

PROGRESS

VOL. IX., NO. 457.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE LIBRARY SCHEME.

IS NOT MAKING THE PROGRESS THAT SHOULD BE EXPECTED.

Some of the Reasons Given for the Want of Interest Taken—The Tactics Employed in Taking the Management of the Old Library Away From Those in Authority.

The public library project is not making that progress that would be expected in a city such as this and there may be various causes advanced why such is the case. One reason given by a prominent citizen is the facility with which laws may be passed expropriating property, or ideas, if the term is allowed and not only frustrating the intentions of donors to a philanthropic or benevolent enterprise but interfering with business as well. A few days since this library project was discussed by a number of prominent citizens and one advanced as his reason for not aiding the new project the peculiar tactics employed in seizing the old library and taking it and its management away from the men most prominent in its establishment.

The history of the case, as he detailed it is as follows:

In 1879 after the disastrous consequences of the great fire had been fully understood, the following citizens decided that a library was a necessity.

S. Z. Earle, M. D. Mayor of the City of St. John, N. B.

James Donville, Henry Daffell, Chas. Emerson, H. A. Glasgow, J. H. Allan, S. B. Brittain. Aldermen of the City of St. John, N. B.

James Adams, Wm. Peters, Harris Allan, William Rennie, T. B. Hannington, G. H. Martin. Councillors of the City of St. John, N. B.

Hon. W. J. Ritchie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada.

Hon. R. D. Wilnot, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick.

Hon. Sir S. L. Tilley, Minister Finance, Canada.

J. W. Donville, Major-General, Royal Artillery.

Hon. John Boyd, Senator, Canada.

James Donville, M. P., Dominion of Canada.

Hon. Robert Marshall, M. P. F., Member Legislative Council.

David McLellan, M. P. P., Provincial Legislature.

Daniel & Boyd, Hall & Fairweather, J. & W. F. Harrison, Geo. Fleming & Son, John McMillan, Thomas Furlong, Merchants of St. John, N. B.

They consequently issued a circular and sent it to all parts of the civilized globe, where there was a library, or a government that would be prevailed on to aid them with books, or state papers. James J. Woodland, then secretary for Col. Donville, M. P. had charge of the work of communicating with the Vancouver government.

The British government responded with a grant of £250, books to that value to be selected by General Donville, father of the Colonel, and the late William Elder, M. P. P. The society for the Propagation of the Gospel responded with a grant of £50, and books and donations were received as free gifts from the United States government, Her Majesty's Treasury offices, East India government, U. S. Army, P. O. Department, U. S. Religious Tract society, Marcus Ward & Co., Smithsonian Institution, British Museum, Maine Historical Society, Massachusetts Historical Society, Shakers' Society, American Academy, Arts and Science, New York State Library, Dean & Co., State Library, "Lansing," Shakers' Society (Shirly Village), William L. Leggo, Rev. W. Hill, Shakers' Society, (Albany Co.,) House of Commons Library J. B. Plumb, M. P., and many others.

Hon. Mr. Elder referred to the matter as follows: "Several spasmodic attempts have been made by the press, and by private individuals, to provide a free public library for St. John, but without success. The destruction of books and libraries in the great fire of the 20th of June, 1877, was so great and so widespread that the want of the library is now felt more keenly than ever before. It was stated on the street, yesterday, that Ald. Donville, M. P., was about to expend a portion of his unexhausted energy in soliciting copies of books from authors and publishers in Europe, the United States and the Dominion, with a view to provide such library. We have no doubt that the appeal would be handsomely responded to, and that if Mr. Donville takes up the matter, and 'keeps at it' it can be made a success.

Several of our citizens would aid. The Common Council would, no doubt, be willing to provide a room for the library, and the fund raised by the citizens should go towards paying a librarian and assistant to manage it.

The library became a fact and the committee created a perpetual deed of trust and had it recorded conveying the library into the hands of trustees, two of whom were Mr. W. F. Hatheway and Collector Ruel.

It was concluded by the city council that the rate payers should pay a grant of \$600 to the new enterprise. Matters were progressing at a satisfactory rate and the promise was good for a library of more than modest proportions when steps were taken to rob those who had done the work of that honor that should have been theirs.

The government of Mr. King now Judge King passed the "libraries act," conveying from the trustees the work of years breaking the trust deed, and placing the trusteeship in the hands of those who had very little interest in the formation of the institution.

An entry was made but the matter could not be charged and the men decided that it was not always safe to invest money on an enterprise in project while the government could so easily raffle them away.

In this may be seen one reason why public men are slow in coming to the support of the new library. There should be some arrangement made that those who aid the enterprise may not be legislated against—then the citizens will readily aid the erection of a new library building.

THE ALDERMAN'S JOKE.

He Spoke Figuratively but the Man Had a Jag Just the Same.

There is a certain member of the city council who is noted for his formal nature and unsmiling mien, and one of the city legends says that the faintest tinge of a smile was never known to cross his melancholy countenance. He is however a very popular alderman among his fellows and the fact that last election he was returned with a bigger majority than ever before proves that he is extremely popular with the citizens as well. A few days ago he made what his fellow aldermen declare to be his only joke and he enjoyed it too for rumor has it that he chuckled and was even seen to smile coyly to himself. The circumstances surrounding the joke are rather funny particularly as the laugh is on a city official whose duties are generally supposed to consist of holding up the corner of the City Hall and drawing his salary. His bump of importance has however not been diminished any by his lack of employment for he still considers himself the hardest worked man on the staff. Not long ago he went on a good time with some friends and as he has not a very large capacity for holding ardent liquors he was soon seeing double.

Even in his betogged condition his sense of importance did not leave him and he dragged himself in the direction of the City Hall; there to stand on the corner and leer at passers-by. He arrived at his destination in safety but had not the strength to stand up so he contentedly stretched himself out in the vestibule safe from the prying public gaze.

Just as he got nicely ensconced on the tiled floor, the grim-visaged alderman came in. The sight of the man on the floor brought a faint smile to his lips and he hastened up stairs. Meeting another city father he said "Where is the ambulance kept and how can I get it?" The alderman questioned returned the necessary information and asked "Why what's the matter?" Oh there's a man lying down in the hall who appears to be "paralyzed" said he of the grave countenance. The ambulance was telephoned for by the other alderman, who happened to go down stairs a minute after, and saw what the trouble was. The call was at once cancelled but the alderman had his little joke just the same.

Captain Wiggan and His S. S. Work.

HALIFAX, February 18.—Captain Wiggan, of the Royal Berks regiment, who was removed from the superintendency of the Garrison Church Sunday school by General Montgomery-Moore, because the General did not approve of the officer's methods and views, is now enjoying the work of a teacher in St. Paul's Sunday school, where he will have the cordial support of Rev. Dyson Hague, the rector, and of all in the congregation, and where he will not be hampered by any restrictions, such as can be exercised by

an official like the officer commanding the forces in Canada. There is no greater enthusiast in Sunday school work than Captain Wiggan, who is quite the equal in this matter of his friend, Captain. Winn, R. E.

HIS ABBREVIATED GARMENTS.

A St. John Man Finds Himself in a Dilemma But Comes Out All Right.

There is a young man in this city who, like all other youths, enjoys a good time as well as any one. It was with great delight therefore that he accepted an invitation to a dance lately, and in order that his enjoyment of the occasion should be the more complete he invited two young lady friends to attend the terpsichorean function. The ladies equally appreciative of the dance readily gave a favorable response to his request. The young man was delighted and began with some little leisure to make his preparations for the eventful evening. It proved to be much more eventful in fact than at this period he had any idea of. In this process of preparation, he sent a pair of his best trousers to a tailor to be pressed and renovated. Further thought prompted him to send his best dress shirt to be laundered. Everything was going along all right. He had seen the ladies again—and arrangements were duly made as to the hour he would call for them in order to accompany them to the dance. The eventful evening at length arrived and at an hour somewhat later than he expected he found the tailor had not sent home his trousers as he had promised. This was alarming. The tailor had gone home from his shop at this time; and a messenger was immediately despatched to his residence with instructions also to call at the laundry for the shirt which by some mistake or other had not been sent home either. The young man waited the messenger with all the patience possible but with a large amount of inward bitterness. Time was flying and still the messenger returned not. It would not do to disappoint the ladies. Some plan must be devised whereby he could escort them as he had engaged to do.

Now this young man in point of cleverness is second to few in the city, and full of resources as well. A happy thought struck him. There was yet time so with admirable courage and nerve, he put his coat on over an ordinary suit and with ulster buttoned up close around him he presented himself at the home of the ladies in readiness to accompany them. The trio wended their way to the scene of the festivities, the young ladies never doubting but that their companion had his dress suit on under the ulster. Having discharged his escort duty so successfully this resourceful man hastened home to find that his tardy messenger had returned bringing with him two parcels, one of which, he found contained the shirt, and the other a pair of pants. The latter he promptly donned only to find them about four inches too short. The tailor had sent home the wrong pants.

The young man, who laughingly tells the story himself thinking it too good to keep—managed however to get to the dance after all and enjoyed himself to the utmost, the enjoyment being perhaps the more because of his trials of the early evening.

IT IS A WICKED CITY

If the Statements of Some of the Civic Officials are to be Believed.

HALIFAX, Feb. 18.—At a public meeting on Monday night when citizens were given the right to address chairman McIure and his committee of temperance men from the house of assembly on proposed amendments to the liquor license act an alderman, one of the candidates for the mayoralty at the forthcoming elections made a rather strange statement. He was getting in his work on inspector Banks and the police, and he said that there are 67 unlicensed places on Brunswick and Albe this city. He also is reported to have made the still more striking assertion that there are 865 bad houses in this good city of Halifax. When the candidate for mayoralty honors was asked what he had done to give success to such a state of affairs he replied that he was not elected to act as an informer, but he went on to show that he had done all he could to expose what he found to be wrong. The alderman surely over draws the opportunities for evil that exist in this city, or is it that his knowledge of the bad is so out of proportion to what he knows of the good that he speaks hastily and without due consideration. Whatever may be the fact in this regard there is no doubt that the above is the way the alderman sizes up Halifax.

MET IN DEADLY COMBAT.

BUT THE DUEL WAS DECLARED OFF THROUGH ILLNESS.

One of the Principals Fainted at the Beginning of the Mill and Now They Will Fight It out After the Sick Man Recovers His Health—Other Matters.

There is a certain girl in the West End who has been the innocent cause of a lot of trouble to a couple of North End lads during the past week. One of the young men is employed in a N. E. barber shop, while the other lives on Adelaide Road and clerks in a city dry goods store. Both have been in the habit of attending the Carleton skating rink where they have enjoyed a number of bands with the girl in question and up to a few days ago each of them thought that he stood first in her affections. A few evenings ago, however, one of them engaged a certain band with the young lady for the following evening, which happened to be band night. The barber was the lucky man so next evening he got away from work a little earlier than usual and hied him to Carleton rink where he expected to find his inamorita impatiently awaiting him. His hopes were not realized however for one of the first things he saw when he arrived on the ice was his charmer enjoying a skate with another North End. He waited impatiently for his band, with disappointment and amazement stamped on every feature. It came and he at once ventured to remind the fair one of her engagement only to meet with a second rebuff at her hands. In the most innocent manner imaginable she told him that she had thought he was not coming so had given his band to another and more fortunate man. He inquired the name of his rival and was greatly surprised to find that it was the dry good clerk whom he saw in her company on a previous occasion during the season. That was the last straw and thoroughly enraged and disgusted he left the ice vowing eternal vengeance upon whom he termed the meddler. Two days after the measurer of tape received a letter from the angry tonor who alleged that he had been grossly insulted at the hands of the clerk and threatening to get satisfaction by physical force if an apology was not forthcoming. No notice was taken of the letter and the barber next called in persons to enforce his demands. He did not get any satisfaction out of the interview, but so annoyed the clerk that the latter agreed to fight him and settle the matter. A mill was arranged to come off at a club in the city, and attended by numerous friends, both parties put in an appearance at the stipulated time. The barber looked very pale, however, and while preparations for the go were being made he fainted. The usual restoratives were used and he soon came back to consciousness but declared he was too sick to fight. He however promised to meet his opponent as soon as his health would allow so the affair was called off. The friends of the dry goods clerk now say that the barber will take good care not to recover sufficiently to enter the ring, believing discretion the better part of valor. Meanwhile the dry goods clerk is a regular attendant at the Carleton Rink and still continues his attentions to the girl.

RESERVED FOR THE D.

A Funny Incident that Occurred in a Halifax Church Lately.

HALIFAX, Feb. 17.—A few people in Grafton street, Methodist church are talking of a rather funny incident that occurred in the school room of that church on a recent occasion. The Sunday school children were giving an entertainment under the management of Dr. Woodbury, an earnest church worker and successful member of the dental profession. The room was crowded so that all the seats were occupied except one near the front which was marked "Reserved for the Doctor," intended for Dr. Woodbury.

A little after the performance began in came Dr. Maria Angwin, and as she drifted to the front her eyes caught the label "Reserved for the doctor."

"What a good idea" she ejaculated as she accomplished lady doctor took the seat and made herself comfortable.

The next moment Rev. Mr. Dobson the pastor of the church happened past and Dr. Angwin called his attention to the decoration of the seat she so fortunately had found. The good lady sat in front of the label in such a position that all the pastor of Grafton street could see was "Reserved for the D—."

"Reserved for the d—," said the minister with emotion, "what an ominous place for a lady to occupy!"

Rev. Mr. Dobson is one of the two or three most popular ministers in Halifax, but despite that fact the possibly suggestive tone as he uttered the words, "reserved for the d—," is said to have considerably angered the fair occupant of the doctor's bench.

need not expect much matrimonial felicity. It was such means that a North-end blacksmith took a couple of months ago to induce a young woman to consent to wed him. Now she is seeking the good offices of the S. P. C. to protect her from what she charges as his ill-usage. The marriage took place in the house of a friend; the license was regular and the minister was O. K. He had a ring too, but the other day the poor wife had an application for it from a kind hearted woman who said that she had merely loaned it that the wedding ceremony might proceed. The S. P. C. is trying to make peace but one would think it rather difficult work with such material.

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SOME CIVIC QUERIES.

Questions that Await Answers Prior to the Civic Election.

What a wonderful look of surprise and astonishment certain members of the civic council adorned their faces with yesterday when the gentle insinuation was made by Ald. McArthur that the advisory board had taken upon themselves things they had no right to do. What terrible insinuation was hidden in those few words was not learned, but the council thought it a very bold and defiant statement. Why not have an investigation? It would not cost more than an appropriation and there has been no legal expedition by the board for a week or ten days.

Then there are people asking about the two hundred and forty eight piles that Mr. Robert's drove and charged four dollars each for. Did he do it without any agreement with the advisory board, the council, the director, the mayor, or did he do the work and charge what he pleased for it? It is believed the latter is true for never before was four dollars charged for pile driving, the sum of two dollars and fifty cents each being considered sufficient.

These are some of the questions the general public are discussing prior to selecting a candidate as alderman. There is another question that they would like to know something about—that is the total cost of the Sand Point wharves but after getting the \$150,000 the remainder of the cost is lost in a mist of accounts or returns. Probably the tax bills for the year will tell part of the story.

A Good Showing.

Kerr's business college shows a well filled list of pupils this year all of whom are reported particularly bright and capable. The graduates from this institution find no difficulty in obtaining employment and it speaks well for the thoroughness of the training they receive that all of them are now enjoying splendid positions and not one of them is out of work. An enquiry into the methods of the college will be of great benefit to students who expect to enter a mercantile life.

Her Marriage Joys a Myth.

HALIFAX, February 17.—When a man finds a woman silly enough to marry him because he points a revolver at her, people

Railway.

On the 7th September, this Railway will be opened, as follows:

ST. JOHN

Fugwash, Pictou
Yarmouth 3 55 p. m.
Moncton 10 30
St. John 11 30

For Quebec and Montreal
Car at Montreal at 11 30

AT ST. JOHN:

Quebec (Monday)
Moncton 10 30
Yarmouth 3 55 p. m.

St. John 11 30
Fugwash, Pictou 11 30

Special Railway are heated
by, and those between
Levis, are lighted by
Eastern Standard Time.

General Manager,
St. John, N. B.,
January, 1894.

PACIFIC RY.

World Trip

SAORANGI.

On the 17th, 1897, calling at
Melbourne, Sydney,
Perth, Vancouver and
the C. P. Transcontinental.

Passage throughout, \$500.
Second Cabin on Steam-

er, St. John, N. B.

H. NOTMAN,
Dist. Pass. Agent,
St. John, N. B.

Atlantic R'y.

On the 19th, the Steamer and
as follows:

Prince Rupert,

AND SATURDAY.

Start Digby 11.00 a. m.
St. John, 4.00 p. m.

TRAINS

(Accepted).

Start Digby 12.45 p. m.
Yarmouth 3 55 p. m.
St. John 10 47 a. m.
Halifax 8.45 p. m.
St. John 8.50 a. m.
Annapolis 4.40 p. m.
Saturday.

Application to
the trains at Digby,
114 Prince William
on steamer, from whom
can be obtained.

LELL, Gen. Man'gr.
intendent.

DATE.

S. S. Co.

AGEMENT.

A WEEK

ON.

COMMENCING December
with the Steamship ST
will leave St. John

THURSDAY

g, at 8 o'clock, stand-
or Eastport, Lubec
and Boston.
Training, will leave Bos-
to 5 p. m.

AECHLER, Agent.

PRESS CO.

wards, Shipping
House Brokers.

Money and Packages o
Draughts, Accounts
throughout the Do-
States and Europe.
Sunday excepted, over
Lake St. John, Que-
Montreal and Sorel,
Central Ontario
Railways, Intercolonial
Railway, Camber-
Railway, Steamship
and Charlottetown
with nearly 600 services.
Middie, Southern and
Northwest Terrior

Europe via Canada
connection with the fer-
main and the continent.
ool, Montreal, Quebec

tended to and forward-
from Canada, United

J. B. STONE
Supt.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale: Halifax by the newboat and at the following news stands and offices.

- C. S. DUFFY, Brunswick street
MORSON & CO., Barrington street
CLIFFORD STREET, 111 Hollis street
LANE & CORNOLLY, George street
FOWERS' DRUG STORE, Opp. I. C. R. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
J. G. KEENE, Gortlehen street
H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.

The first rank party of the season took place last Thursday evening, the host of the evening being Mayor Gordon and the officers of the Berkshire regiment.

This was the opening of the rink party series and there will probably be more before the season closes.

The small dance given last week by some of the officers of the R. A. at Artillery and was a great success, the traditional fame of the entertainments given by the gunners being thoroughly sustained.

There were very few married ladies there, when compared with the list of unmarried ones, and nearly all of those asked were the wives of the officers of the garrison.

This is rather a change from the state of things three years ago, when there was merely a sprinkling of girls among the young married women who monopolized entertainments generally.

People looked very nice, as a rule, and many pretty frocks were worn, one of the very smartest being pale blue, very plainly made, and most becoming to its blonde wearer.

There were plenty of men and dancing was most energetic, as the floor and the music were both good.

Supper was of course unexceptionable, and everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves.

Next Friday another small dance will be given by the same hosts, and I hear there is great heartburning among the invitations, some people having been invited to both, to their great satisfaction over the less fortunate.

The handsomest dress in the room, by the way, was worn by an American lady, married to a member of the garrison.

But the belle of the evening was undubbed one of our youngest and prettiest girls, who looked charming in a very simple frock.

On Monday of last week Mrs. Montgomery Moore was at home as usual, and had a goodly number of visitors, though not at all a large party.

On Wednesday Mrs. Duncan gave a large tea, which was thronged throughout the afternoon, and extremely pleasant and successful.

The tea table was particularly pretty, and the people looked very nice in smart winter garments.

On Thursday there was another tea, though not so large, and there is also one this afternoon, so that the week has been dull at all.

On Thursday evening there was a dinner and dance at Bedford, given by the members of the dancing class which has been such a success during the past two winters.

There was no outside guest as the club numbers from 40 to 50 members, quite enough without extraneous additions.

It was to have been a driving party but the sleighing was so far from good that the party went and returned by train, which was not so pleasant, perhaps, but a great saving as regards time.

The whole affair was most successful and well managed.

The dinners of last week have been essentially masculine Tuesday and Thursday evenings having been taken up by dinners at Government house, and Wednesday by a dinner at Archbishop O'Brien's.

It would seem to be time for ladies to start opposition dinners, but perhaps they have their consolations for their quiet evenings.

TRURO.

Progress is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, and D. H. Smith & Co.

Feb. 18.—Captain D. I. V. Eason of the Canadian militia stationed at Fredericton, spent a day or two with home friends, Salmon river last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fuller gave a very pleasant evening on Monday to a small number of lady and gentlemen friends in honor of her guests, Miss Patchell and her sister Miss Milligan of St. John.

The night, so beautiful and clear was an ideal one for coasting, which was thoroughly enjoyed until after eleven o'clock, when the party returned to the house with appetites sharpened and keen for the enjoyment of a most appetizing supper.

The discussion of which, concluded a most pleasant evening. Among those enjoying Mrs. Fuller's hospitality were: Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Bowers, Miss Yorkston, Miss C. Dickie, Miss B. Blanchard, Miss E. Archibald, Miss L. Loughhead, Miss McLeod, Misses Thomas, Miss Piers, Misses McDougall, and Messrs. W. Yorkston, E. R. Stuart, J. Crowe, J. Stanfield, G. Crowe, H. D. McDougall, A. Ford, Vizard.

At "Emhurst," last Thursday night, Mrs. Thom. McKay was at home to quite a large party, for progressive whist. There were eight tables including the house party. Those present were: Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Blair, Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Randall, Mr. and Mrs. M. Dickie, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Crowe, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Moorman, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Wadwell, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Layton, Mr. and Mrs. Hemmeon, Mrs. McClellan, Miss Yull, Miss Mary Crowe, Captain L. Yull, Mr. G. H. Williams, W. F. Odell, Mrs. H. W. Crowe, and the ladies first prize; Mr. D. B. Cummings, the gentlemen.

The consolation prizes fell to Mrs. Atkinson and Mr. Odell.

Last Tuesday night there was another large progressive whist party at "Emhurst." Mrs. McKay received in black brocade, Miss McKay in pink dotted swiss. The guests were Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Blair, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Black, Misses Bligh, Miss Sutherland, Misses Anna and May Sutherland, Misses McNaughton, Misses Nelson, Miss L. Sneok, Miss Tabor, Miss Jean Crowe, Miss Helene Lawrence, Miss Archibald, Miss Yorston, Miss C. Longhead, Miss Bigelow, Miss Leckie, Miss Wetmore, the gentlemen were, F. S. Yorkston, Dr. Vincent, W. A. Spencer, G. H. Williams, F. L. Murray, A. V. Smith, B. Black, Soloan, W. Crowe, J. Crowe, Fenwick Cutten, Dr. Hall, W. Yorkston, E. R. Stuart, W. A. Fitch, H. V. Birelow.

USE Baby's Own Soap

and you'll know why we recommend it

BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE.

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

Miss Mary Crowe, green silk. Mrs. A. G. Campbell, white silk. Miss Lawrence, white silk.

Miss Anna Sutherland, white brocade satin, head pagementerie trimmings. Miss Mary Sutherland, red crepon. Miss Bligh, black crepon skirt pale blue satin bodice.

Miss Yorkston, reside silk crepon, violets. Miss McNaughton pale pink crepon. Miss L. McNaughton, pale blue crepon. Miss Tabor, yellow silk.

Miss Leckie, pale blue satin, white lace. Mrs. W. P. McKay is spending a few days in Halifax.

Mr. W. P. McKay went to Amherst today to be present at the Bachelor's ball tonight.

WINDSOR.

Progress is for sale in Windsor at the store of F. W. Dakin.

Feb. 17.—Mr. Allan Inspector of the Halifax Banking company was in town for a few days last week.

Miss Mollie Gossip returned on Wednesday from her stay in Antigonish.

Miss Florence Shand is visiting friends at Bridge water.

Mr. J. M. Smith is in Boston on a business trip. Mrs. Forni of Halifax has been visiting Mrs. Blis Murphy.

Mrs. Stewart who has spent the last two years with her brother Rev. Mr. Dickie at the presbytery, in a manse left on Wednesday for Toronto much to the regret of the many warm friends she made while in Windsor.

Mrs. Stewart will be missed particularly in the presbyterian church having been indeed the "Lady of the Manse" while here.

Mr. Dennison who has been practicing law in Windsor for the last few years left last week for Digby where he goes into partnership with Mr. Copp. Mr. Dennison was very popular while here and his departure is much regretted.

Mr. Khadder of King's college had returned from a trip to New York.

Mr. T. A. G. Ouseley was in Halifax last week. Rev. J. C. Halsey is spending a few days in Halifax. He accompanied his daughter Mrs. Warren and her son who sailed from Halifax for St. John's Newfoundland this week, after making a visit here on their way from Bogaland.

Miss Barnham is returned from a very pleasant visit to friends in Boston and New York.

Miss Pince of Berwick is in town the guest of Mrs. W. H. Curry.

Mr. Percy Borden editor of the "Western Chronicle" Kentville was in town on Monday.

Mrs. Ritchie of Annapolis who has been visiting Miss Georgie Barnham, returned home on Saturday.

Mr. Frank Scott of Halifax is spending a few days in town with friends.

Miss Jettie Kilcup has gone to Montreal to spend some weeks with friends there and in Quebec.

Keep up hope. There are thousands of cases where recovery from Consumption has been complete.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA. OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. "Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., Editor of "Health."

The whist club last week, met at the residence of Mr. E. E. Short who with his estimable wife are excellent entertainers.

Friends of Miss Jessie Stewart will regret to hear that she is quite ill. Mr. Charles Barrill of Weymouth was here a couple of days this week.

Mrs. E. Biden of Amherst is here visiting relatives and friends. Mrs. W. S. Troop who has been confined to her room through illness, is convalescing.

Capt. Douglas E. N. H. is in town. NEW GLASGOW. Progress is for sale in New Glasgow by A. O. Pritchard and H. E. Henderson.

Feb. 18.—The Misses Gray entertained a number of friends with dancing at their home Riverside Villa Tuesday evening. Those present were, Misses Bessie Conrod, Bessie McDougall, Jessie McKenzie, Jessie W. Fraser, Ella Bowman, Gertrude Douglas, Eva Grant, James Hartry, Mrs. T. Y. Fraser, M. Smith, Messrs. W. Stiles, G. S. Jackson, Geo. Fraser, Harry Crockett, J. W. Grant, Jack Grant, Basil Bell, C. Gray.

Miss Maude Sutherland of Westville is the guest of Mrs. A. M. Fraser this week. Mrs. J. H. McFracor entertained lady friends Friday evening. Invited guests were, Mrs. Thom. McKay, Mrs. A. M. Fraser, Mrs. Geo. Underwood, Mrs. J. Graham, Mrs. W. P. McNeil, Miss Sue Cameron Winsipeg, Mrs. J. R. Smith, Mrs. John McMillan, Mrs. Capt. McIntosh, Mrs. Fisher Grant.

Miss Bessie Conrod who has been visiting Mrs. Fulton Conrod the past year returned to her home Sheet Harbor Halifax County, on Wednesday morning. Miss Conrod made many friends during her stay here and will be much missed.

PARSBORO. Progress is for sale at Parsboro book store. Feb. 17.—Miss Cook of Moncton is the guest of Mrs. Claude Evis.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Eston have returned from a visit to Hanport. Mrs. Ambrose who has been here with her husband a short time, the guest of Mrs. Gibbon went home on Monday.

Mr. E. Gillespie is away for a trip to Halifax and Yarmouth. Rev. Fr. Brennan has been confined to the house for several weeks with severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Smith have lately become the parents of a little girl. Miss Alice Smith of Amherst is paying a visit to her sister Mrs. Stuart Porter.

Mrs. J. G. Johnson came from Pugwash yesterday and is staying with her husband at Hotel Canerland. Mr. A. W. Copp returned last week from Truro.

Rev. C. Munro of Oxford, conducted the services in St. James church on Sunday. Rev. H. K. McLean taking Mr. Munro's duties at Oxford. Dr. Townshend spent Sunday at Amherst.

Miss Brown of Mableton has been visiting Mrs. N. C. Nordby. Miss Hattie Halford, Miss Maude Corbett, Misses Mabel and Florence Smith, Mr. Harley Smith and Mr. H. G. Mother went to Oxford on Saturday returned on Wednesday and were guests while there of Mrs. Robb and Mrs. H. Brown.

Mr. McMurray was summoned home to Salisbury on Monday by his mother's illness. The literary club met on last evening at Dr. Magee's.

Mr. J. G. Pikan spent a part of last week in Digby. Mr. Churchill of St. John has been here for several days.

Active preparations are in progress for the coming military tournament on Thursday evening. Digby. Progress is for sale in Digby by Mrs. Morse.

Feb. 17.—Mrs. Dr. Kinsman is reported by cablegram to be seriously ill at Nassau where she went for the benefit of her health, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. J. Welsh. Her husband left on Saturday for Nassau.

Mrs. Harley has returned from her visit to Windsor. The whist club this week meets at the residence of Mr. H. Green.

Mrs. C. A. Dakin entertained a number of ladies and gentlemen Tuesday evening. The party was gotten up in honor of Mrs. E. Biden.

OPENING New York Shirt Waists 1897 STYLES.

We are just opening a very beautiful line of these goods, made by the very best makers, and guarantee them SECOND TO NONE ever shown in St. John.

Different Styles and Prices. ALSO New Linen Collars and Cuffs,

To wear with Shirt Waists and for ordinary wear.

THE PARISIAN 165 Union St.

FERGUSON & PAGE are prepared for the year 1897, and have a good stock of Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds, Solid Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Clocks, Bronzes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, etc., and will do the best they can to satisfy customers.

Brushes! TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, NAIL BRUSHES, CLOTH BRUSHES, HAT BRUSHES, MILITARY BRUSHES

A Beautiful Assortment Just Received AT W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN'S, 35 King Street.

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

Pigs' Feet and Lamb's Tongues. RECEIVED THIS DAY. 10 Kegs Pigs Feet, 5 Lamb's Tongues. At 19 and 23 King Square. J.D. TURNER.

Extra Superior Dry Champagne. THIS IS ONE OF THE FINEST CHAMPAGNES USED ON THE LONDON MARKET. Giesler & Co. Arixel Champagne. McINTYRE & TOWNSEND, Sole Distributors for Canada, P. O. BOX 252, ST. JOHN, N. B. On and after May 1st we will occupy the premises now used by JOHN HORN & Co. McINTYRE & TOWNSEND.

ST. JOHNS AND CALAIS.

[Programme for sale in St. John by Messrs. ...]

Feb. 17.—It has been most noticeable this winter ...

On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Janus Murray ...

Miss Josephine Moore on Saturday afternoon ...

Colonel and Mrs. W. E. Boardman entertained ...

Among the handsome and attractive turnout ...

The young ladies of Christ church are preparing ...

The Harmony club will meet at "Westwold" the ...

Mrs. James L. Thompson most pleasantly entertain ...

The Current News club met last evening at the ...

Mrs. John D. Chipman returned from Boston on ...

Mr. Frank Todd accompanied by his friend and ...

Mrs. Fredric W. Grimmer and Miss Grant, have ...

Mrs. Henry B. Eaton has gone to Fredericton to ...

Miss Helen Parks will spend several weeks with ...

Mrs. Henry B. Marchie gave a "Thimble" party ...

Miss Bessie Dixy entertained on Monday evening ...

Mrs. Waterbury gave a pleasant tea party on ...

Mr. Percy L. Lord has returned from his visit in ...

Mrs. Howard Sprague in honor of her daughter ...

"Crokonole" is the favorite game at present, and ...

Miss Madeline McCleary of St. John is the guest ...

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Eaton have returned from ...

Mr. Charles Townsend Copeland instructor at ...

Mr. Frank E. Amsden, has returned from a visit ...

Mr. and Mrs. Fredric Morrill of Bangor, are ...

Rev. O. B. Newham visited St. George, Monday, ...

Mrs. W. F. Todd will entertain at tea this evening ...

Mrs. Waterbury a Mrs. C. H. Clarke, visited ...

The play "Lady of Lyons" was given most successfully ...

The carnival given in the curling rink last evening ...

Through the kindness of Mrs. George McWha a ...

WOODSTOCK.

[Programme for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. ...]

Feb. 17.—Mr. Ernest Acheson returned on ...

Miss Jennie Hall of St. John returned to her home ...

Miss Corn Smith, Miss May Clark, Mrs. W. E. ...

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Manner entertained a number ...

Mr. H. W. Phillips of Boston spent this week in ...

The Epworth League of the Methodist church ...

Miss Ada Watson spent last week in St. John.

The Sunday school of St. Luke's will give an ...

Miss Bessie Neales is visiting friends at Centreville.

The Valentine social which was held at the residence ...

A good programme was well carried out consisting ...

A very pleasant driving party drove to Houlton ...

A party drove over to Houlton on Monday evening ...

Mr. Isaac Smith after a week's illness with pneumonia ...

Mr. Rupert McLauray of Farnboro N. S. and Mr. ...

A social was held at the Methodist parsonage last ...

Miss Scott of Hillsboro is visiting Mrs. Barnes.

Mrs. Bulmer was at Anson on Monday last attending ...

Hockey is the principal sport among the boys this ...

There are too many people with prematurely gray hair ...

Feb. 16.—On Tuesday evening of last week a very ...

The meeting was opened with Scripture reading by ...

Remarks, Selections, The World must be Taken, choir.

Mr. Joseph McCormick who has been confined to ...

Miss Edith Baldwin has returned from a week's ...

On Monday evening Rev. O. S. Newham of St. ...

Mr. A. H. Robinson, sup. of E and H railway went ...

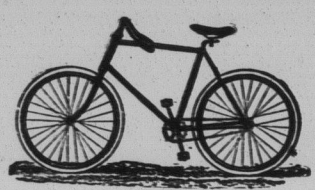
Many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Alward met ...

Mr. A. J. McKnight who is attending the Normal ...

Dr. Puseley arrived here Saturday night and will ...

BICYCLES.....

AGENTS wanted in every town for the "King of Scorchers"



SPECIAL GRADE CYCLE, AND THE High Grade Crawford

SPEED KING and QUEEN

We have these in THREE HEIGHTS OF FRAME, variety of color seamless tubing with Dunlop tyres, built-up wood rims, plated detachable chain wheels adjustable handlebars, two-piece cranks, the latest hygienic saddles and oil retaining dust-proof bearings, at SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

ABOVE ALL, THEY GIVE PERFECT RESULTS.

Our Mr. LOVE is now in the Maritime Provinces appointing Agents. Write us and make appointments if you are open. Catalogues free.

E. C. HILL & CO., 101 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Mr. I. Duncan is seriously ill with pneumonia. Mr. Isaac Smith after a week's illness with pneumonia died Sunday afternoon; the remains will be taken to Truro, N. S., for burial.

A social was held at the Methodist parsonage last Wednesday evening in aid of the parsonage fund. Rev. J. M. Robinson of Moncton lectures here Wednesday evening on the "Bonnie Briar Bush" in aid of the same fund.

Mr. John Trites is visiting friends in Moncton. There are too many people with prematurely gray hair, when they might avoid it by applying that Reliable and effective preparation, Hall's Hair Renewer.

Feb. 16.—On Tuesday evening of last week a very fine missionary meeting was held in the Baptist church under the auspices of the W. M. A. society. The meeting was opened with Scripture reading by the president Mrs. Samuel Johnston.

Remarks, Selections, The World must be Taken, choir. Benediction, Rev. Mr. Lavers. Mr. Joseph Clark has returned from a long visit with Mr. and Mrs. Jackson at L'Etang.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Keith are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little daughter. Miss Lottie Price has returned from her visit to Moncton.

Mr. Fred Seely and children spent a few days last week in Petticoat. Mr. Skymour Jones of Petticoat spent Sunday in Havelock the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Price.

Mr. Elias Robinson has gone to Sussex to spend a few days with his uncle R. D. Robinson. Mr. A. J. McKnight who is attending the Normal school came home Friday night and returned to Fredericton Monday morning.

Dr. Puseley arrived here Saturday night and will remain a few days with friends. Mr. A. H. Robinson, sup. of E and H railway went to Moncton Monday.

Many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Alward met at their residence Saturday evening and made them a surprise party. Games of all kinds were played and a sumptuous lunch served. Being Saturday evening the party broke up in time to reach home before Sunday morning. A pleasant evening.

Miss McMurray's many Havelock friends regret to hear of her mother's serious illness. CALIBURY. Feb. 14.—The sleighing has been good around here for the last month and there is lots of driving. Capt. Carter and A. E. Trites each drive nice spans. Sickness is very prevalent in the place. Mrs. McMurray is very ill with nervous prostration.

Yes, I think Midge is thinking of getting married again. "Has she said so?" "No, but she told me yesterday that her crepe veil made her head ache."

"Don't you think your pants are a little baggy?" "Not at all; this is the slack season, you know."

Chronic Derangement of the Stomach, Liver and Blood, are speedily removed by the active principles of the ingredients entering into the composition of Farnelle's Vegetable Pills. These Pills are specifically on the deranged organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease and renewing life and vitality to the afflicted. In this lies the great secret of the popularity of Farnelle's Vegetable Pills.

Mamma (to Tommy)—I am sorry you and your sister quarrelled over that orange, and that I must have to interfere. Whose part did James take? Tommy—Whose part? He took the whole orange.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its penetratingness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children.

Miss Prude (while out walking with her younger sister thinks she is rudely treated)—"Were you staring at me, sir?" "Strange gentleman—" "Bless you, no, madam. I was admiring your little granddaughter."

As FARNELLE'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Iodine, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, and writer: "I consider Farnelle's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

First Lawyer—"I believe those jurymen are loaded." Second Lawyer—"I guess they are; the judge just charged them."

Difference of Opinion regarding the popular internal and external remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

Patent—"Doctor, I have very severe pains in the right foot, about the instep and toes. What is that a sign of?" Wise Physician—"That's a sign of rain."

The Medicine for Liver and Kidney Complaints. Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Farnelle's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaints. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Farnelle's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from disease as before I was troubled."

He—Don't you think 'cribbler looks very good to you?" She—Yes, especially the fringe around the bottom of his trousers. Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm EX-terminator. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Brown—Jones doesn't forget his Alma Mater. Robinson—He doesn't eh? Brown—No, indeed. He's trying to teach his baby the college yell.

Hollo's Corn Cure is a specific for the removal of corns and warts. We have never heard of its failing to remove even the worst skin baby the old gent ever gave you his hand when you asked for his daughter?" "No his foot."

Millinery, Dress Making.

Mrs J. J. McDonald's ESTABLISHMENT MONCTON, N. B.

Will be found the latest Parisian styles and newest models. Dress-making done in all up to date fashions. Each department under the highest class supervision and all work guaranteed. Write for particulars and prices.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

His Own Free Will. Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is the remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

WINE'S. Arriving ex "Escalona" "The Nicest" in quarter cask and Octives. For sale low. THOS. L. BOURKE WATER STREET.

Athletes Need It ..

Johnston's Fluid Beef contains in concentrated form all the qualities of Prime Lean Beef.



Johnston's Fluid Beef Gives strength without increase of flesh. In Tins and Bottles.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

Discontinuance.—Except in those localities which are easily reached, Postoffice will be stopped if the time paid for. Discontinuance can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

The Circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; it is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies Can be Purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in every part of the cities, towns and village of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 20

BICYCLE NOT TO BLAME.

It has been demonstrated lately that the screwed up condition of the countenance known as the "bicycle face" is not at all the result of bicycling particularly, but is induced by any violent demand on the muscles. An article on the muscular contraction of the face in a recent issue of La Nature illustrates this fact by presenting a picture of a young man in the act of jumping a hurdle. "During the jump" says the article "the entire body leaves the ground and for the time being floats through the air like a projectile. The effort of giving the impulse provokes a contraction of the muscles of the entire body; the trunk and the extremities of the body, form at the moment of leaving the ground but one rigid unit. The picture shows the body at that moment and it reproduces the full effort and the complete contraction. As the jump was rather high the violence of the effort is well accentuated in the jumpers expression he looks as if he were in great distress, and as it were about to break into tears.

The execution this week at Missouri of ARTHUR DUBROW, for the murder of his wife and child in St. Louis about three years ago was simply the meting out of justice to a criminal whose atrocious misdeed demanded the extreme penalty. But the law's dread penalty in this instance had been invested with exceptional importance in the public mind by reason of the fact that the criminal was a millionaire—the first to die upon the scaffold in the United States. While it is perfectly true that the worldly circumstances of the malefactor had properly little or no bearing upon his awful crime, in a legal sense at least it is just as well that the attention of the whole world should be concentrated on his case; for it certainly marks the triumph of justice over every technicality and it has furnished an impressive demonstration that the dollar is not always mighty enough to stay the hand of justice.

Mr. JAMES MORTON who arranged the first bicycle race in England some thirty years ago has written a letter to a newspaper published in the Transvaal, where he now lives, giving some interesting particulars of that event. It was at the annual gala of the United Friendly societies at Crews that the races took place and Mr. MORTON who was a delegate suggested the race, because he thought that cycling was likely to become in the course of time, a national sport. There were four entries but only two men rode, their machines having wooden wheels and iron tires. The second man protested against the prize being awarded to his competitor, as he had a couple of steel spikes screwed into the tire of his front wheel in order to get a good grip on the grass, but his objection was over ruled.

A recent issue of a Greenville, Kentucky, paper had the following letter of correction from a reader: "I desire to make a correction of the account published in your last week's issue relating to my marriage. It was stated that when I was married I had on my World's Fair Sox. This was a mistake. I did not have on my World's Fair Sox at that time, but wore a pair of cotton Sox that were presented to me by my grandfather, Col. Jacob Leigh. My grandfather, who was a soldier of the war of 1812, had worn them at the battle of New Orleans, and he gave them to me as a relic.

The examination of CECIL RHODES before the Parliamentary Committee which began in London this week failed to realize the expectations of sensational disclosures. The statement read by the witness contain-

ed no facts that had not become generally known. Mr. Rhodes' comparison of the movement in aid of the Johannesburgers with the Greek incursion of Crete put into epigrammatic form the irreconcilable difference between the Dutch Africaners and the British South African colonists. The raid, which appears to the former as a crime, is extenuated as an act of patriotism even by those among the latter who formally admit the criminality of the raiders. In these opposite points of view lies the danger to South Africa.

It is not generally known that the manufacture of chamois leather is a difficult process occupying some three months. The wool being removed from the sheep and lamb skins of which it is made, the skin is split by special machinery and in the inner portion is converted into chamois leather by various processes. At the final stage the skin is smoothed by means of a very fine circular knife worked by hand which produces the soft feeling so well known in good chamois leather.

Somebody is evidently trying to boom the "Parade," by writing anonymous letters to the papers condemning the "mad gypsy dance." Fanaticism may carry some persons to extreme lengths, but hardly so far as it seems to have done in this case. The effort to boom the entertainment in the way mentioned has the virtue of originality so far as St. John is concerned though it is an old dodge in the larger American cities.

The municipal council of Paris keeps a cart for the purpose of hauling away the numerous bombs and other infernal machines frequently dropped in that city by vengeful anarchists and murderous cranks. Recently the council appropriated 7500 francs to keep the "voiture aux explosifs" supplied with pneumatic tires in order to minimize the possibilities of an explosion while carting the missiles through the streets.

There is an ominous suggestion in the fact that in a town in Nova Scotia a prescription clerk is called BURY, while the undertaker goes under the appropriate cognomen of KNELLE. And to make matters worse, if possible, the principal physician of the village is named COFFIN.

An English firm has recently applied asbestos to the manufacture of shoes for workmen employed in foundries and smelting works. It is asserted that the new shoes, besides being more comfortable, cost less than leather shoes and wear indefinitely.

Rev. Dwight Moody in a recent sermon remarked "Heaven is a city like New York" And now the good people of the American Metropolis accuse Mr. Moody of trying to work up a boom for the other place. It is hard to please everybody.

According to the annual report of the London Fire Department there is an average of ten fires a day in the great city. During 1896 there were 106 lives lost by fire and no less than 400 false alarms maliciously given, are recorded.

A foot ball game was recently played in the city of Mexico and the Mexican papers were a unit in declaring the sport was "too brutal and degrading." Mexico seems to draw the line at bull fights.

The centenary of the high hat is at hand but the tall feminine theatre hat will never reach its centennial anniversary if the masculine element can help it.

By the aid of a glass a sailor says he recently saw a turtle as large as a man of war. It is pretty certain that it took more than one glass to do it.

A Pleasant Place for Residence. That Rotheray, nine miles from St. John, is a most pleasant and charming village for residence has been proven beyond doubt. Either for a person residing in St. John wishing to make their summer residence there or for a person making it their permanent home, there is no more beautiful spot. Rotheray has many advantages—it has two schools for girls and one for boys, beside the public schools. It has a church of England and a presbyterian church—a large summer hotel and is much frequented by citizens of St. John as a summer outing spot, and has first class train accommodation. In our advertising columns a splendid property in Rotheray at present occupied by Mr. C. H. Carman is offered for sale. It would make an ideal home for one who wished to do a little farming, as it contains six acres of land under cultivation, and the house standing on rising ground gives a grand view of the Kennebecasis. The whole property is in excellent order and will be disposed of at a low figure.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 17 Waterloo.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Visiting Day. The morning sun was shining clear and bright, Half way the shades were raised towards the street Through all the wards the suffering at night. Was lessened, for the loved ones soon would meet. The visitors would come today they knew, No more so weary that she could not smile; And early there the matron tried and true, Lingered beside each cot a longer while. Kind friends were coming, and dear hearts bowed low, Were saddened as they entered at the door; For some they knew ere long must slaking go, And they should find them in the ward no more. Ah, there were faces pale, and slender arms— Twined round some loving neck with whispered prayer, That He who life's wild sea of sorrow calms; Would take the burdens they no more could bear. There were too children crippl'd from their birth, And orphaned in life's early morning light, That some kind nurse in sympathy's true worth, Took faithful care of both by day or night. None sought to see them save in His dear name, Who in such scenes a might divine would prove; Who laid His hands upon them when He came, And took them in His blessed arms of love. Inside a corner screen a mother weeps, In silent anguish through her night of pain; The surgeon's knife its skillful science keeps, Sometimes to save a human life in vain. And here perchance has been that sadness deep, The same which here some years ago must reap, The invalid with anguish keen must weep, The gentle patience of a willing maid. To all of these and sons and daughters too, The longest for time brings fragrant flowers fair; When gracious hands their lovely gifts renew, And Easter lilies soothe the heart of care. Thus here again in victor's sweet day, Through all the Hospital new life had passed, And welcome voices found new words to say. Till came the parting moment and the last. Through all the hours until the twilight close, With voices now subdued to murmurs low, The weary ones were pray'd for brief repose, The shades are lowered and the lamps turned down Night nurses come their watchful posts to fill; A silence settles o'er the distant town, And save for some sad moaning, all is still. CRYSTAL GOLD.

The Modern Novel. The novelists who write to-day, why they hahn't got the trade, There ain't a one that knows just how a story should be made; Not one who understands the thing, not one who does the job. An' not a one who slings himself like ol' Sylvanus Ah, ol' Sylvanus Cobb, my boy, w'en he was on the deck, We had a story teller then of giant intellect. The hero of a story now he don't git in no row; No Indians, an' no pirates, an' no villains, anyhow. The hero of a story is tame; hain't got no whizz an' whizz; Sets still an' lets some other chap go in an court his gill! The novelists who write to day have all mistook their job; Not one has got the glor'us gift of ol' Sylvanus Cobb. Sylvanus took his hero where a hero ought to go. He scrapes an' awful dangers where he seemed to have no show; He drowned him, shot him, scalped him, but every reader knows Sylvanus knew his business well and he would pull him through. He bruised him, hanged him, buried him, an' did a han' some job. But still we knew the chap was safe with ol' Sylvanus Cobb. He'd git the chap in dungeons deep, with soldier's 'ill about; To all his body full of shot it be should once git out; Sylvanus was too shrewd for that, and allus had in stock A subterranean passageway through which the chap could walk. An' though he 'sashed an' slaughtered him, he understood his job. We knowed that we could trust the man with ol' Sylvanus Cobb. We'd see the hero's funeral, we'd hear the parson pray, We'd see his coffin in the tomb, all neatly packed away, But that didn't worry us a bit. Above the yawnin' grave Sylvanus still was there, an' he 'had power to save. We'd leave him in the grave content, an' we dida' mind. We knowed Sylvanus knowed the trick to git him out again. While Sylvanus led his hero we were not a bit afraid, Though he marched an' in an army, an' he faced a foe; Through a mine should cave in on him, though a whirlpool sucked him in, We all trusted to Sylvanus to produce him sound an' safe. An' Sylvanus allus done it. Oh, he understood the job. We knowed that we could trust the man with ol' Sylvanus Cobb.

Give me them good ol' days of guns, of snakes, an' rapin' jays, Of wolves an' rarin' catamounts, with blood upon their paws; W'en six-foot heroes courted girls that they had snatched away From out a bloody bandit's clasp, an' tramped him into clay. I wish we had some writers now who understood the job. Some writers who could sling themselves like ol' Sylvanus Cobb!

With One Exception. I'm a man who's most unbending, Who relies Woman's follies, never ending— Woman's wiles, I'm a chronic woman-hater, Who would never to woman cater, Yet there's one who proves me traitor When she smiles. Woman's time with utter lolly She beattles, And their something melancholy In her styles, I can take her mental measure, Proves she lives for naught but pleasure, But there's one who seems a treasure When she smiles. You may hear me often try To suggestions woman fly to Some good school; At the seat I'm ever railing, But I find I have one railing— When she smiles I cease my wailing, As a rule. You may think in what I'm saying I but drool; That, in fact, while thus inveighing, I'm a fool; But I tell you most sincerely I'm a woman-hater clearly, And this one exception merely Proves the rule. —Chicago Post.

If Your Pants look shabby send them to us. We sponge and tailor press them like new for 25c.; full suits 50c. Ungar's Laundry and Dye works, Waterloo street.

GEMS HAVE DISAPPEARED

Some Precious Stones Lose Color, Fade and Die, Chip and Crack. Gems have diseases just as men and women do, with this difference, that the infirmities of precious stones can rarely be cured. Some gems deteriorate, grow old, in other words, and gradually become lifeless. Pearls are most subject to this fate, and no means have been found to restore them to life.

Among infirmities to which precious stones are liable is one common to all colored stones, that of fading, or losing color when long exposed to the light. The emerald, the sapphire, and the ruby suffer the least, their colors being as nearly permanent as colors can be, yet experiments made a few years ago in Paris and Berlin to determine the deterioration of colorless gems through exposure showed that even these suffered, a ruby which had lain for two years in a show window being perceptibly lighter in tint than its original mate, which was kept in darkness.

The cause of the change are not very clear, even to expert chemists, but it is evident that the action of the light on the coloring matter of the gem effects a deterioration, slow but exceedingly sure. In the case of the garnet and topaz the change is more rapid than in that of the ruby and sapphire, but there is a curious difference in the result in topaz and garnet, for while the latter grows lighter, the former appears to become cloudier and dull in hue, losing much of the brightness characteristic of a newly cut gem.

For ages the opal has had the inevitable reputation of being the most unlucky of gems, and it is believed that the jewelers themselves were originally responsible for some of the superstitious and hard luck stories connected with it, since to the polishers and setters it is one of the most troublesome gems on their list.

Microscopists say that the prismatic colors and fire of the opal are due to myriads of minute cracks in the body of the stone, the edges of which reflect the light at different angles and give the hues so much admired. A stone full of cracks is liable to split any time, and disasters of this kind, especially in the process of grinding and polishing, have occurred so often that every gem polisher in connection with the opal.

After the gem is set and sold the load is taken off the mind of the manufacturer and transferred to that of the wearer. Opals that have successfully passed the ordeals of grinding, polishing and setting do not often crack afterward, but it is best not to expose them to even moderate heat involved by the wearer sitting in front of an open fire, for the opal is composed principally of silicic acid, with from five to thirteen per cent of water, a combination which renders them very treacherous objects. The idea that they bring disaster to the wearer may be dismissed as superstitious. Of all precious stones, however, the opal is most open to be deceived.—New York Herald.

A Valuable Invention. Letters Patent have been granted on the 27th of January last to Mr. Antonio Pratte, of the Pratte Piano Co., for improvement in sounding boards and sounding board frames. The effects of these improvements are: 1st. To produce a richer tone. 2nd. A more prolonged vibration of the strings, or what is called an increased singing tone. 3rd. Much more strength than in the ordinary frames (on which the sounding board is glued), thus preventing the displacement of the sounding board when the tension of the strings is applied on it, although that part of the piano constructed according to this patent costs many times more to make them in the best piano, the Pratte Piano Co. are now building all their pianos with these improvements without extra charge.

Anybody calling at their Warerooms, No. 1676 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, will be gladly shown all the details of this important invention. Abandoned to Their Fate. The spirit of the Parisian beggar is well illustrated by an interview with one of the veteran members of the fraternity. He has complained a good deal of the cold lately, and is undoubtedly old, and has for some time been trying to arrange matters to retire from business on the competence he has gained in it. The other day, therefore when the mercury had taken a sudden drop, he said to an old patron: "Well, I don't care; after next summer I am going to give up the business." "But what about your customers?" asked his patron. "Well, I'm sorry for them," said the old man, "but they'll have to get along the best way they can!"

One Little Difficulty. It takes a mechanical mind to understand a machine, and mechanics are amused at the ready notion of some people that they fully comprehend an apparatus of which they have not grasped the first principle. Such a person was lately heard 'explaining' a motorcycle, or self-propelling carriage, to some admiring friends. He told them what everything was 'for,' and then he added, frankly: "The only thing about it that bothers me is the question how it goes without a horse!"

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Am at Travel. Prof. S. P. Langley is reported as saying in a recent interview that, having proved both theoretically and practically that machines can be made to travel through the air, if he had the time and money to spend, he believed he could make one on a scale such as would demonstrate to the world that a large passenger-carrying flying-machine can be a commercial as well as a scientific success.

AMHERST.

[Programme is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.] Feb. 17.—On Wednesday last Messrs. A. B. Borden, C. L. Purdy, Dr. McQueen, Dr. McCully, C. L. Benedict, W. E. Robinson, A. G. Robb, J. M. Curry, H. W. Graham, J. R. Douglas and E. N. Rhodes issued invitations for an "at home" which comes of this evening, consequently society has been on the qui vive during the week preparing for the brilliant event which as near as can at present be ascertained will be a dance of unusual magnificence. The large store recently occupied by J. B. Goss has been very artistically draped with bunting colors and presents a most inviting appearance. The musicians come from the capital and Mr. Calhoun of the Terrace will attend to the supper, so just now the outlook is very promising for a charming success. Of the elegant gowns destined to appear, more anon. The patronesses are Mrs. J. A. Dickey, Mrs. D. W. Douglas and Mrs. N. A. Curry. A number of guests have been invited from other towns and many I hear will add eclat to the affair.

The drawing card at the Aberdeen rink on Saturday night was the Hockey match between the United Bankers of Halifax and our home team who came off victors, the score being eight to 1. Next on the rink programme is a carnival for next Wednesday evening which will have as a prelude a hockey match by a number of young ladies, who are practicing daily and without doubt will be a delightful feature of the evening as it will be decidedly unique.

A large party of skaters came from Moncton on Friday evening. After enjoying a few hours at the rink, they went to the Terrace for supper before taking their homeward way.

On Thursday Mrs. Calhoun mother of Messrs. William and Walter Calhoun died at her home after a short illness. She was well and very favorably known and will be sorely missed by a large circle of friends and the public in general. The funeral took place at the Terrace on Saturday, Rev. V. E. Harris conducted the service assisted by Rev. J. H. Macdonald. The remains were taken to Hillsboro for interment.

Miss Fanning of Mount Allison, Schville, was the guest of Mrs. D. W. Douglas over Thursday.

Miss Annie Black spent a few days in Moncton visiting friend.

Mr. D. W. Robb has returned from a short bus ness trip to Montreal.

La grippe or something closely akin in the way of colds seems at present to be all prevailing prominent among present victims is our stalwart M. P. Mr. H. J. Logan also Mr. J. M. Towanshad G. C. with a host of others.

The marriage of Mr. C. O. Davidson of Amherst to Miss Flo Bishop of Truro took place the first of the week. After a short wedding trip they will return to Amherst where they will reside.

Miss May Townshend of Halifax is paying a visit to Mrs. A. B. Dickey. Miss Fitzmorris is the guest of Miss Kathleen Coster, Crescent avenue. Miss Fannie Everett who has been visiting her uncle Rev. Dr. Steele and Mrs. Steele went to Truro on Wednesday for a short visit, before returning to her home in St. John.

Mrs. T. Sherman Rogers and Miss Adda McCully went to Boston last Wednesday for a six weeks visit. Mrs. O. B. Smith was in Halifax last week. Mr. F. J. Hanson was in St. John last week to attend the funeral of his brother Mr. Chas. Hanford. Miss McMullin of Truro was the guest of Miss Ellison last week. Miss Lily Harris of North Sydney is visiting her sister Miss Marjorie Harris at the Rectory. Mrs. Bidden went to St. John last week to attend the funeral of her niece Mrs. McCleod. Mrs. Fred Christie and Miss Anna Christie have gone to Silver Herbet to visit relatives. Mrs. DeWolf of Fort Greenville is visiting Mrs. Page, Eddy street.

Active boys or agents are wanted in Campbellton, Newcastle, and St. Andrews to sell FRODOSS Apply at once to the publisher.

Agents Wanted. Mrs. D. T. Johnston and Mr. Earl went to Chatham on Tuesday.

We understand that the members of the choir of the R. C. church are preparing for a concert which takes place next month.

Mrs. Lee Young returned to her home in Carleton on Saturday. Mrs. James Ferguson, who has been spending the winter in Dalhousie, returned home last week.



The Wednesday evening skating club were on a masquerade upon the occasion of their last meeting at the Slinger rink. It was the first disappoinment of the kind that the young people have indulged in this season, and though some of the club's best skaters were absent, the music excellent, the ice was in good condition, the music excellent, and everybody ready to be delighted with whatever the evening should offer in the way of innocent amusement. There was plenty of room on the ice for the following order of dances to look graceful and pretty to the spectators and to make the program a pleasure to those who took part: 1, waltz; 2, valse; 3, valse; 4, lancers; 5, valse; 6, march; 7, valse; 8, lancers; 9, valse; 10, valse.

The costumes were for the most part attractive though few were strictly original; Miss Dever made a stately demure of the time of Louis XVI, her dainty arranged bodice, elaborate powdered coiffure and large picture hat with tall plumes, making her one of the most charming figures on the ice. The spectators easily accorded her the first place as the most graceful dancer. Miss Helen Robertson was another court lady whose magnificent purple velvet dress and large purple hat with white plumes looked very well. Mrs. Stanley Ritchie made an ideal Little Red Riding Hood and Mrs. Keltie Jones in her yellow and black draperies looked her Spanish character to perfection. Miss Nina Keator as a Daughter of the W. I. Regiment was costumed picturesquely, her dusky face adding the necessary touch of realism to a good make-up. Miss Tina MacLaren as Maid Marian, Miss Holden, Currier, Miss Snowball, Girl Graduate, Miss Scammell, Fancy Dress, Miss Vroom, Shakespeare, Miss Florie McMillan, Gypsy, and Miss Grace McMillan, in an old fashioned gown, were characters that held their own among the more stately historical personages, of whom, Mrs. Andrew Jack in a handsome costume was not the least imposing; Mrs. Simonds as a red cross nurse, Miss Vassel, in prim Puritan garb and Miss Kinnear as a modest little nurse, seemed to enjoy themselves very much, and danced as idly as the most gaily clad skaters.

Miss Charlie Harrison was a gorgeous pink chrysanthemum whose costume must have entailed considerable trouble. It was one of the most striking and effective on the ice. Miss Gertrude Skinner as a Peasant and Miss Edith Skinner as a Violet; Miss Mabel Thomson was a dashing little Vivandiere while the character represented by Miss Mona Thomson was that of a demure Dutch maiden; the costume of Miss Maud Skinner an Egyptian girl, and Miss Bayard, and old fashioned lady, looked very well, and Mrs. Sturdee as Golden Locks made a bright flash of color wherever she went. As Tribby, Miss Mary MacMillan attracted much attention on the general make-up having sufficient novelty about it to make it interesting if not strictly pretty. It was a true representation of Du Maurier's heroine. Mrs. George West Jones, who, by the way skates gracefully and well, as a Quebec girl should, masqueraded in a character that called for a silk costume elaborately trimmed with black lace and black ornaments; Miss Paddington dressed her character of Night in a pretty and artistic way.

Among the gentlemen there were the usual number of 'fancy dress' characters with an historical personage here and there. Several of the costumes were very striking; others had lost their first freshness, and one gentleman entirely spoiled the effect of a correct and artistic costume by wearing a pair of ordinary tan skating boots. The absence of make-up very few were worn on Wednesday evening—does not add to the amusement of either skaters or spectators, for the chief object of a masquerade is in everybody trying to fit out who everybody else is. One gentleman seemed to have entered into the true spirit of the affair and succeeded in concealing his identity for the greater part of the evening.

The list of gentlemen skaters, with the characters they assumed is as follows: F. H. J. Ruel, Bradley-Martin; H. Skinner, Simeon Jones Jr. Jas. Harrison, Alex. McMillan, Baby; B. B. Scovill; Mikado; G. G. Ruel, Gentlemen 4th Century; Roger Smith, Fancy Dress; Walter Clark, Puritan Walker Foster, Artillery Officer; M. S. L. Ritchie Snow Shoe; G. W. Jones, Russian; C. A. McDonald, Snow Shoe; E. T. Sturdee, Costume Louis XIV; Percy Thomson, Prince De Conde; F. H. Tibbit, Doctor Nansen; Percy Clark, Turkish; Dr. Thos. Walker, Louis XIV; Fred Keator, Fancy Dress; and several others.

Capt Ralston and Mr. Nairn, manager of the Donaldson line entered and the following ladies and gentlemen at lunch on board the Kee Mon on Wednesday. The party, chaperoned by Mrs. D. P. Chisholm had a very pleasant time, and included the following persons: Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Miss May Travers, Miss Grace McMillan, Miss Ethel Parkes, and Miss Edith Skinner, Mr. Ernest Turnbull, Dr. John Travers, Mr. Redmond and Mr. Thomas.

Mrs. D. P. Chisholm entertained a few friends very pleasantly with a game of whist on Thursday evening in honor of Col. McShane of Halifax. Dainty refreshments were served during the evening. Those present, all of whom were old friends of the guest of the evening, included the following persons: Col. McShane, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Dole, Mr. and Mrs. James Hannay, Prof. and Mrs. Bridges, and Hon. R. J. Ritchie and Mrs. Ritchie.

Parade, the great scenic event of next week is the one great topic of conversation just now in society and out of society. There seems to be just a little misunderstanding prevailing in regard to the show, and various ridiculous reports have been freely circulated; all of which, Progress assures its readers are wholly untrue. The entertainment is composed of national and fancy dances, operatic selections grand choruses, marches and refined specialties. The scenes are laid in three pictures the first, representing fairy-land; second, the camp and home of gypsies; third, oriental splendor and Moorish palace, all enhanced by calcium and electric lighting (facts, special scenery and costumes that are truly magnificent in their beauty and variety. So far from being objectionable Parades may be said to be truly instructive, and those taking part are justly indignant over the outcry that has been raised. The ladies whose names appear on the following list would hardly lend themselves to a questionable entertainment, and indeed the only evidence of bad taste so far is on the part of those who have attempted to raise a prejudice against what is not only a society correct performance but an instructive, and highly interesting one as well. The following is a classified list of those who will take part:

IMPERIALS.
Chaperons—Mrs. J. de Wolfe Spurr, Mrs. Jas. B. Harding.

Miss Jeanie Johnstone, Miss Grace Estey,
Miss Louise Travers, Miss Grace Robertson,
Miss Ethel Kilness, Miss Evelyn Lynch,
Miss Sadie E. Smith, Miss Jessie S. Connors,
Miss Gwen Shewen.

FLOWERS AND BIRDS.
Chaperons—Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Carrillo

Miss Jean McAulay—Lily.
Miss Josephine Hutchinson—Wild Rose.
Miss Nellie McDonald—Snow Drop.
Miss Nora Morley—Clover.
Miss Hingston Kerr—Poppy.
Miss Helen Church—Buttercup.
Miss Kathleen Holden—Forget-Me-Not.
Miss Jean McDonald—Carnations.
Miss Ella Morley—Hellebore.
Miss Francis Kerr—Violet.
Miss Daisy Sears—Daisy.

REDS.
Master Kenneth McDonald,
Master George Beer,
Master Kenneth Schofield,
Master Jack Sears,
Master Reginald Lee,
Master Cecil Potter,
Master Delancy Robinson,
Master Donald McAulay,
Master Reginald Schofield,
Master McAulay,
Master Gordon Church.

RED HERRINGS.
Chaperons—Mrs. Tuck, Mrs. L. Hayward.
Miss Truman, Capt. of Guard.
Miss Scammell, Miss Vroom,
Miss Schofield, Miss Scammell,
Miss Simonds, Miss Makham,
Miss Binning, Miss Skinner,
Miss Vassel, Miss Robertson,
Miss Skinner, Miss Harrison,
Miss E. Robertson, Miss Wright,
Miss McLoughlin, Miss Holden.

SAILORS.
Chaperons—Mrs. Geo. Mathew, Mrs. Ernest Fairweather.
Miss Nellie Thorne, Master C. Gandy,
Miss Madeline de Bury, Master E. Walker,
Miss Mollie Chesley, Master H. Purvis,
Miss Sadie Brown, Master W. Emmons,
Miss Grace Fisher, Master E. Wright,
Miss W. Fairweather, Master G. Robinson,
Miss Sadie McFarlane, Master D. Gandy,
Miss Muriel Gandy, Master J. Mathew.

COLONIAL GAYTIES.
Chaperons—Mrs. J. Douglas Hason, Mrs. Leigh R. Harrison.
Mrs. H. Ruel, Miss S. Harrison,
Mrs. D. Hason, Miss W. H. Holden,
Mrs. A. Jack, Miss G. Dever,
Mrs. F. Sayre, Mr. F. Ruel,
Mrs. W. Green, Mr. G. Ruel,
Mr. T. Hart, Dr. T. Walker,
Mr. H. Skinner, Mr. B. Gordon,
Mr. J. Harrison.

FLAMES-DE-LIS.
Chaperons—Mrs. J. de Wolfe Spurr, Mrs. R. Keltie Jones.
Miss S. Armstrong, Miss Grace Fairweather,
Miss L. Markham, Miss Clara Quinlan,
Miss C. Fairweather, Miss M. Travers,
Miss C. Fowler, Miss Rogers,
Miss Constance Vall.

STYLLS.
Chaperons—Mrs. Boyle Travers, Mrs. T. A. Rankine,
Miss Louise Skinner, Queen.
Miss Dunlop, Mr. W. M. Rankine,
Miss Boywick, Mr. D. R. Jack,
Miss Vroom, Mr. F. Dunn,
Miss McCormick, Mr. Heber Vroom,
Miss Dunn, Mr. Otty Sharpe,
Miss Fowler, Mr. Thos. Dunning,
Miss Seelye, Mr. MacNeil,
Mr. Roy Skinner.

SNOWFLAKES.
Chaperons—Mrs. A. H. Hanington, Mrs. W. C. Whittaker.
Miss Marion Matthews, Miss Nan Barnaby,
Miss Ella Payne, Miss Maud Titus,
Miss Lulu Kimball, Miss Louise Ezer,
Miss Eisle Holden, Miss Ella Macaulay,
Miss Kate Pheasant, Miss Tudie Fairall,
Miss Molly Peters, Miss Kitty Sears,
Miss Alice Lockhart, Miss Alice Schofield,
Miss Myra Frink, Miss Nellie Richards.

FLORAL ARCH.
Chaperons—Mrs. H. J. Olive, Mrs. G. B. Allan.
Miss N. MacMichael, Miss Maud Purdy,
Miss Jennie Robertson, Miss Isabel Smith,
Miss Georgie Bell, Miss Clara Gorow,
Miss Mabel Scovill, Miss Jean Allan,
Miss Mabel Thompson, Miss Louise Chesley,
Miss Mabel Olive, Miss Grace Chalson,
Miss Amy Armstrong, Miss Blossom Baird,
Miss Tricie Lockhart, Miss Pauline Baird,
Miss Grace Esabrooks, Miss Marion Peters,
Miss Zillah Rankine, Miss Pauline Bolderman,
Miss Maris Kerr, Miss Margery Sutherland,
Miss B. Sutherland, Miss Vallie Sandal.

CASTILLANS.
Chaperons—Mrs. Fred E. Hanington, Mrs. Jas. Hamilton.
Miss Paterson, Mr. J. G. Ralston,
Miss Cowan, Mr. E. S. Ritchie,
Miss Courtenay, Mr. T. P. Fugleby,
Miss Thompson, Mr. E. S. Purdy,
Miss McCormick, Mr. P. W. Clarke,
Miss McFarlane, Mr. Morley McLoughlin,
Miss Tapley, Mr. Fred Magee,
Miss Pauline Tapley, Mr. R. L. Johnston.

PAIRES.
Chaperons—Mrs. G. F. Baird, Mrs. B. B. Mac
an av.
Miss Daisy Sears, Miss Mayrie Willis,
Miss Hazel DeForest, Miss Marion Macaulay,
Miss Hazel Dumphy, Miss Muriel Reed,
Miss Margaret Barnaby, Miss Bertha Macaulay,
Miss Eunice Macaulay, Miss Dorotha Brown,
Miss Bessie Humphrey, Miss Jean White,
Miss Mabel Humphrey, Miss Georgie Rankin,
Miss Constance Reed, Miss Georgie Wood,
Miss Edna Logan, Miss Dorcas Reed,
Miss M. McKendrick, Miss Olive Finley.

ROYALTY BELLS.
Chaperon—Mrs. George McAulay.
Miss Fanny Rainnie, Miss Winnie Barnaby,
Miss Hazel Rainnie, Miss Elizabeth,
Miss Bertie Rainnie, Miss Mamie Bizzard,
Miss Schofield, Miss Ham,
Miss Mabel Schofield, Miss Ham,
Miss McKean, Miss Flemming,
Miss Jeanie Johnstone, Miss Campbell,
Miss Marion Belyea, Miss Gladys Campbell.

QUEENS OF THE SEA.
Chaperons—Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Mrs. J. P. C. Burpee.
Mrs. James Jack, Mrs. Geo. Coar,
Mrs. Geo. McAulay, Mrs. Fred Sayre,
Mrs. Stanley Ritchie, Mrs. J. F. Barnes,
Mrs. de B. Carille, Mrs. Wm. McLoughlin,
Mrs. James Stratton, Mrs. Thorne,
Mrs. Charles Coster, Mrs. R. C. Grant,
Mrs. Will Green, Mrs. Ruby,
Mrs. E. I. Simonds, Mrs. H. Scovill.
Mr. J. Pope Barnes sailed Saturday for England.

Mr. Thomas P. Mason arrived from Pictou recently to reside in this city permanently. Mrs. Samuel Tippet returned recently from Bangor where she has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Geo. A. Cleveland.

Mr. H. L. Cole of Halifax who has been paying a visit to friends in this city since Christmas, has returned to Halifax. Mr. A. Mosher was in Halifax for a short time lately.

Dr. Grenfell was in the city this week a guest of Rev. J. de Soyres. Mr. Arthur Kite left the first of the week for Cornwall Ont., having been called home by the serious illness of his father. The programme of the concert in Catenary school room on Monday evening was nicely arranged and rendered in a very successful manner all of those who took part being accorded. At the close of the concert those taking part were treated to coffee and cake. The programme was as follows: duet by M. S. Bridges and Miss He; reading, Mr. Jordan; piano duet, by Misses MacMichael and Bridges; violin solo, Mr. Ewing; vocal solo, Mrs. Bridges; orchestral selection; guitar, mandolin, and banjo trio, Messrs. Bowman, Brown and Bowman; and solo by Mrs. C. A. Palmer.

A group of young people chaperoned by Mrs. A. J. Heath and Mrs. Allan Barbour, drove out to Brookville on Tuesday evening where a very entertaining programme was rendered in the hall by city talent in aid of a Sunday school at that place. At the close refreshments were served after which the party returned to the city. Among those who attended the drive were: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Heath Mr. and Mrs. Allan Barbour, Miss Minnie Harding, Miss Lillie McMan, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. W. E. O. Jones, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Cornell Mr. Buntin, Mr. John Salmon Mr. Dole, Rev. W. E. Tennant, Mr. Alex. Baird, Mr. Frothingham, Mr. Frank Estey, Mr. Pines, Mr. E. G. Armstrong and others.

Miss Lillian Grodzinsky of Toronto was in the city for a day or two this week. Mr. J. H. Gordon of Amherst was here on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Williams of Guelph Ont. have been visiting the city during the week.

Mr. C. W. Cunningham of Indianapolis was here for a day or two this week. Mr. R. Kilty of Montreal is spending a short time in the city. Mr. L. O. Gorham of New York spent part of his week in St. John. Rev. B. A. Andrews of Mattitand N. S. was here for a day or two lately.

Mr. H. James Cameron of Pictou N. S. was in the city this week. Mr. W. W. Killam of Havelock visited friends here for a part of last week. Miss Jennie Hall has returned from a visit to Fredericton. Miss Maud McCleaskey is in St. Stephen visiting Miss Stella Robinson. Mrs. McCleaskey went to St. Stephen this week also for a visit to friends. Mrs. T. B. Lavers has gone to New York on a visit.

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

Feb.—The ball at the University last Thursday evening was a most brilliant affair and far surpassed all former occasions. The College Hall was tastefully decorated with greenery and bunting and in the centre archway "1897" was done in incandescent cent lights which gave a very fine effect to the large ball room and showed off the beautiful toilettes of the ladies to perfection. When the whole building is thrown open for the entertainment of the guests, as was done on this occasion, the university is the finest place we have in the city for an entertainment of this kind and with the floor in splendid condition and good music as was given by the band of the H. R. C. G. Nothing was lacking for a pleasant time. For those who preferred "sitting out" dances, cosy corners and dimly lighted parlors before high open fires were found most inviting, while in the library upstairs, Dr. Bailey and Prof. Downing with several assistants conducted some very interesting experiments and were most untrusting in their efforts to entertain all of those of an inquisitive turn. A light run-tingly decorated from the dressing rooms and entered the large reception hall were received by the reception committee Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Harrison, Miss Grey and Chancelor Harrison.

Mrs. Harrison looked particularly well that evening in black satin with bodice and collar of pale blue brocade satin and hand bouquet of flowers. Mrs. Bailey, was bright and vivacious as she always is and wore a gown of black satin and jet and lace and crimson flowers. Miss Grey wore a pretty costume of pale pink with white lace and hand bouquet of white flowers. It is almost impossible in so large an assemblage to give all the costumes and there are always some one doesn't see, but those that were particularly noticeable were:

Mrs. Robt. F. Randolph, black satin and lace. Miss Odell, white silk. Miss Randolph, pale pink silk and lace. Miss Peters, Gageown; white and blue silk, lace and flowers. Mrs. O. S. Crockett, cream silk and velvet. Mrs. Downing, heliotrope silk and velvet trimming. Mrs. Dixon, white silk and lace. Mrs. Emmerson, black silk and lace. Miss Johnston, black striped gauze over yellow satin. Miss May Robinson, pink silk. Mrs. D. F. George, dark blue silk and flowers. Miss George, blue organdie with pink satin trimmings and hand bouquet of narcissus, violets and orchids. Miss Edith Gregory, white silk. Miss Babbitt, white muslin and lace. Miss Margaret Babbitt, white grenadine. Mrs. James Fraser, blue and white striped silk. Mrs. David Hat, blue and black silk and lace. Miss Ethel Hat, white silk and bonnet lace. Mrs. Harry Steves, pink silk. Mrs. Bainsford Wetmore, black silk and lace. Miss Frankie Tibbits, cream silk and cream lace with fur trimmings. Miss Barter, white brocade silk and jewel trimmings. Miss Beverly, white lace.

(CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)
Chaperons—Mrs. Geo. Coar, Mrs. Fred Sayre, Mrs. J. F. Barnes, Mrs. Wm. McLoughlin, Mrs. Thorne, Mrs. R. C. Grant, Mrs. Ruby, Mrs. H. Scovill. Mr. J. Pope Barnes sailed Saturday for England. Mr. Thomas P. Mason arrived from Pictou recently to reside in this city permanently. Mrs. Samuel Tippet returned recently from Bangor where she has been visiting her daughter Mrs. Geo. A. Cleveland. Mr. H. L. Cole of Halifax who has been paying a visit to friends in this city since Christmas, has returned to Halifax. Mr. A. Mosher was in Halifax for a short time lately. Dr. Grenfell was in the city this week a guest of Rev. J. de Soyres. Mr. Arthur Kite left the first of the week for Cornwall Ont., having been called home by the serious illness of his father. The programme of the concert in Catenary school room on Monday evening was nicely arranged and rendered in a very successful manner all of those who took part being accorded. At the close of the concert those taking part were treated to coffee and cake. The programme was as follows: duet by M. S. Bridges and Miss He; reading, Mr. Jordan; piano duet, by Misses MacMichael and Bridges; violin solo, Mr. Ewing; vocal solo, Mrs. Bridges; orchestral selection; guitar, mandolin, and banjo trio, Messrs. Bowman, Brown and Bowman; and solo by Mrs. C. A. Palmer. A group of young people chaperoned by Mrs. A. J. Heath and Mrs. Allan Barbour, drove out to Brookville on Tuesday evening where a very entertaining programme was rendered in the hall by city talent in aid of a Sunday school at that place. At the close refreshments were served after which the party returned to the city. Among those who attended the drive were: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Heath Mr. and Mrs. Allan Barbour, Miss Minnie Harding, Miss Lillie McMan, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. W. E. O. Jones, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Cornell Mr. Buntin, Mr. John Salmon Mr. Dole, Rev. W. E. Tennant, Mr. Alex. Baird, Mr. Frothingham, Mr. Frank Estey, Mr. Pines, Mr. E. G. Armstrong and others. Miss Lillian Grodzinsky of Toronto was in the city for a day or two this week. Mr. J. H. Gordon of Amherst was here on Tuesday last. Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Williams of Guelph Ont. have been visiting the city during the week. Mr. C. W. Cunningham of Indianapolis was here for a day or two this week. Mr. R. Kilty of Montreal is spending a short time in the city. Mr. L. O. Gorham of New York spent part of his week in St. John. Rev. B. A. Andrews of Mattitand N. S. was here for a day or two lately. Mr. H. James Cameron of Pictou N. S. was in the city this week. Mr. W. W. Killam of Havelock visited friends here for a part of last week. Miss Jennie Hall has returned from a visit to Fredericton. Miss Maud McCleaskey is in St. Stephen visiting Miss Stella Robinson. Mrs. McCleaskey went to St. Stephen this week also for a visit to friends. Mrs. T. B. Lavers has gone to New York on a visit.

Bicycles Free
SAVE YOUR WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS.
WELCOME SOAP
TRADE MARK
Smooth on the Hands. Rough on the Dirt.
WE WILL GIVE FOUR BICYCLES—two for Nova Scotia and two for New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island—(Lady or Gentlemen's Wheels, at option of the winners), for the largest number of WELCOME SOAP WRAPPERS sent in up to and including May 31st, 1897.
The Bicycles are the celebrated "Red Bird" (new 1897 model), costing \$100.00 each, regarded as the standard high grade wheel of Canada.
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THE HISTORY OF WINE

TRACES OF JAGS FOUND AS FAR AS HUMAN RECORDS GO.

Drinks in India Centuries ago—Ancient Egyptian Topers—Light Drinks of the Greeks—Alexander the Great's Thirst—Lectures on Drinks.

"In the first place," said Charles Fellow in a recent lecture before the students of an American university, "it is most strongly impressed upon us that the use of stimulants or narcotics has been common to all nations of the world, so far as we know their history. Almost all have used alcohol; a few, like the Mohammedans, the North American Indians, and the Maoris, are exceptions to the alcohol habit, but we find that they have used opium, tobacco, and hemp to produce approximately the same result. The idea among them all seems to have been to make themselves comfortable, this is, by stupefaction to become oblivious of discomfort, physical and mental. It seems to have been a natural need of the mankind in the early stages of civilization.

"There is plenty of material for the early history of alcohol. We find traces of it in Chinese literature as far back as we can go. Two or three thousand years before Christ the Chinese passed stringent sumptuary laws to limit the liquor traffic. In India we find, from the earliest Sanskrit writings, that alcohol liquors and the use of liquors were very well known there. We find reference to them in the Rig Veda, and the sacred hymns contain some of the most eloquent praises of the wine that there are in all literature. There were two kinds of liquors used in those days. Some, an expensive and rare wine prepared for libations to the great gods, was used sparingly for that purpose, and the remainder was piously consumed by the priests and the upper classes. Some, the other beverage, was a cheap barley wine, fermented sometimes after being mixed with honey, and highly intoxicating. It was used by the common people and its use was very much frowned upon by the priests and wealthier people who were able to drink soma. The Hebrews had wine, both fermented and unfermented. The unfermented wine of the Hebrews, of course, had to be very much boiled down to make it keep in the climate of their country and it was probably used more as a sweetening syrup than as a beverage. In fact the Hebrew word for unfermented wine is now frequently translated 'honey.' We remember that the Bible is full of references condemning the abuse of wine."

"The Greeks were a temperate and abstinent people. They had fermented drinks made from barley, figs and dates, and the like, and they had wine. We must remember that any wine they had was very light, not stronger than our port or hock. Yet they invariably drank it mixed with water, often mixing one part of wine with fifteen of water.

The ordinary proportion was one to three. At feasts or dinners, when it seemed desirable to go a little farther than usual, one was appointed who should decide the proportion. If he said one part of wine to three of water he was doing very well; if he made it two to three he was a rather wild young person. He who prescribed one to one was a true sport and a very devil of a fellow. No gentleman could possibly drink unmixed wine. Such debauchery was only the indulgence of barbarians and Scythians. It must be remembered that the festivals of Dionysus, in the season of vintage in the country and in Athens in the spring, were the great meeting periods of the city in which the Greek drama was produced. Dionysus became the patron of literature. He was a very respectable sort of deity. Intoxication at his festivals was not looked upon as drunkenness, but something like a divine affliction. Over-indulgence in liquor, however, was restrained by law. A crime committed in drunkenness was punished with double the usual penalty."

Mr. Fellow told stories of Philip of Macedon and of Alexander the Great, proving that they and their courts were the most scandalous drinkers of antiquity. He told in great sorrow, of the fatal contest for the name of the greatest drinker, inaugurated at one of Alexander's banquets, when thirty or forty of the diners died; Promachus the prize-winner took down three gallons and died in three days. The early abstemiousness of the Romans was commended. A woman's drinking was punishable with death. There is a gruesome legend that kissing on the lips was invented by the Romans for the detection of women suspected of drinking. Mr. Fellow dwelt at some length on the sinful indulgences of the late republic and early empire. He mentioned the wondrous capacity of the huge Emperor Maximian, who, so it is said, drank six gallons without showing its effects. The Romans,

after they had conquered Italy, were dissipated and disreputable.

"The history of alcohol must begin with the history of distillation," said Mr. Fellow. "Pliny tells how oil of turpentine was distilled by holding wool over boiling turpentine until it became saturated with the vapor, to be squeezed out afterward, a drop at a time. Geber, two hundred years later, tells of a similar way of getting drinkable water from salt water. Raymond Lully, who was born in 1236, and Arnoldus de Villa Nova described the preparation and uses of alcohol. Alcohol had no end of names. Its uses were as a solvent, for cosmetics, for burning, as a preservative, and also as a medicine. Shakespeare spoke of it, it will be remembered, as 'Venetian strong waters.' Its virtues were supposed to be infinite in number. 'It keepeth off fits of the apoplexy,' one treatise says, 'if a spoonful be taken every morning.' There is no thought in the early seventeenth century and before that it was an intoxicant. Previous to that time beer, mead, and kindred drinks had been those most common among Northern nations. After the Restoration, toward the end of the seventeenth century came the day of gin. It was introduced by the Dutch wars England went gin wild. It was in those days that the sign made its appearance: 'Drunk for a penny; dead drunk for two pence; and clean straw for nothing.' The clean straw, of course, was for the customer to sleep upon in the cellar. In 1736 the G. N. law was passed, forbidding all sale of gin; it was treated with open ridicule. There were mock funeral processions of 'Madame Gin'; the mourners were all drunk and flurried gin bottles in their hands. When an attempt was made to enforce it druggists sold 'consolation' drops and 'cough mixtures.' In 1742 the law was abolished and high excise was substituted."

"The Pilgrim Fathers, were hardly an abstemious set. When the colonists sent back a list of their necessities to the Plymouth Bay Company they asked first for a minister, and then for a 'vayne planter,' for seeds of wheat, rye, and barley and 'hop roots.' The ship sent out to them with ordnance and arms was provisioned for 100 men. She carried forty-five tuns of beer, two tuns of canary, twenty gallons of aqua vitae, and six tuns of water. One Mr. Higginson, a very excellent man, came over in 1628. In 1629 he wrote home most extravagant praises of the wonderful air of the new land. His stomach was strengthened, he said, and he could often times endure to drink water. He went on to praise the water of the colonies by saying that it was 'almost as good as beer.' 'The one that drinks,' he remarked, 'be as neatural, fresh and briske as they that drinke beere.'

He concluded his lecture with a brief review of the various temperance revivals, noting particularly the crusade of Father Mathew in Ireland, 1839 to 1842, when 6,500,000 people out of a population of 8,000,000 signed the pledge. The whiskey consumption, as a result, fell from 6,500,000 gallons to 5,750,000.

The action of the railroad companies and machine shop corporations in refusing to employ not only men who came intoxicated, but also men who drank, he said, had been the greatest modern influence toward bringing about the present state of affairs, in which there was more real temperance than ever before.

A MINISTER'S STORY.

THE PAINFUL EXPERIENCE OF REV. C. H. BACKHUS.

For Five Months he was Helpless and Endured Agonizing Pains—Could Neither Rise up Nor sit Down Without Aid—He Tells How He Found a Cure.

From the Tilsonburg Observer.

The Rev. C. H. Backhus is a resident of Bayham township, Elgin county, Ont., and there is probably no person in the county who is better known or more highly esteemed. He is a minister of the United Brethren Church. He also farms quite extensively, superintending the work and doing quite a share of it himself despite his advanced age. But he was not always able to exert himself as he can today, as a few years ago he underwent an illness that many feared would terminate his life. To a reporter who recently had a conversation with him the rev. gentleman gave the particulars of his illness and cure, with permission to make the statement public. The story as told by Rev. Mr. Backhus is substantially as follows: about three years ago he was taken ill and the doctor who was called in pronounced his trouble an attack of la grippe. He did not appear to get any better and a second doctor was called in, but with no more satisfactory results, so far as a renewal of health was concerned. Following the la grippe; pains of an excruciating nature located themselves in his body. He grew weaker and weaker until at last he was perfectly helpless. He could not sit down nor rise from a sitting posture without assistance and when with this assistance he gained his feet he could hobble but a few steps when he was obliged to be put in a chair again. For five months these agonizing pains were endured. But at last relief so long delayed came. A friend urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He yielded to the advice and had not been taking them long when the longed for relief was noticed coming. He could move more

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easily, and the stiffness and pains began to leave his joints. He continued the use of the pills for some time longer and the cure was complete. Seeing Mr. Backhus now it would be difficult to think of him as the crippled and helpless man of those painful days. Mr. Backhus is now past his 80th year, but as he said, "by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I am as able as those ten years younger. You can readily judge of this when I tell you I laid forty rods of rail fence this year. I am glad to add my testimony in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatments. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excess, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Meant Business.

The little bumblebees, according to a correspondent of the London Spectator, have a persistent but gentle way of making their business known. He writes: "When camping for the day in a fir wood, my sister became aware of two of these soft little creatures buzzing round and round the shirt of her dress in such a determined and spirited way that we felt they meant business, and not mischief. My sister drew her skirt away, when the bees instantly made for a tiny hole in the bank, evidently their house door. Their gentle, persistent manner of making their business known to us was most striking."

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Jan. 15th, 1897.

S. KERR, Esq.
DEAR SIR, I am pleased to add my testimony, with that of many others, concerning the efficiency and thoroughness of your business course.

Mr. M. Lodge, accountant W. and L. Dept., City of Moncton, and Mr. L. G. B. Lawson, my assistant also (old students of yours), are both in this office. They have spoken to me on different occasions in the highest terms of the training received at your college, and their work certainly adds weight to their testimony.

(Signed) J. C. PATTERSON, City Clerk, City of Moncton.

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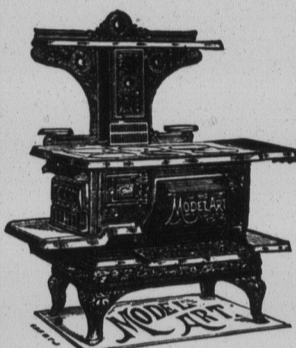
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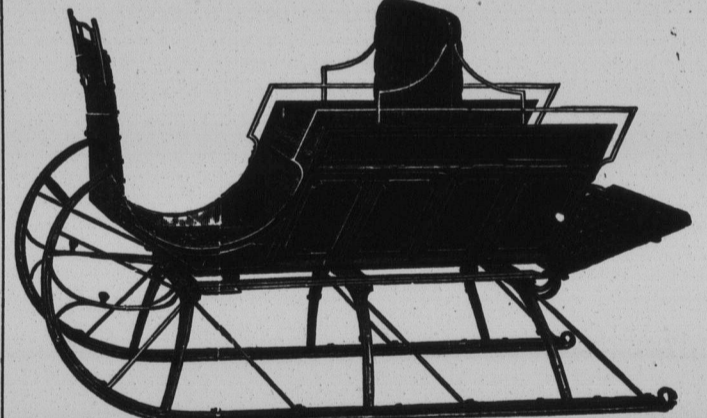
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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The concert given at St. John's (Presbyterian) church last week, in aid of that immense charity towards which every portion of the Great British nation is contributing...

The churches appear to have been monopolizing all or nearly all the musical good things lately and one of the greatest occasions among them was that at the Queen Square Methodist Church last Sunday...

Tones and Underones.

The latest number of the Musical Courier has for its frontispiece a full page portrait of Miss Marguerite Hall a popular mezzo soprano who though of American descent, was born in Italy...

Miss Lillian Carlsmith, whose alto voice will be well remembered by those who heard her sing in Oratorio here, has recently made a favorable impression in New York...

Sibyl Sanderson, the Californian prima donna, who has lived so long in Paris as to be nationalized, has recently gone to Russia.

Mme. Lili Lehman, who is leading prima donna with the Daumrosch Company that has been giving a fortnight of German Opera in Boston, it is said has been a star above the operatic horizon for at least twenty seven years...

A new oratorio to which the title "Jesiah" has been given, was recently produced in Minneapolis. It is by William Fatten, a local composer and possesses much merit.

at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, that it has been continued this-the third-week. It will be followed by "Lucia di Lammermoor" and "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Manen, the Spanish boy violinist, who is a pupil of Sarasate and of whom Queen Christina said "Manen is a gift of God to the world," will give a recital with Miss Margaret Hall, in Steinart hall, Boston, on 1st March next.

Rosenthal is convalescing so rapidly now that he is almost able to definitely fix March 1st, as the date of the resumption of his tour.

The Chicago Marine band will be heard in a concert at the Boston theatre early next month. This band, it is said, was organized by the state of Illinois for the World's Fair, and concerts subsequently given have made the band the most popular that plays in the west.

A Boston musical critic dealing with the recent production of "Elijah" by the Handel and Hayden society of that city says, "The society may well put a red figure in its calendar for Feb. 7, 1897, for on that day "Elijah" was produced in the best performance which the society has given for years."

"Simple Simon" the latest production of the Cadets at the Tremont theatre, Boston, last week, was the greatest of all the successes these clever performers have made.

It is announced that Paderewski will return to London next month and will then appear at the Crystal Palace Saturday concert. On the 24th. March he will play at the Philharmonic and there introduce Sir. A. C. Mackenzie's new Scottish sonata fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra.

Madame Calve will appear in a concert to be given in Music Hall, Boston, on 1st May next.

It is said that Madame Nordica will make a tour through Australia after the close of the Covent garden spring opera season in London.

"The Royal Barber" a new comic opera by Charles Dennee received its initial at Taunton, Mass, last week. The music was favorably received.

Maurice Grau has contracted with Mme. Lili Lehman and Paul Kalisch to appear in Chicago during the engagement of the Metropolitan Opera company in that city.

The comic opera "Shamus O'Brien" has entered upon the second month of its run at the Broadway theatre, New York.

Sims Reeves, the veteran English tenor, is coming to America this year. He has been singing in public for money for 50 years and during most of the time his fee has been at least \$500 and often \$750 per night.

Mr. Hamish McCunn is a bold man. He has actually gone to Scotland and told an audience of his countrymen that their beloved bagpipes is not a Scottish instrument at all but an importation from France and Italy.

"There's one thing about Wagner," said the enthusiastic opera-goer. "If he had nothing else, he'd be great for that." "What is it?" asked his companion. "The girl next you can't hum Siegfried while De Reake is singing it."

Effie Shannon made her first Boston appearance at the Museum as a member of the company at the head of which was the late John McCullough. Miss Shannon is now leading lady with W. H. Crane who is producing "The Fool of Fortune" in that city.

Allan Dale the well know dramatic critic, writes in the New York Journal of recent date an article which is entitled "Why women are better at playwriting

1897-1847 Not Since Adam Dug in the gardens around Eden has there been seen the peer of our JUBILEE CATALOGUE FOR 1897.

than men." He says "the entire secret of writing successfully for the stage lies in sincerity. The woman playwright is quite disposed to appeal to what is best in our natures and as her instincts are naturally brighter than those of men she can do so more readily."

There are three ex stars at present members of W. H. Crane's company viz—F. F. Mackay, Edwin Arden and Boyd Putnam.

Richard Mansfield, a clever and talented actor, yet a man who has secured many enemies, opened an engagement at the Tremont theatre Boston last Monday evening.

Eugene Jepson, who will be remembered in this city as a sterling actor and a member of the Frawley Stock company at the opera house here some few years ago, is now playing in "Too Much Johnson" which is being produced under the management of Charles Frohman.

Augustino Gatti one of the Gatti brothers, managers of the Adelphi theatre London England, is dead.

"Tess of the d'Urbervilles" the dramatization of Hardy's book of that name, will be produced by Minnie Maddern Fiske at the Fifth avenue theatre New York on 1st March.

Julia Arthur will play the role of Princess Elsa in the production of "Sans-Gene" at the Lyceum theatre, London.

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RICHMOND, Va., JOHN MITCHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor of the Planet: "We are much pleased with the Specifics; they act quickly and without any disagreeable results. "77" is 'electrical' in its action. A friend of mine, W. H. Isham, 809 N. 5th St., suffering with a cold of a year's duration, although under the treatment of a physician, was cured by "77."

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England, which probably occurred today. The role of Queen Caroline will be done by Gertrude Kingston.

Gordon Craig, the son of Ellen Terry, has again left the Lyceum theatre London, and is touring the provinces on his own account.

Julia Marlowe presented "Har Bonnie Prince Charlie" at Wallack's theatre New York last Monday evening. This piece is a version of "Les Jacobites."

Augustin Daly has secured the American rights to "The Circus Girl" by George Edwardes, which is called 'a London success'. In Daly's company recently changes have occurred by the taking into its membership Miss C. Blanche Rice and by Miss Maud Hoffman leaving it. Miss Hoffman joins E S Willard's company in the Western States.

Gustavo Salvini a son of Tomaso Salvini, it is said has studied the English language and will play in the United States next season.

"The first Violin" a dramatization of Jesse Fothergill's book, will not be produced by Richard Mansfield during his present Boston engagement as he had originally intended. There is some question about its ownership.

The veteran entertainer, Rufus Somerby, or "Uncle Rufus" as he is sometimes called, is still managing his great monkey show and theatre. It appears that he has enlarged the scope of his show.

Play pirates have become much alarmed over the passage of the dramatic copyright law in the United States. The American dramatists club is being besieged with inquiries as to the ownership of different plays and men who never heretofore evinced any knowledge of what royalty meant are now endeavoring to secure the right to produce on royalty.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

POLICEMAN HAD A JAG.

BUT THE SLEIGH DRIVE WAS A SUCCESS NEVERTHELESS.

Twenty Halifax Police Officers Enjoy a Very Merry Outing—An Incident that Occurred and How it Ended—A Novel Amusement—Other Matters.

HALIFAX, Feb. 18.—"What constitutes drunkenness, or some such question is one which often agitates the mind of the policeman and of the police court in this city. They don't know when a man is drunk and when he is not. In this connection a member of the force the other day afforded a striking example of what drunkenness sometimes, at least, is. Half the force went out on the road on a sleigh-drive: This was no harm, though it does look a little funny that 20 policemen should go off together on such a jollification as a stag sleigh drive generally becomes. This drive of the guardian of the peace was pronounced a success, which goes to show that there may be differences of opinion as to what constitutes success as well as drunkenness. On the way home from the place of festivity one of the blue-coated gentlemen fell half out of the team and made somewhat of a sensation by being carried along quite a distance at an angle of forty-five degrees with his feet upmost. When a couple of blocks from his home the managers of the drive realized that something must be done or trouble would arise. Accordingly they sent out a reconnoitering party. A short search showed them a hand-cart which by an oversight had been left on the street all night. This they took and wheeled over to the team which contained the victim of the days pleasures. Quickly and silently he was lowered from the sleigh and with no unnecessary ceremony he was stretched out on the hand-cart for removal to his house. Now it would not look well for policemen to rumble along the street with such a load at midnight's dark hour, and the hand-cart was a noisy one. So they lifted the conveyance and carried it along like a stretcher for a wounded man, or a bier for the dead. Yet with all these precautions some one saw the officer and told it and now the few who know what goes on while others are sleeping are talking about what constitutes "success" at such a sleigh-drive as this, and are wondering whether the police court will get new light on the element of drunkenness.

The article in PROGRESS a couple of weeks ago on titles that are likely to be conferred on public men in Nova Scotia on the occasion of the celebration next summer of the Queen's diamond jubilee, caused a great deal of comment. The general opinion seems to be that the predictions of the honors to be bestowed were about correct and that next summer we will have in our midst Sir David McPherson, major of Halifax, Sir Malachy Daly, governor of Nova Scotia; Sir George Murray, premier of Nova Scotia; Sir Alford Jones, merchant and ex-attorney; Sir Sandford Fleming, public-spirited citizen of Ottawa and Halifax, and Lord Tantram of Halifax, member of the house of Lords. This was the list made out by PROGRESS. Some of these men, in a highly proper way, of course are doing something to earn the honors that are to be conferred upon them. There is not much grass growing under their feet. But this remark is said to be true more of aspirants elsewhere for titles than of those who are pretty sure to be recognized in Halifax. The belief exists in well-informed circles that many are looking to the Queen with longing eyes for titles which they are willing to try to earn. These people are said to think that a good way to go about this laudable work is to become prominent in movements for celebrations of the diamond jubilee of her majesty's beneficent reign, or even to become conspicuous in raising money for the India famine fund. It may be uncharitable to suppose any such thing, but such theories are being propounded by many, and they are merely given for what they are worth. Hugh Graham, of the Montreal Star, whose paper has raised more than \$25,000 for the relief of famine-stricken India, is one of the most likely men to be knighted, and he deserves it if anyone does, as journalist and philanthropist in this matter. The Queen is believed to have determined to honor several Canadian journalists and of these there is little doubt that Graham will be one.

By the way, some one said the other day that J. V. Ellis M. P., of the Globe was likely to be knighted as a representative eastern newspaper man, and that managing editor Willison of the Toronto Globe would be the western journalist to be honored by knighthood.

If there is one man who is not pulling the strings for knighthood he is David McPherson, mayor of Halifax. In fact his remarks at the city council the other day sounded as if he would rather be known as plain "Mr." than as "Sir." However it was on his worship's suggestion that the city council voted \$1,500 for any possible expenses that might be incurred in the civic celebration of the diamond jubilee, and to the credit of the council he it said that not a single alderman breathed a word of objection to the vote. There are those who say that there is to be no general distribution of titles as PROGRESS has stated, but the event will show that the knighthoods are mentioned and perhaps more will be given. If ever there was an occasion for anything of the kind it is now, for never before in British annals was there a sovereign whose reign lasted more than sixty years; and what a glorious reign it has been.

DICTIONARY SNYDER.

A Character Known to the Students in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

Stories of the unique characters that America contributes to the Latin Quarter of Paris, the section in which is to be found the majority of the art students in the gay French capital, are entertainingly told by Mr. Clinton Peters. Charles Snyder, who has lived for the past thirty-one years in Paris, is well known to the students in the Latin Quarter as 'Dictionary Snyder.' This sobriquet is due to his fund of information. But he is not an artist, but has for years associated with them. Snyder speaks seven languages, has a superior education, which, however, he seldom is able to turn to advantage so far as his personal benefit is concerned.

'In everything he is a typical Bohemian,' said Mr. Peters lately, 'and indifferent to the future, so long as his wants are provided for in the present. He is a master of expediency, and has given innumerable illustrations of his remarkable resources in practically living without money.'

'At the beginning of the siege of Paris Snyder had but 15 francs, yet he lived on them throughout that long period, when the necessities of life were sold for almost fabulous prices. I asked him once how he managed to survive on such a small sum, and he replied that at the time the siege was announced he resolved to buy a quantity of food that no one else would think of and which would sustain life for a considerable period. Prices were so high that there were very few articles of food that were left to the choice of a limited pocketbook, and he solved the problem accurately. He bought three bottles of olive oil on the first day, when hardly any one of the Parisians thought of such an article of diet, and from day to day purchased small quantities of bread. The oil and bread were mixed together with water and made into a sort of soup, and on this limited though nourishing menu Snyder lived until the siege was nearly ended.

'Toward the close of the siege he became extremely weary of his monotonous diet, and resolved on a bold strike for a change in the bill of fare. So he left the city secretly and walked boldly up to a German picket. Of course he was brought to a halt by the soldier. Then he explained that he was not a Parisian, but an American citizen, detained in Paris, and a very hungry one at that. He asked permission to enter the German camp, but the soldier told Snyder he had orders to allow no one to pass. Convinced that Snyder meant no mischief but was really a man in need of provender, he finally consented to become a party to a ruse which that fertile gentleman proposed. This was that Snyder was to take to his heels in the direction of the camp, while the soldier, as if in the full performance of his vigilance, was to fire his gun in the air. It was carried out successfully, and Snyder reached the camp in safety.

'Here he was regaled with cheese, beer, and other good things to his heart's content by the Germans, and soon after started to return to Paris. But he had promised the guard who had first arrested his bold

FOUNTAIN SYRINGES—2 quart, in wood box, with 4 pipes (including vaginal irrigator) \$1.00. Postpaid to any part of Canada \$1.10. C. K. Smart, Druggist, St. John, N. B.

FOR FEBRUARY ONLY.

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

THIS is our first CLEARING-UP SALE in this Department, and we intend to make it a great success. We have therefore REDUCED a lot of goods especially for this sale to prices that will make EVERYTHING OFFERED A DECIDED BARGAIN. All broken lines in Suits, Coats, Vests, Trousers, Ulsters, Overcoats, Waterproof Coats, and Office Coats will be included in this sale.

Boys' and Youths' Clothing Department.

For this sale we intend offering the GREATEST VALUE WE HAVE EVER SHOWN in Boys' Separate Pants, Sailor Suits (long and short pants), Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits, Boys' Reefers and Ulsters, Boys' Spring Reefers, Youths' Suits with Long Pants. All odds and ends and broken lines will be sold at Greatly Reduced Prices, and many lines of New Goods will be offered Special Prices for FEBRUARY ONLY.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

fight to return within an hour. Indulging the foaming beer offered him in the camp, he had overstayed the allotted time, and on reaching the outpost found another picket. Explanations followed, and Snyder proposed that he be allowed to run for the gate through which he originally came, while the guard pretended to chase and fire upon him. Again was his scheme agreed to and he re-entered Paris. Once inside the gate the Frenchmen regarded him as one who had achieved a marvellous escape and as the Germans had done, set before him a beautiful repast.

'Although at many times in the greatest penury, Snyder would never accept regular employment. I know of one offer that was made to him by a New York newspaper to take charge of its cable business at a salary of \$3,000 per annum. This offer was promptly declined by Snyder, who said that it involved a certain amount of routine work which would kill him. He was then living on about four cents a day.

'At the time I was spending most of my earlier days in Paris there was an art student for whom Snyder had a particular fondness. He has since risen to prominence, but in those days the student was far from prosperous. There was to be a dinner given at a restaurant celebrated in the Quarter for the excellence of its menu, and, of course, this student I speak of was particularly anxious to go. But he lacked a most important essential. He had no white shirt! Snyder was called into the meeting of condolence that was held, and at once set his inventive genius to work. He pondered silently for a brief while, but his brow soon lightened and he cheerily asked 'Have you a collar?'

'The student responded in the affirmative, but announced that he had no tie to wear with it appropriate to the occasion. 'I'll fix that easily,' answered Snyder, reassuringly, as he went through the very limited wardrobe of the art student. He fished up a vivid red stocking, and by means of sundry holes cut in the collar and artistic manipulation the flaming stocking was twisted into a very clever imitation of a becoming neckcloth. The effect was satisfactory to all concerned, and the student departed for the dinner in high feather.

'But unfortunately for appearances, and especially for the poor student, as the dinner progressed he forgot that in his shirtless condition it was important to keep his coat closely buttoned, and in an absent moment he loosened that garment and flung the lapels back against his shoulders. You may well conceive what a sensation the sight of his naked breast, culminating in a stocking-bung collar, produced on the company.

'Another instance of Snyder's ingenuity in a desperate strait, and also another instance of the indigence of the same art student, now the head of a great art institution in America, occurred at another social gathering. Such had been the improvement in the student's fortunes that he was able to afford a shirt, but had no studs to ornament the front. Snyder was once more consulted, and a usual, repaid this tribute to his genius with a ready eye. He cut three black buttons from his shoes and strung them on a heavy thread. The buttons were hung upon the outside of the student's shirt and the thread from the inside held them deftly in place. They presented a respectable appearance, and the student went boldly to take his part in the festivities.

'Dancing was in order, and the student was one of the gayest of those who danced. But also the exertion of his movements caused the thread to loosen and the shoe buttons to dangle at the button holes an inch or more from their proper places. The attention of the student was called to the singular appearance of his improvised studs, but, nothing daunted by the derision such a plight occasioned, he paused in the midst of his dancing, grasped the thread, and brought the button back in place with a resounding snap against the starched stiffness of his shirt. He then gravely grasped his partner and continued his gyrations.' Baltimore Sun.

PRIMITIVE SURGERY.

How Operations Were Performed Before Anesthesia was Discovered.

It is difficult at this day to realize the horror of a surgical operation before the discovery of anesthesia. The surgeon's knife was necessarily pitiless, and the victim could only writhe and scream under the torture. The horror of an operation, even to a hero, may be better understood by a story of Nelson, included in a paper by Dr. John Ashhurst on 'Surgery Before the Days of Anesthetics,' published in the Philadelphia Record:

No braver or more gallant gentleman ever lived than Admiral Viscount Nelson, and after his right elbow had been shattered by a French bullet in the assault at Teneriffe he manifested the utmost courage, refusing to be taken to the nearest ship lest the sight of his injury should alarm the wife of a fellow-officer whose own fate was uncertain. When his own ship was reached he climbed up its side without assistance, saying:

'Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better. He underwent the amputation,' so says a private letter to one of his midshipmen, 'with the same firmness and courage that have always marked his character.' And yet so painfully was Nelson afflicted by the coldness of the operator's knife that when next going into action at the famous battle of the Nile, he gave standing orders to his surgeons that hot water should always be kept in readiness during an engagement, so that if another operation should be required he might at least have the poor comfort of being cut with warm instruments.

WHAT GETS INTO TOBACCO.

Some of the Articles that Find Their Way into the Scented Tobacco.

Why is tobacco so often highly scented? Is it not reasonable to suppose that in many cases it is to mask an inferior quality which otherwise would be manifest? That the treatment of tobacco with various essences and flavors is practised there can be little doubt, and every intelligent person knows that in by far the majority of instances the peculiar aromatic flavor of the tobacco he buys does not naturally belong to the tobacco leaf at all. We have strong reasons for believing that the dosage of tobacco with highly scented or aromatic compounds may give

rise to real injury to health. This matter becomes the more serious when we consider the large quantity of cheap and nasty cigarettes that are smoked by the small youth of the present day. We have been prompted to consult some of those mysterious though useful books which are described to contain 'several thousand receipts, covering the latest, most important, and most useful discoveries in chemical technology, and their practical application in the arts and the industries'—in other words, those books that deal with trade dodges, and we have been rewarded with some valuable, if not altogether encouraging information. Here we find various formulas for the improvement of inferior qualities of tobacco and for the removal of any disagreeable smell and taste that may characterize them. In these interesting operations we find that the use of the following articles is concerned: Orris root, Tonquin bean, juniper berries, coriander seeds, storax, cascarrilla bark, angelica root, cinnamon blossoms, badiane, cloves, saltpetre, cassia, glycerine, liquorice root, rosewood, sugar, bay leaves, walnut leaves, green oranges, oil of lemon, amber, vanilla, bergamot, nutmeg, balsam, cardamoms, cubebs, saffras, galangal, calamus root, &c. It is not improbable that one or other of the substances in this really formidable list, especially if used in excess, would, when submitted to destructive distillation in pipe or cigarette, give rise to volatile products of a much more injurious character than those due to the combustion of pure unscented tobacco.—Lancet.

A True Ghost Story.

The truth of the following story is vouched for by a London paper: A young lady arrived late at night on a visit to a friend. She awoke in the darkness, to find a white figure at the foot of the bed. While she watched, the bedclothes were suddenly whisked off, and the apparition vanished.

After an anxious, not to say chilly night, the visitor went down to breakfast. At the table she was introduced to a gentleman, a very old friend of the family, who had, she learned, also been sleeping in the house. He complained of the cold.

'I hope you will excuse me,' he said to the hostess, 'but I found it so cold during the night that, knowing the room next to mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of going in and carrying off the bedclothes to supplement of my own.'

The room, as it happened, was not unoccupied, but he never learned his mistake.

Bubbles or Medals. "Best sarsaparilla." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only one best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is—? There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemists. But then do you need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

Various small advertisements on the left margin including 'EARTH', 'HOT AIR and CABINET', 'WATER LETTERS', 'MCGOWAN', 'OFF SALE', and 'LEARY'.

CAPT. STRAWBERRY

His real name was Luigi, but everybody called him strawberry, because of his round face, colored like terra cotta. He did not mind it, however; on the contrary, he would have preferred to see his nickname on the ship's log-book, the bill of lading, or the declarations of the custom house.

He never knew his mother nor his father; he was found on the fine sand of the beach one August morning, naked as a fish and red like a strawberry.

Some said that he was the son of a sea-monster. Others that the tide had been his mother. Nobody ever knew, who he was or where he came from and at 12 years Strawberry found himself great without knowing whom to thank or how he had happened to be of that age.

As first he helped the fishermen to throw their nets or string fish upon a cord, or point wooden nails for the bottom of boats, but he never seemed at his ease upon shore. He felt that he was the son of the sea, and intended from the beginning to live upon it; its dark green waves, its opaline transparency, its silver shining enraptured him, and he passed hours at a time, seated upon some overhanging rock, watching the huge waves rolling in and breaking upon the stern cliff in wasteful foam.

At 12 years he became cabin-boy, in which capacity his dexterity was equalled by no one. It was fine to see him suspended by the teeth amid lines and cordage, or winding up the ship's cable with those immense arms and legs, disproportionate to his body, which made him resemble one of those great sea-spiders which scamp away between the loose rocks and stones.

Owing to the hard life on shipboard his body became like rubber, his skin like parchment, his back like a camel; his legs were lean and thin; his beard like hemp, his face large, red and salty, and he lacked one eye, having caught a small iron hook in the pupil once in throwing a buoy. They did not disturb him much however; the other always remained, and for that sufficed. As to the aesthetic side of the question, was he not, any way, considered as a whole, a perpetual insult to the beautiful?

Hundreds of times he found himself face to face with death, but he always succeeded in escaping, although he more willingly believed that it was by his own tact than by the help of Providence. Once in the West Indies he saw his captain become pale; the boat was dancing upon the waves like a signal buoy, and Strawberry—then 15 years of age—was the watch upon the main topsail, looking out for the dangerous coast of the shore which could be easily distinguished from abroad. The masts cracked and the sails flew away in shreds with the furious bursts of wind. All at once, with a frightful sound of lacinated wood, the boy felt himself and the topsail hurled into the air like two straws at the mercy of a whirlwind. An hour later he clambered aboard and related his escape to the horrified crew. Another time he fell from the top of the fore staysail, remaining suspended in midair by a foot which caught in the cordage.

His bones were hard, and he escaped all and always, because there was no one who cared whether he lived or died, and no one to remain behind to weep for him.

And thus from hurricane to hurricane, out of one danger and into another, forced to the utmost by work and privation, he came at last to be owner of a brigantine in partnership with an old captain, who took charge of the administration of affairs, while Capt. Strawberry directed the bark and braved the sea. Together they transacted considerable business on the coast and made money very easily.

At 30 years Capt Strawberry had not yet thought of love, but the salutations and embraces which he saw around him at arrival and departure, and which were all for the sailors and none for the captain, produced a certain effect.

One night a cabin-boy—a youth of 18 years—died and went ashore, knowing full well the severe punishment that awaited him on his return, but still with the courage to disobey, because somewhere there upon the land his sweetheart expected him.

"Then," said the captain, thoughtfully to himself, "there really exists such love!" One day he landed alone, finished his business and prepared to depart, returning to his bark late at night, cleaving the water in the direction of the brigantine with powerful strokes of oars.

The night was splendid; one of those nights of Sicily, when the stars shine and tremble like a woman's eyes full of tears, and Capt. Strawberry rowed slowly, looking with pleasure at the long, graceful lines of his ship lying against the clear, pearly sky.

All at once in the silence of the night resounded the cry of an infant. The captain looked around him; not a boat was to be seen, and he became aware that the sound proceeded from the end of his skiff. Rising to investigate, he found a girl-child beating its tiny hands and feet in the night breeze, and, taking her in his arms, he covered her as best as he could and gazed upon her by the pale light of the moon. She was beautiful and healthy and had the voice of a marine guard.

A thought, which to him seemed a sublime idea flashed through his mind, and looking again earnestly at the child, he said to himself: "This will be my wife!"

He reasoned in this wise: "Without me the child would have been dead; I intend will care for her, and will keep her as if she were mine, and when she is grown and asks me of her mother I will say to her: 'I am your mother; you live because of me; you owe all to me!' And she will love me; will love me passionately, because I will be the only man to whom she will owe allegiance, and she will not notice my ugliness!"

In a few words he had created himself a wife, brought her up according to his pleasure, and when the opportune moment arrived married her.

And as he planned so he acted; carrying the child to his country, where he gave her into the charge of a peasant woman who had another baby; tarrying patiently till she became a woman that he might marry her, like one awaiting grapes to ripen for harvest. From that time on he did not feel that mysterious sense of pain in seeing those embraces and loving greetings at home coming and departing. "Happy days will come for me also!" he thought, and he waited with the same indifference with which in time of calms he waited for the wind to freshen.

Twice a month, when he returned from his usual voyage, he went to see the child, and finding her running thoughtlessly on the shore, springing from rock to rock like a sea-bird, or teasing her latent upon fishing like her foster brother, the dulcified light of her foster brother, the dulcified more blond and more beautiful, he felt better pleased than ever with what he had done, and with no idea of concealing his thought he said to everybody:—

"My Gianetta is a rose which I cultivate in a nothouse with all care. One day this rose will expand, and all her perfume will be for me!"

He was proud of what awaited him in a near future.

When Gianetta was 20 he married her, the girl allowing herself to be wedded to the only man to whom she had ever looked for protection. He was 50 years old, and the ugliest captain that ever commanded a ship; she the most beautiful girl of the Riviera.

Capt. Strawberry seemed to be happy. He established her in a little white house on the shore, surrounded with roses and lime trees, then returned to his brigantine, his voyages, his business, never thinking that in taking a wife a part of his life ought also to change. He had married Gianetta for the sake of having near him a beautiful little pale face, for the pleasure of seeing somebody on the pier waiting for him when he returned, and to have good woolen socks for wear in winter.

Fortnightly he passed a couple of days ashore, going home to his bride only after all business had been arranged; he treated her as one would treat a good chum, with no thought of exerting his self to please her, and he believed firmly that she was deeply interested in what interested him. He told her that when the bees lingered close to the beehive and the dogs' coats smelled strong that it was unsafe to put out to sea, because a storm threatened; he taught her how to preserve cigars in rum and how to manage a boat with a lateen sail. He made long conversations with her on the merit of sugar, marmalade and cigars, and of the leather, sulphur and oil so much in demand, interlarding his talk with all manner of marine and commercial terms to which the little rosy ears of the 20-year-old bride were strangers. He treated her like a ship. He commanded her as he would have commanded troops. "Veer, tack, heave out cable, larboard, starboard!" All this he would say to her, and, to please him she was obliged to understand.

Time passed and they had been married a year, when one night the captain, greedy for business, returned a day before the usual time, but because of a dreadful storm the brigantine could not enter the harbor. When every sail was furled the captain made two sailors row him ashore. As he touched land the hurricane burst in all its fury. The sun had long since disappeared, and already a most frightful night enveloped the Riviera. By the sinister blazes of the lightning the captain found the path which led to his little home, and ascended it as best he could by the fitful gleaming. He felt a strange inquietness; it seemed to him that the house receded the nearer he approached it; but finally he arrived at the garden, and searched in the darkness for the latch of the gate.

All at once, not far from him, a burst of merry laughter and heavy, hurrying footsteps made him thrill. In spite of the uproar of the hurricane he recognized the voice of Gianetta, his wife, answering laughingly to another voice, the gay, careless tones of a young man. Strawberry felt the icy perspiration wet his forehead, and his legs trembled as they had never trembled to the rocking of the vessel. He waited. His heart seemed to bound out of him, a fog veiled his sight. He had only the time to step hastily between two bushes, when, wrapped in a mariner's cloak, a young man, the foster-brother of Gianetta, carrying the wife of Strawberry, with her arms around his neck like a child, ran by with great strides, and, opening the gate, disappeared among the paths of the garden. The two lovers had been surprised by the hurricane on the hill, where they had gone to hide their happiness.

The captain divined the truth at once, and remained as if petrified upon the spot. If the man who had broken his life had been a captain, with bronzed face and broad shoulders, he would have run after him and strangled him; but before that boy of 21 years, blonde and pale like a girl, incapable to guide a ship or to anchor it in a duck pond he felt himself bitterly humiliated, with a terrible sense of shame.

Meanwhile, in the garden, every sound of mirth had vanished, and the Riviera, in its entirety, was given over to the dark powers of the tempest.

Capt. Strawberry trembled, passed a hand slowly over his forehead and bit his nails till the blood flowed as the swift knowledge of the mistake he had made dawned upon his stunned intelligence.

Then he turned and stumbled blindly backward to the skiff. Out at sea a short gleaming lay the brigantine, its three lights gleaming with a comfortable snugness in the heavy gloom of the stormy night. When the captain reached his ship he sent all on board below to sleep, stating briefly that he would keep watch.

Then he went slowly into the rigging. The first rays of the morning sun, touching with golden caresses the mountains on shore, fell upon the topsail of the brigantine and on the body of Capt. Strawberry, which, suspended from a ship's rope swung heavily toward the east.



AN ENGLISH CORONATION.

Some of the Customs that are Observed at the Ceremony

By hereditary right many persons have special dignities and duties at this time, and proceeding a coronation a special Court of Claims is appointed to investigate these ancient rights and privileges.

The prerogative of the lord of the Manor of Werkop is to present a glove and to support the sovereign's arm when holding the sceptre, and also to hold the office of chief butler, which entitles him to receive a cup of pure gold. The ceremony of anointing is called 'lifting to the throne,' derived from the custom of our Anglo-Saxon fore-fathers, who when their king was enthroned, lifted him from the ground.

Amongst the curious claims of service is a certain baron to carry the great spurs, and of the Archbishop of Canterbury to make a mess of pottage, called Dillegroat.

Certain offerings are made, among which are an ingot of gold and an altar pall 'composed of ten yards of gold-barré, gold-tressed, flowered brocade lined with rich sarsenet and with deep gold fringe.'

The oaken chair in which the sovereign is seated has been in use since the time of Edward II, and beneath it is the coronation stone, which was conveyed to Westminster from Scotland by Edward I, a wild legend declares it to be the stone on which Jacob laid his head when he slept at Bethel.

The most solemn function is the anointing during which four Knights of the Garter hold a canopy over the sovereign, while the archbishop pours the anointing oil with a spoon which is the most ancient of all the regalia, and with which many sovereigns have been anointed.

But the strangest survival of all is the claim of the Dymoke family to the office of King's Champion. His duty is to appear on horseback in full armor at the royal banquet after the coronation accompanied by the Earl Marshal and the Lord High Constable. The champion then makes a challenge, according to the old-time form of words and throws down his gauntlet. The challenge not being accepted, the sovereign drinks the health of the champion in a silver cup, which is presented to the brave defender of English monarchy, who then backs his horse out of the hall.



DELAY MEANS DEATH.

One Dose Relieves—A few Bottles Always Cures.

"For ten years I have suffered greatly from heart disease. Fluttering of the heart, palpitations and smothering spells have made my life miserable. When droopy set in my physician said I must prepare my family for the worst. All this time I had seen Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure advertised. As a last resort, I tried it, and think of my joy when I received great relief from one dose. One bottle cured my droop, and brought me out of bed, and five bottles have completely cured my heart. If you are troubled with any heart affection, and are in despair, as I was, use this remedy, for I know it will cure you.—Mrs. James Adams, Syracuse, N. Y."

THE PEANUT.

Some Interesting Facts About the Great American Luxury.

Everybody eats peanuts, and scarcely anyone knows anything about them. The peanut crop is one of the most profitable of the South. The yearly production of peanuts in this country is about 4,000,000 bushels of 22 pounds each, the bulk of the crop being produced in Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina. These 4,000,000 bushels constitute but a small proportion of the peanut crop of the world, as the exportation from Africa and India to Europe in 1892 amounted to nearly 400,000,000 pounds half of which went to Marseilles to be made into oil.

The largest amount of the American crop is sold by street vendors, but quantities are used by confectioners, chocolate manufacturers and oilmakers. Peanut oil is used for lubricating and for soap, and is a good substitute for olive oil, lard, cotto-

lone and butter. The residue from oil-making, known as "peanut cake" in Europe is highly valued as a cattle fodder, and is also ground into fine flour and used as human food.

The Virginia running variety of peanut is highly valued as a cattle fodder, and is also ground into fine flour and used as human food. The Virginia running variety of peanut is highly valued as a cattle fodder, and is also ground into fine flour and used as human food.

The peanut is sorted in the factory into four grades, the first three being sold to vendors and the fourth to confectioners for making "burned almond" and cheap candies. The \$10,000,000 worth of peanuts America uses are not counted in the staple food, but are eaten at all intervals as a luxury. The peanut is used by the planter as a fattener of his hogs.

In the old world millions of bushels are made into oil, in which the nuts are very rich, 30 or 40 per cent. of the shelled nut being oil. It has an agreeable taste, and is more limpid than olive oil. Peanut oil is used as a lighting oil, but does not give a very brilliant flame. The peanut cake left after the oil is extracted is sold for \$30 a ton in Germany, and fed to the cattle and sheep. Experiments were made in Germany on an army biscuit to be made from peanut flour, but they were not successful, though the flour is most nourishing.

A POPULAR GERMAN CITIZEN.

Well-Known in Hamilton for the Past 40 Years—What He Has to Say About Kidney Trouble.

Mr. George Schumacher, 98 McNamara-street north, Hamilton, Ont., well known in business circles in Hamilton during the past 40 years as a skillful cabinet maker, an adept at such delicate work as repairing billiard tables, etc., gave the following account of his rescue from the clutches of sciatica through the use of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Said Mr. Schumacher: "For a number of years prior to May last I have had sciatica in my left hip, at times so bad as to incapacitate me from working. The pain extended down my left leg and across my back just above the hips. I was so sore that I could not bear the weight of my body, and so stiff that it was only with a painful effort I managed to walk."

"I have doctored a great deal for my complaint, and derived but little benefit. Last May Mr. Mason, a friend of mine, advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills as they had helped him wonderfully. I therefore got a box of the pills from Spackman's drug store, No. 1 Market Square. After taking them for four days I commenced to get better and thenceforward my improvement was rapid. I have had no pain or difficulty in getting around all summer and my health generally is better than it has been for a long time. I took just two boxes, and I assure you that they proved a great remedy for me. Should I ever become afflicted with the terrible pains of sciatica again, I shall very promptly resort to the use of this marvelous medicine. (Signed) George Schumacher, Hamilton, Ont."

Comfortable Shoes.

People who are troubled with cold feet may take heart. In Germany there has been patented a contrivance described as a "heatable shoe."

The heel is hollowed out, and in this hollow is a receptacle for a glowing substance similar to that used in Japanese hand-warmers. Between the soles, imbedded in asbestos covers, is a rubber bag which is filled with water.

The heating substance in the heel keeps the water warm, and it circulates while the wearer is walking, thus imparting a pleasant warmth to the foot. A small safety-valve is provided, so that the bag cannot burst.

The warmth given by the sole never rises above seventy degrees Fahrenheit, and will last about eight hours. Popular Science News says that the sole is not unreasonably thick, being only slightly thicker than that of a wet-weather shoe.

OH! THE MISERY.

Mrs. Galbreath of Shelburne, Ont., was a Great Sufferer from Indigestion, the Bane of so many Lives—South American Nerve Released Its Hold—It Relieves in One Day.

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

TWO BEIS OF GIRLS.

How Each Party Enjoyed Their Holiday—Which was the Better Girl.

There is in one of our largest cities an immense shop owned by a man eminent in good works, as well as in business and in politics. Its employes fall naturally into little clubs or coteries, the men and women of similar tastes often going to spend their summer vacations together.

Last August four girls from this store went to a sea-coast village in New England. Their pale faces and eager delight in the sea and fields touched the hearts of the old fishermen and their wives, who speedily made friends with them, and welcomed them to their little houses.

The girls were uneducated, but they were simple sincere and modest as the finest gentlewomen. They fished, rowed and walked, striving to understand the new world around them. When their holiday was over they went back to town, rosy and strong, their brains full of new ideas, and the richer for life by a few faithful friends.

Four other girls in their turn went to the same town. They had spent their savings in plumed hats and cheap silks. A coarse perfume surrounded them; they wore gilt bangles and rhinestone brooches. Each had her hired 'bike' on which she raced incessantly up and down in front of the hotel 'scorching' and even 'jockeying,' as on a horse, bouncing up and down on her seat, and shouting to her companions.

When the daily railroad train came in they were always at the station, barbequed in joking with the conductors or brakemen. The villagers watched them askance; but they were not criminal girls. There only arbitration was to 'catch a beau.' The idle men of the village soon gathered round them, and they went back to town more vulgar and nearer ruin, than when they came to it.

This is a literally true incident. It shows that the country will give back to you the crop which you plant in it. The pure air and beauty of nature are as stimulating to the growth of weeds as of flowers. If you choose weeds they can be gathered at any seaside.

A HEALED HERALD.

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

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

BRAVE CHILDREN.

Incidents in the Lives of Several Brave Frontier Children.

The Denver Republican quotes an interesting story of childish heroism, related by Mr. Spearman, attorney for the Department of Justice at Washington. He has been taking testimony concerning some Indian deprecation claims.

In taking such testimony, he says, I frequently hear interesting stories concerning early frontier life. I remember one case in particular, one of the most remarkable exhibitions of courage in an eight-year-old boy that I have ever heard of. It occurred near the town of Beaver in Utah.

A ranch was attacked by Indians, and a man who was visiting the ranchman was killed, and for a while it seemed as if the whole party, wife and children, would fall a prey to the savages. The house was surrounded by Indians, and the people within defended themselves as best they could; but the ranchman, watching his opportunity, lowered his little boy and his daughter, who was but twelve years of age, from their back window and told them to try and make their way to the canon and follow it down to Beaver where they could obtain help.

The children succeeded in reaching the canon unobserved, and with presence of mind and bravery which I think remarkable for a child of that age, the boy told his sister to follow one side of the canon and he would follow the other, so that in case the Indians should find one of them the other might not be observed.

The children got safely to Beaver where a party was organized which hastened to the rescue of the besieged.

At the beginning of the siege the Indians had heard the children in the house, and missing their voices, the alert savages discovered that they had gone and endeavored to overtake them; but being unsuccessful, and knowing that help would soon arrive, they withdrew before the rescuers could reach the ranch.

Sunday Reading.

WHAT IS INFLUENCE.

It Means an Individual Power to Sway the Lives of Other Persons.

What do we mean, my boys and girls by the word 'influence'? It is a word in common use, but I fear that few of us really know its full meaning.

Influence means the power each one of us possesses to bias, or sway, the lives of others. There is not a boy or girl in existence who does not possess this power. No matter what our position in life may be, whether high or low, we all have the ability to do something towards ennobling, or degrading, the lives of those around us.

Can you think of any power more tremendous in its consequences than this? It is a power that effects the destiny of mankind. Some of you have often wished that you had the ability to do something great; you would like to make some scientific discovery, for instance, or you would like to become renowned for some deed of daring, or you would like to do something to improve the condition of the sick and the suffering around you. Such ambition as this is very praiseworthy, and I devoutly hope that God will spare you to realize it. But in your wildest dream of ambition, always remember the admonition of Scripture: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not."

Now do not for a moment believe that ambition is a sin. There is not a verse in the whole Bible that can suggest such a belief. Ambition is a noble thing, and the boy or girl who has none will not amount to anything in life. Have all the ambition you can, but be sure to have the proper kind. The highest kind of ambition I know of is to help and bless the lives around us. And this, I repeat, we are all in a position to do. Whenever I think of influence, I cannot help remembering those beautiful lines of the poet Longfellow: "Killed at the Ford. In this poem there is given a very touching description of a young man who was shot down by the enemy; but the consequences of his death were not confined to the battlefield; the poet goes on to say:

"I saw in a vision how far and fleet That fatal bullet went speeding forth, Till it reached a town in the distant North, Till it reached a house in a sunny street, Till it reached a heart that cased to beat. Without a murmur, without a cry; And a bell was tolled in that far-off town, For one who had passed from cross to crown, And the neighbors wondered that she should die."

Think, my boys and girls, how wide extended that influence was.

Let me now give you a few examples of the power of influence. We will first take a mother's influence. How many of us will ever be able to calculate the extent of this? Many of the greatest and the noblest men of today are what they are, because of a mother's influence. The mother is dead and gone, but her worth of character is perpetuated in those who survive her. In looking over the lives of our leading men, we can but be impressed again and again by the many tributes paid to the influence of the mother. It begins early in life, while the mind is pliable and the character unformed, and never ceases till the mother is laid away to rest. And we must not forget that it is in our earliest years we are more susceptible to good impressions. "Give me your child," says the Roman Catholic Church, "until it is nine years of age, and then we will defy you to get it from us." Why is this? Because in that time the mind has been shaped and impressed by the teachings of that church. "When should I begin the education of my child, now four years old?" asked a mother of a clergyman, who replied, "Madam, if you have not begun already you have lost those four years."

Now let us take the influence of friends; this comes next to the influence of a mother. It is from our earliest friends that we learned many of our bad or good habits. They guided us in our choice of places and things. They influence us today in an immeasurable extent. The books we read are recommended by friends, so also are the songs we sing and the places we visit, and in some cases the very clothes we wear. This is true of ourselves too. So surely as we continue in the right, will they also. The deviation of a hair's breadth from the path of right would take others with us. Boys and girls grow bad today simply because their parents and friends are bad; some may be growing bad because we are bad, or good because we are good. Some of them might never have been good if it were not for us, or bad if it were not for our evil example.

Remember that in turn you too are being noticed in all that you do. And what is more serious, the ones noticing you are being influenced by your acts. Oh, the power of this personal influence which we are exerting all around us!

On a certain part of the English coast, there is a light-house with a revolving light. One stormy night, however, the machinery would not work, the light would not revolve. When the keeper of the light house became aware of this he was in terrible consternation. Ships were passing to and fro on the ocean and his light refused to work! He was made, however, of the stuff that brave men are made of; and so he took the light and mended it revolve with his hands. When at last he grew fatigued he called his companion to take his place. Thus all through the long hours of the night the light was kept revolving, and no ships were wrecked. If it had not been for this brave man's devotion to duty, who shall say how many lives might have perished?

Let us be sure that the light of our good example is always shining.—Young People's Weekly.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Why Papa Never Used Tobacco as Explained by him to Little Susie.

Curtis and Susie lived with their parents in a tobacco-raising district, where nearly all the men and many of the boys used 'the weed' in some form. One evening when Mr. Williams—the father of Curtis and Susie—was spending the evening with the rest of the family, it was proposed by Mrs. Williams that each one of the family should have the privilege of asking a question as to why certain things were so and so. When it came Curtis's turn he said:

"Well, papa, I would like to know why you never smoke or use tobacco like the rest of the men?"

"I'm glad he don't," said little Susie, "for I was over to Mr. Jennings' yesterday and the smoke just filled the house. And what's the use of it? Did you ever smoke, papa?"

"Well," said Mr. Williams, "I suppose I might tell you the whole story if you would like to hear it. Would you?"

"Yes," said both children, "and we will both keep just as still."

"You know," commenced Mr. Williams, "that I was born and brought up on the farm, and when I was sixteen years old my father told me that if I wanted a little money of my own, I could go out and work in wheat harvest there was then a dollar and a half a day. I thought that would be just fine, as I could bind wheat as well as a man at that time, so when father got his grain all in stack, there was plenty of work to do on the prairies, where wheat did not ripen as soon as in the 'openings' where we lived.

"I got a place without difficulty where there were some eight or ten other hands at work, and I became one with them. I found it pretty hard to keep up with the others, but I did my best, and by the help of one who was binding next to me, I managed to do a day's work as a man. I found that about all the hands used to smoke mornings and noons; and at night the room was blue. I seemed therefore to be an odd one among them. But one evening a Mr. Thompson offered me his pipe and asked me to smoke. I did so very carefully, as I had heard that it is apt to make one sick at first. It did not affect me very badly, and the next day I smoked again, and the next day still more, and so on till I began to want it.

"On Sunday I went as usual to Sunday-school, and in the lesson for that day were these words: 'Whosoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God.' The teacher explained these words by saying that we ought to grow strong in mind, body, and heart as the days went by, and then strive to use our strength in such a way as would honor the One whose children we are; that eating and drinking proper things were for the purpose of keeping us strong, so that we might do our appointed work better, and were not simple to gratify our appetite. Then she went on to speak of the many things we should avoid doing, lest we lessen our strength, of either the body, or the mind and heart. Her words made a deep impression on me and I determined to be strong. I then thought, 'How about the smoking? What help will I gain from it? What good will it ever do

QUICKCURE Delay is Dangerous Serious results often follow the first neglect of even a slight injury. What to put on the wound and how to do it, is told in the little booklet accompanying every pot of the great ready remedy "Quickcure" It is quick, and it is sure and safe—a perfect antiseptic—soothing and healing in its effect—easy in its application. With 50c. and \$1.00 pots come cotton and lint. With 50c. and \$1.00 pots come also dental pickups for applying "Quickcure" to aching teeth. All druggists sell it, or write direct to THE QUICKCURE COMPANY, LTD. QUEBEC, CAN.

m. or any one else? When the teacher closed the lesson, she said, 'Now, boys, how many of you will strive as you grow to manhood to please God? How many of you will try to glorify him by what you do?' I promptly answered, 'I will be one.' The teacher was much pleased, and when the Sunday-school closed for that day, she said to me, 'George, that was a good resolution for you to make, and I shall trust you to keep it.'

"All that week I saw how every one in that region used tobacco and I decided against it. From that day to this I have kept the resolution, and I always think of that teacher with pleasure. I hope my boy will remember the words of that Sunday-school lesson, and do what he does for the 'glory of God.'

"Well," said Mrs. Williams, "I think we shall all have to thank the Sunday-school teacher for that lesson."

"I'd love her lots," said Susie, "if I could find her."—Young People's Weekly.

RECHOOSE HIS WAY.

And Has Since Remained a True Follower of His Lord and Saviour.

Which way would he go, one evening? Hark! Hear the church-bell ringing, ringing, calling to the place of prayer! Within the breast of the young man was a newly aroused interest in the subject of his duty to God. Would he obey the summons of the bell and go to the house of prayer?

That evening, a party was to be given and he was one of those remembered with an invitation. Would he go to the party, or would he be found in the church? He left his home. Which way would he go as he left the house, toward the church or toward the evening-party?

He walked along the street, and which way was his feet tending—toward pleasure or toward that House of Rest where the Saviour would be the Master to receive, and the young man would be a guest? I recall with interest that very evening, for I was the pastor of the church, and I can see him now among those the Saviour met at the evening hour of blessing. The young man had taken the way whose name is Decision and its destination the foot of the cross.

It is many years since that evening and he who made the choice is a steadfast follower of Christ, his feet in the pilgrim's path, his face set toward the Pilgrim's City on high.

"Which way?" What a difference one's answer to this question will often make!

"Which way?" says the traveler as, bending before the storm, he comes to a fork in the road and faces two paths. One leads to chambers of rest, and the other out upon the wild mountains swept by the pitiless blast.

"Which way?" says the scholar at his desk, his books before him. One path is that of industry, the student's earnest quest, bringing the princely rewards of diligence; the other path conducts to the sluggard's end.

"Which way?" says the clerk, sharply eyeing a roll of his employer's bank bills. One path is that of honesty, of sweet sleep at night, and the reward of conscience approving and blessing all through life; the other path has in it today a carriage of

case, and the banquets of sin, but it will stop in a convict's cell.

"Which way?" asks a young man, lightly fingering the glass that flashes in the light as if jewels were melting within. One course will bring a season of pleasure, but how short! and the end of it all may be the rage of a pimp and the grave of a drunkard. The 'touch-not path' means thrift, peace of mind, the blessing of God.

"Which way?" says the boy or girl aroused by the Spirit of God to a deep interest in the salvation of the soul. What will your answer be, O reader of these lines! God's providence has placed you where you must choose between two courses of action. One or the other you must take. The one means peace of mind, an assurance that the forgiveness of God, his friendship, is yours. It means a life along lines of greater usefulness. It means the best companionship on the way, the fellowship of God's church, the angels of God your guardians, the Lord Jesus Christ as your Elder Brother and Saviour. It is a path too that aims at the best things by and by, the Heavenly Country and its King. Is not this the road to be taken? Dare you choose the opposite? Do you say, 'I make no choice?'

You will be left in the wrong path, though you may not in so many words select it, and what an answer that will be to the question, 'Which way?'

FROM THE RIGHT SIDE.

Christ taught us to ask to be delivered from temptation, but every one understands that it is necessary for each one of us to avoid the path leading to temptation if he expects his prayer to be answered. A prominent Christian worker tells of the way this thought was early impressed upon his mind.

When a boy, I was much helped by Bishop Hamline, who visited a house where I was. Taking me aside, the bishop said:

"When in trouble, my boy, kneel down and ask God's help; but never climb over the fence into the devil's ground, and then kneel down and ask help. Pray from God's side of the fence."

Of that I have thought every day of my life since.

A BOON FOR EVERY HOME.

Every Wise Woman Should See That She Gets the Best.

In special cotton colors the Diamond Dyes far excel all other dyes. These special cotton dyes are recent discoveries of the best dye chemists in the world, and are remarkable for fastness against exposure to strong light and for standing any amount of washing with soapsuds.

Special attention is directed to Diamond Dye Fast Black for Cotton and Mixed Goods. It excels all rivals in every good quality. One package of this dye will do as much work as three of any other make of dye.

The Diamond Dyes are first, best and the cheapest to use.

Tell your merchant that you must have the "Diamond."

EVIDENCE OF TRUTH.

What a wonderful simplicity there is in the gospel narrative of the coming of the Savior. There is no attempt to heighten the effect of the narrative by dwelling upon the details, by coloring drawn from the circumstances, or by the amplification of the attending incidents.

MEXICO'S FIRST LADY.

The President's Wife is Beloved in Rich Mansion and Lowly Hut.

Mme De Diaz, the wife of the President of Mexico, is not only the first lady of the country, but is the most popular woman in the republic. Senora Dona Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz is known among her people, from the mansions of the rich in the brilliant capital to the humblest hut on the frontier, as Carmenita, meaning 'Our little Carmen.' Her popularity ever increases, for each year sees a larger number of good works dispensed by this generous woman, who uses her power to improve the lot of a long-oppressed and unhappy people. Madame Diaz is often appealed to on behalf of some one or other sentenced to long

prisonment or death. Official pardon is a delicate power for any one to hold, and the President's wife is naturally careful for the justice of her case before she goes to her lord to plead for executive clemency. But the president himself is of a forgiving nature and not unrequently the pardon is granted. Neither the President nor his wife attend the brilliant but brutal bull fights, and in every way they use their influence against the degrading spectacles. It is certain that the President will entirely prohibit them as soon as public sentiment gives any hope of upholding his wishes.

'Carmenita' is the second wife of Gen. Porfirio Diaz, and is in her 33-d year. She stands a type of advanced Spanish-American womanhood, and among other accomplishments speaks English and French almost with equal fluency. She is remarkably well informed on current events, and her advice is often sought by her husband. The President is 60 years old and is very proud of his fair young wife. When their marriage took place in 1884 they took their wedding tour through the United States. Her girlish grace and simplicity of manner well match her beauty. Her ancestry dates far back into the nobility of old Castile, and her evidences of long culture are easily marked. It is plainly apparent that a considerable part of the republic of Mexico and the desires of the people to keep President Diaz in office are due to the general esteem for his lovely wife.

NOW UP AND NOW DOWN.

Notice the slender column of mercury in your thermometer. To-day it is longer than it was yesterday; tomorrow it may be longer still, or much shorter; you can't tell in advance. So it varies with the amount of heat in the atmosphere. Very good; but we all knew that before, you say.

Take note of another measuring instrument, then; one that you carry about wherever you go. We often hear one person say of another "His spirits are very mercurial," meaning that they rise or fall under slight influence. But others have protracted periods of depression of spirits, sometimes threatening permanent melancholia. In fact instances of this kind are getting to be alarmingly common, and any suggestions as to the cause and the remedy must be welcome to society at large.

Speaking of a recent illness of her own, Mrs. Hagar Percival says the doctor pronounced her ailment to be "nervous debility." The phrase is familiar and expressive, and the doctor used it in the ordinary accepted sense. After all we seem to need more rest. Perhaps we shall get it by turning a leaf backward and finding out how the trouble began.

"In July, 1889," says the lady, "I felt strangely weak and out of spirits. I could scarcely persuade myself to eat anything, and when I did the food caused me much distress in the stomach and pain in the chest. Neither did I get any strength from it, but grew more weak and nervous. Later on I had frequent attacks of dizziness and fainting fits, which would come upon me in the street, so that I often came near falling to the ground. Sometimes I had two or three such attacks in a single day. The doctor said I had nervous debility, but the medicine he gave me did no good."

"Better and worse I suffered in this manner for about three years, no treatment availing to relieve me. At Easter of 1892 my mother brought me a bottle of medicine of the same kind that had cured her of liver complaint. I began using it, and in a short time I could eat better, and my food digested without giving me any trouble or discomfort. I grew stronger, the fainting fits gradually ceased, and I regained my health. (Signed) Hagar Percival, 25 Lind Street, Country Road, Walton, Liverpool, July 19th, 1893."

In a letter dated November 30th, 1892, and written at his home, 142, Shepherd's Bush Road, London, W., a correspondent states that in the year 1883 he fell into a condition of nervous debility. He took medicines in plenty, but grew worse and worse notwithstanding. The early peculiarity of his case were exactly the same as in the case of Mrs. Percival, above named.

"One day," he declares, "a friend of mine, Mr. Charles Swan of King's street, told me of a medicine from the use of which his sister had derived great benefit under like circumstances. I at once began taking it, and before I had finished one bottle the pain and distress left me, my nerves were steady, and I gained strength. After I had used three bottles I was in as good health as I was before the attack the previous spring. Before the attack the value of a remedy which proved able to do what no other could accomplish, I am perfectly willing to have the fact made public. (Signed) Frank William Deacon."

The nervous depression in both these cases as in most others, was the direct consequence of the circulation of impurities of the blood. The extreme melancholy and distortion of judgment witnessed in hypochondriacs arises from the same cause; and (this point is for your memory) the cause underlying all is "nervous debility," which creates "nervous debility" in the stomach and scatters "nervous debility" in the system.

To have strong pure blood; to have perfect digestion; to do what Mother Seign's used it as warned by will use symptomatic

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1876. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates. On this Continent, No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the goods. Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

GIRLS.

Their Holiday—Better Girl.

largest cities in a man eminent in business and in tall naturally into the men and women going to spend together.

From this store in New England delight in the hearts of the wives, who speedily and welcomed.

educated, but they and modest as the they faded, rowed understand the new

When their holiday to town, rosy and of new ideas, and faithful friends

their turn went to the spent their savings up silks. A coarse

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true incident. It will give back to plant in it. The nature are as stim- weeds they can be

HERALD.

the Lower Regions, but Rheumatic Cure a Healer.

East London, sends y: "I was seized m in my left foot, day or night, the tried many remedies effect on me than

I was persuaded Rheumatic Cure. I s closely and in a wonderful remedy e, and there has not of a return of the remedy and I delight all over the land."

CHILDREN.

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Colic Croup Cramps

all of these by the free use of this medicine... Colic, Croup, Cramps, Stomachic, Headache, Stings, Sprains, Neuralgia and muscle nerve.

Liniment

every lameness, every sore, every burn, every scald, every bruise, every cut, every laceration, every wound, every sore, every burn, every scald, every bruise, every cut, every laceration, every wound.

Agnew's Balm

for the nursing mother and her child if she takes Agnew's Balm.

Reading.

'Progress' List.

PRICE.

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Readers of Class Papers, Two Periodicals

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Readers of Class Papers, Two Periodicals

Woman and Her Work

"You know we always pay for what we get"—said a friend who lives happily and even hilariously on a very narrow income "so when we haven't anything to pay with we just don't eat and you have no idea how it simplifies everything! When we do have the money we eat it up because we both like nice things immensely: so perhaps it is just as well we don't have it all the time!" There was a beautiful philosophy about this sentiment which appealed very strongly to me, and though I do not know that it would be exactly practicable if one came to apply it too strictly since it is a rule in polite society that all who confess and call themselves Christians shall eat at stated intervals whether they have any money or not. In the first case it is no one's affair but our own, and in the second, why some has to suffer for our impecuniosity, that is all, and if it is the butcher or the baker, why he is probably much better able to sustain a trifling loss in cash, than we are to sustain life on nothing! Besides, we fully intend to pay him—some time, when we can really afford it, and don't want the money for something else. So we save our consciences and go on victimizing our fellow creatures, till at last we have no consciences left, and though we should be most indignant at such an imputation being cast upon us, we degenerate into mere adventurers living upon our fellow creatures in a most unblushing manner.

I do not believe there exists another such demoralizer as debt! It seems to lead to everything else, and change the self respecting man or woman into a creature devoid of every moral virtue, and absolutely lost to all sense of shame.

Three thousand years ago a wise man said that "the borrower is slave to the lender" and the conditions against which he warned mankind have not changed greatly since then. The borrower is still as much the slave of the lender as he was in those ancient days, and if his slavery is less apparent it is none the less galling, and the effects of such self imposed servitude are degrading in the extreme! There is no such thing as independence of character possible for a man who lives in constant dread that some long suffering creditor's patience will give out suddenly and legal thumbcrews be applied in order to make him pay his just debts. And the man who is always expecting to meet someone to whom he owes money insensibly adopts a cringing manner and a hesitating gait, he has lost his self respect and he scarcely cares to retain the respect of his fellow men. His life is spent in making promises and excuses, "putting off the duns" he calls it, and he would be surprised if anyone gave it the harsher term of swindling his neighbors. He probably suffers a good deal of inconvenience from his mode of life since no one can possibly enjoy being constantly baited and chased like an animal, but then he brings it upon himself and has no one else to blame. But unfortunately he is not the only one who suffers. Who does not know the wife of the man who is always in debt? Her worried expression, and the apologetic manner that frequent interviews with irate tradesmen who positively decline to wait any longer for their money, are familiar to all who know her. All hope and ambition seem to be crushed out of her nature, and nothing but a passive almost dogged endurance left. She is absolutely afraid to get herself a new dress or bonnet, lest the people to whom they are owing should make cruel remarks about her putting all her husbands' earnings, on her back, instead of letting him pay his debts, and she feels almost as if she would like to put a label on the set of furs her brother sent her for Christmas, stating the fact and assuring all whom it might concern that none of her husband's money was squandered on them. I actually knew a woman once who went about shivering in a threadbare jacket when a beautiful new fur cloak was wasting its charms at home in her closet, and when I summoned up courage, knowing her very well, to ask her why she never wore her cloak, she answered with tears in her eyes that she simply couldn't; it was too handsome for her position in life, she could not possibly stop everyone she met on the street and tell them that it was a present, and she could not endure the thought of the remarks that would be made about her extravagance, by those to whom they owed money. So the cloak actually never saw daylight until the following winter.

It is not only the wife either, who is the sufferer for the children of a man who always owes money seldom grow up quite honest and straightforward; they become accustomed to deception all too early and

are adepts at giving evasive answers to unwelcome visitors long before they can do a sum in simple multiplication. They soon learn to distinguish the appearance of the man who has called to collect that little bill, and they can tell him that mamma is not in and papa out of town, with a readiness that is simply appalling, and which can scarcely fail to develop into craftiness and deceit as they grow older, and probably make untruthful and unreliable men and women of them. To the man who does not pay has much to answer for, and is deserving of heavy punishment.

I do not mean for one moment the struggling man whose cares and responsibilities have been too much for him, and who either from sickness or some other misfortune has gradually fallen behind, until he finds it impossible to retrieve the ground he has lost, and almost sinks in despair. Such a man has my most profound sympathy, and if a furd is ever raised for helping such unfortunates, I will subscribe to it to the utmost limit of my ability. But I mean the man who has a habit of getting what he wants, and trusting to luck to pay for it. It is so easy to get into debt, and so hard to get out of it. It is like a quicksand in that respect, and it would be well for us if we dreaded the one as much as the other. The person who deliberately buys a thing without being reasonably sure that he can pay for it at the appointed time, is much the same as a thief, and I am not sure he should not be treated as such.

We don't often talk about our underclothes when discussing questions of dress and fashion; and yet these garments are just as indispensable as the smartest of tailor made costumes, or the daintiest of silk blouse waists. We take it for granted that everyone is well supplied with them, and fashion writers are not greatly given to speaking about them, whether from motives of modesty, or not, I am unable to say. I scarcely like the idea of striking out on such entirely different lines from the rest of the guild, but yet there has been such a revolution in the matter of underclothing during the past year, that I feel compelled to keep my readers posted on such an important subject, so that they may be up to date.

Speaking of the under petticoat as a necessary part of feminine apparel, Mr. George Samson of Dickens farm, once remarked that though it was not a garment to be mentioned in public we knew it was there, all the same! Mr. Samson would have been sadly out in his reckoning had he lived thirty years later because it isn't there at all, now a days. In fact it has gone out of existence except among old fashioned people who still cling to the traditions of their youth; and the decline and fall of the petticoat might well supply a theme for some more gifted pen than mine. The work of the dress reformer has not been without results, and one of the very best of these has been the almost entire banishment of the petticoat, and the consequent relief of womankind from a great burden especially in wet weather.

Of course, for evening wear and with light summer dresses, nothing has been found so far, to take the place of the well starched, and elaborately tucked and flounced white skirt. Dressmakers and fashion authorities assure us that the petticoat has been swept out of existence. But I think one sight of a society belle arrayed in a thin organdie or batiste dress, silk lined, and worn directly over the fashionable silk knickerbockers, with no intervening petticoat to relieve the eye, and support the skirt would soon convince the above authorities that however independent of the petticoat we might be in spring, autumn and winter, it was likely to hold its own in summer for many a day to come.

But apart from the necessities of the summer wardrobe, the ambition of every well regulated and fashionable matron and maid seems to be to have all her garments, except just her dress skirt, cling as closely to the figure as possible, thus giving her as much freedom of motion and as little weight to carry, as possible. The winter toilette of the woman of fashion consists of a vest and tights of silk stockinette, or a weave of fine wool and silk mixed. Next to these come the corset to which are attached slender single elastic cords, to hold up the stockings. When my lady is dressing for indoors she next steps into a pair of very full easily fitting bloomers which are gathered into a deep yoke fitting smoothly over the corset, and then hang full and baggy over the knees where they are fastened with bands and buttons. If a corset cover is worn at all, it is a very skeletonized affair and quite innocent of the skirts, which usually extend below the waist line, and crumple up into wrinkles under the dress. The corset cover is very often made of either woven silk or lisle thread, very much like the underdress.

It is an out-door costume is being

Handy to Have

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donned instead of the silk bloomers, come a pair of woolen knickerbockers made in every respect like a man's golf trousers, except that they are hung on a yoke; they are not very full, and hook smooth and flat on the hip, buttoning around the knees where they bag slightly. A pair of leggings usually of suede in either gray, brown, or black, or else high bicycle shoes button up over the calf of the leg; then comes the dress skirt, and the woman is dressed for warmth, comfort and cleanliness as she has never been dressed since the world began. No more wet muddy skirts to flap against her heels, and ankles, giving her her death of cold, and ruining her boots at the same time. She has just the one skirt to look after, and that is the skirt of her dress, so she can hold it up easily, and keep it clean without much effort; her boots last twice as long, and require much less cleaning, and above all she is perfectly warm, just as warm as her husband or brother, and almost as free in her motions. Many of the tweed trousers which are bought readymade, have pockets in which women can keep money and jewelry when travelling, and—whisper it low—for women who feel the cold very much or are delicate the large establishments show trousers which are lightly padded with eider down, and look for all the world like especially dainty football or hockey trousers. For women who are subject to rheumatism there are knickerbockers of red flannel, though why red flannel should be any better for rheumatism than gray or blue, is something I never could understand.

When summer comes the woman of fashion exchanges her woolen or silk tights for similar ones of lisle thread, and the silk bloomers are worn all the time, instead of merely indoors. They are shown in shades of silk, and are usually made of the new ribbon serge that washes and wears like Irish linen, and comes in dark green, dark blue, and red.

The result of this wonderful innovation is a wonderful reduction in the price of petticoats, and the handsomest silk skirts are being sold at bargain prices.

In fact the trouser habit bids fair to spread and grow exceedingly, now that it has taken root in the land. The fine lady wears them because they are the newest thing out, and she can have them made as expensively as she likes, the working girl wears them because she can buy them quite cheaply if she knows the right place to go, and they do not wear out as quickly as petticoats, besides being so much warmer and easier to walk in. The college girl wears them because they are so little trouble, and cost so little for washing compared with skirts. While the athletic woman wears them with joy and thankfulness because of the freedom they give her limbs; indeed it is well known that all the women who are daily attendants at the golf links, wear garments exactly like their male opponents, except that they are covered with a skirt in the woman's case.

So altogether it looks very much as if the once sacred petticoat was really doomed to become obsolete and have its place taken by the convenient, if unpoetical trouser. Here is a charming costume quite worthy of description. The material was silk of a delicate silver grey striped with lines of pink, and barred across with a darker shade of gray. The skirt was quite plain,



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but the bodice had a gump of pale blue chiffon with a full ruche of lace at the throat. A lace fichu was drawn about the shoulders in bertha fashion, below the gump, and knotted on the bosom, a pointed belt of grey velvet confined the full blouse front, and the sleeves of the same silk came just to the elbows, and were finished with frills of lace. ASTRA.

GOOD WOMAN—BAD HEART.

When Could the Life of a Loved one be more Uncertain than when Attacked by Heart Disease?—If you have a Hint of It Have Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Always on Hand. It is the only Remedy which can Relieve you in 30 Minutes and Cure you Permanently.

"This is to certify that my wife has been a sufferer from heart disease for over twenty years. After having tried doctors and remedies innumerable without benefit I procured two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and she has received more benefit from it than from all the doctors and all the cures used heretofore. I am pleased to certify to the excellence of this wonderful remedy. AARON NICHOLS, Peterboro', Smith Tp."

TIPPING GENERAL SHERIDAN.

How he Heard two Persons Discussing Himself.

The Washington Star prints a story which General Sheridan used to tell at his own expense, and which, according to the Star, he intended to incorporate in his autobiography. It relates to the time, toward the end of his life, when he was in Washington as the head of the army.

In the guide-books of Washington there is a description of the office of the general, or, as it is known, the headquarters of the army in the War Department. It is stated in this connection that the office is generally open to the public, and that visitors to the city are welcome to inspect it, at least during office hours.

Once General Sheridan was very busy preparing or revising some official reports. He had kept the messengers generally stationed at the outer door of his office running around at a rather lively rate to his various subordinates, and for the moment there was no one at the door, when in marched a couple of visitors, a respectable-looking man and a lady, armed with a guide-book. The general did not welcome the intrusion, but they did not know it, for he kept steadily at work.

They examined the pictures on the walls, and especially a marble bust of the general which had just been placed in position. "So that is General Phil Sheridan?" said the man to his wife. "Well, no one would ever think that man was such a fighter. To me he looks a little top-heavy—has too much head for his body."

Other remarks followed, all of which the general heard, and the effect of them was to divert his attention from his work. "How is old Sheridan?" asked the visitor, indicating for the first time that he noticed anyone in the room. General Sheridan gave him the information, and thinking that the best way to get rid of his visitors would be to explain to them hurriedly the things of interest in the room, he proceeded to do so. He warmed up somewhat on some of them, and his descriptions and explanations of the portraits, war scenes and Indian curios and blankets were extremely interesting.

The visitors were appreciative, and as they turned to leave the room the man quietly slipped a twenty-five-cent piece into the general's hand, with a word of thanks

for the information he had given them. General Sheridan used to say that this was the first "tip" he had ever received.

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Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching Burning Skin Diseases Relieved in one day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blood and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, salt rheum, eczema, barber's itch and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents.

Still Hopeful. An exchange announces, on the death of a lady, "that she lived fifty years with her husband, and died in confident hope of a better life."—Texas Sifter.

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Ointment Cures, featuring an image of a hand holding a bottle and a testimonial from Mrs. John Gerrie.

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IS THE "OLD RELIABLE" LAUNDRY STARCH. HOUSEKEEPERS WHO HAVE TRIED IT AND THEN OTHER MAKES ALWAYS RETURN TO "SILVER GLOSS." THOSE WHO HAVE NOT TRIED IT SHOULD DO SO AT ONCE. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

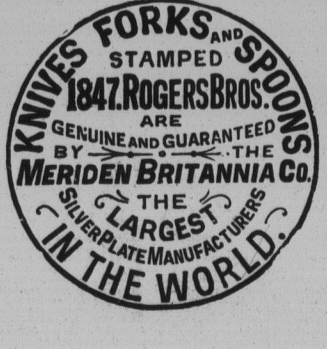
Starches made by the Edwardsburg Starch Co., Ltd., are always reliable.

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FOR A SPOOL OF THREAD—

and he will give you the kind he makes most profit on—and small blame to him.

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For a spool of CLAPPERTON'S THREAD, and you'll get the kind that will give you most profit and satisfaction—and it costs no more than inferior kinds are sold for.

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Has never been surpassed as a remedy for chronic Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and other disorders of the lungs and chest.

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Public Notice.

APPLICATION will be made to the Legislative Assembly, at the next session, for the incorporation of a Company to be called "THE ST. JOHN TERMINAL RAILWAY COMPANY."

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LIFE ON THE FRONTIER.

The Haves That Marked the Trail of the Man of the Forest.

The Indians did a heap of deviltry before they were brought to book, said the regular army officer, telling of campaigns in Texas. Two wagon outfits they had destroyed, and left no one alive to tell the tale—only the bodies of men and children and outraged women.

There were two separate detachments of cavalry sent out against them, a half company each. The Indians gave the troops a long chase, doubling and turning and making night and day marches to throw us off their trail.

I knew, of course, that the Indians must be jumped very suddenly, and short work made of them, else they would get to their horses and scatter, in which case they would give us another long chase, with almost the certainty that some of them would get away.

All but two of the band fell on the spot where they had slept. These two were bucks who leaped upon the back of the horse tethered at the camp and started him out on the prairie.

There were all sorts of plunder in the Comanches' camp, trophies of their depredations. But the sight that made my men wild with rage was the eleven fresh scalps that we found—scalps of men and women and children.

At the Banquet.

Caller—I understand that your husband distinguished himself at the banquet last evening.

Mrs. Ramly—Possibly; but it was more than he could do when he reached home. —Detroit Free Press.

His Own Free Will.

Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is the remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

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MENTAL FATIGUE relieved and cured by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI. Insist on getting the right article.

OLIVER, WENDELL, HOLMES.

A Few Interesting Episodes in the Life of the Great Poet.

'The secret of the man who is universally interesting is that he is universally interested,' says Mr. Howells in his recent delightful reminiscences of Doctor Holmes; and this he declares to have been above all the secret of the charm which the beloved autocrat exercised upon all who came near him.

'Holmes, you are intellectually the most alive man I ever knew.'

'I am, I am,' cried the doctor, with vivid satisfaction in the fact, 'from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot, I'm alive, I'm alive!'

And alive he remained fully and finely up to the very time of his death, looking outward with keen and friendly eyes upon the great world and its doings; looking inward to note, cheerfully and tranquilly, the progress of time upon himself, and pleasing himself in employing his gifts both as a physician and as a man, to keep his old age green.

A gay and gallant old man, as well as a wise and kindly one, he was making little of life and weaknesses, making the most of all things lovely and bright, missing nothing new in science or literature that was worth his attention, and enjoying life to the last.

At sixty, Doctor Holmes had doubted if it were wise for him to write 'The Poet at the Breakfast Table,' fearing lest he were too old for such a task. But, says Mr. Howells:

'He lived twenty five years after that self-question at sixty, and after eighty he continued to prove that threescore was not the limit of a man's intellectual activity or literary charm.'

What a brave and busy and beneficent old age! What a happy one! Youth is the very flush of its careless vigor and gaiety can look on such an age as that, and feel there need be nothing terrible or gloomy in growing old.

A CIRCUS FAIR.

The California Climate to be Used for a Strange Purpose.

The 'glorious climate of California' is being put to new and interesting use. A man has purchased five hundred acres in Merced County, and intends to add to it five hundred more, not for the raising of fruit, but of an experiment in the breeding of elephants, hippopotami, lions, tigers, llamas, nilgaus, kangaroos and other tropical and exotic animals such as are in common demand for purposes of exhibition.

His design is to obtain the conditions suited to every sort of animal used for exhibition, and he thinks that he can come nearer to realizing these conditions in California than anywhere else.

Sections of the jungle, will be fenced off with a wire barrier sixteen feet high for the tigers, which, with their off-pring, will be made at home here [when the weather is warm, and cared for indoors when it is too cold for them in the woods].

The proprietor is to make an experiment of raising camels on a large scale, and they and the llamas will be taught to bear burdens, as they do in their native countries.

A flock of kangaroos will be turned loose. It is regarded as likely that they will find themselves even more at home in California than in Australia, as the eucalyptus-trees has done, and that they will scatter themselves through the state.

Boys who might be inclined to apply for situations on this most attractive animal farm are advised not to do so, as natives of the various countries from which the animals come, who are accustomed to their ways, will be employed to look after them.

DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL. Every one is either growing better or worse. How is it with you? You are suffering from KIDNEY, LIVER or URINARY TROUBLES. Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted. DON'T GIVE UP! Safe Cure WILL CURE YOU.

Eureka Steel Sap Spout. Economical and Durable.... Holds the Bucket Safely and Securely. PAT. 1896. Easily inserted, does not injure the tree and secures full flow of Sap. Prevents all leakage and waste. Send for FREE SAMPLE. The THOS. DAVIDSON Mfg. Co. Ltd. MONTREAL.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH. CLEANSSES FROM ALL IMPURITIES. ARRESTS DECAY—PLEASANT TO USE. ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS—ALL 25c. DRUGGISTS—SELL IT—ZEPEDA-CHEM.

Relieves Your Cough In Ten Minutes... HAYMAN'S Balsam of Horehound. For Influenza, Cough, Cold, etc. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL TO GIVE RELIEF.

DRUNKENNESS Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by Dr. HARRISON'S Golden Specific. IT NEVER FAILS. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO. TORONTO, Ont.

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.

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. Directly opposite Union Depot. All modern improvements. Heated with hot water and lighted by electricity.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON N. B. J. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. First class every Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

HIS CONFESSION.

At night, like a moody artist, had taken her ink brush in hand and with one stroke darkened the moonlit face of the valley with the gigantic shadows of the Rockies. It was Christmas eve and outside the vast triangle of blackness which encircled the cabin there was a narrow strip of silver light—the road which connected the valley with the world; inside there was no illumination, not even a candle in the window, only the faint spark of Cattle King's Boice's pipe, by which his motionless figure could be discerned against the open doorway. He was half asleep and dreaming, but even the faint stirring of some belated bird in search of its nest would rouse him into a position of alert wakefulness, and at the sound of footsteps on the hard, icy road a quarter of a mile away he pricked up his ears attentively, then rose, awkwardly stretched his big limbs and planted himself in the middle of the road to listen.

As the figures of two men, both busily talking, came into sight, he shouted a lusty "Hallo!" at them, and then hurried into the cabin with an air of animation and lit a kerosene lamp, which he set with emphasis down on the table opposite the door. "Makin' myself at home in your domicile, Brandreth, you see," he cheerfully chattered, as the two men strode in the door and threw themselves on the settee in an attitude of weariness. "Well, tell us about it; did you see him strung up?"

"I saw him," said Carter, briefly. "Brandreth, with a shudder. He was a little man, with a sensitive face, which even a long, silver-streaked moustache and beard scarcely saved from a suggestion of femininity. 'I saw all I wanted to—that quivering, struggling wretch thrust face to face with the horror of eternity by fellow creatures as thirsty for his blood as ever he had been for that of his victim. And yet not a word for that of his victim. This scoundrel hangs them. We'll kill Peter to pay for killing Paul, who in turn probably preyed on some other weaker creature, just as it is in the animal world. I prefer to contemplate such inconsistencies at a distance.'"

"Cursus how that fellow got caught," said Cattle King Boice reflectively. "He thought he'd covered up his tracks so nice and careful. And, for that matter, it's still more cursus to think how these big, black crimes almost allus is found out; it not rooster, then later. Seems as if they can't be hid in the earth. The law lays mighty low and quiet, an' you think it's forgotten everything, when—when? The handcuffs are grippin' your wrists, an' you are brought up in court an' everything proved against you."

"Brandreth don't think so," said Carter. "He was arguing with me as we came up the road and trying to convince me that by the cleverness of the criminal, or the stupidity of the law, or merely a tortuous chain of circumstances, he could either cover up his crime, or hide himself it discovered as completely as though he had been caught up and translated—to what clime he doesn't say."

"Don't joke," said Brandreth. "It only proves that you don't know what you're talking of. Have you ever read anything of the history of crime? A little? Well, if you'd read more, you'd know that many of the darkest deeds ever committed were only revealed by a death bed confession, made when the perpetrator was beyond the reach of human justice. I could tell you a story—but, no, I won't. Boice can read to us instead. What's your book, Cattle King?"

The big miner, who owed his title to some innocuous, vainglorious boasting of his, regarding vast possessions in the less far west whose loss had obliged him to seek his fortune in the shadow of the mountains, laughed sheepishly. "It's yourn," he said, passing it over. "A book of prayers. I believe; found it when I was rummaging 'round after the lamp."

"Let's see it," said Carter, reaching out his hand. "Oh, yes," said Brandreth, indifferently. "Found plenty of dust on it. I suppose; I've had the book since I was a boy and take it round with me as a sort of mascot, but its precious long since I saw the inside of it."

"I can't go you one better than that," said the ex-cattle king. "I just give, a look into it to pass the time away, an' blamed it I didn't find a text I thought pretty appropriate for the feller that's getting his deserts down there in the town—'Your damnation slumbereth not.'"

"But Brandreth says that's not true," Carter observed. "Tell us the story, old man, which you hinted would prove your position." The only educated man in the camp, some similarity of taste and interest had drawn the two into a careless sort of intimacy, to which Cattle King Boice had been admitted on the strength of his good nature and all-round likeableness. He was the oldest resident of the camp, where Brandreth had drifted a year ago and Carter a few months later, and he had taken the two strangers under his paternal and powerful wing. Brandreth hesitated at the request made of him, but Boice clamorously seconded Carter, his child-like curiosity aroused.

"Tell us," he urged, "if it's a true story. I don't want none out of a book. I'd like to hear of a case where a man did a wicked thing an' wasn't found out somehow or another before he died."

"I don't like to tell it exactly," he said, slowly, "for it isn't fair to the man to disclose his secret. I didn't say he was dead, Boice, or that he died wicked. I only said he successfully evaded the vengeance of the law. However, I've a gruesome tale and I'll tell it, for it's a gruesome tale and I'll feel something of a relief to my mind in sharing it. But you must let me tell it somewhat in story-book style, Cattle King, for that's the only way I can reel it off my memory."

He rose and walked to the door, inhaling the cool darkness of the night like a cordial and smoothing his beard reflectively for several minutes before he resumed his seat at

the table, and began in a slow, impressive monotone:—

"It was late one chilly autumn afternoon about fifteen—no, stop, it must be twenty years ago—that the young rector of a little English church stepped out through the church yard gate, locked it behind him and stood for a moment gazing wistfully off at the blue tops of the Cornish hills, among which the village was poked much as we're poked away here. This young clergyman—what shall I call him? Blake will do as well as any name, for of course, I wouldn't give you the real name—wasn't over and above popular with his parishioners, for he had high church notions which went way above the heads of the plain peasant talk—communion candles and embroidered altar cloth and confession of sins, I see this is all Greek to you, Boice; but it was Roman to the parishioners, and they understood it just enough to strongly disapprove."

"Nevertheless, as he walked slowly home through the fields with his head bent, not one of them who passed him withheld a respectful and sympathetic greeting, for the hat which he carried in his hand bore a deep crape band, the emblem of a grief which was tearing out his heart. The mourning was for his cousin, a beautiful girl, with whom he had been brought up in brother and sister style."

"Which didn't prevent him from falling in love with her, I'll bet," interrupted Carter. "Exactly. Your perspicacity does you credit, Carter. He did love her, and when she married a young physician—"

"Why, in the name of thunder! thick headedness didn't he marry her himself? This second interpolation was Boice's. "He couldn't. That was part of his High Church platform—the celibacy of the clergy. Till she married, and to a man whom he believed to be only in love with her fortune, he never realized his true feelings toward her; and when she died, after a brief year of married life—well, we're none of us children; we've all loved women, and we know what he suffered."

"Poor Blake, poor fellow!" murmured Boice, the most soft-hearted of men who was ever stranded by mistake in a Rocky mountain mining camp. After a pause Brandreth continued:—

"When he reached home his housekeeper said: 'There was a stranger here looking for you. Did you meet him?' Blake shook his head for 'No,' and after eating the most frugal of ascetic repasts, he called the woman to him and told her that he was summoned to London on important business and would be back in a week. Then, after himself packing his small travelling bag he gave the key of the church into her charge and bade her goodbye. From that time he was never seen or heard of in the village again."

"Who killed him?" Boice's tone was awe-struck as that of a child. "Wasn't the stranger?" "No," said Brandreth. "He abruptly rose and laughed. They did not like his laugh. 'I don't think I'll tell you any more of this tale. It isn't a pretty one, and as it stands it is dramatic enough, in my opinion.'"

"Not in mine," said Carter. "Come we must have the remainder, since there is a remainder. You've no right to rouse our curiosity to only leave us—and your hero—in the lurch."

"An' you haven't proved your point yet," added the other man. "Concerning the blame cross-eyedness of law an' justice, you know."

This urged, Brandreth drew a deep breath and went on: "Well they never heard of him again. They wondered and speculated for a while and wrote to Scotland Yard once, but he was as completely lost as though the side of one of the Cornish mountains had opened and swallowed him up, and in six months they had a new rector, and in a year the old one was practically forgotten. But the newcomer had scarcely been installed before he made a singular discovery. The church linen was all gone. Surplices, altar cloth, even the white napkins which are used in the communion service, all but a few pieces had been taken from the cedar chest in the vestry room where they had been kept."

"This excited almost more wonderment than the disappearance of their austere young priest, for they all argued that a man could walk away on his two feet and of his own volition, but an altar-cloth could not be spirited off without hands. Boice, since you're playing the host, hand me down the bottle out of the cupboard, will you?"

The cattle king obeyed with lumbering alacrity. Carter, who was abstemious beyond anyone's comprehension, shook his head, but the other two men drank deeply after which Brandreth sat silent for several moments, his eyes staring into the darkness outside the door, but there was something in strong nerves, his eyes staring into the darkness that dull, heavy unseeing gaze which made it a relief when he turned his face toward them and spoke again:—

"Well, murder will out! You think I'm too long-winded in coming to the point, I know, so I'll say at once what their next discovery was. It was horrible enough, I assure you, to make an excuse for all my mauling and wandering. The sexton was called on for some reason to descend into the cobwebs and darkness of the church vault, which in the days when they didn't think such things wicked had been used as a wine cellar, but had for long years been empty and unvisited. There, prone on his face, lay a white, stark thing—a man's body. 'Wrapped up like a mummy, in—suppose you can guess?'"

"The stolen linen," hazarded Carter. "Yes, the consecrated altar-cloths and napkins and stoles, all wound around the ghastly thing. His head had been beaten on the stones of the floor, which were spattered with blood, until his face was past recognition. But by the clothes which the mummy wrapping had partly preserved he was identified as the stranger who had been searching for the clergyman, Blake, on the day of his disappearance. In the skeleton hand something was convulsively grasped—

a gold cuff button with the initial 'B' engraved on it and a shred of cloth still hanging to it."

"That's all there is of the story, really, except that the man who did it—yes, Boice, you are quite right, it was the parson—had already changed his name, his identity, his country so securely that the dogs of the law, with all their reputed keenness of scent, have never found his trail. So that years have passed by, years in which all who were interested in pushing the search may have died, or forgotten, but he still lives, safe, hidden, unsuspected, in a community of blameless men!"

He had risen, and the spark of excitement in his small, hazel eyes made them burning foci of lurid light. His voice was shrill, triumphant, almost menacing. "Detectives have been put on his track—Scotland Yard, he'll be empty-handed. So much can a clever man do, when his life is in the press in question!"

Carter spoke, "Brandreth, why did he do it?"

"Ah, that's what no one ever knew save two, one dead, one living. What if it had been the murder of the woman he loved that Blake avenged? Would your just, your merciful law have spared him the gallows? What if he had repeated the secret whispered to him in the confession by a soul in torment—the story of a base and cunning crime, the murder of an innocent girl by a husband to whom she was but the incumbrance he took with her gold? Would the law have believed him and punished the murderer? There was but one way and Blake took it. Boice, was there any other way? Carter, was there?"

He seized a wrist of each with trembling fingers and gripped them fast as he poured out the words: "No one knew, though they might have guessed that Hugh Blake, the saint, the ascetic, the man of pure ideals, was not so evidently turned into a beast of prey for nothing. A strange thing that the conscience of a murderer. He had the cool hand, the steady nerve, the heart of iron, hunted peace and found none, with that heavy load of an unrequited crime in his breast. And then, sinking his voice to a hoarse whisper, 'he bethought him of the confessional; ah, yes, the confessional! He little knew to whom he was betraying himself; whose hands, inspired by a blind fury of avenging agony, one of the old Berserker-ages of his barbaric ancestors, dragged him down the stone steps of the vault to a death too quick, too kind for such a foul creature! It would have been better, after all, to leave him with the stone in his breast to drag him down, year by year, to a perpetuation of despair.'"

Carter came over and touched him. He had that wild, unseeing look in his eyes again, and started at the touch. "Brandreth, how did you come to know of it?"

"I eh, indifferently, and with a quick return of his usual manner," he told me. "Another case of the conscience of Cain. Couldn't stand it till he had shared his secret with some one, I suppose. They say no murderer can."

"Another secret of the confessional?" asked Carter.

"What do you mean?" "Oh, I just had a feeling that at some time in your varied career you, too, had worn the casock and listened to penitents with your ear at a little door. That's all. Just as in my day I have figured as—what do you imagine?"

As he spoke he sprang quickly to the door, placed his back against it in the attitude which always means defiance, and turned and faced them with stern, penetrating eyes. Brandreth shook as with the ague before his gaze, but it was the Cattle King who, with pale lips whispered, "What?"

With a rapid movement he tore open his close coat and showed the minister gleam of the detective's star. Great heavy drops of sweat stood out on his brow, and more than one tremor passed over his slight wiry frame, but he spoke slowly, almost impassively: "Trapped, Hugh Brandreth! Yes, I saw the name in your prayer book. You thought your judgment slumbered, did you? You thought the law had forgotten, the while it was watching you, living with you, sleeping and eating with you, only waiting for you to betray yourself into its hands as you have done tonight!"

"Traitor!" Brandreth hissed between his deadly white lips. "I was prepared, though!"

He had drawn his revolver, but the other man's pistol was already pointed at his head.

"I, too, was prepared," said Carter, grimly. "You remember I carried it for you on the way home from the town tonight? I loaded it then, when your back was turned. I am not a traitor. I am the representative of the law."

He held his pistol steadily pointed at the trembling man, while with the other hand he drew a pair of harpoon-like forceps from his pocket. "Put them on him, Boice."

"I couldn't lock him up in them things if it was I was to swing on the gallows and not he."

"You know you will be held responsible for refusing to aid in the capture of a criminal?"

"I didn't know it, but I don't care. I won't help to get away, but I'll be forever before I'll help to trap him. There you have my intentions fair and square." He sat down with a dogged look on his face.

"If I move will you shoot?" asked the outlaw of his whilom friend, with a slight, shivering smile.

"No," said Carter. "I'm to bring you back alive, Hugh Brandreth, and not to help you escape—by any road. What! Stop him, Boice, in the name of the law!"

A sound like the bursting of a bomb and a dense curtain of flame filled the cabin before the words were well out of his mouth. It was never clear who overturned the lamp—Boice stoutly protested that he had not done it—and that in his



CHASE & SANBORN'S Seal Brand Coffee is the "finest grown." For perfect results follow directions in each can. Packed ground or unground in cans only.

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THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

An Experience That Followed a Call at Night.

Four or five physicians were talking up town the other evening at the home of one, and the conversation later turned to shop. One of them had recently moved his office down town, and there was some discussion as to the advisability of separating house and office.

"Well," said the separatist, "I can't see any difference so long as I am at my office during office hours."

"Let me tell you a story," remarked the oldest man in the party. "Thirty years ago, when I began practice, I lived in Virginia, and for a year or two I slept in my office. Then I married, and my wife owned a nice house, and I went to it to live. It sat back from the street about 59 feet, and we decided that it would be much nicer if we had my office out on the street in the far corner of the lot. Only 53 feet away, you will observe, but still it was enough. In order to see such callers as came during the night I had a night bell and a speaking tube connecting the front door of the office with my bedroom. You see I did not want a patient to escape under any circumstances."

"Well, everything went nicely enough for three years or so, when one night a ring came to my bell. It was then about 2 o'clock in the morning, and the ring was a hot one. I asked who it was, and the answer came from a friend of mine to the effect that he was a mighty sick man and wanted to see me at once. I told him to come around to the house and I would meet him at the door and take care of him. Then I got up, and, putting on my dressing gown and slippers, I proceeded to the front door. But there was no one there and no one in sight on the way between the gate and the house."

"That was odd, and I went back and called through the tube to know what was wrong. I received no answer, and, being quite unable to account for it, I took my lamp—it was a very dark and still night—and started to go out and investigate. Just as I was about to step off the porch I lowered my lamp to get a better light on the step, and there at the foot of the porch lay a body. I turned it over at once, and as the light fell on the face I saw it was my friend who had only a minute before spoken to me. He was quite dead. And when an examination was made, it was discovered that he had died of heart disease, and so near to me that I could almost have touched him. Possible I could not have been of any service to him if I had seen him when he first rang the bell, but the possibility that I might so affected me that from that day to this I have had my office as near my bed as I could get it."—Exchange.

INJURY AND NEGLECT.

He Failed in Health and Strength—His Kidneys Ached and He Took Dodd's Kidney Pills.

DEERONTON, FEB. 15. (Special)—Among business people here, and especially by his fellow workmen great interest has been taken in the case of Mr. James Stokes, who for the past fifteen years has been shipper for the Rathburn Company. Lately he had run down in health and strength to the point of being compelled to quit work and his recovery now as the result of using Dodd's Kidney Pills, is the talk of the town. On seeing Mr. Stokes he said:—

"From overlifting and strain I suffered greatly from kidney trouble, being advised after all else had failed, to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, from the first dose I got relief, and hundreds of people here can vouch for my cure."

A Trio of Afflictions.

VARIED AGONIES FOR LONG YEARS

A Man of Seventy-four Years Feels Young Again.

Paine's Celery Compound Gives Him New Blood, Activity and Strength.

The Great Medicine Removes His Troubles and Burdens

His Cure Vouched For by a Justice of the Peace.

Mr. Thomas R. Baxter of Karadale, N. S., aged 74 years and fast nearing the grave from a terrible complication of diseases—erysipelas for 40 years, bleeding piles for 15 years, and sciatic rheumatism for over a year—was rescued from torture, agony and death by Paine's Celery Compound after all other means had failed.

After reading the following statement, vouched for by a Justice of the Peace, how can any sane man or woman entertain doubts as to the curing virtues of earth's only honest life giving medicine? Mr. Baxter writes as follows:—

"I desire to let you know about my wonderful cure by your precious medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. 'I was afflicted by three complaints that made my life a misery and a burden. I had erysipelas for 40 years, bleeding piles for 15 years, and sciatic rheumatism for over a year."

"I tried the doctors and all kinds of medicines, but no help or relief was afforded me, and I could not eat or sleep. I was then advised to use Paine's Celery Compound, and, oh, what a mighty change! The use of the first bottle enabled me to eat and sleep, and after using seven bottles I was quite another man; was perfectly cured, and felt young again. All that I have written can be proven by merchants, doctors, magistrates, and by three ministers of the Gospel, and by scores of other people. I shall always thank you and your wonderful medicine, Paine's Celery Compound."

"I hereby certify that Paine's Celery Compound has made a well man of Thomas R. Baxter."

JAMES H. THORNE, Justice of the Peace.

SIGNS OF LONGEVITY.

PHYSICAL FEATURES AND HABITS THAT MEAN LONG LIFE.

Opinions of the Physiologist, the Doctor and the Hard Worker in the Domain of Physical Science—Tells the Theory of the Wonderful Resting Power of Sleep.

'The signs of long life are many,' said a celebrated physician lately, 'and easy to read. I will give you some of the plainest of them, avoiding technical expressions. Let us begin with the head, which should be square or round and wide behind and over the ears. All wide-headed animals have more vital force, more aggressive qualities than those with narrow heads. Take a bulldog or a cat, see how wide their heads are and think what hard knocks they will endure, while a rabbit, for instance, would topple over and die with one-half the hard treatment. People with long, narrow heads seldom live to a ripe old age, and in all my observations I have never found one such person who reached the century mark, while very few ever get near it.'

'Then take the signs of the face, what the features tell us about the probable length of life. The eyes should be round and wide, not oblong and narrow, for such eyes denote degeneracy and weakness. The brow should be ample and slope back slightly from an absolute perpendicular. The Rev. Charles Collier has an almost perfect brow, so has Joseph Choate, but the brow of Edgar Allen Poe is too straight up and down and too massive, showing that the brain system overbalances the other systems of the body, and for long life there must be an equipoise among these systems. The mouth should be full and well set, a small mouth is a bad sign, and the chin should be square and firm. This last is important as showing that the proper balance exists between the intellectual and the animal functions. Take Poe's case again, the lower face is weak, showing weakness in the digestive and assimilative systems, in the animal part of him. The face of Robert Louis Stevenson shows the same defect, and so does the face of Hall Gaine. In such men the brain over-rides the body, burns out the body, and the probability of a long life is small.'

'And now we come to the nose, which gives the most important indication as to the person's breathing capacity and thoracic equipment. A man or woman with a nose that is wide and full through its whole length and has open, easily dilating nostrils probably has good lungs and a good heart, and will get far more out of life and live longer than a person whose nose is pinched and whose nostrils are narrow. I should say that proper breathing is one of the chief essentials to proper living, and if people would form the habit, especially while out of doors, of taking deep, full breaths through the nostrils and holding the breath for a few seconds before expelling it, they would add many years to their lives. This is a simple thing to do, and once the habit is formed, it proves a source of perpetual delight. I am sorry to say, however, that not one person in fifty breathes properly. And yet, without a splendid breathing apparatus, I doubt if the highest greatness can be achieved. Think of Gladstone, Bismarck, Daniel Webster, and many other of the world's giants. They all have big lungs and strong noses. And their chances of long life are great in proportion.'

'And when it comes to the hand, the signs are equally clear. In no part of the body does a person offer such a revelation of himself as in the hand. Here are betrayed at once the infirmities and weaknesses of either sex, and also the strong points. The long, slender hand is considered beautiful, but it indicates a degeneration from strength, and its owner is not apt to reach an advanced age. Narrow-headed people usually have narrow hands. The hand that gives promise of a long life is the one with a square, broad palm, with large joints and short fingers, one like this,' and Mr. Parks took down the mold of Walt Whitman's massive hand. 'Here you see ruggedness, muscle, and endurance the signs of longevity. The finger nails are strong and spatulate, and the flesh is neither too hard nor too soft, thus showing a blending of mental and physical activity.'

'As to the lines of the palm, little can be said that will serve the purpose of a person not instructed in palmistry, for it is not sufficient to observe the life line alone in concluding as to term of a person's years. If the life line is good in color and unbroken through a good length, that is a favorable sign, but for any valuable conclusion the life line must be read in connection with the other lines of the hand.'

Another characteristic of long-lived persons is the presence of large bones, and it is Mr. Park's opinion that, other things being equal, a man or woman having a heavy, osseous frame, a body like that of Abraham Lincoln, will live longer and accomplish better things than a person with small bones.

Dr. A. H. Grandin believes that longevity depends solely upon the action of the heart. 'The heart,' he says, 'is the nearest approach known to man to that dream of scientists, perpetual motion. The person whose pulse beats with full and normal stroke has the best chance of a long life. Hereditary qualities come next in importance has a forewarning of his own fate.'

For the consolation of those whose fathers or mothers may have died young, it should be said that many authorities maintain that hereditary tendencies come to a great extent, from the grandparents, and even from previous ancestors, so that, if there has been a good average of long life in past generations, the fact of early death in the case of father or mother need not be of serious consequence.

'A man receives a certain term of life,' said Nicola Tesla, 'so many hours to pass on this earth—I mean hours when he is alive, awake; I do not count the hours when he is sleeping; I do not believe they are, strictly speaking, included in his term of life. When a man really lives he is dying hour by hour, but when he sleeps he is accumulating vital forces which will make him go on living. In other words, in measuring out our dose of hours to each one of us, the great timekeeper stops his count while we are sleeping. Therefore the longer a man sleeps the longer he will remain on earth. Nearly all long-lived people have been great sleepers. When De Lesseps was on the ocean he would sleep twenty hours on a stretch. Gladstone is a great sleeper, and averages twelve hours a day. I can believe that a man who would learn to sleep eighteen hours a day might live 200 years.'

This idea seems a little fantastic, but it should be said that so great an authority as Prof. F. W. Warner, in a recent lecture on 'Biometry, or the Science of Measuring Life,' includes abundant sleep among the four essentials to a long life which are: 1. To be descended, at least by one side, from long lived parents. 2. To be of a calm, contented, and cheerful disposition. 3. To have a symmetrical form, i. e., a full chest, well-formed joints and limbs, with a neck and head large rather than small in proportion to the size of the body. 4. To be a sound sleeper.

The Professor went on to show that women are longer lived than men, and that married women live longer than single women. The statistics show that few nuns attain old age, and that monks also die on the average earlier than men who marry. 'The primary conditions of longevity are,' said Prof. Warner, 'that the heart, lungs and digestive organs, as well as the brain should be large. If these organs are large the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall in sitting and short in standing. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm and short fingers. The brain will be deeply seated, as showing by the orifice of the ear being low. The blue or brown has 1 eye as showing an intimation of temperament, is a favorable indication. The nostril being large, open and free, indicates large lungs. A pinched and half closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs.'

A PREACHER'S STORY.

Like other mortals he fell Victim to Disease—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder was the Agent which Restored him to Health and he Gladly Allows his Name to be Used in Telling it that others may be benefited too.

Rev. Chas. E. Whitcombe, Rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, and Principal of St. Matthew's Church School, Hamilton was a great sufferer. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cured him, and he now proclaims to the world that as a safe, simple and certain cure it has no equal. It never fails to relieve catarrh in ten minutes, and cures permanently.

Guarding a Coast by Electricity. A correspondent of Nature suggests that a long coast-line may be rendered safe to ships in foggy weather by means of an electric cable lying ten miles offshore, and parallel with the coast, in about fifty fathoms of water. Whenever an iron ship approached within 200 yards of the cable, he says, an electric detector on board the vessel would give the alarm. In support of the suggestion he asserts that messages sent along an electric cable lying on the sea-bottom have been read, with suitable apparatus, on a ship floating above the cable.

Money no Object. The amount of money sufferers from catarrh will spend in attempting to cure that foul and disagreeable disease is almost incredible. J. W. Jennings, of Gilford, Ont., says: 'I spent between \$200 and \$300 consulting doctors; I tried all the "treatments" without benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all the remedies. A 25c. box cured me.' Don't waste money. Chase's Cure, with improved blower, 25c. It cures.

BORN.

Sussex, Feb. 7, to the wife of A. Teakles, a son. Truro, Jan. 29, to the wife of Fred Breen, a son. Truro, Jan. 29, to the wife of Solomon Crowe, a son. Sussex, Feb. 4, to the wife of Wilmot Ashel, a son. Moncton, Feb. 12, to the wife of W. R. Riddell, a son. Sussex, Feb. 7, to the wife of William McDonald, a son.

Baby's Own Tablets. A Mild and Effective Purgative—Regulates the Stomach and Bowels—Reduce Fever—Break Colds—Expel Worms—Check Diarrhoea—Good While Teething—Cure Colic—Produce Sleep—As Pleasant as Candy and as Easy to Take—Harmless as Sugar—Absolutely Pure—Mother's Help and Baby's Friend—Sample and Paper Doll. If you send us Baby's Name. USE BABY'S OWN POWDER in the Nursery. THE DR. HOWARD MEDICINE COMPANY, BROOKVILLE, ONT.

DECEASED. Sussex, Feb. 6, to the wife of Wm. McArthur, a son. Annapolis, Feb. 6, to the wife of Henry Ritchie, a son. Lynn, Jan. 24, to the wife of Edward C. Holden, a son. Kentville, Jan. 20, to the wife of James Chalmers, a son. Halifax, Feb. 10, to the wife of James E. Craig, a son. Digby, Jan. 23, to the wife of Walter Handspiker, a son. Lowell, Mass., Jan. 23, to the wife of A. L. Peiton, a son. Halifax, Feb. 5, to the wife of W. L. Harlow, a daughter. Halifax, Feb. 7, to the wife of William Adams, a daughter. Yarmouth, Feb. 5, to the wife of W. L. Harding, a son. Truro, Jan. 19, to the wife of Stewart Fraser, a daughter. Sheburne Road, Feb. 1, to the wife of George Baker, a son. Bloomington, Jan. 25, to the wife of George Conant, a daughter. Bridgewater, Feb. 2, to the wife of Howard Spiddle, a daughter. Niagara Falls, Feb. 1, to the wife of Joseph H. Anis, a son. Lawrenceville, Jan. 25, to the wife of Charles Daniels, a son. Barrington Passage, Feb. 2, to the wife of F. L. Wilson, a son. Bridgewater, Jan. 26, to the wife of Aldin G. Walker, a son. Worcester, Mass., Jan. 25, to the wife of Arthur H. Crosby, a daughter. Upper Stewiack, Feb. 4, to the wife of John D. Goss, a daughter. Westchester Mass., Jan. 25, to the wife of Arthur H. Crosby, a daughter. Kingston Village, Feb. 3, to the wife of Arthur McKeown, a daughter. Upper Stewiack, Jan. 31, to the wife of George Graham, a daughter. Middle Stewiack, Feb. 9, to the wife of Adam Dryden, a daughter. Hammond Plains, Feb. 9, to the wife of A. E. Haverstock, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Lynn Mass., Feb. 2, William H. Winchester to Irene Bohaker to Sarah Whitman. Bear River, Feb. 3, by Rev. J. Craig, Stanley Rice to Jennie A. Stone. Port Moncton, Feb. 9, by Rev. J. E. Doakie, Frank White to Georgina Roy. Lawrenceville, Jan. 27, by Rev. J. H. King, Henry O. Foster to Marjorie Kelly. Sydney, Feb. 11, by Rev. J. F. Forbes, Daniel W. Morrison to Flora McQueen. Halifax, Feb. 2, by Rev. Wm. Anley, Robert S. Thomas to Annie S. Patterson. Bear Point, Feb. 4, by Elder Halliday, Amiel Stodart to Mrs. Sarah Nicolson. Aylesford, Feb. 4, by Rev. J. L. Read, James A. Veitch to Mrs. Louise F. Cook. Shelburne, Feb. 2, by Rev. J. E. Wallace, Colin Cowter to Mrs. Catherine Locke. Shag Harbor, Feb. 5, by Elder W. Halliday, Thomas Allen to Annie Murphy. Aylesford, N. S., Jan. 27, by Rev. J. L. Read, Loring Reed to Jennie W. Whitman. Granville Centre, Jan. 27, by Rev. J. E. Warner, Frank F. Mills to Annie Withers. Mahone Bay, Feb. 1, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, Ernest Hartigan to Sarah Whitman. Lower Granville, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. B. Giles, Capt. J. L. K. Cass to Addie Conley. Halifax, Feb. 5, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, Alexander Morrison to Mrs. Lila Bellan. Moore Harbor, Feb. 4, by Rev. A. W. M. Harley, George Wardlaw to Sarah A. Myra. Lawrence Mass., Feb. 13, by Rev. M. W. Wilkie, Ernest E. Bryer to Alma C. Graham. Kent Head, C. B. Feb. 5, by Rev. D. Drummond, Thomas McQueen to Jonanna Morrison. Moncton, N. B., Feb. 2, by Rev. C. A. Waresford, Rainsford Rankine to Maud McDougall. St. John, Dec. 24, by Rev. E. E. Dwyer, W. H. Wallace to M. A. Laura Lee of Nova Scotia.

DIED.

Pictou, Feb. 4, James Fraser, 62. Halifax, Feb. 12, John Midgett, 43. Baddeck, Feb. 3, Ellis C. Watson. Halifax, Feb. 12, R. D. Clarke, 64. Halifax, Feb. 12, William Swaine, 65. Barrington, Jan. 26, Susan Swaine, 80. Halifax, Feb. 11, Charles F. Bidde, 74. Clifton, Feb. 11, Purdy S. Wetmore, 28. Port Maitland, Feb. 7, Thomas Dune, 83. Annapolis, Feb. 10, Andrew Hindon, 60. Black River, Feb. 6, Eunice J. Blair, 61. Canaan, N. S., Feb. 5, Eliza D. Folie, 78. Bridgetown, Feb. 5, J. William Brown, 48. Arcadia, Feb. 5, Mrs. Samuel Dunham, 73. New Minas, Jan. 28, William H. Bishop, 49. Yarmouth, Feb. 10, Mrs. Sheldon Lewis, 73. Granville Ferry, Jan. 30, John Abernethy, 80. Gross Coques, N. S., Feb. 2, Frank Bourneff, 77. St. John, Feb. 15, Elizabeth, wife of F. J. Rafferty. Hampton, Feb. 14, Sarah widow of David Smith, 81. San Francisco, Dec. 16, Guy son of C. Greenfield, 3. Halifax, Feb. 10, Sarah wife of William Malone, 86. Tupperville, N. S., Feb. 5, W. Fletcher Willet, 67. St. John, Feb. 14, Elizabeth, wife of John McKay, 49. Pictou, Jan. 20, Jessie M. widow of Peter Cameron, 64. Truro, Feb. 2, Elizabeth widow of S. C. McLellan, 71. Providence, R. I., Feb. 4, Charles L. Waterman, 30. Fairville, Feb. 11, Lydia wife of Clarence Purcell, 21. St. John, Feb. 7, Agnes, widow of Duncan B. McHillsbur, Jan. 22, Rosella, wife of James H. Halliday, 20. St. John, Feb. 13, Ellen, widow of the late Robert Harris. St. John, Feb. 12, Anne widow of W. H. Fitzmaurice. St. John, Feb. 15, Mary M. wife of W. Tremaine Gard, 41. New Glasgow, Feb. 3, Elizabeth J. wife of Newton Drake, 29. Windsor, Jan. 31, Sarah L. widow of Capt. H. Johnson, 63. Villagedale, Feb. 3, Maggie M. child of Lewis and Susan, 16. Truro, Feb. 10, Myrtle E. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kent, 16. Victoria, P. E. I., Jan. 26, Harry A. son of Wm. C. and Annie Lee, 21. East Brunswick, Feb. 5, Vera M. daughter of Walter and Amanda Larkin. Halifax, Feb. 18, Claude D. son of Robert K. and Eliza Evans, 8 months. Annapolis, Feb. 6, Lewis Burns twin son of Oscar and Emma Lewis, 19 months. Boston, Feb. 8, Margaret, widow of Alexander Freepier, of Stubbensville, 69. Annapolis, Feb. 7, Elizabeth widow of Capt. Jas. Fitzgerald formerly of St. John.

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RISEING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. With Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

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RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 7th September, 1896, the status of this Railway will run daily, Sundays excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax.....1.00 Express for Halifax.....1.20 Express for Sussex.....1.30 Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.20 Express for Montreal.....10.40

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex..... 2.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.20 Express from Montreal (daily).....10.20 Express from Halifax.....10.20 Express from Pictou and Campbellton.....10.20 Suburban Express from Bathurst.....12.40 Accommodation from Montreal.....12.40

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. FORTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 3rd September, 1896.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

SPECIAL Around the World Trip

Per R. M. S. "AORANGI," TO leave London on March 17th, 1897, calling at Teneriff, Capetown, Melbourne, Sydney, Honolulu, and Victoria, thence to Vancouver and back to starting point, via the C. P. Transcontinental Line.

Rates—For first class passage throughout, \$400. First class on Railway and Second Cabin on Steamer, \$400. Further particulars of D. P. A., St. John, N. B. D. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Pass. Agent, Montreal. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 4th Jan. 1897, the Steamer and Trains of this Railway will run as follows: Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY.

Lvs. St. John at 8.00 a.m., arr. Digby 11.00 a.m. Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p.m., arr. St. John, 4.00 p.m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lvs. Halifax 6.30 a.m., arr. in Digby 12.45 p.m. Lvs. Digby 1.00 p.m., arr. Yarmouth 3.45 p.m. Lvs. Yarmouth 4.00 a.m., arr. Digby 10.47 a.m. Lvs. Digby 11.00 a.m., arr. Halifax 8.45 p.m. Lvs. Annapolis 1.00 a.m., arr. Digby 3.50 a.m. Lvs. Digby 4.30 p.m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p.m. *Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby, Pictou, and from the latter on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. W. E. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT. ONE TRIP A WEEK FOR BOSTON.

COMMENCING December 15th the steamship ST. CROIX will leave St. John every THURSDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, standard, for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston. Returning, will leave Boston Monday at 8 a.m. Freight received daily up to 8 p.m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

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Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special arrangements daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canadian Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Saguenay, Amqui and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland and Railway, Chatham Branch, Bell Bay, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia. Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine. Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with dispatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States, and vice versa. J. B. STONE, C. BRIGHTON, Asst. Supt.