

PROGRESS.

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CHANGING THE CLOCKS.

THE PROGRESS IS AN EASY ONE AND WORTH TRYING.

Eastern Standard Time Is Coming but the Movement Is a Slow One—Why the Council Has Taken No Action—The Merchants and Bankers Coming into Line.

The first day of the year was not marked by the general adoption of Eastern standard time by the citizens of St. John, but the general committee of the common council is to be called together to settle the matter in earnest. The date for the meeting of the committee has not been fixed, but from present indications it may be in season to allow for the use of a uniform standard in the year 1900.

The truth of the matter is that the aldermen are afraid to take hold of the question lest they displease somebody. The mayor candidly admits that he is not in favor of any change, and thinks it better for the people to have plenty of time to think of the matter before any official action is taken. As it is now about three months since the changing of the post office clock began to make the public discuss the question, the mayor's idea of what plenty of time means is evidently to be measured by years. The aldermen are not likely to move until the citizens give them a push by adopting Eastern standard for themselves. Some of them have already done so, and others are coming into line every day.

A customer of Waterbury & Rising went into their establishment on Thursday and asked them if they had adopted standard time with the new year. "No," was Mr. Waterbury's reply, "but I will do so now. I miss a one train in Montreal and another in Quebec not long ago, through having my watch on local time, and I believe now in having a uniform standard."

The official time-piece in the store was therefore set back from 4.20 local time to 3.44 Eastern standard, somewhat to the surprise of the employees. One of the latter remarked that there would now be a probability of parcels for the trains being sent too late, but the reply to this was that all should remember that the clock in the store was the same as the railway clock, whereas in the past they had been obliged to calculate a difference of 36 minutes between them. They had been accustomed to speak of the 5 o'clock train when there was no such train, but one at 4.30. The train and the clock would now be on the same time. In regard to the hours of opening and closing the store and of labor in the workshop, there would be no actual change, only that what had been 6 o'clock or 8 o'clock in the past would be 5.30 or 7.30 by the eastern standard.

This "going on the half-hour," as some term it, has been a great bugbear with many people, and some of the aldermen, as well, fear that should eastern standard be adopted the people would insist on regulating their work and business by the even hours, so that closing at six standard would be the equivalent of 6.36 in local time, and thus the hours of daylight for the employees would be shortened. This is a very needless contention since the employees in the custom house and postoffice have the same hours as they had under local time, though they go to work and leave when the clocks point half an hour earlier than they did under the old order of things. So it would be with any private concern, unless the proprietor was a man who wanted to put himself in evidence as trying to be different from his neighbors.

Many weeks have passed since the board of trade decided that Eastern standard would be adopted, and hastened to ask the government to use that standard in the offices here. The government acted very promptly, and thus the citizens succeeded in getting the custom house to use standard time for their accommodation before many of them were prepared to adopt that time in their own business. A few weeks ago, PROGRESS announced on the statement of a leading merchant that several of the largest business houses would adopt Eastern standard on the 1st of January, though they did not do so on that date they will probably take the decisive step within a few weeks. The delay has been due to a press of business which has prevented the movers in the matter from conferring with other large concerns with a view to having the change made by as many as possible at the same time.

It is quite out of the question to expect any decision from the common council until they see a chance to acquiesce in such a way that they can plead they were compelled to do so by force of circumstances. One of the results of the system of election to the council by the citizens at large is that the aldermen are in continual terror of offending somebody, by word or act, and there is an obvious lack of the old time dash and pluck which an alderman would show when he was responsible only to the voters of his own ward. In these days do make of the council are trying to curry general favor, that they are afraid to provoke even the antagonism of their colleagues, and a member

of the board is now even more solemn than an undertaker's convention. The ward elections were pernicious enough in keeping men at the board who cannot now get back there, but they did not produce a class of men who were as scared of their own shadows as the present crowd appear to be. With the old style of board, where each alderman could have an idea of what his particular constituents wanted, the question of standard time would have long ago been settled, one way or the other. It is useless to expect the council to settle it, however, so long as the aldermen do not want the committee called together lest they will have to express positive opinions. With all credit to the merits of the gentlemen who compose the present board, there appears to be a majority of trimmers and dodgers among them.

All the same, whether they get courage to meet and discuss the matter or not, eastern standard time must be the recognized time of the city for all commercial purposes. The movement has gone too far now for retreat to be possible, and the sooner something definite is done the better. It is a pity that more establishments did not come into line at the beginning of the year, but as the year is young yet they may be heard from at an early day. The banks say they are ready and willing to change as soon as the merchants do so, and they favor the eastern standard. The anomaly of two or three kinds of time in a community of this size has already existed too long.

LAWSUITS COST MONEY.

One in Which a Principle was Fought at a Very Large Expense.

HALIFAX, Jan. 2.—PROGRESS some time ago had a story of a suit between Murdock's nephews and Kane & Flett for the balance of an account, amounting to some fifteen cents. Murdock's nephews lost the suit, and the fifteen cents, but what is more, costs went with this decision. To show how the lawyers get in their work the defendants bill of costs is appended, amounting to over \$100. Thus the wholesale firm, which brought the action, are called upon to pay, and besides they will have to foot their own little bill for costs. Here are the items of defendants costs, as awarded by taxing master Ross: Instructions \$2; appearance and copy \$1; notice and copy \$1; instructions defence \$2; drafting defence \$2; copies \$1.60; attendance file and serve \$0.25; attendance first trial \$5; attendance on plaintiffs motion to open up judgment \$7.50; notice to produce and copy \$1; affidavit of service \$0.50; subpoena Oct. 17 1895 \$0.40; 4 copies \$2; brief and copy \$20; attendance hear judgment \$1; motion for order \$5; order and copy \$1; affidavit of service \$0.50; attendance enter judgment \$1; copy pleadings on judgment \$2; costs and taxing \$3.25; council fee \$10;crier \$0.27; master \$1; total \$101.17.

May Get a Judge, Sir.

A rumor has been current during the past week that Hon. Wm. Wilkinson judge of the county court for the counties of Northumberland, Restigouche and Gloucester, was to be retired and the position given to Dr. R. F. Quigley of this city. Dr. Quigley says he has had no intimation that such was likely to be the case. Judge Wilkinson was appointed in 1881. The salary attached to the position is \$2,000 and though this is \$400 less than the salary of the county court judge in St. John, it is probably its equivalent in regard to the difference in the cost of living in St. John or in Newcastle. It will be remembered that Dr. Quigley was an applicant for the St. John judgeship at the time Judge Forbes was appointed, last year, and it was generally supposed that though unsuccessful on that occasion, a position would await him at an early day. As the Doctor is a North Shore boy, he would be perfectly at home as a judge in that part of the province, and would doubtless have no hesitation in accepting the position if it were offered.

End of that Tale of a Dog.

HALIFAX, Jan. 2.—The S. P. C. in Halifax seems to be an organization that does its duty without fear or favor. Two weeks ago, PROGRESS told the story of the mutilation of a dog's tail from which the poor animal died to death, by a bank clerk. The society proceeded as if the offence had been committed by any one else, without social standing or wealth at his back. The case came up in Stipendiary Griffin's court, the young man pleaded guilty and paid the fine which the law remanded.

No Ice Palace for Us.

The announcement that an ice palace is building in California, and that there is to be an ice revival in that state, is calculated to make a St. John man think the earth must have shifted on its axis. Our December was like April and such as the California winter is supposed to be, but we can't hope to make any kind of a show with an ice palace, unless we have some colder weather during January.

WHO IS THE NEW POET?

NOT AUSTIN THE LAUREATE, BUT "M. SMITH, ST. JOHN."

His Poem on "The Old Year and the New" in the Telegraph—Why It Attracts Unusual Attention—An Editor's Poetic Justice Rites above a Personal Matter.

The editor of the Telegraph will be glad of information which will lead to a disclosure of identity of the poet Smith not the author of "Rejected Addresses," but of an accepted address, which might have done duty as a newsboy's address, and which appeared in the Telegraph on New Year's day. It read as follows:

[For The Telegraph.]

The Old Year and the New.

M. SMITH, ST. JOHN.

Joy follows grief! The Old Year died last night! A New Year's born today in gladsome mirth. Make brief the rite extending Ninety-Five, Echoing Ninety-Six with lengthened bliss. So close are grief and joy that you are I. Have power to part them, or in parting tell A line dividing. Whether good or ill Now passes or is coming who can say? Nothing we know of future, day or night; And less than nothing of years to come, Yet will we hope and trust it shall be well. Dear are the days of old to memory's eye; Oh, dearer still are to the ardent young New, and distant prospects shining bright afar, Kindling the East. So may our Canada Captured see the New Year's curtain up Yielding bright promise for her glorious youth.

Who is "M. Smith?" is a question of some importance just now. That the name does not appear in Steadman's Victorian Anthology argues nothing, for many just as clever poets appear to have been slighted in that work, but it would seem that he has not heretofore been known even in the limited circle of the votaries of the muse in St. John. That the lines have ability cannot be questioned. The sentiment, it is true, is not strikingly original and the phrase "gladsome mirth" might have been changed on more careful consideration, while there are other points of criticism which might be suggested, but as a whole it is a happy expression of the ringing out of the old and ringing in of the new. Avoiding the too common tendency of New Year poems to bewail the past, it lifts up the heart to hope in the future, and there is a delicate incentive to patriotism in the concluding lines which speak of the promise of the year to Canada and its sons. It is above the average of the local poetry which the Telegraph has been accustomed to publish, and there is little doubt that hundreds would usually do no more than glance at the original version in that journal will carefully preserve this specimen for reference in the future. Hundreds, therefore, are anxious to know who is "M. Smith?"

The editor of the Telegraph seems to have accepted the poem at a glance and published it while it was hot, in the opening hours of the new year whose advent it celebrated. This ready acceptance should be of itself a guarantee of merit, for the Telegraph, last summer, had much to say of the scarcity of true Canadian poets, and held up such rhyesters as Bliss Carman to public scorn. It was in the Telegraph, too, that some letters appeared condemning PROGRESS for having accepted and published some verses of Whitcomb Riley as an original contribution, so that the Telegraph has been rather looked up to as an authority as to what is the test of merit in Canadian poetry, and as the degree to which native talent in this direction should be encouraged or suppressed. It appears to have recognized a peculiar genius in "M. Smith."

In the instance of the palming off of Riley's rhymes in PROGRESS, a writer in the Telegraph laid down the principle that an editor should not accept an anonymous contribution without knowing the real name of the author. It is understood, however, that "M. Smith" is the only one which the Telegraph itself has to this new comer in the flowery paths of poetry. The verses were accepted on their intrinsic merit, doubtless with the hope that they would be followed by others and that the sweet singer might in due time disclose his other personality. Some of the world's great poets have been discovered in just such a way. Acustomed to the critical examination and analysis of original poetry, it can hardly be doubted that the editor observed in these lines a peculiarity which is apparent to the public. If he did so, it speaks well for the triumph of his poetic nature over any matter of a purely personal nature. He may have had a keen sense of humor in thus giving to the world, as an ordinary poem, a double-barrelled acrostic containing his own name, with an addition which, it is needless to say, is entirely unmerited.

Taking the first letter of each line, there appears in cold type the legend, "James Hannay Deakney," while the last letter of each line from top to bottom proclaims "The Silly Telegraph." If this be chance it is one of the most remarkable coincidences of the age. If it is design, "M. Smith" seems to be a poet of the most ingenious turn of mind.

Some of the older citizens may remember that an acrostic of a nature extremely

personal to Mr. T. W. Anglin once appeared in the St. John Freeman, of which that gentleman was the editor. Mr. Anglin however, was not aware that the poem was an acrostic until after the paper had reached the public, and was so annoyed at the occurrence that, with one or two notable exceptions, original verse found no place in the columns of the Freeman during the remaining years of its career. If the editor of the Telegraph had been imposed upon in the same way, he would be entitled to the sympathy of all newspaper men; for rarely does any editor keep his eye open for such a trap, and the perpetration of such a trick should be severely condemned. If, however, the editor of the Telegraph did not want to reject a seasonable poem merely on account of the arrangement of the letters, he is to be applauded for having the courage of his convictions.

The Telegraph (recently asserted that Mr. S. D. Scott of the Sun was the only editor of a local paper claiming respectability who would permit tramp journalists and other soreheads to use the columns of his paper for personal attacks on other newspaper men. Had the Sun published this a realistic there would have been just ground for remonstrance, but as the Telegraph has given it publicity, and as it relates only to the Telegraph, nobody else has any right to find fault.

In the meantime, the great and absorbing question of the day is, "Who is M. Smith?"

BRENNAN AND THE CHIEF.

The Former Sees the Latter and Retired From the Field of Battle.

At the time of the exhibition, last September, Mr. James Brennan had a lively time trying to get appointed a special policeman. He went to the chief armed with recommendations from an influential quarter and his heart was gladdened by the assurance that it would be "all right Jimmy." When he went to be sworn in, he was told that the position would not be given to him as he was "against the police." The basis for this charge against his loyalty was that he had espoused the cause of the other side in a baseball match in which some of the policemen took part. Mr. Brennan then learned that some men from the country, who were not ratepayers in St. John, had been appointed as special policemen, and he therefore brought suit against them for doing business without license. The matter was settled by the new comers being put on the assessment list, and that appeared to be an end of the matter. It was not, however, for Mr. Brennan was after blood, or at least after his pay for the time he would have served had he been sworn in as a special. Three months after date, therefore, he sued the chief in the city court for nine days' pay. The trial took place on Thursday and the chief had a soft snap of it. Mr. Brennan 'old his story, and the chief's three barreled defence was that he did not hire Brennan, that Brennan never did any work for him, and that if any work had been done he was the wrong person to be sued. The three barrels of the defence went off at once and Brennan was knocked out. This probably ends his pursuit of the chief in the matter of his application to wear a badge and swing a baton.

Progress Remembered.

PROGRESS wishes to thank all its friends who remembered it at this season, especially in the line of calendars. To describe all of them would be a difficult task and as all of the insurance companies and not a few private firms have souvenirs of this sort the list would be a lengthy one. There were other remembrances from kind friends, some of them of a personal nature. This was particularly the case with Mr. H. H. Allingham of Vancouver who is well remembered here as connected with the C. P. Telegraph. Mr. Allingham sent a box of Japanese oranges which had just arrived from that far east country and came through by the express service of the Canadian Pacific. Considering the distance, they were in remarkably good order and just as delicious as Mr. Allingham described them. The friends of this gentleman will be glad to learn that his health is much improved though not so good as his friends wish to see it.

A Useful Remembrance.

The neat little pocket diary and calendar sent out with the compliments of the North American Assurance Company, is much appreciated by those who are remembered by the agents of that company. Of course the policy holders are all "on the list" and as Mr. T. B. Lavers the manager for New Brunswick is one of the pushing and successful gentlemen in his profession, the number of diaries sent out is not small at all.

The Case for this Week.

Social and personal notes for PROGRESS must reach St. John before Thursday evening. Notes from New Glasgow and Newcastle were received too late for insertion this week.

IS A MUSICAL DISCORD.

THE TALK IS BETWEEN A RECITOR AND HIS ORGANIST.

Halifax and Dartmouth Each Have a Bit of Experience—Change of Communion and Loss of Position—Why Mr. Hutchins got Himself into Trouble.

DARTMOUTH, Jan. 2.—The wardens of Christ church, (episcopal) in this town, deemed it to be their duty to obtain a new organist. What the reason was is not publicly stated, but it is inferred. The church is ruled by the low party, and when it became known that the organist had changed his religious faith, and had joined another communion, it was generally supposed that a new man would be called in to preside at the instrument. Time showed this supposition to be correct, and the wardens duly advertised for another musician. It is a little difficult for some people in Christ Church, and in the town, to see what the difference is in the music produced by an organist a ter he joins another church and before, but it seems that to the powers that be there is a material difference.

In connection with this another organ story, comes from the other side of the harbor, and is being talked about over here. Rich and influential old St. Paul's furnishes the incident.

The recitor of St. Paul's church, who is highly esteemed, and who is enthusiastic in all he does, has the misfortune occasionally of creating friction by the great zeal he displays in the administration of his duties.

An recent Sunday a representative of Rupert's Lynd mission occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's, soliciting aid for that good cause; during the discourse the recitor noticed that the organist's seat was vacant. The organist, Mr. Hutchins, had gone behind the organ to arrange some music and staid away longer than was deemed proper by the minister, which led to a reprimand at the close of the service. This was resented by the organist and was followed by a wordy war and the result was a command not to do it again on pain of dismissal. The organist promptly resigned his position to take effect at Easter. This is the second disruption of this kind in this church. Twenty odd years ago St. Paul's congregation brought from England an organist, in the person of Samuel Porter, who infused new life into church and oratorio music. The advance of musical education in this city, under Mr. Porter's instructions, was marked, and the method of chanting taught by him placed St. Paul's choir on a footing with any choir in Canada in rendering the Canticles. Mr. Porter's successful career went pleasantly on for a number of years. Then a sudden rupture broke out between the curate of the day and him which led to Mr. Porter's dismissal. It is well remembered the feeling that this action caused with a large portion of the congregation. It was under the regime of Rev. Dr. Hill. When that distinguished clergyman learned the circumstances he lost no time in having the wrong put right, which meant that Mr. Porter remained in office until his failing health compelled him to retire, to be succeeded by the present incumbent.

It is generally remarked by visitors to Halifax who attend the evening services at St. Paul's that the music, especially the chanting is of a high order of merit.

The history of St. Paul's church is that the congregation ever appreciates its recitor, its curate and its organist. When merit is lacking, grumbling may prevail. This has been demonstrated in the past both as regards recitor and curate. A few years ago the sum of \$2000 was paid for the vacancy of one of these offices rather than the church should suffer that scandal should follow.

The community would lose a gentleman and musician in Mr. Hutchins, and the loss would be generally regretted not only in Halifax but in this town as well.

HE RISES TO EXPLAIN.

A Halifax Man who Claims that "Progress" Did Him an Injustice.

To the EDITOR OF PROGRESS:—There appeared an item of news in your edition of 21st ult supplied from Halifax which was so misleading that I claim space for a reply in your columns. "G. W. Walker proprietor of the Aberdeen hotel, a very much surprised man" has entered on another year quite calm and unruffled and expects to have a hotel license for the next year in defiance of the malicious efforts of those who try falsely to compromise me before the City Council. It is false that I have been convicted three times for selling after hours. I have never been once convicted for selling but for the chance of having the door open and so found by the police who along with the Chief appear to be disposed to take upon themselves the functions which belong to the Inspector of Licenses with the object (nonsense) of sparing to the position of license inspector. Now Mr. Editor, my license has one endorsement for open after hours. My bar keeper has a restaurant on

his own account with a rear door leading up into the hotel, the passage leading past the bar door, and it was from the entrance, not the regular entrance, that the door was found open. The appeal was taken on account of the stipendiary's attempt to enter two convictions on one trial and that one on agreement with my counsel that it should count as a first offence. I regret that I have to ask for so much of your space and would much prefer to have to answer any such rumors if at all in our own city papers. I am not afraid to have the character of my bar, hotel and all its connections if necessary discussed in our own city papers over my own signature.

G. W. WALKER.
Halifax Jan. 2.
[Some unnecessary reflections on the motives of the correspondent of PROGRESS are omitted from the above letter, as not essential to an explanation of the case. Ed. PROGRESS.]

ARE A PEACEFUL PEOPLE.

The Residents of North End Show a Good Example to Others.

Few communities appear to have had anything like the rapid moral growth which is observable in the North End of recent years. Prior to the union of the cities, Portland had far from a fair fame, and took leading rank in the list of the misgoverned cities of America. It is quite another place in these days, and seems a good place for people from other parts of the city to grow when they want to inhale refreshing draughts of clean moral atmosphere.

The North End police have a virtual insecure, and are growing so fat, in some instances, that they have to stop and puff when they try to walk fast on an up grade. Recognizing this fact, the chief recently had several of them transferred to the southern division, where they would get more practice in active police work. In their places he put several hard-worked men from the South end who were in need of a vacation. They are getting it, and they could not ask for finer holiday weather at this season of the year.

Unless some trifling offences have been detected while PROGRESS is going to press, there have been no arrests in the North End for the last ten days. The other night a Bridge street grocer left a number of towels hanging in front of his shop and found them all there when he went back in the morning. While this is a pleasing instance of perfect faith in public honesty, it may not be well for the merchants to leave their goods thus exposed over night as a rule. While the North Enders may be trusted, there is always a chance that somebody from Carleton or the South End will hear of the opportunity and take advantage of it, leaving the innocent resident of Bugtown or Strait Shore to be blamed for the theft.

While there are a number of licensed taverns in North End, they appear to do a very conservative business, and are kept only for the accommodation of that numerous class of people who assert that they can take a glass of liquor or let it alone. Occasionally a North End man heated with wine may be seen on the street or encountered in the cars, but it is a remarkable fact that he is always coming from the South End. Usually he is some guileless youth who turns off at Sheriff street on his way homeward after holding wassail in some of the city taverns. It does not follow that he belongs to Sheriff street, but that thoroughfare is a great artery for the Strait Shore, where a great many guileless youths belong.

The North End baptists have built a new church this year and have raised \$10,000 toward paying for it. Another church of the denomination of Disciples has just been organized. This does not imply that the North End is in need of more churches, but that a great many more people go to church than used to do so, and more facilities are needed for the ministering to their spiritual wants.

Some rate payers may have an idea that they are needlessly taxed for the support of police in North End, but this is a mistake. There is not much need of policemen, it is true, but they are useful to keep a lookout for fires at night and to have an eye to suspicious people from other parts of the city. Besides the maintenance of a North End contingent gives a chance to provide aged and infirm men with easy positions in which to spend their declining years after lives of active duty in the more disorderly sections of the city. The prospect of being transferred to the North End division can always be held up as an incentive for men in the South End to do their duty and earn their claim to an honorable repose around the snug harbor of the Elm street station.

Not a Necessary Consequence.

Somebody remembers that there was just such mild weather in the early winter of 1855-54, and that the cholera came in the summer of the latter year. Therefore, according to their logic, there will be cholera this year. The Cholera was also in 1861, and by the same system of logic another of the same kind may be expected within the next twelve months.

BOOM IN LAW CIRCLES.

THE CAPIAS IS STILL POPULAR IN HALIFAX.

It Gives Better Results Than the New Debt Collection Act—Some Men who Have Been Captured—A Model Police Force and How it is Managed.

HALIFAX, Jan. 2.—Those who have much to do with its execution say the new debt collection act for Nova Scotia is more of a failure than a success. Money cannot be obtained under its provisions with the facility that prevailed under the former system. The "good old capias" still retains its popularity. Here are some instances how it was put into force during the past couple of weeks. There is a reliance about these actions for they are not generally published in the papers here.

Mrs. Sharp was owed \$6 by a boarder whom she could not prevail on to pay up. The capias was sufficient to extract the dollars, though how long it would have taken a commissioner under the collection act to do the work it would be hard to say. Thomas Doyle got two accounts through the capias. One was for \$53 37, and though the debtor went to jail he eventually settled. The other account was owed by Charles Murdoch, who paid \$14 under the pressure of a capias.

James K. Munns was not so successful. James Small owed him \$15 for clothes. Mr. Munns got his capias but Small has been out of town for some days. There are impossibilities in law, as in everything else, and collecting \$15 under a capias, when the debtor has vanished for nearly a week, is one of the things that no policeman can do.

J. B. Shaffner had an amusing case. He bought a quantity of potatoes from Captain McDougall, a P. E. Island dealer. Shaffner thought he bargained for them at 18 cents a bushel, but by some error paid at the rate of 20 cents. After the cheque was given the merchant discovered his mistake and asked the captain for a refund of the difference, which amounted to \$2. The request was refused with an aggravatingly supercilious air. Captain McDougall was about sailing for his island home and Mr. Shaffner lost no time in vindicating his position by capiasing the potato dealing mariner. It had the desired result and the two dollars was added by the merchant to the cash receipts of that day's business.

Peter Doelle bought a suit of clothes from James A. Halliday, one of our canny tailors. Peter did not pay the \$17 which the garments cost, and there were circumstances which indicated that he did not intend longer to continue his domicile in this good city of Halifax. Accordingly Mr. Halliday had recourse to the capias; the man was found and the money duly paid.

Thus the world wages on. The capias is a harsh measure but occasionally it is the only effective means of squaring accounts.

Chief O'Sullivan and his men are proud of the record the force has made for sobriety during the past twenty months. Not once during that period has there been a single complaint of drunkenness in a policeman in this city. Any one who knows anything about the force prior to the present reorganized form will see what a wonderful change has come to pass. In the old days hardly a week went by without an "investigation" by the police committee, and no matter how clear the evidence of wrong-doing, the chances were ten to one that the offending officer would escape with nothing beyond a notice or a mild raprool. Now a substantial charge means dismissal sure, and the good effect is apparent in a perfectly sober force. Not one charge against a policeman for nearly two years, and nothing to found a charge upon. What is better still—the personnel of the police force is such that there is no likelihood of any complaint of this kind materializing for twenty months more.

The management of Chief O'Sullivan and the police commission has worked admirably under the former regime the force numbered forty privates. Now, though the city is extending its bounds, there are only 37. Notwithstanding this the streets are better patrolled than ever. The force is divided into six divisions with a sergeant in charge of each. A private's pay is \$500 a year after one year of service has been put in, making a total pay roll to privates of \$18,500 annually. A sergeant receives \$600 per year, totaling for the six men \$3,600. The deputy chief, who acts as assistant to chief O'Sullivan has a salary of \$800 a year. Detective Power, a most efficient officer receives a similar amount. Chief O'Sullivan started with \$1000 a year, and he has now reached the maximum of \$1300 fixed by the statute. Chief Clark of St. John has considerably more pay than the head of the force in Halifax, but a harder worked, or more valuable man than chief O'Sullivan, a man who makes his work tell, it would be hard to find.

The total cost of the police force of Halifax is thus \$25,000. From the chief down to the latest addition to the ranks, this little army numbers 43 men, whose average pay amounts to \$581 29 each year. There is no branch of the civic service where the same amount of work is obtained for as small a sum.

Canada Not in It.

California's ice palace is an accomplished fact, and her ice carnival will be ready for opening next week, when she will reach for some of the laurels hitherto monopolized by Canada. It is a striking illustration of the wide range of climate in the state, and the varied attractions it offers, that while an ice carnival is in full swing in one part the orange crop will be harvested in another part. The ice carnival will be held at Truckee. The ice palace is built of lumber and wire netting, veneered with a

coating of ice. Water is sprayed over the structure every day and freezes during the night. A week ago the ice coating was two inches thick. The skating rinks are in good condition, there is good sleighing already, and a big toboggan slide is building. It will be California's first ice carnival, and is attracting much attention all over the State and in neighboring States.

CANADIAN IN BALTIMORE.

They Had a Merry Christmas and Want their Friends to Know about It.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 29.—The weather in Baltimore has been all that could be wished for during the fall season. The trees have lost their leaves, but the grass continues to be green. Christmas was exceptionally fine and warm and reminded us of June days in the north. The day was enjoyed by Messrs. W. Sprague, (Shediac), F. S. Anderson (Dorchester), L.iners, Woodstock, F. Lalgierie P. E. I. W. Murray, Moncton, F. Thomas, Annapolis, C. Shorvenell, Sherbrook, who were entertained by Messrs Bert Armstrong, T. D. McLeod and C. H. McNutt, to partake of a Christmas dinner. Everybody thought the fowls were very good, especially the long legged lady, which is generally known as a turkey. The turkeys down here are much larger than those of our native provinces, but they lack that peculiarly flavor, which so characterizes ours. Leaving turkey, as we had too, after it was all consumed toasts were proposed.

Things passed off as well as could be expected. The conversation became general and many different topics were discussed, which in time drifted around to the Venezuela question. All were pretty much of the same opinion, and concluded if Grover was not careful the "Lion" would catch the "Eagle" by some vital part, and in future the United States would have to get some other fowl to do the flapping.

In case of war the boys thought it would be expedient to retire to the back woods, as bombardment from the British man-of-war would cause great havoc, and it would take a smarter man than Columbus to discover where some parts of the United States now stands.

Christmas is over and by all appearance the "war" as well.

The boys wish the PROGRESS staff a happy and prosperous New Year and many of them.

Valuable Advice.

A Boston woman who bought a mechanical toy of a street vender, and found when she got home that it wouldn't work, got some valuable advice from the vender next day when she took it back. "I didn't sell you that," he brazenly said the vender, "so I can't change it of course. I only began selling toys like that this morning. But I'll tell you what you ought to do. When you buy a toy from a fakir on the street"—and here his voice assumed a confidential, friendly tone—"you be sure that you get the toy that he has just made go to show you how it works."—Boston Globe.

Mrs. Cleveland uses for note paper a very pale blue paper, neither rough nor smooth, but comparatively smooth, which looks as if it were covered with lint of a deeper shade of blue. This paper, which she has used ever since she was married, she orders from a Boston house, to which she was introduced by her friend, Miss Ruth Burnett, whose family are among the residents of Beacon Hill, Miss Burnett, for whom little Ruth Cleveland was named, is a convert to the Roman Catholic faith, and recently entered a convent.

A Pretty Wedding Custom.

A pretty German fashion was followed at a recent wedding, says the New York Evening Post, when the bride removed her wreath of flowers and placed it upon the head of one of her bridesmaids who were clustered round her in a circle. The bride was blindfolded, and after turning around six times placed the wreath upon the head of the maiden whom she touched. The one thus crowned will, according to tradition, be the next bride.

"77" FOR GRIP

A Shower of Gold.

would not be more wonderful than the cures made by Seventy-Seven.

Mrs. H. B. DOWNEY, 42 W. 98th St., New York: "I took the new Specific '77' for Grippe and it cured me; one small vial."

BARTRAM B. NEWHALL, publisher of the Lynn, (Mass.), "Transcript," says of the "77" for Grip and Colds: "Acquaintances have had experience in the use and are loud in praise of the efficacy of its work. In all my experience with Humphreys' Specific there never has been a case where they have failed to do what you claim for them."

Mrs. HUGH MAYER, Princeton, Ky., says: "Several weeks ago I got a trial bottle of your '77' for Grip and Colds; I am so much pleased with the success of it that I want some more."

"77" will break up a Cold.

Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price 25c. per box for \$1.00. Humphreys' Medicine Co., 211 & 115 William St., New York.

SKIES IN QUEER HUES.

WHEN MEN WERE FRIGHTENED BY THE STRANGE COLORS.

A Red Terror of the Fourteenth Century—The Green Day and a Number of Yellow Portents—The Famous Dark Day Which Alarmed Good and Bad.

On Jan. 27, 1806, from sunrise until midnight, the churches of Europe were crowded with kneeling suppliants, while solemn chants and the smoke of the censers arose uninterruptedly. Thousands of terrified people lay prone upon their faces in the streets and squares. Women clutching their infants to their breasts ran, half naked, shrieking along the highways. Creditors forgave debts; usurers pressed upon their ruined clients their illegotten gains; rich men distributed their wealth in the name of charity to all who would consent to accept. Criminals voluntarily confessed their misdeeds and sought the extremity of human justice. Kings and princes threw off their ermine, donned the rags of beggary, and vowed new crusades for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the Turk. Men went mad. Anchorites and hermits issued from their cells, wild-eyed, clad in goat skins or sackcloth, and, stalking through the streets, cried aloud:

"Woe! woe! the hour of judgment is at hand!"

It was the Day of the Red Terror, described by the ancient chroniclers. The dawn broke clear and mild as in midsummer, we are told, and "not a cloud of a handbreath's bigness was to be seen in all the sky." But just before the sun rose a strange red haze or mist overspread the heavens, deepening in hue and density, until at 9 o'clock the firmament was a crimson pall which obscured the sun and cast a dull, ominous glare upon the earth like the reflection from a tremendous conflagration at a distance. Despite the unnatural illumination the gloom was so profound, even at midday, "that one man knew not another, though he were his own brother. Toward 3 in the afternoon there came a great splendor of crimson, like blood, and some cried that now, indeed, 'the heavens were departing as a scroll when it is rolled together'; others that they beheld the angels battling against the hosts of the Apollyon in the upper air, and yet others that blood rained upon the earth." At about midnight the fiery pall disappeared, seeming to be dissipated as a light mist is driven before a strong wind; the stars came forth in their tranquil beauty, and the panic-stricken world grew calm again.

In April of the year in which Columbus set out upon his memorable voyage to the Indies, incidentally discovering America, occurred the wonderful Green Day. During the forenoon there had been a succession of light showers, but at 12 o'clock the sky cleared, and the sun shone brightly. At an hour past noon the sun grew pale, and lost its brilliancy, as if obscured by a winter fog, though there was no trace of vapor in the atmosphere. At the same time the azure hue of the sky changed to a livid green, deepening gradually to a rich emerald tint. The sun became wholly invisible, and there was a sort of preternatural twilight upon the earth. The green hue was so intense that "all objects took the color of oak leaves, and men stared in affright at each other's faces," for they, too, were of the prevailing livid green. The populace poured into the streets to gaze in terror at the emerald sky, and to ask each other what had become of the sun, and if the end of the world was at hand. Bells were tolled, services were held in all the churches. In one French town several persons expired from fright. At about 8 o'clock in the evening the sky resumed its normal aspect.

There are several Yellow Days on record, the most remarkable being that which occurred in the reign of Charles IX. of France, and was regarded by the Huguenots as a manifestation of the Divine wrath against the authors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. "All the previous night such a tempest of wind blew as no the oldest man had seen. Steeples fell with a horrible crash. Strong houses and palaces fell down flat upon the earth. Whole forests were levelled, and thousands of deer destroyed, so that there was no hunting in all the realm for the space of six years. Some heard loud and terrible voices crying in the air, denouncing punishment upon the blood-guilty. Some heard the shattering blasts of vast trumpets, so that the soul tumbled at the sound."

At sunrise the storm died down to a breathless calm. It became so intensely hot that cattle died in the fields, men fell down in the streets, steam rose from standing pools, and hayricks took fire. Yet there was no visible sun. The sky was a brilliant yellow, like that sometimes seen in the west at early twilight, deepening toward noon to a splendid orange, and later, to an ugly muddy brown. So frightful was the omen "that men, not daring to go forth for the dreadful heat, confessed themselves to each other, forgave debts and old feuds. Those that ventured out of door drenched their clothing with water, which turned to vapor in a hundred paces. Many died in their houses, whether of the heat or fear, and half the world was overcome."

Our own Yellow Day appears to have been very similar to the one described above, though it was not accompanied by the preternatural rise of temperature. It appears, also, to have been much more circumscribed in area, at least the accounts we have, strangely misapprehending, starting a phenomenon, on the coast of the colonies. The Dark Day, which has been described in another column, was a phenomenon of a different order.

Island lady, a cousin of Gen. Nathaniel Green: "The sky was clear until near noon, when the sun began to fade, as if its light were withdrawn, until it needed very keen eyes to mark its position in the heavens. At first there was a sort of greenish twilight, then everything became as dark as night. The stars came out. The fowls went to roost. People looked at their clocks, sure that they must somehow have mistaken the time. The churches and meeting houses were open. The bells tolled mournfully. Some men stood upon the corners preaching that this was the Last Day foretold by the evangelist. Some people wrapped themselves in white sheets and sat at open windows or on roofs, singing hymns. But just before sunset the sky cleared. I remember that my mother and father embraced each other, then kissed me, and seemed overjoyed, and the street was full of people running to and fro and shouting that the world was safe."

The Black Day of the thirteenth century must have been yet more dire and terrifying, according to two fragmentary accounts which have come down. "During the whole day the sun was a disc of ebony in a funeral garment, and the whole earth was full of weeping. The beasts crept into men's houses for comfort."—N. Y. Paper.

THE PORKER'S RUM BLOSSOM.

He Likes Whiskey and His Nose Shows the Eff of His Indulgence.

Just across the line from Lawrenceburg, Ky., in Mercer county, there is a large distillery, owned by one of that county's most reputable and influential citizens. This man made a discovery a few days since, the like of which was never heard of before.

He has for many years owned a white pig, of the Berkshire variety, which was the pet of the entire family. The pig, instead of staying around the house, made his home constantly in the large whiskey warehouse near by and was fed at this place, never leaving except for a few moments at a time. About three months ago the distiller noticed that the nose of his pet was taking on a crimson hue. He thought rather strangely of this, but didn't give the matter much attention, thinking that possibly the pig's nose had been hurt in some way.

Last Sunday he had occasion to again notice the pig, and discovered that its nose was now perfectly red and it seemed very dry. He at once came to the conclusion, which proved to be true, that the pig was a confirmed drunkard of the worst type. It was a custom at the distillery when a leak was found to place a tin bucket under the barrel or catch the drops as they fell until time could be found to stop the leakage. This whiskey was given to the hands at the warehouse, and they were never in a great hurry to repair the barrel. Knowing that the pig could get whiskey no other way except out of these buckets, he was watched and was seen to go to a bucket and drink at least a quart, after which he would smack his jaws together and utter a dissatisfied grunt.

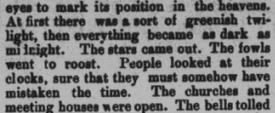
The distiller thinks the hog acquired the whiskey habit by drinking the distillery slop, on which he was fed for a long time. No attempt will be made to break him from the habit.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Presence of Mind.

Arthur Roberts, says Household Words, was once the means of averting a panic in a theater. Some odds and ends of scenery had taken fire, and a very perceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectators. A panic seemed to be imminent, when Mr. Arthur Roberts appeared on the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger—I give you my word of honor there is no danger." The audience did not seem reassured. "Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the necessities of the occasion, "confound it all; do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?" The panic collapsed.

Doors Left Open

by careless people and doors that slam are alike annoying. A desirable device for closing doors without noise, and keeping them closed, is the ECLIPSE CHECK AND SPRING. The sample we have shows that it is simple and durable. Come in and see it.



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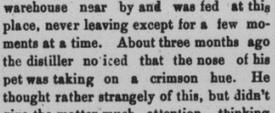
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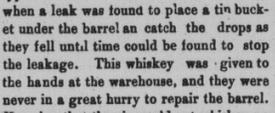
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WANTED.

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Music! Joyous Christmas characters...

Music! Joyous Christmas characters, various choruses, strive in production in a manner that cases has surprised would be intended, well good work of those who effort in furnishing grammes. T. principal singers have all at concert and to give a fair was and how some choirs imposing imposing who are not and where exist now the season for music, steps elaborate such choirs what The music others will Gershon Ma now convalescent out a few illness. Miss Nettie whose voice in concerts here in Boston.

Madame M. tion on her "Romeo and Opera house, every part of Her style of broadened and o better ad the curtain fl. bouquets were every part of beautiful design Jean de from his re the honors of pearance in Juliet." Victor Ma citals at Chic first was held 14th inst, ar Ben Davie to the United March to fill ments.

Mrs. Elaine will shortly Madame I castle in Wa The tenth Boston Sym Music Hall 3, at 2.30 o' uary 4, at 8 Program Overture, "Suite, "Nan Symphony in A Boston the operatic theatre, is to the costumes Box parties Boston, are finish out ar being thro ten persons Mrs. Kee 90th birthd short time a in a perform by Weber k Madame M. Max Al Damrosch the 16th in Lauret, United Sta accompanie Paderewsk Rubinstein equalled playing the the two gre M. Euge tine church next season citals. Sain greatest of The Am linist has concerts. There wi the next of Enderwe England O their friend In 1890 28 years ol men \$18 a \$4,200 a singing so actor.

Musical and Dramatic.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

Music! Yes, plenty of it during the joyous Christmas season but all of a religious character as becomes the times. The various church choirs have each seemed to strive in producing anthems and carols in a manner that would surpass and in some cases has surpassed all previous effort. It would be invidious or would be probably so considered, though not intended, were I to make reference to the good work of any particular choir among those who expended much labor and much effort in furnishing desirable musical programmes. The names of the several principal singers at the different churches who have all at some time or other been heard in concert and whose talent is known ought to give a fair idea of what the church music was and how it was rendered. There are some choirs in not by any means the least imposing religious structures however who are not up to the mark by any means, and wherever this is known to exist now that the New Year and the season for making good resolutions is with us, steps should at once be taken to inaugurate such changes as will make these choirs what they ought to be.

The music lovers of St. John and many others will be pleased to learn that Mr. Gershon Mayes the capable baritone, is now convalescing rapidly. He was able to be out a few days ago, after a very severe illness.

Miss Nettie Fidgeon of the North end, whose voice has given so much pleasure in concerts here is continuing her music in Boston.

Tones and Undertones.

Madame Melba received a perfect ovation on her recent appearance as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Metropolitan Opera house, from an audience that filled every part of the capacious auditorium. Her style of acting it is said has been broadened and vocally she was never heard to better advantage. When called before the curtain floral tributes in wreaths and bouquets were literally showered on her from every part of the house, besides floral pieces beautiful designs.

Jean de Reszke has quite recovered from his recent indisposition and shared the honors of Melba's triumph on her reappearance in the opera of "Romeo and Juliet."

Victor Maurel will give three song recitals at Chickering Hall, New York. The first was held on the 2nd inst, the 7th and 14th inst, are the dates for the other two.

Ben Davies the English tenor will return to the United States in the latter part of March to fill concert and oratorio engagements.

Mrs. Elaine B. Eaton, it is announced, will shortly go to England.

Madame Patti spent Christmas at her castle in Wales.

The tenth rehearsal and concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra took place in Music Hall yesterday afternoon, January 3, at 2.30 o'clock and this evening, January 4, at 8 o'clock.

Programme:
Overture, "La Patrie" Bizet
First time,
Suite, "Namouna" Lalo
First time.

Symphony in B-flat major Volkman
A Boston paper says that William Woolf, the operatic basso of the Castle Square theatre, is to marry Annie Fording who is the costumer of the same house.

Box parties at the Castle Square theatre Boston, are considered the proper thing to finish out an evening reception, three boxes being thrown into one, thus holding eighteen persons.

Mrs. Keeley, the venerable actress whose 90th birthday was celebrated in London a short time ago, sang the "Mermaid's Song" in a performance of "Oberon" conducted by Weber himself in 1826.

Madame Klafsky, the prima donna, and M. Max Alvary tenor, will be with the Damrosch opera company in Chicago on the 16th inst.

Lauret, the violinist, sailed for the United States on the 28th ulto. He is accompanied by his wife.

Paderewski asserts that "Liszt and Rubinstein will never be surpassed or equalled. In the history of pianoforte playing they will be known to posterity as the two great geniuses."

M. Eugene Gigot organist of St. Augustine church in Paris, will visit America next season to give a series of organ recitals. Saint Saens considers him the greatest of living masters of improvising.

The American tour of Rivarde, the violinist has been extended by fifty additional concerts.

There will be a Chinese background to the next opera by DeKoven and Smith.

Paderewski played last week for the New England Conservatory girls and a few of their friends in Boston.

In 1890 Yvette Guilbert, who was then 28 years old, earned at the Concert Parisien \$18 a night. She now earns in Paris \$4,200 a week. And she gains this by singing songs of very unquestionable character.

Paderewski and Campanari will appear with the Symphony orchestra at the Boston theatre, Sunday evening, Jan. 5, in a concert in aid of the family of A. Goldstein, a former member of the Boston Symphony orchestra, who is now in the McLean Insane asylum.

TALK OF THE THEATRE

Markos, mesmerist, magician and wonder worker, closed his season at the Opera house on Wednesday evening last. The exhibitions he gave were of the most clever character, and justly entitle Markos to the high position he holds in the world of magic and mystery. Mr. Markos is making a tour of the provinces and opened in Annapolis following his departure from this city. Other cities and towns in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will be visited, and in each place it will be found that Markos is a man of consummate skill. Miss Sinclair with her special gifts as a mind reader is no less an attraction than the great magician himself.

On Christmas day Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hoyt (Caroline Minkel) were presented with a loving cup by "A Contented Woman" company.

It is currently reported that Madame Rejane is to receive a salary of \$20,000 a year, in Paris.

Minnie Palmers play "A School Girl" is said to be an improved version of the old play entitled "A Little Rebel."

John Hare, the English actor opened in New York last week. A notice of his work says: "He is not a great actor but a remarkably fine one and strange to say, a modest one."

Fanny Davenport took her company on a trip to Niagara Falls at Christmas and gave them a supper at a hotel. The members of her company are devoted to her.

Brander Thomas, out of his share of the profits on "Charley's Aunt" has realized 100,000.

"Modjeska is classed as" one of the few great actresses of the world. "She opened a short engagement at the Boston theatre last Monday evening, appearing in "Mary Stuart."

"The Heart of Maryland" is said to have reached the \$75,000 mark at its fifty-fifth performance.

The one thousandth performance of James A. Herne's play "Shore Acres" was celebrated at the Fifth Avenue theatre New York yesterday evening.

Allan Dale the dramatic critic writes in the New York Journal: "Poor, tempestuous Olga! She will not allow us to believe that she is acting. She insists upon our crediting her with real, bona fide emotion; with wet, trickling tears, and with agony that no make-up can accentuate. Of course this is a foolish proceeding, and according to Coquelin it is a very absurd one. No actress can really sway a multitude unless she is able at the same time to laugh in her sleeves at their grief. And sleeves today are quite large enough to hold any amount of laughter."

For the statue of Sarah Siddons to be erected in London twenty-one sculptors competed. The model selected is by a Frenchman named Chevalier.

Wilton Lackaye is credited with saying that "the reason Miss Olga Nethersole did not pay duty on her imported actors is because they are raw material."

It is said that the new play of the Cadets is to surpass anything they have ever done. There is to be a march, for which the Cadets are famous and a dance of fairies. Mr. C. L. Spofford, the organist, is to have the leading male singing part and Mr. W. S. Hawkins a new comer with a remarkably fine voice is to sing the leading female part. George Davis will be missed; his place will be taken by A. T. L. Drew. The queen of the fairies will be Mr. L. C. Benton, Messrs. Tom Stetson, Courtney Guild, R. D. Ware, R. T. Hunter, R. D. Greene, will be in the cast.

Charles H. Hoyt's next work will be something quite out of his usual line. It is to be a comic opera and will satirize comic opera and the way it is now placed on the stage. It is to be called "A Comic Opera," and the music will be by Richard Stahl.

A pretty, souvenir in the shape of a silver calendar, was given to every lady in the audience at the Bijou theatre on the occasion of the fiftieth performance of "A Night Clerk." The play is being put on by Peter F. Dailey.

Richard Mansfield has recently been assuring the public that henceforth he will not play unless he is guaranteed \$1,000 for each performance.

"A man in love" is the name given to the play written for John Drew by Edward Rose and Anthony Hope.

It is proposed to take a "Trilby" company to Australia and introduce the Laird, Little Billee, etc. to the Antipodeans. It is thought that Edith Crane will allow herself to be "hypnotized" and appear in the title role in that country.

TO BE REMEMBERED.

Words by SARAH K. BOLTON.

Music by GEORGE J. ZOLNAY.

Lento.

There's a year to be re-member'd, When your eyes first look'd in mine, And I felt my heart outreaching Like the

ten-drills of a vine; Then the world grew full of sunshine, And the heaven above seem'd clear, And I hoped with words un-spoken—Need I

tell you, love, the year? There's a day to be re-mem-ber'd, When your lips were press'd to mine, And I

felt my puls-es beating To a meas-ure great, di-vine; It was bliss to lean up-on you, Like a child who, tired with play, Nest-les

close-ly to his moth-er, Need I tell you, love, the day? There's a day to be re-mem-ber'd, When your soul was

pledg'd to mine, And a per-fect sa-tis-fac-tion seem'd lay-be-ing to en-shrine, Love was life, and life was

lov-ing, In that ev-er-bloom-ing May, Two as one hence-forth for ev-er, Need I tell you, love, the day?.....

Chorus.

Copyright, 1894, by The New York Musical Record Co.

Creston Clarke, a young tragedian, will shortly bid for favor in Chicago. He is the son of Asia Booth, sister of Edwin Booth. His father was a prominent English comedian. His repertoire will include "The Fool's Revenge," "Hamlet," "Edgar Allan Poe," "Merchant of Venice," and "Rochelieu."

The San Francisco Cal is not to be flim-flamed by Lillian Lewis as Cleopatra. It says: Indeed, there was something grotesquely modern in a few of Cleopatra's actions; the way, for instance, in which she thumped Mark Antony on his manly back and cried "Good!" when she heard of his victory. From her manner one might have judged Miss Lewis to be saying "Bet yer boots, old pard, you'r no slouch at a fight!" Whenever she made a special point Miss Lewis rose on the tips of her toes, as some of ours do when they give forth a high C in the chest register. It is a trick that the public has learned to endure in return for the high C, but is ill because the dignity of Cleopatra.

Telephone charges in France are to be reduced five cents for a three-minute conversation within a radius of fifteen miles.

Three Bohemians and Their Song.

One day three friends were walking on the boulevards of Paris. All three were young and all three were poor.

"I should like a good breakfast," said one.

"I should like any breakfast," said another, "even if it were not very good."

"And I, also the most simple of breakfasts, so long as it is a breakfast," said the third.

"How much must it cost?" asks the first speaker.

"Two dollars, at least," says No. 2.

"I've got an idea—come along," says No. 3. And all three went to a publisher of music.

"Sir," said the young man with the idea, "we have come to ask you to buy a song, of which this gentleman has written the music and that gentleman the words, and as I am the only one who has a voice I will sing it to you."

The publisher made a wry face, but he said:

"Sing, and I will see." Then he sang.

"It is a very simple ditty," said the publisher, "but as I want a lot of songs for a

cafe chantant which is going to open I will buy it and give you \$3 for it—\$1 apiece."

The three friends looked at each other. They did not expect so much. They took the money and left the manuscript in the publisher's hands in exchange.

And with that \$3 they went to breakfast like three princes of Bohemia, as they were.

Now, the composer of the music was MARIPOSA, the author of the words "Allred de Musset," and the singer Dupret!

As for the song, it took all Paris, and from the cafe chantant it went to the theatre, and to every aristocratic salon in Paris. The publisher made \$10,000 by this song.

The Thanksgiving Day receipts at the Walnut street theatre in Philadelphia with Madame Modjeska as the attraction amounted to \$3426.50. This beats the previous record of the house.

Miss Uptowne—Ho, he! Why is it you bald-headed men like to sit in the front row?" Mr. Bouttown—Because there we have a Eifel Tower hats in front of us.—New York Weekly.

David Belasco the playwright receives something like 2 1/2 per cent royalties on "Too Much Johnson." He saw the play in Paris, secured the manuscript and Gillette did the rest.



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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR

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The circulation of this paper to over 12,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

SIXTEEN PAGES. AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JAN. 4.

NEW YEAR PAST.

Whatever may be the emotions excited by the Ghost of Christmas Past, the resurrection of the customs of New Year Past is a thing not to be desired in this part of the world. There was a time when the day was chiefly notable for the perversion of what had been originally a good enough idea of beginning the year by calling on friends.

All this is past, and nobody would wish its return. It was an abuse, which grew until it reformed itself. Since then there has been a very material change in sentiment in regard to offering liquors to young men, and though New Year calls are still made and wine is still at the disposal of guests, in some houses, there can never be a general revival of the customs of a generation ago.

There are other features of New Year's day in the past which have changed with the times, and in most cases for the better. The present New Year, so far as St. John is concerned, has as bright an any which has come in a long period, and the people welcome 1896 with a confidence that it has much of good promise for them.

WHERE ALL THE PINS GO.

It may be that many of the questions which vex us as to problems in life may have their solution on this side of the grave. One great mystery, for instance, has been as to what becomes of all the needles and pins, which are manufactured each year, sent abroad among the people and yet apparently go out of existence as fully and completely as do the matches which are made only to be burned.

When we reflect that needles are made of steel and that pins are made of steel and brass, it seems incredible that they can thus evaporate and leave no trace behind. That they will not do so when kept in a locked drawer is quite certain, for they have been known to last for years under such conditions and to have undergone no apparent decrease in size or weight.

This weighty problem seems to have engaged the attention of an old gentleman of a scientific bent of mind, who lives in London, England, and having plenty of time at his disposal he has been making some experiments. Having procured several hundred pins, needles, hairpins and the like, he put them on the ground in a quiet corner of his garden, where they were exposed to the air, the dampness and the corroding effects of contact with the earth, but where no housemaid could intrude to carry them off for personal use.

The world should feel very much indebted to this scientific old gentleman for the trouble he has taken to solve a question which has puzzled people ever since pins and needles were invented. The only point not clear about his discovery is that he has failed to show why the disappearance from a garden should require months, when the disappearance from a pin cushion in a bedroom is usually a process of only weeks or days.

EXPRESSION IN INKS.

What is reported to be a coming fad, or craze, is the use of different colored inks to emphasize different sentiments and emotions in letter writing. This does not mean that any letter is wholly written in this or that color, but that half a dozen shades may be used on one page, if necessary.

There are several reasons why the new idea is not likely to become common, and the chief of these is that it involves too much trouble for the average woman. She may commit any sort of an absurdity in the way of using colored note paper, but

when it comes to her having to be particular about pens and ink it is quite another matter. These are things which which woman in the abstract has a supreme disdain. She can take a crippled pen which would make a Hottentot swear, jab it time after time to the bottom of a bottle in which there is a sediment of ink grounds made fluid by the addition of water, and write a letter with a book on her lap for a desk.

She does not think there is anything remarkable about this, and she is mildly surprised when the recipient of her letters complains that her writing is not always easy to read. She is not built to be particular about pens, ink and paper, and no spread of the new fad can ever make her keep half a dozen inkstands and half a dozen pens ready for use at one time.

We fear that dear woman is hardly to be aroused to the opportunity that the new idea seems to offer, while the new woman, who does not come under the designation of dear woman, would look upon the fashion with contempt. As for man, unless he is a very young lover and an amateur, he will take the same view as the new woman.

With the rapid progress made in chromatic printing, however, the day may come when some of the more enterprising newspapers may adopt the idea in a modified form. Some of the United States papers have made attempts in that direction in the past by printing editors in green ink on St. Patrick's day, and in red and blue on other occasions, but the idea of giving special emphasis to editorials by the language of colors has not yet been practiced.

It is probably not a matter of common knowledge that an order of parliament, which has never been revoked, prohibits the celebration of Christmas in England. It is dated the 24 of December, 1652, when puritanism was in the ascendant, and forbids any solemnity in the churches on the day which all the christian world now rejoices to keep.

The London correspondent of the New York Advertiser says that devil worship is gaining ground among cultured people in England, though it has never died out since the days of the Hell Fire Club, which flourished at Brasenose College, Oxford, in the last century.

The postal regulations of the United States are away behind those of Canada in some respects. One of these is that manuscripts for publication are charged letter postage rates. A petition is now in circulation, asking that the rate of one cent for two ounces be allowed as it is on this side of the line.

Would it not be a good idea to tie a string around your finger, so as to remember that 1896 is past and that letters should be dated 1897? With thirty two arrests for drunkenness in Portland, Maine, in one week, recently, there are still some people who assert that prohibition prohibits.

RAMPTON VILLAGE.

[Progress is for sale in Rampton Village, and Hampton station by Messrs. A. & W. Hicks.] Jan. 1.—Mrs. James Fraser, Pictou, N. S., is visiting her son, Rev. D. Fraser. Mrs. Geo. Brown who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. F. S. Creed, Fredericton, has returned.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. Ernest Whittaker, entertained the whist club last Thursday evening. Miss Katy Davis, Mr. C. Travis, Mr. T. McA. Stewart and Mr. Guy Humphreys were home spending the holidays.

Mrs. Gilford F. Jewelling is visiting her daughter Mrs. Whitehead at Woodstock. Miss Nellie Fries who has been visiting friends at Houlton has returned.

Mrs. Clara Stratton is visiting friends at Moncton. Rev. E. A. Warneford, Mrs. Warneford, who have been visiting their son, Rev. U. Warneford, Johnson, Q. Co., has returned.

The many friends of Mr. Robert Barnes, will be pleased to hear of his improving in health. Mr. Bertou C. Foster, Fredericton, spent a few days with his sister, the wife of Rev. Geo. Howard. Rev. Mr. Young spent Christmas with friends in S. John.

Mrs. F. Fairweather, Mr. W. McAvity, and Mr. James D. McAvity, spent a few days with Mr. Charles McAvity. Miss Clara Young, St. John, is visiting Mrs. Earle.

The whist club met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Earle, Thursday and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Whittaker, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. B. Tweedie, Dr. and Mrs. Warneford, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Carvell, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Langstroth, Mrs. E. W. Gass, Miss B. Peters, Miss C. Young, Miss Louise Oddy, Mr. T. A. Peters, Mr. A. W. Hicks, Mr. R. A. March, and Dr. Wetmore.

Mrs. F. Barnard, Houlton, Me., Miss Nellie Goddard, St. John, and R. A. March are visiting the Misses Peters. Miss Flossie Barnes entertained a number of her young friends Thursday evening.

GREENWICH.

Dec. 31.—On Thursday evening last a genuine surprise party took place at the residence of Mrs. Joseph B. Chas. on the 10th of the street, a very enjoyable evening was spent at a party and other remarks were made by the ladies of the party, a very enjoyable evening was spent at a party and other remarks were made by the ladies of the party.

On Christmas morning Miss Jennie Seelye was presented with a handsome writing desk from members of St. Paul's church in appreciation of her services as organist.

On Christmas eve a number of church members met at the residence of Capt. Peatman, and after practicing Christmas music, Mr. Geo. Fowler made a neat speech and presented Mrs. Peatman with a handsome set of silver spoons in appreciation of her services as organist at St. James' church, Mrs. Peatman was utterly taken by surprise, replied in a few well chosen remarks after which refreshments were served, and a pleasant evening enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter have returned to their home in Providence, after spending a few weeks here. They were accompanied by Mr. Millidge Abbott.

Mr. Ralph Fowler of St. John spent Christmas at his home "Edinwood." Miss Edith Belyea expects to keep the school at Oak Point for another term.

Miss Maggie Smith expects to retain the Round Hill school for another term. Miss Jennie Holder also expects to remain at Brown's Flat for another term.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Gorham entertained quite a large family party on Christmas day. Mr. and Mrs. John Smith will entertain a few relatives on New Year's day.

Mr. J. D. Pickett of St. John is spending the holidays at his old home the guest of his parents Rev. D. W. and Mrs. Fickett. Miss Beattie Richards had a narrow escape from drowning on Monday afternoon by skating backwards into a hole in the ice, she was rescued by her brother Duffin, who was skating near her.

ST. GEORGE.

[Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of T. O'Brien.] Dec. 31.—Mr. George Hibbard and daughter, Nellie, of St. Andrews who came to attend the obsequies of the late Mr. Robert Hibbard returned home on Christmas morning.

Mrs. George Hill, Milltown, N. B. Mr. Warren, Williamstown, Vt. and Mr. Arthur O'Neil, Boston are spending the holidays with relatives in town.

The I. O. of Foresters gave their annual entertainment and dance in Court's hall on Thursday evening it was largely attended.

Mrs. A. E. Gillmer gave a small and early on Saturday evening for the pleasure of her grand-daughter, Miss Winifred Dick.

Rev. Mr. Callen, who has filled the presbyterian pulpit so satisfactorily for the last month, left on Monday for Yarmouth, N. S.

Hon. A. H. and Mrs. Gillmor left on Monday afternoon for Ottawa. Mrs. Frederic Bogue intends leaving on Monday to visit friends in Colyton.

[Progress is for sale in Shelburne by Fred Inglis.] Dec. 31.—Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Russell spent the holidays with friends in Newcastle, as did also Mrs. Hamilton.

Mrs. and Miss Copp of Shelburne and Miss Ferguson of Richibucto are the guests of the Misses Lewis. Mr. Smith has gone to Ottawa to spend the vacation.

HAVERCOURT.

Jan. 1.—Miss Mabel Leason of Kingston is visiting at Watkinson cottage. Mrs. Wm. F. Brown, of Richibucto who was visiting here returned some yesterday.

Mrs. (Dr.) Keth who has been so seriously ill was somewhat better today. Her mother Mrs. J. Black and her sister, Miss Anne Black, were summoned on Saturday.

Mrs. Robert J. Morton of Acadieville has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac B. Humphrey for the past few days. The entertainment given by the Havercourt dramatic troupe in the town hall was a decided success in every particular as it well worthy of repetition.

Mrs. John D. Buckley, of Rogersville is visiting Mr. and Mrs. James Buckley. There was a pleasant dinner party at the residence of Mr. Isaac B. Humphrey, among the number being Rev. and Mrs. McConnell and Mrs. Robert J. Morton.

Mrs. James M. Kennedy, postmaster at Adamsville was in Havercourt today. Mrs. W. J. Flowering and Miss Mabel Flowering went to the city today.

Miss Flossie Barnes entertained a number of her young friends to a pleasant party at her mother's residence Norton Villa, on Friday evening.

Mrs. G. W. Currie and Miss Ada Currie who was visiting relatives here left for their home on Tuesday. Miss Kittie Travis of Trasker Institute, Montreal, is spending the holidays with her parents here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Whittaker, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Palmer, and Mr. Joseph T. Knight of St. John spent the holiday yesterday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Langstroth Jr. Miss Frances Prichard gave a party to her many young friends in honor of her cousin Miss Georgie Bissett of Moncton and Miss Nellie Macmillan of St. John on Monday evening at Macmillan's.

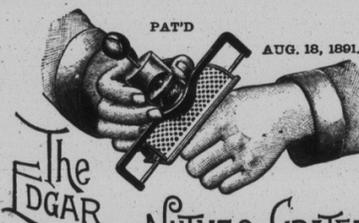
Progressive titles were indulged in. The prizes were captured by the Misses Evans and Barnes, and Messrs McLeod and Flowering. Prof. W. Morley Tweedie is one for the holidays.

Advertisement for 'The Improved' and 'SHER' products, including text like 'It will not very fine. It is Cheap. Please' and 'SHER'.

THE CELEBRATED

The Original **Welcome Soap.** Try It.

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The EDGAR NUTMEG GRATER

The improved Edgar Nutmeg Grater. The only good Nutmeg Grater ever made. It will not clog nor tear the fingers nor drop the nutmeg. It grates the nutmeg very fine. It grates it all up and leaves no pieces. Simple, Durable, Economical and Cheap. Please everybody. For sale by

SHERATON & WHITTAKER.
38 King Street.

One Pound Will Make 200 Cups.



The growth of a whole year of six tea bushes is required to produce one pound of

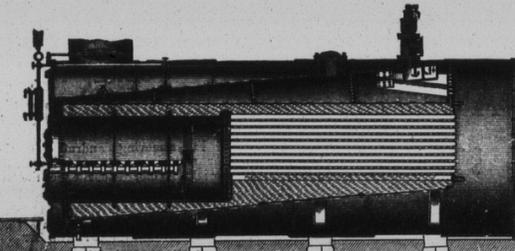
Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea

but so carefully is it manufactured and so rich in its character that one pound brewed according to the directions on the package will make enough liquor to fill two hundred tea cups.

Ram Lal's Tea is Economical. In half pound and pound lead packets.

Gold Label, 50c. Lavender Label, 60c. Green Label 75c.

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MONARCH ECONOMIC BOILERS.

Require No Brickwork, Give Highest Economy.

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FRAGRANT AND CLEANSING



GET BABY'S OWN SOAP

IT'S AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO. MONTREAL

Social and Personal.

While Christmas was not attended with any special festivities, New Year's week was quite gay; there have been many little gatherings that, while exceedingly pleasant, could scarcely be dignified by the name of parties; just quiet little evenings at well known houses, and a great many skating parties when the ice was in good condition. I heard of one or two delightful ones on the lake during the week. Then the New Year calls engrossed society's attention for one whole afternoon, and many calls were made; more is said than on previous New Years.

The great social event of the week however was the ball given by a number of young gentlemen in the assembly rooms on New Year's eve, and a brilliant affair it was, the ladies unanimously agreeing that the gentlemen made excellent entertainers. The arrangements in every particular were quite perfect, and dancing was vigorously kept up to excellent music by Harrison's orchestra, until after 3 a. m., and even then the guests were loath to depart.

The dressing room was crowded long before nine o'clock at which hour the chaperones led the way to the dressing room. Late arrivals are the exception not the rule here and there were only two arrivals after that hour, and these were only a few moments late.

The rooms were not decorated, but after the dancing was in full swing, the scene was a very pretty one, as there were many fresh bright faces, and a large number of new and beautiful gowns; to add to the interest of the occasion, there were two debutantes, Miss Mona Thompson, who looked charmingly bright and graceful in white silk and lace; Miss Mona was chaperoned by her mother, while Miss Constance Vall, the other debutante, was under the chaperonage of Mrs. W. H. Trueman; Miss Vall made an excellent appearance also and was daintily gowned in white silk with quantities of chiffon and white carnations. No doubt both enjoyed their first large party very much.

A part of the supper room was made into a cosy little sitting out place. The supper served at mid night was an excellent one and included cold meats, jellies, creams, ices, cake etc.

As the old year was about to take its departure the lights in the ball room were turned off and the orchestra gone struck twelve; at the first stroke an electrical device showed "1895" in lights on a background of spruce, and at the last stroke this was changed to "1896;" the effect was exceedingly pretty, and the New Year was ushered in with handshaking and good wishes all around. The ball was chaperoned by Mrs. John McMillan, Mrs. Charles N. Skinner, Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, Mrs. Robert Thomson, Mrs. Wm. F. Harrison, Mrs. L. B. Harrison. The gentlemen's committee no doubt feel greatly elated over the success of the ball; on this committee were Mr. Douglas V. Troop, Mr. Thos P. Pugsley, Mr. H. Aubrey Skinner, Mr. Frederick M. Keator, Mr. Alexander McMillan, Mr. Simeon A. Jones, Mr. Frank R. Fairweather, Mr. Wm. F. Harrison, Jr. Mr. James G. Harrison and Mr. Percy W. Thomson.

The following guests accepted invitations, Mr. J. Pope Barrow, Mr. Barrow, Mr. C. J. Coster, Mrs. Coster, Mr. B. C. Grant, Mrs. Grant, Mr. Wm. Green, Mrs. Green, Mr. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. Keltie Jones, Mrs. Jones, Mr. James Jack, Mr. Jack, Mr. W. G. Lawson, Mrs. Lawson, Mr. James Kovatt, Mrs. Kovatt, Mr. Malcolm McKay, M. A. McKay, Mr. Geo G. K. McLeod, Mrs. McLeod, Mr. W. W. McLaughlin, Mrs. McLaughlin, Mr. C. H. Peters Jr. Mrs. Peters, Dr. D. A. Pugsley, Mrs. Pugsley, Mr. A. P. Patterson, Mrs. Patterson, Mr. Stanley Ritchie, Mrs. Ritchie, Mr. F. H. J. Ruel, Mrs. Ruel, Mr. James Stratton, Mrs. Stratton, Mr. F. E. Sturge, Mrs. Sturge, Mr. E. T. Sturdee, Mrs. Sturdee, Mr. H. F. Timmerman, Mrs. Timmerman, Mr. W. H. Trueman, Mrs. Trueman, Mr. J. H. Thomson, Mrs. Thomson, Dr. W. W. White, Mrs. White, Mrs. Lawson, Mr. John McMillan, Mrs. McMillan, Mrs. Charles N. Skinner, Mrs. Skinner, Hon. William Pugsley, Mrs. Pugsley, Mr. H. D. Troop, Mrs. Troop, Mr. Robert Thomson, Mrs. Thomson, Mr. Wm. F. Harrison, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. L. B. Harrison, Miss Adams, Miss Allison, Miss Burpee, Miss Blair, Miss Brock, (Rothsay) Miss Betts, Miss Breedon, Miss Christie, Misses Dunn, Misses Donville, Miss Dyer, Misses Furlong, Miss Forbes, Misses Gilbert, (Rothsay), Miss Gilbert, Miss Harrison, Misses Holden, Miss Hall, Miss Mabel Hanington, Miss Howard, Misses Caverhill-Jones, Miss Jarvis, Miss Allison Jones, Misses Markham, Misses McMillan, Miss McKean, Miss McAvity, Miss Outram, Misses Parks, Misses Pugsley, Miss Raymond, Misses Skinner, Misses Seeley, Miss L. Skinner, Misses Skinner, Miss Georgie Scammell, Miss Florrie Schofield, Miss Bessie Schofield, Miss Travers, Miss Troop, Misses Thomson, Miss Trives, Petticoat, Miss Vroom, Misses Vassie, Miss Constance Vall, Miss Vallance, Misses Walker, Miss Mary Warner, Misses Wiggins, Misses Wright, Miss Hatt, Fredericton, Misses Dalrymple, Fredericton, Miss Burnside, Fredericton, Miss Gordon, Fredericton, Miss Young, Mr. T. E. G. Armstrong, Mr. A. W. Adams, Mr. J. K. Allison, Mr. C. E. Burpee, Mr. C. M. Sotwick, Mr. A. G. Blair, Jr. Mr. W. A. Boyd, Mr. R. H. Brigstocke, Mr. J. Chipman, Mr. George Collinson, Mr. Peter Clin, Mr. F. W. D. Snel, Mr. Charles V. de Bury, Mr. Harry B. Dunn, Mr. H. H. Hays, Mr. W. E. Foster, Mr. S. L. Fairweather, Mr. H. H. Fairweather, Mr. R. B. Fairweather, Mr. B. H. Fairweather, Mr. Freeman, Mr. F. W. Fraser, Mr. Ernest Fellows, London, Mr. Percy Fairweather, Mr. R. H. Gordon, Mr. G. Bentley Gerard, Mr. Walter Gilbert, Mr. George Hart, Mr. R. W. Hanington, Mr. H. H. Hays, Mr. H. H. Hart, Mr. J. Twining Hart, Mr. J. C. Holden, Mr. Charles Hanington, Mr. Percy Hall, Mr. Harry Hall, Mr. Bert Harrison, Mr. George W. Jones, Mr. Fred Jones, Mr. D. R. Jack, Mr. L. Jewett, Mr. J. Gillis Keator, Mr. Thomas Kirkwood, Mr. Frank M. Mausell, Mr. Thomas Murray, Mr. Ralph Markham, Mr. H. H. Maple, Mr. E. McAvity, Mr. J. M. McDonald, Mr. F. C. Macneil, Mr. Wm. McKean, Mr. Wm. Parks, Mr. W. O. Purdy, Mr. H. F. Puddington, Mr. G. D. Purdy, Jr. Mr. G. G. Ruel, Mr. George Robertson, Mr. J. M. Robinson, Jr. Mr. W. Robinson, Mr. John I. Robinson, Mr. J. G. Robins, Dr. Steves, Mr. S. A. Skinner, Mr. Walter Skinner, Mr. H. R. Sturdee, Dr. J. Boyle Travers, Dr. Harry Travers, Mr. F. L. Temple, Mr. C. Mc L. Troop, Mr. F. H. Tippet, Mr. L. P. D. Tiley, Mr. Archie Tibbitts, Fredericton, Mr. E. H. Turnbull, Mr. W. H. Thorne, Mr. A. T. Thorne, Mr. Fred R. Taylor, Mr. H. Vrooms, Dr. E. Dye a Walker, Mr. John Westmore, Mr. West Winstow, Mr. Frank S. White, Mr. John R. Warner, Mr. R. Young, Mr. H. Wright.

Among the many elegant gowns worn the following were noticed particularly:

Mrs. C. N. Skinner, black satin, cardinal flowers.

Mrs. John Thompson, black and white silk, bodice of point de sole, iridescent trimmings and diamonds.

Mrs. John McMillan, black satin, old point lace.

Mrs. Leigh Harrison, grey and pink brocade silk.

Mrs. Robert Thompson, black velvet, point lace.

Mrs. D. A. Pugsley, black satin, jet and lace.

Mrs. Wm. Pugsley, black silk, pink satin, jet trimmings.

Mrs. Wm. F. Harrison, grey satin, cardinal trimmings.

Mrs. Green, pale blue satin, chiffon, pink forget me nots.

Mrs. Stanley Ritchie, pink silk, chiffon over robes.

Mrs. W. H. Trueman, white silk, heliotrope chiffon overdrapes, and violets.

Mrs. Grant, black silk, net, violet and jet.

Mrs. Stratton, pink brocade, jet and violets.

Mrs. W. W. White, grey silk, pink chiffon.

Mrs. Malcolm McKay, plaid silk, green velvet.

Mrs. H. F. Timmerman, white brocade satin chiffon.

Mrs. F. Herbert J. Ruel, black moire, pink silk crepon and sweet peas.

Mrs. Charles Harrison, white brocade silk, diamonds.

Mrs. Ooster, green and black silk.

Miss Constance Vall, a lovely white silk gown, chiffon trimmings and white carnations.

Miss Edith Skinner, heliotrope silk, chiffon trimmings.

Miss Forbes, white and pink brocade silk, smilax and carnations.

Miss Gordon, (Fredericton), white dotted muslin, lace and carnations.

Miss Hatt, white surah, chiffon trimmings.

Miss M. Skinner, pink silk and chiffon.

Miss Vroom, yellow silk, white trimmings.

Miss Mary McMillan, pink silk, white satin ribbons, carnations.

Miss Markham, white silk, chiffon and roses.

Miss Allison Jones, green satin, pearl embroidery.

Miss Gilbert, black grenadine, scarlet poppies.

Miss Furlong, black satin, net overdrapes, point lace.

Miss Blair, pink brocade silk, chiffon trimmings.

Miss Travers, pale green crepon, black satin.

Miss Seely, grey, pale blue velvet and lace trimmings.

Miss Amy Blair, white silk, flowered muslin over dress.

Miss Jennie Hall, black crepon, pale blue satin.

Miss Howard, pink crepon, white satin ribbons.

Miss Troop, cerise gauze over white silk.

Miss Burpee, white satin, royal blue satin and jet trimmings.

Miss Warner, blue silk and chiffon.

Miss Florrie Schofield, cream crepon, white satin shoulder puffs, lace and ribbon.

Miss A. P. Young, pale blue silk, golden brown velvet shoulder puffs and chiffon.

Miss Thompson, cream and old rose silk, amethysts.

Miss Mona Thompson, white silk, lace and pearls.

Miss Ostram, pink silk, pink chiffon and moire ribbons.

Miss Keltie Jones, pale blue silk and lilacs.

Miss Edna Jones, black moire, chiffon bodice.

Miss Vassie, black satin, jet trimmings, diamonds and yellow flowers.

Miss Breedon, cream India silk, lace trimmings.

Miss Betts, black crepon, yellow and blue trimmings and chiffon.

Miss Wiggins, (Windsor), yellow silk, yellow chiffon.

Miss Grace McMillan, pink dotted muslin.

Miss Jennie Vassie, white muslin, lace and pink roses.

Miss Marie Donville, pale blue, and black chiffon.

Miss Isabel Donville, yellow sprigged muslin.

Miss Majorie Holden, white organdie muslin, maize stripes.

Miss Walker, cream silk brocade with old rose, old rose shoulder puffs.

Miss Christie, a beautiful dress of yellow brocade silk, chiffon and pearl trimmings.

Miss Brock, white and pink, pink chiffon.

Miss McAvity, white silk, pearl trimmings.

Miss Wright, yellow silk.

Miss Jarvis, blue silk.

Miss Raymond, yellow bengaline, white lace.

Mrs. Walter H. Trueman's first effort at entertaining was very successful indeed; a charming lady at all times Mrs. Trueman makes a most graceful and entertaining hostess; her tea for four on Thursday afternoon was a very bright and informal affair, and the rooms looked particularly cheerful, with their pretty arrangements of flowers and palms, the day was perfect, and the ladies were all particularly well gowned. Mrs. Trueman was assisted in looking after her guests by Miss Breedon, Miss Constance Vall, Miss Forbes, and Miss Bessie Robertson, all of whom were daintily gowned; among the ladies present were, Mrs. Keltie Jones, Mrs. Alice Wilson, Mrs. H. P. Timmerman, Misses Vassie, Miss Vroom, Misses Parks, Misses Skinner, Miss Burpee, Miss Blair, Misses Tack, Miss Troop, Misses Smith, Miss Travers, Miss Jarvis, Misses Pugsley, Miss Puddington, Miss Stockton, Misses McMillan, Miss Scammell, Misses Donville, Misses Furlong, Miss Forbes, Miss Ellis, Miss Christie, Miss Breedon, Miss Vall, Miss Forbes, Miss Bessie Robertson.

Miss May and Master Harry Harrison entertained a number of their young friends very pleasantly last evening at their home, Mecklenburg terrace. The concert of Bury has a small dance for young people from eight to eleven this evening.

The second dance of the series of assemblies takes place next Thursday evening at the Institute.

The Banj' Harmonie club met with Miss Furlong last Monday evening, and had a pleasant practice. On Monday evening they will meet with Mrs. F. Herbert J. Ruel.

Miss Rick has gone to Ottawa with Mrs. Essen, and will be absent about two weeks.

Miss Dever went to Montreal Monday, and will spend some time there; she will also visit New York before she returns.

Miss Kathleen Furlong has returned from a very pleasant stay in New York.

Miss Gertrude McGhee, the little daughter of Mr. L. J. McGhee of Halifax, is spending the holidays with her aunt Mrs. C. E. L. Jarvis.

Miss Ethel Hatt of Fredericton has been visiting Miss M. Skinner this week.

Mr. Ger-hon Mayes friends will be glad to know that he is much improved and hopes to be out in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Miller of Millerton were visitors to the city this week.

Miss Julia Sayre of Fredericton was here for a short time this week on her way to Charlottetown where she will take charge of the Kindergarten school.

Mr. George Wightman of Bridgewater spent a day or two of last week in the city.

Mr. James Harding of St. John spent last week in Bridgewater.

Miss Baxter of Fredericton has been visiting the city lately.

Miss Mary McLeod of Sackville is visiting relatives here.

Mrs. J. Sheldon of Halifax visited St. John this week.

Mrs. Palmer left the first of the week to join Judge Palmer in Boston.

Baron and Baroness de Mets of New York were among the city's visitors this week.

Mr. A. T. Murchie and Miss Pearl Murchie of St. Stephen were here for a part of the week.

Mr. B. B. Bland who has been ill and confined to his room is much improved, and is able to be up.

The children at the Wiggins orphan asylum had their annual festival on Wednesday evening. A very interesting programme was rendered by the boys, and later on a beautiful Christmas tree was stripped of its many appropriate gifts. The governor on the institution and a large number of friends were present.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Douglas Hays went to Ottawa on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. George Taylor of Woodstock has been visiting the city lately.

Mrs. C. E. Harris and her son, of Boston are visiting St. John.

Mr. Henry S. Villiers and Mr. W. S. Villiers of New York said a short visit to the city this week.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

Granby Rubbers

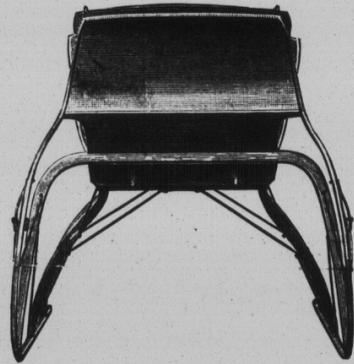
Are out again this season in new styles and in all the new Shoe shapes, right up to date, but with all the same old "wear like iron" quality that has always characterized them because they are honestly made of pure Rubber. Be sure you get Granbys this year.

Trotting Sleighs.

We have the handsomest turnouts, from the family Gladstone to the lightest Trotting Sleighs that are made in the Maritime Provinces.



A Light Trotting Sleigh.



FRONT VIEW OF OUR LIGHT TROTTING SLEIGH.

Send to us for prices and terms for this or any kind of sleigh that you want for business or pleasure.

JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS,
Fredericton, N. B.

Sea Foam

It Floats.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

A Pure White Soap, Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.

ST. JOHN SOAP MFG. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Bisquit Dubouché & Co.

COGNAC.

Shippers of the most FAMOUS Vintages of Brandies.

Ask your Wine Merchant for them.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page)

Mr. J. A. K... of Barre, N. Y. is visit...

Mr. Jack Wisley and his sister Miss Julia Wisley...

Miss Agnes Maher, Main street, is visiting...

Miss Mary Horton of Cambridge Mass is spend...

Miss Edith Purdy, High street is home from...

Mr. Charles Caulton who is pursuing his studies...

Mr. and Mrs. James Miller of Sherbrooke, N. S.,...

Miss Lisa Stockton spent the holidays at her...

Mrs. W. J. Davidson went to Onit, Ont., this...

Mrs. J. MacGregor Grant and Miss Grant sailed...

Mr. and Mrs. David Taylor of Fairville, celebra...

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ketchum of Amherst, who spent...

Mr. J. L. Harris left town last week for Toronto...

Dr. and Mrs. White spent Christmas day with...

Miss Cogswell of Sackville spent the Christmas...

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCully spent Christmas...

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Forden and the Misses...

Mr. and Mrs. A. Mc N. Shaw, of Fredericton...

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Butcher spent Christmas...

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At a later hour on the same evening...

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Lawrence, Hanson street. The ceremony was per...

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Whitaker, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Palmer...

Miss Cella Driscoll is in Sussex visiting Miss...

Mrs. Bourgeois of Shediac who has been spend...

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith and little daughter...

Mr. and Mrs. L. K. McLaren of Digby are spend...

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. McManus spent the holiday in...

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Piano Lumber.

Like a precious stone is valuable in proportion as it is flawless. A perfect piano must have perfect wood, Mr. L. E. N. Pratte, manager for this company...

Not only was the wood selected personally by the Pratte Piano Company's manager, but through all the various processes of transformation in addition to the attention of skilled mechanics it has the personal supervision of Mr. Pratte. This insures unequalled results.

You are invited to our warehouses to see our new instruments. Beginning with this number there will be a series of interesting side on piano makes, all numbered for convenience.

Platte Piano Co. 1676 Notre Dame Street. MONTREAL.

glad to welcome him back to the city. Mr. Duntan is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris.

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of a maid of honor. The groom's present to the bride...

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart of Digby, are the guests of...

Mr. and Mrs. James Marshall, of Clarence enter...

Miss Lucy Foster went to Boston on Saturday.

Mr. Harry Fowler of Kenville who has been spend...

Miss Mabel Fash is the guest of her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Young of St. George, N. B. are...

Miss Jennie Hall is visiting her parents at Middle...

Mr. L. R. Miller, who has been away for some time...

Miss Beattie Crowell of Yarmouth is the guest of...

Miss Mabel Hickerson spent Christmas with her...

Mr. A. W. Fullerton of Digby spent Christmas with...

Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Raggles are visiting friends in...

Mrs. Taylor and Miss A. Taylor of Halifax who have...

A quiet wedding took place on Christmas eve, when...

Miss Rose M. Lawrence is visiting at the home of...

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1896.

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

SOME WHO INTEREST NEW YORK AT THIS SEASON.

Facts About 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith' and John Hare—Some Plays That Have Proved Popular—Marie Studholme and Julia Neilson as Beauties.

New York, Jan. 2.—The first week of the new year is regarded by actors as a sort of half-way house in the dramatic season. Most of the novelties have been tried in New York and been acquitted or found wanting. Sarah Bernhardt is about the only novelty now dawning on the theatrical horizon, and, Great Scott! imagine calling Sarah a novelty. And then, too, I was forgetting Duse. Unless the incomparable Italian falls ill again we shall have her at the Fifth Avenue before very long, and then, with Sarah a little farther up the street at Abbey's, there certainly ought to be some dramatic fun in store. It is a curious fact about these two great actresses that, although from time to time they have been thrown into close proximity, they have never met. In Paris the other day Sarah explained the situation by saying: "I should not really care to meet Mme. Duse; my Italian is so bad." She forgot, however, to say that Mme. Duse speaks excellent French. Duse, on the other hand, never mentions Bernhardt's name. The last time that she was here in America there were two young women who met her in a social way, and made it the business of their life to ascertain whether she had ever seen Bernhardt act. At the end of a fortnight I met one of the girls on the street. "Well," I asked, "have you discovered anything?" "Discovered anything?" she cried, throwing up her hands. "My dear fellow, Mme. Duse is the most vine diplomat I ever met. We have not succeeded in worming a single word out of her with regard to Bernhardt. When you ply her with questions that she does not want to answer, she simply smiles, looks at you out of those great deep eyes of hers, and says nothing."

The Artist's Model a Go.

It seems odd doesn't it that after "The Shop Girl," which is now in the third year London run, should have failed here so signally, and "The Artist's Model," which was only a comparative success on the other side, should come over here and make a distinct success, and make it, too, in spite of the fact that its two principal characters, the Artist and the Model, were indifferently played. The actress in the company who has really raised a turore is little Marie Studholme, who played the part which was created by Lilly Lind. A dainty piece of femininity never stepped upon a New York stage. She has talents, too; sings, well, dances prettily, and acts with a simplicity and daintiness that are positively captivating. Between her and Cissy Fitzgerald, the last English girl who captivated the town, there is just this difference: Cissy was a belle of Bow Bells; Studholme is a Belgravian beauty.

It is the music of "The Artist's model" that is going to make it so popular, however. Don't you remember how the songs from "The Gaiety Girl" were whistled broadcast through the land? Well, "The Song of the Tom Tit," the laughing solo, and two or three of the other numbers are equally catchy. At the first performance the audience was whistling strains from these songs as they made their way out of the theatre. And after all that is the surest and the truest test of the success of a popular song.

Facts About Julia Neilson.

On the same night that Marie Studholme was making her first appearance at the Broadway, across the street at Abbey's New Yorkers were catching their first glimpse of Julia Neilson in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith." For years this actress has been noted as the most beautiful woman on the English stage. She is a perfect Hebe in appearance, and towers several inches above the head of her husband, Fred Terry, who played the part of savings lever in the play. She is a fine actress, but not great in the sense of the word. John Hare, the real star of the occasion, is going to be liked immensely here. Besides being an actor of the first rank, he is, what is much more to the point, the only modest English actor that has ever come to these shores. More than any of his contemporaries, he realized that, after all, it is the thing, not the player. In "Mrs. Ebbesmith" he plays the comparatively unimportant role of an old rake, but he played it with such consummate art and with such entire artistic absorption to the requirements of the role that the audience quickly recognized the artistic work of the actor, who had come to America without any preliminary boasting, and gave him a reception which must have warmed the cockles of his heart.

What Mrs. Ebbesmith's "Shore Acres."

I met Mr. Hare the other evening at a performance of James A. Herne's "Shore Acres." In his quiet and unobtrusive manner, he was most enthusiastic about the play. "It has made me cry," he said, simply. "And when an old actor like myself cries at a theatre, you know there really must be something worth crying about. Seriously, I think that if Mr. Herne were to bring this play to London, it would make an immense success. I believe you call it a Yankee play; but it's really more than that. It's a bit of human nature. When I arrived here I said to Henry Irving: 'Look here, now, I've only two or three free nights in which to go to the theatre. I want to see some real American attractions. What shall I go to?'" "Well," said Irving, "if you'll take my advice you'll go to 'Shore Acres.'" And "The Widow Jones." But, unfortunately "The Widow Jones" had just left town. However, I hear that we run across Miss May Irwin somewhere on the road, and I shall certainly try to see her performance then.

BEAUTY MADE TO ORDER

Facial Defects That Are Now Removed by Art.

No Reason why a Woman who Takes the Right Plan Need Remain Ugly Looking.—The Effect of Steaming and Rubbing the Face—How Actresses Do.

A young woman walked into the office of a masseuse several months ago and said: "I'm so downright ugly that I'm a dismal failure in society. Do you think that you possibly can," with a distressed emphasis on the can, "do anything with me?" The operator, who was the first in America to treat the face with steam, looked at the girl critically, and replied, as she turned her toward the light to get a better view:

"Oh, yes; I can make a handsome woman of you. It will take time and patience however, for your face needs building up." "You talk about my countenance as if it were the side of a mud fence," responded the girl, with a bright smile. She was evidently encouraged. "But what do you mean by building my face up?" she resumed, quite seriously.

"Well, just this," explained the expert. "The cheeks are the only part of the body containing fan muscles, and these frequently cause them to sag, just as yours are doing. Your cheek bones are high, and when the flesh hangs from them, as yours does, you can't expect to look well. Then your complexion is very muddy, and something is wrong with your skin."

"And my neck is so long and skinny that I have to wear collars up under my ears," interrupted the young woman.

"Yes," said the masseuse, soothingly, "but all that can be changed. You mustn't expect me to do it in one operation, but if you'll consent to make a self-sacrifice, I'll make a pretty girl of you by the beginning of next season."

"How will you do it?" she asked, incredulously.

"First of all you must never, under any circumstances, wash your face in water."

"Why, I'd get too dirty if I didn't," exclaimed the customer.

"Not at all. Let me explain. Water does not cleanse the skin, and it is very irritating to the face. Steam your face. I have been in this business for years, and in my time have kept hundreds of women from growing old. I'm between 50 and 60 myself, and I haven't a wrinkle, and of course I'm so busy keeping crows'-feet away from other people's eyes and driving the hard lines back from their mouths that I don't have very much time to attend to my own. Still, you see, I'm pretty smooth and pink and white for my age."

"I should say so," said the girl. "Do you know, I just envy you your complexion."

The operator brought in a dainty china bowl filled with boiling water, well dashed with tincture of benzoin, which is excellent for the skin. She asked the customer to hold her face over it and then enveloped her head and the bowl with a heavy Turkish towel so that no steam could escape. The customer held her face in this position until the operator cried:

"Time's up. I never allow a patient to steam her face for more than five minutes, although many of them get very fond of it and would like to keep it up for a longer time. I learned my profession from a noted physician here who studied it in Paris, and he always contended that if the face was steamed for a longer time than that too much relaxation followed, and experience has taught me that he was right. Don't wipe it off with that," she screamed, as the patient made a dive into her bag for a handkerchief. "It may have microbes on it, and every pore in your face is open now, and I must be sure that everything that touches it is perfectly clean. That's the reason I use a china bowl in steaming the face rather than one of the so-called kettles or steamers invented for the purpose. Now I will wipe off the face with a clean, soft towel, the softest that can be made, and apply some hygienic balm which is made of purely vegetable matter and is perfectly harmless. One of my customers told me that her baby had the croup in the night not long ago and she didn't have a thing in the house to give him, so she rubbed his throat with some of this balm on the inside in a fit of desperation and he was relieved almost instantly."

All the time she was talking she was first rubbing, next kneading, and then patting the balm into the customer's face, using one kind of delt stroke for one part of the face and another for another, but always rubbing up and not down.

"Always use an upward stroke on every part of the face," she advised, for it is generally like a torn-down system—it needs building up. Rub the balm in until it nearly all disappears, for it nourishes the outer cuticle, and that's what is needed in most ugly, rough complexions. And never under any circumstances apply cold cream or any grease containing lard to the face or hands, and beware of vaseline. The former clogs the pores of the skin and

causes roughness, moth patches, and black heads, and the latter produces a growth of hair. Most actresses apply cold cream very liberally before making up, and then come to us to take it off next day. If they would only learn how injurious it is. Lillian Russell makes up beautifully on the stage, and you may be sure that she never smears cold cream on her face, for her complexion is too beautiful when she isn't made up. It is as smooth and soft as a baby's, and it she had been using cold cream or some similar preparation all these years, it would have been dead and rough looking by this time. The balm should be wiped off gently with a soft cloth wrung out in warm water and the face carefully dried again. Now it is wiped off with a cooling, refreshing liquid preparation, and this prevents one from taking cold. After a final drying a little harmless face powder is soothing.

Yes, this treatment is excellent for nervous people. Besides society women and actresses, I have a great many invalids and semi-invalids among my customers. Women who have waited until they are old come to me and expect me to make them young again. I can smooth out a great many wrinkles and lines, but of course I can't make them young again after they are once old, but if they will only come to me before they get old, I will promise to keep them young. Actresses as a rule show age less and have better complexions than any other women. There are two reasons for this. First of all, they do not worry, and next they have their complexions treated several times each week by a competent masseuse. Of course I'm speaking of successful professionals. Society women keep irregular hours, and eat and drink at all times of night and day, and consequently their complexions need a great deal of petting and nourishing. And when it comes to the invalid customers, the good that facial massage does them is most wonderful of all. Only yesterday a woman sent for me to come to her house. She was in such a fever that she couldn't bear to have even her own daughter in the room. I gave her the same treatment that I've given you, and when I left she was chatting very amiably, with her entire family and two friends who had dropped in. Three months ago a mother brought her daughter to me. She was a very pretty girl, but her forehead was so wrinkled that it spoiled her beauty completely. To-day she hasn't a wrinkle, and when she made her debut last week the papers said that she was the prettiest bud of the season.

"Then women with necks too thin and too fat come to have them changed. It's queer, but rubbing and kneading one way develops a part of the body and rubbing and kneading another way reduces that same part. I only massage the face, neck, arms, and hands. I make a specialty of those features. In reducing or developing the neck or bust the patient has to be taught how to breathe and stand properly. Many girls go through life afflicted with scrawny necks and undeveloped busts, simply because they do not know how to breathe. You can't wear a low-necked gown now, but you will be able to soon, for I'm going to make you a plump chest and full throat.

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"First of all you must never, under any circumstances, wash your face in water."

"Why, I'd get too dirty if I didn't," exclaimed the customer.

"Not at all. Let me explain. Water does not cleanse the skin, and it is very irritating to the face. Steam your face. I have been in this business for years, and in my time have kept hundreds of women from growing old. I'm between 50 and 60 myself, and I haven't a wrinkle, and of course I'm so busy keeping crows'-feet away from other people's eyes and driving the hard lines back from their mouths that I don't have very much time to attend to my own. Still, you see, I'm pretty smooth and pink and white for my age."

"I should say so," said the girl. "Do you know, I just envy you your complexion."

The operator brought in a dainty china bowl filled with boiling water, well dashed with tincture of benzoin, which is excellent for the skin. She asked the customer to hold her face over it and then enveloped her head and the bowl with a heavy Turkish towel so that no steam could escape. The customer held her face in this position until the operator cried:

"Time's up. I never allow a patient to steam her face for more than five minutes, although many of them get very fond of it and would like to keep it up for a longer time. I learned my profession from a noted physician here who studied it in Paris, and he always contended that if the face was steamed for a longer time than that too much relaxation followed, and experience has taught me that he was right. Don't wipe it off with that," she screamed, as the patient made a dive into her bag for a handkerchief. "It may have microbes on it, and every pore in your face is open now, and I must be sure that everything that touches it is perfectly clean. That's the reason I use a china bowl in steaming the face rather than one of the so-called kettles or steamers invented for the purpose. Now I will wipe off the face with a clean, soft towel, the softest that can be made, and apply some hygienic balm which is made of purely vegetable matter and is perfectly harmless. One of my customers told me that her baby had the croup in the night not long ago and she didn't have a thing in the house to give him, so she rubbed his throat with some of this balm on the inside in a fit of desperation and he was relieved almost instantly."

All the time she was talking she was first rubbing, next kneading, and then patting the balm into the customer's face, using one kind of delt stroke for one part of the face and another for another, but always rubbing up and not down.

"Always use an upward stroke on every part of the face," she advised, for it is generally like a torn-down system—it needs building up. Rub the balm in until it nearly all disappears, for it nourishes the outer cuticle, and that's what is needed in most ugly, rough complexions. And never under any circumstances apply cold cream or any grease containing lard to the face or hands, and beware of vaseline. The former clogs the pores of the skin and

causes roughness, moth patches, and black heads, and the latter produces a growth of hair. Most actresses apply cold cream very liberally before making up, and then come to us to take it off next day. If they would only learn how injurious it is. Lillian Russell makes up beautifully on the stage, and you may be sure that she never smears cold cream on her face, for her complexion is too beautiful when she isn't made up. It is as smooth and soft as a baby's, and it she had been using cold cream or some similar preparation all these years, it would have been dead and rough looking by this time. The balm should be wiped off gently with a soft cloth wrung out in warm water and the face carefully dried again. Now it is wiped off with a cooling, refreshing liquid preparation, and this prevents one from taking cold. After a final drying a little harmless face powder is soothing.

Yes, this treatment is excellent for nervous people. Besides society women and actresses, I have a great many invalids and semi-invalids among my customers. Women who have waited until they are old come to me and expect me to make them young again. I can smooth out a great many wrinkles and lines, but of course I can't make them young again after they are once old, but if they will only come to me before they get old, I will promise to keep them young. Actresses as a rule show age less and have better complexions than any other women. There are two reasons for this. First of all, they do not worry, and next they have their complexions treated several times each week by a competent masseuse. Of course I'm speaking of successful professionals. Society women keep irregular hours, and eat and drink at all times of night and day, and consequently their complexions need a great deal of petting and nourishing. And when it comes to the invalid customers, the good that facial massage does them is most wonderful of all. Only yesterday a woman sent for me to come to her house. She was in such a fever that she couldn't bear to have even her own daughter in the room. I gave her the same treatment that I've given you, and when I left she was chatting very amiably, with her entire family and two friends who had dropped in. Three months ago a mother brought her daughter to me. She was a very pretty girl, but her forehead was so wrinkled that it spoiled her beauty completely. To-day she hasn't a wrinkle, and when she made her debut last week the papers said that she was the prettiest bud of the season.

"Then women with necks too thin and too fat come to have them changed. It's queer, but rubbing and kneading one way develops a part of the body and rubbing and kneading another way reduces that same part. I only massage the face, neck, arms, and hands. I make a specialty of those features. In reducing or developing the neck or bust the patient has to be taught how to breathe and stand properly. Many girls go through life afflicted with scrawny necks and undeveloped busts, simply because they do not know how to breathe. You can't wear a low-necked gown now, but you will be able to soon, for I'm going to make you a plump chest and full throat.

Boy's Clothing, Youth's Clothing, Men's Clothing.

THE best value in St. John. All New Goods this season. High Class, Ready to wear Clothing at very low prices. All our Clothing looks exactly like custom made goods. You could never tell it was ready made. The Fit, Style, Cut and general appearance is a long way ahead of the ordinary run of Clothing. Quality and good value characterize all our Clothing. Be sure and see our stock of Boy's Suits, Reefers and Ulsters; Youth's Suits, Reefers and Ulsters; Men's Suits, Coats and Vests, Trousers, Overcoats, Ulsters and Waterproof Coats.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

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"Two women happened to come to me one day last spring. One was so full in the bust that she couldn't wear her dresses the least bit low, and besides, as she expressed it, she had the neck of an ox. It was beautifully white, but perfectly shapeless. I went to work on her with steam, balm, and plenty of elbow grease. She told me that the people in the box next to hers at the opera the other night exclaimed as she threw back her cloak: 'What a glorious neck and shoulders that woman has!' The other woman was too thin and brown—her skin reminded me of parchment—to go out in full dress, but she had patience and perseverance, and has been rewarded with a very pretty neck and arms. The way I did it? Steam, balm, and rubbing, just as in the other case, but how I did it, you, for that is the trick of the trade.

Women aren't the only ones who take facial massage. Many men, who are as anxious to keep young as the women, if they would only own it, come in three times a week for treatment. They make the excuse that it is very soothing after a shave, and this is undoubtedly true, but perhaps there is a little vanity mixed up with their love of coomort, too. Of course, they have nothing but their faces treated as a rule. Occasionally a man has his hands massaged. Speaking of hands, that reminds me. A well-kept hand is a great attraction, and every woman should have her hands properly attended to once a week. That is often enough if she looks

after them herself on the other six days. Never cut the nails or the cuticle. File them off, for cutting has the same injurious effect on nails that it has on hair. They should be filed on the same principle that the hair is singed. The cuticle can be kept in good condition by soaking the fingers in warm water and raising it from the nail, and it can be trained to grow back if a person is careful always in drying the hands to push it back on each finger separately with the towel. This takes a little time, but it pays in the long run.

A man who is studying music came to me a year ago. His hands were broad and shapeless, and his fingers short and blunt. I wish you could see them now. It is the hand of a true artist, and every one who hears him play says so. His fingers, taper beautifully, and he stretches three keys over an octave with ease. It is amusing to hear the women go wild over his hands. They little know how I manipulated and massaged, and how he slept with his fingers tied—but that's another trick of the trade.—N. Y. Sun.

THE MEMBER FOR ALGOMA.

Mr. George H. McDouell, M. P., for Algoma Recommends Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—it relieves in 10 to 60 Minutes.

Let no one be surprised at the high character of the testimonials received by the proprietors of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. This medicine merits the best things that can be said of it, for he the trouble Cold in the Head, Catarrh, Hay Fever, or Catarrhal Deafness, relied in so speedily and effectively that it charms all. This is the view of the popular member of the House of Commons for the District of Algoma, who has used this medicine, and does not hesitate to tell the people of Canada of its great worth.

Sample Bottle and Blower sent on receipt of 10cts. in stamps or silver.

S. G. DETCHON, 44 Church st., Toronto.

Bound to See the Joke.

They were talking of phonographs.

"I heard an amusing story about an old farmer the other day," said the commercial traveller.

"Interest always attaches to the doings of the agricultural classes" said the Englishman, hitching up his chair with a look of interest.

"He had just driven into a town with his mules to sell a load of pumpkins and he stopped in front of the phonograph store.

"What air them fellows do in there with spots in their ears?" he asked.

"Those are talking machines," answered a man in the doorway.

"The farmer was a little incredulous, but he finally left his mules and went in. The tubes were placed in his ears, he dropped the nickle in the slot, and a brass band began to play.

"Whos, there!" shouted the rustic, darting out of the store. 'them mules o' mine won't stand no brass band!"

At first the Englishman looked anxious, as if he expected to hear the rest of the story. Then suddenly he burst out laughing.

"Great joke on the mules, eh?" he shouted.

THE COLD SWEAT OF HEART DISEASE

Is Dispelled in 30 Minutes by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

The thousands who suffer from heart disease will understand what is meant by Mrs. Roadhouse, of Willscroft, Ont., when she says: "Cold sweat would stand out in great beads upon my face." With every one who suffers from heart trouble it is a death struggle, for it is hard to say when the cord of life will snap with this disease controlling the system. In the interests of human life, let all who suffer from heart trouble always act promptly, and use a remedy that is effective. Death may easily occur if it is a case simply of experimenting with medicines that are not specially intended to remove the trouble in this direction. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a heart specific, and will give relief within 30 minutes after the first dose is taken and cure permanently, as many have already testified through these columns.

The Blonde's Fast.

There was an angry light in her dark eyes as she paced the floor restlessly. It was a painful discovery for the happy bride of three months—this little packet, endorsed in her husband's handwriting, "July, 1895." And the lock of raven hair—she crushed it fiercely in her hand as she glanced in the mirror at the reflection of her own blonde tresses.

"July, 1895." Why at that time, he

was her devoted admirer, her slave, her deplared and accepted lover!

She sat down and buried her face in her hands. Suddenly she started up joyously. It was all clear to her now. The explanation of the mystery had dawned upon her. In July, 1895, she had been a brunette.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A MARTYR TO RHEUMATISM.

Released From Pain in One Day.

"It is my desire," says Mr. James Kerr, farmer, of Kars, Ont., "to tell for the public good of the great blessing South American Rheumatic Cure has been to my wife. She has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for 25 years; had doctored with all physicians, far and near, but never received perfect relief until she used South American Rheumatic Cure. It banished all pain in one day, and seven bottles cured radically. I think two or three bottles would have been sufficient had it not been for delay in securing medicine. I most cheerfully and freely give this testimony, and strongly recommend sufferers from rheumatism to use this remedy, as I believe it will cure in every case.

Polite to the Last.

They tell of a member of a well-known club that he never, under any circumstances, forgets to be polite. The relations between the gentleman and his wife have been strained for years. Last week matters culminated in a row, which resulted in a separation. When the war of words was at its height the wife cried, bitterly: "Then you love me no longer?" "Madam," replied the husband, with his very best bow. "I have that happiness. Even in that trying moment he knew how to live up to his reputation.—Tit-Bits.

Death Through the Kidneys.

Hardly any organs of the human system play a more vital part than the kidneys. A derangement of these, even to a slight degree, will lead to trouble that is likely, if not promptly treated, to prove fatal. There is only one way for the system to be rid of this disease, and that is by trying a medicine that will act specially and is a specific for kidney disease. This is the strong factor in the great South American Kidney Cure. It is prepared especially for these organs, is radical in its banishment of disease located here, and rich in the healing powers necessary to complete restoration.

An Archbishop's Absent-Mindedness.

A correspondent of The Westminster Gazette, writes: The stories of absent-mindedness which are attracting so much attention at present might be supplemented by the following instance in the life of Archbishop Trench: Dining at home one evening he found fault with the flavor of the soup. Next evening he dined out at a large dinner party. Forgetting for a moment that he was not in his own house, but a guest, he observed across the table to Mrs. Trench, "This soup is, my dear, again a failure."

Economy

is a great

Revenue

That is what the people say who patronize our Dyeing department.

It is not better to have your old clothes made as good as new for a very small sum than pay a large amount for something new? Consider the above and be sure to give us a call.

WE PAY EXPRESSAGE ONE WAY.

UNGAR'S LAUNDRY AND DYE WORKS

25-26 Waterloo St., St. John, N. B.

26-27 Parliament St., St. John, N. B.

A HOMELY ROMANCE.

It was Christmas eve and a holiday air reigned over the old seaport New England town. It had rained the night before, but the weather was now clear and crisp and doing its best to sparkle and shine as a Christmas weather should.

Some small boys about tried to stop him and rescue the spoil, but the dog, who was evidently little more than a puppy, though of such immense size, playfully eluded them, and in another moment had disappeared from sight down one of the numerous alley-ways.

"I shouldn't have cared so much if it had been the cake that was lost," mused Mrs. Herbert. "I didn't have very good luck with that, but the cookies were nice, real crisp, and they were stamped with a flower, and I'm sure would have attracted the young folks, at least."

"Well, it is too bad. I know they were nice, but I guess there'll be enough on the refreshment table without them. We Methodists always have loads left after every supper. The Baptists never have anything but maybe a few oyster crackers or a teenty piece of pie and a bit of bread."

"Well, it's no use crying for spilt milk, anyway, and as we are late already, we must hurry along as fast as we can," said Mrs. Herbert.

When the ladies reached the church the large vestry-room was full of overflowing, and the entertainment which was to precede the fair and supper had commenced. They were obliged to push their way up the aisle to get to the places behind the tables which were already partly spread at the back of the hall, where they proceeded to work as noiselessly as possible, while the audience enjoyed the vocal efforts of the minister's daughter. She was singing with a great deal of spring-like bubble and trill, "Robins Here," which though not at all appropriate to the season, was received with enthusiasm.

"I always did love a brig," sighed her companion looking wistfully toward the rather ghastly-looking man of rigging, which blossomed with lantern midway, and seemed to hold the stars in its meshes at the top.

"Well, I don't like anything that belongs to the sea," said Mrs. Shedd, "so many of my folks have been drowned in it. They were all sea-faring folks. Your husband was a sailor, wasn't he, though he died ashore?"

"Yes," Mrs. Herbert answered briefly, her eyes still fixed on the strange vessel. "I can't say that I don't like to look at a handsome craft like that from a distance, but I don't want to get much nearer to it than I am now," pursued Mrs. Shedd.

"I do," replied Mrs. Herbert. "I'd like to be going away on it. It looks as if it were going to some nice place."

Her companion laughed. "It will have to go through some pretty bad places to get to it, anyway. You don't mean that you'd like to set off to sea in this Christmas weather, really? To be sure, it's mild for Christmas, but we shall catch it by to-morrow or next day, most likely."

"Yes, I really mean it. I'm tired of the work-a-day, hum-drum life I lead. I'm tired of poverty and loneliness, and it seems if I could get aboard some craft like this I could sail away from it. But there, I didn't mean to complain, and it's Christmas eve, too. I'm real ungrateful. Principle folks have been so good to me in the seven years I've lived here, and I do like the place, but I can't help feeling a little blue, sometimes."

"Why, Mary Herbert, I don't know what to make of you. You always look and seem so jolly. Why, you're the very jolliest woman in the neighborhood. I've always said, always ready with a joke, and if you ain't laughing, there's a laugh tucked into the corner of your mouth, all ready to come out. I didn't think you ever had a blue minute."

Mrs. Herbert laughed outright now. "Appearances are often deceitful," she said, and then made haste to change the conversation into another channel.

"I don't know what has set me into such a sorry, sentimental mood today," she thought, hardly hearing her companion who was making some laughing prediction that she would marry a sailor for the second time and sail away as far as she wished. "It wasn't all the sight of the old-fashioned cookies that mother used to make so many years ago. I felt it when I got up in the morning, and it was the old recollections thronging into my mind, that induced me to make them and to run up that old glass daisy plate to stamp them with. He used to say that they tasted twice as good for being so pretty. The cookies will take with the children at the fair. I'm sure, everybody said that mother's receipt was splendid and he—but there, what right have I to be thinking of him. He was probably married long ago, and I am a widow of thirty-five. I won't be so silly."

And she pulled herself together and turned towards Mrs. Shedd who was looking rather amazed, as well as displeased, that her remarks were so entirely unheeded.

"I declare, it's growing even more slippery as we get down along," said that lady. "I never was any hand to keep my feet under me on glare ice. I came just as near going then as could be. I should be sorry to spill everything out of my basket, to say nothing of breaking my limbs. I think we ought to send out an express wagon to collect the supper contributions as the Universalists did last year."

"No, no, that won't do, Mary," he said. "I've noticed you, and last night you won't get away from me so easily again. Didn't you, yourself, confess after it was too late, that it was only a mistake that had separated us, and that you should always care for me more than for anybody else. I lost sight of you for awhile, but I heard that poor Tom Herbert was dead, and went back to the old place in search of you, but all the old folks had gone away, and no one knew where you were. Ever since that time I have been searching for you, but now, thanks to those cookies, your mother's old cookies—I knew no one else but you and she ever made them they just like that—and that mischievous puppy of mine, who never did a good deed before, I've found you at last. Mary, I've got to sail as soon as the wind springs up; perhaps not until early in the morning, and I want you to marry me before I go. I must take you with me."

"John, John what are you thinking of?" she exclaimed with a startled face. But neither of the men heeded that there were edified hearers and spectators about them.

"There isn't anyone else, Mary," he said, falteringly.

"Oh, no, no, but it is so sudden. I couldn't."

"The small boy who was employed as an assistant to the supper committee, returned for a moment to a corner where he turned a silent somersault to give vent to his pent up feelings. The fourteen-year-old girl who was acting in the same capacity, stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth to suppress a giggle. The deacon's wife had turned away for politeness sake, but was hearing every word for all that, and there was the minister's daughter, shorn of her white gloves and wearing a white apron, taking it all in with wonderful astuteness and deepest sympathy."

"What on earth is the reason you can't?" Of course you mean to marry me sometime, don't you? Come, there's no time to be lost; say yes or no."

"Yes," faltered Mrs. Herbert, casting down her eyes, and blushing like a girl.

"Of course, I knew you did. Then why not now. I shan't be back for a year. I'd would be a pretty state of things to leave you here pinning ashore while I sailed off and got drowned, may be, or blown off to the North Pole, and—"

"The captain of the strange brig," was the whisper which ran about the house, and Miss Ida Maud Higgins's effort was not attended to as it should have been considering its merits, especially by the feminine portion of the audience, for the stranger was a handsome man and his manner was somewhat peculiar, too. Even the busy ladies behind the tables arose from their seats to get a glimpse of him, all with the exception of Mrs. Herbert, whose mood was still of a too sentimental, half-fearful sort, to admit of curiosity, and though there was, as usual, a smile tucked into the corner of her rosy mouth, her eyes were softer and less bright than usual, and her round and dimpled cheeks were quite pale. As she afterward confessed, her memory was resisting scores of long ago during the whole evening.

The strange captain did not seem to appreciate the efforts of the Principle Methodist society at entertainment. He looked dreadfully bored, even when the minister's daughter, who looked somehow all in white gloves and spectacles, warbled "All in a Garden Fair," with much expression, and a quartet of young men declared to a forcible accompaniment on the piano, that they could not leave her, though he was moved to smile when an old fisherman by his side remarked in a loud whisper that how they was to settle it was a puzzler, seeing they all felt equally bad about her. And when the minister's daughter again appeared and engaged in a duet on the piano with a small girl who kept losing her place, he sighed wearily, and asked the old fisherman how much longer the entertainment was going to last. But the old man did not know, but he hoped it would soon be over, if they were going to fight the pianer like that. He liked good stirring tunes, but he wanted 'em harsomer. But at length the last selection was recited, the last warbler retired from the stage, the seats were quickly disposed of and the sale and supper commenced in good earnest.

The tall stranger elbowed his way through the crowd to the supper-table, and was immediately accosted by a half dozen more blushing damsels, who invited him to be seated at the table, mentioning hot oyster stew, ice cream, roast turkey and plum pudding, with holiday smiles and most seductive accents.

"Well, not now, not now," said the captain, rather impatiently, as he returned away. "I've got other things in my mind—that is, I'm looking for somebody. I—hang it there!" (the minister's daughter, who thought he looked very distinguished, whooped it her bosom friend who stood beside her, that she was disappointed to hear talk like that) "but can you tell me who made these cookies and where I can find her," and he produced the paper bag which Mrs. Herbert had lost on her way to church, and displayed its contents.

"Why, yes, yes indeed," said Mrs. Shedd, who was presiding over the coffee urn. "It was Mrs. Herbert. She doesn't think she could have very well, now, but you can go in there and speak to her, if you like." And she opened the door of the small ante-room, wondering, as she expressed it afterwards, "why he was so awfully struck on those cookies."

"I hope you'll excuse it, if everything is at sixes and sevens in there," said the good-natured, motherly minister's wife, rather doubtfully, "we've been so busy." But the captain did not heed her. He was already in the room, and was gazing eagerly at the stooping form of Mrs. Herbert, who was trying to mend the not very satisfactory fire. She lifted her face, flushed with the heat, the dimples in her cheeks showing in a merry smile called forth by some remark of jolly Mrs. Deacon Smith, who was also working about the stove. He strode forward with a beaming face. She turned her startled gaze upon him. Their eyes met.

"Mary," he exclaimed, reaching both arms toward her. "The roses died in her cheeks, leaving them pale as ashes, and if it had not been for the support of his arm, she would have fallen. But it was only a momentary weakness. The blood came back to her face in a surging flood. She lifted her head, and tried to push away his supporting arm."

"No, no, that won't do, Mary," he said. "I've noticed you, and last night you won't get away from me so easily again. Didn't you, yourself, confess after it was too late, that it was only a mistake that had separated us, and that you should always care for me more than for anybody else. I lost sight of you for awhile, but I heard that poor Tom Herbert was dead, and went back to the old place in search of you, but all the old folks had gone away, and no one knew where you were. Ever since that time I have been searching for you, but now, thanks to those cookies, your mother's old cookies—I knew no one else but you and she ever made them they just like that—and that mischievous puppy of mine, who never did a good deed before, I've found you at last. Mary, I've got to sail as soon as the wind springs up; perhaps not until early in the morning, and I want you to marry me before I go. I must take you with me."

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"Of course, I knew you did. Then why not now. I shan't be back for a year. I'd would be a pretty state of things to leave you here pinning ashore while I sailed off and got drowned, may be, or blown off to the North Pole, and—"

"The captain of the strange brig," was the whisper which ran about the house, and Miss Ida Maud Higgins's effort was not attended to as it should have been considering its merits, especially by the feminine portion of the audience, for the stranger was a handsome man and his manner was somewhat peculiar, too. Even the busy ladies behind the tables arose from their seats to get a glimpse of him, all with the exception of Mrs. Herbert, whose mood was still of a too sentimental, half-fearful sort, to admit of curiosity, and though there was, as usual, a smile tucked into the corner of her rosy mouth, her eyes were softer and less bright than usual, and her round and dimpled cheeks were quite pale. As she afterward confessed, her memory was resisting scores of long ago during the whole evening.

The strange captain did not seem to appreciate the efforts of the Principle Methodist society at entertainment. He looked dreadfully bored, even when the minister's daughter, who looked somehow all in white gloves and spectacles, warbled "All in a Garden Fair," with much expression, and a quartet of young men declared to a forcible accompaniment on the piano, that they could not leave her, though he was moved to smile when an old fisherman by his side remarked in a loud whisper that how they was to settle it was a puzzler, seeing they all felt equally bad about her. And when the minister's daughter again appeared and engaged in a duet on the piano with a small girl who kept losing her place, he sighed wearily, and asked the old fisherman how much longer the entertainment was going to last. But the old man did not know, but he hoped it would soon be over, if they were going to fight the pianer like that. He liked good stirring tunes, but he wanted 'em harsomer. But at length the last selection was recited, the last warbler retired from the stage, the seats were quickly disposed of and the sale and supper commenced in good earnest.

The tall stranger elbowed his way through the crowd to the supper-table, and was immediately accosted by a half dozen more blushing damsels, who invited him to be seated at the table, mentioning hot oyster stew, ice cream, roast turkey and plum pudding, with holiday smiles and most seductive accents.

"Well, not now, not now," said the captain, rather impatiently, as he returned away. "I've got other things in my mind—that is, I'm looking for somebody. I—hang it there!" (the minister's daughter, who thought he looked very distinguished, whooped it her bosom friend who stood beside her, that she was disappointed to hear talk like that) "but can you tell me who made these cookies and where I can find her," and he produced the paper bag which Mrs. Herbert had lost on her way to church, and displayed its contents.

"Why, yes, yes indeed," said Mrs. Shedd, who was presiding over the coffee urn. "It was Mrs. Herbert. She doesn't think she could have very well, now, but you can go in there and speak to her, if you like." And she opened the door of the small ante-room, wondering, as she expressed it afterwards, "why he was so awfully struck on those cookies."

"I hope you'll excuse it, if everything is at sixes and sevens in there," said the good-natured, motherly minister's wife, rather doubtfully, "we've been so busy." But the captain did not heed her. He was already in the room, and was gazing eagerly at the stooping form of Mrs. Herbert, who was trying to mend the not very satisfactory fire. She lifted her face, flushed with the heat, the dimples in her cheeks showing in a merry smile called forth by some remark of jolly Mrs. Deacon Smith, who was also working about the stove. He strode forward with a beaming face. She turned her startled gaze upon him. Their eyes met.

share of this world's goods, and I'd like to do something to express my thankfulness to the town where I found my old sweetheart, and especially to this society, it—"

"Well, we take pretty good care of our poor here in Principleport—but there is a poor widow only a few doors from here who is very ill, and she is unable to work, herself, having been crippled for years. The son was her only support, and now—"

The captain silently placed a bank note in the clergyman's hand.

"As for the church, there is a debt upon it, which we are trying to wipe out as we can. It is very little, now. We count on this fair to pay all but about one hundred dollars."

His placed another bank note in the clergyman's hand. And then, after mutual thanks and blessings, the company separated, the bride and groom going toward the ship which was at anchor in the harbor, the people to their various homes. It was twelve o'clock, and the usually sleepy-sounding Principleport bells were all clanging merrily in the starlight. The Christmas morn looked down into the thronged street with tender meaning. The dark sea sent forth glints of joyous light.

A throng of the bride's friends escorted her to the tender which was to take her to the ship, and as it moved away from the shore, rowed by two stout sailors, with a "God bless old Principleport," from the captain, a salute was fired from the ship in honor of the bride, for its officers and crew had all got wind of the wedding. The ship sailed away before daylight, but the rosy impression of the romance will live all through the gray, wintry days that benumb the old town, and nearly every girl and matron of the first Methodist society who could possibly obtain it, has at least a piece of one of those fateful Christmas cookies.—Susan Hartley Sweet.

A CASE OF NERVOUS PROSTRATION RESULTING FROM INDIGESTION. THEY say that misery loves company, and they have had it so often it has passed into a proverb. Yet it isn't an all-round truth. Some kinds of misery detest company. They want to be left alone. They hate to be elbowed and questioned and talked to. A wounded dog will always crawl into some retired place by itself. The instinct of badly injured men, after a battle, is the same. Aliments that are mostly fancy, tend to set tongues wagging. But real, genuine and dangerous diseases don't incite to speech. Crises which are big with fate usually come and go in quiet. That is why Mrs. Scuffham had no desire for the society of even her best friends at a certain time she is going to tell us about.

"Up to April, 1891," she writes, "I never knew what it was to be ill. At that time I began to feel that something was amiss with me. I had no relief for my meals, and after eating my chest felt heavy and painful, and my heart would beat and thump as though it meant to leap out of its place. Presently I became so swollen round the waist that I was obliged to unloose my clothing, as I could not bear anything to touch that part of my body."

"Even the lightest food gave me pain; a little fish setting my heart to beating at a great rate. My feet were cold, and cold, clammy sweats would break out all over me, leaving me exhausted and worn out. At night I got no sleep to speak of, and in the morning I felt worse tired than when I went to bed. I also suffered a great deal from my feet being puffed up and sore. I could scarcely get about the house. When I went shopping I had to trudge to the town and back as I could only walk a few yards."

"As time went on I lost my flesh and strength more and more, and gave up hope of ever recovering the precious health I had so sadly lost. I took medicines, and consulted a clever doctor at Derby who examined me and said my heart was weak. He also gave me medicines, but I got only temporary ease from them, and in a short time was as bad as before. All this time I was so nervous and depressed that I had no desire for company. On the contrary, I seemed to want to be alone with my misery. Even a knock at the door frightened me, as though I expected bad news, yet I did not really. My nerves and fancy ran away with my knowledge and judgement. Thousands of women who have suffered in this way will understand what I mean."

"Year after year I remained in this condition, and what I went through I cannot put in words, nor do I wish to try. It will answer the purpose to say that I existed thus for eleven and a half years, as much dead as alive. I spent pounds on pounds in physic, but was not a whit the better for any of it."

"In October, 1892, a book was left at our house, and I read in it of cases like mine being cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup, the chemist, in Normanton Street, Derby, and when I had taken this medicine for a few days, my appetite was better and I had less pain. I kept on taking it, and soon my food agreed with me and I gained strength."

"After this I never looked behind me, but steadily got stronger and stronger. When I had taken three bottles I was quiet like a new woman. All the nervousness had left me, and my heart was sound as a bell. Since then I have enjoyed good health, and all who know me say my recovery is remarkable. I am confident that Mother Seigel's Syrup was the means, in the hands of Providence, of saving my life; and out of gratitude, and in hope of doing good, I freely consent to the publication of this statement. (Signed) (Mrs.) Ann Scuffham, Cooper's Lane, Launceston, Grimsby, May 1st, 1895."

This letter is endorsed by Mr. William J. Tollerton, of the same town, who vouches for the truth of what Mrs. Scuffham has said, as he personally knew of the circumstances of her illness at the time they occurred. No comment can add a jot to the force of this open, candid, and sincere communication. Whoever reads it must needs be moved and convinced by it. The disease which filled this woman's life with pain and misery for nearly twelve years was indigestion or dyspepsia, an ailment sly and cunning as a snake in the grass—and as dangerous. Send for the book of which Mrs. Scuffham speaks, and read the symptoms in order that you may know what it is, and how to deal with it. The book costs you nothing, yet it would be worth buying as if every leaf were hammered gold.

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Sunday Reading.

VISITATIONS FROM GOD.

When the Lord Visits His People It is to Save and Not Destroy.

Rev. C. M. Addison, of Fitchburg, Mass., speaks as follows on this topic:

And there came a great fear on all; and they glorified God, saying that a great prophet is risen up among us, and that God hath visited his people.—Luke vii., 16.

When sorrow and trouble come to us ought we to say of each that it is a visitation from God? That is the common phrase for such things; they are called "visitations."

In the verse I have chosen we find this same word; and in the story in which it occurs we have a chance to see whether Christ would have us agree with the popular idea or not.

The story tells of the bringing to life again of the son of the widow of Nain.

Just outside the gate of the city, between the walls and the cemetery, Jesus was met by the funeral train. A poor mother—a widow—who had been left with an only son had been "visited by God," as her neighbors said. The son had been taken away from her: she was utterly alone. It was one of the saddest of funerals, and clearly "a visitation;" any pious neighbor could see that.

What will Christ, the son of God, say about it? Will he go to the widowed mother and say: "This is a visitation from God; he has punished you severely. You must bear the punishment without questioning, because it is God's will?" No? "When the Lord saw her he had compassion on her, and said unto her: Weep not. And he came and touched the bier, and the bearers stood still. And he said: Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak." Then it was that a strange fear, a holy awe, fell on the crowd of mourners, and they glorified God and said that God had visited his people.

Here was a strange reversal of their thought. That death which they had been saying was God's visitation and God's will was found to be opposite to his will, and the visitation—by the miracle of Christ—was found to be in the raising from the dead, instead of in the killing. It was not God's will that the mother should lose her son, and so, when he visited her in Christ, he gave him back to her again.

It is true that, in the Old Testament, a visitation from God was always a calamity; God interfered to punish. But in the New Testament the word "visitation" is never used, except to denote the love and goodness of God. His coming to save is his only visitation. Those opening words of the hymn "Benedictus," in St. Luke, express the whole teaching of the gospels and epistles: "God hath visited and redeemed his people." He visits to redeem. And so Christ comes to the widow of Nain and says, as clearly as acts can speak: "This death of a young man, a boy in the flower of his youth, is all wrong; it is a terrible evil; let me show you how God would visit you; let me show you what God thinks of death and sorrow and pain. This is what he says by touching the coffin; by turning the mother's grief to joy. It is just the opposite of what they had thought. Evil had visited them before; now God has visited them."

Therefore, I say that to comfort the mourner with the statement that God sends trouble is to offer a medicine that is really a poison; is to give an explanation, at any rate, that does not explain. It is a false humility that will claim every ill as a deserved punishment; it is a foolish sophistry to make believe that evil is a good thing for us, and it is a stultification of our human nature to say we are ignorant, and do not know a thing is evil when we see it. Good may come out of it afterward, but that will depend entirely upon how we use it.

No. Let us believe that God is good. If he is, this superficial mystery is solved by being done away with altogether. Let us be sure that, when God visits his people, it is to save, not to destroy; it is to give health and peace and joy, not pain and worry and tears.

But somebody will say: Are you not saving God's goodness at the expense of his power? If he is so good as not to send evil, why, being all powerful, does he permit it to come? Why does he not wipe it out altogether? A man throws himself over a precipice and is dashed to pieces; an ocean steamer dashes on the rocks in a storm and her passengers are drowned; an epidemic breaks out and destroys thousands of innocent people. Are not all these in accordance with what we call the law of nature? Did not gravitation kill the man, drowning the passengers, and disease the children? I say no. The laws of God—that is, the way God works in nature—are perfect and beneficial; we only suffer when we disobey these.

The drunkard says: "This burning disease, this excruciating agony is God's will," when he is only paying the penalty of disobeying God's law. The mother sends her daughter to a dance lightly clad on a cold night, and when she dies of pneumonia, wonders how God could so visit her. But the truth is, the mother killed the child, not God.

In a certain true sense, whatever befalls us is according to law. God made the law and to break it is to suffer. But God does not come down and deliberately inflict the punishment. The broken law avenges itself; just as when a man recklessly entangles himself in a moving belt in a shop, and gets torn limb from limb. There is no direct intervention of God, no visitation from him to punish the man; the engine relentlessly moves on, and the man is killed. We not only cannot blame God for the accident—we cannot really say that God did it; the law that a man cannot be ground about a shaft with impunity is a good one; if a man is killed, it is his doing, and not God's.

I think these things are true. I think it will be a help to our knowledge of God and to our love for him to consider that, if a brakeman is crushed between two cars, it may be his fault and it may be the fault of the management of the railroad company; but that it can't, in justice, be called a visitation from God. And when we have stopped putting off the blame on God, we may go on to put it where it does belong, and so help the world to be saved from the consequences of recklessness and cupidity.

But there is one more point to be considered. Here we are; here are evil and suffering right in our midst, and we must believe that God is here, too, right in our midst. Lay the blame where we will, we know that death and disaster will come for many a year. If God does not will it, he pities us under it, if he is omnipotent and able to stop it, why does he leave us to suffer?

"The sting of death is sin," i. e., the cause of all the suffering of the world, from Adam to us, lies in the sin of all the world. From Adam's sin to yours and mine. And God is no more the author of sin than he is of suffering. He made us with free wills, capable of doing right and not suffering, but capable also—alas! how well we ought to know it—capable, also, of doing wrong and suffering. It is here, ingrained in our lives—both are here. We are nearly overwhelmed. We cry out to God; but God cannot take back that which he has given us—our freedom to choose. Freely we sinned, freely we must come back to him. Here he is to help; he has sent his Son, that we may know how intimately he is related to us: Immanuel—God with us and in us. He has visited us, he is our Saviour, for he pities us, and wants us, and will have us.

When we see this it is not so hard. Sin and sorrow are here, close to us; but God is nearer. God is fighting on our side against these two, the one cause, and the other effect. And the strange, the divine, thing about it all is that, while he cannot, or he would stultify himself—make all right by a word, he is turning sin's weapons against sin, making the very captives of our salvation perfect through suffering; using that very thing we dread and he hates as the means by which we overcome sin and come to him.

The way of the cross, my dear friends, is God's way of salvation—not the way he would choose, but the way our sins have made him choose—until, as we look at our Saviour, Christ, we see how inevitable it is. Christ, hanging on the cross, because our sins have brought him there, and crying to us, as the captain breaks through the enemies' lines to conquer a way for us. There is no way but this—the way of the cross; take it up and follow me, and bring a victory out of defeat. Beat sin with its own weapons; become perfect like me, through suffering. But believe that God and I shrink from it, even more than you do; even as the child's pain hurts the mother, standing over it, more than it hurts the child. Bear your suffering patiently, then; not because God sends it, but because he sympathizes with you in your hatred of it, and means, by his love, that, if you use it rightly, you may climb to him by it.

The miracle of the widow's son applies to all our sorrows. If you will hold fast to God—you who sorrow, you who, perhaps, like the widow, have lost some one whom you love so much—bear your sorrow proudly, because some day, when the kingdom of heaven comes upon earth, you will see this same Jesus coming to you and laying his hand upon the coffin where your sorrow lies buried still, and will say to you: God did not do this, and he has saved your son alive for you. Young man, I say unto thee, arise; and so shall all our losses be made good, all our pains healed, even all our dead be raised, because God must conquer. Oh how hard we ought to work with him against our sin and the sin of the world, that the glorious victory may come soon!

FREELY YE HAVE RECEIVED.

The Story of two old Fashioned Folks and the Debts of the Boards.

"We're plain, old-fashioned folks, my husband and me, and we're getting along into years. Ezra is past seventy, and I'm so near it there ain't any fun in it—but we're considerable smart and independent yet, and so we live on in our snug little home instead of breaking up and going to live with the children as some folks would."

"There is more than a fifty-yard lot in the place and plenty of fruit trees and vines, and my roses and geraniums are famous, if I do say it, and Ezra keeps things up in good shape outdoors and me the same indoors, which is the natural scriptural way according to my thinking. I never did like women doing men's work, nor men women's for that matter. Ezra does offer to wipe the dishes often, but somehow I can't stand it to see him with one of my big gingham aprons on, and he'd get all spotted up if he didn't put it on, which I'd hate to see even worse, and so, there it is. The children are all married and settled, making a light for a living just as we used to do, and they're all steady, go-to-meeting folks. I'm thankful

to say, and prosperous enough, I guess. Once I was going to have the boys all presidents, and the girls riding in coaches, but now I'm thankful to have them good plain, honest folks. There's nothing like seventy years to take nonsense out of a body!

"Yes; we're fixed so that we don't need to worry if we're keener, and don't go in to no extravagancies, like keeping two fires or having a fit of sickness. We're used to saving and wearing our clothes forever (I've worn my black straw bonnet ten years, just having Miss Armstrong touch it up now and then, and Ezra—I couldn't tell without reckoning when he had his best Sunday coat), but we always pay our pew rent and help support the causes—that's the way we were brought up. But goodness me, how the causes do grow and multiply! Once there was only foreign missions and home missions and the Bible Society and the Tract Society, but now there's the women's boards too, and the freedmen and the old ministers and church extension and the Sunday-school and Y. M. C. A. and W. C. T. U., and the land knows what. Well, of course, we couldn't give only a mite to the old boards, and the only way we can do anything for all these new causes is to keep crowding on a little more load every time—same as the man that got so he could carry an ox just by beginning with it as a calf. Ezra's a tailor, you know, and he always made a fair sort of living in old times, but with great stores full of ready-made clothes and such lots of machinery, it got so that all he could do was to repair and fix over things, and he's a master hand at it, if I do say it. It's something I could help about, and every time there way a new cause I'd say, "Now, I can earn a dollar for that, I guess," and many's the day I've cleaned and patched and pressed till my back was pretty well used up. Somehow, we've always managed to do something for every single one of the causes. I never could sit in church and have a contribution box shoved right before me and not have a nickel to drop in it. Ezra's the same way, only more so. I do believe he'd feel like going right through the floor if he couldn't put something in it. Maybe it's habit; it is, it's a good one, ever so much better than smoking, isn't it? Maybe it's pride; I wouldn't wonder a bit it was in my case, but I ain't going to make myself miserable with what my good old mother used to call "self-examination." It took her a week to get real cheerful after one of those spells of raking herself over the coals, yet she thought it was her bounden duty to do it, at least once in two months. I'm glad we don't have time for it nowadays, for I shouldn't get over it nowhere as quick as mother did! Well, whatever the motive may be, that's the way Ezra and I feel about the causes."

"But what I start to tell you was not about any of these little regular affairs. It's something a great deal bigger. It's how we helped about the debts—foreign and home. We always treat the boards just alike, same as we do the children. We don't believe in debts; that's habit and pride too, maybe—but we don't."

"Ezra's a great reader; I ain't, I couldn't ever seem to get the time when I was young, and now my eyes have given out considerable, and I shall have to wait till kingdom come before I am a scholar, but Ezra's rather read than eat any day. It's been amazing pleasant for me when he had to wait a bit for his dinner or supper. Catch him hurrying or fussing if he could get hold of a book or paper! So, of course, we've got no end of books, histories, and such. Somebody's always giving them to Ezra—old Elder Harris would him his books, you know, and when any of our church folks moves away we're sure to get a fresh stock. We take the 'Church' and the 'Home Missionary,' and 'Women's Work,' and Ezra's sister always sends us the New York 'Observer.' I read of them what I can, but Ezra, he just devours them, and so he is what I call a scholar, and when he talks in prayer meeting folks like to hear him, if I do say it, and he can give illustrations better than lots of ministers. Ezra prays well, too, at meeting and at home, and lives all the time as if he didn't I wouldn't mention the praying. Well, we were thinking and talking a great deal about the debts of the boards, three years ago this summer, and casting about to see what we could do. Of course, I've always had missionary eggs; every fifth egg, is my rule. If the old Jew gave a tenth, pity if the Christians can't give a fifth! And there's my cherry and spruce trees. Some years they've helped me out ever so much; and there's the rest of our spare room, I always set aside part of that; but what was it all among the causes when each wanted an extra effort, and deserved it, too? It's the extras that make the trouble always. What was left for the debts? On our mite box it says, "Freely you have received," and I hope I'm not a stock or a stone not to know that I've had mercies enough! Just to be well and breathe, in California, is a pretty big blessing, Ezra says, when he reads about the cyclones and the sunstrokes and the blizzards back east. But it's when he goes to talking about history that Ezra gets real eloquent. Why, he'll go on by the hour about what the early Christians went through, just to spread the gospel, and the way they crept here and there with their little rolls of Scripture, even across the sea, into England, among the awfulest heathen that ever was, if they were our ancestor; and about the Waldenses and the Huguenots and the Covenanters. I declare for it, when Ezra gets to telling these stories, I feel so worked up, I'm ashamed to think I've had my bonnet done over at all. What do I know about self-denial anyway? But to go back about those debts. We haven't had a bit of new furniture for thirty years. Everything's just what we got when we first came to California. Oh, yes, I did get a new rocking-chair for the front

room after Eliza was married, and I wanted to rent the room. Then, when mother came to live with us, she brought from the old home in Maine the things her mother gave her when she was married—an old cherry desk and an eight-day clock, and a spinning-wheel, if you believe it, a little old-fashioned flax-wheel, spindle, distaff and all. We thought that was a big jibe, but you'll see. We put the wheel up in the loft, and the children used to play with it, though grandma kept a pretty sharp watch to see that they didn't break it. I think she always hoped it would come in fashion to spin our own linen again. After mother died the young folks used to get it down for tableaux and New England kitchens and such things, and once Cora Gillette, the banker's daughter, asked my Eliza if we would sell it, which, of course, Eliza wouldn't let 'em—to sell grandma's wheel, indeed!

"Talking about the debts—if it we had something we could sell," said Ezra, and I just laughed, but he fell to telling about the early Christians living under ground and starving to death till I was sober enough to cry. I always lie awake nights when anything troubles me—foolishest thing in the world to do—and I was lying awake that night, and all at once I thought of the wheel. Of course, I hated to part with it, but what was that to be thinking about such a time as this! So in the morning after Ezra went to the shop I got down the wheel and cleaned it; and I did it and rubbed it till it shone, and then I put on my bonnet and went over to Mrs. Gillette's, who is such a genuine lady that nobody is afraid of her, so I just told her I'd like to sell mother's wheel. Miss Gillette was in the room and she joined right in. "Of course, we want it, mamma," says she, "do send the man right over for it."

"I think I'll step over to Mrs. Johnson's and look at it myself," says her mother, and so she came home with me, and when she came in she sat down, and we had a nice visit. She said right away that she'd take the wheel, and would give me ten dollars for it, which I thought a real good price. Then she says, in her old beautiful way: "Dear Mrs. Johnson, you're not in any trouble I hope, that makes you anxious to sell this wheel?"

"No," says I, "only those board debts."

"Whose debts? What debts?" says she, in a kind of surprised, inquiring voice.

"Board debts," says I, and upon my word, I had to explain it to her, although she's one of our church members, and a most lovely woman, but she never had an Ezra for a husband. Well, when she understood it, her great soft eyes filled with tears and she took out her purse. "Dear Mrs. Johnson," says she, "I didn't offer you half enough for that wheel," and she just made me take twenty dollars.

"It's always Mrs. Gillette's way when she's been doing anything generous to do so as if it was nothing remarkable, and so she began to walk around the room and to look at father and mother's pictures and the old clock and the desk. "You have a fortune in these quaint old things," says she. "People give a great deal for them nowadays, but of course you'll never part with them."

"No, indeed," says I, and I felt almost hurt to have her speak of it, but she caught me and took both my hands in her soft, pretty ones, and kissed me, and said she was more grateful to me than she could tell for the wheel, and for a lesson, and then she went away. Poor thing, she's just crowded to death with her big house, and her help and her company! It's no wonder she hadn't thought about the debts."

"Well, you should have seen Ezra when he came home, and I told him, "Twenty dollars!" says he. "Who'd have thought we could give twenty dollars towards the debt?" We did; I put it in my envelope at our thank-offering meeting with this text, which Ezra found for me: "Thou, O God, has prepared a gift of goodness for the poor." But there was a gift of a hundred dollars that was taken from another envelope with this verse:

"I thank Thee for thy written word, in God: For every sacred line: For ere I thank thee for thy humblest saint, Who daily life doth shine."

A living man, most true, most pure, most sweet. Catch him hurrying or fussing if he could get hold of a book or paper! So, of course, we've got no end of books, histories, and such. Somebody's always giving them to Ezra—old Elder Harris would him his books, you know, and when any of our church folks moves away we're sure to get a fresh stock. We take the 'Church' and the 'Home Missionary,' and 'Women's Work,' and Ezra's sister always sends us the New York 'Observer.' I read of them what I can, but Ezra, he just devours them, and so he is what I call a scholar, and when he talks in prayer meeting folks like to hear him, if I do say it, and he can give illustrations better than lots of ministers. Ezra prays well, too, at meeting and at home, and lives all the time as if he didn't I wouldn't mention the praying. Well, we were thinking and talking a great deal about the debts of the boards, three years ago this summer, and casting about to see what we could do. Of course, I've always had missionary eggs; every fifth egg, is my rule. If the old Jew gave a tenth, pity if the Christians can't give a fifth! And there's my cherry and spruce trees. Some years they've helped me out ever so much; and there's the rest of our spare room, I always set aside part of that; but what was it all among the causes when each wanted an extra effort, and deserved it, too? It's the extras that make the trouble always. What was left for the debts? On our mite box it says, "Freely you have received," and I hope I'm not a stock or a stone not to know that I've had mercies enough! Just to be well and breathe, in California, is a pretty big blessing, Ezra says, when he reads about the cyclones and the sunstrokes and the blizzards back east. But it's when he goes to talking about history that Ezra gets real eloquent. Why, he'll go on by the hour about what the early Christians went through, just to spread the gospel, and the way they crept here and there with their little rolls of Scripture, even across the sea, into England, among the awfulest heathen that ever was, if they were our ancestor; and about the Waldenses and the Huguenots and the Covenanters. I declare for it, when Ezra gets to telling these stories, I feel so worked up, I'm ashamed to think I've had my bonnet done over at all. What do I know about self-denial anyway? But to go back about those debts. We haven't had a bit of new furniture for thirty years. Everything's just what we got when we first came to California. Oh, yes, I did get a new rocking-chair for the front

room after Eliza was married, and I wanted to rent the room. Then, when mother came to live with us, she brought from the old home in Maine the things her mother gave her when she was married—an old cherry desk and an eight-day clock, and a spinning-wheel, if you believe it, a little old-fashioned flax-wheel, spindle, distaff and all. We thought that was a big jibe, but you'll see. We put the wheel up in the loft, and the children used to play with it, though grandma kept a pretty sharp watch to see that they didn't break it. I think she always hoped it would come in fashion to spin our own linen again. After mother died the young folks used to get it down for tableaux and New England kitchens and such things, and once Cora Gillette, the banker's daughter, asked my Eliza if we would sell it, which, of course, Eliza wouldn't let 'em—to sell grandma's wheel, indeed!

"Talking about the debts—if it we had something we could sell," said Ezra, and I just laughed, but he fell to telling about the early Christians living under ground and starving to death till I was sober enough to cry. I always lie awake nights when anything troubles me—foolishest thing in the world to do—and I was lying awake that night, and all at once I thought of the wheel. Of course, I hated to part with it, but what was that to be thinking about such a time as this! So in the morning after Ezra went to the shop I got down the wheel and cleaned it; and I did it and rubbed it till it shone, and then I put on my bonnet and went over to Mrs. Gillette's, who is such a genuine lady that nobody is afraid of her, so I just told her I'd like to sell mother's wheel. Miss Gillette was in the room and she joined right in. "Of course, we want it, mamma," says she, "do send the man right over for it."

"I think I'll step over to Mrs. Johnson's and look at it myself," says her mother, and so she came home with me, and when she came in she sat down, and we had a nice visit. She said right away that she'd take the wheel, and would give me ten dollars for it, which I thought a real good price. Then she says, in her old beautiful way: "Dear Mrs. Johnson, you're not in any trouble I hope, that makes you anxious to sell this wheel?"

"No," says I, "only those board debts."

"Whose debts? What debts?" says she, in a kind of surprised, inquiring voice.

"Board debts," says I, and upon my word, I had to explain it to her, although she's one of our church members, and a most lovely woman, but she never had an Ezra for a husband. Well, when she understood it, her great soft eyes filled with tears and she took out her purse. "Dear Mrs. Johnson," says she, "I didn't offer you half enough for that wheel," and she just made me take twenty dollars.

"It's always Mrs. Gillette's way when she's been doing anything generous to do so as if it was nothing remarkable, and so she began to walk around the room and to look at father and mother's pictures and the old clock and the desk. "You have a fortune in these quaint old things," says she. "People give a great deal for them nowadays, but of course you'll never part with them."

"No, indeed," says I, and I felt almost hurt to have her speak of it, but she caught me and took both my hands in her soft, pretty ones, and kissed me, and said she was more grateful to me than she could tell for the wheel, and for a lesson, and then she went away. Poor thing, she's just crowded to death with her big house, and her help and her company! It's no wonder she hadn't thought about the debts."

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he same thing, till even Mr. Gillette, who never goes to church, would hear it. Who knows?—New York (Observer).

Legend of the Holy Family.

The poetry of the old Christian legends, though only poetry, rises to a more adequate expression of a mystery so transcendent than any cold recapitulation of the simple narrative. "It happened," says one of these, "that, as Mary and Joseph were going toward Bethlehem, the time came that Jesus should be born, and Joseph led her to a cave by the wayside, into which the light never entered, and, leaving her there, hurried into Bethlehem for help. But, as she entered it, beams as if from the sun forthwith filled it with brightness, and continued to do so while she remained in it. In this cave the child was born, and angels were round about and worshipped the babe, singing 'Glory to God in the highest heavens, and on earth peace and good will to men.' Meanwhile Joseph was hurrying on after help, and when he looked up to heaven he saw that the pole of the heavens stood still and the birds of the air stopped in the midst of their flight, and the sky was darkened. And, looking on the earth, he saw a dish full of food prepared for workmen who were sitting round it; but though their hands were in the dish to eat those who had them there did not move them, nor did those who were already lifting their hands to their mouths; but the faces of all were turned upward. And he saw sheep which were being driven along; but they stood still, and when the shepherd lifted his staff to make them go on it remained lifted. And he came to a spring and saw the goats with their mouths touching the water, but they did not drink, but were under a spell, for all nature was at a pause."—Cunningham Geikie.

The Shepherds in Judea.

It is easy for any one familiar with the life of Judea now to picture the scene of that memorable night, near the old town of Bethlehem. Night has fallen darkly over all the wilderness, blotting out the landscape, save only the dim outline of Moab on the distant horizon, but revealing the full splendors of the Syrian sky. The wide reaching stillness is broken only by voices of beasts of prey, and the lights of the village, glimmering from behind the olives on the hill to westward, might almost be mistaken for the gleaming of their eyes. The wearied sheep, gathered together and numbered, lie still, in quiet confidence beside their shaggy canine guardians, their masters sleeping lightly in their midst, or under a neighboring tree. Alarm at night was no new thing to them, ever ready as they were to grasp their clubs and rally forth against their wandering foes. But we can imagine with what amazement they would spring up and gaze and listen, when all the sky was filled with a burst of heavenly splendor and the air throbbled around them with the strains of unearthly music.—W. Ewing.

The Incarnation.

The great wonder of the incarnation is that the son of man could so empty himself of attributes and powers as to be born a babe. We find it hard to empty a pocket for him. He empties himself for us. A full pocket may represent the toil, the out-goes of self for a day or a year. We can do that. But who would consent to be emptied

of faculties? Who would give up memory, power of thought, come to a babe's conditions, and slowly creep in a babe's way toward manhood? It was necessary, I were vain to tell man in words that he could have power to become a son of God be a partaker of the divine nature. That would make no impression on man's hopeless despair. It must be shown in actual process, under the most unfavorable circumstances. The passage from the lowliest to the highest must be made by one, in order to be followed by millions in all ages and lands.—Bishop Warren.

Seeking the Love of God.

Do you want to have love for the children of God overflowing outside your own little circle; to be set on fire with love; that the self-sacrificing love of Jesus may take possession of you, so that you may learn to bear and forbear, with the long-suffering, gentleness, tenderness, the very meekness of Christ, so that you may move about as the helper and servant of all. Do you long for this? Child of God, you need to be filled with the Spirit; cry for it, claim it, rest on it. The Spirit is the Spirit of God's love, the crucified love of Jesus. Receive the Holy Ghost, and the love of God will be shed abroad in your heart's, never to be taken away.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

Advice to young Men.

I received a letter from a lad, asking me to find him an easy berth. To this I replied: "You can not be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships, shops, and merchandise; abhor politics, don't practice medicine; be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither be a soldier nor a sailor. Don't work. Don't study. Don't think. None of these are easy. O my son! You have come into a hard world. I know of only one easy place in it, and that is the grave."—Henry Ward Beecher.

A Message From God.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." Prov. 31, 30.

HIS FACE WAS A MASS OF BLOTCHES.

But now his Skin is Clear as a year Old Babe's.

Scott's Saraparilla his Salvation.

Nothing blights existence like the knowledge that our appearance is repellent to those with whom we come in contact, nor is there any relief like that of feeling that the disfiguring causes have been removed. Says Mr. William Alger: My face on one side was a mass of blotches, some of which were constantly full of matter. I run a bake shop, doing my own work, but my face got so bad that customers drifted away. Then I hired a man and went to a doctor. He said my blood was in a horrible condition. I sold my business and moved to the city where Scott's Saraparilla was recommended to me. The first bottle did me much good, and after taking five bottles my skin is as clear as possible, and not a sign of my previous disfigurement. I say Scott's Saraparilla is the best blood medicine going and an speaking from experience. Pimples, blotches, boils ulcers and all diseases arising from vital exhaustion and impure blood are radically cured by Scott's Saraparilla, a concentrated compound of the finest medicines ever known. Your druggist has it at \$1. But get Scott's. The kind that cures.

NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

PATERFERE TALKS OF POETS AND THEIR ROBERT WORKS.

Some illustrations of the Hom... in which Dr. Leggett talks of Delight—In MacCaren and His Writings—Imperial Federation Not Near at Hand.

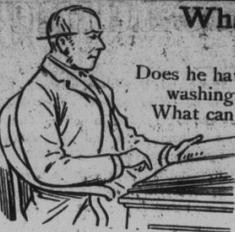
Ian MacLaren—God bless him! We read him, and whole acres of nightmare that have grown up out of the mephitic literature that has of late fallen to us, get sun and ozone. The black vapors curl and depart. No need of any minister preaching while he can write so; this is his most effective ministrations. No need of tacking on any moral label, for the verdict of the instinctive soul is—This is just, this is fair; O would that I might answer to this! What good homely sense, what sonorous humor, what tender pathetic touches are here! Come! let us move to Drumtochty, and never hear about any other people! "Domestic," Margot Howe, Donald Mensies Luchlan Campbell, "John," "Bornbrae," Mrs. MacFayden, William MacLure, and the rest, are good enough folk for us. Well, really, the world looks a little better to us when we have seen it from the Scotch hill-top, if it is any place near Drumtochty. This is the style of a man who writes out of a warm heart and a rich experience, albeit with much clearness. What point and penetration, with never a flavor of cynicism! What passages burning out of the blue, clear as a star! "The dogs who never cast off nor forget, were bidding her welcome with short joyous yelps of delight, and she could hear her father feeling for the latch." "The Gaelic... it is the best of all languages for loving. There are fifty words for darling, and my father will be calling me every one." "Am thinking our Father didna comfort us witho' expectin' that we wud comfort other folk."

In 1887 a volume of poems came from the publishing house of John B. Alden, N. Y., entitled, "A Sheaf of Song," by Benjamin F. Leggett, bearing upon its title-page the motto from Chaucer,—"Taket h the frunt and let the chaf be stille." If indeed the complaint of too great leafiness, urged by Scott against Mrs. Hemans, can be true of our author, as perhaps it is true of many, still there are many rich clusters that do not disappoint the seeking eye. We had occasion then to speak of what pleased us,—notably of such pieces as "Capri," "Burns' Birthday," "In Camp," "In Springtime," "At Cedarcroft," "April Days," "Dickens in Westminster Abbey," etc. respecting which we have yet no reason to change our opinion. Two years since we published a descriptive poem, on the destruction of Pompeii, called the "City of Doom," and now, just before the holiday season, we have another book, in veritable holiday garb, white and blue, with gold lettering,—from the Reburn Book Co., N. Y., with the prepossessing title, "An Idyl of Lake George, and Other Poems" which to the lover of scenic poetry, infused with sentiment, carefully and harmoniously wrought, cannot fail to be pleasing. Dr. Leggett's qualities are so obvious that they can be better exemplified by a few fit selections than in any other way. Here are a few stanzas from "The Idyl," describing a thunder-squall passing over the lake: A breathless silence deep and strange! Then lightning leaps from rifted folds; In sudden crash, from range to range, The long reverberation rolls. After the distant thunders call: The sunset and the darkness cease, And from Fort George's ruined wall The robin pipes his song of peace. What an outlook we get from the top of Black Mountain! After the misty mountains piled: The Adirondack soaring free, The dark Green ran on lone and wild, The Catehuin looking toward the sea. Far off the dreaming water lie, While cascades leap in snowy foam; Lake Champlain mirrors cloud and sky, The Hudson seeks his ocean home. Yet from this vision fair and sweet, From glowing river winding on, We turn a favored scene to greet—Saint Sacrament—Lake Hopewell! How well the crystal Beauty lies! In winding curves 'mid alps of ice She keeps the name of the lakes, And threads her placid dream, and smiles.

There distant stands the mountain band, Here crowds to watch each sunny gleam; And to the peaks of Fairland! Where thrice a hundred islands dream. The mountains to the waters lean, The mountains never to end fro, The magic islands hang between The sky above—the sky below. Such airy green hath all the land— Such lullaby deep the crystal tide; As though some touch of fairy wand Had thrown Aladdin's windows wide. One reason for his enthusiasm is that these are home-scenes the poet describes, whereby they own a double charm. He was born and reared in the midst of this beautiful north of the state of New York, just on the borders of the Adirondack country, which he fondly and finely celebrates in over a dozen pieces, under a general title, of which "The Indian Plume," "A Day Dream," "Under The Pines," "Wood-Paths," "Mill Brook," "After Harvest," and "An Invitation" are among the best. He describes the home-garden in some stanzas that have become deservedly popular: Though airy grace of summer all the quiet landscape fills My life fancy wanders far beyond the breezy hills: I hear the song of trilling birds among the trees at noon, The whisper of the summer wind across the bladed corn; Where shadows lie and lie on the larches, solemn croon, I hear the merry music of the mellow horn at noon, And the echoes leap and linger, then drift and drift away, Down the valley of my childhood where the sunshine falls today. The honey-bees are droning in the pollen dusted bells, In quest of treasured sweetness for their hidden waxen cells; The roses and the violets in beauty are about Within the little garden where the scarlet poppies grow; The sunflower and the marigold are lighting up the gloom, The hollyhock is idling there—a very tramp of bloom; White tulips lift their beakers up and pledge in ruddy wine The dear old home forever where the morning-glories twine. We have pictures of the homestead itself: 'Mid the trees the farm-house gables Showed above the winding stream; Woodbine climbed the walls of brown, Up the broad roof sloping down; And the old barn and the stables— Swallows nesting in the gables— All enfolded in the silence like a dream. The scenes around it are depicted in "A Daydream": How fair the quiet valley sleeps, Walled in by hills of green, O'er arched by cloudless azure deeps And clad in Summer's sheen. The crooning of the sombre pine, The poplar leaves at play, The cricket's song at day's decline, Are in the air today. The wild duck's note, the bittern's cry, In startled tones of fear, The lonely whip-poor-will's reply, Are ringing in mine ear. Across the valley-pastures green, In long and spectral lines, Is laid the shadow's woven screen From needles of the pines. Above the wood-path climb the hills Whose slopes are green with moss,— Below the alders fringe the rills Where foam and laughter toss. In ample chorus, clear and strong, Sweet nature's voices come, And in the pauses of the song The partridge beats his drum. Within the forest glades of gloom Her song the wood-thrush sings, And o'er the meadow's waving bloom The whir of restless wings. The winding road again I trace, From uplands leading down, From lichen-spotted rocks that grace The hillside pastures brown. Far off the warden mountains keep Their camp against the sky, While in their purple vales asleep The folded shadows lie. Afar the bannered mists have blown Across the hills of song, Where Murray lifts his snowy cone Above the purple throng. Low in the valley ringed with moss, The marsh with vines o'er-run, Around the fire whose shadows cross The lances of the sun. The thronging lilies by its rim A white still-life lie, And swallows o'er its crystal skim And steel-blue dragon flies. Above the lowland balsam spires And sweet-torn oases of gray, The clearing, where the forest fires Have swept its pride away. Swift Nature heals the smitten land With blackberry vines o'er-run, And children throng where charred trunks stand For largess of the sun. And here, with moss-wood from the glade, And pine bark peeled and rolled, Our rustic berry pails were made For truttage manifold. Dr. Leggett returns, from year to year, to the old place, or its neighborhood, for his summer vacation and pitches his tent in some leafy rightly place high on the mountain-side. It is a heartsome "Invitation" he sends to a friend in the city, bidding him to his delectable elevation: Come, camp within the shadows here beside the mountain stream,— 'Tis Summer time, and lazy times, and just the time to dream: Such raptures here will find you within the woodlands sweet— A mossy stone your pillow and the ripples at your feet! Ah! the glory of the mountains and the valleys lying still, Till the morning tripping downward from the moon-tains and the hill, In the beauty of the roses and the freshness of the dew, Lifts the curtains of the darkness and lets the glory through; Then touches with her fingers all the drowsy, feat her tread through, And of what tides of melody through all the tops of song!

Come, climb the hills with me, O friend! and view the goodly land, The shining waters gleaming far, the purple moon in the sky; Lift up your eyes and look afar the misty vapors through, And lo! the tents of mountain-land are pitched against the blue! There lies the fair Oneco, already known to fame,— Not by its Indian title, but by its pale-face name,— The fairy tales of Brant Lake and the winding shores of Loon. The purple hills that walk about the classic Lake of Schrono; And over all the warden host—the mighty mountain wall— Tahawentis his granite crown, the monarch of them all. Our poet is a man of gentle heart, and of so fraternal a spirit as to attract many to him. A section of the present volume is made up of addresses, which must have been delightful to receive. We note the names of Thomas C. Lutto, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Ralph H. Shaw, George Gary Bush, John D. Ross,—and there are others. He has been an enthusiastic traveler; having, in company with his friend, Prof. Bush, tramped through Switzerland on foot, which tramp he has described in a volume of delightful prose. Traces of his pilgrim staff and scalloped shell are found in this as well as his earlier book, in such titles as "Auld Kirk Alloway," "At Gad's Hill," "The City of Doom," and the sonnet, "In Ravenna," with which we close these extracts: In dreadful mood, while life breezes play Across the wheat, and cherry blossoms fly Like sifted snow-flakes from an azure sky, Through far Ravenna's grass-grown streets I stray— A rugged throng hedge up the narrow way— Gaunt forms of woe with ever outstretched palms, And scowling shrines where good men kneel to pray. 'Friend's Lake. The old Cathedral lifts its crumbling walls Where Art has wrought her grand immortal dream, And Roman queens he still in dusky gloom:— Then through the cloud-rack sunset splendor falls, Transfiguring earth with such wondrous gleam As warms the dust in Dante's marble tomb. Dr. Leggett is a teacher, who resides in Ward, Delaware county, Pennsylvania. He has a gifted daughter who is rapidly acquiring a reputation as a writer of prose sketches and stories. "The Idyl" etc. is dedicated to a brother poet Wallace Bruce. Principal Grant has been contributing to The Week a series of able articles bearing on the question of Imperial Federation, of which he is an ardent advocate. Hon. J. W. Longley, in the current number, commends his zeal and ability, but deems all such labor useless. He says: To bring those great English-speaking Commonwealths together, and give all an equal voice in the Empire and make every one of them willing contributors to its resources would strike an ordinary person as the greatest thing which the British people could do, a scheme to rest and magnificent in conception that all other state craft would seem paltry and commonplace beside it. But, frankly, this is just what the people of the British Islands would not do. I spent nearly three months in England last Summer, with occasional visits to Scotland and Ireland. I met here men in the political, literary, and social world; I exchanged ideas with colonial representatives in London, but I did not find a responsible man in England who would regard as practicable or possible a proposition that Canada and Australia should have representation according to numbers in the Imperial Parliament, and be allowed to have a share in the administration of national affairs. It is not too much to say that no people on the globe are more jealous of outside interference in their national affairs. Nor is it intended as a reproach when the declaration is made that the English, above all races, have the most absolute confidence in their ability to work out their own destiny amidst a Europe by this very quality has been among the most potent causes of their wonderful success at a race and nation. We have no doubt of the correctness of Mr. Longley's showing, that, at the present moment, if Canada were prepared for imperial unity, or anxious for it, England would refuse to entertain such a project for one serious moment. Nor have we any doubt that Principal Grant is as well aware of this as any other can be; while still he deems it profitable to train the public political mind in the only loyal way into which he sees it may be trained. England deems herself able to care for her rights, and disdain outside interference. But Canada and Australia have rights for which they must care, a destiny for which provision must be made. The labors of the Imperial Federationist, if not issuing in that ultimate result may tend to no uncertain issue. The British public spirit and judgement, in the course of time, and with a better knowledge of Colonial life, may change; and indeed they must be changed, or... Dr. Kingford's History of Canada, of which we deem ourselves fortunate in possessing several volumes, progresses to the close; Volume VIII having recently been published, and approved the best of all. It deals with the middle period, the epoch of war with the United States, [1812-15], and is the work of a most painstaking, judicious writer. It should be in every well selected Canadian library. For all the abortive attempts at a Canadian periodical literature, there is an enterprise in that direction that speaks hopefully for the intellectual life and the growing spirit of our people. Several new ones are now in existence, which promise to endure, and are certainly worthy of extended patronage. The Canadian Magazine, for December containing the product of some of Canada's most gifted pens, and we find in the names of Charles G. D. Roberts, Dr. Bourinot, J. M. Lemoine, W. W. Campbell, J. Castell Hopkins, and others, the incentive to read on to the last page. We trust the future of this periodical will be a bright one.

Where is the name of Charles Sangs... when any list of Canadian verse-makers is made up? We should write it very near the first; but to admit it not at all smites as an injustice. He surely once had his place, was known and admired; and there is a wild forest-music in his verse, as there was pathos in his history. It struck us painfully, when turning the pages of Stedman's Victorian Anthology, in the appropriate department, to find it not there. Surely it cannot be said of the author of "Brook," the "Song For Canada," "The Rapid," etc., that he was destitute of poetic ability, and that he is unworthy of continued remembrance. Yet it is hard to understand his exclusion from any representative list except upon the supposition that the compiler depreciates him. PATERFERE. OLD TIME BEAR'S OIL. In these Days Its Place Is Supplied by More Modern Remedies. Bear's oil or bear's grease was at one time a standard household remedy in cases of aches, pains, or bruises of any kind says the N. Y. Sun. Nowadays, bear's oil, the ordinary rendered fat of the bear, has been supplanted by the many patent liniments on the market. Its use in cities is almost obsolete, and apothecaries have for the past ten or twelve years ceased to carry it in stock, as the call for the article has so diminished as to render its immediate sale extremely doubtful, and the genuine bear's oil or grease soon becomes rancid, in spite of all efforts to prevent it, owing to the large amount of albuminous matter it contains. The reputation of the article which fulfilled the purpose of both ointment and liniment, according to the temperature at which it was used, was great among the Indians. The athletic members of the tribe, before participating in games, anointed themselves with the oil, rubbing it well into the joints, and believed that it rendered them more lithe and agile. The Indian wrestlers were especially devoted to its use, and one of the chief elements of their training consisted in being well rubbed with the unctuous matter for a week or two preceding the match. It was also used to heal bruises and to reduce the inflammation caused by the bites and stings of insects. The early settlers had as high an opinion of it as the Indians, and few were the bears killed by them from which the fat which lay directly between the flesh and the hide was not extracted. Nearly all the older member of the present generation will remember the stubby round bottles upon which was printed the picture of a bear, and which were resorted to after little accidents. The increasing scarcity of bears gradually forced the pharmacists to substitute other matter for the real bear's oil, which became very expensive, and under the label of the bear many imitations of the genuine article were sold. The United States Dispensary, edition of 1864, makes note of this. It says: "Castor oil is much employed in the preparation of an article which is extensively sold throughout the country for bear's oil. It is composed of four fluid ounces of castor oil mixed with two fluid drachms of a aqueous solution of salte of tartar(carbonate of potassa), and scented with bergamot or other aromatic oil." Patent medicines also ingratiate themselves into the confidence of the public, and the call for bear's oil in cities gradually fell off, until the druggists dropped the article in its crude form altogether. Several pomades and preparations for the hair are still sold. Even these, although they command a high price, are generally composed principally of other than the genuine bear's grease. Christian, in his "Perfumery and Kindred Arts," published in 1877, says: "Bear's oil, so long and favorably known as beneficial in promoting the growth of the hair, and as improving its appearance, is now very seldom genuine, as all kinds of bland oils, vegetable and animal, have been used under that name, and generally with benefit to the user, as the genuine oil is scarce, and soon becomes rancid." A SUFFERING ARMY Borne Down by a Relentless Foe. The great army of sufferers from various rheumatic conditions joyfully welcome Chase's K. & L. Pills because the foster parents of their aches and pains are the Kidneys, which on account of a diseased condition, are unable to relieve the blood of uric acid poison, which is deposited in the joints, producing on the first provocation irritating aches and pains in the bones, joints and muscles. The reason that Chase's Pills relieve and cure in their wonderful power in restoring degenerate Kidneys to a perfect and natural condition, without which the system is supplied with blood teeming with poison that adds fuel to the fire of rheumatic complaints, demoralizing the entire system and rendering it liable to a complication of diseases terminating in dropsy, diabetes, or Bright's disease. A pleasant feature of these Pills is that, while most Kidney remedies excite and counteract, Chase's Pills relieve and cure it. In nearly all rheumatic attacks there exists constipation of the bowels, which is easily over-come by Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills; in fact, they are perfect cure for constipation. This is indorsed by Edward Garrett, editor and proprietor of the Bradford, Ont., Weekly Witness, and thousands of others. One pill a day, 25 cents a box. The cheapest medicine on earth. Sold by all dealers. Edmanston, Estes & Co., Toronto. The Course of Events. "Some women," said Mr. Bickerton, "think that there's nothing too good for their husbands." "Yes," was the answer in the cold accents of satire; "and it usually lasts until their husbands get to thinking there is nothing good enough for them."



What's your husband's work?

Does he have to do anything as hard as your washing and scrubbing? It can't be. What can a man do that's as hard, for most men, as this constant household drudgery is, for most women? If he has any sympathy for you, tell him to get you some Pearline. Sympathy is all very well, but it's Pearline, not sympathy, that you want for washing and cleaning. Nothing else that's safe to use will save you so much downright hard work at the washtub or about the house. It saves money, too—saves the ruinous wear on clothes and paint from needless rubbing.

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TROUSERS AND PANTS.

Why the former is a Corset Word and the latter a Mere Vulgarism. The following paragraph was recently contributed to the mass of literature on the difference between breeches, trousers, pantaloons and pants. Breeches is a good old English word which, until men of education began to manufacture bicycle suits, had almost fallen into disuse. It means a covering for the hips and thighs, and had a root (in the languages of nearly all of the nations of northern Europe. Trousers is a word of French origin. In old French it meant breeches worn by pages, but as pages in modern France wore garments extending to the ankles, its meaning was made to conform to the fashions, and the word was admitted into English speech because there was none in the language which expressed the same meaning: After the adoption of the word the necessity for another expressing the same idea did not exist. There were some Englishmen, however, who were so bitterly opposed to anything French that they could not bear the word trousers, so they drew upon the tongue of Italy for another. In that sunny clime were clowns who wore stockings and breeches of one piece—garments which we now designate as tights. The clown was called a pantaloone, and then French hating Englishmen longed for their neighbor garments they called them, however inconsistently, pantaloons. "Pants" is American slang, totally and balefully unnecessary. There is no such word in the language, nor is there any need for it. Breeches is the only English word, meaning a bifurcated garment reaching only to the knees of men. Trousers is the only English word of pure derivation conveying the idea of a garment similar to breeches, but extending to the ankles. Pantaloons is barely permissible, and "pants" is simply and unqualifiedly execrable.

A WONDROUS CHANGE. THE STORY OF A YOUNG LADY IN SMITH'S FALLS.

Her Health was Badly Shattered—Suffered From a Bad Cough and Common Pain in the Side—Pale and Almost Bloodless—Her Health Again Restored. (From the Smith's Falls Record.) "I know that if I had not begun taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not have lived much longer." These words were uttered by Miss Mossop, daughter of Mr. Johnston Mossop, of this town, and a young lady extremely popular among her friends and acquaintances. Miss Mossop had been ailing for several years, and her recovery to health is a matter of general rejoicing among her friends. To a reporter she gave her story as follows: "I scarcely know how my illness began. The first symptom was a feeling of tiredness upon the slightest exertion. The color left my face, and I became as pale as a corpse. Then I was attacked with a pain in my left side and coughed a great deal. At first home remedies were tried, but as they did not do any good a doctor was called in, and I was under his care for about a year. But the treatment did not do me any good, and I was steadily growing weaker and weaker. I was unable to get up stairs without having to sit down and rest when I got there, and the pain in my side became more and more intense. I kept wasting away and lost all interest in life, and at last, was so low that recovery was not expected. At this juncture my mother saw an article in a newspaper relating the cure of a young lady whose case was almost identical with my own, and whose cure was due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this prompted a trial of that medicine. By the time a couple of boxes were used there was a feeling of improvement and I continued using the Pink Pills until I had taken nine boxes, all the time gaining rapidly, until now I feel that I have recovered my old time health. I can now walk a long distance without being tired, and I am no longer troubled with that terrible pain in my side. My appetite has returned and I can now eat almost as much as any member of the family, and I know that had I not begun taking Pink Pills I would not have lived much longer." Mrs. Mossop says she cannot express the gratitude she feels toward this grand medicine which has restored her loved daughter's health, and will always speak of it in terms of praise. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nervous, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont. A resident of Brownsville, Md., has a story that came over in the May issue. It shows that the medicine made of a certain looking green ink, with the orange tint, is not a placebo.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I heard someone say not long ago, that Christmas was a dreary and sad time for everyone except children. That is a sentiment was forced, and even its laughter had a hollow ring; but that the New Year was really a season of jollity for grown people, and they could enjoy themselves honestly.

Now to me it is just the reverse. I think at Christmas as one forgets cares and troubles even it is for the one day only, and the Christmas season comes as a blessed rest from the arduous grind of everyday existence. Its very bustle and business, and the fact that nearly everyone has more to do than can possibly be accomplished in the time before them, is in itself part of the charm of the season. It is an unselfish rush that we are in, the work is nearly always for others, and anything which takes us out of our tiresome old selves is delightful, and does us more good than anything else in the world. It is the blessed unselfishness of Christmas that I love, if there ever was a time when it seemed as if "love" took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords with might, smote the chord of self, that trembling passed in music out of sight, in the interests of all humanity, it is just at this time. I believe if Christmas came oftener, we should all be better men and women; but the trouble is that the feeling lasts such a short time, it does not seem to do us very much good; sometimes it wears off most too soon to have much effect on the New Year's resolutions so it cannot go very deep.

The more I see of Christmas and Christmas planning, the better opinion I have of human nature; the very children who begin saving their pennies for Christmas presents for their father and mother, early in November, are learning unselfishness early, and the lesson cannot help having a good effect on their characters. Amongst grown people this self-denial is even more marked because in most families amongst the middle classes of society it requires a good deal of planning to make the income respond to all the different calls upon it, and the margin for extra expenses is none too large. Therefore the holiday season is a strain; and in order to celebrate it as they wish, most people have to make sacrifices. The wife does without a new autumn dress and in order that the omission shall not be too apparent, she gets a new blouse, has it made up as prettily as possible, and wears it for best with any of the skirts she happens to possess. Then she takes her money she would have paid for her new suit, "all unbeknownst" and gets her husband that expensive arm chair he has been admiring for so long, and which she knows will be such a haven of rest for his tired body, after his long day of work in the office.

Perhaps the husband felt that he could afford to buy that chair well enough, but he could really get along without it if he preferred to put some more money to what it would have cost, and buy his wife the fur jacket he knows she longs for secretly, and which will be such a boon to her delicate chilly frame.

So the husband denies himself for the wife's sake, the mother sacrifices some need of her own for the daughter's, the sister gives up some luxury or necessity for the brother's and the daughter for the father's sake; and all the time I think the recording angel must be very busy, and very happy, and often drop a tear of joy over his work because we know how it delights our celestial guardians to note any angelic traits of character in poor humanity.

With the New Year it is different; and I think most of us dread to face it, if the truth were told. The very young look forward to what it will bring them, and have a blind confidence that pleasant as today is, tomorrow must have something much better in store for them. But after we have passed our first youth we are afraid of the New Year and are more likely to dread what it may take from us, than to anticipate anything very wonderful which it may bring us. We have had some experience and we know that wonderful things do not often happen in this world, but that plain hum-drum existence we are used to is not to be despised, and we are thankful enough if we may be permitted to go on in the old way too thankful in fact to ask much of fate. They are satisfied to keep what they have, however humble it may be, without looking for more, and they know the terrible possibilities with which the coming year may be charged. However, I do not want to depress the youthful enthusiasts who may read these columns, so I will bring my discourses to a close by wishing them one and all—a very happy New Year, "and many of them."

The trimming of skirts seems to be gaining ground, and a Paris fashion is to trim cloth skirts with bands of velvet matching the blouse bodice, but I do not think this thing will become generally popular as the bands would give a clumsy look to the full skirt, and destroy the curve, which is so large a part of the plain

skirt's distinction. Moire is more fashionable than ever, and is chiefly used for skirts which are worn with fancy blouses of silk, velvet, or chiffon—because he it known that in spite of all that was said to the contrary in the autumn the fancy waist, with the black silk or satin skirt has blossomed out afresh, and promises to be more fashionable than ever. It is seen in the most elaborate and expensive materials; chiffon, embroidered, spangled and plain is seen made up into blouses which are worn with cloth skirts. Black and white silk in even stripes is another favorite material for blouses, especially when worn with a black velvet skirt.

Black moire is more fashionable for skirts than satin, and some very new and striking costumes are made of moire silk in the bright colors used for evening wear, made with tablier fronts of frilled chiffon to match either the bodice or the large chiffon fichu which almost conceals the moire bodice, and forms its only decoration. Violet and purple, which used to be considered quite middle aged colors, are now the proper things for the youngest maidens and matrons, and cloth gowns of either shade, braided with gold braid, are very fashionable for young ladies. The latest extravagance in sleeves consists of tucks, and it is quite a common sight in the fashionable circles of New York, to see sleeves decorated by rows of inch-wide tucks which meet each other, running around the puffs. Sometimes these tucks are arranged in groups and sometimes they are continuous. I do not know that they add anything to the appearance of the sleeve, but they certainly add almost double expense to the garment, as they require twice the material that the ordinary sleeve calls for, and goodness knows that is enough! The newest bodices are cut as long in the waist as they can possibly be worn, and are quite plain in the back, and guileless of fullness at the bottom. Yokes of velvet or silk, laid in deep tucks are very fashionable, and in many instances sleeves and yoke are made of the same material. Tucks are decidedly coming in, and I expect we shall yet be wearing dresses tucked to the waist, as our mother's did.

Some of the newest skirts have three flat plaits arranged on each side of the front which widen down to flutes at the feet.

It is authoritatively announced that the tendency of the present fashion is decidedly towards hoops and bustles in the near future! But so many things have been authoritatively announced and never come to pass, that I don't think we need discuss ourselves much. The heavy skirt of horse-hair, with its long flounce reaching from belt to foot in the back, and which nearly every fashionable woman wears, is pointed to, in proof of this tendency, despite the fact that skirts are no longer lined with haircloth. The authority already quoted draws attention to the significance of the stiffening being worn separately instead of in the dress, and she certainly has probability on her side.

When women first realized the folly of carrying about a skirt which often weighed nine or ten pounds, the most sensible of them rebelled, and of course their weaker sisters followed them, so the horsehair lining had to go, but full skirts, and skirts which stood out from the figure were still fashionable, so something had to be done, and a clever Frenchman did it. He made a skirt entirely of haircloth which was designed to fill the want. It is of different colors, and comes in different styles but the one generally seen is made reasonably full, and has a six inch ruffle all the way round the foot, and three ruffles up the back breadth. The top one serves for a small bustle, and the others make the skirt stand out at the back, and fit in the requisite godet plaits. The usual colors are pure white, black, and all the shades of gray. These skirts have many advantages; in the first place, when a woman wants to lift her dress out of the mud she can do so in comfort, instead of making futile grabs at it and missing it every time as she used to do when it was lined with haircloth; and in the second the wearer has the comfortable consciousness that she can slip it off whenever she likes, instead of being bound to wear it at all times, as she was the haircloth lined dress. I need scarcely say that all those imported skirts are made of genuine haircloth of the very best quality, and they should be very good, as their prices vary from seven, to twelve dollars.

Another skirt which is of American manufacture and is preferred by many on account of its lightness, is made of saten, and has four rows of very fine wire, set in bands about six inches apart. Such skirts sell for three dollars when made without ruffles, ruffled for four, and in silk or satin from ten dollars up.

Still another skirt is made of imported haircloth. The pipings up the back are of haircloth and the front of the skirt up to the knees is of the same material while the top is made of saten of the same color.

All of which looks as if we were really hurrying on towards genuine hoopskirts!

Violets are still the favorite flowers, and the proper place to wear them is pinned midway between the waist and neck, or tucked in the belt. A little later we shall doubtless see them pinned into the big fur boa, or fastened on the muff, just as they were last year.

St. JOHN—I am glad to hear from you again, and to know you have not forgotten me. Thank you, I have quite recovered from my illness, at least as far as one ever recovers from grippe; it seems to me that the victim merely continues to get slowly better until it is time to catch it again, and then is worse than ever. Your friend is suffering from poverty of blood, lack of blood, or both, and should consult her family physician. There is no cure for biting the nails, but resolution. How can I possibly tell you what to give him when I don't know the "gentleman" friend nor any of his tastes, or customs? But almost anything from a silk handkerchief to a card case would be acceptable, I should think. I cannot give any opinion about the fashions, they are too uncertain. Many thanks for your kind wishes.

A Welsh Rarebit.
An excellent dish and one very much liked for late suppers is made thus: Place in a small double boiler six ounces of grated cheese, one tablespoonful of butter, a salt spoon of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, half a teaspoonful of mustard a half cup of milk or red wine, and one beaten egg. Stir over the fire until it is a creamy mass. Meanwhile cut pieces of bread two inches wide and three long and toast them. Cover them with a thick layer of the cheese mixture, and lay on each piece a slice of hot, crisp bacon. Place in the oven for a moment, and the dish is ready to serve.

Cheese Straws.
Mix one cup of flour with one of grated cheese and two ounces of butter. Add half a salt spoon of salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, stir into this the yolk of an egg, and if the mixture is not moist enough to make into paste use part of the white of an egg. Roll the paste out very thin and cut into narrow strips five inches long. Place the straws in a baking pan and grate cheese over them and bake in a moderate oven. Serve them cold with salad. Straws may be made from puff paste by rolling in grated cheese and cutting the paste into strips and sprinkling some of the cheese over them.

Dainty Dishes Made of Cheese.
Few persons appreciate how many dainty and palatable dishes may be made with cheese. It is authoritatively stated that cheese taken after a hearty meal or rich dessert acts as a digestive. Those who are fond of cheese will find the following recipes worthy of a trial, and those who do not know how appetizing cheese may be made will have many a dainty dish in store for them.

Cheese Puffs.
Place over the fire in a saucepan one cup of water and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix together four tablespoonfuls of flour, the same quantity of grated cheese, a salt spoonful of salt, and half as much paprika. When the water is boiling add the flour mixture, and cook for three minutes, beating all the time; remove from the fire and set away until cold. Then add two unbeaten eggs, stirring in one at a time, and beat thoroughly for fifteen minutes. Slightly butter a baking pan and drop separately heaping teaspoonfuls of the mixture, leaving a space for them to spread. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes and serve hot.

Cheese Balls.
are delicious and should be served hot with a salad. To one cup of grated cheese add a half cup of grated bread crumbs, one egg well beaten, and five drops of Worcestershire sauce. Mix thoroughly and roll the paste into small balls with the hand. Place them in a wire basket and fry in very hot lard.

Roast Cheese.
For roast cheese to serve at the end of a dinner. Grate four ounces of Cheshire or any kind of rich cheese and mix it with the yolks of two eggs, four ounces of grated bread, and three ounces of butter. Beat the whole well together with a dessert spoonful of dry mustard and a little salt and pepper. Toast some bread lightly and cut it into small round or square pieces, spread the paste thick upon them, and place them in a hot oven and cover with a dish until heated. Then remove the dish and let the cheese mixture brown a little, and serve as soon as possible.

Welsh Rarebit.
A very simple and delicious Welsh rarebit may be made with one pound of cheese broken into pieces and put into a saucepan with half a cup of sweet cream, one teaspoonful of French mustard, a dash of paprika, a little salt, and one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Place over the fire and stir until the cheese becomes melted. Have ready squares of toast and pour the cheese mixture over them and serve immediately.

To make a highly seasoned rarebit place over the fire in a saucepan a pound of butter, and when it becomes melted put in two cups of cheese broken into small pieces,

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RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

a teaspoonful of salt, and half as much red pepper. Stir all the while, and when it becomes a soft mass gradually stir into it one cup of ale. Meanwhile, take the yolks of two eggs and add to them three teaspoonfuls of dry mustard, the same quantity of Worcestershire sauce, and half a dozen drops of tobacco, and add this to the cheese mixture. If too thick add a little more ale. Pour over square pieces of toast and serve at once.

Cheese Biscuit.
At a dinner given recently to men cheese biscuit was one of the courses, and was prepared thus—Mix six tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese with three of grated Stilton, or any good English cheese, a half pint of liquid aspic jelly, and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Then add one pint of whipped cream well drained, and stir it lightly into the cheese mixture. Fill small paper cases with the mixture, and sprinkle a few browned crumbs over the top of them. Pack an ice cream freezer, using more salt than for ice cream, and place a layer of the filled cases in the bottom of the freezer, cover them with stiff paper and put in another layer of the cases, and alternate until the freezer is filled. Cover closely and pack with the ice and salt, and let it remain in a cold place four hours before serving.

French Rarebit.
French rarebit makes a delightful luncheon dish. To prepare, crust two ounces of bread (without the crumb) and cook it soft in a gill of milk. Add two ounces of butter, one-third of a teaspoonful of dried mustard, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper, four ounces of grated cheese, and the yolks of two eggs. Beat thoroughly and then stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour in a buttered porcelain plate and bake it ten minutes, or take small squares of stiff white paper, folded and pinched at the corners to form a box, and bake the mixture in them.

Cheese Souffle.
Place over the fire in a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, and when it is hot add a heaping tablespoonful of flour and stir until smooth. Then add a half cup of cream or milk, and salt and paprika to taste. Beat light the yolks of three eggs, and add them with a cupful of grated cheese. Remove from the fire and put in a cool place. When cold add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour in a buttered dish and bake about twenty minutes. This, like all souffles, must be taken immediately from the oven to the table.

Cheese Sandwiches.
Hot cheese sandwiches always meet with a hearty welcome, particularly from men, for a Sunday night luncheon. To prepare them slice the bread very thin and cut round with a large-sized biscuit cutter. Put a thick layer of grated cheese between two pieces of bread, press them together, and fry them in equal parts of hot lard and butter. Brown them on each side and serve very hot.

Delicious sandwiches may be made with one cup of English walnut meats chopped very fine and mixed with enough fresh Philadelphia cream cheese to make a paste: add a little salt and spread on thin pieces of bread that have been cut into triangular, round, or diamond shape or pieces large enough to roll. To cut thin and roll nicely, bread should be one day old.

Cheese Muffs.
Cheese muffs make a variety. Place four ounces of grated cheese in a saucepan with one and one-half ounces of butter. Put over the fire and when the ingredients begin to melt add four eggs beaten light, a salt spoon of salt, and half as much paprika. Stir and cook until you can roll it up into a soft muff shaped form, when serve at once.

A dainty bite to accompany a bedtime bottle of ale is cheese crackers. Spread Newports or salted crackers with a little butter and sprinkle them generously with grated cheese and place them in the oven long enough to brown lightly.

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Mr. Short has added his testimony to that of a host of other well known people regarding the great merits of the Hawker standard remedies.

"Last winter," he writes, "I had a very severe attack of grippe. It left me very much run down and suffering from an irritating and severe cough. I took a bottle of Hawker's balsam of tolu and wild cherry, and a short course of Hawker's liver pills. The cough soon left me, and the heavy tired feeling also gradually disappeared. Afterwards I took two bottles of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic, which as a health restorer and invigorator, I can heartily recommend to any one requiring such a remedy."

It is needless to say that there are thousands in need of this great remedy, and other thousands to whom Hawker's balsam would prove a priceless boon. These remedies are sold by all druggists and dealers, the pills at 25 cts., per box, the balsam in 25 and 50 ct. bottles, and the tonic at 50 cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50. They are manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., (Ltd) St. John, N. B., and New York City.

The First Propellers.
The first propellers were the feet of the swan, duck and goose. A steam yacht was once constructed with propellers on the principle of the swan foot. The progress of the boat was quite satisfactory, and the propellers would have been a success were it not for the fact that, the experiment being made in the Thames, they were continually interfered with by the roots and floating wood. No other boat of this description had ever been built, the screw propeller being found superior to the swan-foot invention.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



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"In true Jack Tar fashion I climbed down the side of the Combebank and landed without mishap in the islanders' boat, which leaked like a basket. There were ten men in the boat, and I enjoyed the row of two miles to the island.

"The air was heavy the perfume of beautiful flowers and orange blossoms. Cultivated flowers are in great profusion all over the island, and oranges, lemons, limes, coconuts, guava, and bread fruit trees grow in one great mass, no attempt being made to keep them separate.

"There are only 130 souls on the island at present, two-thirds of these being children. The islanders rise in the morning at 6 o'clock, when the labors of the day commence with the ringing of the church bell, and all hands assemble to seek the Supreme Ruler for a blessing on the labors of the day.

"I saw the graves of John Adams and his wife. John has a headstone, his wife none. She departed from all labors of an earthly nature some years ere John was called upon to go aloft, and, according to the dates on the stone, he has now been dead seventy-five years.

"My three hours on the island came to an end all too soon. I would have lingered longer, and I left it with regret. The whole population escorted me to the boat. Many of them kissed me farewell and told me to soon return, and if I would only stay they would keep me for a year or until such time as the ship returned.

"An old Scotch lady, who has no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike to the singing of an anthem in her own church, one day, when a neighbor said: 'Why, that is a very old anthem! David sang that anthem to Saul!'

"A good travelling companion. Bowler's liver pills they remove all the evil effects of over-eating or drinking, without discovery."



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Why David got Mad. An old Scotch lady, who has no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike to the singing of an anthem in her own church.

CAFE ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. WILLIAM OLARK.

An Admirer of Scotland's Feet Corrects the Common Impression. Robert Burns never knew anything of such poverty as ignorant people seem to think he suffered from.

"Burns was an Ayrshire ploughman, and a more independent kind of man you could not find on the face of the earth. In my boyhood in Scotland, over sixty years ago, when I lived in Ayrshire, I knew plenty of ploughmen who were born before Bobbie Burns died, and you never knew healthier stock in all your days.

"When Bobby began to grow famous and to see the airs which the aristocracy took on, he waddled sometimes about his poverty, meaning that he was not rich enough to drive a coach and four, live in a castle and give feasts to his friends.

Read his poems and you will see the mood he was in when he wrote each one of them. Does any one suppose that a man who, if we are to believe, Ambassador Bayard, lived and died in narrowest poverty, feeling ever its 'chilling grasp,' could have been the author of those martial strains, those pastoral lays, those jovial songs, those tender ballads which Bobbie wrote year after year?

"I hold that Burns himself is partly responsible for these fictions. He should never have babbled about his poverty in a way that would lead people, long after he was dead, to think like that which we see in New York, or that which I have seen in Chicago and other place. It was not a thing of the kind at any time of the thirty-five years of his short life.

King Solomon, according to a Hebrew tradition could repeat all the proverbs in his collection.

TAKE NOTICE. During the year the mode devoted to advertising MENARD'S LIMENT will contain expressions of no unbecoming kind from people who speak from personal experience of the merit of this best of Household Remedies.

baby growth. The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort!

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The Sun. The first of American Newspapers, CHARLES A. DANA, Editor. The American Constitution; the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever Daily, by mail - \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, by mail, - \$8 a year.

The Sunday Sun. The greatest Sunday paper in the world. Price \$2 a copy; by mail \$2 a year. THE SUN, New York.

THE CAVE OF JAPAN. Where the Clear Crystal Never Thaws from One Summer to Another. Some eight or nine miles from Ghuji, in the woods, is the entrance to the great ice cave we had come so far to see.

The ice has probably remained frozen in the cave from the winter months, the action of the higher summer temperature being insufficient to do more than affect the surface of the ice floor, form the ice stalactites and stalagmites. The temperature of the cave in summer seldom exceeds 35° Fahr., and that in the declivity or basin in the ground at the entrance some 10° or 12° higher; on going up from the latter to the level of the ground in the wood, a rise of some 20° on a warm day is at once experienced.

Utilizing the Opposition's Witnesses. "My first case," said a well-known attorney, "was the defence of a negro preacher in Missouri, who had been arrested for stealing wood from a railroad company. A great deal of fuel had been lost from time to time, so when the culprit was arrested the company was so anxious to make an example of him that it employed special counsel and prosecuted the case vigorously.

"I had subpoenaed about twenty well-known business men to testify to the previous good character of the defendant. When the prosecution's case was closed I put one on the stand and asked: 'Do you know the defendant's reputation for honesty and integrity?' 'Yes,' was the answer. 'What is it—good or bad?' 'Bad. He will steal anything he can get his hands on.'

"A titter ran through the court room. It wasn't the answer I had expected, but it was too late, so I put on a bold front and called another. He testified as the other witness had, and the prosecuting attorney rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Before I got through with my witnesses I proved that my client was a most notorious thief, who had never known to neglect an opportunity to steal something, no matter how trifling it might be. Then I called a couple of physicians, proved the existence of a mental disorder known as kleptomania, read some authorities to show that it was a god defence if proven, and submitted my case. The old preacher was acquitted, and thereafter stole with impunity, for he considered his acquittal in the face of facts equivalent to a license to steal."—San Francisco Call.

A Memorable Occasion. The Shah of Persia—Let's see, when did I last visit Queen Victoria? Chief Secretary (reproachfully)—Shouldn't think you would forget that, Sir. The Shah—Why not? Secretary—It was at that time Your Majesty was forced to take a bath.



one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color.

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