore as tight as she could lick and she says "I will knock the d—d heads off the whole of you."

Q. That was the assault that took place? A. Yes. Q. You said something about a dustpan? A. I had a dustpan and broom and was in the act of sweeping up the floor when she swept the dirt up on me. My daughter is in Boston she has been there for two months and more.

The cross examination by Mr. Currey was quite long but it did not alter the statement of the witness in any degree.



EX-JUDGE A. L. PALMER.

Who has Appeared at the Bar of New Brunswick as one of the Counsel for Prof. Hoese in His Suit Against the Street Railway.

Her story was the same every time. Her husband, John Smith was on the stand again too and told substantially the same story as he did on the previous day.

Then came the event of the trial and that which had been looked forward to by the spectators—the evidence of Mrs. Nase, the plaintiff. She was called to rebut the evidence of Mrs. Smith. No witness was ever more self possessed and cool than Mrs. Nase. Her answers were short and to the point. It is said that a lawyer likes to hear a witness answer "Yes" and "No" and if that is the case Mrs. Nase must have pleased them immensely for her answers were frequently of that nature. As the principal witness for the plaintiff PROGRESS secured a copy of her evidence from the stenographer (minus objections noted) which is as follows.

Q. You are the plaintiff in this case? A. Yes. Q. Who is your husband? A. Leonard Nase. Q. What is his business? A. Grocer. Q. Where does he do business? A. Indiantown city of St. John.

Q. What is the name of the block his store is in? A. Cotton's block. Q. Speaking of the months of last December and January, were you living there? A. Yes. Q. You have been in court during the progress of this case? A. Yes.

Q. You have heard the evidence of the different witnesses? A. I heard the evidence of Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith. Q. Reference was made to a certain matter before the police court, were you there? A. No. Q. Were you served with any papers calling on you to go there, summons, subpoena or anything? A. No.

Q. You were not there and had no personal knowledge of what took place there? A. No. Q. You say Leonard Nase is your husband? A. Yes.

Q. Under what name does he do business? A. F. Nase & Son. Q. Mr. George F. Baird—do you know him? A. Yes.

Q. Is he a relative of yours? A. Yes. Q. Dr. Case over there? A. Yes. Q. Mr. Woodman? A. Yes. Q. Mr. Skinner? A. I do not know about Mr. Skinner. I do not know whether he is or not.

Q. Have you ever heard that? A. Perhaps I have had. Q. You heard Mrs. Smith's evidence this morning as to certain difficulties that you had? A. Yes. Q. Will you tell us what took place with reference to the libel of the paper about H. I. was washing? A. As far as I know about H. I. was washing the matter and she commenced washing about the back hall and she would sweep it when she got ready. I said "Attend to it then, that is all I want you to do." She says "You go in I do not want to talk to you." Of course I did not go and she raised the broom stick as if she was going to hit me and I caught hold of it and her daughter was coming out and there was a mat lying on the floor and I picked up the mat and threw it at her and went in to my own part. I said "You are no worth talking to."

Q. Did you make use of such an expression as a liar or old hag? A. No. Q. Or old beggar? A. No.

Q. You have a distinct recollection of that? A. Yes. Q. Had you any other difficulties on any other occasion? A. No that was all there was.

Q. Did you ever on any occasion to annoy her or ring her bell? A. No. Q. For any purpose? A. No. Q. Place any placards or notices or anything in, sultry or annoying to her? A. No. Q. At no time? A. No.

Q. What you said in that you were washing and went out in the hall and had some talk about keeping the hall way clean and had some words and she raised the broom stick and you went back to your apartments and picked up the mat and threw it at her? A. No I did not go back. I picked the mat up from the floor and threw it at her and then went back.

Q. Do you know whether it struck her or not? A. No, I do not know. Q. Did you not strike her with your hands or fist? A. No. Q. Did you hear Mr. John Smith's evidence? A. Yes.

Q. What has been your relations with Mr. Smith for the last few years, have you been on speaking terms? A. No I have not spoken to him for over 2 years. Q. Did you hear the statement he made that on one occasion you and Mrs. Leary were on the star way and you referred to him as an old beggar? A. Yes I heard that.

Q. Is that correct? A. No. Q. Did you ever do that or make use of that language? A. No. Q. Neither in his presence or Mrs. Leary's. A. No.

Q. Was there or was there not on that or any other occasion any broom or dust pan war between you and Mrs. Smith? A. No. Q. Mr. Nase chased her out into Mrs. Smith's apartment—Did you chase her into her apartments? A. No.

Q. Where was she when you left the hallway? A. In the back hall, when I went into my apartment she was still there. Q. Were there any dustpans or other deadly weapons furnished or juggled on that occasion or any other? A. No. Q. Were there any mops there or any carpets used? A. No.

Q. Mrs. Smith made some statement with reference to putting out the lamps, was this or not a common hallway? A. Yes. Q. Between and amongst whom? A. The three families Mr. Smith's, Mr. Leary's and ourselves. Q. What was your arrangement with reference to this common hallway? A. Each was to take a month about keeping it clean and look after the lamp.

Q. What about putting out the lamp. A. I might have put the lamp out because it was usual for whoever came in last to put the light out. Q. Did you or did you not put the lamp out for the purpose of insulting or annoying Mrs. Smith. A. No I never did it to annoy her.

Q. What was the practice of you three tenants as to putting out that lamp. A. Whoever came in last put the light out and I might have put the light out thinking they were all in. I did not put it out to annoy Mrs. Smith. Q. Or any other tenant? A. No. Q. Your husband keeps store open in the evening? A. Yes.

Q. About what time does he generally get in? A. Half-past ten or eleven. Q. Did you or not put it out before your husband came? A. He sometimes came the front way. Q. This unpleasantness you might tell us a little more fully between you and Mrs. Smith what gave rise to it and what took place as to words? A. It was sweeping and keeping the back hall clean that was all.

Q. You had your mouth and Mrs. Leary hers? A. Yes. Q. Was objection made to the hall in any way by you or anyone? A. No, but when it came Mrs. Smith's mouth to keep it clean she did not do it, and I suppose I spoke of it and asked her why she did not do it.

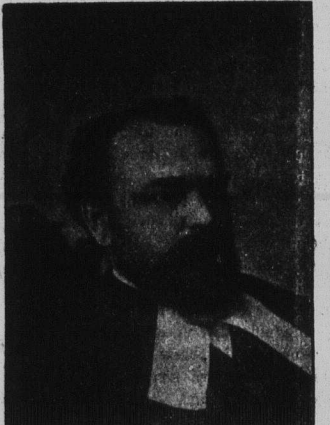
Q. That was what gave rise to the difficulty? A. Yes. Q. As to Mr. Smith, I understand you to say you had no talk with him at all for some years? A. No.

NO LIGHT ON HER DEATH.

THE FRANCIS LEE INVESTIGATION IS UNSATISFACTORY.

The People of Halifax Awaited the Result but They Were Doomed to Disappointment—Some Strange Features of the Case—No Direct Evidence Given.

HALIFAX DEC 8—Medical examiner Finn has filed his report respecting the death of Francis Lee, the young Newfoundland girl, whose sad demise PROGRESS told of some weeks ago. The report which is not a very voluminous one, was made up this week, and is now on file at the office of the Prothonary. He says she made no anti-mortem statement, and that she refused to allow an examination, or give any history of her case at the hospital. He is of the opinion that her death was due to asthenia brought about by her inability to assimilate nutritious food, exaggerated by nervous depression and furthermore there was no evidence of any criminal action found. He also states in his



WILLIAM FUGSLEY Q. C.
Counsel for the St. John Street Railway in the Hesse Case.

report that the young woman was well cared for at the residence of George Emerson, Bedford.

Hitherto in cases of accidents from which death resulted and in cases where deaths occurred from suspicious circumstances an official inquiry was always held to ascertain the true cause, but for some reason or other all these formalities in this case have been overlooked. No person seemed to interest themselves in this case to see that everything was carried out as it should be. All the public have to go by, are the bald statements contained in the above paragraph. No person seems to be responsible for her sudden death, and the true facts of the case will probably never be gotten at. Some six weeks have elapsed since she died, and it would look as if it took the medical men all this time to find out what really caused her death.

Who knows that she received proper treatment at the house she was stopping at, or under what conditions she was living there? It is a clear matter for investigation, and there are many who have expressed the opinion that evidence should have been taken under oath, so as to get at the bottom of the whole matter. There are many suspicious circumstances in connection with the case that the report does not cover. The hospital authorities it was at first thought knew something about the case, as they were very reticent about making any statements public, that had any bearing on it but the report shows they knew little about her or her condition. The investigations made by the police goes for naught, and the poor girl is beyond giving evidence, while the living witnesses will not be called upon to do so.

The Fet of The Office.

Congratulations and regrets were strangely intermingled in PROGRESS office last Saturday. No sooner had the curious decision of the circuit court jury reached this office than a small morsel of creation in the shape of a kitten purred its way into the building and began to get acquainted with the staff. Leanness, ugliness, and neglect were stamped upon this diminutive feline and it seemed as if it was in harmony with the libel verdict that caused so much talk. This must have occurred to one thoughtful member of the force who determined that this forlorn

Funny Goods, Games, Toys, Dolls and Amusements, Lowest Prices, at Mother's Book Store, 50 King Street.

female of the cat species should not be permitted to stray from the straight and narrow path. Visions of what might happen in the future—back door squabbles and unseemly scenes and caterwauling with a belligerent sister floated before the mind of the benevolent employe, and a desire to rescue the unfortunate from such a fate, led to a resolve to adopt and care for the animal that wandered from family and friends. So, with much ceremony and considerable interest, she was given a name appropriate to the event contemporaneous with her arrival and welcomed to the hearth of PROGRESS, and now anybody who maltreats or insults the pet of the office, will have to reckon with both a broom and a mop.

BOOTS FOR MIFTERER GENTS.

A Boheme to Get Feet Warm Cheaply—For Some.

The men who live by their wits are continually getting up something new and one of their latest schemes has struck the town within the last two or three weeks. The idea is quite a novel one and is being patronized quite extensively by a lot of people in the city. The initial proposal is to get a pair of boots for 15 cents, such a pair of boots as are sold in the city stores for \$3.50. This would seem to be quite unlikely at the start, but when one has looked into the scheme it is quite apparent. A number of small coupon books each containing five or six cent tickets are sold at the start. They cost the purchaser 75 cents. Each in turn sells these tickets, which all have the same number, to his friends, and each of his five friends are supposed to go to the place where the books are sold and purchase a similar book for 75 cents. It will be seen therefore that when this is done the party who sells the books has received \$3.75, and when all the tickets belonging to the first book are in his hands, he gives the purchaser of the book an order for a pair of boots valued at \$3.50.

It will be seen, however, that the four books out have twenty tickets in them, which the holders of them will have to distribute among their friends and before they can get an order for a pair of boots, each of them have to see that the parties to whom he sells a ticket goes and purchases a book for himself at the cost of 75 cents. Then those twenty people who have each purchased books will distribute 100 tickets and if all of the 100 people buy books in their turn there will be 500, then, in order to carry out the scheme thoroughly and effectively and everybody get the advantage supposed to be had and nobody lose any of the 15 or 75 cents he has expended there must be no break whatever among the parties who start in to get the boots. However that is not human nature and there is no doubt here is where the profit comes in. The right to work the idea in this city has been secured by a well known young man who gives orders for the boots on Mr. Mitchell, the shoe dealer of Charlotte street.

HE WASN'T LOCATED.

A Funny Incident in the Varian Case in the City Court.

The suit mentioned in PROGRESS last week of Roger Varian against his former friend and companion, Mr. Wheeler, for a debt of \$34.10 was decided in the city court Thursday, and judgment given for the plaintiff for the whole amount sued for and costs. This was somewhat unexpected by those who listened to the evidence, but the law is full of surprises for all parties. When Mr. Wheeler's person was attached by the constable, he promptly secured bail, but on the afternoon that judgment was delivered he asked the gentleman who went his bail to deliver him up and then secured his liberty on the limits. The case as PROGRESS stated in a previous issue brought out some interesting facts and may develop others before it is over. In his evidence the plaintiff, who had been known here as "Roger Varian" swore that his real name was Robert Rogers, and the reason he gave for changing it was the opposition of his father to his marrying a catholic. Mr. Macrae who was acting for Mr. Wheeler, tried to locate the plaintiff's place of residence. The latter testified that he stopped at the Stanley and Victoria, was often out of town, and when Mr. Macrae tried to locate where he had spent the night previous, there was a lively passage between him and the plaintiff's counsel, Mr. Mullin, and no definite information was elicited in the end.

SOME CHRISTMAS JOYS.

SOMETHING OLD SANTA HAS PROVIDED FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Christmas of 1898 is especially rich in things that will delight the young folk—Love of Dolls not Falling off—Some Pretty Toys.

Santa Claus is in a very good mood this year and is in an unusually jolly humor even for him. Last year he saw how things were going when he came down from his big factories up in the snow clouds he saw just how hard the children were studying and how scientifically they were being trained.

"Gee whiz!" he said to himself with a characteristic shake of his long flowing locks, "do parents and school teachers think they know more than old Santa Claus? Well, I guess not. I'll set my fairy factory operatives at work and next year I'll bring out a layout of toys for good little boys and girls that will make the eyes of those who talk so much of scientific child study just pop out of their heads."

Now if there is one thing Santa Claus prides himself on its keeping his word, so sure enough despite the big snowstorms and wind and rain storms he landed right here on time with just the finest collection of Christmas novelties he had ever brought before. You see them all over the city. Before various windows good little boys and girls stand on their way home from school—and just as many very bad ones—to see them and to select what they want. City children have this advantage over those living in the country. Country children, even if they are ever so good are obliged to take just what Santa brings down the chimney and leaves for them. And his judgment isn't always infallible, even if his intentions are of the very best. Not so with city children. Santa Claus has shops and agencies and warehouses all over the city, and they can go there from the poorest to the richest look at the beautiful toys and say what they want.

"In what do the toys of 1898 differ from other toys?" was asked this week of the proprietor of a big toy shop.

"Well" he answered with a look around, "the things this year are designed to bring out a child's natural bent. Now what little girl could play with these articles of household furniture and not acquire a taste for housekeeping, home furnishing and decorations," and the man of toys waved his hand toward what seemed a miniature factory of all the requisites of a well furnished home.

There were bureaus, commodes, beds, sideboards, china dishes, stoves, tables, chairs and complete parlor suits.

What woman lives who in her childhood days, has not longed for a tiny cooking stove? Once only tin stoves were to be had. Later iron stoves were put on the market, and this year they have reached a high state of perfection.

Just so has every little girl sometime in her life had the tea set fever. Her grandmother's set was of pewter. Her little girls was of china but this year tea sets have been superseded by real dinner sets, some of which are 144 pieces. Dinner sets and tea sets would be of no earthly use without tables and table linen and these things have therefore been provided and any smart child can soon do these things so perfectly as to give her mother pleasant visions of future helpfulness.

Mechanical toys always interest little folks and they seem now to be more complex than ever before. A clown magician who cuts his own head off and yanks it on again and at the same time gives a jack-in-the-box show, throws the little ones into fits of laughter. A Japanese juggler is no less funny and a dancing girl gets round in an astonishing manner. A female tight-rope walker comes in for a good deal of attention and as she balances herself on a perch finds high favor in the hearts of the children. Children like unexpected toys. At a very early age they show signs of what later in life turns out to be a capacity for wanting what they can't get. Nobody would dream of giving a very poor child one of these expensive mechanical toys and the children of the poor are the ones who stand before them with open eyes and mouth, while little boys and girls whose parents have money—I nearly said money to burn—are apt to pass them by with an impatient glance and seize on some little contrivance that sells for a few cents. Oh human nature, even in children is just the funniest thing imaginable.

Imagine among mechanical toys a good fat hen that lays an egg as she walks along. A cow that gives milk in the regulation way finds a warm corner in the children's heart. True it is disillusionizing to see some one lift up a trap door in the cows back and pour the milk in, but when the trap door is shut up and tiny fingers milk the cow, one forgets how the milk has gone in. These toys have lots of other animals to

keep them company. There are pigs that grunt, sheep that bleat, billy goats, performing monkeys, dancing bears and ostriches.

Of course the craze for bicycling has invaded doll-dom and both boy and girl dolls ride single wheels, tandem and tricycles. While Santa Claus has been paying so much attention to all these new things the little girls who love dolls will be thinking that he has forgotten all about them. Banish the thought! How he ever managed so many babies at once nobody knows, but he has brought the most exquisite dolls to town this year that have ever been seen, around these parts. There is not a word of truth in the oft repeated assertion that children don't love dolls any more. This year the dolls are of every size and age, and every degree of social position. Only think of being able this year to buy a doll eighteen or twenty inches long that opens and shuts its eyes for 25 cents. The most exquisite care is displayed in the dolls' dresses and millinery, and a whole long counter full of these dainty creatures is a sight to behold. Christmas tree trimmings are gorgeous, and consist of silver and gold tinsel, useful little globes, gilt baskets for bon-bons, imitation apples, peaches, pears and bananas that are running over with all sorts of funny surprises.

Some children prefer hanging up their stockings to Christmas trees and for such there are highly colored stockings ornamented with jingling brass, bells and ribbons. One of these stockings will hold more than Santa Claus would dream of leaving. In the way of new games there is everything imaginable, including puff billiards which is one of the newest things out, and pleases the youngsters immensely. It is played in the following manner; the tables are in three sizes the largest for six players and the smallest smallest for three. The object of the game is to keep the small cork balls out of the pocket by means of the rubber puffs which look like tiny bellows and are held in position on the sides. Miniature golf is another favorite and requires no little skill. Magnificent carved boxes with sets for playing checkers, chess, dominoes, and many other things are furnished throughout with ivory, and cost a pretty good round sum. Books for children are very much improved. In some of them the pictures are changed by simply pulling a little piece of card board. In others the pictures pull out accordion fashion and the characters assume life like poses.

People often say, "There are absolutely no toys suitable for a child under six months of age." Evidently Santa Claus got tired of hearing this complaint, for this season he has willow baskets filled to the brim with rubber dolls, balls, cows, sheep, pigs, goats, and every other animal known to man, especially prepared for infants. Each one of these things makes a noise of some kind and the sharpest little teeth ever cut can't find their way through them.

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SUITABLE XMAS GIFTS.

A Non-Leakable Fountain Pen Leads Them all.

Among the numerous things that are attracting so much attention among D. McArthur's splendid array of Christmas goods is the non-leakable fountain pen which he is offering for sale. It is one of the most suitable things imaginable for a holiday gift and is coming largely into favor as such. Moore's improved non-leakable is the pen kept by McArthur, which is warranted not to leak, dry, clog, or blot and can be carried in any position in the pocket, or elsewhere without leaking. Those who have used this pen say it is a positively safe and perfect one as it comes in sizes to fit the vest pocket will no doubt be in great demand especially as a gift for gentlemen. The pen is air and ink tight and as it cannot evaporate, remains moist, and if it should not be used for months it is warranted to mark the moment it touches the paper. The barrels have gold bands, plain or chased, and the pen is certainly one of the most suitable things that can be imagined for a Christmas gift to a friend.

McArthur's toy, book and game department is also replete with all the very latest novelties at surprisingly low prices, and a big figure of Santa Claus especially imported from Germany is one of the interesting features of the attractive windows. The benevolent old gentleman is surrounded with dolls of all sizes and conditions, mechanical toys, books, etc.

The collection of souvenir china, pictures, dressing cases, mirrors and leather goods is large and elegant. Mr. McArthur has certainly left nothing undone to make his store a leader in the very choicest Christmas goods.

Short-Sighted Country Lady: "Hi, driver, any room?" Driver of Prison Van: "Not to-day, ma'am. Full up!"

DIRT A CAUSE OF SUICIDE.

Physician Thinks he has Discovered the Reason of Self-Destruction.

Dr. Haig is of the opinion that suicide may be traced to error in diet, the error being the eating of meat, the drinking of beer and tea, and the smoking of tobacco. His facts all fall comfortably into their places in support of his hypothesis. Are there not more suicides among men than among women, and do not men consume more meat, more beer and more tobacco than the women? Again, suicide is more common in England than in Scotland, not apparently because the Scotch are a more canny race, but because the English eat more meat and drink more beer, while the Scotch eat less meat and drink whisky instead of beer.

After maintaining that suicide was less common among the Scotch, it was perhaps hardly polite, when addressing a Scotch audience, to go on to say that suicide increased with civilization. But the fact was explained on the ground of more injurious diet, that of civilized man being productive of uric acid and thus of suicide than that which prevails where civilization is less advanced. Uric acid is, in fact, at the bottom of all this, and, according to Dr. Haig, the incidence of suicide tallies with the daily, annual and life fluctuations of uric acid in the blood, being commonest when uric acid is most abundant.

We have no doubt that errors of diet are responsible for much, and, among other things, for a certain number of suicides, nay, we would go further and admit that unsuitable diet, derangement of the proper relation between nutrition and waste, and the consequent loading of the tissues and the blood with abnormal products of metabolism, have much to do with that ill temper and discontent which lead men to lay their hands violently, often upon their neighbors, and sometimes on themselves. All this may be taken for granted, but it is at present far from proved that the peccant material is in all cases the same, and still further are we from being agreed that uric acid is the origin of the evil.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

JOKE WAS ON THE TOWN.

Grand Demonstration for a Horse Named After President Lincoln.

One of the unwritten war stories is told by an old farmer of Michigan, who now has two sons in Cuba, says the Detroit Free Press.

"Long about '63" he relates, "I was pretty deep in the stock business, for the war was making a good demand for everything in that line. One of my deals was to buy a fine horse down in Indiana for breeding purposes. His owner, having a great admiration for Honest Old Abe, gave the horse that name. I made the dicker in and the horse was to be shipped soon to the weather moderated.

"Early one mornin' I got a telegraph statin that 'Old Abe' would reach our place 'that afternoon. I went into town 'bout four o'clock and there was the blamdest racket you ever see. The ban' was out tootin' to kill, the little old brass cannon was mounted on the hind wheels of a wagon for a gun carriage, people was dressed in their best clothes, the president of the village was rushin' round givin' orders, the flags were all out, no 'business was bein' done and the crowd at the station was stretchin' their necks to see the train, that wasn't due for more, n' hour.

"I heard that the President of the United States was coming and jined in with the sport till I happened to learn how the telegraph operator had give it out that 'Old Abe' was expected. Then I catcched on to the mistake and gave out the true story. The people was mad at first then they laughed as though the whole town was crazy, and at last they wound up by holding something at a picnic and a war meeting."

Who is the Blamer? A Fair Question.

The publishers of the FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR lately put the above straight question to their subscribers, some of whom sometimes become indignant when they receive notice that their papers have been stopped owing to their own failure to renew in time. We can understand how it is impossible for a large paper like the FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR to allow subscriptions to continue beyond the expiry date, unless a renewal is received in good time. The publishers of the FAMILY HERALD pay great attention to their old subscribers, but they justly claim the right to cut off promptly all names not renewed on time. This is business, and the only business-like plan with a metropolitan paper of such wide circulation. New subscriptions from every post office in Canada are simply flooding into the FAMILY HERALD, and this country seems to be in line, because the FAMILY HERALD and WEEKLY STAR is to be found in a large percentage of the homes. The FAMILY HERALD is undoubtedly the biggest and best dollar's worth to be had.

A Curious Stage Custom. It is not generally known that the last three or four words of a new dramatic pro-

S.H.&M. This is Brush Edge. This is Bias Velvetten. BIAS BRUSH EDGE. The ONLY Skirt Binding with an Indestructible Wearing Edge, a Rich and Elegant Facing and a Natural Curve conforming perfectly to the shape of the skirt. S. H. & M. is stamped on every yard of the genuine. The S. H. & M. CO., 24 Front St. W., Toronto, Ont.



170 Students NOW IN ATTENDANCE. Seating capacity and staff increased. Send for Catalogue. The Currie Business University, Cor. Charlotte and Princess Streets, St. John, N. B. Telephone 991. P. O. Box 80.

duction are never spoken during the rehearsal of the piece; most frequently they are never written by the author. The superstitions of the theatrical world is that it would be certain to bring bad luck to the piece if the last words were pronounced on the stage before the first night. But as the play must have an end, and it should be known to all present that it is at an end, the actor or actress intrusted with the last lines usually interpolates a word or two. For instance the actor would say: 'My dear girl, my dear boy, kneel before me that I may forgive you and bless you with—a farthing cake.'

That Paper Boy Again.

The cyclist was a stranger in literary Fleet Street. That was evident from the cautious manner in which he picked his way through the half-empty thoroughfare. It was evening. The penny-liner approached him.

'Sir,' said he, 'your beacon has ceased its functions.'

'Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion.'

'Really? but I don't quite—'

'The effulgence of your irradiator has evanesced.'

'My dear fellow! I—'

'The transverse ether oscillations in your incandenser have been discontinued.'

'Just then an unsophisticated little paper-boy shouted across the street:—'

'Hey, mister, yer lamp's out!'

THINGS OF VALUE.

In Spain Jews are not permitted to erect and maintain houses of worship. They have no civil rights and exist in the kitchen only as aliens. It was: he galling to the Spaniards to know that the judge who officiated in the Maine court of inquiry, Lieutenant Commander Mark, is a Jew.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery or diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea-sickness and complaints incidental to children's travel. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

The hottest region on the earth is on the southwestern coast of Persia, where Ferah borders the gulf of the same name. For forty consecutive days in July and August the thermometer has not fallen lower than 100 degrees, night or day, and often mounted as high as 128 degrees.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother's Worm Expeller is pleasant, safe, and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Someone has undertaken to show how Ireland might be made to prosper. There are two thousand barabes which ought to turn out fifty pigs weekly. This would give a desirable total of 5,200,000 annually, which, sold at ordinary prices, would bring in a big return.

In there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

The old negroes of San Juan, Porto Rico, who sell vegetables in the markets, smoke long black cigars, and strange to relate, they often smoke them with the lighted ends in their mouths.

Messrs Northrup & Lyman Co. are the proprietors of Dr. THORP'S ECKHART'S Ointment, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by suffering invalids everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief.

This valuable specific for almost every ill that afflicts the human frame, is the elixir of life to many precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many, and it should be in every house.

A woman is a partner in her husband's joys and sorrows, and often gets the largest dividends in the latter.

FOR THE OVERWORKED.—What are the causes of despondency and melancholy? A disordered liver is one cause and a prime one. A disordered liver means a disordered stomach and a disordered stomach means disturbance of the nervous system. This brings the whole body into subjection and the victim feels sick all over. Farnham's Vegetable Pills are a recognized remedy in this state and relief will follow their use.

It is odd, but true, that the man who speaks without thinking is the one most apt to say what he thinks.

'Papa,' said Tommy Tredway. 'Now, Tommy,' replied Mr. Tredway, 'I shall answer only one more question to-day, so be careful what you ask.' 'Yes, papa.' 'Well, go on.' 'Why don't they bury the Dead Sea?' Doctor: 'Will you ever get well? Why, I'll have you on your feet again in a week.' Patient: 'That will never do. The railway company has promised to send a man up about that time to agree on a compromise.'

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WANTED ENERGETIC MEN AND WOMEN local or traveling to introduce and advertise new line— Experience unnecessary— \$40 00 per month and expenses paid. THE CANTON CO., Toronto.

HOLIDAY GIFT GENUINE CLOVER Ring 14 carat, solid gold, hard enameled with genuine pearl setting, ONE DOLLAR each. Money refunded if not satisfactory. SHAYES & CO., Dept. F, Box 478, Halifax, N. S.

AN HONEST, ENTERPRISING MAN or woman wanted in every locality in Canada to represent us; our line of goods sell in every house; we give larger commission than any other firm; particulars and samples free. THE F. E. KERN COMPANY, 123 Wellington Street, Toronto.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS WE will start you in your own home at once. If you are in business in your own home at once. You can make \$25 a week. Money will be coming in every day. First answer will get this free start. EDWIN PARTRIDGE CO., Box 79, Parisboro, N. S.

BICYCLE THIS YEARS "MASSEY HARRIS" FOR SALE. A 1898 model Massey-Harris bicycle, ridden very little purchased in the middle of June. Nothing at all wrong with the machine, the owner having to discontinue its use through ill health. Cost \$75, cash will be sold at big reduction for cash. The wheel is 28 inch frame and handsomely enameled and nickel-plated.—Address communication to "Bicycle" Progress Office.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 588 St. John, N. B.

RESIDENCE at Roxbury for sale or to rent for the summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the "Tina" property and within two minutes walk of the Kennedycas. Rent reasonable. Apply to E. S. Fensdy, Barrister-at-Law, Fugatey Building. 24 6-11

Type Writing BY Touch, THE SUMMER COLLECTOR.

Without looking at the key board, the same as piano playing, and using all the fingers, is the system now taught in this college. By the new method greatly increased speed, ease and efficiency are required; and injury to the eyes by constant changes or focus in glancing from machine to manuscript as in the common method, is avoided.

Shorthand: The Isaac Pitman. Business: The latest and only up-to-date system, and the only one that can use it in this locality. Send for Catalogue. Old fellows' Hall. S. KERR & SON.

BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING. 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW.

THOS. L. BOURKE

Moose steak and Partridge.

THOS. DEAN, City Market.

Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

In this column last Saturday, an announcement was made in reference to the possibility of St. John music lovers hearing during the coming winter a series of concerts, which in point of artistic merit, would surpass all previous events in this direction.

The anniversary services in St. David's church were inaugurated with an organ recital and concert which was largely attended and as successful from a financial standpoint as it certainly was artistically.

The concert in Centenary this (Thursday) evening promises to be a very pleasant affair and one of which I shall be able to speak at greater length next week.

Already some of the church choirs are practicing their Christmas music and progress hopes in a few days to make its annual call upon leaders and organists, and to find them ready to respond with the usual interesting programme.

Tones and Undertones.

Aime La Chaume, the composer, has almost completed a new comic opera, which will be entitled "The Magic Bottle."

Maurice Grau has engaged Mme. Stella Brazzi for the opera company, to take the place left vacant by the withdrawal of Mme. Schumann-Heink.

Anna O'Keefe the well-known comic opera singer, was married to William Townsend Elliott, a lawyer of Philadelphia in New York on Wednesday last.

The pope has written a poem, to be set to music by Dubois, of Paris, and to be performed in Rheims during the festivities in celebration of King Clovis' conversion to Christianity.

The success of 'La Boheme,' as presented by the Castle Square Opera Company at the American Theatre, New York, has prompted the management to continue the opera for another week.

Jean de Reszke will make his reappearance in New York as Romeo. The tenor and his wife went to Rome to hear 'Iris' and to Bologna to attend a performance of 'Goettermemmerung.'

HAVE YOU EVER USED B 14498 THE GREAT ANTI-DYSPEPTIC

DOSE—A teaspoonful in half a wine-glassful of water before breakfast and dinner, and at bedtime.

Prepared only by W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 35 King Street, Telephone 239

ECZEMA FOR YEARS CURED

TWO REMARKABLE CASES. I have been an intense sufferer from Eczema for five years. I tried medicines, four doctors, and a specialist in skin diseases, with no improvement, and setting me almost frantic with dreadful itching.

It is said that Campanini was at one time a blacksmith. Wachtel the man with the phenomenal high C was a postillion in Southern France.

Ibsen's daughter has a reputation as a concert singer. She is engaged this season to sing at Hamburg, Dresden, Vienna, Prague and Rome.

Frank H. Potter had an article in the New York World a few Sundays ago delineating the experience he went through while preparing for the operatic stage.

The Russian pianist Siloti is said to have a reach of eleven and a half notes, but Sievking beats him with a stretch of twelve notes.

The production of Paderewski's opera founded on a Polish subject has been indefinitely postponed.

Dr Dvorak has written an opera called Satanella. The stage is a magnet for most composers. The returns are quick and some composers love money as much as art.

Heinrich Vogl, the Wagnerian tenor has written an opera, The Stranger. The book is by Felix Dahn and deals with a theme from the Edda.

Louis N. Parker the English playwright began his career as a composer. His compositions include cantatas, a setting of Psalm XXIII, songs and instrumental pieces.

Calve will not come to America, hence the permanent engagement of Sembrich for the New York opera season, the original contract with the latter having been on a limited basis.

William H. Rieger, heard here last spring is filling dates in western cities. The Herald of Saginaw, Mich., extravagantly refers to him as a "King among American tenors."

Julian Story designs his wife's (Emma Eames) gowns. Clara Morris will be seen in "Miss Moulton," at New York, this week.

Emma Nevada has enjoyed a triumphal tour through Italy. Sardou is writing a new play for Irving.

An auction sale of the English copyright of certain popular songs was recently held in London. That of Mascheroni's "For All Eternity," a song which Patti used to sing at concerts, brought \$11,200.

At least one great question has been settled. Jean de Reszke will sail on Dec. 14th, arrived in New York one week later and make his debut on Dec 26 as Romeo. That has been known for some time, but the question of the Juliette remained undecided.

Miss Suzanne Adams will make her appearance at the opera as Juliette to the Romeo of Mr. de Reszke, and a more auspicious introduction for a young singer could not well be arranged.

The air is filled with poisonous Grip, it enters the system with every cold and is manifest by the tenacious way the cold "hangs on."

At drug stores or sent prepaid, price, 25c, and 50c; large packet, \$1.00. Dr. Humphreys' Remedy at drug stores or sent free.

HUMPHREYS

TALE OF THE THEATRE.

On Thursday of next week Paul Casneure and company will open a week's engagement at the opera house. The advance notices are as usual most fulsome and assure us that there is a treat in store for lovers of romantic drama.

Ishani's Octoroons follow Casneure, and then comes H. Price Webber with a double bill for Christmas day.

Crane will produce 'The Head of the Family' in New York on Tuesday next. Clyde Fitch and Leo Dietrichstein are co-workers on the play, which has been adapted from the German of L'Arronge.

The company headed by Burt Haverly and engaged in interpreting the tribulations of 'The Chorus Girl,' went to pieces in Hartford, Ct., on Monday.

Julia Arthur played Rosalind for the first time in New York last week. Says the Evening Sun: 'Miss Arthur's Rosalind, taken as a whole, is a more satisfactory performance than her Parthenia.'

The "Struensee" of Paul Meurice is this season's dramatic situation in Paris as "Cyrano de Bergerac" was last season's. The German adventurer who gained so great an ascendancy over Christian VII, of Denmark, is not treated with 'historical spirit' by the poet.

The show at the theatre in Dawson City is a continuous performance, beginning at 3 P. M., and skimming along for about seventeen hours. The price of a seat is \$2.50, and there are no reserved seats.

Geraldine Ulmer will shortly return to the boards. Maurice Barrymore will star in a new play next season.

Mark Smith has been engaged to support Mrs. Leslie Carter in the forthcoming production of "Zara."

It takes a week to produce a single play at the New York's Chinese theatre, and the nightly installments last from 6 P. M. to midnight.

"Cyrano de Bergerac" has been acted 270 times at the Porte St. Martin in Paris. More than \$400,000 has been taken in.

The company brought over to the States to play "A Brace of Partridges" closed its season last week and went to England.

Henry Irving is better of his pleurisy, but will not act again within a month or two. E. S. Willard has recovered partly from his nervous prostration and will spend the winter in Italy.

Charles Wyndham's new theatre in London will be supplied with a triple stage.

When "Brother Officers" finish its run at the London Garrick Theatre it will be followed by a new play from the pen of Dr. A. Conan Doyle.

"Two Little Maids from School" is the title of a piece presently to be produced in London. It is an adaptation by Robert

George Cayvan one of the most charming and talented actresses that ever appeared on the American stage has lately confided to a reporter why she does not act.

It is understood that Jones' new play Jane is a malignant comedy of an English husband. It is less well constructed, though brightly written, than his usual work.

The Finish of Mr. Fresh reminds one of Raymond's old play, Fresh, the American, which was soon brought to a finish.

All the novelists are turning their attention to the stage. No Wonder! Barrie has received over \$200,000 for royalties on The Little Minister.

The critics say that Pierre Loti's Judith Kenauin which has just been acted in Paris is by no means up to his previous work.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal will be seen in New York in their new play, "Vagabondia" December 19.

Viola Allen in The Christian, lost nothing by her recent change from the Knickerbocker theatre, New York to the Garden theatre. Since she left the Knickerbocker she has played to capacity at every performance.

Francis Wilson and DeWolf Hopper were in Newark last week.

H. V. Eamond, the bright young English actor, who is following in Pinero's footsteps as a playwright, has two new pieces ready for rehearsal.

It is understood that there is nothing in common between the two plays When a Man is in Love, recently produced in London and the play When a Man is Married, done in the states not long ago.

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A Guaranteed Catarrh Cure.

Japanese Catarrh Cure—six boxes—buy them at one time—apply exactly according to the directions—and if you are not cured see your druggist; he will arrange to pay you your money back.

ASTHMA CURED

—And Permanently.—The Dark Continent yields from its Jungles the Wonderful Kola Plant. Nature's Remedy.

Medical science has by the discovery of this wonderful botanical product put a permanent cure within the reach of all humanity for this most distressing and heretofore incurable affliction, and today it is being universally tested the world over and proving the welcome balm.

Clark's Kola Compound has proved the unfailing formula and testimony is written every day of the cures it is accomplishing in cases that were considered hopeless.

Buchanan and Charles Marlowe of "Demioiselles De St. Cyr," by Alexandre Dumas.

Within a brief period—hardly more than a year—the American stage has lost Coul-dock Mrs. John Drew, Thomas Keene Joseph Proctor, Thomas Wiffan, Joseph W. Shannon, Charles T. Parsloe, W. J. Scanlon, John Wild, Harry Meredith, Charlotte Thompson, Margaret Mather, Carrie Turner, and others who adorned it.

This is what a New York critic says of The Christian "I came near going to sleep in the last act, and I probably would have done so but that Miss Allen's voice jarred on my nerves. Viola Allen! a violet! but they have made her think she is a rose and she has strained her voice till it has become harsh and strident.

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Great Bargains in Trimmed Hats. Great Bargains in Trimmed Toques. Great Bargains in Trimmed Bonnets. Great Bargains in Untrimmed Hats. Great Bargains in Walking Hats.

Call early and secure a bargain.

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO. 77 King Street. STORE OPEN EVERY EVENING.

THE BRAVE COYOTE. Western Farmers Get Lots of Excitement out of a Prairie Wolf Drive.

The coyote, or prairie wolf, after having acquired a bad reputation for cowardice and other unworthy qualities, is being rehabilitated as a fighting animal in the far northwest, where of late the extreme abundance of this wolf, and his warfare on sheep, have led to the institution of 'coyote drives.'

Rabbit drives have long been common in the west; hundreds of men and boys turn out and drive jack-rabbits into a sort of corral, where they are killed in great numbers. The success of the rabbit drives led many people to suppose that the coyote could be 'rounded up' in the same way.

The experiment was first tried at a place in southern Idaho. Hundreds of boys and men worked all day in driving in the coyotes, which swarm all through the region, and when they, the men and boys, had all converged at the corral, they found just one coyote in it, and he got away!

But it is not in the American character to give up a thing with one attempt. When the next great coyote drive took place, better precautions were taken to prevent the animals from leaking through the lines.

This drive was in the Powder River valley, in eastern Oregon. About 250 farmers, all thirsting, as it were, for the blood of the coyotes who had stolen their sheep, were mounted on horseback, and they took with them fifty dogs. They scoured the country and kept well together and after a good and well-managed ride sixty coyotes were rounded up in a field.

There was great excitement now, and some of the younger and more inexperienced men thought they had only to put these sixty 'cowardly' creatures to death in a heap. They soon found they were mistaken. The coyotes made a grand, concerted rush for the compact line of men, horses and dogs that hemmed them in, and when this rush was over, the hunters found that they had but nine wolves, dead and alive, within their enclosure.

All the rest were once more roaming the plains of eastern Oregon at their own sweet, wolfish will.

The hunters now turned their attention to those that were left, and chiefly by the help of the dogs, succeeded in putting them to death. Only one dog out of the fifty, however, proved adequate to the task of actually killing a coyote, and he killed several of the nine.

One of the coyotes was the most valiant fighter that the hunters had ever seen. No gray wolf, no grizzly could have fought more determinedly, more skillfully, or with better effect. At one time twenty five dogs were engaged in an attack upon this coyote, and such were the extraordinary swiftness of his movements and the sharpness of his teeth that he kept them at bay.

All the farmers declared that they got more excitement out of this raid on the coyotes than they had ever obtained from any other hunt. Acting on the experience gained in it, they at once organized another drive, and hoped to do better next time.

The Figure of Britannia on Coins. The figure of Britannia on the coin of this realm is neither a fancy figure nor taken from the antique. According to the historian Grammont, it is a full length portrait of Frances Theresa Stuart, Duchess of Lennox, painted by Lely, and still extant at Lethington Castle, East Lothian, Scotland. It was Charles II. who caused this lady to be represented as the emblematical figure of Britannia. The portrait represents a tall woman, with that fullness of feature and person which characterized the beauties of the reign of the 'Merry Monarch.'

Neighbour: 'What beautiful hens you have, Mrs. Stuckup!' Mrs. Stuckup: 'Yes, they are all imported fowls.'

Neighbour: 'You don't tell me so. I suppose they lay eggs every day?' Mrs. Stuckup (proudly): 'They could do so if they saw proper, but our circumstances are such that my hens are not required to lay eggs every day.'

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PROGRESS.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, DEC. 10th

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

THE EFFECTS OF SLAVERY

Congressman WHITE of North Carolina gave the people of Halifax a true account of the prejudices existing against his race in his own country, and the hardships resulting therefrom. The people of Canada never having been cured with the system of slavery cannot fully understand the bitterness which exists in the Southern States between the two races. It is not entirely one-sided but we can see what grounds may still remain for ill-feeling on the part of the black man. The inexorable thing is that the white man of that section cannot see that even in the worst offences of the negro's they are but reaping what they have sown. For generations they sowed the seeds of vice, lust and oppression, and now that the harvest is ripe they repute it. In effect their cry is "our fathers planted thorns but we hoped to gather grapes, they planted thistles but we looked for figs." They seem to have forgotten that immutable law of the universe which visits the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations. The country which tolerated slavery so long cannot expect to wipe out its effects in our generation. It will be a slow process and can only be accomplished by the exercise of fact and patience on both sides. We are scarcely able to realize how thankful we should be that no such problem confronts us.

SAVORS OF INGRATITUDE.

It is not precisely original to call attention to the ingratitude of republics but it is always allowable to point to any event which will illustrate an old saying. When the United States had reached the most delicate and hazardous state in its relations with Spain, Great Britain prevented serious complications with the other nations of Europe by her attitude of strict neutrality. It was only to be expected that her interest in the United States should exceed any feeling she might have for the welfare of her old-time enemy, Spain. The friendly offices shown by her to the republic are too well known to need repetition. American papers of the better class openly acknowledged the indebtedness, and a good deal of the rancour which has so long existed against all things British seemed to disappear. But it would appear now, considering the attitude of the United States regarding trade relations with Porto Rico, to be a case of "benefits soon forgot." It will at least be a reflection upon the genuineness of the republic's gratitude if its first move will be to cripple British trade in the American West Indies.

WHO PROFITS BY IT.

We are so accustomed to hearing Great Britain characterized as a "land-grabber" by nations that have either no excuse or opportunity for waging territorial wars, or have been unsuccessful therein, that we have become indifferent. But allowing for argument's sake that this charge is true, we may well ask in return who profits by her acquisition of territory. The answer must be the whole world. Britain's policy of maintaining the open door in all her territories has done more to advance civilization than all the efforts of all the other countries put together. The vast volume of trade done by all civilized countries with China today, comes from Great Britain's contention, backed up by force of arms, that there must be certain free ports

in China, not only for Great Britain but for the world. Perhaps it is well within bounds to say that those who have been most benefited by this policy have been loudest in abuse of the power which made it possible.

A FEARFUL RECORD.

The present year will leave an memorable record in the loss of life at sea. It has seemed as if one accident had close upon the heels of another. The wreck of La Bourgoyne with all its attendant horrors was still fresh in the mind when the Mobergan was lost off the English coast. There was cause for rejoicing even in the sorrow of that time, for gratifying stories were told of the bravery of British sailors. But it was left for the wild storm of November to engulf the Portland with all on board. We have no record of the brave super-human effort that must have been made to save life. We know they were made because we know the temper of the Anglo-Saxon when he faces danger. The heroes' roll of honor can never be complete while we may not know the names of those who strove to aid their fellow-men on the ill-fated Portland.

About the Non-Treating Club.

To THE EDITOR OF PROGRESS: I was much pleased to find that you appreciated the Non-Treating Club enough to publish the letter of its founder in your editorial column, and to comment so favorably thereon.

In case any of your local readers should like to join the Club I shall be pleased to send them a pledge card and button, as per sample enclosed herewith, if they will send me two three-cent stamps to pay expense of button and mailing.

The accompanying circular will give full particulars of the organization. There are no branches. A member joins the parent Club by taking pledge and wearing button. That's all that is necessary, unless particular city members want to form a separate organization.

It is, as you say, a practical step toward temperance, and if entered into with the right spirit, will accomplish much along the line of breaking down the cursed habit of treating.

Yours faithfully,
GEORGE E. FRYE,
Queen Book Store, 109 Hollis St., Halifax, N. B.

Their Reception was Interrupted.

Among the passengers who went to Montreal Wednesday, was a commercial broker who was captured the previous day in a somewhat awkward position. He had a sample room in the city, and not satisfied with using it in the ordinary way (unleaved to hold a very informal reception there one afternoon. He had a friend with him and the two of them had invited two friends of the gentler sex to visit them. Their salutations were hardly over however before the proprietors of the hotel that leased the sample rooms interrupted them and bundled the party out without ceremony.

Has Attracted Crowds.

Zara Semon's popularity and power to attract admiring audiences has not waned in the least, and his entertainments this week at the Mechanics' Institute were well attended. Young Lawrence Semon is doing some excellent work and proving himself a veritable wonder worker in his line. The popular feature of Zara's show, the giving away of presents nightly, is kept up to the great satisfaction of those who attend.

Cheap Millinery Sale.

Charles K. Cameron & Co., offers great bargains in trimmed and untrimmed hats, toques, bonnets, and wonderful reductions in fancy feathers, wings etc. Those who desire a bargain in this line of goods should call at Cameron's King street store early. The store is open every evening.

Would be a Nice Xmas Box.

Those policemen who had a faint idea that they might be able to have a more merry Christmas than usual with their share of the police fund do not see any signs of it yet. It would make a nice Christmas box for each of them entitled to a share.

Remedy for Eyeburn.

A Frenchman has discovered a remedy instantaneous in its effects for the horrible burns caused by the use of oil and kerosene. It is a soft paste of refined magnesia and water, with which the parts burned are covered to the thickness of an inch. It alleviates the pain almost immediately, and when the paste is removed no scar remains.

A Frolic for Father.

Prince Robert of Bourbon, ex-Duke of Parma, is now the father of his eighteenth child, a daughter, the ninth child by his second wife. All eighteen, seven sons and eleven daughters, are living, but only the eldest, the wife of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, now 28 years of age is married.

A Beggar's Riches.

A beggar died at Auxerre, France, not long ago, and in his trunk were found stock securities valued at a million francs. In his cellar were found 400 bottles of rare wines.

His Reading.

She: "The face is an index to the mind."
He: "Then your mind must be made up."

Christmas Annals, all Kinds, at McArthur's, 90 King Street.

VERSUS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

What Night Is.
"Say, Father, what is night?" Six Summers asked
"Of one all-wise to her—
And he was wiser for was hardly tasked
"Let me the doubt incur
"Of his loved questioner—
"This evening, as I stood outside the gate
To watch the passerby
I put my question to Cosmo of Freight,
"So? What then is the reply?"
"He said night was a tunnel, long and deep,
Through which three run the trains of Wake and Sleep,
They only run one way
And passenger must stay
Just where they stop; there is no going back;
How awful nightmares rush upon the track
And sometimes wreck the train.
"And then I asked Dan Carpenter if he
"Could tell me." "Well, he did!"
"He said to him it always seemed to be
"Tired Labor's tool-chest lid
"Which Time at twilight laid
"As he went, that man might rest from toil.
"But, then," he said, "come fools
Who trumped up thistles of glass and wicks and oil
And ever-wrecked God's tools."
"And then I questioned Signor Camera,
"Who had said the Black Star?
"That night was just a big dark closet for
"The Great Photographer!
"That is to say, he said, "I should bid
"The proofs, went there to change his plates—he says
"The days are pictures, dim
"Sometimes 'cause men, 'cause 'prentices,
"Will not develop them."
"And after him big Denate Butcher came,
"He told you, did he not?"
"He said 't' 't' night to him did he say same
"A great deal of great
"The Lord Alm night's got
"To cut off slouches at the daylight wad;
"To winter to the wad
"Ay daylight's hough, therefore, th' Almighty did
"Not cl'ave so big a slouch."
"No satisfied, I had led Old Playhouse, then,
"And what was his remark?"
"Why, night was God's drop-curtain, needed when
"The Universe is 'dark';
"That off in ignorance stark
"The amateurish cranks would imp ad mine
"Among forsaken fits,
"And rant ad gesture while the makeshift time
"Shaped grotesque fantasies."
"But, father, what is night?" insisted she.
"And driven to reply
"I told her what 'd found the night to be;
"It is a black-clad man
"Sent by the Evil One
"To those whose hearts are blistered with despair,
"Who ache and wail and weep,
"And lay upon their hearts, with gentlest care,
"The Lethal salve of Sleep."
"The Kingdom of Love.
"In the dawn of the day, when the sea and the earth
"Reflected the sunrise above,
"I set forth with a heart full of courage and mirth
"To seek for the Kingdom of Love,
"I asked of a Poet I met on the way
"Which cross 'd would lead me aright,
"And he said: 'Follow me, and ere long you shall see
"Its glittering turrets of light."
"And soon in the distance a city shone fair,
"I look yonder he said; 'how it gleams!'
"But as I, or the hopes that were doomed to despair.
"It was only the Kingdom of Dreams."
"Then the next man I asked was an Cavalier,
"And he said: 'Follow me, follow me,
"And my laughter and song we went speeding
"Along,
"By the shores of Life's beautiful sea."
"Then we came to a valley more tropical far
"Than the wonderful vale of Cashmere,
"And I saw from a bower a face like a flower
"Smile out on the way to my dear,
"And he said: 'We have come to humanity's goal;
"And love and delight are mine;
"But alas and alas! for the hopes of my soul,
"It was only the 'Kingdom of Sense.'"
"As I journeyed more slowly I met on the road
"A coach with retainers behind,
"And he said: 'Follow me, for one Lady's abode
"Belongs in that realm, you will see,
"Twas a grand dame of fashion, a newly made bride
"But my horse died away like the last gleams of
"day,
"For we came to the 'Kingdom of Gold.'"
"At the door of a cottage I saved a fair maid,
"I have heard of that realm, she replied;
"But my feet never roam the 'Kingdom of
"Horn.'"
"So I know not the way," she sighed,
"I looked on the cottage, how I felt it seemed!
"And the maid was as fair as a dove,
"Great light shined on my soul as I cried:
"Why, Home is the 'Kingdom of Love.'"
"Rock-A-Bye Baby.
"Rock-a-bye baby! On the tree top,
"When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
"When the bough breaks the cradle will fall—
"Down tumbles baby, cradle and all.
"Rock-a-bye, baby! The meadow's in bloom;
"Letch at the sunbeams that dance in the room,
"Echo the birds with their baby tone,
"Cool in the sunshine and I wren of June.
"Rock-a-bye, baby! As softly it swings,
"Over the cradle the mother lullabies;
"Brooding of cooling at even or dawn,
"What will it do when the mother is gone?
"Rock-a-bye, baby! So cloudless the skies,
"Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes;
"Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,
"Tant tenderly sings little baby to rest.
"Rock-a-bye, baby! The blue eyes will dream
"Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;
"And I see with the world seem so fair;
"Sleep, little baby! There's no cloud in the air.
"Rock-a-bye, baby! The blue eyes will burn
"And ache with that our mashood will learn;
"Swifty the years come with sorrow and care,
"What burdens the wee climped shoulders must bear.
"Rock-a-bye, baby! There's coming a day
"Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away—
"Days when its songs will be changed to a moan—
"Crosses that baby must bear all alone.
"Rock-a-bye, baby! The meadow's in bloom;
"Be thy world ever bright as to-day it is seen,
"Rock-a-bye, baby! Thy cradle is green.
"The Poet's Grievances
"He sent a poem once,
"And said, with a grin:
"Ab this will charm, I know,
"And surely will get in.
"To your editor will
"A marvel 'tis in verse,
"And I'll be glad to read
"Never a letter term.
"The years swept swiftly by,
"The poet's hair grew gray;
"That magazine he took—
"Echo the cash he had to pay.
"His poem printed was,
"Twas came the check he sought—
"Three dollars: Five he'd paid
"For magazine he'd bought!
"Studying Book-keeping.
"The general value of the study of book-keeping is greatly enhanced when it is taught by means of facsimile business transaction, or in accordance with the Laboratory Method in use at the Carrie Business University of this city. The method introduces a large body of practical business instruction and practice not included in book-keeping as ordinarily taught in the business colleges.

HE DID NOT LIKE THEM.

(Continued from First Page.)

Q Do you say this was the first of the difficulty when this occurred in the hall? A Yes that was the first.
Q In whose hall as it, in whose part of the house was it that the difficulty occurred? A In the main hall.
Q The hall that was common to the whole three? A Yes.
Q I understood Mrs. Smith to say it was in that portion of the hall that would be immediately under her—in the part that leads into her woodshed? A It was the main hall I am sure of that.
Q The woodsheds that accommodate the three tenants are very close together? A Yes.
Q You do not step out in the yard first but step from the compartment right into them? A Yes.
Q Did you see the young woman her daughter there that day? A I cannot say whether I did or not.
Q Didn't you stop to see whether the mat hit her or not? A No.
Q She says the mat hit her in the face and knocked her eye-glasses off. You could not contradict that? A I do not know whether it did or not.
Q Whillet I understood you were not summoned to the Police Office did not an officer intimate to you either directly or indirectly that you were wanted there? A Yes.
Q And the time given you when you were wanted? A Yes.
Q That would be the next day? A Yes.
Q An the next day you set word that you were ill or had word sent? A Yes.
Q You left for Boston? A It was not the next day. That was on Friday and I went to Boston Tuesday evening starwards.
Q How long were you gone? A About 8 weeks.
Q You did not return any more to the Court Block? A No.
Q What knowledge had you of the whole matter being settled up? A The affair is the Police Court?
Q The suit that was brought? [A. Mr. Baird came over and I heard him and Mr. Nase talking about it.
Q You had a knowledge that it was settled and all about that? A Yes.
Q That day that this affair took place in the hall were you not a great deal excited? A No.
Q Entirely cool? A Yes.
Q Were not angry at all? A No.
Q You and Mrs. Smith had hold of the broom stick at the same time? A Yes.
Q You say it was to prevent her attacking you with it? A Yes.
Q You say that what she states is not true? It is not true.

Mrs. Leary followed Mrs. Nase upon the stand. In the court she was low voiced and answered the questions asked her briefly. Her evidence was not important. After noting the law points reserved for argument before the full court, Mr. Skinner addressed the jury. He was not long in doing so, but presented the facts of the case to them in a careful manner, going over the articles and showing how harmless they were. He emphasized the fact that the plaintiff had not endeavored to prove that she was damaged by the publication of the articles. Her character had not been assailed, and the most that could be claimed was that they held her up to ridicule. But the matter itself as described in the court was ridiculous, and how could the description be otherwise.

Mr. Currey took much longer in his address to the jury and was very dramatic at times. He made the most of his opportunities and took up the evidence in detail. Considering the manner in which the case had been conducted some of his statements might not be considered as correct but much may be excused in the excitement of such an address.

One incident while he was making it caused some little interest and that was when a brother and a cousin of the plaintiff applauded some of her counsel's remarks.

The judge's attention was called to the fact by Mr. Skinner who, interrupting Mr. Currey, rose quickly in his place and pointed out the two men to his honor who were doing the applauding. He made a remark or two in the same connection before he sat down, then his honor quietly but firmly informed the relatives of the plaintiff who were thus showing sympathy with the remarks of Mr. Currey that if it occurred again he would take measures to see that they were not in the court room. This incident over, Mr. Currey resumed his address and finished about six o'clock. Judge McLeod said that instead of bringing the jury back that night he would ask them to return at 11 o'clock the next morning when he would address them.

When the court opened the next morning there was a somewhat amusing five minutes before the judge began his address. Mr. Currey called his honor's attention to the fact that in Progress, published that morning, were several sketches, or caricatures he called them, which he did not think were proper in a report of the case. The sketches he referred to were drawn by an artist Progress sent to the court room and represented Mrs. Nase, her husband, and Mr. A. W. Baird in one group, Mr. Currey in the attitude of examining a witness, and a side view of Judge McLeod as he heard the case. They may not have been the truest pictures in the world, but they were necessarily hastily drawn and certainly did not caricature any of the persons represented but made them look as nearly like themselves as possible. Mr. Currey may not have liked the drawing of himself; but certainly the judgment of

the public, which after all is about the best, seems to be that it was a remarkably good sketch of him as he was represented, in the act of examining a witness. When doing that Mr. Currey knows or rather feels that he does not look exactly the same as he does when his features are in repose; consequently he should not find any fault with the artist, who it might almost be said had not seen either himself or Judge McLeod at close quarters before. His honor, however, seemed to share Mr. Currey's opinion as to the illustrations in Progress and commented upon them as a somewhat improper proceeding not common in British newspapers. Mr. Skinner on the contrary called his honor's attention to the fact that such illustrations were very common in the press of large cities, and rather smiled at the idea of Mr. Currey that they were intended in any way to be other than a representation of what was seen in the court room. Judge McLeod's address to the jury was about an hour in duration and it was certainly in favor of the plaintiff. He commented quite strongly upon certain portions of the articles pointing out to the jury that even if they were true they might be libelous and the jury after being out 20 minutes returned to the court room and found that Mrs. Nase had sustained damages from this publication to the extent of \$300. Mrs. Nase asked for \$5,000.

According to a story that comes from the jury room—for, although the proceedings in jury rooms are supposed to be particularly private the deliberations get out sometimes—there was only one man of the seven who had any idea of large damages for the plaintiff. He wanted the amount set down at \$1,000. Another jurymen, it is stated, wanted it placed at \$15, and when they had all named their different amounts the sum total amounted to \$2,250, that is to say the total amounts of the other six, outside of the one who wanted \$1,000 were about \$1,200, but they added all the conclusions together, divided the number by seven and the exact result was \$321. This was reduced to \$300 and that was how the amount was arrived at.

Of course the case will be appealed. The counsel for defendants are of the opinion that sufficient mistakes have been made by the other side and that the law is sufficiently with them to reverse the verdict. The supreme court does not meet in Fredericton until the latter part of January so nothing further will be known of it until then.

ROYAL Baking Powder makes the finest and most wholesome food at minimum cost; so every housekeeper familiar with it affirms. Why not discard altogether the old-fashioned methods of soda and sour milk, or home-made mixture of cream of tartar and soda, or the cheaper and inferior baking powders, and use Royal exclusively? ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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Beyond a few small afternoon at homes and one or two quiet little evening parties there is not much going on in society, just now, the preparations for the Christmas season excluding every thing else. There comes however, a pleasant rumor of a young people's ball to be held on the Friday before Christmas, and already a committee of young men are bestirring themselves in the matter with the declared intention of making the coming ball eclipse that of last year in point of brilliancy and enjoyment. I understand several young debutantes will make their entrance into society through the medium of this ball and are impatiently looking forward to it. So large a number of young ladies have made their debut during the past year that those who are "out" are looking upon any further addition to their ranks as quite a serious matter. And indeed it is, when it comes to a question of a ball, or party and the men are in a minority as they have been at all functions of late. There is cause for uneasiness when one thinks that the number of bright young faces which look wistfully from the background of a ball room, is to be increased. At the St. Andrew ball there were many partnerless ladies—some of the promoters of the ball it is said being so utterly forgetful of their duties as hosts as to dance five times during the night with the same lady.

Among those who dispensed hospitality to a party of friends this week were Mr. and Mrs. F. S. MacNutt whose charming home at Queen Square was the scene of a whist party given in honor of their guests Miss MacNutt of P. E. Island and who assisted the hostess in her pleasant duties. Mrs. MacNutt was gowned in green and white brocaded satin, and Miss MacNutt looked very charming in a handsome crimson satin trimmed with white chiffon. The various games were hotly contested and pretty little prizes awarded those who proved themselves most expert. Mrs. G. B. Cushing and Mr. Keltie Jones were the fortunate winners of the first prize, while the consolations fell to the lot of Mrs. Stone and Mr. H. A. McKeown. Those present included the following:

- Mr. J. DeW. Spurr
- Mr. G. W. Merritt
- Mr. E. R. Smith
- Mr. Keltie Jones
- Mr. J. R. Stone
- Dr. R. P. Inches
- Mr. Henry Rankine
- Mr. Frank Rankine
- Col. H. H. McLean
- Mr. C. DeForest
- Dr. Colter
- Judge Forbes
- Judge Treisman
- Mr. J. A. Bellas
- Mr. Frank Merritt
- Mr. W. H. Merritt
- Mr. W. S. Fisher
- Mr. S. B. McAvity
- Consul Myers
- Mr. George Cushing
- Mr. L. A. Curry
- Mr. J. V. Ellis
- Mr. H. Austen
- Mr. B. B. Travers
- Mr. W. C. Whittaker
- Mr. A. H. Hanington
- Mr. Jewett
- Mr. W. Wheeler
- Dr. Robertson
- Mr. Tilton
- Mr. W. H. Barnaby
- Mr. C. A. Scammell
- Mr. Alfred Pound
- Mr. E. Phillips
- Mrs. G. B. Cushing
- Misses Blak
- Miss Forbes
- Miss Hanington
- Mr. E. A. McKeown
- Mr. T. B. Blair
- Mr. Fred McNeill
- Mr. Robert McLeod
- Mrs. S. Spurr
- Mrs. Merritt
- Mrs. Smith
- Mrs. Jones
- Mrs. Stone
- Mrs. Inches
- Mrs. Rankine
- Mrs. Rankine
- Mrs. McLean
- Mrs. DeForest
- Mrs. Colter
- Mrs. Forbes
- Mrs. Treisman
- Mrs. Bellas
- Mrs. Merritt
- Mrs. Merritt
- Mrs. Fisher
- Mrs. McAvity
- Mrs. Myers
- Mrs. Daniel
- Mrs. Curry
- Mrs. Ellis
- Mrs. Austen
- Mrs. Travers
- Mrs. Whittaker
- Mrs. Hanington
- Mrs. Jewett
- Mrs. Wheeler
- Mrs. Robertson
- Mrs. Barnaby
- Mrs. Scammell
- Mrs. Pound
- Mrs. Phillips
- Mrs. George McLeod
- Mrs. Robertson
- Mrs. Sadler
- Mrs. Len Jewett
- Mrs. T. Dunning
- Mrs. W. A. Lockhart Jr.
- Mrs. R. N. M. Robertson
- Mrs. C. W. Hanington
- Dr. Emery.

Mrs. W. Peters gave quite a large reception this week at her pretty home on King street east which brought together many ladies. The spacious parlors were beautifully decorated, and the soft shaded lights and warmth were delightful, after the chilly December air. Delightful refreshments were served by the hostess and her young lady assistants, and the numerous callers were made the recipients of every attention. The affair was exceedingly enjoyable and as the weather was very fine the ladies were out in force.

That Mr. and Mrs. William Edwards of Main street North End are exceedingly well liked by their numerous youthful and older friends was fully attested to Tuesday evening last when upon the eighth anniversary of their wedding day a very large party of married folk, youths, and maidens, assembled at their home and spent with their host and hostess one of the most delightful of evenings. It was indeed a genuine old-fashioned party, plenty of house room and no end of popular amusement in which everybody indulged. In fact the Edwards home situated in that large building above the N. E. post office is exceptionally well adapted to such gatherings. White, table games and dancing were the chief items of pleasure while everybody present whiled away the hours in a pleasant and decidedly free-and-easy social way. The committee in charge, Misses S. Smith, M. Dingsoe, Charles Cowan and Ralph Estabrook, left nothing unattended to in providing for the fullest success of the affair.

The parlors provided ample space for dancing, while all evening a large graphophone with brass concert trumpet attached, rolled forth the latest creations of the best musical organizations of the day. A male chorus ever and anon burst forth with a popular melody and would then disband retreating to notice the encore calls invariably tendered. Not a moment of the several hours spent under the Tompkins' roof of music host Edwards was dull or uninteresting. Shortly before the hour for supper the guests of the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were called to the front, and after the reading of a congratulatory address, were made the recipients of a handsome oaken sideboard with bevelled mirror. Replying to this kind and most angling expression of regard Mr. Edwards' few remarks were spoken in the happiest manner and

All of which provoking sayings. Following is the address read:

"Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Edwards:—Understanding that this is the eighth anniversary of that event considered by all one of the most happy occasions of life, this party of friends have gathered here to express to you their hearty congratulations. "Some of us have been acquainted with you for a long time, long enough to know your worth as friends. Others have not known you so long, while a few have met you for the first time tonight. But however that may be, we all feel that we have a perfect right to congratulate you on this occasion. "As you know there are certain stereotyped phrases which one is supposed to use on occasions of this nature, but disregarding all rules made and provided, we wish you joy in the familiar words which our acquaintance warrants and our feelings suggest, and as a substantial evidence of our good wishes we ask you to accept this token of our esteem.

"If the portion of your married life before you is as happy as we desire it to be, you will have good cause to be satisfied with your lot. "Once more we wish you many happy returns of your wedding anniversary on behalf of all present." Supper was served at midnight and at three large tables the party partook of some very dainty refreshments. It was a few hours into Wednesday morning when festivities ceased, but before bidding adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards the male portion of the gathering assembled and sang "Auld Lang Syne." Following is a list of those present:

- Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair
- Mr. and Mrs. Mason
- Mr. and Mrs. Fandoy
- Mr. and Mrs. Courtney
- Mr. and Mrs. Short
- Mr. and Mrs. Hayward
- Mr. and Mrs. Perkins
- Mr. and Mrs. Simpson
- Mrs. Edwards
- Miss M. Dunham
- Miss B. Cowan
- Miss G. Currie
- Miss N. Smith
- Miss Wisely
- Miss F. Elkin
- Miss E. Chesley
- Miss E. Day
- Miss M. May
- Miss M. Ferris
- Miss S. Andrews
- Miss E. Ferris
- Miss B. Myler
- Miss A. Myles
- Miss L. McConnell
- Miss A. Chesley
- Miss M. Chesley
- Miss M. Campbell
- Miss J. McQuarrie
- Miss McKechnie
- Miss E. Branscombe
- Miss E. McAdoo
- Miss M. Ross
- Miss N. Ross
- Miss M. Erb
- Miss N. Hatfield
- Miss H. Hatfield
- Miss Roberts
- Miss Chalmers
- Miss Carpenter
- Miss F. Estabrook
- Miss Kipatrick
- Miss N. Carpenter
- Miss N. Ferris
- Mr. Josh Cowan
- Mr. R. Dunham
- Mr. C. Cowan
- Mr. H. Gordon
- Mr. P. Gordon
- Mr. H. Marven
- Mr. F. Marven
- Mr. F. Elkin
- Mr. S. Elkin
- Mr. O. Jones
- Mr. S. Andrews
- Mr. E. Dickson
- Mr. A. Golding
- Mr. W. Golding
- Mr. M. Holly
- Mr. F. Fraser
- Mr. B. Stimm
- Mr. T. Harrison
- Mr. Brown
- Mr. S. Golding
- Mr. J. Purdy
- Mr. F. Watson
- M. J. Watson
- Mr. G. Beverly
- Mr. G. Kennedy
- Mr. J. Cochran
- Mr. T. Armour
- Mr. F. Armour
- Mr. E. Forbes
- Mr. E. Gale
- Mr. E. Gale
- Mr. Lon Spragg
- Mr. E. Spragg
- Mr. E. Vanwart
- Mr. C. Nae
- Mr. A. McLean
- Mr. F. Kirkpatrick
- Mr. W. Nalgie
- Dr. A. Roberts
- Mr. N. Springer
- Mrs. E. Knox of Mecklenburg street returned this week to her home in St. George.
- Mr. Walter Gilbert's friends will be glad to hear that he is recovering from an attack of measles.
- Among the St. John people who received invitations to the Randolph-Eaton wedding which took place in Fredericton on Wednesday were: Dr. Silas Alward, and Mrs. Alward, Mr. A. G. Blair, Jr., Mr. E. Turnbull, Mr. F. F. Starr, and Mrs. Starr, Mr. H. C. Tilly, Mrs. Tilly, and Mr. L. E. D. Tilly, Mr. Alex. McMillan and Miss McMillan. Miss McKellan was a guest at "Frogmore", the home of the bride during her stay in Fredericton. Mrs. Alward was also a guest at Frogmore.
- Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clark of the capital spent a few days here lately.
- Mr. L. A. Somers of Montreal was in the city for a few days during the week.
- Mrs. J. Watson left this week to visit friends in Boston.
- Mrs. Eyrton Taylor has been spending a little while with her friend Mrs. E. Byron Winslow of Fredericton.
- Mrs. Allen Frayne of Dubuque, Iowa, is expected in a day or two on a two months visit to relatives in Quebec.
- Hon. A. Blair went to Fredericton the first of the week.

Mrs. Elliott Sproul of Chicago, formerly of this city, has been paying a visit to relatives in the city. Mrs. H. E. Wright has returned to P. E. Island, after a very pleasant stay with her sister Mrs. George Steele.

The Misses McVicar and McConnell came up from St. George the beginning of the week for a little visit to friends, and incidentally to do a little Christmas shopping.

Miss Lou Boucks of the West End left this week to take a course of training for a nurse in the City Hospital, Boston.

Miss May Boyd of New Haven, arrived here Thursday to spend the Christmas holidays with her grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore of the North End.

Mrs. A. W. Banks was at home to her friends this week, a large number of whom called to extend congratulations and good wishes for future happiness.

Mr. George Sprague who has spent the past four years in Tokio, Japan, is visiting his former home here after an absence of twenty-one years.

Mrs. James Cullinan and Miss Beate Cullinan have returned from a delightful two month's visit to New York and Boston.

Mr. Charles Nevins left Wednesday morning for New York to take up his duties with the Abbey Electric Salt Company in that city.

After a most delightful trip to the Pacific Coast during which they visited the principal western cities Mr. and Mrs. George Jones arrived home on Saturday last.

Mr. and Mrs. William Green returned the first of the week from a trip to Montreal and Toronto. Mrs. Edward Daisell who was here from Boston attending the funeral of her sister Miss May Hutchinson left Tuesday for St. Stephen where she will visit for a little while before going to her home.

Mr. Herbert J. Fleming is dangerously ill with an attack of pleuro pneumonia.

Mr. H. T. Scholey and Miss Scholey of Centreville were here for a short time early in the week. Senator and Mrs. Baird of Fort Centre spent a day or two here early in the week.

Mr. Joseph Bullock and Mrs. T. H. Bullock returned Tuesday from a visit to New York.

Madame Marie Harrison spent a few hours here the middle of the week en route to St. Stephen where she filed a concert engagement on Wednesday evening.

The Lieutenant Governor spent several days here recently and during his stay was a guest at the Royal.

One of the brightest and most interesting concerts given here for a long time was the one which inaugurated the jubilee services of St. David's church on Monday evening of this week. Monday was an intensely disagreeable day and the prospect for a successful termination of the affair was not very favorable until towards evening when the weather cleared a little. At eight o'clock there was scarcely an unoccupied seat in the handsome, brightly-lighted church, many from other denominations being noticed among the audience.

The moments of waiting for the concert to begin were spent in admiring the pretty decorations, or singing out friends through the building.

The chancel was very handsomely decorated with cut flowers and potted plants, white and delicately colored chrysantheums being profusely used while trailing from jars etc, was smilax and other greens. The gallery was festooned with spruce, and the excellent lighting of the church was almost a decoration in itself. A few moments after eight o'clock the programme began with an organ number, Occasional Overture, by Handel, played by Mr. J. M. S. Ford, who gave much pleasure in this, as well as in his other offerings which included, Sonata (No. 2) by Mendelssohn and an Offertory in G. St. David's church possesses a splendid organ and under Mr. Ford's mastery touch it was heard to the best advantage. The male quartette composed of Messrs Lindsay, Kelly, Seely and Ritchie sang Lead Kindly Light very well, and were much better in it than in their last number Crossing the Bar. Mrs. F. G. Spencer sang O! Drive Redeemer, with piano, organ and violin accompaniment in a very charming manner. Mrs. Spencer was also looking unusually well in a very becoming gown of blue and black silk trimmed with blue chiffon. Mr. J. A. Kelly and Miss Manning were the other soloists the former singing I with All Your Hearts, from Elijah and the latter, Eye Hath not Seen. There was not a grand deal of applause due in a measure to the sacred character of the concert. He requested the audience to modify their expressions of approval, and confine them to only the mildest form of applause. There was some little indiscretion on the part of the audience regarding the proper course to pursue—whether to bestow a very subdued applause or remain absolutely quiet. The situation was embarrassing both for the audience and those who took part in the programme, and it would really seem that such matters had much better be left to the judgment and good taste of those who attend such affairs. An audience like that which filled St. David's on Monday evening was not likely to become vulgar or boisterous. Reference to the concert would certainly be incomplete without a mention of Mr. Albert Ford who gave two violin selections in a manner that made him at once a favorite, and many hopes were expressed that he would soon be heard here again. The other services throughout the week in connection with the jubilee were well attended and most interesting.

Mrs. Thomas Bullock returned a day or two ago from a visit to her mother Mrs. Echook Chestnut of Fredericton.

Mr. H. H. McLean left on Wednesday afternoon for Providence, New York and Philadelphia on the Hesse commission. Dr. Quistley is also absent on the same mission—in Professor Hess's interest.

During his stay in town Master Fred Ullev who was an attraction at Consistory concert on Thursday evening, was the guest of E. E. G. Knowles.

Miss Josie McVicar who has been visiting in the city for some time returned to her home in St. George last Saturday.

Mrs. Herbert Tilly spent a little while with Fredericton relatives lately. She went to the capital to attend Miss Randolph's wedding on Wednesday.

Mr. David Simpson who some years ago was a clerk in the Bank of B. N. A. here and recently assistant manager of the Vancouver branch is in temporary charge of the Bank's new agency at Ashcroft B. C.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Evans of Boston paid a short visit to the city this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wortman have returned to Moncton after a visit to friends here.

Mrs. H. E. Fickot is spending a few days in Moncton with her sister Mrs. E. H. Warren.

The Ladies Alliance of the Unitarian church held a successful bazaar in the lower rooms of the Oddfellows hall this week, and a large quantity of (Contributions of) articles.

Dolls Dressed and Undressed, Kid Body and Jacket, all sizes, very cheap. Lowest Prices. Mr. Smith's, 450 King Street.

"This World is Full of Rubs."

(KING RICHARD 2nd)

Undoubtedly the world was full of rubs when Shakespeare wrote Richard II. The rubs men encountered then were few in number in comparison with the rubs their clothes got—if they were kept clean.

But a Remedy for the old plague—the rub, has been discovered. It is **Welcome Soap** which takes off the dirt without a hard rub. The elimination of the rub from home life means more than a saving of physical strength—a few cents spent for Welcome Soap at the grocers will save dollars at the dry goods and drug stores.

Just try it and See!

Welcome Soap Co., St. John, N. B.

White, Tender

You may pay your grocer the same price for Macaroni as if he gave you a package stamped "P. Codou" and then perhaps you complain that it's tough! Macaroni that bears the name "P. Codou" on the package is very white and very tender. It is made from genuine Russian wheat—that makes it "white and tender."

Codou's Macaroni

Best grocers sell it.



HEAVY STEEL PLATE Range..

For ...

Coal or Wood.

More than 100 styles and sizes for FAMILY, HOTEL and Restaurant use.

Are constructed in the most substantial manner and after the most approved patterns.

ARE STRICTLY UP TO DATE IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

YOU CAN BUY a heavy steel range, 3 holes with reservoir and hot water tank, in over 200 styles for \$50.00 any part of Canada for ...

Equal in Weight, Durability and Efficiency to any in Canada or U. S.

The McClary Mfg. Co., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

Confidence

Every business man who expects to make a permanent success of his vocation in life, must have the confidence of the people who trade with him. This is sound natural law that is applicable to every legitimate trade that we know of, and no matter what the disposition of the individual may be, if he has ordinary common sense he must realize that IT PAYS TO BE HONEST with his customer. We have built up a very large business in various kinds of musical instruments throughout the Maritime Provinces during the past twenty-five years, and we owe it, not to the fact that we are more energetic than our competitors, nor that we have a monopoly of the best PIANOS and ORGANS made in the world, but simply by doing the very best we could for our clients under all circumstances. This is an absolute fact and one that we can furnish you ample proof of, if you ask us.

The W. H. JOHNSON CO. Ltd., Halifax.

Fancy Baskets.

Just received the finest line ever shown in the city. Prices 50c. to \$5.00. Call at once and get first choice.

McClaskey's - 47 King St.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Dressed, 27 Waterloo Street.

6 FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES

Prognosis for sale in Halifax by the newboys and as follows: Barrington street... Queen Bookstore... Mrs. E. C. McLeod 233 Pleasant street...

Among the Society events for the coming week will be the sale to be held by the junior members of the C. W. M. A., at the church of England Institute, on Friday, Dec. 9, from 3 till 10.

NEW YORK

Dec 6.—There are still a couple of weeks of social gaiety ahead before the Christmas holidays make a temporary break in the chain of the winter's functions. In that time there will be luncheons, weddings, dinners, the opera, dances and suppers to claim time and attention.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. D. Morgan will sail for Europe today (Wednesday), Dec. 7, and will be accompanied by their two youngest sons and daughter. They will remain at their fine country place, "Whisper," at Westbury, L. I., up to the time of sailing.

The series of dinners which the Executive Committee of the Badminton Club gives prior to its meetings is soon to begin. The committee this winter includes Amory S. Carhart, Barclay Ward Kounse, Howland Peil, T. J. Oakley Rhineland, John T. Wainwright and J. Norman de B. Whitehouse.

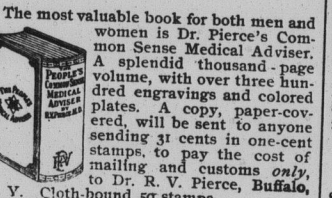
Mr. and Mrs. Clarence S. Day of 430 Madison avenue will give a dance next Thursday night, Dec. 8 at Delmonico's in celebration of the silver anniversary of their marriage.

The young men to be presented are Clarence S. Day Jr., and Julius Day, who graduated from Yale in the classes of '96 and '97 respectively.



The man may be able to do a single-handed, but he is not taking chances, and is not going to disdain the assistance of helpers with hot irons.

When a man feels out-of-sorts, when his head is aching, dull and heavy, his body lazy, his nerves jerky, his sleep broken, his appetite and his mouth bad-tasting, he is having a struggle with ill-health.



The most valuable book for both men and women is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice. A splendid thousand-page volume, with over three hundred engravings and colored plates.

It is several seasons since Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, who has no daughters introduced her sons as a tea. The elder of the two, F. Harold van Rensselaer, and his wife, formerly Miss Lucy J. Grinnell, are abroad for the winter.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and her sister-in-law Mrs. Americ Paget, have been among the much noticed young matrons at the opera the past 4 weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. D. Lanier of 80 East Thirty-seventh street will go abroad this month, to remain the summer at least. Some time ago they leased their country house, Sunridge Hall, at Westbury, to Clarence H. Mackay for three years.

Mrs. Lindley Hoffin in Chapin will give a dinner on Thursday night Dec. 16 for which cards are now out.

Frank Gray Griswold, a former M. F. II of the Mead-strook, set out with a few of the members last Monday for a run in the snow with Mr. Griswold's pack of hounds.

At the wedding of Miss Mabel Hayden and Calvin Burr next Wednesday the decorations will be in keeping with the approaching Christmas season.

The residence of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. William B. Hayden at 150 West Fifty-ninth street, will be the scene of the ceremony.

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best man, and Frank Lyon Folk, Frederic Curtz Parkin, Charles Knapp, Hamilton McMillan, and Cassius Allan Hayden and John E. Hayles, brothers of the bride will be the ushers.

Mrs. Moses Taylor of 6 East Seventy-second street will give a tea on Thursday afternoon, of this week, week given in honor of the debutantes whose first appearance in society they marked.

Mrs. Adams was educated abroad. Miss May Marriott, Miss Eleanor Keyes, Miss Bertha Spear of Philadelphia, Miss Jackson, Miss Milton, and Miss Lucy Call assisted in receiving.

AMHERST

Dec 7.—Notwithstanding the unpropitious weather on Wednesday last week a goodly number of ladies braved the elements and called forth to attend the A. I. Home given by Mrs. H. Wyckoff Rogers, where all was brightness, warmth and cheer.

Mrs. McKee and daughters who have been making Mrs. Sleep a visit have returned to Farrisboro.

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to generally, by the singer. The violin and flute obligato, by Messrs. G. E. Williams and G. E. Ryan, were exquisitely rendered.

Mrs. A. MacFarlane nephew of Senator MacFarlane, Wallace, who has been a guest at the 'Stanley,' for some weeks returned home this morning.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. D. W. Armstrong of St. John, gave an interesting lecture to the ladies of the town in St. James' Hall.

Mr. Howard Crocker's many friends are glad to see him around town again after his recent illness.

Mr. J. Patterson of Campbellton, made a short trip to town early this week.

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Four Years of Suffering

A Story of Torture Now Past and Gone.

Gentlemen:— For the past four years I have suffered tortures from dyspepsia. I could not digest any solid food and was unable to eat a hearty meal, there being an uneasiness of the stomach when empty, and severe pains after partaking of a full meal.



LOTS OF FUN

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND and Canada and all ages playing the great game of

BOBITY

Price \$1.25 each. Trade supplied by C. FLOOD & SONS, General Wholesale Agents, St. John, N. B.



LIFE LASTS LONGER

If Puttner's Emulsion be taken regularly by consumptives and all weak and ailing people

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 Union Street,

has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacons, Canned Bacons, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages, Back Pork, Brine Mess Pork and Clear Pork. Wholesale and retail. Drop a post card for price list or telephone 1037.

THE HORSE CAN'T

tell his distress or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir



to his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected, the rimed discs out, \$1.00 BOTTLE. WARD IF NOT CURED, of Calumet and Adams Express Co.

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

Baby... KNOWS A GOOD THING WHEN HE SEES IT.



BABY'S OWN SOAP

MADE BY THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL.

MONTREAL

PROGRESS is for sale in Montreal at Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore, M. E. Jones bookstore, S. Melonson's, and at Canadian Railway News Co. Depot.

Dec. 7.—A very quiet wedding, and one which occasioned a good deal of surprise on account of its utter unexpectedness...

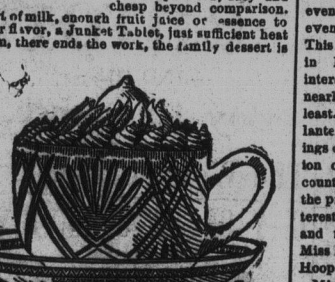
Mr. J. R. Bruce and the I. C. R. left town last week for a short trip to Montreal.

Mr. T. V. Cooke continues to improve in health and is now able to sit up for some time every day.

Mr. E. T. Tritts paymaster of the I. C. R. returned on Thursday from a trip to Cape Breton.

Mr. F. E. Blair returned last week from a holiday trip to Campbellton; he was accompanied by his sister, Miss Helen Blair of Campbellton and his niece Miss Mulhead of Chatham...

SPRING SUMMER AUTUMN WINTER. Both the season what it may, Junket is always Junket, the great tempter, the great popular delicious dessert...



Hansen's Junket Tablets. EVANS & SONS, Limited Montreal and Toronto.

Black with a very handsome teacher's bible, on the occasion of her departure from the city, Miss Black has been a resident of Montreal for the past three years...

Miss Nellie Lyons returned last week from Halifax, where she has been visiting relatives.

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the I. C. R. left town last week for Montreal on a business trip.

Judge Hanington of Dorchester paid a short visit to Montreal on Monday.

The members of the school board were entertained after their regular meeting on Monday evening by alderman Wall, the newly appointed school trustee, at Connor's restaurant...

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Diamonds are often spoiled in the cutting—just as good teas are ruined in the "firing" which either preserves or destroys the soul in the leaf.



In sealed packets only—Never in bulk. By grocers, at 25c, 50c, 40c, 60c and 80c.

When You Order.....

PELIEE ISLAND WINES

.....BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND.

"Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art."

"Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It

E. G. SCOVIL | Tea and Commission Merchant | 62 Union Street.



FREE WATCH for One Day's Work

We give this fine Watch, Chain & Charm for selling two doz. packages of exquisite Perfumes at ten cents each.

The musical treat of this week will be the concert this evening in the Opera house when Madame Marie Harrison will again delight a Fredericton audience.

Miss Alice Lillian Butcher and Miss Jean Bruce of Montreal are here and assisting Mrs. Harrison this evening.

Miss Bessie Babbitt gave a thimble party to her friends on Friday evening which was much enjoyed.

M. H. LeRoy Shaw of the bank of Nova Scotia, has been promoted to the position of teller in the bank's branch at Chatham and left on Monday to assume his new duties.

Mrs. Herbert Tilly is visiting her sister Mrs. A. E. F. Randolph.

Miss McMillan is the guest of Miss Randolph at "Frogmore."

Mrs. Alex Gibson of Marysville and Mrs. J. E. Colter have returned from Edmundson where they had gone to spend Thanksgiving.

Friends here will be sorry to learn that Miss Cora Reid of Edmundson sister of Mrs. Alex Gibson and Mrs. J. E. Colter is very critically ill of typhoid fever at Edmundson.

Mrs. Silas Alward of St. John is visiting her aunt Mrs. Randolph at Frogmore.

Mrs. Arthur Brasscombe is here on a visit to her mother.

The engagement is announced in the Boston papers of Dr. John Combe Pezram, of Providence Rhode Island to Miss Elizabeth Harriet Lynch, daughter of Mr. Timothy Lynch of this city.

Miss May Blair, of Ottawa.

Miss Eleanor Powry and Miss Margaret Bodkin, left today for England, where they will visit friends for the winter and return to Fredericton in the spring.

Mr. Robt. and Mr. E. K. Eaton of Truro are in the city, having come to be present at the marriage of their brother to Miss Randolph.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson of Chatham, are spending a few days here the guests of Mr. and Mrs. McN. Shaw, Gibson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Black returned to their home in Sackville, after a pleasant visit in the Capital.

Thimble parties are just now quite the fad of the hour and lately we have had some very enjoyable ones.

Miss Luce Stewart easily captured the prize from the score of ladies present as being the most expert with the needle of any lady in the company.

The music at St. Paul's church on Sunday evening was of a very high order and much enhanced by the sweet singing of Miss Jennie Fowler of the Victoria Hospital Staff, whose rendering of the solo, "Abide with me" was much appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clark are enjoying a short holiday in St. John.

Mrs. Powry gave a pleasant afternoon "At Home" on Wednesday from 4.30 to 9.30 as a farewell to her daughter Miss Eleanor Powry.

The first meeting, for regular practice, of the choral society was held on Monday evening, when about half a hundred were present and enjoyed a pleasant profitable evening.

A very pleasant "at home" was given at "Elmcroft" by Mrs. E. B. Ketchum on Saturday afternoon as a farewell to Miss Mina Randolph.

Miss Bessie Jack is spending a few weeks with her friend Mrs. Bainsford Westmore, Jr.

Mrs. Thos. Bullock who has been visiting her mother Mrs. Enoch Chesnut returned home on Saturday.

The Brown Bread whist club met on Thursday evening, with Miss Carrie Winlow, when a pleasant evening was much enjoyed, eight tables striving for the prize, which were won by Miss Gertrude McLeod, ladies' and Mr. Harry McLeod carrying off the gentlemen's.

The Junior dancing assembly met on Friday evening at the residence of Mr. Jas. S. Neil, when big daughter, Miss Jean Neil was the hostess of the evening never have the Juniors enjoyed one of their pleasant evenings more than this one, the spacious parlors were well filled but not crowded, and the general young hostess' kind attention to her guests were fully appreciated.

Doctors know good medicine. Engineers know good engines. Painters know good colors. Linnen merchants know good linens. Furniture makers make good furniture. Dry goods dealers know good clothes. Glove makers know good gloves. Printers know good printing.

We are Printers WE KNOW OUR BUSINESS. PROGRESS PRINT. St. John, N. B.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men.

Victoria Hotel, 81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B. Electric Passenger Elevator. and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

OYSTERS always on hand. FISH and GAME in season. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL

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

THE NEW YORK DISPATCH. Oldest and Best Recognized Weekly Paper in the United States. Improved Management and Methods up to Date.

A Live Family Journal. Leads in the greatest news of the Day. Literary, Scientific, Humorous, Dramatic, Entertaining, Masonic and Society News.

One Copy, One Year, \$2.50. Post yourself on what is going on in New York. Address: New York Dispatch, 68 Broad Street, NEW YORK.

Prince Edward Island OYSTERS. RECEIVED THIS DAY 25 bbls P. E. Island Oysters. Large and fat.

At 19 and 23 King Square, J. D. TURNER. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leochetisky" Method is also "Synthe System" for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mrs. J. T. WHITLOCK



WELL KNOWN VIOLINIST

Traveled Extensively Throughout the Provinces—Interesting Statements Concerning His Experience.

STELLARTON, N.S.—James R. Murray, a well known violinist, of this place, who has traveled extensively throughout the Provinces, makes this statement:

"I was running down in health and my weight fell off from 175 to 150 pounds. Prescriptions did me but little good. My trouble was called nervous dyspepsia. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and after taking five bottles I was greatly benefited. I feel as well now as ever in my life, and have increased in flesh so that I now weigh 177 pounds. I am well known in this part of the country, having followed my profession, that of a violin musician for the last 28 years. I gladly tell my friends what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. Before I began taking the medicine I did not have any ambition, but now all is changed and my dyspeptic trouble perfectly cured." JAMES R. MURRAY.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy any substitute. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

fers. In the upper part of the hall were the coffee and tea tables, and in the lower part were the tables for the sale of the program. The tables were occupied, people coming and going, but at no time was there a crowd which added to the aesthetic effect. The hall had draperies of red and white bunting and flags. The ice cream table was got up in green and white with "Ice Cream" in very frosty looking letters across the top. It was presided over by James McConnell, Smallwood, Chipman, and H. Smith.

The candy table in the opposite corner was decorated in the Mt. Allison colors which as the old woman said about her dress "ain't a bit gay, just plain red and yellow." The home made sweets were put up in various tasteful ways, the boxes with views of Mt. Allison being decidedly artistic. Miss Margaret Evans was in charge of this department having for co-adjutors Misses Burns, Macmillan and Phillips. The tancy table was adorned with red and white with a background of flags. Such a boy of fair damsel were here that time would fail to give their names. The articles for sale were most desirable, and easy on the purse. A number of calendars from the facie brush of Miss McLeod were quickly snapped up, one containing a snap shot photo of Dr. Smith being hotly contested for by the students.

The affair was well attended, people coming and going steadily. The proceeds amounted to \$105.00, of which is devoted to mission work and after the few expenses are paid their will be a snug sum to provide the Y. W. C. A. parlor with fender and handrails and a cosy corner. This room is a great comfort to all the students, particularly Sunday afternoon when they have a fire in the fireplace. They can gather at any time adds much to the home feeling for the girls. The university girls are talking of filling up a parlor just for themselves in the brick residence but up to date the plan has not materialized.

Friday Dec. 9th the Eclectic society give a concert with light refreshments in Beethoven hall which will doubtless be an enjoyable function. We begin to realize that Christmas is close at hand when we learn that the closing concert of the ladies college takes place a week from Friday after which the students leave with happy faces for home and holidays.

Sunday evening the beautiful service of intercession for missions was given in St. Paul's church. This coming Sunday, when the restored Methodist church will be opened it is to be a very interesting service. Services will be held morning and evening by Dr. Sprague and R. v. Wm. Dobson, grand music has been prepared under the direction of Prof. Oettinger. Mrs. Marie Harrison will be the soloist. Invitations, got up with extreme elegance, for the wedding of Miss Fanning, has been received by a number of friends here. It is not yet known that any will be able to accept but it is hoped one or two at least of the teachers from the ladies college will manage to get off in time to attend this swell function in Boston. It is rumored that several of the fair singer's admirers in this part of the world, are to have the sorrow's crown of sorrows of assisting as ushers at her marriage.

Mrs. Edward Wells, who's husband's ship is at Jordan, N. S. has closed her home for a short time and joined Capt. Wells. She is much missed by her neighbours on Weldon St.

Mrs. John Fawcett, upper Sackville is making an extended visit in Moncton and Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Walter Allison were in Sackville a day last week. They were returning to Halifax from a trip in New York and Boston.

Wednesday afternoon last the tolling of the bell in the Methodist church announced the funeral of Miss Olive Harper daughter of H. Harper. The deceased was ill but a short time with brain fever and her death at the early age of sixteen has been a great shock to her sorrowing relatives.

Frank Roach of Nappan was the guest of Nase Wheaton upper Sackville over Sunday.

Geo. Storyford, Tidah, was in town Monday.

Mr. Holbrooke of Boston who is putting up the organ in the Methodist church had a narrow escape from sailing in the ill-fated steamer Portland. Before Mr. Holbrooke leaves he is to put Lingley hall organ in repair.

A very agreeable whist party was given last evening by Arthur Copp to a number of his men friends including both married and single whist players. The game was kept up with great spirit and an oyster supper made a pleasant finish to an extremely enjoyable evening. LADY OF BRALTON.

ST. STEPHEN AND GALLAT.

(PROGRAMS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall & E. Atcheson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. P. French's.)

Dec 7—Society on the St. Croix has never been more quiet than this week there really is nothing of interest scarcely to write about.

This morning Mrs. Henrietta Blair left for Ottawa, where she will spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. William L. Blair.

Mrs. E. W. Grimmer who has been in Boston for several weeks for medical treatment is improving so much she has decided not to return until the new year.

The Harmony club enjoyed their meeting on Monday evening; there was a good attendance although the weather and walking was decidedly bad.

Mrs. John F. Grant writes from Vancouver where she is visiting her sister Mrs. W. R. Vaughan that

she is greatly enjoying her visit, and the fine weather and already finds her health greatly improved.

Mr. Samuel McBride has accepted a position as head book keeper with the firm of A. I. Leed & Co. Mr. McBride has held a similar position with C. N. Vroom for a number of years.

Mrs. M. N. Cookburn of St. Andrews was the guest of Mrs. William Harper for a few days during the past week.

Mrs. W. F. Todd returned from Boston on Thursday after a delightful visit of ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Todd, who spent Thanksgiving in Boston, have arrived home.

Miss Helen Newton has returned to Salem, Mass after a pleasant visit at her home Red Beach.

The Calais Dramatic club gave the play "Niobe" in St. Croix hall for the benefit of one of their members Mr. Isaac Jones, who is very ill in a hospital in Augusta, from the hardships of camp life during the late Spanish-American war. Mr. Jones was one of the young men who went from Calais with Company K, but afterwards enlisted with the First Maine Regiment.

Miss Beatrice Vroom expects to remain in Boston until after the New Year. Miss Vroom has been absent for the past three months.

Mr. Edgar Tompason has returned from Boston and is much improved in health. His numerous friends most cordially welcome him home again.

Mr. John D. Chipman M. P. P. is visiting St. John this week.

Mrs. John Maloney of St. Andrews is spending a few days with her daughter Miss Mary Maloney.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dinwiddie very pleasantly entertained a party of friends at their home on Friday evening last. There were some forty-five guests, both sides of the St. Croix being represented.

Mrs. Henrietta Blair left this morning for Ottawa to spend the winter with Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blair.

Mrs. R. W. Grimmer who is in Boston for medical treatment is not expected to return until the new year.

Mrs. Howard Grimmer of St. Andrews is the guest of Mrs. Hazen Grimmer.

Mrs. Dorell Grimmer and her daughter Annie are visiting Mr. Waterbury in Calais this week.

Madame Marie Harrison was greeted in the St. Croix hall last evening by a large and appreciative audience. She sang in her usual good voice and most kindly responded to frequent encores. Miss Butcher who made her first appearance before a St. Croix audience was very pleasing in her selections and style of recitation. They were assisted by local talent.

Madame Marie Mitchell played a piano solo that was well received and gained for herself much applause and pleasant comment and was presented with a beautiful bouquet of roses. The other who took part acquitted themselves well and the concert was most enjoyable. At the close of the concert Madame H. presented the "Star Spangled Banner," the audience did not rise or in anyway show any enthusiasm but when she changed to "God Save the Queen" the house seemed to rise in a body. The audience was nearly all composed of St. Stephen people yet it was a funny circumstance to happen in the State of Maine.

The Largest Flag.

That flag by a patriotic Wall Street man, to float over Morro Castle, Havana, is the largest in the world. It measures 120ft. in length, and 43 1/2 ft. in width. It is so big that special bunting was made for it in Boston. The bunting measures 42 in. across in the rough. Made up in the flag, allowing for seams, each stripe measures 40 in. It took a full piece of 40 yds. for each stripe, except where they ran into the jack. The jack measures 40 ft. in length, and covers the space of seven stripes. The stars are not very large. From point to point each star measures 14 in. They are arranged in alternating rows of seven and eight, according to Army regulations. The flag cost \$75. In this country the largest flag is seen flying from the Victoria Tower, the Royal entrance to the Palace of Westminster. The Royal Standard which floats from its flag-staff is 75 ft. by 27 ft. Six large flags, each measuring 60 ft. by 40 ft., belong to the United States Government, and were made for the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. The Royal Standards usually measure 36 ft. by 21 ft., but in 1811 a Royal Standard was made at Spitalfields measuring 42 ft. by 27 ft., having been executed under an error by the authorities. In 1863 the women of Charleston presented the Confederate authorities with a flag 40 ft. by 28 ft.

Women may Legally Wear Male Attire.

For the privilege of wearing men's trousers the French Government charges women a tax of from £2 to £2 10s. a year. This, however, does not give every woman who is willing to pay the tax a right to wear such garments. The Government confers the right as a tribute to great merit, and makes it, in fact, a sort of decoration given to women, as the ribbon of the Legion of Honour is given to men. The only women to whom it has been granted the right to wear male attire are

Georges Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Mme. Dieulafoy, the Persian archaeologist, Mme. Foucault, the bearded woman, and two feminine sculptors, Mme. Fourreau and La Jeannette. How jealously the right of wearing male attire by women in France has been guarded may be seen in the recent case of Mme. de Valsayre. This lady is well known for her propensity to fight duels and her efforts to get elected to the French Assembly. Last year she petitioned the Government for a right to wear men's clothes, but the French authorities refused her petition. She is a pretty woman, with a profusion of blonde hair.

All About a Shoe-Peg.

It is laughable to see how little it takes to raise a crowd, or start a story, in a city street.

"Never you mind me," said a bent-over old man, when asked what had happened to him.

"How did he get hurt?" asked a man out of breath.

"Did the horse step on him?" quired a colored man with spectacles.

"Where did the dog bite him?" Did they shoot the dog? Was it a big dog? Has he got a wife? Do they live together?" rattled a woman; made up a good deal like Widow Bedott.

"Come and see the man in a fit," squeaked out a bootblack, as he called the rest of the brigade.

"Lookout he's going to shoot!" yelled a big man with red whiskers; and the crowd blew away like dust, when the old man slid his hand into his pocket as if for a shooting iron.

Then he straightened himself and started off on his own individual business, muttering something about "What the mischief it was to them if he wanted to sit down and take a peg out of his shoe."

Cutting Silhouettes.

Anything new in the way of amusement is worth trying during the long evenings. Cutting silhouettes is not bad fun. Pin a large sheet of paper on the wall. Set the subject far enough away to make his shadow the right size for the paper. Be careful about placing him, so there shall be no distortion of outline. Take a charcoal pencil and sketch this outline rapidly. Strictly speaking, a silhouette should be black, but if you wish to conform to the letter of the law you can easily do so by cutting your drawing out of black paper, or by turning your sketch from white to black. A little experience will make you skilful in the use of shadows, pencil or scissors.

A Question of Heads.

"How can you beat and scratch your husband in this terrible way?" said a judge to a woman of spirit and independence. "Don't you know that he is the head of the family, and ought to be respected as such?" Don't you know that he is your head too, and ought to be obeyed?"

Chairs Repeated. One, Spines; Perforated, Dural, 27 Waterloo Street.

SURPRISE SOAP. A pure hard Soap Last long—lathers freely. 5 cents a cake.

BICYCLES! QUALITY—AWAY UP. PRICES—AWAY DOWN. EMPIRE \$37.50 Ladies' or Gents' C. R. Co's guaranteed tires. EMPIRE 40.00 Ladies' or Gents' Dunlop Tires. King of Scorchers, 28 inch wheel, all the latest details \$50.00 King of Scorchers, Gents' 30 inch wheels \$55.00 E. C. HILL & CO., Toronto.

Georges Sand, Rosa Bonheur, Mme. Dieulafoy, the Persian archaeologist, Mme. Foucault, the bearded woman, and two feminine sculptors, Mme. Fourreau and La Jeannette. How jealously the right of wearing male attire by women in France has been guarded may be seen in the recent case of Mme. de Valsayre. This lady is well known for her propensity to fight duels and her efforts to get elected to the French Assembly.

This was pretty severe doctrine to preach to a distracted family, but every man in the world will say that it is strictly true, and ought to be enforced. This woman, however, was unterrified, and in very pert tones said, "Judge, is that man my head?"

Mechanics' Institute, Second Week.



Zera Semon - AND HIS - Boy Lawrence.

The Wonder Workers. CITY OF ST JOHN, N. B. TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

All persons having accounts against the City of St. John, N. B. are requested to hand the same in at the office of the Common Clerk, City Hall, not later than the 15th instaut.

Dated 8th day of December, A. D. 1898. T. BARCLAY ROBINSON, Chairman of Treasury Department.

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

ENAMELINE THE MODERN STOVE POLISH PASTE, CAKE OR LIQUID. Twice as much used as of any other Stove Polish on earth. J.L. PRÉSCOTT & CO. NEW YORK.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1898.

CALIPH'S COMMENTS.

"If the Cap does not fit, don't wear it."—Old Saw.

HALIFAX, N. S. Dec. 7, 1898.—Our friend, the Attorney General seems to have withstood the criticism of his book with a remarkable icy coolness, and now contemplates putting a cheap edition on the market.

My remarks about the alderman of peak-and-cup proclivities may have appeared as commendatory of that egotistical piece of humanity. If so, please note that "them's not my sentiments."

It is a great mystery to me how such a man as the Alderman aforesaid found his way into the council chamber, and being there, why he is permitted to stay there.

There are certain classes of people here moving in so-called polite society whose varnished proboscis is elevated at every little tittle-tattle of gossip, and who berate with vehemence against certain things published from time to time in the pages of PROGRESS.

GUN COTTON.

Details of the Manufacture of a Violent Explosive.

The use of gun cotton in the charging of torpedoes and for other purposes has become so enormous that some account of its modern manufacture is of interest.

After being soaked several hours in the acids the cotton is removed and passed between rollers to expel from it the non-absorbed acid. The cotton is then thoroughly washed to remove any acid still remaining which would decompose the cotton if permitted to remain in it.

It is to be used in the manufacture of torpedoes it is still further pulverized and is then thoroughly dried. It is for use in torpedoes it is compressed into shapes that make it easy to pack into torpedo heads.

It is usually fired by detonation, or an intense shock, which produces a more in the torpedo the wet cotton is detonated by the explosion of dry cotton in a tube, which is fired by a cap of fulminate of mercury, which is, in turn, fired by the impact of the torpedo against the hull of the vessel toward which it is discharged.

some supper. Their liver is too torpid to think good thoughts.

I have noticed a discussion being carried on in the columns of an evening daily about the meaning or interpretation of the word "labor" as used by Labor parties or agitators. It seems to me that much good paper, pens and ink are annually wasted in such silly and futile fights.

"Pendennis," the talented and erudite contributor to the Saturday Evening Mail seems to have slain his critics, like Samson of old with the jawbone of an ass. His proofs showing the opposition of the church in all ages, to progressive science, are overwhelming.

It is said that a system of espionage is now being carried on by "the powers that be" with a view to prosecuting the patrons of the so-called brothels on South Brunswick street. Any law that permits such an infringement of the personal rights of the individual should not be tolerated.

SAVED THE WRONG MAN.

Hard Luck Story Told by a Talkative Life Insurance Man.

"I always take a pride in the business," said the zealous life insurance agent, "and never fail to take a step that will redound to the interests of my company. I think the company appreciates my efforts in its behalf, as a steady increase in salary has been my fortune ever since I began working for it.

"At last the expected happened. He lost his balance and fell overboard. I rushed to the railing and saw at once that the fellow could not swim. I am a pretty good swimmer myself and the party in the water represented \$5,000. I couldn't afford to see the company lose that money right before my very eyes, so I plunged in after him.

What She Said.

Maud: "Oo, Ethel! and what did you say to him when he proposed to you? Did you say what you said you were going to the other day? That was a noble speech, just suited to crush the boldest man. And did she sink away like a whipped dog?"

Their Wordy Warfare.

HALIFAX, DEC. 7.—The city council meetings here are looked upon by many citizens as a great farce and the language used by some of the aldermen is anything but becoming to such an august body. At times the proceedings are simply ridiculous, and of such a character that one can hardly realize that the aldermen are representing the citizens of Halifax.

houses of questionable character on South Brunswick. The Alderman for ward four was giving an oration on the matter, when the representative from ward two chimed in, and said he hoped that particular attention would be paid a place near Duke street.

Alderman Lane claims that this city is as good morally and socially as any other on the continent. Ald. Faulkner who is looked upon as one of the most straight forward and outspoken members of the council expresses the opinion that the police do not do their duty as they should.

But He Didn't Take Any.

It seems that in the lecture-room one day the doctor was much annoyed by the instigation of the students.

"Gentlemen," he said, with emphasis, "a physician's first duty is accurate observation and rigid attention. You are neither looking at what I am doing nor hearing what I am saying. I shall dismiss the class now, but hereafter remember I shall exact the closest attention."

The next day the doctor came into the lecture-room with a bottle containing a very dirty-looking liquid.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I hold in my hand a bottle of jalap. Of course, you are aware that as physicians we have very much disagreeable duties to perform. We must, for instance, test such messes as this in

order that we may accurately know their taste. It is a somewhat nauseous operation but a necessary one. Observe, I first place my finger in the bottle and then in my mouth."

The class was visibly disgusted, but the lecturer had placed it on the ground of a physician's duty. So, with many grimaces they all dipped a finger in the bottle and then placed the same finger on their tongues. When the bottle came back to the doctor he chuckled audibly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "had you remembered my remarks at the last lecture about accurate observation, you would have saved yourselves a very disagreeable experiment. An accurate observer could not have failed to notice that I put my fore-finger into the bottle and my middle finger in my mouth."

New Glasgow's Sensation.

NEW GLASGOW Dec. 8.—Copies of PROGRESS were at a premium on last Saturday, not less than five hundred enquiries having been made at one book store. The few who had copies were besieged for liberty to copy the article on the "Elect of New Glasgow" which appeared in that issue.

Last Saturday's issue of the St. John PROGRESS was in great demand in New Glasgow. It contained severe strictures upon that "touch me-not" portion of the human race known as the "upper crust of society," and while the "vulgars" scouted PROGRESS, the "four hundred" fumed and frothed at the audacity of the "common folk" presuming to criticize their doings.

the gradation of the classes and the just causes for ostracism from the "inner circle." Such a function was recently undertaken by the New Glasgow aristocracy of mushroom growth and great difficulty was experienced in selecting those just eligible, as some who possessed many of the necessary qualifications by birth and otherwise, were by their avocation in life brought in contact with the "common," and thus they forfeited the rights and privileges of the class to which, in some cases their ancestors and in other cases, those near and dear to them belonged, while their associations prevented complete ostracism.

Coughs

that kill are not distinguished by any mark or sign from coughs that fail to be fatal. Any cough neglected, may sap the strength and undermine the health until recovery is impossible. All coughs lead to lung trouble, if not stopped. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.

"My little daughter was taken with a distressing cough, which for three years defied all the remedies I tried. At length on the urgent recommendation of a friend, I began to give her Dr. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. After using one bottle I found to my great surprise that she was improving. Three bottles completely cured her."—J. A. GRAY, Trav. Salesman Wrought Iron Range Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures all Coughs and Colds.

For free medical advice, write to our Doctor, care J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

A DAUGHTER OF JUDAS.

By the Author of "Sir Lionel's Wife," "The Great Moreland Tragedy," Etc.

CHAPTER LXIII.
MR. TIPTAFT WRITES A LETTER.

It must be admitted that poor Mr. Tiptaft was not getting much help or encouragement from his fellow-victims—as he regarded Harry Rolleston and Sir Granville.

As he walked in the rectory garden, the day after the news had become generally known, he was meditating very mournfully, on a piece of intelligence which had been given him, an hour ago, by Lady Ruth, namely that both young Rolleston and Sir Granville had determined to stand by their engagements.

"If only they would have drawn back it, would have been so much easier for me," he murmured, sadly. "Really, I think a man was never placed in a more awkward position in his life."

He was commiserating with himself on his misfortunes, and thinking, not a little resentfully, of poor Marie Muggleton, when the sound of quickly advancing wheels made him look towards the road and immediately his countenance was lightened by a smile, for the wheels belonged to the pony-carriage of Mrs. Darling, and Mrs. Darling herself held the reins.

Mr. Tiptaft looked at the handsome widow, and thought of her eighty thousand pounds.

And, as he looked, and as he thought, he cursed the Fate which, in an evil hour, had fettered him to Marie Muggleton.

Mrs. Darling stopped her phaeton at the rectory-gate, at sight of the rector in his garden; and he went out into the road to speak to her.

She was a very handsome woman, with a brilliant colour, and fine, sparkling eyes. She, of course, knew all about Mr. Muggleton's reverse of fortune, and began to speak of it immediately.

"It will make a great difference!" she observed.

And as she looked into his face with a look that said, as plainly as words, that if he had a mind to be off with the old love, there was nothing to prevent him from being on with the new.

That look haunted Mr. Tiptaft. After the widow had driven on, he walked up and down the garden, thinking of it, and of the pleasant possibilities it opened up to him.

If only he could get rid of Marie Muggleton!

That was the cry, the yearning, the almost agonized longing, of this good man's heart.

And at last he determined he would get rid of her.

At any rate, he would make a dash for freedom.

Anything was better than to be sacrificed without a struggle.

He walked into the house, locked his study-door behind him, and, seating himself before his writing-table, commenced to write.

For fully a couple of hours he was thus engaged, for he made draft after draft before he could satisfy himself that the letter was as good a one as could be penned.

"If only I had not so often protested I would rather marry her without a penny of fortune!" he thought disconsolately. "Whatever made me say that so often?"

He went hot and cold by turns, as he wrote; and it anyone could have peered into that locked study, they would have been amazed to see how mean, and flabby and poor a creature the usually dignified rector of Little Cleve could look.

At length, however, his task was completed.

He folded up the letter, addressed and sealed it, then sneaked out, and posted it with his own hands.

Later in the day, the entire Muggleton family were sitting, in solemn conclave, in Mr. Muggleton's private room.

He, pale and grave, was explaining to his wife and daughters, just what means was left to them.

"I shall not come into the Bankruptcy Court. No one shall ever say they lost a penny by Samuel Muggleton," he was saying, with a certain melancholy pride.

"There will be enough to pay every debt, and a little over. I dare say I may even be able to squeeze a matter of five or six thousand apiece, for you girls. As for you and me, old lady—and he took his wife very affectionately by the hand—"we? We loved each other before this money came, and I don't think we shall cease to love each other because it's gone."

"No, indeed, Samuel!" said Mrs. Muggleton weeping—"no, indeed! You've always been a good husband to me, dear, and I should be a bad, ungrateful woman if I didn't stick to you all the closer now that trouble's come."

have to take the will for the deed. This trouble's done one thing, at any rate. It's shown you that the men you're going to marry have got real grit in them. And that reminds me, Follie, dear," he added, turning very gently to his eldest daughter, "has Mr. Tiptaft been to see you yet?"

"No, father," said poor Marie, colouring painfully. "But you know we heard he was confined to the house with an attack of neuralgia."

"Well, then, if he can't come, surely he ought to write."

"He will write, father—oh, I am sure he will."

Marie spoke with almost feverish energy. All through that day, and during a part of yesterday, she had been looking eagerly for a letter or a visit from her revered suitor, and only her own heart knew how keen and heavy the disappointment had been.

But never for one moment had she doubted him.

If Harry Rolleston and the rather dissipated and worldly-minded Sir Granville showed themselves ready to stand by their engagements, what might not she expect from that good and virtuous man who had wooed her under such exceptional circumstances, and who had so solemnly declared to her, not once, nor twice, but many times, that the one wish of his heart was, that she might lose her fortune, in order that he might prove his disinterestedness to all the world?

Scarcely had she said she knew he would write, when a servant entered with a letter, which had just come from Little Cleve, by the afternoon post.

It was for her.

She recognized her lover's neat, clear hand, and a wave of colour swept over her face, as she tore open the envelope, and prepared to read his tender assurances that his heart clung to her more lovingly in her poverty than even it had done in her time of wealth.

That was the manner of letter poor Marie Muggleton expected from the Reverend Mr. Tiptaft.

And the epistle she really received was something very different, as we shall see. Mr. Tiptaft's letter to Miss Muggleton was worded as follows—

"My Dear Miss Muggleton—My heart yearns to address you as 'my dear Marie,' as it has been my happy privilege to do in the days that are fled. But I feel that that right can be no longer mine. Tenderly as I admire and esteem you, I feel it is my duty to withdraw all pretension to your hand."

"The change in your father's fortune has come upon me as an overwhelming blow. Indeed, it is not too much to say, at the present moment, suffering from acute neuralgic pains, caused entirely by anxiety of mind."

"My disinterestedness is, I venture to think, well known to you. Were I a rich man, nothing would more thoroughly rejoice my heart than to share my wealth with you, as you would generously have shared yours with me."

"But you know my unfortunate position. I am a poor man, and you, I feel assured, will, with your beauty and graces, be able to aspire to a far higher position, even without a penny of fortune, than I could ever hope to give you. I, therefore, feel it incumbent on me to release you from your engagement."

"You are well aware that my one thought in regard to money, is to devote it to good work. From any other point of view it is mere worldly dress. I feel, however, it would be a cruelty to ask you to share my humble home."

"You are fitted to adorn a far higher sphere. That that sphere may continue to be yours, and that you may find in it every happiness this world can give, is the sincere, though humble, hope of

Your devoted admirer,
AUGUSTUS TIPTAFT.

Marie read this precious piece of humbug with a wildly-beating heart. She turned very pale, and her hand trembled.

"Well, my girl, what does he say?" asked her father.

"The poor girl could proceed no further. Her emotions choked her. She burst into tears."

Her father took the letter from her unresisting hand, and read it through to himself.

"Just as I thought!" he said, grimly. "The infernal scoundrel!" and, as he spoke, he clenched his hand, as though he longed to bring it into contact with that smooth, smug face of Mr. Tiptaft's.

Her mother and sisters crowded round Marie, anxious to sympathize with her in her trouble; but she was not to be comforted.

Her grief was too keen to admit of consolation just yet.

It was not that she loved Mr. Tiptaft. She did not love him.

The only man she had ever loved was a blue-eyed Irishman, with a soared brow and a lame foot.

heart, and this was the sort of wound Mr. Tiptaft had dealt poor Marie Muggleton. No wonder she refused to be comforted.

"Never mind, my lassie," said her father, taking her in his arms, and kissing her with a sort of resolute tenderness. "He wasn't worthy of you. I said it from the first. It's a good riddance of bad rubbish. You're spared for a better man than him. But let him keep out of my way, or—"

And again Mr. Muggleton doubled up his hand in a way which would have greatly disturbed the peace of mind of Mr. Tiptaft, if he had seen it.

CHAPTER LXIV.
OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

A blue Italian sky, shining over the vineyards of the Campagna; a couple of young men, strolled at full length at the foot of a hill-side, within the shadow of a grove of orange trees.

The heat was almost tropical, and one of the young men, who had an appearance of great delicacy, seemed almost overcome by it.

His breath was coming in quick, short gasps, and his face was deathly pale.

His companion was supporting his head, very tenderly, with his arm, casting an anxious glance about meanwhile, as though in search of something or someone.

A pedestrian, passing along the white dust road at the foot of the hill turned aside to ask, in a deep, mellow voice, with a very pleasant touch of Irish brogue about it—

"Is there anything the matter? Can I be of any use?"

The man who was supporting the head of his companion accepted the offer, frankly.

"Thanks ever so much," he said, in a very grateful tone, "if you wouldn't mind going as far as the image of the Virgin, and telling the man you'll see there to bring the carriage on at once. My brother thought he could manage a walk this morning, but he isn't very strong, and it's quite knocked him up. I'd go for the carriage myself, but you see he's a bit faint and I don't like to leave him."

"I'll go for you with all the pleasure in life," said the stranger.

And away he went, at a tremendous pace, though it could be seen he was slightly lame in one foot.

In less than ten minutes he returned with the carriage, remarking—

"I came back with it. I thought I might, perhaps, be able to help in some way."

"Thanks. It was very good of you," said Dr. Thomas Browne for the younger of the two men was none other than the medico who had been called to attend Kate Lisle in that mysterious attack of blood-poisoning, and his companion was, of course, his invalid brother Jem.

The invalid was got into the carriage very comfortably, and began to revive from his faintness.

"You'll drive to the village with us?" said Dr. Browne, turning to the obliging stranger, whose sunburnt face and deeply blue eyes took his fancy greatly.

"Thanks!" was the reply, given with unhesitating frankness. "I should like to know how your brother gets on. Where are you staying?"

"At the Golden Head Hotel."

"Why I am staying there, too. At least I'm going to stay there, if he corrected himself, laughing. "I only tramped in with my knapsack this afternoon."

"I am English," said Dr. Browne. "Will you accept my card?"

"I needn't tell you the name of my country," said the other, with a sly laugh; "but here's my name."

And he handed Dr. Browne a card, inscribed "Sir Patrick Donovan."

"I have heard of you," said Dr. Browne, with a look made up of surprise and half of pleasure. "You were down in Hampshire, last year, I think—at Vivian Court, weren't you?"

Sir Patrick nodded, a little flush rising to his honest, sun-browned face.

"Do you know Hampshire?" he questioned, eagerly.

"I was there as a locum tenens for a medical friend, Doctor Baker. Perhaps you know him. He lived near the Court."

"Yes, I think I know who you mean. I know a good many people thereabouts."

There were the Muggletons—very rich people, who lived at a place called the Towers."

"Yes. It was a friend of theirs I was called in to attend—a Miss Lisle, who was staying with them, and was taken seriously ill."

"Ah, yes, I remember her!" said Sir Patrick, warmly. "A pretty girl! with very sweet pleasant manners." And he purred a little, then added, slowly: "and there was a Mr. Tiptaft—rector of Little Cleve. Did you know him?"

"By sight. That was about all. He was engaged to the eldest Miss Muggleton. A splendid match for him, of course. The old gentleman was very much opposed to it, according to current report."

"No doubt the young lady herself was deeply attached," said Sir Patrick, stooping to flick some dust from off his shoes.

"Oh, I don't know! I should say he was simply a smooth sort of a humbug, who'd got round the girl by professing to be extra religious. I've seen her out with him two or three times, and it never seemed to me that she was over enraptured with him. But that class of man gets all the luck. They've always plenty of cheek, you know. If they want a thing, they don't mind asking for it."

Sir Patrick seemed to ponder a good deal on this view of things, but he said no more on the subject.

"Instead, he turned to poor invalid Jem, and busied himself in making him extra comfortable."

The two Brownes, in deference to the rank of their newly-made acquaintance, would not have intruded themselves on him, on arriving at the hotel, but he seemed really desirous of encouraging an intimacy.

"Let's dine together to-night," he said. "That is, if you are well enough to stand our noise," he said, turning to Jem with as kindly solicitous a glance as any woman could have given.

But Jem was much better, and declared there was nothing he should like so much, or that would do him as much good, as an hour or two of Sir Patrick's society.

And so the three dined together, and Sir Patrick, with his really Irish wit and irresistible bonhomie, so charmed poor Jem Browne that he told his brother, at bedtime, he verily believed he shouldn't be able to feel a single ache or pain so long as the gay Irishman was with him.

Sir Patrick, on his part, was quite as well pleased with his new acquaintances as they were with him.

Jem's affliction appealed to his tender sympathies, and the younger brother's devotion to the invalid was a beautiful sight in the eyes of the tender-hearted Irishman, who had loved his own young brother with so deep a love in the happy years gone by.

Before a week was over, the three men were so intimate together that they rarely spent an hour of the day apart.

The Brownes were in Italy for the health of the older brother, and Sir Patrick, with characteristic Irish frankness, had not known them two days before he told them the exact reason of his being there.

He was a poor man, he said, and had been to Johannesburg, with a view of making a fortune there, such as might enable him to live in ease and peace at Castle Donovan in his old age.

But he had been recalled from South Africa by a letter from an ancient god-mother of his, who, finding herself dying in Italy, had suddenly longed to see the gay, blue-eyed Pat Donovan, whom she had known as a child, and as a young lad, in 'ould country' at home.

He arrived in Italy just in time to soothe her last hours, and after her death, found she had bequeathed him in the whole of a snug little fortune of twenty thousand pounds.

"I shall go back to Ireland in time for the hay-making," he remarked to the Brownes. "But this place is wonderfully pleasant just now. I think I may as well stay a bit."

One day, when Jem was prostrated with a nervous headache, and Dr. Browne was in his room with him, ministering to his wants as tenderly as a woman could have done, Sir Patrick set out for a walk, alone.

Early in the afternoon he found himself eight or nine miles from the village where he was putting up at; and looking about him for some place of refreshment, he remounted that he had wandered away from the ordinary haunts of civilization.

He tramped on for another couple of miles, and no hostelry—not even a farmhouse or a peasant's cottage—met his eye.

He seemed to have got into the heart of a range of lonely hills.

He had just made up his mind to turn back, not knowing whether the path would lead him, when some rings of smoke, curling lazily in the hot summer air, assured him some human habitation was at hand; and, pressing onward, he saw, to his surprise, not a peasant's cottage—as he expected—but an elegant villa, covered with passion flowers, and situated in the midst of a big garden, most beautifully kept.

In this garden, just within the pretty rustic gate, a girl was standing, looking down the road with a dreamily wistful expression in her large grey eyes.

She wore a blue gown, and was slender and graceful, and her hands were loosely clasped on the topmost bar of the gate.

Sir Patrick, while he was still at some distance from her, felt certain she was English.

Advancing nearer, he could scarcely repress an exclamation of pleasure, and he crossed the road with eagerly outstretched hands, saying—

"My dear Miss Lisle, is it really you?" The girl fixed her dreamily wistful eyes upon his face, but there was no recognition in them.

"I—I think you are mistaken," she said, in a sweet gentle voice.

"Surely you remember me?" he said, with just a suspicion of reproach in his blue eyes.

"Sir Patrick Donovan, who was staying at Vivian Court, last autumn, when you were at The Towers."

The girl passed her hand across her forehead with a puzzled look.

"I beg your pardon, but you are certainly mistaken," she said, after a moment or two of silence. "My name isn't Lisle at all. I am called Hilda Mostyn, and I haven't been in England for the last two years."

Sir Patrick stood still, and looked at her. He was absolutely dumb with amazement.

Not Kate Lisle! He couldn't—he really couldn't—believe it.

He had known her so well only, seven or eight months ago; and she looked exactly as she had looked then, excepting that she had lost a little of her lovely color, and looked more pensive and thoughtful than ever she had been in Hampshire.

Could she be purposely deceiving him? He asked himself for one half moment; and then looking into the truthful grey eyes, he decided this could not be.

Not marvellous though it seemed, it was evidently a case of mistaken identity.

"Well, I've never seen anything like this," was his inward thought.

He was about to raise his hat and pass on, sorely puzzled, and not a little disappointed, when a lady appeared in the verandah of the house—a tall, stately woman as he could see even at a distance, with a pale, handsome face and exceedingly dry eyes.

She seemed to be giving hurried orders to someone near her, and the next moment a middle-aged woman, dressed like a superior servant, came down the pathway to the gate where the young lady, but the young lady herself forestalled him.

"Nanetta," she said, eagerly, "this gentleman thought my name was Kate Lisle. He was quite sure he met me in England last year. Oh! Nanetta,"—and her she dropped her voice in a low whisper—"isn't that very strange?"

"Not at all," said the woman composedly. "People are constantly fancying they see resemblances like that."

Then she spoke to Sir Patrick.

"You thought you knew the young lady, sir?" she said, civilly.

"I did. She reminds me, most forcibly, of a Miss Kate Lisle, whom I used to know in England. I never saw such a remarkable resemblance in all my life before. Even now, I can hardly convince myself that this young lady is not my friend."

"Well, Miss Mostyn, has not been out of Italy, for more than two years, so it certainly couldn't be she you saw in England," said the woman, speaking very good English, although she was evidently either French or Italian. "She has lived here, with her cousin, Madame Maitton, and, as she is rather delicate, she doesn't go out much."

In an undertone, she added—

"She lost her papa a year or two ago. It was a great blow, and she hasn't been well since."

"Well, I'm sure I beg your pardon for intruding," said Sir Patrick, in his frank, genial fashion. "But the resemblance was so very marvellous, I really couldn't help being deceived by it."

Then, raising his hat, he passed on; and it was a sign how deeply the encounter had moved him, that, hungry and thirsty though he really was, he thought no more of either food or drink until, at sunset, he stood within the porch of The Golden Horn.

CHAPTER LXV.
THE WATCHERS.

"Doctor, when you were down in Hampshire, last year, you knew Miss Lisle quite well, didn't you?"

It was Sir Patrick who asked this question, as he and Dr. Browne walked up and down the garden at the back of The Golden Horn, in the moonlight, while poor Jem worn out with his headache, was asleep in his own room.

"I should like to see that girl!" he said, eagerly, as Sir Patrick finished his story. "You can't think it was Miss Lisle after all? I said the other, looking at him in surprise. His manner was so very eager, excited even."

"I scarcely know what I think. I only know there was something very mysterious about the young lady's illness, and that from that day to this I've never been able to get it out of my mind that she was the victim of foul play."

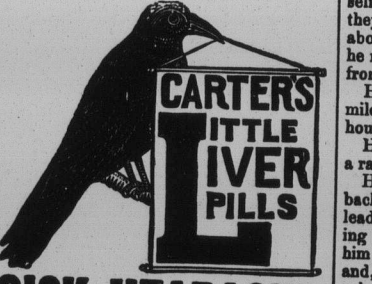
"Foul play? You don't mean she was deliberately poisoned?"

"Something very like it."

"But who could have poisoned her?"

"I don't know. I say frankly it was a case of great mystery. I only know I've never been able to get the suspicion of foul play out of my mind."

There was a pause of a moment or two, Continued on Fifteenth Page.



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Sunday Reading

A Humble Heroism.

The afternoon had been showery, and the evening air that came in at the open door had a damp freshness mingled with the fragrance of the tall white flowered syringas that stood on either side of the gate. A girl stood in the doorway, her slim young figure clearly defined against the lighted room within, leaning forward in an attitude of alert listening.

'There they come,' she exclaimed, 'I can hear John laugh,' and turning away she began to make little changes in the already carefully arranged and waiting supper table. 'Mother,' with a critical survey, 'isn't there a little honey left? Maybe John would rather have it than the plum sauce or the jam.'

'Yes, Mary,' answered Mrs. Bennet, looking up from the chicken she was seasoning at the stove. 'But I had been keeping it in case of colds.'

'Never mind the colds,' chimed in a still younger girl who had taken her sister's place in the door, 'it is past the time for them, and besides it isn't every day that John comes home.'

'A good thing for John,' observed Grandfather Bennet, drily, from his armchair in the corner, 'that is if you expect him to eat all you have been putting on the table this last hour.'

But Grandmother Bennet looked up from her knitting with a smile. 'I should not wonder if John had quite an appetite for home cooking.'

For John Bennet had been away a year on this his first absence, and his homecoming was in consequence an important event to his household. Ever since it had been known little dainties had been put aside, small festivities, pleasures, all that was brightest and best in their simple life, deferred till 'John comes home.' And now the long anticipated event is at hand, the sound of wheels is in the yard, there is a pressing forward of all, from oldest to youngest, a mingled murmur of greetings, kisses, fond words and rippling laughter. And then the gathering around the waiting table, with so much to hear and so who is not charmed by the beautiful lake which he loved, and interested in every incident in his life with which it is associated.

Not a few of these incidents recall the capricious moods of much to tell, with fun and jest, and happy retrospect, and merry plans for the future. Such was John's welcome home. And later in the evening when John found opportunity to draw his oldest sister aside and asked half shamefacedly if 'Lottie' was well, and she had answered archly, and he had something to say of a certain new ring on her finger, at which she blushed and whispered in his ear, there had been a few words of that confidence which springs with a brother and sister grown up in loving harmony. And Mary's eye was brighter, and the mother's smile was full of a deeper content, and the father looked with a new pride on the group about him. How wide and bright the horizon had grown for every one, and how much more of anticipation and promise it held for the fact that John had come home!

But with the morning came a little cloud. John was not well, 'Only a cold,' he said, making light of it; some of grandmother's doctoring and mother's nursing, and he would soon be all right. So the herb teas were made from the bunches hanging in the garret, and tender hands smoothed his feverish pillow, but remedy and ministry proved alike unavailing, and, rare event in that household, the doctor was summoned. He came and looked grave, he came again and drew the father one side, and at his words the strong man threw up his hands with a cry of horror. As he was leaving the gate a neighbor stopped him to make friendly enquiry, and at his answer turned his horses and drove three miles to reach his home rather than pass the house, and before night the news was flying from lip to lip that John Bennet had come home with small-pox in its most malignant form.

Mrs. Rachel Windom, long handed shovel in hand, was carefully taking her last loaf of bread out of the great brick oven when her husband, Deacon Luther Windom, came into the low, wide kitchen. 'Rachel,' he said, crossing the room to where she stood, 'I have seen a man from Hartman this afternoon, John Bennet has come home with small-pox, his grandfather and sister have already taken it, the whole town is in a panic, and not a soul will go near them for love or money.'

For a moment husband and wife looked into each other's eyes, not a word passed between them; in a mutual sympathy of love and good works such as was their few were needed, only as she shut the oven

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door she remarked, 'Better go to night, hadn't we?' and he answered, 'The sooner the better, I should say.'

With that he turned and went out, and Mrs. Windom lifted a spinning wheel that stood on one side of the wide fireplace and set it away, saying as she did so to her daughter, a well grown girl who sat sewing by the window, 'You may tell Mrs. Nichol, Anna, that I shall not have enough spun for that piece this week, as I intended and not to put in the warp for it till I send her word.'

Anna Windom had not spoken before, but now she exclaimed in a tone of half protest, 'Mother, why do you do it?'

'Do what?' asked her mother who was now busy looking over a basket of partially mended garments.

'Why, you and father go to these people. You hardly know them. Their own neighbors ought to look after them.'

'Anna,' and Mrs. Windom paused in her rapid movements, 'you know our Lord's question, who is our neighbor?'

'Oh, I know who your neighbor is,' was the reply. 'It is anybody who is sick, be it near or far. The last time it was the Mosier children with the measles, and the time before the Hills with the typhus fever, and now these Bennets with the small pox, the most loathsome of all disease. Other folks don't do so, why is it your duty?'

'Because their need makes it our duty,' was the quiet reply, 'whatever others may or may not do. That is especially true in this case. I have had the knee-pox, your father helped take care of his Uncle Luther who died with small-pox, and has been with cases since. And if there were danger, surely death can find us in no better place than where we believe God would have us be. So while Abram and Matrin tend to things out-of-doors I trust you will look after the house, and make some syrup of squills in case Sally should be croupy, and don't forget to set fresh yeast before you bake again.'

'Oh yes, mother, I will do my best. Sally shall have her squills, and the household pot shall be kept boiling. I'm not very good myself, but I am a martyr to your goodness. And yes, I am glad you are going. It must be dreadful to be sick and not have any one dare come near you,' and she shuddered as she thought of pretty Mary Bennet, so quickly become an object of fear and aversion.

So as the afternoon shadows lengthened old Baldy jogged along the road bearing the good old deacon and his wife on their sacred errand, the service of loving ministry.

And never was ministry more needed than in that plague-stricken house, where, while the world stood aloof and friends feared to venture, disease in one of its most terrible forms ran riot, and one by one fell before its touch. And not only were there long days and nights of wearisome watching by beds of suffering, but a still sadder service as the sod of the green meadow just beyond the house was broken, and under it was laid John Bennet in the pride and fullness of his young manhood, and the old grandfather in the weakness of his years, and sweet Mary in

the flush of her happy hopes, and the grandmother so gentle and serene, and last of all, the father, who had helped to lay his first-born in the grave, was himself carried out in the darkness and silence of the night by the hands of a few of his more courageous neighbours, their faces bound in cloths saturated in vinegar to ward off the breath of contagion.

All this happened long ago, and the palings around that group of graves in the open field were grey and mossy when a little girl used to look at them in passing with pitiful eyes, and fancy that the shadow of that dread calamity still hung over the sombre, weather worn house, and wonder how the children of the household, though men and women now, could ever smile again. And sometimes of a Sunday afternoon when the sermon was long or the day was favorable to wandering thoughts, she would look at the toil worn form of the white haired deacon, and the kind, pale face of his wife in its very unfashionable bonnet, and recall the story of those days when they had nursed the stricken and soothed the dying and prayed above the dead, unconscious then or ever of any heroism in the act.

OLD CLOTHES.

We should Never Judge a Person by the Clothes he Sees fit to Wear.

There is in this world a strong inclination to judge of a man by the cut and quality of his coat. Men are too often cried up or cried down in exact proportion to the display of broadcloth which they make. While it does not much signify who despises us so long as we are able to preserve our own self-respect, and that the seedy nature of the coat and the threadbareness of one's trousers do not materially affect the purity of one's character or the uprightness of one's morals yet we must confess that we have comparatively but little compassion for the man who is dressed in rags, for it is generally imprudence or excess which has brought him to it. Many a man who toils hard all the week spends more of his weekly wages in the liquor saloon than would keep him clothed in the finest of broadcloth. He goes himself threadbare and ragged, and compels his family to do the same, that the saloon keeper may wear the fine apparel instead. But this is rather by way of digression.

In the important sense in which we desire to apply our subject, we are all by nature, rich and poor alike, clothed in worthless rags. The mouthing Pharisee, who with upturned eye and mincing lip thanks God that he is not as other men are, and exultingly recounts and magnifies what we call his good deeds, is the most beggarly of all, for he trusts in his own righteousness; and we are unequivocally told that all our righteousness is but as filthy rags. The man who thinks that he is thus paving his way to a rich recompense of reward hereafter, will find, if he attempts to sit down in the costume of his own works at the marriage feast of the Lamb, that he has made a fatal mistake, when he hears the outraged and indignant host order that he be 'cast into outer darkness, where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.'

The idea of anything that we could do making us worthy of a heavenly Father's regard, or giving us a claim upon his love, or a title to his favor, could only occur to those who are completely eaten up with pride. What are all our paltry works, even at their best, to the spotless purity and holiness of God? And there are men who tell us that a blameless life—a life of self-denial and good actions—is all that God can expect of us; and that if we cultivate an amiable and kindly temper and abstain from doing violence to the moral law, God is bound to open heaven's gates to us, and ought to receive us as guests who do him honor. No. If we would be made presentable guests in the bright presence chamber of the King, we must not try to buy our robes of honor for ourselves. We must come as helpless, destitute petitioners on a Saviour's mercy. We must come in our shivering nakedness and ask for the garments of Immanuel's love. We must attempt to bring nothing of our own but our guilt, and we must bring that only that

The Present Month of the Closing Year Must End the Lives of Many if They Fail to Banish Disease.

Paine's Celery Compound, Earth's Great Medical Prescription, "Makes Sick People Well."

Another short month and the year 1898 will come to a close. As the year ends, many loved and dear ones will pass away, severing ties and associations that will bring untold sorrow, agony, and mourning to the victims who come from all classes and conditions of our population.

While it is true we must all leave this transitory life, it ought to be well understood that our years of life should be three-score and ten or fourscore years.

When young and middle aged men and women fail to reach a good old age, the fault is their's in ninety cases out of every hundred. It is safe to assert they have violated the laws of nature and have allowed disease to enchain them.

Years ago the attention of that celebrated medical expert, Dr. Phelps, was specially directed to the class referred to who die in middle age. He realized the fact that something far beyond the ordinary remedies and prescriptions of the day was required to meet the varied conditions of suffering humanity. His wonderful life-giving prescription, Paine's Celery Compound was the boon bestowed on the hosts who suffer from the common diseases—penalties of nature for transgressions of its wise laws.

It may be taken away. And it matters not how deep our degradation and intense our spiritual poverty, we shall not come in vain. We shall not be cast out.

The first thing to do is to seek Christ. You need not seek him long, for behold, he stands at the door and knocks, and if you will but hear his voice, and open the door, he will come in. Don't seek to adorn yourself first with all sorts of graces, but come to Christ and he will adorn you. He will find your robes for you. He will clothe you in the panoply of his own spotless merit. 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.' Come to Christ as a sinner, and he will change you to a saint. Don't try to go to him as a saint, lest you should be sent away as a sinner.

We must come in our true character if we come at all. We have broken God's law, and we cannot purify ourselves from the guilt of our transgression. We must come to him as those who are poor and miserable and blind and naked, confessing our need. Our clothes are stained through and through with sin, and all our washing will never rid us of one dark spot. The blood of Christ alone can cleanse us. Our garments are moth eaten and corrupt. Our first duty is then to come to Christ. Come, then, at once, dear sinner! Delay is not only useless, but dangerous, for you can never make yourself better. None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good. To tarry in the vain expectation that at some future time we may be better fitted, will be to never come at all. 'I came,' said Christ, 'not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.'

Our Father in Heaven. In teaching His disciples to pray Jesus said: "When ye pray, say, Father." In our hearts must be the child's love and trust and confidence, appealing to the love and tenderness and wisdom of the Father. We cannot pray it we think only of God as a great king and ruler, to whom we owe obedience, and whose gifts we take with thankfulness. A king would not be pleased that his children should come to him in fear and trembling to ask for what they wanted, calling him "Your Majesty;" he would rather have them cling to his hands, and nestle in his arms, calling him "dear father," and asking without fear for what they wanted, as if they were sure of his love, and had no doubt he would give them what ever was best. So the very thing for us to do is to say from the heart "Father!" as a child says it when, lost and tired and terrified, he catches sight of his father's face and springs to his arms, sure of safety and love and protection. When we have learned to feel towards God so that every one may know how good and dear He is that they may love Him also. This is the precious name we wish all the world to honour and hold sacred; this is the kingdom which men enter by becoming as little children, and in which the Father's will is done because they trust in His love and let Him direct all things for them. So we shall pray that this name may be honored, this kingdom increased, this will become the will of all men; and what we desire and

Dr Phelps found that nervous diseases, blood troubles, liver and kidney complaint, rheumatism, neuralgia and dyspepsia were dragging thousands to the grave every year notwithstanding all the well directed efforts of conscientious medical men.

This marvellous prescription of Dr. Phelps' was a revelation to the world, in that it cured desperate and long standing cases of disease that had baffled the best medical skill.

Since its advent, Paine's Celery Compound has saved tens of thousands, and is still conquering disease every day. No other medicine known to man has ever received such flattering notices and testimonials from prominent men and women and from the entire press of the land. It is the one and only life saver in every case of disease and suffering; it defeats death when the physician is unable to save.

It is to this marvellous banisher of disease—Paine's Celery Compound—that we would direct the attention of all who are run down, tired, sleepless, nervous, debilitated and weak—symptoms of the diseases we have referred to above. It will quickly give to every ailing man and woman that vigor, strength and perfect health that insure and guarantee a happy old age.

pray for we shall work for in all possible ways.

A Broad Field. Go, then, young men, where glory waits you. The field is the world. Go where the abjects wander, and gather them into the fold of the sanctuary. Go to the lazaretto where the moral lepers herd, and tell them of the healing balm. Go to the haunts of crime, and float a gospel message upon the turbulent air. Go wherever there are ignorant to be instructed, timid to be cheered, and helpless to be succored, and stricken to be blessed, and erring to be reclaimed. Go wherever faith can see, or hope can breathe, or love can work, or courage can venture. Go and win the spurs of your spiritual knighthood there.—Wm. M. Punshon.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Famous Cork Room. The famous cork room that has been for ten years one of the attractions of New York City is about to be destroyed. The walls and ceiling of the room are covered over in an artistic manner with champagne corks, no fewer than 40,000 representing 80,000 quarts and 10,000 pints, being used in the decorations. There has been more champagne than this consumed in the room during the past ten years, but large quantities of the corks had to be thrown away, so as not to mar the artistic effect of the 40,000 used in decoration. The corks are affixed to the ceiling and walls by strips of felt and sealing-wax.

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Notches on The Stick

It has been the fashion to deary the present Laureate of England, and to belittle his verse. That there is in our opinion a blending of ignorance and injustice in this treatment, we have stated before; and we have confessed to appreciation and enjoyment of his verse,—believing that some of his briefer lyrics are in their way as exquisite as any living poet of England has written. The trouble seems to be with the second Alfred that he came after the first, and must necessarily show a diminished light. But when the sun first shone we remember how spots were discovered on his disk; and some can recall no little railing against the poetical god so recently gone. Mr. Austin's glorification of the South African affair exposed him to a good deal of animadversion, which took largely the form of reflection on the fitness of his muse; but since his spirited lyric on the proposed Anglo-American Alliance there seems a turn of the tide in his favor. We recently heard this poem rendered by a quartette, in the Park Square church, Springfield, Mass., on a Sunday evening, after a glowing address by the pastor, Rev. F. L. Goodspeed, on the moving events of the time. With Mr. John Hermann Loud at the organ, and the choir at their heartiest, we could but be thrilled as the lines were rung out:

Cry of Kinship.
 What is the voice I hear,
 On the wind of the Western Sea?
 Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
 And say what the voice may be,
 'Tis a proud free people calling loud to a people
 proud and free.
 And it says to them, "Kinship, hail!
 We've not been too long;
 Now let us have done with a worn-out tale,
 The tale of an ancient wrong,
 And our friendship last long as love doth last, and
 be stronger than death is strong."
 Answer them, sons of the self-same race,
 And blood of the self-same clan;
 Let us speak with each other face to face,
 And answer as man to man,
 And loyally love and trust each other as none but
 freemen can.
 Now fling them out to the breeze,
 Shamrock, thistle, and rose,
 Add the star-spangled banner unfurl with these—
 A message to friends and foes,
 Wherever the sails of peace are seen, and where-
 ever the war wind blows.
 A message to bond and thrall to wake,
 And blood of the self-same clan;
 The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
 And his message be void and vain,
 For you are lords of a strong young land, and we
 are lords of the main.
 Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale;
 "We've not been too long;
 But now we have done with a worn-out tale,
 The tale of an ancient wrong,
 And our friendship last long as love doth last, and
 be stronger than death is strong."

Alfred Austin was doubtless chosen to succeed Tennyson in the Laureatehip because he expresses British sentiment very much in the British tone, and is devoted to the institutions of his native country. But aside from his political attitude and spirit, which may have had to do with his elevation to the public notice this office gives, he is genuinely a poet and true man of letters; and a closer acquaintance with his best work in prose and verse will lead the careful, impartial student of letters to prize him the more. We select an example of two of his finest lyrical work from *Stedman's Victorian Anthology*:

Hay Maker's Song.
 Here's to him that grows it,
 Drink, lads drink!
 That lays it in and mows it,
 Clank jugs, clink!
 To him that mows and makes it,
 That scatters it and shakes it,
 That turns, and tods, and rakes it,
 Clank jugs, clink!
 Now here's to him that stacks it,
 Drink, lads drink!
 That thrashes and that tacks it,
 Clank jugs, clink!
 That cuts it out for eating,
 When March-dropp'd lambs are bleating,
 And the slat-blue clouds are sleeting,
 Drink, lads drink!
 And here's to thane and yeoman,
 Drink, lads drink!
 To horseman and to bowman,
 Clank jugs, clink!
 To lolly and to low man,
 Who bears a grudge to no man,
 But finishes from no foeman,
 Drink, lads drink!



Constipation Hood's Pills

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by G. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mother Song.
 White little hands!
 Pink little feet!
 Dimpled all over,
 Sweet, sweet, sweet!
 What dost thou wait for?
 The unknown? the unseen?
 The little that are coming,
 The joys that have been?
 Cling to me closer,
 Closest and closer,
 Till the pain that is purer
 Hath banished the grosser,
 Drain, drain at the stream, love,
 Thy hunger is freeing,
 That was born in a dream, love,
 Along with thy being!
 Little fingers that feel
 Their home in my breast,
 Little lips that appeal
 For their nurture, their rest!
 Why, why dost thou weep, dear?
 Nay, with thy cries,
 Till the dew of thy sleep, dear,
 Lies soft on thine eyes.

"The Grave-Digger's Song," from his "Prince Lucifer," has something of the quaint cheerfulness in treating a subject in itself grim or gloomy, peculiar to the elder English poets. Here is a stanza—the opening one:

The crab, the bullace, and the sloe,
 They flourish in the Spring;
 And, when the west wind melts the snow,
 The redstart build and sing,
 But death's at work in hid and root,
 And loves the green lads best;
 And when the piping music's mute,
 He spares the empty nest.
 Death! Death!
 Death is master of lord and clown,
 Close the coffin and hammer it down.

Referring to his prose writing, as compared with his poetry,—

"It might seem at first sight," says "Literature," "but a left handed compliment to a poet to assign the highest place among his writings to his prose works. But it is, nevertheless, a compliment which, in perfect good faith, and with no suspicion of irony, may be paid to Mr. Alfred Austin. 'The Garden that I Love,' irresistibly invites it, and 'Lamia's Winter Quarters,' the sequel which the author has now given to that most fascinating piece of prose-poetry, compels the same apparently, but not really, equivocal praise. Its imaginative atmosphere, its feeling and suggestion are, as in the case of its predecessor, in the highest degree poetic; and the grace and wit and wisdom of its prose narrative and colloquies are diversified by lyrics of singular sweetness and charm. The truth is that in these two productions of his later years, Mr. Austin seems to us to have lighted—we are not, perhaps, justified in saying to have chanced—upon the most perfect medium for the full display of his powers. . . . But, after all, and in spite of the charm of their prose setting, it is to such little gems of verse as this valedictory lyric that the reader will return:—

*'Good night! Now dwindle and was low
 The embers of the afterglow,
 And slowly over leaf and lawn
 Is twilight's dewy curtain drawn.
 The slouching vixen leaves her lair,
 And, peeping, sniff the tall-tale air.
 The frogs croak louder in the dyke,
 And all the trees seem dark alike,
 The bee is drowning in the comb,
 The sharded beetle hath gone home—
 Good night!*
*Good night! The hawk is in her nest,
 There is no hum, no chirp, no bleat,
 No rustle in the meadow-sweet,
 The woodbine somewhere out of sight
 Sweetens the loneliness of night.
 The Sister Stars that once were seven
 Mourn for their missing mate in Heaven,
 The poppy's fair frail petals close,
 The lily yaws more languid grows,
 And dewy-dreamy droops the rose—
 Good night!"*

Our correspondent in the west, Hon. C. H. Collins, writes respecting his appreciation of Rev. William Wye Smith's Gospel According to Matthew in Broad Scotch. He says: "Dr. Ross sent me one, and I was so delighted with its quaintness I ordered four copies more. It is a pamphlet. I shall certainly get a bound copy of the whole Testament, if it is ever published. . . . I have read it through several times, in a blundering way; but I intend to give my extra copies when I get them to Scotchmen who can both read and appreciate. So far from seeing anything ludicrous in the dialect, I find my reverence increased, and seem to see more clearly the power of the Gospel. It is in the language of Burns—the Ayrshire dialect. If you have it not I will send you one of my copies when they

come. If you have, you will have read Rev. Smith's Preface, 'To The Reader,' which expresses my views to an iota on the work." Not having had access to the work above, except in such fragments of it as have appeared in the newspaper press, we can only speak by anticipation. We are however pleased to reproduce an appreciation of it by our friend, Robert Reid, [Rob. Wanlock] of Montreal, the well-known Scottish-Canadian poet,—which recently appeared in the Montreal Daily Witness:

(The following criticism has been kindly contributed by Mr. Robert Reid, who is an authority in Scottish matters.)
 "The Gospel of Matthew in Broad Scotch," rendered by the Rev. Wm. Wye Smith, (Imrie, Graham & Co., Toronto, 25 cents), is an advance specimen of the whole New Testament, translated by the same hand. We do not know of anyone in Canada better fitted for such a task than Mr. Smith is.

By birth a Borderer, that form of Lowland Scotch made classical by Burns, comes naturally to him, and he has improved his knowledge of it by study and exercise to such an extent that he has long been recognized as one of the highest authorities, where 'kittle' expressions in the 'braid Lallans' came to be considered. Our expectations, therefore, of anything coming from such a source must necessarily be very high, and on the whole they seem to be fully justified by the present work.

But the medium that Mr. Smith has chosen, though admirably adapted for narrative and conversational purposes, will not always express the scriptural phrases literally, (especially in exclamatory passages), without the introduction of certain words foreign to the Scots in colloquial form. Take, for instance, the word 'Barnald'—which we cannot call to mind having heard or seen used by Scottish speakers or Scottish writers, it seems out of place in conjunction with the homely Doric.

On the other hand, nothing could possibly exceed the simple beauty of the language used in the Bestitudes, the connecting narrative, and the different parables, and it is here that the wealth of Mr. Smith's vocabulary makes itself evident. Let any one who doubts the expressiveness of the Scottish tongue, when used by a master, turn to chapter xiii., and read the parable of the sewer:—

"A neid" was mis-cuist on the fit-road,
 And eaten up wi' the birdsies.
 "Some fell on the staverie bits, whar the yird
 was limp; and it braidit bonnie, for the moor was this."

The work has been executed in a masterly manner throughout—nothing slipshod or slovenly about it—and has evidently been a labor of love with the translator. Many quaint old words and expressions that one seldom hears except from the mouth of a shepherd on the hills of Scotland, find here a fitting setting, and express as mere English almost fails to do, the teachings of the Great Shepherd to the flock; for this reason it must appeal very strongly to the Scottish reader, and for those not 'to the manner born,' a copious glossary is appended. There is also a 'ruth' of explanatory notes, which, apart from the light they throw on the subject matter, are interesting reading of themselves.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Smith will receive so much encouragement from the reception accorded to 'Matthew,' that the publication of the entire New Testament will be an unavoidable necessity.

ROBERT REID.

The forcefulness of the character of the late Herald Frederic was demonstrated by an incident which is recorded of his first visit to Berlin. After some diplomatic calls paid in a formal manner, he had entered the Cafe Bauer, hung his new hat on a hatstand, and seated himself to read an English newspaper that had come to hand, when "a particularly fine specimen of the lieutenant, booted and spurred and sworded and epauletted," entered, bringing the wind with him. Now the Prussian military officer, at his best estate, is a superior and formidable creature, regardless on high principles of honor of the rights of a civilian, and when incensed,—as he quite easily becomes,—even of his life. This showy gentleman of Mars, it is said, "brushed against the hatstand, knocked Frederic's hat over into the sawdust, and swaggered to his seat without so much as looking round. The slight to the hat was more than Frederic could endure. In a towering passion he went to the lieutenant, stood over him and pointed to the object on the floor. "Pick up that hat, sir," he roared. The officer stared amazed; and waiters were paralyzed with terror at hearing one so much more than human so addressed by a civilian. "Pick up that hat," repeated Frederic, in a tone more menacing than before. And the lieutenant did as he

was told. He was irresistibly dominated by the courage and force of the man as a school-boy before his master." Had he been a German citizen instead of an American, he might instantly have perished by a bullet. We do not usually enjoy any one's brag and bluster, but we beg leave to make exception in this case, for it is good to see the bully of any caste surprised and dominated by the force of sheer personality. It is to be regretted that he should have been so fearless as to have had courage to die before his time, to gratify the cupidity of a chimerical [we cannot say, medical] practitioner; for, with all his insight into character, and his skill as a writer, we can but consider him as one of the victims of credulity.

We came across a very appreciative article, by Prof. R. V. Jones,—long time a classic instructor at Acadia college,—on Dr. Theodore Harding Rand, written about the time the latter was appointed to the chancellorship of McMaster University. Prof. Jones speaks of the doctor's love of the treasures of literature, to which he has himself made worthy addition: "When a college boy he had a large acquaintance with literature. The finest passages of the best poets were ever at his command. His appreciation of these passages was intense. In the apocalypse of the thought, he would fairly chirp for joy. Tennyson was perhaps his favorite author. I can hear him even now reciting with his peculiar pathos and enthusiasm:

The lights began to twinkle from the rocks;
 The long day wanes; the low moon climbs; the deep
 Moans round with many voices, etc. * * *

With the instinct of a bee for honey Dr. Rand would light upon the most admirable passages. He was conversant with Longfellow, Byron, Emerson, Shelley. His wide acquaintance with literature enabled him to wield a facile pen."

We wonder if Burns had any cabalistic reference,—interpreted in the modern mode of dealing with Shakespeare—to the invention of the interest of livery men by the electric motor, in his celebrated couplet in "Tam O'Shanter,"—

The car-line claut her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!

We notice that "A Sister of Evangeline," by Charles G. D. Roberts is now on the literary market.

Men-3c-in O!—in California.

The double Christmas number of the New Brunswick Magazine completes the first volume of some 392 pages. It is to be presumed that many of the subscribers will desire to have their numbers bound for future preservation and reference: which fact will account for the reluctance manifested at parting with them upon the call of the editor. The quality and the quantity of the contents of this Christmas number, exceeding perhaps what even the liberal patronage he has received might warrant, marks the determination of the publisher to give something really worthy the public confidence and appreciation. The promise for the future is as liberal as the past performance, and will we trust do much to confirm the present patrons and to enlist others. Several writers, two of them at least, somewhat familiar to the public,—Judge A. W. Savary, of Annapolis, N. S., and Harry Piers, of the Legislative Library, Halifax, appear for the first time in these pages; The latter with a readable account of the murder of "one Edward Shea, a school-master of Rawdon," in the North Barracks at Halifax, on Christmas day, 1824,—entitled "A Halifax Mystery." It is accompanied by an illustration of the barracks, as they appeared previous to the fire of 1850, from a drawing by Mr. Piers, and the article will be concluded in the number for January. The article illustrates the curious working of the system we call "society" which, while a miserable and erring fellow creature, forces him to his fate, and when he dies from violence, puts the machinery of law into operation to avenge his death,—as if that could do him any good! When will the world really learn from Christ, and the better instinct of the human heart, how to deal with man? "Christmas As It Was" is a racy description of the Christmas holidays in the olden time, with customs that prevailed as far back as 1808; by Mr. Clarence Ward, of St. John, of whom the editor declares that, though he discourses so largely of the use of liquors he "is a man of most abstemious habits. . . and dwells upon the liquid features of old times in a wholly impersonal way, and purely as a matter of abstract history." The editor himself gives in "The Wreck of the England," an account of a melancholy event that happened on the Foul Ground in St. John harbor, near Christmas time, in 1846. It is consonant with events of the

closing days of November, just past, when the Maritime Canadian coast, and the shores of New England have been swept by a tempest almost unexampled in fury and destructiveness. Judge Savary's brief article is on "The Acadian Melançons," whom he considers of French origin and not of Scottish,—a conclusion we are disposed to accept. Some of the present writer's forbears were French, and of a similar name. Now written Bezanson, it was originally written with the cedilla "ç"—Beanson. Mr. W. P. Dole leaves poetry and graceful essay writing so long as to give us a learned ingenious article on the origin of the word, "Abodean." The opening article by Prof. W. F. Ganong, on "The Ashburton Treaty," is very valuable. It is accompanied by a section of what is known as "the Mitchell Map," used in negotiating the Treaty of Paris, in 1783. "The One Hundred and Fourth," by James Hannay, and "When Telegraphy Was Young," by Roalynde, are not less readable. R. v. W. O. Raymond continues his interesting series, "At Portland Point." The reader will turn again to the strong and kindly pictured face of "the white-haired grandfather, hale and hearty," Major John Ward. The Chronological arrangement of notable events and of marriages and deaths of the time past witnesses to the industry of the editor, and his purpose to make the magazine as complete in every particular as possible. We commend the work to further attention as deserving of public support and appreciation.

PASTOR FELIX.

HARD LUCK.

A Gambler's Winnings on a Mythical Quarter and His Discomfiture.

"Talk about hard-luck stories," said a reformed Western gambler, "I think I can discount anything you ever heard in that line. It was in the early days of Leadville, just about this time of year, and I tell you it does get cold up in the hills—long about now.

"Well, I was broke, didn't have a copper, and had strolled into a gambling house to get a warm-up. There were several games going on, and when I had thwaled out a little I walked over to the faro layout where I went broke the night before. As I said, it was a very cold night, and, feeling a great draught at my feet, I happened to glance down at the floor to see where it came from, and there by the side of my right foot was lying what I thought to be a quarter.

"I had been watching the game closely, making imaginary plays. '11 play 25 cents open on the ace,' I said to the dealer, and in a moment more it won.
 "The dealer handed me two write chips. I played again, and again won, and before the end of the deal I had a nice stack of chips. It seemed to me I couldn't lose a deal, and in half an hour I had a couple of hundred dollars worth of chips before me.
 "I concluded to cash in, and stacked my chips, pushing them toward the dealer. He counted them, and looking at me, said: 'Where's that quarter you made your first bet on?' I had forgotten all about it. I looked on the floor; the quarter was gone. Then I lit a match, and saw that what I had supposed to be a quarter was simply a wet spot. It was originally a bit of ice, but the heat from my foot melted it. Of course, the dealer promptly refused to cash the chips."

A Fisk Record for wrecks.

There is no part of the world which has such a black record for wrecks as the narrow Baltic Seas. The number in some years have averaged more than one a day, the greatest number of wrecks recorded in one year being 425, and the smallest 154. About 50 per cent of these vessels became total wrecks, all the crews being lost.

Mr. Huggard: 'Ah! darling, must I say good night?
 Harsh voice from the top of stairs (full of sarcasm): 'Not necessarily, young man; not necessarily. If you wish to be truthful, you must say good morning.'

DON'T CHIDE THE CHILDREN.

Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. Weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
 Strengthen the Kidneys and Bladder, then all trouble ceases.

Mr. John Carson, employed at M. S. Bradt & Co.'s store, Hamilton, Ont., says:
 "My little boy seven years of age has been troubled with his kidneys since birth and could not hold his water. We spent hundreds of dollars doctoring and tried many different remedies, but they were of no avail. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured him."

Chat to . . . Boys and Girls.

This week, I should like to say a few words to my young friends about cruelty to dumb creatures—net that I think any of my round-table friends would willfully injure any of God's creatures, but when I remember how often:

—I am moved to make an appeal on behalf of beasts and birds for greater consideration and thoughtfulness towards them. It will not take long to set out a little food to a starving cat, or give a drink of good cold water to a thirsty dog, yet I am sure if they could speak, their gratitude of these services you would feel amply repaid for your trouble by the comfort you have given them.

It is just as easy to drive the cow home quietly from the pasture, as to lash the poor thing into a fury, by running her over ditch and drain, heating up her milk and really injuring her in every way, because you happen to feel in a hurry or because you think it fun to see her run.

I have read that every cruelty inflicted upon a cow, poisons to a greater or less degree its milk, and this is a very serious thought for us. If told you were doing wrong, your excuse would probably be, (and very truly too) "I didn't think it would hurt her", and it is this want of thought towards the living creatures around us, who cannot speak a word in their own defence, that I would kindly warn you against.

But alas! there is such a thing as wanton cruelty and hardness of heart, even among boys and girls I am sorry to say. A young man convicted of murder and sentenced to life long imprisonment in our Dominion, not a great many years ago, began his downward way, by hard cruel deeds to the animal creation when a little boy.

He used to delight in torturing frogs, cutting off the wings of living birds and leaving them to perish in agony, and the last dreadful thing I heard of his doing, before he helped to kill a fellow-creature was to fasten a poor kitten to a board by nailing it down through its tender paws—is it any wonder that he was ready even for the hateful crime of murder, when he had so hardened his heart against innocents and harmless dumb creatures?

I know of a boy who willfully beats and even kicks his little Shetland pony most unmercifully if he happens to handle poor 'Billy' when he himself is in a temper about anything, and as the poor creature does not understand the meaning of these ugly blows, when he is trying to do his best, his temper also is getting very bad, and his once good and kind disposition spoiled, while his young master gets more hardened in his cruelty.

I know a girl who lets her bird hang out in the hot sun till the little creature is weak from exhaustion, and too often indeed she forgets to give it water, and I have heard the poor bird's weak pitiful chirping, the only protest it could utter, till my heart ached with pity for it and indignation at that girl's cruel neglect—when I remonstrated with her, she said very indifferently "oh, I forgot." Well, we have no right to own pets of any kind if we cannot remember to take care of them.

Every boy likes to drive a horse and few there are who would not like to own one, but would they be willing to feed, water and tend the faithful animal who gives them so much pleasure in riding or driving, will they see that the dust is brushed from his coat, and his bed made up clean and comfortable? Will they remember to act upon the old-fashioned lines called "Dobbins request" I wonder?

"Up the hill hurry me not
Down the hill worry me not
On the level spare me not
But in the barn forget me not."

And always remember this boys, that a check rein which will not permit a horse to put his head where he wants to, when going up a hill, is a cruel torture to him, and that cutting off a horse's tail, compels him to suffer torture from flies and insects every summer as long as he lives.

And now a word for the wild birds and the butterflies. God has made nothing in

nature prettier or more blithesome as, I am sure you will agree. Think how silent and dark the woods must seem without the merry song birds, and do not I beg of you, disturb, much less rob their nests, for mere idleness and thoughtlessness, pray do not snare, shoot or stone the pretty timid little things. God has made them for our pleasure as well as for their usefulness. Do you know that birds destroy millions of bugs, mosquitoes and harmful insects? that without the birds we could not live on the earth and that every little insect-eating bird you may kill and every egg you may take from its nest means one less bird to destroy insects.

And the butterflies—do let them enjoy their brief summer day, not chase them wildly from flower to tree, and dash your hat over the bright, happy thing, crushing its frail body, brushing the brightness from its brilliant wings, and leaving in your grasp, a quivering dying bit of God's creation, over which he has watched with care. And all for what? Merey the pleasure of chasing something weaker than yourself, which is unmanly. Cultivate kindness of heart to every living thing and depend upon it, my dear boys and girls that every kind act you do and every kind word you speak to a dumb animal will make not only that creature but yourself happier, and make you not only happier but better.

FETTERS OF FASHION.

The fashion of wearing a whole fox around the neck is in vogue again. In black, white and grey it is one of the season's fads and the head, the feet, and tails enough for a dozen are all there. This sort of a boa in white fox is worn with evening cloaks, and one of the new and very striking combinations is a caracul jacket worn with a white fox boa and muff.

Women wear a number of pretty trifles at the theatre. Their muffs are not usually fur ones, but baggy things of Liberty silk. A gray chiffon muff, perhaps edged with a narrow line of chinchilla, will have a wide girle of violet, while a lilac silk affair will be belted with pink velvet roses set on quite flat and close together. Such muffs are made and sold by the milliners, who have showed their customers the trick of wearing them slung about the neck by a chain of small crystal beads.

The most economical evening cloak, which is at the same time elegant, is made of black satin lined with white, finished with a hood of white lace, fastened at either side with a rosette of colored velvet, and a high collar of any fur which may be at hand.

Marabout tufts tipped with jet, pearls and rhinestones are pretty ornaments for the hair. Among the new blouse waists for evening is one of white chiffon over yellow silk. A stiff rever of shirred chiffon adorns one side of the front, and three lovers knots in yellow velvet are at intervals on the other.

Incongruous combination of textures seem to be one of the leading features of millinery this season. Tulle and fur, felt and chiffon, velvet and lace, work out some very wonderful creations in millinery art. Diaphanous material are decidedly the thing, in whatever form or variation they chance to appear. Large velvet hats have a shirred facing of white or colored chiffon. Chiffon ruches almost entirely cover another velvet hat matching the velvet in color of course, and a white felt hat has a facing of gathered violet chiffon, three ruches around the brim, with a trimming of violet panne sable tails and violets. Pompadour bonnets of tulle and lace, finished with jet cigarettes and turned from the face, are the fashionable evening head-gear when any bonnet is worn at all. It is a variation of the marquise toque so commonly worn, showing numerous wings in front.

For some reason or other women cling to and wear chains of gold or gum metal, silver or beads, and now that the novelty value of locked hearts, loggions, &c., has been exhausted, the jewellers have kept up the traffic in neck chains by introducing tiny smelling bottles of precious metals. These bear no relation to the familiar vinaigrette. They are no larger and scarcely thicker than fifty-cent pieces: they are round and have short necks, with perforated silver stoppers. Attached to one's chain, such a smelling bottle can be thrust into the belt or front of a bodice or left to hang free, and its exterior can be as simple for as richly ornate as one's taste and purse command. Neither salts or liquid perfume is used, but deliciously perfumed little seeds that come by the way of Russia from the East. By turning the stopper of the bottle a theatregoer can either shut off or let flow the fragrance from the contents of the toy, and only twice or thrice

a season does she need to have the bottle refilled.

Heavy gilt buckles are used for millinery. Clasp the colored velvet of the soft draped toques they are very effective.

The winter shirt waist, whether of silk or flannel, have their usual place in fashion's favor. Some of the prettiest ones are made of soft French flannel, in light colors, and worn with a taffeta ribbon necktie eight inches wide, matching the flannel in color, and spotted with white. This ties in a short bow with long ends hanging straight down to the belt.

Cyran, the new shade of ruby red with a tinge of pink in it, has much to recommend it as it is said to be one of the few shades of red equally becoming to blondes and brunettes.

One of the latest novelties in millinery is colored grebe. Pretty toques are made of pale blue or pink grebe, and said to be wonderfully becoming. Toques of white caracul are another fancy.

For those who do not carry muffs gauntlets of fur are worn to match the boa or coat trimmings. This is a London fashion which will no doubt materialize here later on.

Scallops so much used as a finish and trimming for dresses, are illustrated again in a cloth gown with a skirt in three circular divisions, each one edged with a band of velvet covered with rows of stitching.

The fashionable color among the new cloth gowns is brown, with mauve silk linings and a touch of mauve velvet with and cream lace in the trimming.

FORTY SQUARE MILES OF WHEAT

A Field That Would Take one Man Thirty Years to Plough and Plant.

What is said to be the largest single wheat field in California is now being planted to the grain that makes the staff of life. It covers over 25,000 acres, or forty square miles.

This enormous field of grain is located on the banks of the San Joaquin River, near the town of Clovis, in Madera county. The field is part in Fresno county and part in Madera county.

Clovis Cole is the man who is putting in this vast acreage, and he has undertaken one of the largest jobs that any man has yet done in California.

While it is true that larger acreages of wheat have been planted by certain ranchers in this State, there seems to be no record of an exact parallel to the present case. On the Miller & Lux ranch, in Kern county, 50,000 acres were planted one year, but the fields were scattered about in different places. They were really a service of fields, located wherever there was a fertile spot. Few of the fields were 2,000 acres, and in many instances there would be half a mile of bare land between them. The acreage planted could not be called a wheat field of 50,000 acres any more than all the wheat fields in the State could be classed under one head.

The Clovis field, however, is an ideal wheat field. It is almost as flat as the floor, with a gentle slope toward the river. The outer lines of the field make it almost a perfect square. Each side is a little over six miles, and if the day is clear every part of the field can be seen from any other part. It will be a beautiful sight worth seeing when all the grain is up and waves gently in the breezes of springtime. There are no roads through the Clovis wheat field. It is to be one solid stretch of grain, and every square foot of land is to be utilized.

Ploughing and planting began in the big wheat field about the middle of last July and will hardly be completed before the next two months at least. But the grain will all mature about the same time. Then will come the herculean task of harvesting it.

With the big improved machinery it does not look as though there was much work spent on planting and harvesting the field. But suppose one man had to handle the crop, if such were possible, how long would it take him?

Suppose the field was one mile wide and forty miles long, and the one man had a double gang plough cutting a furrow twenty-four inches wide. He would start at a corner of the field and plough a distance of forty miles. Then he would come back and cut another furrow, making eighty miles for the round trip.

This amount of work would only be a tiny scratch four feet wide along one side of the forty-mile field, and the process would have to be repeated at least 1,300 times, making a total distance of about 105,000 miles.

Suppose that the ploughman worked at the rate of twenty miles a day. To get over the 105,000 miles would take 5,250 days. To plant would take about the same time, making a total of 10,500 days, or nearly thirty years. It would be like spending a lifetime, and the distance travelled would be equivalent to going

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FREE FREE FREE

around the world four times. And all in one California wheat field.

To accomplish the necessary amount of work within the time at his disposal the owner of the Clovis wheat field has to employ over 200 men, over 1,000 horses and several tons of big machinery. The men are working early and late now, and if the whole acreage is planted by January and a sufficient quantity of rain falls there will be such a crop of wheat as has never been heard of, for the land is good land and the seed is good seed. Then will the bread eaters of the world give thanks for the existence of the largest field in California.

AN AGED ROYAL PARROT.

Ducky of the Princess of Wales's Household Was More Than 125 Years Old.

One of the longest-lived birds on record died recently in London. It was a parrot named Ducky, the property of the Prince of Wales, and its age was put at more than 125 years. Ducky was a native of the United States of Columbia whence he was transported to England in 1783, and bought by Prime Minister Pitt, who, in 1800, presented him to his master, George III. From this date on the bird was recognized as part of the royal household, with quarters at St. James. Ducky, however, developed amazing conversational powers, unaccompanied with the proper leaven of discretion, and in 1850 he was sentenced to banishment from St. James on the charge, it is said, of divulging family secrets. In his new dwelling place, Windsor Castle, Ducky acquired even worse habits.

Windsor accommodates a small garrison, and the parrot was quick to acquire the vernacular of Tommy Atkins. The result was considered unsuitable to the well-known decorum of the British Court, and sentence of banishment to Australia was passed on the offender. The amiable Princess of Wales, however, came to his rescue, and Ducky was removed to Sandringham where he remained until the day of his death. Great age though it be, 125 years is not considered a limit of a parrot. So reliable an observer as Humboldt, whose statement in this matter is accepted without question by Darwin, tells of a parrot that must of lived 200 years. The naturalist came across the bird in South America, and his reasons for crediting it with such extraordinary longevity were that he heard it use some words of a language spoken only by a tribe of Indians which had been extinct more than 200 years.

A Dog Worth Having.

"I expect they had some fine pups at the dog show," remarked a passenger from a country station; "but I have a dog at home that I wouldn't give for the best of 'em."

"What breed is he?"

"Don't know exactly, but I call him a coaly."

"Collie, you mean?"

"No, I mean just what I say—coaly. Money wouldn't buy that dog. He's a cur but we couldn't keep house without him. You see, several years ago I trained him to bark at the railway trains as they passed our house. That's his sole business—barking at trains. He does give mouth to them, and no mistake. Well, he annoys the railway men, so that every driver and stoker on the line has vowed to kill him. Oh, but he is a valuable dog."

"I can't see where the value comes in."

"You can't? Well, you would if you was in my place and had all the coal you could burn and some to sell thrown off at your back door, free of cost."

An Unique Bible.

The most costly book in the Royal Library at Stockholm is a Bible. It is no wonder that it is considered precious, for there is not another just like it in the world. In weight and size alone it is unique. It is said that 160 asses' skins were used for its parchment leaves. There are 309 pages of writing, and each page falls but one inch short of being a yard in length. The width of the leaves is twenty inches. A Bible, the leaves of which are considerably longer than the largest newspaper at present issued, would be a big thing to handle, and when to this is added the fact that the covers are solid planks, four inches thick, it will be understood that his costly Stockholm treasure is not exactly a pocket Bible.

A Costly Dinner Service.

Probably the most expensive dinner services in the world is the Sevres service at Windsor Castle. It is said to be worth

£30,000. This sum appears a fabulous one at first sight, but if we consider that at the Bernal and other similar sales sums amounting to thousands were paid for a pair of peaces of Sevres ware, it is not so marvelous after all.

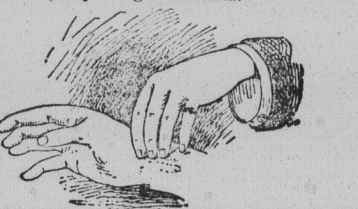
In Chicago,—"Oh, mamma," the beautiful girl exclaimed, "he adores me so, and he is so noble and handsome, and—"
"Yes, my child?"
"And he brings such lovely references from his last wife."
Mother and daughter mingled their tears of joy. Presently they grew somewhat calmer, and were able to speak of touseaux and things.

White: (slightly confused): "Miss Shirley, allow me to present my dear friend Mr. Black."
Miss Shirley: "But, Mr. White, this is Mr. Green."
White: "Why, to be sure! How stupid of me. This contounded color blindness of mine is always getting me into trouble."

PUT YOUR FINGER ON YOUR PULSE.

If It Is Weak or Irregular don't Hesitate to Start the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at once.

With a strong, steady, regular pulse we may expect vigorous health.



With a weak, irregular, intermittent pulse we can tell at once the vitality is low—that Dizzy and Faint Spells, Smothering and Sinking Sensations and similar conditions are bound to ensue.

By their action in strengthening the heart, toning the nerves and enriching the blood, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills relieve and cure all those distressing conditions just enumerated.

Mrs. B. Croft, residing on Waterloo Street, St. John, N.B., says:

"For some time past I have suffered from pallor, weakness and nervous prostration, I had palpitation and irregular beating of the heart so severe as to cause me great alarm. I was treated by physicians, but got no permanent relief."

"I am glad to say that from Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I derived the first real benefit that I ever got from any medicine. My appetite is improved, my entire system toned up, and I can do no less than cheerfully recommend these pills to all requiring a reliable heart and nerve tonic."

Miss Mary E. Hicks, South Bay, Ont., says: Laxa-Liver Pills cured her of Sick Headache, from which she had suffered for a year.

DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY.

Metric System Taught
By MRS. E. L. ETHIER,
88 ST. DENIS ST., - - MONTREAL.
Directors of the Cutting Class at the Council of Arts and Manufactures of the Province of Quebec.
Pupils are taught at the Academy or by mail, in a short course, how to cut and make all kinds of women's wearing apparel. Full particulars upon application.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using
CALVERT'S
CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER
6d., 1s. 1s-6d. and 1s 6s. Tins, or
CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE
6d., 1s. and 1s-6d. Pots.
They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.
Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

BUY
Coleman's Salt
THE BEST
Every package guaranteed.
The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

SNOW IN ITS PROPER PLACE.

Climatic Advantages of a New City of the United States.

'Gimme a pair of arctics,' said the cold-looking man to the clerk in the shoe store. The clerk looked pained at the mispronunciation, but rose superior to his feelings and hastened to make a sale. While he was fitting the arctics he made a little conversational venture, a suggestion that the abundant snowfall had made it so cold that heavy foot covering was necessary.

'It ain't the cold and the amount of snow that bothers me,' said the customer, 'but it's the coming so mighty quick when you're not looking for it: that's what gets me. I aint used to it.'

'No snow where you come from?' asked the clerk as he finished bucking the left arctic.

'Plenty of snow. Snow all the year around. Winter and summer just the same. Get used to the snow; but not to the way it has here.'

'That must be worse than the Klondike. They tell me that the snow does melt there along about mosquito time. But your place where you have snow all the year long—well, all I can say is that I'm glad there ain't any such sort of climate in the United States.'

'That's where you're off. My town is decidedly in the United States and we've got a climate that you can't beat anywhere in the world. There isn't its match even in California and there is a pretty good climate out on the coast. Year in and year out there is just the same amount of snow and we know what to depend on, for it never varies.'

'Must be a good place to sell articles and rubber boots,' the clerk suggested.

'Never was as much as a single pair seen in town,' replied the cold looking man, 'and as a good part of the population go barefoot there is not much chance that such a novelty in footwear would attract custom. Snow like this I can't stand. It comes on you all of a sudden and you get cold in your head; and you can't make yourself feel warm no matter how many of them you take.'

'Aint the snow cold on your way?' asked the bewildered clerk.

'Cold? Well, I guess it's just about as cold as snow can manage to come, for it never melts. But we don't feel it the same way. When I get up in the morning at my place I slip a linen duster over my pajamas and go down to the river for my swim, and on my way I stop and pick a banana or maybe a pineapple and look up and see it's been snowing again on the hills. Now, to my way of thinking, that's the kind of snow to have. It looks right pretty and it doesn't make you uncomfortable. It's a Christmas card climate.'

By this time the clerk's head was swimming. It may have been because he was bending over to fix the right arctic or it may have been because of the difficulty of believing this tale of climate. Even at the risk of spoiling the sale he was trying to make, his sense of meteorological accuracy got the better of him and he said:

'I've listened to Californians talking about their climate, and I must say that even in their toughest stories they've always made it seem consistent. Los Angeles and San Diego people can get off some pretty stiff stories about oranges, but not even they pretend to grow bananas and pineapples and the really tropical fruits, and they'd never venture to talk about putting on a linen duster for a trip to an iceberg or a glacier. Aint this cold snap enough for us to have suffer without rubbing it up? At any rate there ought to be a limit on stories about climate; they ought at least to seem reasonable. Where in the world is this place of yours with chrome climate, pineapples and snow blocades all mixed up together? There isn't anything like that in the United States.'

'That's where you're wrong,' retorted the owner of the climate where arctics are not needed. We're as thriving a seaport as you can find in this country. We grow the best oranges in the world—the banana and the pine and the mango are ripening all the year round and nobody ever wears anything heavier than linen clothing. But the everlasting snow is always in our sight. It banks on the side and top of the mountain just behind the town, and while you are picking tropical fruits you can have the satisfaction of seeing all the snow you want, and just where you want it, which is somewhat different from the snow here, which seems to come thickest just where you don't want it. Now at my place I ca-meunt my horse after breakfast and take my luncheon on a glacier I'm looking for cold. And don't you make any mistake about it, we're in the United States, and you're going to hear more of us. The mountain that keeps our snow is Mauna Kea, and my town is Hilo Hawaii, United States of America. It's been that way since last August. When I'm done with those arctics here, I'll take them home as a curiosity.'

Power of a Pound of Coal.
A Curious and interesting calculation has been made on the dynamic power of coal. From this we learn that a single pound of good steam coal has within it dynamic power equivalent to the work of one man for one day. Three tons of the

same coal represent a man's labor for a period of twenty years, and one square mile of a seam of coal having a depth of 4ft. only, represents as much work as one million men can perform in twenty years. Such calculations as the above may serve to remind us how valuable a commodity coal really is.

A GLOWING TRIBUTE

To the Wonderful Efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

By Mr. F. W. Harris, of Central Waterville, York Co., N. B., who was Cured of Kidney Disease by Them, After Other Remedies had Failed.

CENTRAL WATERVILLE, N. B., Dec.—Mr. F. W. Harris, a well known and highly respected resident of this place, has made, over his own signature, a statement that should be read in every household in the Dominion, for it points a way to banish from our country the greatest evil and the greatest danger that threatens us.

Mr. Harris writes in these words: "This is to certify that after having suffered for two years and a half with Kidney Disease, I have been cured thoroughly and completely by three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"During the greater part of the period named, I was unable to work, and my complaint was steadily growing worse. I tried many different remedies, but received not the least benefit from them.

"From the time I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, my condition began to improve, and continued to improve until I had used three boxes of the medicine. I then required no further treatment, for I was cured absolutely and thoroughly. "I make this statement voluntarily, and of my own accord, never having been asked to do so."

A statement like this should carry the greatest weight with those who read it. It is a glowing tribute to the wonderful efficacy of that far-famed remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills, the one and only known cure for all forms of Kidney Disease.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box; six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

An Old Age Pension Bill.

A New Zealand Old Age Pension Bill has passed its third reading by a majority of ten. The Bill entitles every person of the age of sixty-five and upwards, of good moral character, whose yearly income does not exceed £34, and who has resided for twenty-five years in the colony, to receive a pension of £18 per annum.

What a Fleet!

Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Weight in the Stomach, Wind on the Stomach, Loss of appetite, Dizziness, Nausea, Sick Headache—formidable foes to good health—but Dr. Von Sarr's Pineapple Tablets are the invincible battle-ships that can put to rout and destroy the last vestige of them, and make peace and happiness reign where all was misery and suffering. 35 cents.

A Record for Pulling Teeth.

A famous dentist of New York City—he was a native of Georgia, Vermont, by the way—died recently at the age of eighty-four, during a vacation journey in Europe. He was widely known in his profession as one of the first users of nitrous oxide, popularly designated "laughing gas"; but a circumstance that made a deeper impression upon the popular imagination is that he held the world's record for pulling teeth. He claimed to have removed a million. It

is a sad thing for science that such a man could not be fitted with a phonograph attachment; undoubtedly he had heard every tone and inflection of which the human voice is capable.

Topping Fell into the Trap.

Perhaps it might be better for Mr. Topping if he were more observant or, possibly, more something else. The other morning, when he started off to town, his wife gave him an important letter to post, and when he returned in the evening it was in his pocket.

'Henry,' inquired his wife, just as he had settled himself comfortably, 'did you post that letter I gave you this morning?' 'You don't suppose, love, that I would carry it about with me, do you?' he replied, in as smooth a tone as he could muster.

'I don't suppose anything else,' she said, suspiciously. 'Where did you post it?' 'Mr. Lopping evaded the question.

'The pillar-box is only just around the corner, my love,' he said; 'why, only a blind man could miss it.'

Mrs. Topping jumped up suddenly. 'Henry Lopping,' she exclaimed, 'give me that letter this minute! They moved that box to the far side of the square a month ago.'

Why He Was in Prison.

An old whitewasher stood before the court as a witness. The lawyer for the defendant tried to confuse him.

'You are James Miller?' 'Yes.'

'Are you the James Miller who was sentenced under mitigating circumstances for robbery?' 'No.'

'You are, perhaps, the Miller who was sentenced to two years' imprisonment for theft then?' 'I am not that Miller, either.'

'Were you ever in prison?' 'Yes; twice.'

'How long the first time?' 'One afternoon.'

'One afternoon! And the second time?' 'You must make a truthful statement, for you are a sworn witness.'

'If you were in prison for so short a time, what did you do?' 'I whitewashed a call for a lawyer who had cheated his clients.'

The lawyer did not ask any more questions on that subject.

The Oldest Flag.

We often talk affectionately of our British ensign as "the flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." But we entirely forget that the Union Jack in its present form only dates from 1804. Other flags of great nations are also very new. The French tricolour was adopted in 1794; the Spanish flag, as at present displayed, in 1785; whilst the German and Italian banners are no older than the present administration of those countries. Curiously enough, the oldest flag belongs to the newest nation. The United States adopted their present flag as long ago as June 14th, 1777, and the only change in it since has been the addition of new stars for every new State added to the Union.

Inquisitive people sometimes find satisfaction in catechizing little boys about their names and affairs. This is how one of these curious persons recently fared:— 'Halloo, little boy! What is your name?' 'No dye is sold in more shades, or finer ones, than Magnetic Dye-Price 10 cents for any color.'

'Same as dad's,' said the boy.

'Same as mine.'

'I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast.'

'They don't never call me to breakfast.'

'Why don't they?' 'Cause I aint git there fast.'

FLASHES OF FUN.

Miller: 'Do you believe in love at first sight?' 'No, I don't; I married her!'

'This liver is awful, Alice,' said Newed. 'I'm very sorry,' returned the bride. 'I'll tell the cook to speak to the liveryman about it.'

Algernon: 'Charlie do you think your sister would marry me?' 'Charlie: 'Yes, she'd marry almost anybody, from what she says to me.'

'Now that we are married, Lucy, we will have no secrets from each other.'

'Then tell me truly, Jack, how much did you pay for the ring?' 'Don't you ever get a holiday, Hopper?' 'Yes; the clerk in our office who makes puns goes away for two weeks every summer.'

Nervous old lady (for the seventh time): 'Oh, captain, is there any danger—shall I be crowned?' Exasperated Skipper: 'I'm afraid not ma'am!'

Boy (to sea captain who has a reputation to maintain): 'Did you ever get your leg bit off by a shark, captain?' Captain: 'Did I sonny? Did I? Well, rather. Dozens of times!'

Old Lady (to cabman): 'How much did you say your fare is?' 'Three-and-sixpence, mum.'

'What's your number?' 'Eightpence, you stingy old fraud!'

Softly (leaving for the Continent): 'When I'm in Rome, I'll do as the Romans do.'

Lofty: 'Indeed, you won't. You'll do as all other Britishers do—pay twice as much for everything as anyone else would.'

Harry: 'Stunning girl just passed. Eh, old boy? Did you see her look back at me?' Fred: 'Yes; they say it doesn't take much to turn a woman's head.'

Boasting of her industrious habits, an Irish house-maid said she rose at five, put on the kettle, prepared the breakfast, and made all the beds before anyone else was up in the house.

The Judge: 'You must stop these interruptions! I won't allow you to waste the time of the Court!'

The Prisoner: 'But, my lord, you know I have got no lawyer to do it for me.'

Irate patron: 'I thought this railway was for the benefit of the public?'

Railway Official: 'You are in error. The public is for the benefit of the railway.'

A stirring housewife aroused her maid at four o'clock with: 'Come, Mary get up! Here it is Monday morning, to-morrow is Tuesday, the next day's Wednesday—hall the week gone and nothing done yet!'

Father: 'This is a very bad report to bring me from school, Tommy!'

Tommy: 'I know, papa; but you said I'd bring you a good report you give me half a crown, and I wanted to save you the money.'

'I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that pocket of yours?'

'Precisely, it is a lock of my husband's hair.'

'But your husband is still alive?'

'Yes, but his hair is all gone.'

Bobby: 'Is oxygen what the oxen breath all day?'

Papa: 'Of course, and what everything else breathes.'

Bobby: '—And is nitrogen what everyone breathes at night?'

Young Bride: '—I didn't accept Tom the first time he proposed.'

Miss Ryval (slightly envious): 'I know you didn't.'

Young Bride: 'How do you know?' Miss Ryval: 'You weren't there.'

Phrenologist (examining Johnny's head): 'This, ladies and gentlemen, is the bump of caution, and here is located the bump of combativeness. This—this' (much puzzled) is—ab—ab—'

Johnny: 'Oh, I know all 'bout that one! That's the bump of curiosity. I got it last night for peepin' inter the paler!'

A lecturer was invited to speak at a local gathering, and being nobody in particular, he was placed last on the list of speakers. The chairman also introduced several speakers whose names were not on the list, and the audience were tired out when he said, introducing the lecturer:—

'Mr. Bones will now give us his address.'

'My address,' said Mr. Bones, rising, 'is 651, Park Villas, S. W., and I wish you all good-night.'

'Have I been a considerate wife?' she asked, reproachfully.

'Considerate!' he exclaimed, bitterly. 'In what way?'

'Has there ever been a night when you were out late that I haven't left the gas burning for you?' she demanded.

'And you call that being considerate,' he said, sarcastically. 'Of course you have, but who pays the bills?'

An absent-minded professor returned home late one night, and after lighting his candle, fancied he heard a noise. He therefore raised his voice and said:—

'Is there anyone there?'

A thief lay concealed under the bed. Hearing the question, and perhaps knowing the questioner, he shouted in reply:—

'No!'

Upon hearing this, the professor exclaimed, in much surprise:—

'That's exceedingly strange! I was positive someone was under the bed.'



She is sure of its merits and knows that the can bearing the seal of the famous coffee and tea importers, **Chase & Sanborn**, contains the purest, best, and most delicious coffee that expert buyers can procure. She also knows that this coffee comes to her in all its original freshness and strength, because leading grocers sell **Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Java and Mocha**, in one and two pound cans.

Largest sales yet!
WHY?
Because the public know that **Dr. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE** is the best and safest cough medicine in Canada or U. S. **Honest 25c. bottles.**
Sold everywhere. HARVEY MEDICINE CO. 424 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

For Pains and Aches—All Sorts—The Quickest Relief is in a **BENSON'S** **'t is the best POROUS PLASTER**
Cures Backache, Muscular Rheumatism and the like quicker than any other remedy. Braces up the parts. Try one. Price 25 cents. All Druggists. Of age, Leaming, Miles & Co. Montreal, if unobtainable.

HEARTBURN.
"In the Spring of 1897, I was attacked with Dyspepsia and Heartburn. So severe was the pain that I could not sleep or eat, and I was troubled with headache most all the time. I remained in that state for three months, and tried everything I could think of. At last one day I read in the paper about Burdock Blood Bitters, and thought I would try it. Great was my surprise on finishing the first bottle to find I could eat better, the headache left me, and before I had used the second bottle, I was completely cured. I cannot advise too strongly all sufferers from stomach troubles to try B.B.B." MRS. WM. GRATTAN, Indianapolis, N.B.
The universal testimony from all parts of Canada gives the palm of victory over all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to **BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

DEADLY CATARRH
has fastened its relentless grip upon some member of nearly every family in the land. Competent authorities estimate that from eighty to ninety per cent of the entire population of this continent suffer from some form of this repulsive and dangerous malady. If you or any of your family suffer either from recognized catarrh or from the lingering colds which mark its early stages—don't trifle with it. It is the precursor of consumption and death.
Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder
never fails. It is the remedy of all remedies, endorsed by the most experienced and eminent nose and throat specialists of the day, and having a record of a multitude of radical, permanent cures of chronic cases which had been declared incurable. It also cures cold in the head, influenza, hay fever, loss of smell, deafness, sore throat, tonsillitis, asthma and all similar diseases. It is delightful to use.
"I have had chronic catarrh ever since I was a child," says C. Taylor, of 310 N. Clinton St., Trenton, N.J. "I had despaired of ever being cured. I used three bottles of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and my catarrh has entirely left me." Rev. C. E. Whitcombe, rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Hamilton, Ont., was a great sufferer. He used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and now proclaims it a safe, simple and certain cure. The Lord Bishop of Toronto Can. recommends the remedy over his own signature. Sold by druggists.
Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart relieves heart disease in 30 minutes. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills—see for 40 doses—see the best. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in a day eczema, tetter and all skin diseases. Cures piles in 2 to 5 nights. 35c. 3

Continued from Tenth Page.

and then Dr. Browne spoke of his suspicions and his grounds for them, in detail, just as he had told them to his brother months ago.

'Now, Sir Patrick, I'm going to tell you something else,' he said, when he had concluded his story. 'Among the drugs that belonged to that find in woman's shape, there was one which had the effect of completely erasing the memory. A person subjected to it would lose all consciousness of his identity, would forget his own name, and cease to recognize his dearest friends.'

'Great Heaven! what a horrible drug!' exclaimed Sir Patrick, aghast. 'It is more than horrible. It is diabolic! I said Dr. Browne, with emphasis. 'If ever there was a find in woman's shape, Madeline Winter was one. It is an unspeakable mercy she is dead. Had she lived to maturer age, there is no saying how numerous, or how horrible, her crimes might have been. You have heard of monsters, in human shape, who have committed crimes for the mere love of crime. I verily believe that woman Winter, was one of these.'

'Yes; but as she is dead, why should you connect her with Miss Lisle?' 'I don't connect her with Miss Lisle. I only imagine that her knowledge of these vile drugs might be shared by someone else and that that someone may be seeking to injure this poor young lady.'

'I see. Well, Browne, I wish you could meet this girl, who calls herself Hilda Mostyn. If she is not Kate Lisle, I never saw a more wonderful resemblance in my life.'

'I should know her,' said Dr. Browne, eagerly. 'For one thing, there is a mark I could identify her by. I told you it was blood-poisoning she was suffering from, when I was called to her. The poison had been taken into the system through a small wound on the hand, a mere scratch just below the wrist. Undoubtedly that wound, small as it was would leave a scar. Now, if there is such a scar on this girl's hand, should we not be justified in concluding she is really and truly Miss Kate Lisle, no matter what may be said to the contrary?'

'I should think so. But, Browne, what possible motive could anyone have for perpetrating such a crime?' 'That, of course, I cannot tell without knowing more of the young lady's antecedents. And that reminds me she did something very romantic, didn't she?—ran away to be married to a Frenchman, although she was engaged to Mr. Morewood, of Beech Royal.'

'Yes. I heard that much from an English friend some months ago; but I know no particulars. I thought it a great pity, for Morewood was a tremendously fine fellow.'

'It there has been foul play, you may depend it is connected in some way with the French lover,' said Dr. Browne, with decision. 'But I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll hang about this house among the hills until I see this young lady for myself. If I could have a little conversation with her, I should be able to tell whether her memory had been tampered with.'

'Ay, do, my boy!' cried Sir Patrick, eagerly. 'I'll stand by ye, and, if the pretty creature is being wronged, we'll get her righted somehow. Faith! if ye get into a scrimmage, I'll be the boy to help ye out of it, anyway.'

Dr. Browne laughed a little at the excitability of his Irish friend. 'I hope there'll be no 'scrimmage,' Sir Patrick. We must proceed very cautiously, and make sure of our ground at every step. It is all very mysterious, and we really haven't anything beyond suspicion to go upon. Nevertheless, in my own mind, I feel quite certain that poor young lady has some deadly enemy, and that she is the victim of foul play.'

The next day, Sir Patrick and Dr. Browne took their way to the lonely house among the hills. They had brought a luncheon-basket with them, and, selecting a shady spot some little distance from the house, they encamped themselves very comfortably, and prepared to watch during the entire day, if need were, on the chance of seeing the girl who had called herself Hilda Mostyn.

They had chosen their point of vantage so well that, although they could see the house and garden distinctly, they themselves were quite concealed from observation.

There they watched and waited. A little after mid-day, the door of the white house opened, and a woman came forth—the same woman whom Sir Patrick had seen in the verandah yesterday.

She came down the garden with a slow and dignified step, and passing along the road, at no great distance from the grove of trees in which Dr. Browne and Sir Patrick had encamped themselves.

They could see her distinctly. A tall, noble-looking woman, of something over thirty, with a pale, clear skin, a fine mouth, dark, unfathomable eyes, and masses of raven-black hair.

'She reminds me of someone!' whispered Sir Patrick. 'Yes; and I think I can tell you whom,' said Dr. Browne, quietly. 'Lady Vere.'

'Sir Gerald's wife, you mean. Ah, yes!' exclaimed Sir Patrick, quite excitedly. 'Is it a mere coincidence, do you think, or is she a relation?'

'I should say she is a relation. If you remember, it was a cousin of Lady Vere Miss Lisle eloped with. This may be a sister of his; if so, she would be cousin to Lady Vere, and that would account for the resemblance.'

The tall, dignified figure passed out of sight, and the two watchers again fixed their eyes on the villa, looking anxiously for some further signs of life within it.

'Surely the young lady will come out soon,' said Dr. Browne. 'It is hardly likely she stays inside the house all the day long.'

Even as he spoke, their patience was rewarded. There was a flutter of a white dress on the verandah, and the next moment the girl came down the pathway.

'She paused a moment or two at the gate, looking up the white, dusty road as though expecting someone; finally, she opened the gate and came out, not with the air of one who meditates a walk, but rather as though she meant to stroll up and down for a few minutes in sight of the house.'

'She is expecting the lady back, and has come out to look for her,' said Sir Patrick. 'Now, Browne, it will, perhaps, be as well for me not to show myself, as I spoke to her only yesterday. You go down and speak to her, taking it for granted that she is, or was, Kate Lisle. Luckily, she is not wearing gloves, so you will be able to look at her hand.'

Dr. Browne nodded, and, emerging from the grove of trees, walked towards the house, arriving at the road just in time to meet the young lady, face to face, about a dozen yards from the garden-gate.

He stepped up to her with eagerly outstretched hand and a beaming smile. 'Miss Lisle, surely you haven't forgotten me—Doctor Browne, who attended you when you were so ill last year?'

The girl started visibly. A very puzzled and faintly alarmed look crossed her face. The next moment she smiled, but the smile was a sad one.

'You are mistaken,' she said. 'My name is not Lisle. I think I must be wonderfully like some other person, for, only yesterday, a gentleman spoke to me, believing I was Miss Lisle, whom he used to know.'

'The lady I knew was a Miss Kate Lisle. She was the daughter of the late Colonel Lisle, and was spending the winter with some friends in Hampshire—the Muggletons—who lived at a place called The Towers. She was engaged to be married to Mr. John Morewood, of Beech Royal.'

Dr. Browne delivered himself of all this information in a slow, impressive tone, looking intently at the girl meanwhile, in the hope of seeing some sign that one of those familiar names might open the cells where memory slept.

That this was, in truth, Kate Lisle, and no other, he was certain. He recognised every feature, every look; and, moreover, on her wrist he saw, quite plainly, the tiny scar he so well remembered.

'Equally certain was he that she was not wilfully deceiving him. The poor girl actually believed that what she said was true. She had lost all consciousness of her own previous identity. Her memory had been stolen away by some devilish drug.'

When he named John Morewood, a curiously wistful look came into her beautiful eyes. She seemed to be trying to break some invisible chain that bound her. She started; the colour rushed into her face, and she passed her hand over her forehead, in a bewildered fashion painful to see, just as she had done when Sir Patrick questioned her yesterday.

'I don't understand it at all,' she said, at length, in a very sad and wistful tone. 'I must be wonderfully like this young lady you used to know; but I don't think she can even be any relation of mine. I have no sister, and I don't think I have ever known anyone named Lisle.'

At this moment a voice called—'Miss Hilda! Miss Hilda!' and the woman who had interrupted Sir Patrick the day before, appeared in the verandah.

'I beg your pardon,' said the girl, hurriedly, 'I am wanted. My old nurse is calling me. I will wish you good afternoon.'

And, still with that wistfully troubled look on her face, she hurried back to the house.

Dr. Browne rejoined his friend, and told him what had taken place. 'I am as certain she is Miss Kate Lisle as that I am Doctor Thomas Browne,' he said with decision.

'Heaven preserve us! What is to be done?' ejaculated Sir Patrick. 'We couldn't very well fetch her away from them by force, oh, Browne? I'm quite ready to help you know!'

'No, no!' said Dr. Browne, laughing at the other's impulsiveness. 'We must be careful to keep within the law, especially as we're in a strange country. If the young lady herself seemed in the faintest degree dissatisfied with her position, it would be different. But, you see, she accepts it quite as a matter of course, and if we were to declare, publicly, that she is not Hilda Mostyn, her own evidence would immediately contradict us.'

'Then what will we do?' asked Sir Patrick anxiously. 'His honest Irish heart was overflowing with indignation, at the idea of leaving a woman in any peril. He was as impulsively chivalrous as was ever a knight-errant in the days of old, and he would fain have rushed inside that innocent-looking villa straightway, and, knocking down every male being who opposed him, have brought Kate forth in safety by the strength of his own right arm.'

Fortunately for the both, Dr. Browne had a little more prudence than the hot-headed tender-hearted Irish baronet. 'We must certainly keep within the law,' he repeated. 'Perhaps our best plan will be to communicate with the Muggletons in the first instance. They would very likely be able to give us some means of identification over and above what we ourselves possess. Perhaps Miss Vi Muggleton would even

come over here. I remember she was Miss Lisle's very dear friend.'

'We might find someone nearer home,' observed Sir Patrick, looking wistfully at the white villa, as though he longed to make a sudden raid upon it. 'Sir Gerald and Lady Vere are in Naples. They would come.'

'Nothing could be better,' said Dr. Browne. 'Lady Vere was deeply attached to Miss Lisle, and knew her, perhaps, even better than Miss Muggleton did.'

'I'll start for Naples tomorrow!' cried the energetic Sir Patrick. 'And you, my boy, must keep an eye on this place while I'm gone.'

'Splendid!' said Dr. Browne. 'And forthwith they fell into an animated discussion of their plans, little dreaming that an event was nigh at hand—nay, had already taken place—which would effectually prevent any one of those plans from being carried out.'

They had been walking very quickly up the side of the hill for about ten minutes, and were slackening speed a little to take breath, when a startling sound—a woman's voice, raised in a cry for help—rang on their ears.

'I'm afraid somebody's hurt!' said Dr. Browne, looking about him anxiously. 'Again came the cry. "Help! Help!" sounded over the lonely, silent hills.'

'Come on!' cried Sir Patrick, making for the spot whence the cry came. Dr. Browne followed closely, and, in a minute or two, they came in sight of a man lying on the ground, at the foot of a steep declivity, evidently badly injured, while a woman bent over him, with a look of agony.

As she turned her face wildly towards Sir Patrick and his friend, they with difficulty repressed an exclamation of surprise, for they recognized the woman as the one whom they had seen leave the white house a short time ago.

CHAPTER LXVI. INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE. As Dr. Browne bent over the injured man, his face was very grave.

He saw in a moment the case was a serious one, and would probably have a fatal termination. 'How did it happen?' he questioned briefly.

'The man was quite unconscious. "He was coming down the hill," the woman answered. "He stumbled against a stone, and his gun went off. I fear he is dreadfully hurt. Oh! can you do anything for him?"'

The woman's face was pale as death. Her hands were clasped convulsively. It was easy enough to see she was in deep distress of mind.

'I am a medical man,' said Dr. Browne, quietly, while Sir Patrick stood by, in sympathetic silence looking at the woman, and thinking how strongly she resembled Lady Vere.

'And will he—oh! will he live?' she panted, still clasping her hands convulsively together, and looking into the doctor's face with agony of fear in her eyes.

'I will do my best for him. You may rely on that; but I fear he is very seriously injured. He had better be removed to his home. Am I right in supposing you live at the house at the foot of the hill?'

'Yes,' she answered, with a sort of breathless wildness. 'Yes, that is our house. Would it be possible to take him there?'

'Quite possible. Sir Patrick will take his feet—very gently, if you please—while I lift his head.'

Between them they lifted the injured man, and carried him to the house the woman walking by their side with a look of stony grief upon her face.

The door of the house was opened by the woman, Nanetta. She gave an exclamation of dismay at sight of the burden Sir Patrick and the doctor were carrying, but recovered her presence of mind very quickly, and went away to fetch the things Dr. Browne asked for.

In a few minutes the injured man had been laid on a mattress in one of the lower rooms.

He was still quite unconscious. Dr. Browne, bending over him, tried to ascertain the extent of his injuries.

Once Sir Patrick saw the girl who called herself Hilda Mostyn. She had evidently heard of the accident, and she just peeped in at the door with a grieving, anxious look; but the tall dark woman signed to her to retire, and she obeyed immediately.

Sir Patrick felt certain this woman was the sister of the injured man.

They had the same intensely dark eyes, and something of the same look about the broad, intellectual brow.

Greatly he wondered what their connection was with the girl, who, he was certain, was Kate Lisle.

During these few minutes Dr. Browne had been carefully probing for the bullet, which was lodged among the soft tissues in the lower part of the body.

Before he could trace it, the patient returned to consciousness, and moaned with pain.

The woman stepped forward, and laid her white shapely hand on his forehead. 'Louis!' she said, in a very musical voice. 'Louis, don't you know me?'

Sir Patrick cast a meaning glance at Dr. Browne. He remembered that the man with whom Kate Lisle had eloped was a Louis Rochefort.

'Leila!' murmured the sufferer, and laid her feeble hand on his hand to her. 'I must have absolute quiet, if you please,' said Dr. Browne. 'Everything depends on that.' In a lower tone, he added in added in the woman's ear: 'The least excitement would prove fatal.'

He went on searching for the bullet; and the agony he was compelled to inflict was so intense that the man again swooned away.

'I fear I can do very little,' said Dr. Browne, gravely. 'Do you mean that he will die?' asked the woman.

Her voice was calm, but there was a world of sadness in her eyes. 'I fear he will. His injuries are terribly severe. It is impossible to extract the bullet, and he is bleeding inwardly. It is in kindness I tell you to prepare for the worst.'

'Will he suffer much?' she asked, a spasm crossing her features, as she looked at the pale, unconscious face upon the bed. 'I hope not—I am almost sure not. I shall stay with him, of course; and if you would like to send for further medical help—'

'No, no! what would be the use?' she said, with a curious bitterness. 'What is to be, will be! It's no use fighting with Fate! For months I have been expecting this!'

Dr. Browne looked the surprise he felt, but he did not question her as to the meaning of her strange speech. 'The gentleman is your brother, I think?' he said, after a momentary pause. She hesitated, visibly, then slowly answered—'Yes.'

'Has he any relatives you would like to send for?'

'There's only one,' she said, speaking more as though she were communing with herself than answering him. 'Only one, and she—no, it is impossible. She could not come.'

She went to the side of the bed, fell on her knees, and laying her face close to that of the unconscious sufferer, seemed to be wrapped in silent grief.

Dr. Browne touched Sir Patrick on the arm and went out of the room with him. 'If you wouldn't mind going back—and seeing poor Jem,' he said, apologetically. 'He'll worry so if I don't turn up before bedtime.'

'My dear fellow, I'll go with all the pleasure in life,' said the warm-hearted Irishman. 'Don't you trouble about Jem. I'll see to him. I only wish I was leaving you with pleasant work on your hands. Is there any hope for the poor soul?' and he pointed backwards to the door.

'Not a shred. He's bleeding to death as fast as he can, and no power can stop it. But did you hear what she said?'

'About expecting it?'

'The doctor nodded. 'Yes. And I thought it very queer. Almost looks as though it wasn't an accident—as though there'd been foul play.'

'I don't know, I'm sure. There's a mystery somewhere. It's like enough I may unearth it before the night is gone. What an odd thing that we should get into this house in this way! Well, give my love to Jem, and tell him just how it is. Of course, I shall stay here as long as I can be of the slightest use. But that poor fellow's not long for this world. I question whether he'll last till morning.'

CHAPTER LXVII. THE CONFESSION. It was midnight.

A solemn stillness reigned in the room where Louis Rochefort—for it was he, and none other—lay upon a mattress, pale and hollow-eyed, while the death lamps glared on his brow.

Beside him stood Dr. Browne, a look of genuine compassion and concern on his kind, plain-featured face; and, at a little distance, the woman Leila stood, with her face bowed upon her hands, in an attitude of grief.

Rochefort had recovered consciousness an hour ago, and had straightway asked the doctor whether he had any chance of life.

Dr. Browne deemed it his duty to tell him the truth. He told it as gently and as tenderly as possible.

A red spot glowed, for a moment, on Rochefort's cheek, then he turned very pale again, and, closing his eyes, uttered no further word.

The silence was becoming terribly oppressive to Dr. Browne. He felt a conviction that this man, who was on the threshold of another world, was laboring under a heavy sense of guilt, and that, but for the presence of the woman, he would endeavour to find relief in confessing it before he died.

But she seemed resolved not to leave the doctor alone with her brother. It was hours since they had laid the dying man on his bed, and, in all that time, she had not once stirred from the room.

If anything was needed, the woman, Nanetta, was summoned.

The girl who looked had never once appeared since Sir Patrick went away.

At length, to break the oppressive silence, Dr. Browne bent over man, and, taking his hand, asked him very gently, whether there was anything he could do for him.

'It would give me an easy mind, I would thank you,' he answered, gloomily. 'You can't do that, and there's nothing else I want.'

'Perhaps you would like to see a priest?' suggested Dr. Browne, perplexed to know what to say for the best. 'No, no!'

It was the woman who thus spoke, with a vehemence, an energy, which electrified the doctor.

A crimson spot glowed on her cheek. Her great dark eyes were dilated with fear. 'No, no,' she repeated. 'Louis, tell him you have no such wish—that you have no belief in priestcraft.'

A slightly bitter smile crossed the wan features of the dying man. 'Have no fear, Leila. I have lived without priests and I will contrive to die without them. I want no mummery about my deathbed. I can die as I have lived—and yet—and yet—'

'And yet what?' questioned the woman coming closely to the bed and fixing her dark magnetic eyes upon him with so intense a look that Dr. Browne vaguely suspected that she was endeavoring to exercise some hypnotic influence on his dying patient.

'Nothing,' Rochefort answered, calmly. 'I will die as I have lived, Leila. Do not fear.'

As he spoke, he closed his eyes again, and, presently, sank into a doze, more like insensibility than sleep.

This lasted for, perhaps, half-an-hour, and Dr. Browne, standing on one side of the bed, while the woman stood on the other, was asking himself what would be the end of this eventful night.

If Kate Lisle had been the victim of a foul crime, this man was assuredly concerned in it.

Would he pass out of the world with sealed lips? Could anything be done to induce him to confess his guilty secret? While the doctor was thus questioning himself, Louis Rochefort opened his eyes with a violent start and shudder.

His face was convulsed with mental agony. Great drops of perspiration broke out upon his brow.

'I have had a dream! I've cried. "A horrible dream! Oh, God! how vivid it was! how terrible!"'

'After a moment or so, he fixed his eyes on the doctor with a wildly haggard look. 'Tell me,' he said, almost fiercely, 'tell me, do you believe there is a life after death? When the breath is out of my body, I shall be a mere cloud—shan't I? There will be no awakening—no life beyond the grave?'

'Louis, you know there will not!' exclaimed his sister, eagerly.

He turned from her, and again fixed a haggard look on Dr. Browne. 'Is this you I asked. Be honest and true with a dying man, and tell me what you really believe.'

'I dare not be anything but honest on such a point,' said the doctor, gravely. 'I am as certain there is a life after death as that night follows day.'

'Ah! Rochefort spoke with a little gasp. His eyes dilated as though with horror. More than ever was Dr. Browne convinced he had some load of guilt upon him. 'And the fate of the soul?' he questioned gloomily. 'Do you believe it will be held responsible for the deeds done in the body?'

'Assuredly I do. You may despise it as old fashioned teaching if you will; but I firmly believe that every soul on ear h will be called to stand at the judgement seat of God.'

Dr. Browne's tone was one of deep solemnity and reverence. Himself a thoroughly consistent Christian, he never obtruded his own religious beliefs on anyone; but, in this case, he felt it only his duty to speak with plainness.

He would have felt this even if it had not been the suspicion that some sin, in reference to Kate Lisle, weighed upon the man's mind.

With the dying, one must needs drop conventionalities.

Dr. Browne felt that he must speak of the 'eternal verities' to this poor soul, who was so near the confines of mortal life.

'And is it possible,' said Louis Rochefort 'that a man having sinned throughout his life, can in his death hour atone for all his sins?'

'To atone for sin is not easy, said the doctor, seriously. 'It is a task so hard that no mere man can accomplish it. But there is a word of Scripture which we, who are Christians, most thoroughly believe: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."'

'Confess! Ah! that is the cry of you all,' said Rochefort, with another wildly haggard look, while his sister stood over him, and whispered some passionate entreaty into his ear.

'What I mean,' Dr. Browne hastened to explain, 'is that you should confess your sin humbly and reverently to God. Confession to man, as a man, is useless.'

A look of unspeakable relief, almost of exultation, gleamed in Leila's dark eyes. To be Continued.

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DR. THOS. J. SMITH, Caledonia, Ont., writes: "A year ago I had a very severe cold which settled in my lungs and in my throat, so that I could scarcely speak louder than a whisper. I tried several medicines, but got no relief until I used one and a half bottles of Norway Pine Syrup, which completely cured me."

WALTER'S POPULAR TRUE BRAND CUTLERY. If you want good reliable Knives or Scissors buy WALTER'S POPULAR TRUE BRAND CUTLERY. Every blade warranted best steel. Leading dealers sell them.

JACK'S ANGEL.

She had whispered, 'Yes, Jack. I love you' in response to his question, his kisses were still warm on her lips, their hearts were beating in unison, though not so tumultuously as before, and now that the first rapture and thrill were over, they were asking questions and making their little confessions, after the manner of lovers on the threshold of an engagement.

'How many times have I been in love before? Now, Jack, do you think that is a fair question?' she asked, meeting his look with a roguish glance.

'Why, certainly it is, Dora,' he replied earnestly. 'You say you love me, so it really doesn't make any difference about the others; they're done for now; but I think I ought to know. Still if there are so many of them—'

'Please stop, Jack. I won't have you saying such dreadful things, and with that look on your face!' she interrupted, playfully placing her hand over his mouth, but quickly withdrawing it when he attempted to kiss it.

'How dare you!' she exclaimed 'after the way you've been talking!'

'Well, if you don't want me to say things why don't you answer my questions?'

'Must I, Jack?'

'I'm afraid you must my dear.'

'And you won't hate me after I tell you?'

'Well—'

'That depends, you are going to say. You needn't hesitate so long I can read your thoughts.'

'Can you? That, convenient for you I'm sure. I wish I could read yours, then I'd know the answer to my question.'

'Would you really like to know?'

'Why, yes or I shouldn't have asked it.'

'Well, Jack if it will relieve your mind any to know it, you have no predecessors.'

'Are you sure?'

dear! Now please forget that there was any other girl and don't look quite so sober the next time I call. I'll be over again Wednesday evening, if nothing happens. Good night Dora!

'Good night, Jack!'

When Jack Vernon reached his office in Temple Court the next morning he found Dora Stevens' note awaiting him. Tearing it open he read:

'Brooklyn, 9.30 p. m., March 15. Dear Jack—The love I expressed for you an hour ago I find has turned to pity, and I am going to make you happy by sending you to the only woman you have a right to marry. After hearing your confession, and knowing what I do, I could be never happy with you. I know you think you are in love with me, but the tendrils of your heart are still entwined around that early love, and—'

'I told you she was my schoolmate years ago; I still regard her as one of my dearest friends, and though we have never met since we graduated we have always kept up a correspondence. I inclose my latest letter from her received two months ago. I did not know until to-night who the man was that she loves. I know now, and I wish you both all the joy that life in each other's society can bring you. Go to her, Jack, and make her happy—and my blessing and prayers will go with you. Not good night this time but good-bye! Ever your friend, DORA.'

This inclosure ran as follows:

'Rochester, N. Y., Jan 14. My dear Dora—No, I am not engaged yet and never expect to be. I have had plenty of chances to confer my hand and fortune—especially the latter—upon aspiring applicants, but I have declined them all. I have never met a man I really cared for except one, and I believe he cared for me for a time. Perhaps he does yet; but alas! he discovered that I was an heiress, and then pride (he was a young lawyer, with plenty of brains and ambition, but no money), held him back. He loved me; my heart told me that; but fortune hunters were fluttering around me, like moths around a candle, and I suppose he was afraid if he spoke he would be classed with the rest—just as though the alchemy of a woman's love could not detect the gold among the dross!

'Ah, well! he is gone, and there's no use mourning for the past. I cannot help sighing, though, to think that the very money which has attracted so many society moths should drive away the only man I ever loved!

'There, Dora, you have my secret, and know why I shall ever more a maiden be—but please don't tell. Wishing you a lover true, some time, dear Dora (not being burdened with wealth, you won't have so many unworthy ones as I), and hoping to hear from you soon I remain, with oceans of love, your sincerely,

'EDITH BURTON.'

Late that afternoon Dora Stevens received the following brief message from Jack Vernon:

'My Dear Dora—Many thanks for your kind enclosure. There are at least two angles left on earth. You are one of them! May heaven ever guard and bless you! Yours gratefully, JACK.'

'P. S.—I start for Rochester at once, and will mail this on my way to the train.'

And as Dora read these words, she smiled a little, wee ghost of a smile and whispered:

'Better my heart than hers!—St. Paul Pioneer.'

STORIES OF ROCKEFELLER.

He Confesses an Irritable Clerk and Helps a Conductor.

A good many years ago a certain young man—he's ruddy and portly now, and the father of a family—was employed by a growing corporation. He was quite a young man, with an acute sense of his responsibilities, and, like young men who are afflicted in that particular way, was dreadfully touchy when his work was interrupted. He was the only employ in the room of one of the leading members of the corporation, and was kept pretty busy with his constantly growing duties.

abashed youth, he left the apartment with his superior officer.

'Who is that gentleman?' he asked as they passed along the hall.

'Haven't you seen him before?' was the astonished query.

'Y—yes, once.'

'And you don't know his name?'

'No.'

'Well, that is John D. Rockefeller.'

The thoughts of the young man at that particular moment were long, long thoughts, but he kept a stiff upper lip and said nothing.

And he's still in the employ of the Standard Oil Company.

Not very long ago a crowded Euclid car bound east, took on a few extra passengers at the Hickok street stop. Among them was a man in a gray suit, who found a footing on the rear platform. The last installment of patrons crowded the car to the utmost. The aisle was full, the platform packed and the footboard lined. The motorman, knowing the car was overcrowded, went right ahead regardless of signaling patrons. At the corner of Erie street a stout man waved his arm vigorously, but the motorman shook his head and pointed back, where another Euclid car was following. The stout man wasn't to be ignored, however. He yelled fiercely at the conductor and made a wild dash at the car. He reached for the hand on the rear platform, missed it and went down in a heap.

The conductor instantly stopped the car and went back to help the stranger to his feet. He wasn't hurt, but he was frightfully mad. The conductor took his name in the customary way, brushed the man off and then went back to the car. When he had rung the bell to go ahead he asked for the names of a few witnesses of the occurrence, as conductors have orders to do. But the men on the platform shook their heads. They were not looking at the motorman may have been to blame, or they didn't want to get mixed up in it. The conductor looked discouraged.

Just then the man in gray clothes reached across and tapped him on the shoulder.

'I saw the affair,' he said: 'you may call me if necessary.'

The conductor looked relieved as he poised his pencil in air.

'What is your name?' he asked.

The man in gray clothes hesitated slightly.

'Rockefeller,' he replied: 'J. D.'

The conductor shut his book with a snap that suggested he had all the witnesses he needed, and the car bowled along—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bridgetown, Nov. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. Watson Kinsey, a son.

Barrington Passage, Nov. 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Christie, a son.

Lower Selma, Nov. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Anthony, a son.

Upper Selma, Nov. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sterling, a daughter.

Sprinehill Nov. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert O'Rourke, a son.

Hillsborough, Nov. 23, to the wife of Maurice White, a daughter.

Providence, Nov. 23, to the wife of Samuel J. McConnell, a son.

Barrington, Nov. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nicolson, a daughter.

Lower Selma, Nov. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Anthony, a daughter.

Bridgetown, Nov. 27, to Capt. Wm. and Mrs. Longmire, a daughter.

Hillsborough, Dec. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Owen R. Campbell, a daughter.

Farrshore, Nov. 18, to the wife of Rev. Robt. Johnston, a daughter.

Annapolis Royal, Dec. 2, to the wife of H. M. Bradford, a daughter.

Amherst Highlands, Nov. 17, to the wife of Warren F. McDonald, a son.

MARRIED.

Oxford, Nov. 24, Robert Archibald to Minnie Copp, Bridgewater, Nov. 24, Arthur L. Fancy to Ida F. Fall.

Bridgewater, Nov. 9, Rev. W. E. Weagle to Clara South Weymouth, Mass. Wilton L. Haves to Elizabeth M. Nettles.

Boston, Nov. 22, by Rev. J. D. Pickles, George DeLois to Bertha Anslow.

Halifax, Nov. 2, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Albert Palmer to Beattie Paisley.

Bridgewater, Nov. 10, James Brenton Hirtle to Anna C. Blumelmann.

Boston, Nov. 24, by Rev. Dr. Dolan, David J. Dauber to Teresa B. Clancy.

Roxbury, Mass., by Rev. A. S. Gumbert, Chas. E. Slocumb to Sara J. Patten.

Westport, Nov. 19, by Rev. C. E. Pineo, Amos Welch to Georgia Currier.

Halifax, Dec. 1, by Rev. R. S. Stevens, Mr. J. J. Brown to Mrs. E. White.

Hillsborough, Nov. 25, by Rev. J. C. Miller, John Heston to Annie L. Marshall.

Westville, Nov. 23, by Rev. Thos. D. Stewart, C. A. Ross to Janet Henderson.

Kars, Kings Co., Nov. 30, by Rev. J. W. Clarke, Edna F. Gross to William Zwickler.

Jeddoe, Nov. 15, by Rev. T. E. Wootton, Walter Myers to Catherine Warner.

Which Smith.

A joker offered to bet half a sovereign with a gentleman that he would ask sixteen persons one and the same question, to which he would receive the same answer. The bet was accepted, and the joker asked each one of the sixteen this question: 'Did you hear that Smith is backrupt?'

'Which Smith?' was the stereotyped reply.

Green Snow.

Three places at least are known where green snow is found. One of these is near Mount Hecla, Iceland; another, fourteen miles east of the mouth of the Obi; and the third near Quinto, South America.

STEAMERS.

MANHATTAN STEAMSHIP CO'Y New York, Eastport, and St. John, N. B., Line: Steamers of this line will leave ST. JOHN (New York Wharf, Reed's Point), November 14, 24th, and December 3rd, and weekly thereafter. Retaining steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 1, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 9th, 19, and 29th, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN direct. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line. With our superior facilities for handling freight in NEW YORK CITY and at our EASTERN TERMINALS, together with through trade arrangements (both by rail and water), we have with our connections to the WEST AND SOUTH, we are in a position to handle all the business entrusted to us to the ENTIRE SATISFACTION OF OUR PATRONS BOTH AS REGARDS SERVICE AND CHARGES. For all particulars, address, R. H. FLEMING, Agent, New York Wharf, St. John, N. B. N. L. NEWCOMBE, General Manager, 5-11 Broadway, New York City.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y. On and after Monday, Oct. 8th, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. St. John at 7.15 a. m., arr. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 3.45 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.30 p. m. Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.35 p. m. Lve. Halifax 8.00 a. m., Tuesday and Friday, arr. Digby 12.45 p. m. Lve. Digby 12.50 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 9.00 a. m., arr. Digby 11.45 a. m. Lve. Digby 11.50 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.45 p. m. Lve. Yarmouth 8.35 a. m., Mon. and Thur. arr. Digby 10.25 a. m. Lve. Digby 10.30 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.25 p. m. Lve. Annapolis 7.20 a. m., arr. Digby 8.55 a. m. Lve. Digby 3.20 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Fullman Palace Buffet Cars run each way on Flying Buses express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE. By the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Trains arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.00 p. m. Unparalleled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

S. S. Evangelina makes daily trips to and from Kingsport and Parrboro. Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Furber steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898 the rains of this Railway will be as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax, 7.00 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou, 11.00 Express for Quebec, Montreal, 12.00 Express for Sussex, 12.00 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax, and Sydney, 12.10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 10.30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12.10 for Truro. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN Express from Sussex, 8.30 Express from Halifax, 12.00 Express from Moncton, 12.10 Accommodation from Moncton, 12.24 All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 97 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Christmas Holiday Excursion Tickets.

On sale to Pupils and Teachers in Schools and Colleges on surrender of proper certificate from Principals, between stations in Canada, East of Fort Arthur, December 10th to 31st, good for return passage until January 31st. To Commercial Travellers on presentation of their Certificates in territory as above, December 10th to 31st, good for return passage until January 7th, and to the Public, between all stations on the East of Fort Arthur, December 21st, to January 24th, good for return until January 7th.

all at One Way first Class Fare for the Round Trip. Further particulars of Ticket Agents: G. E. USHER, A. E. ROWMAN, Gen'l. Pass. Agent. Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent. Montreal. St. John, N. B.



BORN.

Newcastle, Nov. 21, to the wife of H. Jones, a son. Springhill, Nov. 26, to the wife of Wm. Wyld, a son. Metapedia, Nov. 23, to wife of Thos. McDougall, a son. Oliver, Nov. 6, to wife of John Carruthers, a daughter. Amherst, Nov. 20, to the wife of Nicholas Landry, a son. Amherst, Nov. 26, to the wife of C. S. Sutherland, a son. Greenwood, Nov. 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Bruce, a son. Barrington, Nov. 14, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cloonan, a son. Arthur-te, Nov. 20, to the wife of Robert Sprague, a son. Amherst, Nov. 26, to the wife of Alfred Allen, a daughter. Amherst, Nov. 27, to the wife of Morley Pike, a daughter. Beny Ile, Nov. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Calder, a daughter. Truro, Nov. 21, to the wife of Mr. Fred Fuller, a daughter. Barrington, Nov. 13, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Christie, a son. Parrboro, Nov. 25, to Capt. and Mrs. Stuart Salt, a son. Truroville, Nov. 21, to the wife of Arthur Truro, a son. Campbellton, Nov. 27, to the wife of Oskar Johansen, a son. Arthur-te, Nov. 21, to the wife of Henry L. Sisson, a daughter. North Sydney, Nov. 25, to Mr. and Mrs. David F. Nolan, a son. Great Village, Nov. 26, to Mr. and Mrs. James M. Spencer, a son.

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