

PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

One Session Question.

The movement set on foot by Mrs. W. Frank Hatheway to bring about, if possible, the holding of a single session in the High School, instead of morning and afternoon sessions, is receiving a lot of support from the parents of scholars and others, although some of the clearest headed people in town are directly in opposition to the idea. Good reasons are given both for and against the proposition, while a great many sides with neither the proposer nor those who suggest entirely different ideas as to the working of the superior school. Indeed several of these suggestions have a great deal more plausibility about them than the original questions in controversy.

Mrs. Hatheway's plan is clearly set forth in the printed circular which she had numerously distributed among the parents of the school children a short time ago. reading as follows:—

St. John, N. B., February, 1900

Inasmuch as many of the parents and friends of the students in the High School regard the present working hours as too long, it has been thought advisable to formulate a scheme by which it will be possible to find out exactly the opinion of all the parents or guardians of the children, with a view of making the work easier, more enjoyable, healthful and efficient.

At present the working hours are five, three in the morning and two in the afternoon, there being an intermission of one hour and a half, from twelve to half past one. The resumption of work in the afternoon, teachers say is very different from the fresh start in the morning; the children are half tired, and during the autumn and winter at final dismissal, the bright day is practically over. Some of the pupils go immediately home and begin studying for the next day, so as to have the evening free, but these are rare. The majority engage in some recreation, or in many cases, an outside study of some kind, such as music, until the evening meal, and when that is over, again begin on their lessons. Here comes the greatest objection. The eyes are strained by close reading in artificial light, the brain is not in fit condition to battle over a hard lesson or one in which it is difficult to take an interest; in many cases there is a great strain on the nerves to make them obedient to the will which concentrates the wandering attention, and the result is often extreme weariness and perhaps ill-temper. This is no exaggeration. It is as true of the bright scholar as of the average one. The mental pressure is too great for the physical organization.

There are several ways of changing all this, and making school work a delight and at the same time decidedly more efficient than it is now. The best way seems to be to have only one session, from nine o'clock until one, with a short recess during which some light lunch may be eaten. The continuity of interest in the work, with the consequent exemption from classes in the afternoon, acting as an incentive, would more than make up for the omitted hour. This plan is working in many schools in the United States, especially in High Schools.

Now, instead of calling a meeting of the parents, in which the few speak while the many listen, then disperse with no definite action taken, you are invited and urged to think over the subject of a contemplated change and write on this paper your opinion of having only a morning session, with any remarks you wish to make. Please return the paper by your child to the teacher by next Wednesday morning. The Trustees and Board of Education will do what is good for the children in the eyes of their parents, so it is important for you to give this matter your best attention.

P. S.—Please write answer on back of this circular.

A great many parents wrote in full their opinions in answer to the above request, while others were content with writing a few words of approval or disapproval. The overwhelming majority were in favor of one session, and to scan the written answers favoring the new move, the influence of the scholars could in a great many cases be clearly discerned. Mothers chiefly did the answering, and while not a few gave sensible reasons for supporting the new idea, most of them were content with saying, "I am in favor" etc., appearing as if the boy or girl at home had filled their parent's ear in order to gain an affirmative answer to the circular.

Those who opposed the one session movement gave explicit reasons for so doing, some of which are published in this article. Others sought to amend Mrs. Hatheway's circular, and also to amend the present mode at the High School. It was very clear however, that those who opposed the idea thought the matter over carefully before committing themselves, while the same cannot be supposed of the

majority of persons who favored the scheme, judging from the tenor of their writings.

When PROGRESS representative approached Dr. Bridges on the subject, the principal of the High School said he did not care to express any opinion at this stage of the movement, but there was one thing sure about it the law provides for the length of a school day, such as is being carried out now, and if any change were to be made it could only be through legislation. As to the advisability of having the High School close at one o'clock Dr. Bridges would give no opinion, though he volunteered the information that in Charlottetown P. E. I. the people are at present petitioning the government to re-establish the two-session plan after giving the one session idea a year's trial. They found the single session plan did not work satisfactorily.

It is quite evident a great many local educationists can see no particular virtue in the innovation, and while it may suit the peculiar circumstances of some scholars they cannot for the life of them see why such a radical change should be made.

As to the persons who gave their reasons for supporting or not supporting the one session idea, the following answers to the above circular will explain.

Dr. J. E. March—I am in favor of 5 hours school work divided into two sessions for high school, because—

1st—The prescribed lessons cannot be gone through with in five hours.

2nd—From the standpoint of the family, uniformity in school hours is desirable and while younger children are required to work five hours, older ones should not get off with less.

3rd—The argument in part 2 of this circular is, in my opinion based upon a misconception of the intention and purpose of high school work, and, as far as it is true it applies with greater force to the younger pupils, and the advanced standards.

4th—Pupils who are unfortunately physically unable to stand the strain of high school work—and it is a strain and properly so—should not bar the way for rapid advancement of those who are able.

5th—Instruction in improved home and school hygiene, in connection with a course of graded gymnastics under competent teachers will remove most of the real difficulties complained of.

Mr. A. O. Skinner—Suggests usual morning session and study of lessons in school from 1.30 to 3 p. m.

Mr. J. A. Belyea—would greatly favor any arrangement which would give more time to the physical development of the young and to stimulate them for their arduous high school work.

A. M. Beldin—Favors the one session idea.

Mr. and Mrs. Tilton of Lancaster—Greatly in favor of one session.

H. K. Estabrook—Think the teachers the best judge of the question.

Ira B. Kierstead—I am willing to try the experiment.

M. L. Gregory—School hours too long and suggests a study hour for home lessons during school day.

Mr. J. S. Taylor—Thinks one session and Mr. Harvey's plan both good points and knows from home observation that something is amiss in the arrangements of the school.

Frank Fales—I sign this with pleasure on behalf of the scholars, but the poor teachers they are now so hard worked I fear but our hours will break them down altogether.

Mrs. O. E. Warwick—In favor of one session.

Mrs. Alton Cushing—In favor of one session.

G. M. McLeod—One session.

Mrs. Vassie—One session.

Mrs. Stockton—Thinks a public meeting should have been called and teachers with experience consulted first. Suggests a session of an hour and a half in the afternoon.

E. J. Armstrong—Says there are too many studies and they are breaking down the health of diligent pupils. Desires one session in winter and reduction in number of studies.

Mrs. C. A. Hoyt—Sincerely hope the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.)

THE MAGISTRATE'S SAGE REMARKS

He Gives the Parents for a Great Deal of the Wrong Done in the Day.

It is really a pity the daily newspapers do not give more publicity to some of the addresses made from the local police court bench by His Honor Judge Ritchie. While the workings of the present machinery is at times not without its friction and its creaking, yet the Magistrate is a man with a wholesome idea of justice and of even more wholesome opinions as to the causes of more common crimes in the city, especially among youthful ones. On Tuesday last a Carleton lad was sentenced to one year in the Reformatory for stealing lumber off a Sand Point steamer. He was the youngest of a family of five boys and had not attended school nor did he work. He was fourteen years old and His Honor in sending him to the institution across Courtney Bay, said he did it not so much as punishment for the offence he had committed, but for his moral betterment.

To take him away from the fatal laxity of a home where he was not rightly managed and to place him in a home of order and government. The Magistrate widened his remarks and said there was altogether too much leniency being shown by parents to incorrigible boys, mere children who rule the household and whenever they do anything wrong they are shielded. They won't go to school and refuse to labor, but loaf and lurk about corners and alleys at night waiting for every chance to do mischief.

Petty thieving, such as stealing apples from a grocery store barrel, is at length indulged in, merely in a playful mood perhaps, but this elementary step in wrongdoing is followed by greater stealing and from the police court and Reformatory the



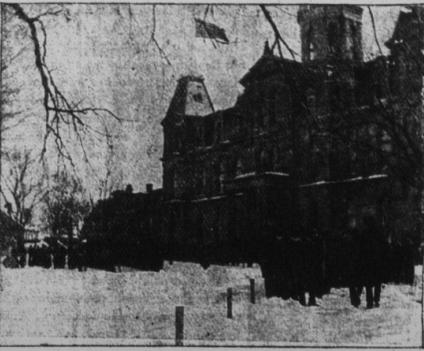
A detachment from the R. C. R. I. in the act of giving the salute of fifteen guns announcing the opening of the Legislature at Fredericton. The cannons—two six pounders—are mounted on the bank of the river just below Parliament Square.

popular opinion would not favor the idea—that a lot of the formality in fact sense—attending the opening of our Provincial Legislature might very well be dispensed with, and even yet the laws of our land respected.

But to do so would necessitate the departure of the old-time custom and all the pomp and ceremony which is so eagerly looked forward to by the citizens of the capital, and its military and other functionaries who have only about this one opportunity of "showing their metal," would be lost sight of altogether.

For these reasons then, probably, more than any other it is that the old-time customs still prevail and the "guard of honor" and "boom of cannons" continue to play an important part in the annual opening of our Legislative Hall.

A stranger visiting the city on the opening day is pretty sure to become interested and often amused at the many features attending the event. The first thing that will attract the visitor's attention is the "hauling of the cannons" two old 6 pounders, from their quarters to the river bank. This is the only event during the twelve months that these "implements of war"



Front view of Parliament buildings at Fredericton, taken just prior to the opening of the Legislature. On the left is the Guard of Honor, drawn up in two ranks, awaiting the arrival of the Lieutenant Governor and suite. The band of the corps is drawn up in rear of the guard.

lad brings up in Dorchester. His Honor said if the policeman exerted themselves more toward "roping in" lurking boys and those who could not answer satisfactorily what school they attended, or why they were not working, instead of arresting the same old list of offenders and unoffending drunks, the root of crime in St. John might to a great extent be unearched.

A Joke on the "Dops."

"I see you take coppers," said the twinkled eyed passenger as he tendered the conductor five pennies, at the same time glancing at three of St. John's "finest" indulging in a tree ride. The man with the money box smiled and so did everybody else, but the policemen. They took a mental snapshot of the speaker and stowed it away in the grudge corner of their anatomy.

Law Framers Meet.

The opening of the Local Legislature is always a day of more than ordinary interest to the citizens of Fredericton.

Whether through custom or otherwise the day selected is always Thursday and the populace of the capital put on their "best trim" and turn out "en masse" to give the event a right royal send off. It has many a time been suggested—but

salute of 15 guns. Just how much knowledge of artillery is required to enable one to load up and discharge the two obsolete six pounders (belonging to the military school as a question over which there seems to be room for a difference of opinion. This important duty in the past usually fell to the lot of Sergeants Walker or Cochrane, neither of whom are now connected with the school. Perhaps the veteran Charles Lacy, an old artilleryman, might consent to take charge of the gun squad, if the sergeant major is unable to find another suitable person.

Now next year, if notified in time, St. John will willingly send up a man to give the Sergeant Major a few pointers on "how to load a gun,"—or better still, PROGRESS would engage the College boys be asked to do the firing.

From the noon hour until the time of opening the streets are astir with the populace in all walks of life. The fashions in various shapes bestir themselves on Queen street and around Parliament Square awaiting the arrival of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor whose coming is heralded to the expectant multitude by a bugle blast from one Her Majesty's trumpeters.

The crowd stand with abated breath until the approach of His Honor, accompanied by his A. D. C. and private secretary by the sheriff and coroner and other dignitaries.

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE)

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—Cast your eyes about this page and you can learn as to its contents.
- PAGE 2.—The one Session Question—A continuation from page 1 of an extensive article on the issue of the single session idea with various opinions of leading citizens on the question, also the names of over two hundred parents who support or oppose the project. What Dr. Bridges thinks. Capture of Omasa Diga. General miscellany.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic columns with the week's happenings in these worlds of amusement.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial—with references to city government, postal revenue etc. Eloped to England—Mrs. Seaward of Brantford, Ont., leaves St. John on the "Arava" and escapes the police of Halifax. Douglas avenue extension—will the cars go to the bridge or not. A joke on the cops. Valentine poetry and special verses written for PROGRESS. The Magistrate's Sage Remarks. Hunter and Crossley's campaign in United States.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Society items from all over the city, Halifax, Fredericton, St. Stephen and Calais, Woodstock, Truro, Newcasl, Parrboro, St. George, Annapolis, Moncton, Dieppe, Campbellton, Sussex, St. Andrews and many smaller places.
- PAGE 9.—A whole page of bright local topics, including: How the City Wakes, Six Carloads of "Dagoes," Lots of Vaccinations, A Valiant Maiden Squelched, An Odd Police Patrol, Did Rev. McKim Forget, Their Names Explain Them Evangelist King, Received no Medical Attention, Rainy Day Car Tr. Mo, St. Valentine's Day, etc etc.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—Second half of that charming story, "Fated to Marry a Soldier."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading page with an able article on "Liquor Selling and How to End It" by an eminent New York writer. Other Sabbath day literature.
- PAGE 12.—A Delightful Valentine story, or rather conversation, between an erstwhile lover and his aged sweetheart. Selected items of interest.
- PAGE 13.—Frits of Fashions fresh from France and American centres as well. Other items for the ladies.
- PAGE 14.—A cleverly written article on "A bent minded New Yorker"—people who would leave their very heads behind them in the elevated trains. How the lost articles are recovered. Duck shooting in winter and other bright bits.
- PAGE 16.—"The Little Runaway"—a like picture of a lost baby episode in a Canadian city. General miscellany. Births, Marriages and Deaths of the week throughout the Maritime provinces.

ONE SESSION QUESTION.

(Continued from First Page.)

movement for one session will be carried out. It will remedy a defect and free children from a long standing bondage.

Mrs. Dallock—Favors one session. Lisa's C. Foster—Is greatly in favor of one session.

F. R. Hanning—One session. Francis McCafferty—Strongly urges the preservation of the present arrangement and says the smaller children should receive what consideration there may be going. "It would be a mistake," he says, "to turn the larger children in the advanced grades loose, every afternoon and in my opinion their studies would suffer more than if an extra hour were added."

Mrs. D. Magee—Thinks it the high school has one session all the schools should.

H. C. Martin—In favor of two sessions. W. O. Girvan—Decidedly yes, one session.

John Kerr—Strongly opposed to the idea of one session, for the Grammar school is the laboring man's college in which he has an opportunity of giving his children an education and if some of the parents are better off financially than others that is no reason why school should close at one o'clock in order to allow those persons to take extra lessons in music, French etc. Suggests dropping Greek and botany and studying home lessons in school.

C. E. Lachler—One session.

E. C. Hickson—"In answer to your circular I am decidedly of the opinion that the present school hours are not too long as children who attend high schools are practically young men and women and quite equal to any mental strain imposed upon them in connection with their studies."

Dr. Emery—Would prefer one session as I think at present there is too much strain for the students' best interests.

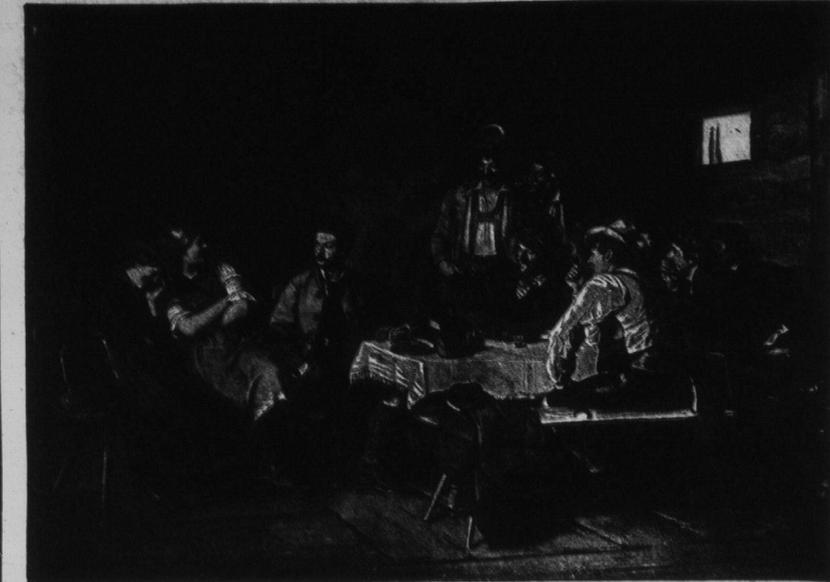
E. R. Machum—I do not think the time devoted to school work now is too long, nor do I think it possible for those who wish to attain to any degree of proficiency in their work to do so without giving much more attention to their studies than the present school hours would permit—I believe home study also necessary.

Chas. S. Everett—A more important change would be the stating of lessons for the following day, at least one hour being so consumed. My best information is that the lessons for the morrow are stated but generally no assistance is given by the teacher. Frequently there is nobody at home who can assist pupils, who are in consequence quite exhausted by mental labor.

The other persons who answered the circulars are named in the appended list:—

- Those Favoring the Scheme. T. B. Leach, C. Baird, A. W. Baird, Mr. W. Hawker, Mr. J. W. Vanwart, Mrs. A. M. Haddock, J. R. Granville, Florence M. Wright, Mrs. James Clark, Avis Davidson, Harvelock Wilson, A. S. Spragg, Mr. H. A. Reynolds, S. E. Boyle, John Dixon, F. O. Allison, Samuel Lewis, M. E. Jordan, Mrs. George Carr, H. N. Gilguy, Joseph Allison, Mrs. F. Engen, Mr. Edwin Stewart, J. H. Barber, T. Carleton Allan, Eben Perkins, A. Armstrong, Mr. B. Roach, S. E. Brittain, Mary W. Armstrong, Mr. B. H. McLean, J. Spiano, Mr. George Robertson, Mrs. Heidemann, M. F. Drake, Eliza Smith, Mrs. A. W. Upham, Mr. L. R. Morton, John McAvity, Clarence Fairweather, W. A. Lockhart, Fr. A. Tius, Mr. Mc Murray, Mr. A. J. Heath, Mrs. R. Ford, Mrs. Jas. Mylre, Mr. W. B. Merrill, A. Lockitt, Mrs. S. Gilie, Mrs. W. J. Thomas, Wm. McLellan, H. E. Coder, G. E. Armstrong, Mrs. H. P. Hayward, Mrs. Wm. Peters, Mrs. Wright, W. H. Doherty, B. H. Brittain, W. E. Foster, F. Tappley, E. Wheeler, G. O. Hannab, Mr. E. C. Baskin, Mrs. Wm. Jones, Elizabeth C. Skinner, S. J. Murphy, C. E. MacMichael, Wm. J. Powers, Wellington Green, Mrs. Hawker, Mrs. Vanwart, J. H. Brown, John Rubin, J. R. Cummings, B. F. Baker, W. G. Robertson, E. V. Cummings, E. H. Robinson, Mrs. Reynolds, E. A. Emery M. D., N. Riley, M. Hogan, E. L. Rising, William Campbell, C. J. Armstrong, P. B. Egan, Mr. F. Keleher, Mrs. W. G. McLellan, Mrs. Stewart, W. E. Shaw, Caroline Parkison, W. J. Flewellin, D. Paterson, Mrs. R. Roach, Mrs. G. S. Belysa, E. B. Ketchum, Mrs. McLean, W. Leonard, Mrs. Robertson, M. E. Williams, J. L. Tarr, F. Tait, John McKeirvey, Mrs. Meron, Jean J. Jack, James Grant, R. J. McAdoo, R. W. Mcarty, W. E. Bell, Mrs. Heith, Wm. Miller, J. R. Cameron, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. J. Fort, Mrs. B. Boyle, Elizabeth Barbour, G. E. Brown, Thos. McPherson, Sr., E. H. M. Hatheway, Aid. McMullin, Mrs. Peters, A. B. Eay, G. H. Colwell, K. Luvey, E. B. Patchell, Robt. Ledingham, Mrs. M. E. Spies, Geo. K. Jackson, Mrs. Rankin, Wm. Lunsay, Mrs. Lee,

- Mrs. T. E. Hall, Mrs. Lee, M. A. Kim, Miss Feltich, Sarah Green, J. M. Robertson, Mont McDonald, R. W. Fink, Mrs. Hall, M. McMillan, J. Clouston, M. E. Lynch, F. S. Thomas, Geo. G. Weldon, Mrs. Jas. Collins, J. R. Fink, Mrs. A. Buckley, T. D. Doham, J. H. McLean, Those Opposed, M. A. Finlay, Mrs. M. Harvey's place, R. G. Haey, Mrs. M. Harvey's place, F. A. Wright, John Buck, Fairlie, Alice F. Wright, E. R. Machum, J. and M. Carleton, T. M. Balva, E. C. Hickson, Peter Cumbell, W. F. Crush, Mrs. H. Macro, Ju. E. Lawson, John H. McRobbie, A. K. Clark, Mrs. J. F. Frow, H. P. Scudall, J. W. Cassidy, J. Mathews, J. H. Gray, J. M. Watson, J. Wilford Smith, Mrs. D. E. Vincau, E. H. Freeze, M. H. Jones, Peter McIntyre, W. V. McLeod, W. D. Baskin, S. M. Phasant, M. B. Wisdom, F. Maters, Andrew Macdon.



THE STRANGER.

- Mrs. A. Buckley, T. D. Doham, J. H. McLean, Those Opposed, M. A. Finlay, Mrs. M. Harvey's place, R. G. Haey, Mrs. M. Harvey's place, F. A. Wright, John Buck, Fairlie, Alice F. Wright, E. R. Machum, J. and M. Carleton, T. M. Balva, E. C. Hickson, Peter Cumbell, W. F. Crush, Mrs. H. Macro, Ju. E. Lawson, John H. McRobbie, A. K. Clark, Mrs. J. F. Frow, H. P. Scudall, J. W. Cassidy, J. Mathews, J. H. Gray, J. M. Watson, J. Wilford Smith, Mrs. D. E. Vincau, E. H. Freeze, M. H. Jones, Peter McIntyre, W. V. McLeod, W. D. Baskin, S. M. Phasant, M. B. Wisdom, F. Maters, Andrew Macdon.

CAPTURE OF OSMAN DIGNA.

One of the greatest of the Mahdi's warriors falls into the hands of the British.

More has been written about the famous Osman Digna than any other leader in the Sudan except the Mahdi himself and his successor, the Khalifa Abdullah. He is arrayed usually in the ordinary dress of his Hadendowa Arabs, who worshipped him and achieved prodigies of valor under his lead. For years after the world came to know him he was repeatedly reported to have been killed in his battles between the Nile and the Red Sea. "Osman Digna killed again" became a common newspaper headline. But he still lives years after he ceased to fight and escaped the Khalifa's fate in November last by discreetly retiring from the field when fighting began. He skulked across the Nile and managed to get north to the Red Sea, intending doubtless to take refuge in Arabia; but he was captured, a few weeks ago, by Lieut. Frank Burgess of the British troops. After his long and stormy career he is now having a quiet period in a prison cell.

Osman was a great slave dealer in the eastern Sudan. He fell foul of both the British and the Egyptians, before the Mahdi rose to power, because they insisted on interfering with the slave shows on the Red Sea that carried his human merchandise to Arabia. Thus he had a private grievance as well as a larger supply of religious fanaticism to spur him on to the hardest fighting. Nobody liked him except his own soldiers. Nobody ever made a hero of him except the men he led. He was morose, taciturn and cruel and his countenance was forbidden. But he had much ability. His home was in Suakim on the Red Sea, all his people lived in that region and it was not surprising that the Mahdi selected Osman, before the fall of Khartoum, to rally the faithful there and drive the infidels into the Red Sea. The rich slave merchant adopted the mean art in which his master arrayed himself in those early days of his power, and on the march he would not ride, for he said that the Mahdi walked the earth and thereby made it holy.

The sort of a picnic he gave the British and Egyptian forces at Suakim will always be remembered. The easiest and the best approach to Suakim was across the desert from Suakim to Berber on the Nile and the British, with a view to settling matters with the Mahdi in short order, brought a vast amount of railroad material to Suakim and began to stretch a line toward Berber. When Osman appeared

on the scene, in 1893, he took possession of this railroad, tore up thousands of the sleepers and built a large fort with them at Handub. He spoiled the enterprise by this unexpected diversion of railroad material to other purposes and the line has

not yet been built. He prepared a lot of scaling ladders with which he proposed to surmount the walls of Suakim and put the enemy to the sword. He never had a chance to use the ladders but he captured most of the posts around Suakim and came very near getting possession of the town. The best service any one Emir rendered to the Mahdi was that of Osman Digna in fleetly closing the route between Suakim and the Nile. It was the achievement of this man that made it necessary for Gen. Lord Wolseley to take the difficult Nile route on his disastrous expedition. Osman Digna's blockade of the Suakim route probably prolonged the life of the Mahdiist power for years. Osman's attention was not wholly given to Suakim, for he found time to capture Kassala, near the border of Abyssinia, and his forces overran the whole country between Khartoum and the Red Sea and no part of the Mahdiist domain was more faithful to the fanatic cause than that which Osman Digna held. For seven years he alternately harassed and besieged Suakim. Much of that time the head of the Anglo-British forces opposed to him was Col. Kitchener, now famous but then the unknown Governor of the Red Sea littoral. Kitchener was wounded in one of his attacks on Handub, the headquarters of Osman's army. An Englishman in Suakim wrote in May, 1898:

Life in Suakim now is life in a beleaguered city. It is true that the headquarters of the foe is at Handub, ten miles away, but for Europeans the isolation is as complete as though trenches were opened all around us. In the daytime we cannot advance a step beyond the range of our guns. At night it would be the height of folly for a straggler to venture beyond the walls.

But Osman Digna's long years of almost unending success had an end at last. The news came in February, 1899, that Handub had been captured. A little later all the big guns of Egypt fired salutes in honor of the occupation of Tokar by the government forces and the complete defeat of Osman Digna. There was a panic when the news was heard in Omdurman. Again it was reported that Osman had been killed, but he and a few followers finally straggled into the capital, where the Khalifa gave him a very cool reception. He reproached the fallen Emir for his defeat and banished him to the Atbara River. His influence was entirely gone. He had alienated the Arabs by his ruthless cruelty and most of his personal followers, on the retreat from Tokar, had perished of starvation.

Since that time Osman had been a person of no consequence. The advance of Kitchener up the Nile compelled him to seek refuge at Omdurman. He was with the Khalifa in the flight from that city and saw the beginning of the recent battle in which the Khalifa and his chief Emir calmly sat down to die together. Before they received their death wounds Osman was scudding across the sands toward the Nile, but he was doomed to be captured. He had plenty of leisure now to reflect upon the evil and bloody years that brought ruin to his country and death to most of his followers.

observed nothing unusual." Nor could it have been wholly agreeable to the clergyman who told a lady that he had once taken a little strychnine to clear his brain, when she asked him: "How soon did the effect pass off?"

A Lively Stone.

The tortoise is a great sleeper, and that characteristic yields the London Spectator a funny story of one which was a domestic pet in a country house.

As his time for hibernating drew nigh, he selected a quiet corner in the dimly lighted coal-cellar, and there composed himself to sleep. A new cook was appointed soon after. She knew not tortoises.

In a few months, with the lapse of time, the tortoise woke up and sallied forth. Screams soon broke the kitchen's calm.

Entering that department, the lady of the house found the cook gazing in awe-struck wonder, and exclaiming, as with an steady hand she pointed to the tortoise: "My conscience! Look at that stone that I've broken the coal with!"

A Particular Beggar.

When beggars can be choosers, they are particular ones. Here is an authentic tale of a beggar of high standards, who lived in Oxford, England: Outside the college gates stood regularly for two or three hours a day, when the thoroughfare was crowded, a blind beggar,

with a boy as a guide. Although a beggar, he was not oppressed by poverty, and the following conversation was heard between him and his attendant. "How much is it?" asked the beggar, just after the coin dropped into his cup. "Threepence," replied his guide. "How much have we taken altogether?" "Two shillings." "Wait a bit." Then the listener came round and dropped in a shilling. "How much?" whispered the blind man. "Another shilling," replied the boy. "A shilling. Ah, go tell them to have eye-bro sauce with the mutton!"

The Child Was Saved. Not that we wish the suggestion to be generally adopted,—for bicyclists also have a right to life,—but because it proves the resourcefulness of woman, we copy this incident from the Chicago Post:

The bicyclist was scorching along with his head down. The little one had toddled out into the road, and stood directly in his path. The woman saw them both, and was too much frightened to move. A quick witted man would have had time to spring into the road and pull the little one out of the way, but the woman seemed helpless.

Suddenly she screamed. It was no ordinary scream, but an ear-splitting shriek of despair. The bicyclist was so startled that he looked seven ways at once, lost control of his wheel, hit the curb, and didn't know where he was for fully ten minutes. The child was saved. A woman is not always so helpless as she looks.

Training Master Tom.

When duelling was in vogue, the expert use of the pistol formed a part of every young gentleman's training. One old and faithful servant adapted a practical method of teaching the young master to shoot.

He loaded the pistol, and told the youth how to hold it. Then old Martin stooped behind a low wall, twenty paces distant, and jumping up suddenly, cried, "Now, Master Tom! One, two, three, fire!" and bobbed down again before Master Tom had succeeded in hitting him.

After a week's practice, the lad had improved so much that he could put a bullet through the servant's hat. "Well done, Master Tom!" cried Martin exultantly. "Try again. An' if ye can get the hand up a little quicker, maybe ye can hit me in the shoulder."

Counting the Cost.

Here follows an example of the alertness of the commercial mind: A shrewd business man was being driven in a crowded thoroughfare, when his horses took fright and ran away. He called to his coachman: "Can you stop them?" "No," replied the man. "Then," said the other, "run them into some hing cheap."

An Inquiry.

He.—Our club is going to have an outing next Saturday. His wife.—How much do you expect to be out.



FOR clearing the complexion of unsightly eruptions, and preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, nothing so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as CUTICURA SOAP. It removes the cause of disfiguring eruptions, loss of hair, and baby blemishes, viz.: the clogged, irritated, inflamed, or sluggish condition of the Pores. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors. No other soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. It combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, the best skin and complexion soap and the best toilet and baby soap in the world. Sold throughout the world. CUTICURA SOAP AND CHEM. CO'S, Sole Proprietors, CUTICURA BAZAR, 211 N. BOSTON ST., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

Music and The Drama

There is to be an organ recital in Centenary church this evening (Thursday), at which the strong feature of the programme will be organ selections by J. D. Dussault...

The first of a series of patriotic concerts were given in St. John, (stone) church on Wednesday evening under the direction of Mr. J. S. Ford...

Songs have been playing successful engagements in Mar. land.

Si Plunkards minstrels are doing a successful business in the south.

Julie Opp's husband has volunteered for active service in the Transvaal.

Victory Batesman is to be replaced in 'The Bowery After Dark' by Isis Maynard.

Marie Tompest and her husband Cosmo Stewart are shortly to produce a new comic opera in London.

Miss Arta Bowen is a young pianist who is bound to become famous say New York critics. She has been giving a series of recitals that are largely attended.

George W. Lederer has secured the American rights to the New London musical comedy 'The Messenger Boy'...

Ernest Von Schmet of the Dresden Royal opera will come to New York to conduct performances in March at the Metropolitan opera house.

Henry Dwight, better known in Signor Battistini, died in New York a few days ago. He had been received with much favor in America and Europe as an operatic tenor.

Frieda Siemens who played with Victor Herberts orchestra in all the leading eastern cities as a child pianist, has returned to America from Europe where she has been studying.

Fred Hallen, Joseph Hart, Mollie Fuller and Carrie De Mar will re-appear together in a new musical comedy 'Aunt Hannah'...

William Castleman has gone to the Hague to rejoin the company at the Royal Opera there, where he has been engaged for next season.

Ottokar Novacek has also joined the great majority. He was a musician and composer of note and had played in all the prominent orchestras in America.

Announcement is made that Victor Caponi who has been in New York some time has been selected by M. Gailhard as his associate in the direction of the Paris opera, succeeding the late M. Bertrand.

The 'Princess Chic' closed its run at the Boston Columbia last week. One of the interesting features of the enjoyment was the appearance of Christie McDonald, a Ficton, N. S. girl in the title role of 'Princess Chic.'

Della Fox's continued illness has compelled her to relinquish the part of Maude St. Trevor in the forthcoming production of 'Hearts are Trumps.'

Jessie Harcourt died in New York two weeks ago. As a little girl she became popular as a balladist. She possessed an unusually fine voice and became known as 'the child baritone'.

Some of the largest houses in the world devoted to opera are as follows: The Paris Opera, which cost \$5,600,000 to build. Its stage is about 100 feet wide and 290 feet deep.

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FOR SUPPLEMENTARY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Procession is for sale in Halifax by the newboys and at the following news stands and centres. MONROE & CO. Barrington street...

Let go or die. That's the alternative of the shipwrecked man with the money bags. If there was only some one to throw him a life preserver, he might save both life and money.

Thousands of men and women in a like condition have found complete healing by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies the blood...

Feb. 14.—Mr. J. A. McInnis is critically ill. Mr. J. D. Medcalf was in town on Sunday. Rev. Mr. Andrews and wife have been visiting at F. A. Reid's...

Feb. 15.—Mr. George Blingay, Q. C. has returned from a trip to Boston on the Prince George. Captain E. F. Harlbert and Mrs. Harlbert arrived from New York Saturday...

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



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Advertisement for Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. Neglect a Trifling Cold and the most serious consequences will follow. It lives on your vitality.

Advertisement for CONSUMPTION CURED. In many cases this disease is arrested and in ALL the healing, soothing properties of Puttner's Emulsion, give great relief and comfort to the sufferer.

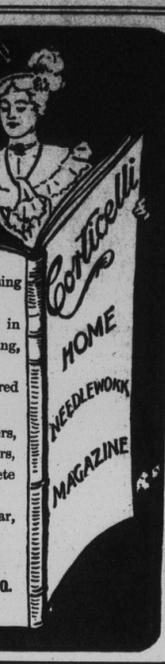
Advertisement for Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicose veins, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor.

Advertisement for Perfection Tooth Powder. Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For sale at all Druggists.

Advertisement for FOR ARTISTS. WINSON & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc.

Advertisement for BUTOUCHE BAR OYSTERS. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Butouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including names and dates, possibly from a newspaper column or list.



...ing Cold... relief and inevit...

...PTTNER'S... original and best.

...For Men... Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

...Powder... at all Druggists.

...NEWTON'S... MONTREAL.

...Oysters... King Square.

At the TOP of the TREE. Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa. "Strongest and Best."—HEALTHY. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

MONCTON.

[Pronouns is for sale in Moncton at Miss Hattie Tweedie's bookstore... Mr. A. E. Trites, of Salisbury, was in town Monday... Mrs. W. F. Humphrey, M. P. F., went to Backville Tuesday morning on a business trip.

NEWCASTLE.

Feb 14.—Mr. and Mrs. James O. Fish entertained the Married Folk's club last Thursday evening... Mr. Harry Falconer, who has been on the Campbell Telephone staff for the past few years, has returned to his home in Newcastle.

ST. JOHN.

Feb 15.—Miss Minnie Seaman of Moncton, is visiting the Misses Culbert... Mrs. Frank Paine has returned to her home in Eastport after a pleasant visit to St. John.

That Shine... which was the glory of your table silver when it was new... Wm. Rogers & Co. Impson, Hall, Miller & Co.

BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER" 1900 MODEL. New ideas, new design, 15 1/2 in. tubing, flush joints, Springfield one-piece cranks, high grade in every detail.

BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of Anderson Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE

Good Paper AND Good Ink... are important factors in the production of good printing. Progress Job Printing Department, St. John, N. B.

New York Millionaires. Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers, saying that money could be made through speculation, realize that the richest man in America has come into life in a humble way and has made his fortune through stock exchange speculations.

Scribner's FOR 1900 (INCLUDES) J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day. Articles by WALTER A. WYCKOFF, author of "The Workers". SHORT STORIES by Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White. SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERIC IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration. "HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar. NOTABLE ART FEATURES THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists. Puvie de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color. Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PEIXOTTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others. Illustrated Prospectus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

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

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

Queen Hotel, Hollis Street, HALIFAX, N. S. JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, - Proprietor.

Dr. Chase Restores THE OLD PEOPLE By means of his great Blood Builder and Nerve Invigorator, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Evidence from a lady who was so nervous she couldn't walk, work or sleep. Mrs. Margaret Iron, of Tower Hill, N. B. writes: "My nerves were so weak I couldn't walk twice the length of the house. I couldn't work or sleep and my hands trembled so I couldn't carry a pint of water from table to the other. I thought there was no help for me if I read a chapter at night or wrote a letter my nerves would be on edge and sleep was impossible. Since using five boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my nerves are fully restored. I can walk a mile without inconvenience, and though 76 years of age and quite fleshy I do my own work and considerable sewing, knitting and rearing beehives. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food did me a world of good."

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS. [An announcement is for sale in St. Stephen at the bookstore of G. S. Wall, T. E. Atkinson and J. Vroom & Co. 1 Calais at O. P. Treas's.

Things of Value. Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. It is a fact that every day in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Keene's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that has saved thousands of lives, is being used by thousands of people who have taken it in vain.

ST. JOHN. Feb 15.—Miss Minnie Seaman of Moncton, is visiting the Misses Culbert. Mrs. Lizzie Robertson visited Miss Hallett at Grand Hill recently.

ST. JOHN. Feb 15.—Frederick S. Newham of Canso, Nova Scotia, is on a visit to Rev. O. S. Newham and Mrs. Newham. Mrs. Frank Paine has returned to her home in Eastport after a pleasant visit to St. John.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

bearing—U. N. B. 1900-1900 Wagon, the old college yell, in colored execution. After the eight or ten courses had been served, Mr. Crawford in the chair, the usual round of toasts was then begun. The toast of the evening was "Alma Mater," proposed by Mr. Erb, responded to by Mr. Harrison and singing of college songs. Other toasts were, "The Faculty," "Class of 1900," "Sister Institutions," "Our Host," "The Engineers," "The O. E. I.," "The Queen," received with musical honors, "Our detestable" responded to by singing "Soldiers of the Queen." The happy function broke up with singing "Auld Lang Syne."

The guests who sat down to dinner were: Messrs F. P. Burden, A. J. Swenson, G. C. Crawford, W. H. Harrison, G. Fred McNally, F. O. Erb, J. B. Champion, Lynn McKeanie, W. L. Estybrook and W. H. Clawson.

Mrs. Sherman gave a small whist party on Saturday evening which was much enjoyed. Miss Tabor was the fortunate winner of the first prize, Mrs. Nell getting second.

Dr. J. R. McIntosh of St. John paid a flying visit to the city on Saturday.

The friends of E. V. Mr. Teasdale will be sorry to hear of his very severe illness at his home in Charlottetown, P. E. I. His speedy recovery is hoped for.

A very enjoyable time was spent on Monday evening when the musical club held their meeting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hart, Marysville, a fine musical programme was well rendered and at eleven o'clock a delicious supper was served. The programme consisted of

- 1 Song—"Donald".....Mr. Martin
- 2 Song—"Happy Birds".....Holst
- 3 Song—"I'd leave my happy home".....Von Elzer
- 4 Song—"The Brave Sentinel".....Paul Rodney
- Piano Solo—"Eumonia".....Beethoven
- Miss Carman and Professor Bristowe.
- Paper on "Verdiz".....Mrs. Bink
- Song—"By the fountain".....Adam
- Song—"Absent Minded Beggar".....Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety
- Song—"A Dream".....Sulivan
- Reading—"Song of her Suitor".....W. C. Roberts
- Rev. Canon Roberts.
- Song—"The Swan".....Helmold
- Song—"Only Once More".....Moor
- Mrs. Bristowe.
- Piano Solo—"Die Lauterbacherei".....Lefler
- Professor Bristowe.
- Vocal Duett—"Like the Lark".....Abt
- Mrs. Fenety and Miss Carman.
- Song—"God of night my love".....King
- Professor Bristowe.
- Song—"Going to market".....Louis Dicht
- Miss Gertrude Fenety.
- Piano Solo—"The Bird and the Dandelion".....Souza
- Mrs. Bayard Fisher

Among the invited guests were Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Cudlip, Mrs. E. H. Allen, Mr. Allen Wilton.

Mrs. Allen F. Randolph gave a juvenile party on Thursday afternoon which was much enjoyed by the young folk.

After a pleasant visit spent here with her aunt, Mrs. John M. Wiley, Miss Nan McDonald returned home on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Clark gave a dinner party on Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. Story of Ontario, covers were laid for sixteen.

The Baker's Whist club met last evening with Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Robinson, Nashwaakia.

Mr. Geo. MacFalls of Nashwaakia, entertained the choir of St. Paul's church with a few other friends on Tuesday evening.

Friends of Miss Rosa Jack will be pleased to hear of her marriage which took place last week, to Mr. Fraser.

Mr. W. T. Whitehead entertained her married friends at five o'clock tea on Thursday afternoon.

The Up-to-Date whist club met with Dr. and Mrs. Coulthard on Monday evening.

Mrs. Partridge has been the guest of Mrs. Sherman for the past week and Thursday gave a pleasant tea party in her honor.

Miss Fannie Palmer has returned from visiting friends at Woodville.

Miss Johnston of St. John, is the guest of the Miss Thompson, Waterloo Row.

Miss Julia Lawlor is the guest of Mrs. J. A. Lawlor.

Mrs. Clifton Tabor has invitations out for a ladies' whist party for tomorrow afternoon, from 3:30 to 6:30.

The students of the University celebrated the centennial of their Alma Mater and enjoyed their holiday with a driving party. The young lady students all in uniform in the first sleigh were followed by the gentlemen students in uniform in the second sleigh.

Miss Mimi McLaughlin is the guest of the Misses Sweeney, St. John St.

Mrs. Fowls is today entertaining her lady friends at five o'clock tea. CRICKET.

"No Eye Like the Master's Eye."

You are master of your health, and if you do not attend to duty, the blame is easily located. If your blood is out of order, Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify it.

It is the specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, bowels or liver. Heart Trouble—"I had heart trouble for a number of years and different medicines failed to benefit me. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and three bottles completely and perfectly cured me." Mrs. C. A. FLECK, Wallace Bridge, N. B.

A Sufferer—"As I had lost five children with diphtheria I gave my remaining two children Hood's Sarsaparilla as they were subject to throat trouble and were not very strong. They are now healthier and stronger and have not since had a cold." Mrs. W. H. FLECKER, Pembroke, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

No phrase in Miners' Outfit.

"When I was in the Northwest during last October," said a gentleman with some money invested in mines, "I employed a prospector to go out into the mountains looking for properties which had been recommended to me. One day he was to have gone from our camp over into a very rough and rocky district, but when evening came he reported that he hadn't made the trip."

"Why not?" I inquired. "Because I didn't have my morphine with me," he responded in a very matter-of-fact manner.

"Morphine," said I, in astonishment. "What has that to do with it? You are not a morphine fiend, are you?"

"Not as much of a one as you are a tenderfoot," he laughed and proceeded to inform me that every prospector who knew his business always carried with him enough morphine to kill a man easily, and that he did so in order to end himself quickly in case of an accident which would disable him far away from assistance.

There were many instances of prospectors falling over cliffs and crippling themselves or breaking a leg in a hole among the rocks, or rendering themselves helpless in some other way, and death was sure to follow by starvation or freezing, or in some sections by being devoured by wolves or other wild animals. In order to prevent such a horrible death as many of these prospectors simplified matters by always carrying a little packet of morphine, which not only quieted the pain of the hurt he had sustained, but put him to sleep pleasantly to wake no more on earth. It struck me at first as uncanny, not to say wicked, but I got over that feeling after a narrow escape or two, and I carried my little tin box just like a veteran would.

A Family Letter.

Two-thirds of a century ago a young man and woman set up housekeeping in the town of Portsmouth, Ohio. Ten children were born to them. All but one lived to grow up, and most of them married.

Ten years the descendants of the original pair held a reunion and perfected the plan of a "family letter." That letter starts let us say, with a descendant who still lives in Portsmouth. He writes the news of his own household and whatever else he thinks may interest the family at large, and sends it to the relative living in the town nearest him. She reads it, puts in a letter of her own, and sends along the two.

Thus the package goes, continually growing to Boston, New York, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, and a score of other places—so many that it takes two months to complete the circuit. Then the man who wrote the first letter withdraws it puts in a new one, and starts the envelope off again.

By this means all the members of a large and widely separated family are enabled to keep in touch with each other, as members of a family should and it costs nothing but a little time and a few postage stamps.

Lost Her Pension.

The recent death of Miss Anna Swanwick in London has brought out many curious anecdotes of the generation just passing out of sight. Miss Swanwick was a quaint old-fashioned gentlewoman, a scholar and a poet, who had known in her day the men and women best worth knowing in England.

The Manchester Guardian states that Mr. Gladstone, when prime minister, met her, and was charmed by her accomplishment and old time courtesy. He determined to bestow a literary pension on her provided her circumstances were such as to make it acceptable for her. He had no way of finding out

and was puzzling over it when he received an invitation to dine with her. As he drove to the house, he suddenly saw a way out of the difficulty.

"It she has champagne, no pension. No champagne—pension."

There was champagne, and the poor lady went pensionless to her grave.

Marked Likeness.

The trials of a Chinese portrait painter must be many and varied if he often has critics of the sort whose remarks were recorded by a recent sojourner in the land of 'chop sticks, bombs and gongs.' The artist had finished the portrait of a prominent man, and summoned his friends to give their verdict as to its success.

"The cap is very like," said the first one. "The dress is very like," said the second. "But it is not the cap or dress that make the likeness," said the artist. "How is the face?"

The three friends stared solemnly at the portrait in silence for a moment. Then up spoke the one who had not given his opinion before.

"The beard is very like," he said, gravely, and with that the artist was obliged to be content.

Awkward.

Many people picture the life of a foreign missionary as continual preaching and teaching. In reality it is one of the most varied careers in the world. In the interior of Africa, missionaries are their own cobblers, their own tailors, their own carpenters and furniture makers; and they are the doctors and dentists as well as the clergymen of the community. Besides all this, they must master the native language and understand all native customs. Ignorance of some detail is sure to lead to some awkward predicament.

"Soon after my arrival in Uganda," says a young missionary who went to Africa in his early manhood, "a most embarrassing incident happened through my want of familiarity with native customs. A young black damsel of very handsome appearance came one day to visit me at my house, bringing a basket of fruit, asking my acceptance."

"Of course I thank her as best I could and accepted the gift. The following day she came again, bringing another present, and again I gladly received it. But when this went along day after day for nearly a fortnight, I began to think something was wrong. I therefore sent for one of my 'boys' and learned the truth."

"It appears that this is a native usage. Any young woman seeking a husband and finding a young man to whom she feels drawn, immediately brings him a present, and if he receives it, she is encouraged to repeat the gift. Each acceptance makes it more certain that she has found favor in the sight of the young man. At the end of a certain time he is expected to propose to her, and she becomes his wife."

"Imagine my feelings when I thought of the undeniable proofs I had given her of my love! With great embarrassment, I had to tell her of my ignorance and to explain that a white man could not possibly marry a black woman."

"Alas! she saw no reason why this should be so, and went away, I fear, with a heavy heart."

Ceremonious.

If there is one thing a commercial traveller dislikes more than another, it is elaborate ceremony; and if the spirit of his profession is in him, he generally finds some way to let his prejudices be known.

One evening a travelling salesman from Cincinnati happened to sit down at a hotel table in company with half a dozen state legislators, who talked with excessive formality. It was "Will the gentleman from Hardin do this?" and "Does the gentleman from Franklin want that?" the ordinary form of direct address being carefully eschewed.

For nearly ten minutes the commercial traveller suffered in silence. Then he

Queen's Rink

Conveniently situated on Charlotte Street.

AN IDEAL RINK FOR A GOOD SKATE.

Perpetually Good Ice.

Tuesday and Thursday Evening also Saturday Afternoon, the Artillery Band is in attendance.

Hockey Matches on Friday Nights

SINGLE ADMISSION.



Good Soap Cheap. SURPRISE Soap costs only 5 cents a cake. But it's the best soap in the world for clothes-washing. No boiling, no scalding, no back-breaking rubbing. It won't injure the finest fabric nor redden the most delicate hands. It does its work quickly and lasts a long time. Insist on having it. Remember the name— "SURPRISE."

turned to the waiter, and said in deep, oratorical tones: "Will the gentlemen from Ethiopia please pass the butter?" The remedy was effectual.

HUNTER AND CROSSLEY. The Famous Evangelists are in the Quaker City.

Messrs. Huntley and Crossley, the well known evangelists, who visited St. John a few years ago and conducted evangelistic services opened up a series of meetings at Philadelphia day before yesterday.

Referring to the arrival of these famous Canadian evangelists in that city, one of the leading Philadelphia city papers says: "Not for twenty-four years has there been such a determined effort in this city to arouse interest in a spirited revival of religion as that marking the preparations for the evangelistic services which will be inaugurated Sunday, the 11th inst., in Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, 15th and Mount Vernon streets, under the direction of Messrs. Hunter and Crossley."

The committee having in charge the general arrangements has worked very hard to assure a successful period. The whole church seems aroused. The organization of a special choir is being pushed forward rapidly and offers from singers who desire to help during the services are freely made.

Evangelists Hunter and Crossley have just closed a month's revival at Minneapolis where the meetings were crowded night after night.

A Nameless Hero.

One of the finest deeds that occurred on July 3, a year and a half ago, has attracted comparatively little attention, and yet it adds so much lustre to the already bright record of the men of our navy, that it seems as if an effort should be made to discover the name of its author.

As all know there is as much reason to be proud of the courage displayed after the Battle of Santiago as of that displayed during the fight itself. Our officers and men holding boats beside the blazing Spanish ships full of powder and explosives, risked their lives in the service of their enemies as freely as they could have done for their nearest and dearest.

As a boat from the Indiana was about to shove away from the Maria Teresa with her load of rescued, an American seaman, uttering a sharp exclamation, suddenly sprang for a rope hanging over the vessels side, made his way up, and disappeared in the smoke.

His companions, anxious now that their noble work had been accomplished, to pull away from the dangerous vicinity of the Spaniard, looked at one another in dismay, and perhaps with some doubt of their shipmate's sanity.

His object, however, was soon apparent. Pressed close to the side of the Teresa, their eyes dilated and wild with terror, the cruel flames hemming them closely from the rear, stood a group of wretched cattle. Their fate, in the hurry of saving more precious lives, had been overlooked, but the dumb appeal of their helplessness had spoken louder than words to the heart of this brave sailor.

He could not rescue them, but looking death in the face every moment, he drew his revolver, and with careful aim, put each one of the unfortunate creatures to a painless end.

Then, swinging down the rope, he rejoined his comrades, apparently unconscious of having done more than his duty to the helpless.

In the excitement of such a day, many details are lost, and to Chaplain Cassard of the Indiana, in speaking of this incident, said, "The name of that hero is known only to God and to the man himself."

Yet it would seem as if inquiries made through Captain Taylor, who commanded the Indiana at Santiago, might result in giving to the public the name of a man whose heroism may well recall those lines of Bayard Taylor:

The bravest are the tenderest The loving are the darest.

Called His Bluff.

One of the boys was bragging of his manifold accomplishments, until one of the company at the round table lost patience, and said, in a gruff tone: "Now, we've heard enough about what you can do. Come, tell us what there is in you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself."

"Well," replied the student, with a yawn, "I can't pay my account here. So glad to find you're the man to do it."

Hearts of Brains.

If your name is to live at all, it is so much more to have it live in people's hearts than only in their brains! I don't know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms, but a song of burns or a hymn of Charles Wesley goes straight to your heart and you can't help loving both of them, the sinner as well as the saint.—O. W. Holmes.

St. Valentine's Day.

There is a good deal of poetry about St. Valentine's day," said one Harlem woman to another.

"Yes; there's a good deal more of it about than there ought to be. I've received twenty-seven of the slurs that must have cost fully a cent apiece!" and her nose went up until it touched her bang.

What Happened to Jones.

He: "I beg your pardon, but—er—I did not quite catch the name—"
She: "Miss Fitz Mount—no rency."
He: "Thanks! What a pretty name! and so uncommon."
She (laughingly): "Did you think I was called Jones?"
He: (teebly): "A—pardon—but—er—my name is Jones."

The New Scholarship.

"I thought you said the drummers had all gone out of business. Look at those fellows around the register."
"Those are not drummers. They are Eastern college presidents stamping the West for advertising purposes."

"Hiram," said his wife, "I wish you would go out to the shed and get a bucket of coals."
"Coals!" muttered Hiram to himself, as he went grumbling to comply with the command. "Coals! That's her way of reminding me that she could afford to spend six months in England every year before she married me!"

DYING and CLEANING of all descriptions done at shortest notice. Don't forget that out laundry work is the best. Telephone or postal and we'll call at once. 28 to 34 Waterloo St. Phone 58.

Ladies All!

The housemaid in anger said To the chambermaid, "I'll break your head For breaking that urn I prized so high!" And the chambermaid said, "I wasn't I! 'Twas the cook who broke it!" but she denied The not impeachment; was said: "I was the washday did it, and she, in turn, Averred that the scrubbing broke the urn. And there they wrangled and stamped their feet Till the old beggarly across the street Told the peasant lady and lady who Was selling apples a nick for two That the ladies engaged in the noisy fray Behaved in a quite un-ladylike way. And the colored rapidly from garbage bar!" Remarked: "It's scandalous way ladies! quarrel!"

The corporal rolls in the foliage dank, Waiting for battle glories; He kicks at a rood, Sees an ant foot, Puffs a black wet d And starts into road Kipling's best jungle stories.

Most war, when all is said and done, Comes not from men behind a gun, 'Tis waged by heroes in a drove Behind the grocer's canvas stove.

TAKE NOTICE.

That a general meeting of the shareholders of the "Barque Robert S. Bernard Company (Limited)" will be held at the office of the company in Lancaster in the County of the City and County of Saint John on Tuesday the sixth day of March next at the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing Directors and transacting such other business as shall properly and legally come before it.

Dated, February 16th, 1900.

STEPHEN WIGGINS PALMER, ARCHIBALD FITZ-BANJOLEN, JOSEPH HENRY SCAWELL, PROVISIONAL DIRECTORS.

PHILIP PALMER, SECRETARY.



Pleasant Reflections.

Outer conditions always affect the mind, and if you are supplied with clean and satisfactory linen from our laundry, your reflections will be pleasant. In every department we do what we advertise—the best work in town.

Shall we send the wagon for your bundle? Phone 214

American Laundry,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.

GODSOE BROS., Proprietors.

Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

Fated to Marry —a Soldier.

IN TWO INSTALMENTS.

A long cheer—the band had struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me"; it was at the other end of the street now, and the bandmen's uniforms were but dots of colour.

He was gone.

The red coats still filed past, but Lucy did not see them.

Olivia, thinking she was going to faint caught her in her arms; but she rallied, and staggered once more to the window to see the last.

They all had passed by this time.

There was no chance of seeing him—her husband—and the Lancers' band, far away now, still played "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

CHAPTER IV. LUCY'S TRIALS.

The ex-Mayor of Castletown was not the man to yield without a struggle.

He had often run considerable risks in the days gone by, but then he thoroughly knew his own business, and his forecast of future prices almost always turned out correct.

Now, however, chiefly because it was hard to do nothing, and receive small but safe returns for his invested money, he had been tempted to speculate, and like many another, had fallen amongst thieves.

Yet, it was hard to believe this, and, with a mental oath that Grimes should never have his daughter for wife, he hastened to town to see if he could do nothing to retrieve his fortune.

It was a case of throwing good money after bad and in a fortnight he returned a desperate and ruined man.

His one and only hope rested in his daughter, and he did not hesitate now.

It was the morning after his return from town that he peated her on the shoulder and said—

"Lucy, my love come with me into the study; I want to say something to you."

The girl's heart went cold.

He knew everything, then. Such was the conviction which flashed upon her.

Olivia's glance told her that they thought alike, so it was only by a great effort that she reined herself for the deal.

For a moment her hopes revived, when her father, instead of speaking sternly, asked her gently to sit down in a chair he placed for her.

"My dear," he said, taking his stand before the empty fire-place, "I should not have troubled you if the matter had not been important. Alas! I cannot you guess the subject on which I wish to speak to you? A subject which interests every young girl; her marriage, in fact."

Lucy lifted her face, radiant with blushes.

He did know all, then, and was not very angry.

"Dear father," she whispered, throwing her arms round his neck, "how could you have guessed? Who told you?"

He was immensely relieved, till the image of old Grimes rose before his eyes.

There was a mistake, evidently.

"Who told me?" he repeated, anxious to come to the point, and get it over. "Why, who but Matthew Grimes himself? He—he is a kinder-hearted man than he seems; people misjudge him, Lucy."

The girl had started back, and, with dilated eyes, was searching her father's face.

"Mr. Grimes!" she said, slowly. "What can he have to do with it?"

"He has asked me for you. He wants you for his wife. That's the long and short of it," Sir John said, hurriedly.

She almost laughed.

The idea of old Grimes being in love! "How very absurd!" she exclaimed. "Of course, you told him so father?"

To his daughter's surprise, the knight only sighed.

"Of course, you told him so?" she repeated.

He saw her face turn white, he saw her away, and then fall senseless on the floor; but he never attempted to save, or even to raise her.

"Henceforth I have no daughter," he said to himself, and, meeting a servant as he passed out of the room, he told him roughly to send a maid, as Miss Lucy had fainted.

While the scene between father and daughter was taking place in the study, Monsieur le Vicomte de Friel was not without his own anxieties.

He knew that the one great chance of enriching himself by marriage lay almost within his grasp; but he was too experienced a player to risk anything by precipitating matters; however, a chance word dropped by Lady Minstead had determined him to throw caution to the winds, and play a desperate game before it was too late.

Fortune fav red him.

Olivia came out into the garden alone, Lucy being detained by her father.

"She loves me; but does she love me enough?" the handsome Frenchman muttered to himself, as he gazed admiringly at her graceful figure and pretty face.

"It's dreadfully tiresome, Sir John wanting to speak to Lucy," remarked the young lady, swinging a little basket to and fro. "She may be an hour before she is free, I suppose, monsieur la vicomte. I shall have to put up with you as a companion as far as the mushroom beds."

"When the wind falls one, it blows for another," the Frenchman replied, gravely. "Shall I carry the basket? No? May I carry the umbrella? No? Eh bien! I at all events I have the happiness of being with

"My dear, you must listen to me," Sir John replied, his fingers nervously playing with his watch-chain. "Naturally, I cannot expect you to care, let alone love, such a man as Matthew Grimes; but your affections are not otherwise engaged, and when I tell you that my ruin or safety depends on your making the sacrifice of marrying this man, why, I am sure you will not hesitate. I have always been a good, indulgent father to you, Lucy; come, oblige me in this matter. Nothing short of absolute necessity makes me ask it, and I will see he makes proper settlements."

A look of horror came into the girl's eyes.

"You—ask—me—to—marry—that—old man?"

The words dropped one by one from her lips, and she retreated, step by step, as she spoke them.

"My dear," cried the knight, driven to desperation, "this is no matter of sentiment. The question, plainly put, is whether you wish to see your father sold up and ruined, together with the shame of such a thing happening—all of us reduce to penury, in fact—or the reverse. Choose! Thank Heaven, I am equal to even such a cruel blow as this. My own daughter, too!"

And Sir John, with an injured look on his red face, walked to the window and looked out.

"Oh, Dick!" thought the girl, "how wise you were. I might have cost me a struggle—it might have broken my heart, almost, to refuse my father; but now there can be no hesitation."

Sir John, looking out of window, and hearing his daughter sigh, felt victory in his grasp.

"Poor thing!" he thought; "but once those cursed deeds are burnt, I'll see that Grimes treats her well. She shall always find a home with me."

He was startled from his dream by feeling Lucy's hand on his shoulder.

"Father, dear father, do not think me an ungrateful daughter," she said. And looking at her he saw the tears trembling on her long lashes. "But I cannot marry Mr. Grimes, not even to save you from ruin or disgrace. I—I have pledged myself to another, and no power on earth shall make me break my oath."

From red the knight's cheeks turned to purple.

"What?" he cried, passionately. "You would let your father go to gaol? Yes; to gaol!" he repeated, fiercely. "Do you suppose that, before applying to you, I had not played my last card to regain what I had lost? If you do not care to make a sacrifice for me, your father, perhaps you may for your cousin, for every penny of her money has gone in the crash!"

Lucy looked imploringly, doubtfully, into her father's face.

"It is not, cannot be true!" she gasped. "Oh father!"

"It's as true as that there is a Heaven," he answered, sullenly. "It was for her sake as much as mine."

There was a pause.

She knew all now, and her miserable father, though his hands trembled, felt sure his daughter must yield, and the burden would be lifted from his shoulders.

Lucy hesitated.

It wanted but a word to explain the utter impossibility of her sacrificing herself.

Twice that morning the words, "I am married," had trembled on her lips; but how could she tell him?

It was Dick's secret as well as her, and he had forbidden her to speak till his return.

She took the only course open.

"Forgive me, father," she answered, quietly, but with a tremor in her voice she was unable to conceal. "Even to save you from death, or Olivia from ruin, I cannot break my oath; I cannot be false to the man I love."

He saw her face turn white, he saw her away, and then fall senseless on the floor; but he never attempted to save, or even to raise her.

"Henceforth I have no daughter," he said to himself, and, meeting a servant as he passed out of the room, he told him roughly to send a maid, as Miss Lucy had fainted.

While the scene between father and daughter was taking place in the study, Monsieur le Vicomte de Friel was not without his own anxieties.

He knew that the one great chance of enriching himself by marriage lay almost within his grasp; but he was too experienced a player to risk anything by precipitating matters; however, a chance word dropped by Lady Minstead had determined him to throw caution to the winds, and play a desperate game before it was too late.

Fortune fav red him.

Olivia came out into the garden alone, Lucy being detained by her father.

"She loves me; but does she love me enough?" the handsome Frenchman muttered to himself, as he gazed admiringly at her graceful figure and pretty face.

"It's dreadfully tiresome, Sir John wanting to speak to Lucy," remarked the young lady, swinging a little basket to and fro. "She may be an hour before she is free, I suppose, monsieur la vicomte. I shall have to put up with you as a companion as far as the mushroom beds."

"When the wind falls one, it blows for another," the Frenchman replied, gravely. "Shall I carry the basket? No? May I carry the umbrella? No? Eh bien! I at all events I have the happiness of being with

Miss Talbot, even if she does not smile on me."

"Vicomte, you will excuse me, I know but I do not feel in the mood to listen to compliments. What do you think Sir John wanted with Lucy?"

"Ma foi!" thought the vicomte, "I must find out."

He only shrugged his shoulders, and suggested manner matters.

Olivia laughed.

"How silly of you, vicomte!" she cried. "Do you think Sir John would consult Lucy about his speculations? No, I fear it is worse than that."

"Use affaire de cour, then," he said. "In that case I will ask no questions. I myself suffer, and therefore feel for others. Do you not think, Miss Olivia, that the pleasures of this world ought to outnumber the pains?"

"Ah, but the sufferings of men who fancy themselves in love, ought not to count as pains! All the time they are simply gratifying their vanity by saying to themselves, 'She must yield, she cannot resist me.'"

The Frenchman bowed.

"A fair thrust, mademoiselle," he said, "and well driven home. May I ask if you think a man—mind I do not say all men—incapable of feeling the agony of unrequited love as much as a woman?"

"I do not pretend to make a study of men's minds," Olivia answered; then, correcting herself, she added: "That was a self-concocted remark of mine, monsieur le Vicomte; please pardon it. A woman has no right to inflict pain needlessly on a man who truly loves her."

They had passed into a lonely part of the kitchen garden, which the mushrooms seemed to have all to themselves.

The vicomte took the basket from her hand, and placed it on a wall.

"Then, hear me, in justice," taking the now disengaged hand. "You must have noticed how my love for you, Olivia, has grown day by day, ever since I came here. I have not pleaded to you before, because I am not rich, and madame has told me you are a great rich heiress. But I have not the strength to refrain any longer."

"I love you Mademoiselle, respectfully and profoundly. I love you passionately; yet, I look upon you as I do the pure evening star, which, perhaps, marks my destiny. Such love as mine you find not in this cold England. I came from the south, where the sun shines and warms our blood, till it burns fiercely in our veins."

"With us the love of a woman is all in all. We are ready to throw away riches—riches we have it to obtain it. Can I hope for yours, Olivia? I love only you. Let your riches go, I care not for them. Let us be married tomorrow. Let us think of our love—only our love—and let Sir John do what he likes with your wealth."

The colour had risen to her cheeks, and her eyes grew softer as he pleaded his cause.

He looked so handsome.

Every word came from his lips with such eloquent force.

He saw his chance, and pressed his suit more passionately than ever.

She looked up, and their eyes met.

She read in his, exultation, triumph, but not love and, somehow, another face rose between her and his—a handsome, tanned face, with long, drooping, fair moustaches, and eyes that looked kindly and honest.

The illusion, which for a moment had wrapped her in its folds, vanished, and she almost laughed at her own folly.

"Poor Lucien!" she said. "But really you do it very well. What practice you must have had! Still, let me advise you to keep to your usual quiet style. It is very killing. Now, do not look cross or disappointed; we are excellent friends, and I like you very much; but, as a husband—no. There now, we have wasted time. Lucy may be out directly, and there is not a mushroom out here."

He actually trembled with rage, and turned his head aside lest she should read his face.

He walked away a few steps to recover himself.

He cursed her in his heart, as only a disappointed Frenchman can curse a woman, and then he swore she should be his at any risk, at any cost; but his self-control returned within a minute, and his face, if colorless, was calm when he went towards her again.

"Let us forget this mad moment and continue to be friends," he said, holding out his hand. "It was too great a happiness to dream of."

"Try and forget it," she said, kindly. "I like you, and you must rest satisfied with that. And now, to show that we are re-

conciled, take take the knife, monsieur le vicomte, and cut the mushrooms."



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CHAPTER V. THE PLOT.

There could have been no stronger sign of the ex-Mayor of Castletown's despair than his taking the Vicomte de Friel into his confidence.

He was so unnerved by his losses, and the danger in which he stood on account of appropriating his ward's money, that he felt utterly incapable of facing Matthew Grimes with the news of his daughter's refusal—that last hope to which he had clung as a drowning man clings to a straw.

The vicomte listened patiently, but with a glow of triumph in his heart, whilst the knight told him of his embarrassments—taking care not to mention anything concerning Olivia's money—and how he stood at the mercy of Grimes, the usurer and miser, who knew not what mercy meant.

"If you would see him, how worse than miser, and show him just now, you would save my undying gratitude."

"I never thought my daughter would have the heart to ruin me by refusing to become Grimes' wife; a cruelty on her part which I can never forget."

"Who knows if the shares may not rise again, it will only give me time? And tell him that, it he forces me into bankruptcy, between death and shame I shall not hesitate which to choose."

"Leave it to me, Sir John, and I will do my best. Surely, with a little diplomacy, I shall be able to gain you time—a respite, if nothing else."

The knight seized the Frenchman's hand.

"Do that," he cried, "and I shall be your debtor for life. Time is all I ask."

On the axiom that there is no time like the present, the vicomte set off for the Holt there and then.

The sight of the broken fences, and weed grown avenue, did not discourage him.

"He must aid me when I disclose to him my plot," he said to himself. "He cannot act without me, and, when men of his age fall in love, they are capable of any sacrifice—prepared to run any risks to obtain their ends. For once, the game is being played into my hands."

He sent in his card by the manservant, having written "From Sir John Minstead" above his own name.

In a few minutes he was shown into the miser's room.

The old man was not seated at his desk, but at a small table near the fireplace, in which burnt a few sticks, although the sun was shining warmly.

He rose and bowed in a stiff, old-fashioned way to his visitor.

The vicomte introduced himself in a few words.

"And now, Mr. Grimes," he said, "he had stated his errand, 'surely you and I can hit on some plan which will suit us both, leaving Sir John out of the question.'"

Accustomed as he was to meet the greatest rascals with their own weapons, this little speech nearly made the old man start out of his chair.

"What Sir John's affairs out of the question!" he exclaimed. "Why, what else do you come for? He wants time, does he? Well, you may tell him that he shan't have an hour more than I am obliged to give him according to the bond. And so, young man if you have nothing more to say, you may go."

The Frenchman showed his white teeth, and leaned, a little further over the table.

"I have something more to say," he said. "I am here to offer to realize your dearest dream, to offer you the girl you long for for your wife."

The miser's face flushed up, and then went deathly pale.

"You—you lie!" he cried, in a voice which trembled. "With your own lips you have told me that her father besought her in vain to marry me. Ah! once my wife, I should know how to bend her spirit; but it is hopeless, and the money I will have, it only to see her forced to work for her living."

His face glowed with malice as he spoke and, as the last words dropped from his lips, he raised his claw like hand, and shook it in the air.

The vicomte smiled, as if well pleased.

"It had not known before how strong your passion burns," he remarked, "I should know it now."

"And why should not I as well as any love her?" cried the wretched being, writhing with hate and baffled desire. "I have built my hopes upon her. I have hoarded money for her. I have plotted for her!"

"I know you have," remarked the Frenchman, scornfully, "and a miserable failure you have made of it. You have induced her father to put his fortune in shares you knew were falling, and you know that they will rise again in value some day—when you hold them. As for the girl, without my aid, she is lost to you!"

"Your aid! What can you do?" sneered the miser.

"I'll bring her here of her own free will, what prevents you from locking the door? Once compromised, what else will he be for her to do but to marry you?"

The old man started up as if a new lease of life had been given him.

"Do that," he cried, "and take a thousand—and—two thousand—what you want!"

Vicomte de Friel laughed in his face.

"What you want, I want," he said; "that is a wife; only, you have some idea of paying for yours, whilst I calculate upon mine keeping me comfortably all the days of my life. No, in this case I do not want your money. I want the loan of one wing of your house."

Grimes cast a furtive look at his guest, full of cunning and suspicion.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, after a pause. "So it was not for me you devised the plot?"

"Of course not," replied the vicomte, disdainfully. Personally, I like Mademoiselle Lucy; but let that pass. If I bring your bird into the snare, will you give me room to cage my little bird also? There is one point you must remember. When the ladies do not return, they will be sought for here, of course. Now we must either resist—that is, bar the door and window; so that such a noise and riot be made that the whole county will know of the little doves being here, and will charitably suppose they came of their own free will; or else hide them. But, to my idea, the first is much the better course."

Mathew Grimes remained so long silent, that, at last, the vicomte grew impatient.

"Pardieu!" he exclaimed. "Your answer Mr. Grimes. Sir John will be getting tired of waiting."

The old man slowly rose, and the other was surprised to see the change in his face. The eyes glowed, and on each cheek was a bright spot of color, whilst his grey hair, damp with perspiration clung to his forehead.

Seeing the Frenchman's stare of surprise he chuckled hoarsely.

"You are young," he cried, "young, and women are but pretty playthings for you; but Lucy is all to me. All I tell you I do you understand that? Money I love; but I would pour fifty thousand pounds at your feet if you would secure her to me. Pardon! don't sneer, or I'll do you a mischief!"

The vicomte pushed the old man, who had made a wild clutch at his throat, back into his chair.

"Listen!" he said, after old Grimes had partly recovered. "They will be here tomorrow, or next day at five o'clock—from five to six. Your servant had better brush himself up a bit before he admits them, I should say. Once they are in, let him show them into some sitting room or another whilst he goes in search of you. On his return he is to show only Mademoiselle Lucy in to you, and, if Olivia wants to follow, she must be told that you will see only Sir John Minstead's daughter. Once they are separated from each other, the rest will be easy. You cage your bird in this part of the house, and I will have mine conducted into the other wing, on pretence of being taken to rejoin Lucy. Give your man money and promise him more; be liberal for once in your life. Fifty pounds to him will do more than the fifty thousand you were ready enough to offer for your bride. Tidy yourself and your rooms a little, and leave the rest to me. And, by the way, you had better have as gorgeous a supper laid out as you can procure in Castletown; cold, you

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

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Sunday Reading

A Study of the Parables.

Topic for February 18: "The Sin of Liqueur Selling: How Bad It Is?"

"The just shall live by his faith." The topic emphasizes a very important distinction pointed out and diligently and elaborately pressed in these columns many times heretofore, but still as needful as ever to be iterated—that liquor selling and "the sin of liquor selling" are, for purposes of Christian contemplation, distinct things.

The unyieldable ghost of the debate on Prohibition is the formed and speaking vapor that out-Cassandras Cassandra, croaking: "You can't stop liquor selling," which is truisic, but utterly irrelevant.

The strict laws of the federal government concerning the matter are honestly administered, but the "moonshiner" we have always with us; while it is notorious that the tumble-down tenements of Cherry Hill, in the shadow of the Brooklyn bridge in New York city, hide many a miniature distillery whose modest output finds the stage of action in its affiliated "barrel-house" nearby, at five cents a glass—near, ardent, raw, "east-side" whisky.

In municipal government of the liquor traffic, honesty is one of the lost arts, and enforcement of the prohibitory features of the law is employed solely in two interests—and in the order here following—black-mail for city officials and the deception of those private citizens who are virtuously inclined. Along the St. Lawrence river the smuggler still plies his contrabandage. But it is risky, and altogether, though it dies hard, and will not quite die for generations yet, the illicit liquor traffic, as against the general government, in the mountains, in the city cellars, at the boundaries and wherever the government, general or local, is honestly trying to kill it, is dying, as rapidly at least as any other of the more diffusive forms of crime.

But let the ghost walk! Let it be conceded that you can't stop liquor selling. This remains unquestioned and unquestionable: You can stop selling liquor, and the topic merely suggests a study of the ways and means of stopping, which is not only interesting but also most opportune; for it would seem that the ways of not stopping it had all been not only studied but actually tested by most brilliant experimentation. The museum of legal failures is full and very curious; license, positive comparative, and superlative option, local, sub-local, optional and sub optional; dispensaries, real, personal and mixed; Prohibition, Democratic, Populist and Republican.

Of making many societies there has been no end. Rechabites, Sons of Temperance Good Templars, Templars of Honor, Washingtonians, Blue Ribboners, Red Ribboners, White Ribboners, Law and Order Committees, Anti-Saloon Leagues, etc. Time would fail to add the individual abort reformers, "striped, ring-streaked and speckled," not to speak of the church, who has not ceased to thunder and lightning, le! these many years. But up to the time of this writing, selling liquor is—vocation or avocation—the all but unanimous occupation of American citizens.

The way to end the sin of liquor-selling is to end it. That is all. But, you say, how? That depends upon what kind of a liquor-seller you are. You can't end another man's sin, and you don't have to; you can only teach him, exhort him, interrupt him. But you can end your own.

Probably no vulgar, hand-to-hand liquor dealer will read these comments, but some careless druggist may, or some physician whose "M. D." means not only "doctor of medicine," but also "maker of drunkards." I do not mean to say that alcoholic liquors ought never to be prescribed, but I do say that ANY physician who prescribes it without carefully finding out the facts about his patient's history—except, of course, in cases of pressing emergency—and considering what substitute, if any, might be given, is a dangerous man, if not a bad one. And for those all the way to end the sin of liquor-selling is to stop selling it.

But the government is the great liquor seller. For every gallon of high wine it

Thin Babies

often develop into weak, delicate, backward children; undersized, nervous, feeble, adults. Lack of nourishment is the cause.

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is the remedy. A little of it three or four times a day will do wonders. The pinched, sad faces become round and rosy; the wasted limbs plump and firm. If your baby is not doing well, try this great food-medicine.

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gets a dollar and ten cents clear profit, and what we call the government is simply the agent of the people, who are the principal. For instance, William McKinley by the grace of the Republican party and the disgrace of the Methodist church President of the United States, autocrat of Philippine archipelago, Cuba and Porto Rico and commander-in-chief of the army is the agent of the people in the administrative branch. He has bebauched his own soldiers and besotted his own flag in the islands by firing it over gin shops. If there is a "sin of liquor selling," he is the greatest individual sinner the accursed trade has yet produced.

Can you "end" his "sin of liquor selling"? No; nor can anybody but himself. What you can do, and what he and his grooms fully expect you will do, is to ratify his sin and make it your own next November on the ground that his near competitor for office is gin-wise no better and property-wise worse, than he. So then next November, the case of Candidate McKinley or McKinley will be up to you. What comes of it depends on nobody but you.

What you do by your agent you do by yourself. It will take a long time to abolish the licensing system, and a longer time after it has been abolished to suppress the traffic wholly; but, man by man, we can abolish the relation of principal and agent between ourselves and the business until enough of us are without sin concerning it to stonify it to death. The individual voter is the unit of morality and power in the government. Clean up your unit. That is the need of the hour.

"The just shall live by HIS faith." It does not mean that he shall "make his living" by his faith—have faith good enough to make him proper but not too good for practical politics, but that he shall live his life upon the theory of downright loyalty to himself as a responsible and separated expression of the Godhead bodily.

What Samantha Allen Says About War. "I don't know how you feel, Josiah, but it looks bad to me to see the two great christian nations of the world engaged in all the horrors and bloody agony of war, and each one on 'em fightin' agin a smaller nation, and middlin' peaceable ones so fur as I know. If a great foe should rise against us, Josiah, and all efforts for peace should fail, then mebbe the Lord would be willin' for us to drive 'em from our borders at the edge of the sword, but to fight for conquest, or greed is different."

"I tell you, Samantha, you hain't got the right on't; America had to fight the Philippines to protect 'em and carry the gospel to 'em, and England had to 'see that them Outlandish men could vote, and they're bound to civilise Africa. The English do a good deal to advance the cause of religion; they're bound that this little nation of Boers shall be civilised and enjoy religion as they want 'em to. "They trust in God, Josiah, if they are a little people, and if they should triumph over a giant foe as Israel did so many times helped by the God of battle, would it not help the world to hev faith in God?"

Sex I, Read their battle hymn: "Our strength is in our God of hosts, Our times are in His hand; The wrath of man that idly boasts We fear not in the hand. From farming dale, from soil and loam, We're coming, God of Might, The ramparts of our mountain home To shield, Guard thou the right."

"Well," ses he, "all I meant was it hain't wimmen's spear (sphere) to talk about war."

"No, I know what wimmen's spear is in war time; it is to have her heart go to the front with them she loves; to suffer and die with 'em, only her'n is a livin' death, ten times worse to bear, to endure and suffer all the calamities that fellar war."

To be taxed for money to carry on an undertakin' her soul loathes—I guess I know what wimmen's spear is in war."

Sex Josiah: "Wimmen can't understand such things, Samantha; their minds hain't built right."

Sex I, sadly: "Mebby that's so, Josiah; mebbe my mind hain't built right to see the beauty of two great nations, pledged to peace and enlightenment, waging bloody wars six months after a Peace Conference. They say they believe the Bible and want to carry it to benighted nations of the globe. But how are the savages goin' to believe 'em when they preach that the religion of Jesus is peaceable, long suffering, forgiving, and then pitch at 'em with cannons and swords?"

Josiah got right up and ses he: "I'm going to bed; they hain't no used of argyin' with wimmen, they can't argy fair, it hain't in 'em." And he wound up the clock and went to bed.

Mrs. Kruger and the Birds.

Mrs. Kruger, the ruler or president of the Boers in South Africa, has a wife who is very fond of animals. Some time ago the Boers wished to raise a statue of their president, and the sculptor who was to make it brought some drawings of her husband to Mrs. Kruger to see which she liked best. The pictures showed him in his every day clothes, with the tall hat which he always wears. When Mrs. Kruger saw this, she asked that the top of the crown of the hat should be made hollow, so that after rain the birds might be able to drink out of it. This was done, and now whenever a welcome shower has fallen a little cloud of birds may be seen fluttering round the top of the Kruger statue, drinking and bathing in the crown of the hat.—From Animal Friends, London, Engla: d.

Deception Practiced by Greedy and Profit-loving Merchants.

They Try to Foist Imitations Dyes On Their Customers When Diamond Dyes Are Asked For.

One of the Ladies Who Could Not be Deceived.

Wise women are never deceived by the untrue and deceptive statements of greedy and profit-loving merchants and dealers. When a storekeeper tells you that some other make of package dyes is JUST AS GOOD as the "DIAMOND," he is surely trying to mislead and deceive you. Successful home dyeing depends upon the use of Diamond Dyes; the use of common dyes means spoiled materials every time.

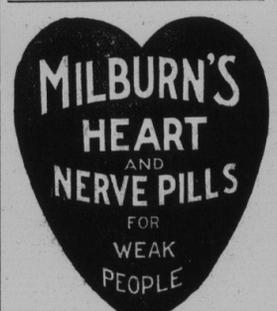
Read the following letter sent to the proprietors of Diamond Dyes by Mrs. A. E. Parker, of Clarence, N. S.:

"Please find money enclosed for Fast Black Diamond Dyes for Cotton. I can't get it here, but I am offered something JUST AS GOOD. The JUST AS GOOD may do for some people, but I want the "Diamond Dyes" as they are the best made.

Lawton's Fatallism.

A Western orator recently attributed to General Lawton the dying speech of 'Bucky' O'Neil of the Rough Riders, who was struck in the mouth by a bullet at San Juan just after he had remarked that the bullet had not been made which could hit him.

A brother officer of General Lawton in the Philippines corrects this report in this wise: 'I had remarked, half jestingly, that he offered a very conspicuous target for a bullet, and he laughed and replied that the right bullet would always find its mark, no matter how small. Then he related an incident which occurred during the Civil



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War. In one of the engagements of his command—I can't remember now whether or not he mentioned the place—a piece of shell hit the ground near where a soldier was standing, and scared him so badly that he jumped straight up into the air, like a rabbit. As he did so a minnie ball knocked off the crown of his head. That was the one particular bullet intended to kill him," said General Lawton, "and he actually had to jump after it." He spoke in a light, offhand fashion, but there was an undertone of seriousness in his voice, and I inferred from the story that he was, like most veteran soldiers, a pronounced fatalist.

Ocean Depths.

That veteran man of science, Mr. John Murray, has in a recent number of the Royal Geographical Society's "Journal," published his presidential address to the geographical section of the British Association at Dover, and even to the ordinary non-scientific reader his wonderful resume of what has been done in the way of exploring the ocean's depth must be as entrancing as a fairy tale. The mere mention of such a chasm as that existing in the South Pacific between the Kermadec and the Friendly Islands, where a depth of 5,155 fathoms, or 590 feet more than five geographical miles, has been found, strikes the lay mind with awe. Mount Everest, that stupendous Himalayan peak, whose summit soars far above the utmost efforts of even the most devoted mountaineers, a virgin vastness mocking man's soaring ambition, if sunk in the ocean at the spot just mentioned, would disappear until its highest point was two thousand feet below the surface. Yet out of that abyss rises the volcanic mass of Sunday Island in the Kermadec, whose crater is probably two thousand feet above the sea-level. But in no less than forty three areas depths of over three thousand fathoms have been found, and their total area is estimated at 7,152,000 square miles, or about seven per cent of the total water surface of the globe. Within these deeps are found many lower deeps, strangely enough, generally in comparatively close proximity to land.

In connection with these vast ocean depths it may be doubted whether a ship, foundering in mid-ocean, would ever reach the bottom of the sea at a depth of more than 2,000 fathoms, that is, about two and a quarter miles. It is believed that ships reaching that depth drift about and slowly disintegrate as they move in the undercurrents hither and thither. Kipling alludes to this condition in his "Song of the English":

"The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from star— Down to the dark, the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are. There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep. On the great level plains of ooze where the shell-buried cables creep."

Can it Be so?

A thoughtful observer, who took refuge one cold morning in the "smoker" rather than stand up for ten miles in a crowded car, reported a conversation between two half grown boys sitting in front of him.

It was a suburban train, and as the car gradually filled, the two boys began to look about them.

"Bob," said one of them, "wouldn't it be the polite thing for you or me to get up and let that old gentleman that's standing have a seat?"

"Maybe it would," replied "Bob," settling himself more comfortably in his seat, "but you don't have to be polite in a smoking-car."

Were the boys shrewd observers of smoking-car manners? Does the tobacco habit tend to blunt the finer sensibilities, when gregariously followed? Or is the average smoker merely "that kind of man?" Or was Bob mistaken? Who shall say?

Uncle Eli's Fables.

As two jackals and a fox were travelling in company they came upon a dead chicken lying on the ground, and at once there was a quarrel between the jackals as to which should have the prize. They finally settled it by dividing the chicken between them, leaving the fox entirely out of the affair. An owl who had observed the proceedings asked the fox:

"But where do you come into this thing, Mr. Reynard?"

"Oh, I take my share in natural philoso-

phy," replied the fox. "Firstly, that chicken was killed and placed here for an object. Secondly, the body was poisoned, and thirdly, there go those jackals tumbling about and making their last kicks."

MORAL:

"And I may say further," observed Reynard, as he scratched his ear with his paw, "that when you are offered something for nothing it's a good idea to let somebody else sample it first."

A woodman who was passing through the forest came upon a bear who was rolling over and over on the ground and uttering the most dismal complaints. Bruin had one eye closed, and was covered from head to heels with lumps and knobs and knots.

"What cheer?" gayly cried the woodman as he drew nearer.

"Bees," moaned the bear.

"But nature gave you a coat of fur to protect you from the stings of bees."

"So she did," answered the bear, "but she also made me fool enough to want honey just the same when I was shedding my coat, and every sting would lift me a foot high."

MORAL:

None of us is ever satisfied with a good thing.

SCIENCE AT FAULT.

Hospitals Said to be Incapable of Curing Bright's Disease.

Gave up Wm. Brownley, of 91 Cathedral St., Montreal, as Hopeless—He Fell Back on Dodd's Kidney Pills as a Last Resort—Eleven Boxes Cured Him Completely.

MONTREAL, Feb. 12.—One is reminded how far medical science is from a complete mastery of disease by a case, which has come to light in connection with the hospitals both of this country and of the United States. Mr. William Brownley had Bright's Disease and found that there was no way of curing this disease except by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Brownley had suffered with Bright's Disease for twenty years. During most of that time he was constantly trying to effect a cure. He asserts that never did he find anything until he used Dodd's Kidney Pills that gave him anything more than mere temporary relief. Doctor after doctor had given him up; Bright's Disease was incurable. In search of relief Mr. Brownley states that he tried all the best hospitals in Canada and the United States in vain. The hospitals also considered Bright's Disease incurable. The hospital physicians were as helpless as the others.

But there is a cure for Bright's Disease, and Mr. Brownley discovered it at last. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease. This is an absolute and undeniable fact. There are thousands of people in Canada to prove it. There have been hundreds of signed statements to that effect published by those whom Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured.

Mr. Brownley of Montreal was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. It took eleven boxes to cure him perfectly. It took twenty years for the hospitals and doctors to declare him incurable. There is a significant lesson to learn from this case of Mr. William Brownley of Montreal.

True Wisdom.

We should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any. The wheel of fortune turns incessantly around, and who can say within himself, I shall today be uppermost? We should hold the immutable mean that lies between insensibility and anguish; our attempts should not be to extinguish nature, but to repress it; not to stand unmoved at distress, but endeavor to turn every disaster to our own advantage. Our greatest glory is, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

THE JAPS DID IT.—They supplied us with the menthol contained in that wonderful D. & L. Menthol Plaster, which relieves instantly back ache, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Forced Retrenchment.

"I understand that Spencer married an extremely economical wife."

"Yes; and she's teaching him that two can't live as expensively as one."

THE D. & L. EMULSION benefits most those having Lung troubles with tendency to hemorrhages. A few bottles taken regularly make a wonderful improvement. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Dobley's Valentines.

'All the sweet old customs are dying out,' sighed Mrs. Dobley. 'Valentine's Day is getting to be an old-fashioned joke, like everything else that is a bit sentimental. And yet I can recollect how every year when we were engaged, you used to send me the most charming and artistic remembrances with some pretty thought in verse.'

'Valentines,' said Mr. Dobley, 'are relics of an era when a man got on his knees to propose and when girls thought it the proper caper to act like startled laws on all occasions. They were a maudlin, indirect way of expressing affection that a man was afraid to speak of—'

'That's it,' said Mrs. Dobley, 'you sneer now at everything you once swore by. In some cases the passing of youth leaves a certain trace of romance that clings to the personality like the fragrance to a vase that has once held flowers; in others, the sentiments are suffocated by the crush of modern life.'

'The only kind of valentine I admire,' said Mr. Dobley, 'is the penny valentine. Did you ever know that Freshington broke off his engagement to a girl he thought a great deal of on account of a penny valentine? He hates the day to come around.'

'How was that?' asked Mrs. Dobley with interest.

'Freshington was devoted to this girl—really in love with her, you know; but she didn't see a to see it at all, and she was absolutely devoid of sentiment. Freshington hasn't much himself, but this girl hadn't even a symptom of it. When Valentine's Day came around she sent him a penny valentine representing a lovelorn youth. I forget the verse—but when Freshington tells the story of his life he recites it with great bitterness.'

'Freshington took the valentine to her, accused her of sending it and she admitted it; thought it was a good joke. Freshington parted with her forever. He said he didn't mind his feelings being hurt so much as discovering that she was capable of such an unwomanly, flippant exhibition of bad taste. Then Freshie went home and staid mad for two days. Then he began to think that after all, it was only a girlish folly—that even now she was sorry for. Probably she was crying about it even then. Sometimes these funny girls have good hearts, he thought. So he decided to go back and forgive her.'

'She was an art student, a Chicago girl, who had taken a studio, and just at twilight one afternoon, Freshie put on a new tie and got a shine and a shave and went over. He knew about that time she'd be having tea and perhaps thinking of the happy afternoons when he used to be there. The studio door was open and she was writing at her desk with her back to the door.'

'Ah,' thought Freshington, 'the dear little girl is probably writing me a note asking me to forget her foolish act!' He stole up softly behind her just as they do in plays and what do you think he found her doing?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said Mrs. Dobley.

'She was sending another penny valentine to her mother in Chicago. That settled it! Freshie on never got over that. He said it killed every spark of affection he had ever felt for her.' I always suspected that Freshington had a great deal of hidden sentiment about him. It always seemed odd that he has never married said Mrs. Dobley.

'Well, that's the reason,' said Dobley; Freshington gets to talking about that girl yet. He says she had many lovable and redeeming traits but he couldn't imagine her as the sunlight of a home or anything of that sort. He was all broken up about it.'

'You see valentines mean a lot,' said Mrs. Dobley; 'it was the valentines you sent me that first made me think seriously about you.'

'Oh, come now,' said Mr. Dobley, 'don't tell me I ever had the valentine habit.'

'I should say you had,' said his wife; 'in its most virulent form.'

'Mrs. Dobley, you are thinking of some one else. I feel certain that I never expressed my emotions by means of colored pictures trimmed with lace and stuffed with cotton.'

'I can show you the proofs,' said Mrs. Dobley triumphantly; 'for I still have them.'

She turned the key in a drawer of the library desk and as she opened it a faint odor of lavender came up through the room. Dobley gasped in astonishment at

several mysterious looking packets wrapped in white linen handkerchiefs tied with blue baby ribbon.

'Is this a private mausoleum of yours?' he asked. 'They look like corpses—'

'Of vanished sentiment! said Mrs. Dobley, looking at him from under her lashes as she used to years ago; 'they are your old valentines to me.'

'Well I'll be—blessed!' exclaimed Dobley; 'Do you mean to say you have kept those fool things all these years?'

Mrs. Dobley nodded without speaking. She was kneeling beside the open drawer looking at the queer little white bundles rapturously.

'This,' she said almost in a whisper as she picked one reverently out of the lot 'is the first. I was at school and I never suspected that it was you. You see there was another boy—'

'Several others,' said Dobley. 'Now I can recollect calling to see you and you showed me that valentine and you thought it was from the other fellow until finally—'

'Finally you told me the truth about it. I knew I could find out in time, for no man ever sends anything anonymously to a girl without coming around in a few days and looking unconscious.'

She unfolded it as carefully as though it were a baby. It was a wonderful ornate affair, as Dobley said, made with a paper background from which various lace work frames could be raised on little paper springs; until they stood out from the card creating the effect of a Kiralfy transformation scene. Two pink armless hands were clasped in the distance showing just a hint of coat sleeves and a ruff of lace to make the question of sex distinct. A crushed strawberry heart seemed thrown carelessly at the side from which drops of carmine oozed at the point of a golden arrow.

'Listen to this—' began Mrs. Dobley reading with difficulty the faded tracery of letters.

'There are some spirits fly strong To echo back the tones of mine—'

'Oh say!' said Mr. Dobley; 'don't rake up old follies of that sort. Boys will be boys!'

'That wouldn't matter so much,' said Mrs. Dobley; 'if girls didn't insist on being girls—and on staying girls till the end of the chapter!'

'All but that girl of Freshington's,' said Dobley trying to change the subject as Mrs. Dobley seemed on the verge of an emotional break down.

'Now I like that valentine, he went on; 'all but the heart. It suggests a slaughter house to me now. And the girl here on the left scaffold with a rose. What has she to do with the plot?'

'Why can't you see?' said Mrs. Dobley dimpling; 'that's supposed to be me—I always understood it that way and her eyes and mouth certainly are like mine!'

'But she's a blonde,' said Dobley. 'Why should I pick out a blonde valentine to send to a brunette girl. I wonder if I could have mixed 'em up?'

Mrs. Dobley reloaded it softly. The next, she said: 'was more serious. You had gone away to college and I think that was about the time you began to get jealous.'

'I jealous?' said Dobley. 'Ha—ha—ha—ha! That's good!'

'Well you were frightfully so,' said Mrs. Dobley, 'and this proves it!'

'Trust no idle promise Words are but grains of sand— To keep your heart unbroken—'

'I can't make out the rest—can you?'

'Listen to the band!' said Mr. Dobley affecting to read from the valentine. 'It's a magnificently upholstered affair, isn't it? Reminds me of a temperance badge.'

It was a hand painted satin plaque framed in a deep border of pale blue plush. In the corners were bow knots of silver. A rosy cupid sat on a gray cloud, his arrow poised.

'It's really pretty yet,' exclaimed Mrs. Dobley holding it at arms length.

'It's what I should call chaste,' said Dobley. 'What is the scored in gold ink below the archery champion?'

'Though rocks and hills divide us,' read Mrs. Dobley, 'And you I cannot see I'll think of you in kindness, if you will think of me!'

'That's rather chilly, isn't it?' said Dobley.

'That was after I refused you for the first time,' said Mrs. Dobley. 'I really cared for you, but I thought you were too serious.'

'I should have thought that my valentines would have dispelled that illusion,'

said Mr. Dobley, turning the plush-framed card over in his hand with a smile.

'That's it,' said Mrs. Dobley, 'you can't see now how sweet it all was then. You're actually forgotten. A woman never does!'

'There are some things a man likes to forget,' said Dobley recognizing a warning gulp in Mrs. Dobley's voice, which threatened tears.

'The third one,' she said, without addressing Dobley specially, 'came in a box. They got more elaborate every year. This one was one of those mystical symbolic things. I used to puzzle out what you meant by it. It was a Paris valentine, and I would have showed it to everyone I knew except this group of girls on the beach here hadn't anything on but spray, and it seemed just a trifle startling!'

'I should say so!' said Dobley. 'I must have had more nerve than I have now to send that to a girl. It reminds me of the Puffman House. How did my soul express itself on this occasion?'

Mrs. Dobley pried open a satin rose with the tip of her little finger. 'Wasn't it a lovely idea? Written in the heart of the rose. Remember me, but why? You can't forget me if you try! Isn't that cute?'

'Honor bright,' said Dobley, 'I never knew that verse was there! I just bought the thing on the salesman's recommendation. I can recollect it now. I asked him for the latest thing, and he pruned that on me and I bought it.'

'Number four,' said Mrs. Dobley, 'you wrote yourself. Yes—here it is in your own handwriting.'

'That's one of the things I should have type-written,' said Dobley recognizing it with a groan.

'Why, I think it's lovely,' said Mrs. Dobley; 'because, you see, I recollect the reason.'

'There could be no reason,' said Dobley, 'no reason but an ungodly mind. I'll buy that from you now at any price. There's a chance for you to make money, Mrs. Dobley. How much will you take for it?'

'I wouldn't sell it for anything in the world!' said Mrs. Dobley. 'That was just before you proposed the second time. I knew you were going to, because you began to act odd—and you tried to be awfully serious, and pretend that you didn't really care. Well, it rather amused me, and—'

'Oh, it amused you, did it?' asked Dobley; 'it struck you as humorous—'

'That you should be so serious.' So I rather used to make fun of you—' Mrs. Dobley giggled at the recollection.

'To gyp me, as it were?' said Dobley.

'Oh, not quite that,' said Mrs. Dobley, 'but a girl has to act like that till she's quite sure. It's like having her own monogram put on the things in her trousseau. You never know what might happen. So you wrote this—you composed it yourself you told me.'

'As bad as that!' said Dobley.

'I think it beautiful,' said Mrs. Dobley; 'now listen:'

'Some people can always be funny, And keep you laughing all the while Now I am entirely contented, It only can see you smile!'

'Not so bad, that!' said Dobley, lighting a cigar to conceal his confusion.

'I think it's a dear!' said Mrs. Dobley. 'It was the first poem you ever wrote me. The others—'

'How much will you take for the bunch?' asked Mr. Dobley.

'The others,' went on Mrs. Dobley, 'I have upstairs with some flowers from my wedding bouquet and some other little things that I wouldn't part with for all the money in the world. And to think it's all done with and we're old and prosaic and common place and don't care for each other except in a stupid sort of married-folk way—and Valentine's Day don't make a bit of difference to us—no romance—'

'Do they make 'em now a days?' said Dobley.

'What?' asked Mrs. Dobley.

'Valentines.'

'Oh, yes,' said Mrs. Dobley, 'only they are more up to date. There are two ways of sending valentines. You go to the confectioners and they have great satin boxes beautifully ornamented with cupids and roses and bow knots—done by really good artists, you know. Then you have them filled with the very nicest candies you can get, and you just send it without any poetry.'

'S't of verseless valentine, eh?' said Dobley.

'Or you can go to the florists and get a big—a very big bunch of beautiful violets—not the usual kind but the great California violets—with loose perfume blossoms and great long green green stems and you have them tied with ribbon—yards and yards—and you send them in a box with a pin to fasten them on.'

'Well, suppose,' said Dobley, 'that we could blot out the hideous past? Suppose we imagine that we are not married—that it's all a disagreeable dream, and sup-

Special Interest to Daughter, Wife and Mother

is Mrs. Richard's latest book entitled "Women in Health and Disease." The world-wide fame of its author the motherly advice it contains, the warnings against the host of dangers which beset the path of a woman's life, the precious recipes it gives for the prevention, relief and cure of common ailments of women and the beauty of its composition and text illustrations all tend to make this book of the greatest value to every woman in the land. A copy of this book will be sent to any woman who will send her name and address with 10c. (silver or stamps), to cover cost of mailing. Write to-day as the edition is limited.

MRS. J. G. RICHARD,
P. O. BOX 999, - - MONTREAL.

pose I were sending you valentines as industriously as I did in the times when you collected these—these prize packages—'

'Yes!' said Mrs. Dobley. 'Let's suppose it's not really so—that we are still romantic!'

'In which case,' said Dobley, 'which particular brand of the modern valentine would you prefer?'

'I think,' said Mrs. Dobley, smiling as she put her head softly on Dobley's shoulder, 'I think I should like both.'

Only a Woman's Story.

But It Will Bring Hope to Many Silent Sufferers.

Nervous Prostrations—Heart Weakness—Agonizing Pains and Misery—Such as Women Alone Endure Made the Life of Mrs. Thomas Sears a Burden.

Just a woman's story.

Not strange because it happens every day; not romantic or thrilling, but just a story of misery and suffering such as, unfortunately, too many women endure in silence.

For several years Mrs. Thomas Sears of St. Catherine's, felt her illness gradually but surely gaining a firmer hold upon her system, and ultimately she almost despair of recovery. To a reporter who called upon her, Mrs. Sears said:—

'What I have suffered in almost beyond description. My illness has been gradually growing upon me, and eighteen months ago I found myself almost helpless. My nerves were shattered, my heart weak and my entire system seemingly broken down. I had no rest night or day; the little sleep I did get did not refresh me. I was in constant agony, and only a woman can understand what I endured as I tried to do my household work. Any sudden noise would frighten me and leave me in a condition bordering on collapse. At times I experienced attacks of vertigo, and these seemed for a time to affect my memory. The least exertion would leave me almost breathless, and my heart would palpitate violently. I had no desire for food of any kind, and yet I had to force myself to eat to maintain life. I treated with three different doctors and spent much money in this way, but without avail, and I was in a condition bordering on despair. I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in December 1898, I consented to do so. I first got four boxes and noticed a change for the better after I had taken finished the second box. When the four boxes were finished there was a great change for the better, and I then procured another half dozen boxes. Before these were all used I was again enjoying the blessing of good health. There can be no doubt of my cure because months have passed since I discontinued taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and during that time I have never felt the slightest symptom of the trouble, and I cheerfully and strongly urge other women who are suffering to use this wonderful medicine, feeling sure that it will cure them, as it did me.'

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all forms of weakness. The blood is vitalized, the nervous system is re-organized, irregularities are corrected, strength returns and disease disappears. So remarkable have been the cures performed by these little pills that their fame has spread to the far ends of civilization. Wherever you go you will find the most important article in every drug store to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Antique Trinkets.

The latest fad among curio-hunters is for collecting antique trinkets. First in point of interest comes the old-fashioned ivory 'finger hat,' used in the eighteenth century, and now very rare. It is fairly costly but the carving makes it thick and heavy, and for this reason, no doubt, it soon passed out of fashion. The gold thimble, with open end used fifty or more years ago, is also sought after, and jewelled thimbles are fetching almost any price. These, though uncommon, as yet, promise to be used again a great deal, especially as souvenir. Really precious stones are seldom set in them, as they cannot be embedded sufficiently deep in the surrounding gold; but turquoise, amber, tiny pearls, and cuttings from fine stones are often used.

Famous Packs of Cards.

A pack of cards was recently sold in a London stationer's for six hundred dollars. It was one of the handsomest Italian copperplate card games called 'terocchi di Montagna,' engraved during the fifteenth century. Another pack of cards recently sold at Paris for a thousand francs. Each of the cards in this pack is a masterpiece of the engraver's art, and all the figures in the game were historical personages. The queen of hearts, for instance, represented Queen Anne, the king of hearts being her

husband, Prince George of Denmark. The queen of diamonds was Queen Anne Sophia of Denmark, the queen of clubs the then Crown Princess of Prussia, the wife of Frederick William I., and the queen of spades Princess Anna of Russia, later on the Czarina. The jacks in this deck of cards represent the most prominent diplomats of Europe at the same time. Another famous set of cards is an incomplete pack of old Spanish cards found in Mexico with the supposed bones of one of the followers of Cortez.

THIS DOG AIDED THE LETTERMAN.

His Pride in the Performance of a Job He Took Upon Himself.

'I lost a faithful friend and helper a few days ago,' said a letter carrier whose route lies below Canal street in New Orleans. 'He was a yellow dog, and I must confess his appearance was not exactly—or—prepossessing. His hide was the color of cheap soap, and he had the disreputable, skulking, trampish bearing peculiar to yellow dogs generally, but for all that he was a gentleman at heart. We met in the way of business. His owner was what letter carriers call a 'throw-out'; in other words, he lives two extra long squares from his nearest neighbor, and to deliver the mail he received almost every day involved a four square walk for each batch. Four squares means a good deal to a tired carrier and, as a rule, 'throw-outs' are anything but popular with the craft, but soon after I took the route the yellow dog got to know my whistle, and would come rushing to the corner to get the mail.

He kept that up steadily, rain and shine for over a year, and never missed a trip. What's more, he showed a pride and interest in the task that was really half human. Sometimes, for instance, he would be a little late and find me on the way to the house when he got out of the yard. Then it was comical to see him come tearing up the street, every hair bristling and saying as plainly as he could: 'Stop! Hold on! I'm here! Don't budge another inch! On such occasions he would always insist on going back to the corner, which was the only place he recognized officially for the delivery of mail matter.

You can judge whether I became attached to him. Often he would be waiting for me, cocking his head to one side and feeling his importance from his yellow stump of a tail to his yellow stump of a nose. If I had nothing for him he showed his dejection and disappointment as plainly as a man, but as soon as he saw me sort out a few letters he would give a sharp, joyous bark that sounded enough like a laugh to be the real thing. When his owner met the other day and told me he was dead I couldn't say a word to save my life. I turned and walked off, and before I knew it I was blubbering like a fool.

Tommy Atkins At Close Range.

In connection with the alleged acts of brutality committed on the part of British soldiers in South Africa, the following incident, as related by the London 'Daily News,' appears significant:

'Among the women who saw the soldiers off the other day was the wife of a trooper who was seen to shudder as she turned from the train. A bystander attempted to commiserate with the apparently awestricken wife, when he was met with the following answer: 'Oh, it ain't 'im I'm thinkin' about, it's them poor Boers I'm thinkin' of. Bill's such a terror when 'e starts.' So saying, the woman started off home, shuddering at the dire fate that awaited our enemies in South Africa.'

Their Source of Information.

'Have you made any new discoveries today in that case we were working on?' inquired one detective.

'Not yet,' replied the other. 'I haven't had time to read the newspapers.'

It's Always Midnight Glow to the sufferer from stomach disorders and the disease which can be directly traced there—neglect or ignorance may have produced the darkness, but so sure as night follows day, just so surely will Dr. Von Stern's Pepsin Tablets let in the sunshine and bring back the full noonday brightness of perfect health. This is taking strong ground—but proof is to be had—one tab. after eating—50 in a box—35 cents.

Her Fet Aversion.

Soltleigh: 'Yes, dearest, I will always love thee, alone.'

Ethel: 'I hope so, Willie, because I should hate have you love me before a room full of company.'

Frills of

In such mundane modes in dress, it may be after they have and convincingly tops, but one feature manifest among the in sight is their soft qualities, and crepe fabrics are entirely while we may have gathers without end materials will admit producing any clammy cotton dummies, lavender finish.

Gracelou on time all things governed figure is sure to have off in the fashionable season. The most dress at the most question of expense chase inexpensive up with so much finishing and dainty amount you saved lost again and again. Unfortunately, it is dressmakers who in the present fashion needlewomen cannot details of the up-to-date fashions are original labor represents any measure of originality.

The new satin both in texture and soft that they of them are double which is very appropriate style of tucked lace choose the delicate brighter tones, the chase and a leading and plain summer.

If the variety imported can insure specialties they will have flourished seem to be an unceasing even though they are. This, however, is that they are so only the woman will buy them. They beautiful than ever different fabrics field. One of the dress of satin faces conventional design the ecru tints. Of embroidery silk edges of the delicate lace are added as the flowers. The blue cloth is very thing new in the chantilly lace applique taffeta silk finished cords on the edge long lines an incline the knee, collar finish and below inch frills of plain ruche of narrow hosiery costume with d'apprit with ecru taffeta and a flourish.

Striped material give the effect of favor, stripes show new ribbons which of white with a or both sides. I adequate descriptions which are beauties in the the softest pastel and the fine thin effective shades mer gowns. W it is safe to predict to wear them will in dress for the Soft long shades side or directly equally becoming short figures as a little to the appearance they are proper.

USE MURRAY LAMM FLORETT THE UNIVERSITY FOR THE REFUSE

Frills of Fashion.

In such mundane matters as the coming modes in dress, it may be wisest to prophesy after they have been finally settled and convincingly proclaimed on the house tops, but one feature which is distinctly manifest among the new materials already in sight is their soft fine texture, clinging qualities, and crepe finish. Stiff unyielding fabrics are entirely out of the line and while we may have tucks, plaits and gathers without end later on, these supple materials will admit of them all without producing any clumsy effects. Even the cotton dimities, lawns and piques have a softer finish.

Gracious outline is still the keynote of all things governed by the mode, and the figure is sure to have every advantage set off in the fashionable dress fabrics of the season. The most discouraging phrase of dress at the moment is the important question of expense, for even if you purchase inexpensive materials they are made up with so much fine hand sewing, machine stitching and dainty embroidery that the amount you saved in the first instance is lost again and again in the cost of making. Unfortunately, it is only the high-priced dressmakers who make great successes of the present fashions in gowns, as inferior needlewomen cannot manage the intricate details of the up-to-date gown. Certainly the fashions are original in the amount of expert labor represented in one gown is any measure of originality.

The new satin toulards are beautiful both in texture and coloring and so glossy and soft that they look like panne. Some of them are double width, an advantage which is very apparent with the present style of tucked skirts, and whether you choose the delicate pastel colors or the brighter tones, they are a desirable purchase and a leading fabric for both dressy and plain summer gowns.

If the variety in robe dresses already imported can insure a future for these specialties they will flourish as they never have flourished before, but they always seem to be an uncertain quantity somehow even though they are lovely to look upon. This, however, is probably due to the fact that they are so marked in style that it is only the woman with a long purse who can buy them. They are more varied and beautiful than ever this season, as many different fabrics have ventured into this field. One of the latest novelties is a robe dress of satin faced cloth hand painted in a conventional design of flowers and leaves in the ecru tints. One thread of heavy white embroidery silk is couched around the edges of the design and bits of applique lace are added as a finish for the centre of the flowers. The effect on pale pink and blue cloth is very attractive indeed. Something new in the lace robes is a fine black chantilly lace applique with bands of black taffeta silk finished with a very fine silk cord on the edge. These extend in the long lines an inch wide to a little below the knee, coil in a round loop for a finish and below this is a series of two inch frills of plain black net edged with a ruche of narrow black gauze ribbon. This costume with another in white point d'esprit with scalloped bands of white taffeta and a flounce of lace below.

Striped materials and trimmings which give the effect of a stripe, are in great favor, stripes showing up again among the new ribbons which have longwise stripes of white with a hemstitched finish on one or both sides. It is impossible to give any adequate description of the dainty novelties which are gradually unfolding their beauties in the ribbon department. Here the softest pastel colors are brought out and the fine thin quality suggests the most effective sashes and rosettes for thin summer gowns. With such ribbons in sight it is safe to predict that sashes and how to wear them will be one of the problems in dress for the season about to begin. Soft long sashes which fall gracefully at the side or directly at the back are almost equally becoming to slender and to plump short figures as the long lines add quite a little to the apparent height, and then they are properly and appropriately applied.

Incongruity in millinery has long ceased to cause surprise and nothing that the spring season develops may be expected to excite any special astonishment, no matter what the mixtures, for certainly fur and tulle are as extreme as any two materials can be. Already there are toques made of chiffon, striped with fancy satin straw braids in different colors, and flowers are fast usurping the place of made up feathers. A large toque of snow white tulle trimmed with edelweiss blossoms and a large bow and band of black panne at one side, is one of the stunning novelties. Gardenias are one of the favorite flowers of the moment with the always favored violet. The latest hats, which, however, are not really the spring models, have rather a high small round crown encircled with cords or tufts, and perhaps covered with a net which hand made. Plaitings of tulle on which chenille is sewn like a cord are one of the popular hat trimmings.

Belt buckles covered with suede in its natural color, and ornamented with steel, jet or turquoise are one of the novelties.

A freak of fancy or fashion as the case may be, is hand painted flowers on gauze silk and suede, all of which are used for trimming gowns and hats as well.

Nothing else in fashion is quite so effective for renovating an old bodice as the wide velvet corselet belt and a cravat which may be of velvet or lace. Fasten the belt at one side with handsome buttons or with a knot and fringed ends as you fancy. Panné is especially desirable

Hood's Pills

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

Rouse the Liver

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

plied they have a picturesque effect which is always acceptable for summer gowns. Fringed ends, or rather ends finished with fringe, knotted into the sash itself, are a great improvement on any other finish, as the weight of the silk holds the sash down in place. The softest satin sash ribbons are figured with flowers, and shadowy butterflies in the prettiest colors on pale gray and ivory white satin, and many of the delicate shades as well.

That lace is generous proportions will be a continued feature of dress goes without saying, as it still has some part in almost every costume that is made. All the tendencies show that it will prevail to a greater extent than ever during the summer. Everything which has a lace effect, whether it is made of cloth, panne or silk cut out in guipure designs, is to be more in demand all the time, and anything decorated with applications of lace will be in order. Applique lace designs in panne form yokes and chemisettes in some of the new models, and panels, deep flounce trimmings, or insertions in the skirt.

Three wide insertions of lace encircle the skirts, one at the hem, one a little below the hips and one midway between. Another use of lace which is evident among the new gowns is for deep yokes, collars and various jacket effects. Lace gowns beautified with rosettes of Liberty ribbon, black velvet ribbon or tulle silk are more elaborate than ever before, while the gowns of accordion plaited tulle and net are dreams of diaphanous elegance trimmed nearly half way up the skirt with applique designs of black Chantilly lace and white tulle silk, either in bands or in conventional figures. Black velvet cut out in lace like patterns is sometimes applied to the taffeta with stunning effect, and the entire waist is made of tulle covered with the lace and tulle bands.

A charming novelty in trimming shown in the department of lace effects is called pompadour rennaissance. It is a combination of lace and a raised design which gives it the appearance of embroidery, so it is both thick and thin and is a handsome trimming for the light cloth gowns. It comes in insertions of two widths and a deep edging both of which are entirely new. Tucking bids fair to be in greater demand for trimming than ever before if the advance models in simple muslins and point d'esprit net tell any story of things to come. Some of the gowns are tucked from the waist down below the knee in half inch tucks running around and with only tiny spaces between. The bodice is tucked around to match and the sleeves, too, it you like.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

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for the draped belt. The skirt bolero of velvet or lace is another useful means of renovation where the bodice is worn under the arms.

Empire gowns are becoming to very few women, but they are revived again as part of the scheme of soft clinging materials.

Long sleeves covering half the hand seem to have originated the fashion of wearing no gloves at teas and theatres, providing, of course, that you are handsomely dressed. At least this is the latest Parisian idea of the fitness of things, if you are well supplied with jeweled rings.

The latest style of coiffure shows less crimping. The hair is waved, of course, but not in such decided rolls as formerly, and is arranged very high on the head. The pompadour still remains but the front parting is very much in evidence and the hair is not pouffed out quite so much at the side. English women are trying to copy Mrs. James Brown Potter's style of coiffure but it is too pronounced to suit the contour of every face. The hair has a loose wave all around, is parted slightly at one side and carried in a deep wave across the forehead, falling much lower on one side than the other.

Pretty combinations of silk braid and narrow laces are seen among the new trimmings.

The new pulley belt made of ribbon in all colors stiffened with feather bone, is one of the season's novelties. They shape into girdle form at the back, and narrow ends, carried through a ring at either side, tie in a small bow in front.

Lace effects in hosiery will be very popular for summer wear.

Chiffon toques combined with a fancy straw braid sewn on like ribbon with spaces between the rows are displayed in all colors.

Valenciennes lace is to be very popular this season for trimming the thin summer gowns.

JAMIE AND THE WHITE RABBIT.

A Prayer Unanswered—Helen's Reasoning on Making Apologies.

Jamie sat lipsticking with rapt attention to the conversation of the family, which turned upon the efficacy of prayer. The most ardent wish of Jamie's soul was to possess a white rabbit, and as he heard it stated with conviction that prayer offered in perfect faith would bring the desired answer, he rose quietly and went into the adjoining bedroom, drawing the portieres together behind him.

One of the family observed his action and signaling to the others to be quiet, approached the portieres and peeped through. On his knees beside the bed was Jamie, hands clasped, eyes shut tight, a most devout expression in his face.

"Oh, dear, dear Lord!" came from his lips in beseeching tones, "I want a white rabbit so bad. Please, dear Lord, send me a white rabbit!"

He paused, then he cautiously opened his eyes and looked all about the room. No rabbit. His face became graver. Resuming his former attitude he continued:

"Dear Lord! I said I wanted a white rabbit." Again after a brief pause, he looked about the room. Still no rabbit! He felt that it was time for positive expression.

"Lord did you hear me? I want a white rabbit! And as the juxtaposition following this categorical statement revealed nothing in semblance of the desired object Jamie exclaimed in utter disgust:

"Come back here to my seat," he coaxed. "Poor mamma has such a headache. Come, and I'll let you see the work."

Mrs. Brown's attention was attracted through hearing herself mentioned, so that with horror she appreciated the crushing reply of her small daughter:

"No, thank you, I don't know people that I'm not acquainted with!"

A Preserving Stowaway.

The domain of the tramp ends with the shore. Once on board ship, he ceases to be a tramp and becomes a stowaway. Then every man's hand is against him far more than it ever was on terra firma. The stowaway is usually a ragged lecher, who cannot even be forced to earn his salt. If he hides about a vessel bound for the United States, and makes his escape from the ship, the captain is fined one thousand dollars by the immigration authorities. Captains and stowaways, therefore, are seldom on friendly terms. The captain of a British tramp steamer, plying between the West Indies and this country, tells an amusing story of a negro stowaway.

We took a cargo of coal to St. Thomas, and soon after raising anchor a darky was discovered stowed away ter'ard. He was set to work on the spot, and when we

"Well, Lord, keep your old rabbit! I knew you wouldn't give it to me anyhow!"

Miss Martin, visiting Helen's mamma, greatly enjoyed frolicking with the little girl. One day, however, Helen was naughty, so that Miss Martin finally declined to continue the game, and Helen was sent to the next room under a cloud. After a stay of some fifteen minutes she reappeared in the doorway.

"Well, Helen?" she began.

"Well, Helen?" she began.

"If I've done wrong, and I know it, I ought to apologize, oughtn't I?"

"Yes, indeed, dear," replied Miss Martin, greatly encouraged at this unexpected indication of repentance.

"And if you've done wrong, Miss Martin and you know it, you ought to apologize, oughtn't you?"

"Yes, certainly," admitted Miss Martin, a little taken aback.

Helen's steady gaze never moved.

"And Miss Martin," she proceeded, "if we've both done wrong, and we both know it, we ought both to apologize, oughtn't we?"

Miss Martin began to be uncomfortable. To what was her small inquisitor leading? But she could not deny the logic and the justice of Helen's reasoning, so she again replied:

"Yes, Helen; I think we ought."

"Very well, then," remarked Helen. "Miss Martin, you begin!"

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. And 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. AND FURNISHERS TO H. M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK, Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe. Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the General Public, direct with every description of Household Linens. From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD. Which being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

APOLI & STEEL'S PILLS. A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Fil Cocchi, Peppermint, &c. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.00 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C. or Martine Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng. made Nombre de Dios, Central America, he was put ashore, greatly against his will. "Captain," he whispered, "I like you berry much. I go wif you." "Not this time," I replied, with a laugh; but were scarcely out of sight of land, bound for Santiago, before my unwelcome guest appeared on deck, came deliberately up to me and said, with a low salam: "Captain, I like you berry much. I go wif you." This time I treated the fellow in more summary fashion. He was kept a close prisoner, and when we reached the Cuban port he was put ashore without ceremony. We spent several days shitting cargo and then sailed for Baltimore, our home port. When we were along the Bahamas I was dumfounded to see my colored admirer walk up solemn as usual and say: "Captain, I like you berry much. I go wif you." I will admit that I was provoked. Changing the ship's course I directed her to a small island near Fortune Island, and anchored. I had a jug filled with water and a flour bag with ship's biscuit. Then I ordered a boat lowered and landed my friend and his provisions on the little coral reef, from which he was certain to be rescued within a few hours by some fishing boat. As I left him, the last words the ex-stowaway shouted were: "Captain, I like you berry much! I go wif you nex' trip!"

Eczema Tortured A Child. About three years ago I had to leave school with sore hands. My teacher said it was Salt Rheum or Eczema and told me to see the doctor. Mother got some medicine, but it did me no good. After I had suffered with the itching and burning about three months, mother thought she would try Burdock Blood Bitters. I only took two bottles, when my hands got completely cured. —Emma Sheridan, Parry Sound, Ont.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET & BATH. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. I haven't papers. I will always. Willie, because I love me before a.

Absent-Minded New Yorkers.

If the human head wasn't reasonably well affixed to the human shoulders, the average citizen of New York would leave his behind him whenever he got off a train.

Almost every trip of the elevated trains adds something to the mass of variegated property. The shopping hours are most productive of general merchandise, but there is likely to be a good haul of opera glasses from the before and after-theatre trips, and canes, gloves, and even hats are frequently collected between midnight and dawn, after the plunging exit from the train of gentlemen who positively won't go home till morning.

Literary popularity, so the employes in the department say, can be gauged accurately from the condition of their library. A volume begins to be one of the 'books of the season,' when it lies, ownerless, on the seats of the elevated trains.

Umbrellas always take up a large part of the floor space in the 'lost' room. A curious thing about them is that they are less frequently claimed than any other class of goods.

Just as the books show the trend of literary popularity, so the umbrella market acts as a barometer. A large intake of umbrellas in the morning means that it was raining, or threatening rain, when the business public started downtown, but cleared up before they got to their destination.

Everything a man can carry that isn't made fast to him in some way comes in here, said the clerk of the 'lost' department a few days ago.

As he said it he was interrupted by the angry chatter of a caged blackbird, which had recently come in. Near the blackbird stood an enormous German bun (imported from a Second Avenue train; supposed to be the property of a fleshy Ger-

A RHEUMATIC CRIPPLE'S RELEASE.

A "jury" of doctors, specialists and medicine vendors decreed that James Smith, of Grimsby, Ont., should spend the rest of his days in the agonizing chains of rheumatism.

But common sense and modern medical science produced rebuttal evidence and procured his release.

The Great South American Rheumatic Cure turned the tables, relieved the pain in a few hours and healed, cured and freed.

To the man or woman suffering the agonies of pain produced by Rheumatism, of whatever form, an essay on its causes, its symptoms, and its actions are idle; the one desirable objective point with the sufferer is the shortest cut to relief from the

pain and the surest cure from the distressing, wracking, burdensome ailment. No medicine of modern times has proved half so effective in giving almost instant relief, or has made as many cures bordering on the miraculous, as the Great South American Rheumatic Cure. So often has it proved its efficacy in cases that were placed in the "no cure" list by doctors and specialists, that many of the most eminent lights in the profession have been frank enough to make confession that South American Rheumatic Cure, without

discussing its formula at all, has proved the most efficacious of remedies, and to back up their convictions, are prescribing it daily in practice; and doctors have always been the slowest to convince of the merits of any proprietary remedy.

South American Rheumatic Cure is powerful, potent, but harmless. It is a specific for all phases of Rheumatic Affections; it goes directly to the seat of the troubles, dissolves and eradicates from the system the foreign matters which cause the excruciating pains, which stiffen and swell the joints. It acts quickly and surely, and as proof of it there is ample testimony to show that in cases of many years standing, where the patient was almost helpless, bed-ridden and so acute was the suffering that it was necessary to turn the victim in sheets because it was torture to have even

the gentlest touch of the hand on the body. In twelve hours after the first dose was taken all pain was gone, and inside of three days recovery was so marked that the patient walked without assistance. Many have had a similar experience and have testified to it.

James Smith, a dairyman of Grimsby, Ont., was a great sufferer from sciatica and rheumatism. He was almost helpless; could not walk without crutches. He had tried any number of remedies, and had been treated by almost innumerable doctors without any permanent help. He began using South American Rheumatic Cure. In a few hours the pain left him; in a few days he threw away the crutches and has never had a touch of the trouble since. You are at liberty to write him about his own case. No need for an hour's suffering. South American Rheumatic Cure can do as much for you as it has done for thousands.

South American Nervine is a wonderful tonic for the stomach. It cures all disorders of the digestive organs, repairs exhausted nerve power, puts on flesh, and is general health builder.

South American Kidney Cure is a liquid kidney specific; it cures Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Inflammation of the Bladder and all disorders arising from imperfect working of the kidneys. It gives relief in six hours. Sold by E. C. Brown.

man lady who, after disembarking, stood upon the platform and yelled loudly but incomprehensibly after the departing cars and the blackbird wanted the bun; hence the chattering. Nearby a crutch leaned up against the wall. It was a new crutch; so probably it was forgotten by some person who was delivering it. Once there came in a crutch that showed unmistakable signs of use. Two days later the owner came after it; a one-legged man with an air of embarrassment.

'I've been used to hopping around on one crutch,' he said. 'I only take both when I'm going somewhere special. I got reading my paper in the train and near got past my station, so I made a jump for the door and clean forgot that I had two sticks with me.'

For absent-mindedness, however, the clerks award the prize to a very attractive looking young woman who walked into the office one day, apparently under the stress of some excitement which she strove to suppress, but which trembled in her voice, as she asked:

'Is this where lost things are brought?' 'Yes, ma'am,' said the clerk. 'Have you lost something?'

'Yes, I've lost a baby. I left it in the train.'

'A baby?' said the clerk in some amazement. 'Whose baby was it?' 'Why, my baby,' replied the woman, adding, in extenuation of her having forgotten her own child: 'You see, I haven't had it for so very long.'

Somewhat in doubt as to whether it was a joke, or a bona fide case, or whether the woman was in her right mind, the clerk, after finding that the child had been lost only a few moments, took the visitor down to the Church Street police station and there the youngster was, asleep in a chair with a circle of policemen surrounding it.

Sometime ago the 'lost' room used to have a pretty regular visitor in a jold man who forgot his hat. He was a clerk in a downtown office, the hours of which were short, and he travelled during the slack transit hours when there were vacant seats. In hot weather it was his habit to take off his hat, always a silk hat, neatly ironed but never quite up to date, and put it in the seat next to him. About twice a week he would forget it and leave it there when he went out. After a time it got so that the 'lost' department kept a special peg for that hat from which it was handed over to the old gentleman who always received it with many apologies for the trouble he was causing. Of late he hasn't called, and the clerks don't know whether he is dead or has bought a hat string. One of the most inexplicable finds that ever came to the office is a patent leather shoe. It is a left shoe, almost new, made to order by a high priced bootmaker and was found late at night on the floor between two of the cross seats. It has never been claimed. The only solution to the problem yet advanced is that the owner had corns on that foot, slipped off his shoe for comfort and upon reaching his station, whether from sleepiness or intoxication went out without remembering to put the shoe on again. His home going must have been painful,

for a blizzard was in progress at the time. Few pieces of jewelry, purses, or articles of great value are found in the elevated trains. The few found are usually claimed. It occasionally happens that a false claim is made, and the clerks encounter, too, a belief, principally feminine, that if the lost article hasn't turned up there, something of equal value ought to be supplied as an equivalent. The men who come to inquire after lost property are so spogetic and shame faced, as a rule, that the clerks would believe, if they didn't know better in many cases, that the losses were the result of intoxication, instead of absent-mindedness, as is usually the case.

DUCK SHOOTING IN WINTER. The few Fowl Which Remain are Hardly Worth the Effort to Bag Them.

When the ice forms along the weedy margins of lakes and rivers and wild rice, frogs and small shellfish are thereby locked in a duck proof refrigerator, the majority of the wild fowl that have passed the late autumn in the Middle States leave their feeding grounds to the ravages of the ice man and seek a less rigorous climate. There are a few varieties, however, that seem to prefer the rigors of the Northern winter and when the lakes and ponds become icebound find a living by scouting along the swift spring streams and unfrozen shallows of rapid rivers. At this season their food necessarily consists mostly of fish, whence the name that is often applied to them collectively of 'fish ducks.'

The best known of these winter ducks are the mergansers or sheldrakes, of which three varieties are widely known; the goldeneye, or common merganser; the red or bay-breasted sheldrake and the

hooded sheldrake. These ducks are similar in haunts and habits, living largely on fish, for the more successful capture of which they are provided with narrow, rounded bills, whose edges are serrated into sharp, sawlike teeth, whence the common name often applied to the birds of 'saw bills.' If one chances to kill some of these ducks in September he may find them fairly edible, but in the winter, when an unvarying diet of fish had been the rule, they are seldom sought after by epicures. Salt codfish boiled in kerosene suggests the taste and odor of cooked winter sheldrake. It seems a pity that these ducks are not more satisfactory adjuncts to the table, for they are certainly in their ways and wisdom as game as any duck that flies or swims.

Sheldrakes are nervous, restless birds, for the most part flying about in bunches of two to a dozen, seldom more, alighting here and there in shallows where the water is too swift for ice to form or in some air hole far out in the channel of a river. At times, however, a flock, if undisturbed, will haunt the same stretch of water for many days together. Generally, as is the habit of many ducks, they circle several times in order to look about well for enemies before they settle down to the business of foraging. Once on the water the angling process, at which they are adepts, begins. Each one, like an experienced angler, takes a different portion of the pool, knowing that each fisherman stands a better chance when he keeps by himself, a custom which many human piscators might well imitate instead of tangling their several lines in vainly striving to cast together in the same spot whence a lucky companion has just drawn a prize. This habit of keeping well apart while on the water makes it hard to obtain the raking flock shots beloved of pot-hunters, and it is seldom that the man who is sly enough to approach within range of a feeding flock gets a chance to kill more than one bird with each barrel. At times a shot may be obtained as they fly past some tree or hillock, although generally they keep well up in the air and give a wide berth to all suspicious cover.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

brace in the game bag means that the sportsman has had unusual luck or else that he is a patient, skillful and a crack shot.

Resides the sheldrakes a few other varieties are to be found occasionally about central New York in winter. The long tail duck, called also old wife and old squaw, is a gayly clad bird, its predominant colors of black and white being arranged in very flashy style. The long, pointed tail feathers remind one of an Egyptian peacock rather than a water fowl. Brilliant as is its appearance it affords a contribution to the culinary department being necessarily submitted to the process of soda emigration and sterilization to render it at all possible as part of a dinner.

The bright feathered buff heads or butter balls sometimes drop in and float about on the waters, little round puffs of feathers, as sat and shiny as the butter pats they are named for. In spite of their corpulent appearance they are quick of wing as a quail and the gunner must waste no time if he would get a chance at them before they are out of range. Most ducks drag a little in the water before they get well started on the wing but the buff head seem to leave the water at once and six feet in the air at the first spring.

Now and then a stray black duck, a prize at any season of the year, will find its way up the stream or river, and rarer still the weird, penetrating wing music of a whistler comes from high in the air, where, perhaps, a single specimen may be seen beating his way far beyond reach of the shot.

Winter duck shooting is a sport that is followed only by small boys proud in the possession of a Christmas gun, or by those hardy healthy nimrods whose hunting instinct seeks any outlet and who care no more for the zero weather than for 90 in the shade. The greater part of the game is hardly fit to eat and the pursuit of it means long walks, 'sneaks' and waits in penetrating chill of the winter dawn, crawling through the snow, lying patiently among cakes of ice 'waiting for 'em to fly over,' and last, but not least, the chance often realized, of an unmeditated bath in the river, where the water is chilled by a temperature of 10 below zero.

Don't experiment—buy Magnesian Dyes which have been successfully used in Canada for twenty-five years. Price 10 cents for any color.

Dislocation.

Witherby.—You keep a joint bag so account with your wife, don't you?

Van Blumer.—Yes.

Witherby.—How does it work?

Van Blumer.—It's usually out of joint.

SIDES SORE FROM A HACKING COUGHE.—Take Fyzy-Pectoral, it will cure you quickly, no matter how bad the cold. Endorsed by thousands of Canadians. Sold throughout the land. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

Proving An Allib.

'When I come home in the evening my wife is always playing the piano.'

'Is she so musical?'

'No; but if the dinner isn't good she wants me to know she didn't have anything to do with it.'

Lucy handed him her 'I hope so,' sighed dreadfully dimly the Ring the bell dear, and the echoes of the bell when the servant opened He had thrown aside gardener, and appeared black.

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you know. Never mind why, tell you. That is all, I think ready for between five and six though the coup may be delayed next day. He held out his hand care rose. The old miser seized it. 'You are what I was once. You have enterprise and a have life in me yet, and you shall do my part and not fail. For his own reason, the victor returned to the Grange, till late in the evening, the victor returning himself just time to dress in the dining-room; till after the ladies had withdrawn John had a chance of question. 'So you have failed,' he groans, after he had heard as former chess to tell him. 'I know, and no one can do more. There is only one course for me and I shall not shrink from it. I shall try to do as good tonight as I can. His hand shook, but he pressed the glass before he passed the door. The latter said little, but tranquilly, waiting for the victor's last. After a while, he calculated had come. 'I think you have one of said, quietly, and one not either. The knight paused in the his glass. 'What? he cried, 'a chess sake name it man? 'It rests with your daughter proceeded, flicking the ash. 'Your creditor is an old man interested by mademoiselle really think, if she went to and asked him to give you consent, even without her direct promise about marriage always trust a woman's tacit course, Miss Talbot would though the interview must private one. As a drowning man clutched so did Sir John seize on the. 'She shall go—go to-morrow claimed, draining his glass refuse me—her father; and accompany her, there can be no risk about her visiting at Grimsby. Lucien, I shall I my saviour. God bless you.

The Little Runaway.

A wee toddler had strayed away—only one from a street swarming with children, but the whole neighborhood was astir. It was just after the supper hour when the child was missed. Housewives were busied with duties and the men had hied away to a place convenient for obtaining voting returns, for it had been a day of political contest. In a vacant lot the boys of the neighborhood were playing ball, and a little further away a group of girls were talking and laughing. The mother, missing the patter of little feet, became uneasy, and on looking about found the gate ajar. Her anxious enquiries soon spread the news and a group of women and children collected. Mothers looked anxiously over their little broods to see none were missing. 'Perhaps, she's with her father,' suggested a neighbor. The mother shook her head. 'Where are all the men, anyway?' asked another. 'Gone to hear the election returns,' was the answer. 'Shure men niver are around when they're wanted,' came from an Irish neighbor. Houses and yards were searched, but nowhere could the little one be found. The commotion attracted the attention of the ball players. 'What's the matter?' called the pitcher. 'Baby Lester's lost,' was the answer. Presently the pitcher lost interest in the game, and pocketing the ball announced, 'I'm going to look for the kid.' 'No, you're not,' came from the batter. 'She'll turn up all right.' The pitcher started away. The side having their innings protested vigorously, even forcibly, against this desertion. But, the boy persisted, and others joining him, the opposing party had to yield, and the boys called the group on the street. Searchers were sent out in every direction. At each new clue the distracted mother hurried away, only to return the more disheartened. The shadows began to fall, and yet no tidings of the lost one. 'Do you think she could have gone down to the railroad track?' queried a dismal neighbor. 'Oh! murder! I ejaculated the Irish neighbor, then soothingly to the mother. 'Now don't ye be worrying. Shure the lamia niver 'ud cross the track. The gate-man would hold on to her.' The mother's tears were aroused and she hurried off, only to find no child had been seen in that vicinity. Searchers kept returning, but brought no tidings of the wanderer. Every likely and unlikely place had been searched. The women stood around not knowing what to do next, even the children were awed into quietness. The chirping and quarrelling of the sparrows sounded strangely loud. Sick with dread was the mother's heart. 'Do you suppose she could have gone down to the lake?' suggested a by-stander. 'If she has she's drowned sure,' exclaimed the dismal neighbor. 'Why! don't you remember that little boy last summer, who—'

now the look of fear in the eyes I need to hers, as she lifted the hands to strike, haunted her. 'Oh! my God! have pity and give my baby back to me,' she pleaded, 'and I will never again strike her in anger.' The moon, now risen, shone with kindly light on the upturned face, and calmed the longing heart. Through the open door of the cage a wee birdie had flown—a fledgling with wings not yet fitted for flight. It was the first freedom, and baby knew she was doing wrong. But, glancing back and seeing no pursuer, with a gleeful laugh she toddled away. A small dog—a playful thing—was worrying a piece of paper. His saucy bark was an invitation to frolic and play. Baby, with happy gurgles, accepted the invitation. Doggie catching up the paper ran ahead shaking it and frolicking, his pursuer chasing merrily. When she approached he would dodge and bark and, catching up the paper, again ran ahead, the little one following gleefully. A coal cart lumbered past. The driver looked curiously at the child and drew rein bringing his horse to a walk. Then, gushing his shoulders and giving the reins a pull, muttered, 'Oh! her mother's about some place, no doubt! Get 'ep! get 'ep!' then, as if in answer to an inward protest—it's none of my business anyhow. I'm too hamed tired and hungry. Let people look after their own kids. Get 'ep! get 'ep!' Once a child peeped through a fence called, 'Hallo little girl! But the runaway, disdainful to answer, acted as if she heard not. Presently, doggie tired of this sport, dropped the paper and trotted away. Baby followed calling 'Bow-wow! bow-wow! bow-wow!' but was soon left in the rear. Aggrieved at this desertion she stopped the tender mouth twitched, and tears started. A golden winged butterfly flitted luringly past. Baby started in pursuit over a grassy lot. The little feet stumpled and the pursuer fell into a bed of dandelions. 'Pity, pity flowers,' and chubby fingers were soon busy. She lay there contentedly, kicking up her heels and playing with the flowers, but, after a time looking up, realized her loneliness. The sun had set and a grayness was creeping over the world. The vacant lot was as a wilderness to the child mind, and she grew frightened. 'Mamma! mamma!' wailed the baby. 'Mamma! mamma! mamma!' the little form quivering with sobs, but mother and she were not the call. The lost one threw herself on her face sobbingly, but sleep, blessed sleep—soon came and troubles were forgotten. A policeman seeing a bundle of clothes back in a grassy plot went to investigate. There lay a bonnie lassie with sun kissed curls sobbing in her sleep. 'A lost baby, eh! And stooping down in his arms gently gathered the little prisoner. On delivering her to the officer in charge at the police station the fringed lids raised, and two blue eyes gazed wonderingly for a moment at the strange man. Then struggling to release herself she cried, 'Mamma! mamma! I want mamma!' A short pause—then the small prisoner commenced to show anger and tears. 'Me tell 'ou,' with a shake of the body and a stamp of feet, 'Me want mamma.' No mamma appearing baby cried lustily. One of the men stepping out soon returned with some cakes and baby permitted herself to be coaxed into good nature. When quieted the officer took her on his knees and began to question. 'Who's baby are you?' 'Mamma's baby.' 'What does mamma call you?' 'Me's mamma's little sweetheart.' But no further information could be gleaned. A drunken woman, struggling and swearing, was brought into the station. The child watched with innocent questioning eyes. The poor creature stopped suddenly as she saw the little one, and with eyes fastened on the child unresistingly permitted herself to be led away to the cell. When the officer left her, tears were streaming down her cheeks and she was muttering, 'An' I used to be like that! Oh God! an' I used to be like that.' Presently the curly head drooped, the fringed lids closed, and baby was in the land of sleeping eyes, the dandelions clasped tightly in the chubby hand. When the father lifted her she looked up, and seeing the familiar face, murmured, 'Pa! pa! me's pa pa's Mamma!' Then noticing the closed dandelions, held them up. 'See! pity 'flowers done to a'ep, by bye wake up and be just like 'oder 'flowers.' On the threshold she turned and called, 'Bye, bye.' A kiss floated from the tips of dimpled fingers and the little prisoner had flown. Queer Little Republics. There are a number of small R republics in the world about which so little is known that not one person in a thousand could tell you anything about them, yet each is a little kingdom in itself, with a president and council to govern State affairs, and its own peculiar trials and troubles to worry the people. As regards position the smallest R republic in the world is that of Tavorla, an island about five miles long, with an average width of a little more than half a mile, situated about a dozen miles to the north-east of Sardinia. The total population of the whole Republic does not exceed sixty, but they elect a president every six years and a council of six members, all of whom serve the State without pay. The women of this island go to the polls and vote with

the men, and ever since it became a Republic, in 1886, all public business has been transacted without turmoil, the elections taking place without any high party feeling or undue excitement. The smallest Republic in the world as regards size is the Republic of Goust, which is situated on the flat top of a mountain in the Besses Pyrenees, South of France. It is an older Republic than the United States, having been in existence since 1648, and enjoys the distinction of being recognized by both Spain and France. The president is elected from an elder college consisting of twelve peasants, who are chosen every twelve years by the people. The president is also tax collector, assessor and judge. Goust is certainly a unique place, for it has no church or clergy, the people worshipping in churches beyond the limits of their country. Neither have they any burial ground, and when a death occurs among them the body is slid down to a cemetery in the valley below. In this valley, too, all the baptisms and marriages take place.

A Reconstructant for Women.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND Rebuilds and Strengthens the Disease-Injured System. It Bestows on Women What They Most Require.

Full Nervous Energy and Rich Nourishing Blood.

The System Is Perfectly and Permanently Built Up.

The healthy, vigorous and ruddy-checked woman with bright and sparkling eyes is a joy to all around. At home and abroad she attracts both old and young, and her influence is all-powerful. The half-sick and invalid woman is a sad sight, and her presence chills the very atmosphere that surrounds her. Backache, sideaches, headaches, neuralgia, nervous prostration, irregularities, rheumatism and liver and kidney complaints seem to be the peculiar misfortunes of women of every class. To the women who suffer from any of the ills mentioned, Paine's Celery Compound comes in as the great reconstructant bringing to sick women the great essentials of health—full nervous energy and rich, nourishing blood. Thousands of testimonials from women establish the fact that when Paine's Celery Compound is used the nerves are braced, the tissue is built up, poisons are expelled, the blood is made pure, the brain is clear and active, and the cloudless face and beaming eyes proclaim a condition of perfect health. See that you get genuine Paine's Celery Compound; see that the name "Paine's" and a stalk of Celery appear on the wrapper and bottle.

A Modern Poem. With a gesture expressive of firm resolution, as if the affair were quite settled, the Countess Madeline pointed to her lacquered Japanese cabinet that shimmered in the lamplight and said, very gravely: 'Open one of those drawers, Valentine, and be sure that you choose the right one. Each drawer contains an answer to the prayer which you have addressed to me for the past six months. If you open that which contains the answer 'Yes,' I will be yours and will marry you as soon as you please. But take care that you do not get the wrong answer; for, if you do, you will never see me again.' 'Alas!' said Valentine, there are two chances to one against me. How cruel you are, my darling!' 'Well,' said the countess, 'if I marry you I can at least lay the blame on Fate.' The young man hesitated a long time. His hand wandered from drawer to drawer not venturing to touch any, and his heart sank with the fear of choosing wrongly. At last he shut his eyes and opened a drawer at hazard. Oh, rapture! the little piece of pink paper when unfolded, disclosed to his glad eyes the exquisite word 'Yes.' In ecstasy he clasped the blushing Madeline in his arms and covered her face with kisses. She did not deny him. Valentine, being but a bashful swain,

never knew that he had backed up against a foregone conclusion. The three drawers that had held his cards of fate had been 'stacked.'

Didn't Find Out. As showing how inquisitive persons are righteously discomfited sometimes, at the very moment when information seems within their reach, we quote this dialogue from an unidentified source: 'What a beautiful lounge!' 'Yes. That's a birthday present from my husband. He always gives me a present that costs him as many dollars as I am years old.' 'That's nice of him. It reconciles one to growing old. By the way, I have a lounge at home like that. But not nearly so fine and we paid thirty-eight dollars for it.' 'Is that all? This—this didn't cost nearly as much as that.'

A PHYSICIAN is not always at hand. Guard yourself against sudden coughs and colds by keeping a bottle of Pain-Killer in the house. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 20c 50c

BORN Windsor, Feb. 2 to the wife of Richard Hayes a son Windsor, Jan. 23, to the wife of Frank War, a son Sussex, Jan. 23 to the wife of James Fris, a son Athol, Jan. 31, to the wife of John Smith, a son Halifax, Jan. 28, to the wife of H. E. Flick, a son Amherst, Feb. 1, to the wife of Wm. Fellers, a son Halifax, Feb. 3, to the wife of Wm. McKay, a son Springfield, Jan. 31, to the wife of W. B. Embrce, a son South Ohio, Feb. 2, to the wife of Jacob Cann, a son Amherst, Jan. 29, to the wife of Mr. Bert White, a son Sand Cove, Feb. 2, to the wife of Dr. F. E. Rice, a son Amherst, Feb. 4, to the wife of Charles Gould, a son Hartford, Feb. 4, to the wife of Mr. Jesse Durkee, a son Hawk Point, Jan. 23, to the wife of Oscar Penny, a son New Glasgow, Feb. 4, to the wife of Robt. Graham, a son Amherst, Feb. 4, to the wife of Mr. L. D. Wood, a son Halifax, Jan. 29, to the wife of C. W. Johnson, a daughter Milton, Jan. 27, to the wife of Mr. James Hunt, a daughter Truroville, Jan. 27, to the wife of Howard Baxter, a son Amherst, Feb. 7, to the wife of Roger Chapman, a daughter Amherst, Feb. 6, to the wife of C. L. McLeod, a daughter Annapolis, Jan. 26, to the wife of Mr. S. Rippy, a daughter Yarmouth, Jan. 31, to the wife of Dr. Ross, a daughter Cheбоque Point, to the wife of Wm. Bodreau, a daughter Cheбоque Point, to the wife of Fred Bodreau, a daughter Pembroke, Jan. 26, to the wife of Isiah Doucette, a daughter Bridgetown, Jan. 26, to the wife of Mr. Norman Brock, a son Clark's Harbor, Jan. 22, to the wife of Mr. Chadsey Crowl, a son Windsor, Jan. 31, to the wife of Mr. Herbert Kilcup, a daughter Milton, Queens, Jan. 27, to the wife or Mr. Frank Reardon, a son Portsmouth, N. H., Jan. 16, to the wife of Wm. Rises, a daughter West Funn on, Feb. 3, to the wife of Mr. Ephraim D'Astous, a son Clark's Harbor Jan. 24, to the wife of Capt. A. Brennan, a daughter Clark's Harbor, Feb. 4, to the wife of Mr. Davis Hopkins, a daughter Hawk Point, Feb. 1, to the wife of Mr. Howard Nicholson, a daughter

MARRIED. Annapolis, Feb. 6, by Rev. F. M. Young, A. F. Beals to Mary Bishop. Gabarus, Jan. 16, by Rev. D. Sutherland, David Water to the late Lucie. Turket Feb. 5, by Rev. H. D. Bamrick, William Law to Anna C. Willman. Boston, Jan. 10, by Rev. S. G. Gunn, Thasch Taylor to Mary J. Ferguson. Enfield, Feb. 7, by Rev. Fr. Young, James McDonald to Mrs. M. Burns. Halifax, Jan. 11, by Rev. C. Mackinnon, Harold L. Crooble to Lucy M. Auld. Liverpool, Feb. 5, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Lemuel Wainbold to Susan Dorcy. CHITTO Jan. 24, by Rev. I. W. Parker, Scott B. McNutt to Ada J. Graham. Everett, Mass., Jan. 20, by Rev. S. J. Gunn, Frank J. Foy to Catherine Kerr. Milton, Jan. 29, by Rev. W. L. Archibald, John B. Jolimoie to Magie Venot. Boston, Jan. 24, by Rev. J. H. Malhoter, George W. McKee to Rachel McKee. Truro, Feb. 7, by Rev. W. J. Morison, Charlton Crowe to Minnie A. Giddens. Providence, Feb. 8, by Rev. B. Ellis, Emily J. Hamilton to Henry A. Wyman. Stellarton, Feb. 1, by Rev. W. M. Tait, Hugh McVeno to Mrs. Elizabeth Cunningham. Yarmouth, Jan. 24, by Rev. C. M. Tyler, Frederick U. Bryant to Alice C. Murphy. Yarmouth, Feb. 7, by Rev. W. F. Parker, James A. Veno to Mrs. Emily Townsend. Truro, Feb. 7, by Rev. R. G. Smith, Gilmore McDonald to Mrs. Annie C. Vance. Chatham, N. B., Feb. 8, by Rev. D. Henderson, George B. Fraser to Rosa C. Jack. Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 8, by Rev. S. C. Gunn, Murdoch Fraser to Mary B. Robinson. Digby, Feb. 8, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Ambrose Sheppard to Lizzie A. McWilliams. East Liverpool, Jan. 31, by Rev. Joseph Brownell, Walter S. Achins to Lizzie B. Ship. Little Stenoque, Feb. 7, by Rev. J. Brownell, Robert A. Walton to Mand Tremblay. Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 22, by Rev. E. C. Gunn, Lavence E. Hamsdell to Isabella McSkull. Orlens Lake, Feb. 1, by Rev. Edw. H. Morgan, Capt. Laurence Williams to Emma Mother. Washington, D. C., Feb. 1, by Rev. Randolph E. McKim, Lewis S. Smith to Anna H. Casey. Dufferin Mines, Jan. 29, by Rev. J. D. McGillivray Frank A. Waterman to Georgina F. Nowhook.

DIED. Windsor, Feb. 10, Robert Snow. Pictou, Feb. 1, James Fraser, 67. Amherst, Feb. 6, Grace Parker, 4. Halifax, Feb. 6, Robert Faherty. Halifax, Feb. 4, Mary Ginnings, 90. Pictou, Jan. 29, Mrs. Chas. Reid, 44. Halifax, Feb. 6, James O'Rourke, 96. Milton, Jan. 19, Bessie O'Rourke, 96. Chatham, Feb. 6, Elizabeth McKee. Woodstock, Feb. 4, Samuel Wats 74. Weymouth Feb. 4, Henry Brooks, 68. Halifax, Feb. 11, Edward Robson, 65.

Brooklya, Feb. 1, Archie Funn, 36. Casterville, Jan. 27, Jas. Percy Bannister. Digby, Feb. 2, Mrs. Marie Ewart, 67. Weymouth, Feb. 6, Henry Brooks, 68. St. John, Feb. 11, Clara McFadden, 24. Boston, Feb. 8, Rebecca McLellan, 17. St. John, Feb. 11, James Bostwick, 3. St. John, Feb. 12, Frederick Obrien, 73. Arlington, Mass., Mrs. Robert Ellis, 57. Halifax, Feb. 11, Mrs. Samuel Story, 55. Halifax, Feb. 11, Mrs. Maria Everett, 67. Digby, Feb. 2, Mrs. Maria Everett, 67. Belleville, Jan. 27, Mr. Frank Babine, 34. Loch Lomond, Feb. 13 James Bryden, 46. Orton, Feb. 6, Mrs. Elizabeth Carr, 70. S. Marins, Feb. 8, Mrs. James Cross, 88. Es + Cherrastock, Feb. 6, John Smith, 63. Toronto, Sept. 30, Mrs. Cathie Raymond, 69. Termouth, Feb. 6, Mrs. Elizabeth Carr, 70. Antigonish, Jan. 20 Janet MacDonald, 56. Pictou, Jan. 28 Mrs. Nancy MacDonald, 76. Malden, Mass., Feb. 4, Mrs. George Johnson. Malden, Mass., Feb. 4, Mrs. George Johnson. Washington, D. C. Jan. 20, Gabriel V. Ogden. London, England, Jan. 23, George C. Snow, 29. Grand Lake, Feb. 4, Isaac Ambrose Palmer, 75. West End, Feb. 11, Mrs. Richard Fitzgibbon, 78. Cape Island, Feb. 4, Mrs. Freeman Nickerson, 66. Waltham, Mass., Feb. 3, Lawrence F. Berry, 63. Gloucester, Mass., Feb. 4, Mr. Chas. Williams, 76. Springfield, Carleton Co., Jan. 16, David B. Forrester, 14. West Head, Cape Island, Feb. 5, Mrs. Wm. Smith 72. South Framingham, Mass., Feb. 3, John Lightbody, 74. Halifax, Feb. 11, Infant of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Malin 10 mos. St. John, Feb. 12, Gertrude Infant of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Haslon

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC

Travel in Comfort - ON THE - Pacific Express. Lv. Halifax - 7:00 a. m. Mo To W Th Fr Sat Lv. St. John - 4:10 p. m. Mo To W Th Fr Sat Ar. Montreal - 8:35 a. m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su Lv. Montreal - 9:45 a. m. Tu W Th Fr Sa Su Ar. Vancouver 12:30 p. m. Su Mo To W Th Sa A TOURIST SLEEPER On above train every Thursday, from MONTREAL and runs to SEATTLE, without change. Daily berth rates from Montreal to Winnipeg, \$4.00; to Moosehead, \$4.50; Calgary, \$6.50; Vancouver and Seattle \$8.00 For passage rates to all points in Canada, Western United States and to Japan, China, India, Hawaiian Islands, Australia and Manila, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to A. J. HEATH, D. P. A. C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Monday, Jan. 1st, 1900, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows: Royal Mail S. S. Prince Rupert. ST. JOHN AND DIGBY. Lv. St. John at 7:00 a. m., Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday; ar. Digby 10:00. Returning leaves Digby same days at 12:40 p. m., ar. at St. John, 3:35 p. m.

Steamship "Prince Arthur."

St. John and Boston Direct Service. Leave St. John every Thursday, 4:30 p. m. Leave Boston every Wednesday, 10: a. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lv. Halifax 6:30 a. m., ar. in Digby 12:30 p. m. Lv. Digby 12:45 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3:30 p. m. Lv. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., ar. Digby 11:45 a. m. Lv. Digby 11:55 a. m., ar. Halifax 3:30 p. m. Lv. Annapolis 7:30 a. m., ar. Digby 9:30 a. m. Lv. Digby 3:30 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

S.S. Prince George.

YARMOUTH AND BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. B., Wednesday, and Saturday immediately on arrival of the Express Trains from Halifax arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves Boston early next morning, Tuesday, and Friday at 4:00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamers can be obtained on application to City Agent. For close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, at the wharf office, a 1 from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained. F. GIFFKINS, superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after Monday, Oct. 16th, 1899, trains will be daily, (Sunday excepted). TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Peggwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7:35 Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12:05 Express for Sussex..... 12:45 Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 11:30 Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 12:10 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 12:10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... Accommodation from Moncton..... Express from Halifax..... Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... Accommodation from Moncton..... All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.

VOL.

Natural boys fight the most virile now the struggle up. In so of some of PROGRESS unique opi fathers as pathetic to gent father One dea boy was li comforted that if such ham's way which time ment of the would be o home-made knitting co "Yes in who, was t thick of the had been l like as not them. He proud of h its proud t then refo old man "perhaps hurted, and for he's a The post on Wedne hearts of hardly a di lots of the country C the Mother appreciat public wh after each by the pr alive to th fatal day in fact even St. John h anite filled feelings of our own la sharing the the commo MR. BLIS The Audit In the r that was is of Mr. F. tion and the dominion of deputy pos to the fact absence was as set fort follows: "I beg to an Order in authorizing Mr. Freder clerk of the September "As you been pract the authori cil, since was, I unde ten days in sumed wor withstandi from actual in the pres statute app of proies a "In case son which error in O chief clerk of 'absenc twelve mo "In my absence a September This do case. Mr way mail tween St J was so m every mi his trip the mail