

SUPPLEMENT TO ST. JOHN WEEKLY SUN.

DECEMBER, 1895.

CHOLS
ARTMENT
STORE
lotte Street.

mas
raweth
Nigh.
k now all in.
criptions from 1 cent up

OLLS
Prettiest and Cheapest,
Mirrors, Fancy Glass.
Novelties of all kinds
Christmas Presents
built a large Balcony
with these Goods on, which
Departments. Every-
partment ONE PRICE
Card over it.
ited to call and inspect

W. NICHOLS.
Charlotte Street.
Standard Patterns.

---SUN.
of American Newspa-
LES A. DANA, Editor.

can Constitution, the
Idea, the American
se first, last, and all
rever.
L. - - - \$6 a year
nday, by mail, \$8 a year

unday Sun
st Sunday Newspaper in
the world.
opy. By mail, \$2 a year
THE SUN, New York.

STYGOUCHE CO.
n, Dec. 12.—The Campbell-
Co. has got all its
ed, and the work of pul-
struments is nearly com-
e are nearly fifty sub-
Messrs. Starrs of Hall-
ave the contract, have
ellent job of it. There is
er tonight at the Waverly
ich the contractors have
mber of gentlemen.

ity of shingles cut on this
nothing enormous. A. E.
will with ten machines cut
million two hundred and
thousand. K. Shives with
ines cut ten million eight
d twenty-seven. William
ur machines cut over ten
bulk of these were ship-
tates, all by rail, via I. C.
balance to P. E. L. Nova
New Brunswick. The home
this year has been quite
any new houses having
s.

ems to have taken a boom
Already there are nearly
members elected for this
is because members will
privilege of both skating and
the new rink, which is
pleted. This year's skips
Matheson, L. E. Brown, A.
Brock, H. H. Gray, A. E.
D. O'Keefe, H. Henning-
rice, A. Andrew, J. J. Jar-

Speaker from Lunenburg
the Episcopal church both
evening on Sunday last.
rown, the new Baptist min-
minded the pulpit at both ser-
Sunday, Rev. A. F. Carr,
led up for a few days, was
ach at both services on Sun-

es have commenced to put
appearance. There is ex-
ging, and teams line the
dead with beef, pork and
Pork is pretty cheap here
and about five cents is all
can get for it. Beef is
in last year; five and six
ked for it by the carcass,
ring thirty to forty cents
and geese forty to fifty cents
poultry as a rule is wretch-
The farmers evidently
important branch of their

ther has been fine but de-
d for the past week. Thrif-
zero is the record for this
nt fishing has commenced.
is not in itself evil. It all
the use it is put to.
go out to meet trouble we
a long walk.
ous charity has its foun-
salthness.
ytic scoffs at simple faith,
eryday life is built on it.
men are rarely truly great
because you don't know

INDECISION.

I've decided I shall marry.
Only I'm so hard to please!
I don't know what to do,
One is Wynn, one Louie.
Both are pretty appellations,
But by fashion and by sound,
In their intimate relations,
Wynn and Lou they're often called.
But a quandary I'm in, then,
Should I win Wynn's heart, you see,
I lose Lou's—which shall it be?
Very hard it is to choose,
Lou's I win, or Wynn I lose,
Names like theirs are so confusing,
I'm uncertain which to choose.
—London Vanity Fair.

MY LADY'S FLITTING.

Sunlight never shimmers here,
Moonbeams never stay,
Life is now all dark and drear,
For me Edith's away.
Gone the breath of violets,
Gone couleur de rose,
Madrigals and triolites,
Fichus and cloqueuses.
Frowns—feathers—ribbons—rings!
T'other day left town—
All demoralizing things
In an Empire gown.
Teach me now where Pleasure sings,
To appease my woe!
In the air sad Echo rings—
Only "Adios!" —Chicago Figaro.

ON THE INDIA FRONTIER.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"ANT Berlyng," he seemed to be saying, though it was difficult to catch the words, for we were almost within range, and the fight was a sharp one. It was the old story of India frontier warfare; too small a force, and a foe foolishly underrated.

The man they had just brought in—laying him hurriedly on a bed of pine needles in the shade of the conifers where I had halted my little train—poor Charles Noon of the Sikhs was done for. His right hand was off at the wrist and the shoulder was almost severed.

I bent my ear to his lips and heard the words which sounded like, "Want Berlyng."
"We had a man called Berlyng in the force—a gunner who was round at the other side of the fort that was to be taken before night, two miles away at least."

"Do you want Berlyng?" I asked slowly and distinctly. Noon nodded, and his lips moved. I bent my head again till my ear almost touched his lips.
"How long have I?" he was asking.
"Not long, I am afraid, old chap."
His lips closed with a queer, distressed look. "He was sorry to die."
"How long?" he asked again.
"About an hour."

But I knew it was less. I attended to others, thinking all the while of poor Noon. His home life was little known, but there was some story about an engagement at Poonah the previous winter. Noon was rich, and he cared for the girl, but she did not return the feeling. In fact, there was someone else. It appears that the girl's people were ambitious and poor, and that Noon had promised large settlements. At all events, the engagement was a known affair, and gossip whispered that Noon knew about the same one else and would not give her up. He was, I know, thought badly of by some, especially by the elders.

However, the end of it all lay on a sheet beneath the pines and watched me with such persistence that I was at last forced to go to him.
"Have you sent for Berlyng?" he asked, with a breathlessness which I knew too well.
Now I had not sent for Berlyng, and it requires more nerve than I possess to tell unnecessary lies to a dying man. The necessary ones are quite different, and I shall not think of them when I go to my account.

"Berlyng could not come if I sent for him," I replied soothingly. "He is two miles away from here, trenching the North Wall, and I have nobody to send. The messenger would have to run the gauntlet of the enemy's earthworks."
"I'll give the man a hundred pounds who does it," replied Noon, in his breathless whisper. "Berlyng will come sharp enough. He hates me too much."
He broke off with a laugh which made me feel sick.

I found a wounded water-carrier—a fellow with a stray bullet in his hand—who volunteered to find Berlyng, and then I returned to Noon and told him what I had done. I knew that Berlyng could not come.

He turned his head, painfully, for the muscles of his neck were injured, and caught sight of the gunner's uniform.
"Is that Berlyng?" he asked, excitedly.
"Yes."

He dragged himself up and tried to get nearer to Berlyng, and I helped him. They were close alongside each other. Berlyng was lying on his back, staring up at the blue patches between the pine trees.

Noon turned on his left elbow and began whispering into the smoke-grimed ear.
"Berlyng," I heard him say, "I was a blackguard. I am sorry, old man. I played it very low down. It was a dirty trick. It was my money—and her people were anxious for her to marry a rich man. I worked it through her people. I wanted her so badly that I forgot I—was supposed to be a gentleman. I found out—that it was you—she cared for. But I couldn't make up my mind to give her up."

ELYSIUM FOR LAZY MEN.

Mr. Edison predicted the other day that work would be altogether abolished in the next generation, and that our only labor would be to press the button and start the machinery going. Mr. Edison may be slightly wrong as to the generation, that is, it may take longer, a few more generations than he imagined, but that the drift is in the direction he indicates, and that actual labor will become a very small element in all industries, is self-evident. Steam did a great deal to free us from the curse of labor, but electricity is a far more powerful instrument, and its uses seem almost limitless. We have made it do our lighting, our transportation and a thousand small jobs, but we have only just begun to use it. Hitherto this mighty geni has been brought into play mainly in the field of manufactures, and man is still compelled to labor hard to grow crops; but there is a disposition to use elec-

It is not necessary to go into further particulars. We have mentioned the work done on the farm as a sample of the electrical development going on in a field of which we hear very little—agriculture. The farm as well as the city is to be benefited by this new force, and the farmer as well as the city merchant will simply touch a button and have electricity do all his plowing for him. Edison is not a dreamer. No one can seriously doubt his prediction, but the only question is when we will enjoy that laborless world which he promises us.

SAVED BY A BELL BUTTON.

Some years ago my life and \$20,000 belonging to my partner, Jim Bigney, and myself, were saved, and a gang of robbers broken up, by means of an electric bell. Jim and I had been telegraph operators, but had abandoned the business for mining. We had luck in pros-

argument than any I could advance under existing circumstances.
"Back him up to the wall and keep him covered until we get the stuff, and then we'll slit his throat, and 'lope," resumed the leader.
Though the programme did not just suit me, I acquiesced, as far as the wall.
"Put your hands behind you," tersely commanded my slouch-hatted jailer.

I did, when a happy thought struck me. My right hand had come in contact with a knob, which I recognized as the electric bell which communicated with the office. This was a feature of civilization the robbers were not posted about. Unobserved by them, I began sending the following message:

"Jim—Three robbers have the door locked, and are just waiting to get our stuff to murder me. Get a man and step-ladder, and don't make a sign of noise; put a gun through the transom and shoot. Be quick and careful. JOHN."

"The first man that leaves this room gets all I've got here in the neck."
"When he had got the 'ringogram,' he afterwards termed it, he rapidly explained, cautioned everybody else not to follow, took a drummer he had met on the train, attached a step-ladder, and as soon as he could climb around the job was done.

THE PASTOR'S NARROW ESCAPE.

"It was during the War of the Rebellion," said the diffident and blushing assistant pastor, addressing the Young People's Friday Night Prayer-meeting, "that a company of the Union soldiers were ordered to take a Rebel battery. Quickly they sprang to the charge; but alas! before they reached the guns they broke and fled ignominiously."

"That is, all except a certain corporal, who rushed in, and seizing a gunner by the throat carried him off an astonished captive."

"And when the company reached the little clump of woods from whose shelter they had started they gathered around the gallant corporal, and asked him where he had got his prisoner and how he had managed to capture him."

"I went in and took him," said the hero modestly. "Ah boys! why didn't you keep on? There was a man for every one of you there!"

"And so I say to you, my dear young Christian soldiers," continued the assistant pastor fervently, "there is a man for every one of you in this world."
"Yes, my dear young brothers, there is a man for every one of you here!"
"Yes, my dear young sisters, there is—there is—there is work for you all in the vineyard of the Lord if you will only seek for it."
"Let us now sing the 425th hymn:—"

"Oh, save me from the careless work,
The swift unbidden thought,
And make me always think and speak
Exactly as I ought."

And the young assistant sat down with an intensely relieved expression, and mopped his burning brow.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Of the twenty-seven royal families of Europe, two-thirds are of German origin.
The epidermis of a brunette is said to be one-tenth of a millimeter thicker than that of a blonde.
Little oak trees an inch and a half high are grown by Chinese gardeners. They take root in tumbles.

It is claimed that Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any other known body of water.
The letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from twelve to 202 in number. The Sandwich Islanders' alphabet has twelve, the Tartarian 202.

The largest gold coin in existence is said to be the gold ingot, or "loof" of Annam, a flat, round piece, worth about \$325, the value written on it in India ink.
A Philadelphia oculist who has been studying the human eye for thirty years declares that all great men of the past and present had or have blue or gray eyes.

The diatoms, single-celled plants of the seaweed family, are so small that three thousand of them laid end to end scarcely suffice to cover an inch of space on the rule.
The Japanese religion demands that a man must worship on the soil every day. Princes and rich men evade this by sprinkling a little dirt in one corner of the room, on a square of cement made for the purpose.

To this day Lapp men and women dress precisely alike. Their tunics belted loosely at the waist, their tight breeches and their wrinkled leathern stockings, their pointed shoes; the whole appearance of them, in short, is identical.
Why do flocks of wild ducks and geese form a triangle when they have to fly long distances? It is because they know in that form they can cleave the air most easily. The most courageous bird takes its position at the apex of the great triangle, and when it becomes weary with the heavy task, another takes its place.

Divorce has been legal in France now for eight years. The first year the number granted was 1,700; the second, 4,000; in 1894 it was 8,000; the total of eight years is 40,000. The working classes supply the largest proportion, 47 per cent; the peasants the smallest, 7 per cent. Incompatibility of temper was the cause in 35,000 cases. The most common time for suit is the fifth year after marriage. Geographically, Paris heads the list.

The most remarkable instance of rapid growth is said to be recorded by the French Academy in 1729. It was a boy six years of age, five feet six inches in height. At the age of five his voice changed; at six his beard had grown, and he appeared a man of thirty. He possessed great physical strength, and could easily lift to his shoulders and carry bags of grain weighing 200 pounds. His decline was as rapid as his growth. At eight his hair and beard were grey; at ten he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell out, and his hands became palsied; at twelve he died with every outward sign of extreme old age.

The lowest temperature ever recorded on the earth was taken at Verchjoiansk, in the interior of Siberia, January 15, 1885. It was 90 degrees and a fraction below zero. There the earth is frozen to the depth of about 100 feet, and in the warmest season it never thaws. The highest temperature recorded is 124 degrees and a fraction, taken in Algeria, July 14, 1879. Greeley, the Arctic explorer, probably experienced a wider range of temperature than any other living man. He recorded 65 degrees below zero at Fort Conger, in Lady Franklin Bay. On another occasion, in the Maricopa Desert of Arizona, his thermometer in the shade ran up to 114.



"CHEEK OR CHIN, KNUCKLE OR KNEE,
WHERE SHALL THE BABY'S DIMPLE BE?"

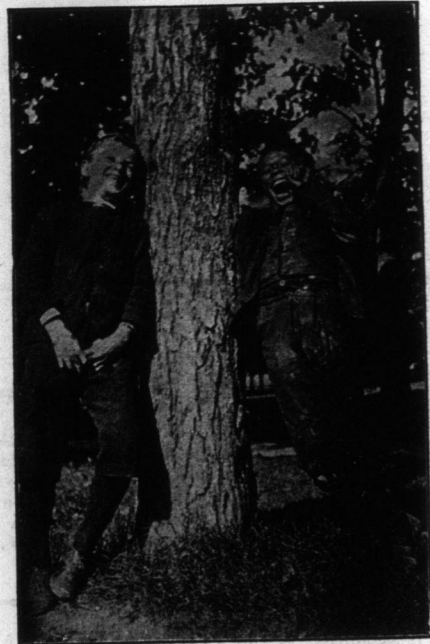
I kept her—to her word. And now it's all up with me—but you'll pull through and it will all come right. Give her my love—old chap. You can now—because I'm done. I'm glad they brought you in because I've been able to tell you—that it is you she cares for. You—Berlyng, old chap, who used to be a chum of mine. She cares for you—God, you're in luck! I don't know whether she's told you, and I was—a—d—blackguard."
His jaw suddenly dropped—and he rolled forward with his face against Berlyng's shoulder.
Berlyng was dead when they brought him in. He had heard nothing. Or perhaps he had heard and understood—everything.

It is estimated by engineers who have studied the subject that 16,000,000 horsepower goes to waste every hour over Niagara Falls.
Sir Benjamin Richardson, a noted English physician, thinks that the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and that seven out of ten average people ought to live that long if they took proper care of themselves.

tricity more and more in agriculture, and it seems to be even better suited for the field than for the workshop.
In Saxony they are now ploughing by electricity with great success, using an ordinary dynamo, and doing away with horses and men to a large extent. In the department of Tam, France, a water wheel is made to give sufficient force and to develop enough electricity to cultivate the farms so that the little brooks that run through it save the farmer nearly all labor. In Moravia a single dynamo furnishes all the power needed to cultivate three adjacent farms.
Plowing by electricity is much cheaper and better in all respects than plowing by steam. With a water-fall handy—and there is one handy to nearly every farmer in the country, save in the southern lowlands—and ordinary intelligence, there is no reason why all the hard work of the farm, from butter making to the threshing of grain, should not be economically done by a well-distributed electric plant. French experiments have further shown that the distribution of electricity through the soil by means of ordinary current-bearing wires stimulates the growth of plants and increases the yield.

My only hope was that Jim might be still lounging where I left him, in which case his ear would quickly catch on. There was a chance in a hundred, and I began to sweat very freely. But I started repeating the message, and I was nearly through, when bang, bang, two shots were fired from over the door, and the man, who had not been hit, turned just enough to let me hit him back of the ear with my right hand, the force of despair, and the knowledge of being on the right side at last. It would be painting it a shade light to say we had sprung a surprise-party on the visitors. I had a gun in a moment, and kept the thieves at bay until the two men outside got in and tied them up, except the leader, who was as dead as a man ever gets to be. The other wounded one died in a hospital three months afterward, and my jailer was killed in an attempt to escape from jail about the same time.
As I had expected, when the bell began ringing the message in the office, Jim was there and commenced taking it. The clerk gazed in such astonishment that he forgot to start a boy up to answer it for a minute, when Jim pulled his gun—and remarked:

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SNAP SHOTS.

DRIFTING AWAY.

Drifting away from each other,
Slightly drifting apart;
Nothing between but the world's cold screen.

THE GRAVE-DIGGERS DAUGHTER.

RATTLE of musketry came
from the direction of the
village. The old grave-
digger, Boloski, wakened
by the noise, listened a
moment to the sharp re-
ports, then called aloud—'Milena! Mil-
ena!'

neighboring wall, and threw herself
forward. A low howl responded to
the stroke of her arm, and the hungry
beast was gone as it had come—a
shadow—through those files of tombs
and spectral crosses.



TWIN ROSE BUDS.

struggling with the insurgents down
by the cafe and the little wood. All
goes well, however; the scythes are
sharp and do their bloody mowing;
the heads fall like grain.

'But the pelisse?' demanded Mil-
ena.
'To-morrow, when the work is
done.'
And the mayor also quitted the
cemetery, and Milena took up her
spade, and with a great swallow of
brandy commenced to dig the first
trench, crooning as she worked the
words of an ancient grave-digger's
song.



HON. WILLIAM MACDOUGALL'S ENDURING MONUMENT.—'THE LOVERS WALK.'

'Twas doubtless you, said she to
an old man, with long, white curls,
clad in a rich cloak, trimmed with
sibeline, and in whose girdle sparkled
a superb yataghan, 'twas doubtless
you who led the band. Well, this time,
too, you shall go before!'
And she took him in her arms like
a little child, descended into the
trench herself and gently laid him on
the ground. With the others she was
not so ceremonious, an arm, a leg, a
shoulder—anything, in short, that
helped to lift and toss them to their
bed in the ditch, served her purpose.

sent it rolling like a ball to the depths
below.
Another swallow of brandy, a new
body in the hole, then the tomb se-
curely closed, Milena was ready to
begin a second.
In the meantime, the moon rising
higher and higher in the heavens,
wrapped in its wan light the silent
graves, the crucifix, the roofs of the
now sleeping village and the vast and
soundless plain.
And again the second trench ready,
the grave-digger's daughter approach-
ed another group of dead, the face of
the first one was covered with blood
which had run from a cut in the head.
At the same instant she heard a sigh—
a long, shuddering breath that came
from this body. Milena drew back
hastily; courageous as she was, she
felt her hair rise upon her head; and
soon she saw that rigid body begin
to stir.
He still lived, then. There was no
longer a doubt of it! She caught him
in her arms in order to succor him,
rubbing with snow that face begrim-
ed with blood and powder, and chaf-
ing his frozen hands. In a moment
his eyes unclosed.
'Valerian!' his name upon Milena's
lips was half a scream and half a cry
of menacing anger.
She shook her head brusquely, thrust
him from her, and rose to her feet.
'Save you!' said she, with a calm
more terrible than either rage or the
joy of a gluttonous vengeance—'when
it is God that has delivered you into
my hands! You betrayed me—you
now belong to me! Pray to your God,
Valerian, perhaps he will be merciful,
but from me expect no pardon!'
'You have forgotten, then, Milena,
forgotten how I loved you!'
'No, I have forgotten nothing; but
you, what have you done with all
those vows? You! who ruined me—
who then, in spite of everything left
me for another! I shall not spare you
—be sure of that!'
'You will not kill me?' groaned
the unhappy one.
'Kill you? No!' She smiled with a



EVENING PRAYER.

hopeless struggle began between them—a
hopeless struggle, too, for soon Val-
erian renounced all thought of wrest-
ling himself from the embrace of this
savage creature. From loss of blood
his strength was gone from him—he
was but a child in her cruel hands!

Then she began to crumble the
earth between her fingers and to fill
the ditch, to fill it in and stamp
it down, as she had filled and stamp-
ed the first, her voice firm and clear as
ever, rising always in the chorus of
her sinister song, and always accom-
panied by the sound of the clods fall-
ing one upon the other by the ring of
the spade, by the cawing crows cir-
cling hungrily above the heap of the
unburied dead.
And, in the east, the first gray lights
of the coming morning slowly spread
themselves across the heavens, pale
and cold as the smile upon the faces
of the frozen clay!

HIS REVENGE.

'Ha! You refuse me, do you, Miss
Hamtagg?'
'I do, Mr. McStab,' said the young
lady, coldly.
'Then listen to me, Rachael Pickergery
Hamtagg!' he hissed. 'I swear you
shall bitterly repent it!'
Wild whistled the bleak wind. Dis-
mally moaned the huge elm-tree that
rasped and scratched itself against the
cruel edges of the shingles on the cornice,
and gruesomely groaned Algernon Fitz-
Thompson McStab, as he stole forth in
the dead of night to the ancestral smoke-
house in the back yard.
'I'll show her!' he muttered between
his teeth.
From beneath his coat he drew a com-
pact bundle of letters, cut the string that
bound them together, struck a match,
made a bonfire of the collection, and
watched them slowly consume to ashes.
He was burning letters written in hap-
pier days to Rachel Hamtagg. She had
returned them to him.
'This is so sudden,' said the widow,
blushingly, 'and so unexpected. I—I
thought your visits to our house were for
the purpose of seeing my daughter.'
'She is too young,' replied the visitor
decidedly. 'I told her so last evening.
We parted in a friendly spirit; but I gave
her to understand as delicately as I could
that I should not call to see her any more.
This is sudden, it is true, but I trust none
the less agreeable. May I not venture
to hope?'
'Why, sir, I—'
'And, now, my dear,' he said, at the
expiration of a happy half hour, as he
gently lifted his head from his shoulder.
'I should like to see you—or perhaps I
ought now to say our—daughter, to tell
her of this happy event.'
'Shall I call her?'
'If you please, my dear.'
'Rachael,' said Algernon Fitz-Thom-
son McStab, pleasantly, 'you will be
glad to know, I dare say, that I am to be
your father. That is all we wished to
say to her, was it not, my love? You
may go, Rachael. Please close the door,
my child, as you go out.'

FACTS AND FIGURES.

A Swiss scientist has been testing the
presence of bacteria in mountain air, and
finds that not a single microbe exists be-
yond an altitude of 2,000 feet above the
level of the sea.
Liquors may be aged artificially by
gradually cooling them, in the case of
brandy, down to 200 degrees centigrade
below zero, and then gradually bringing
them up again to the normal temperature.
The frigorific laboratory, in which the new
discovery is to be applied, will shortly be
established in Paris.
The longest bridge in the world is the
Lion Bridge, near Saugang, China. It
extends five and a quarter miles over an
arm of the Yellow Sea, and it is supported
by 306 huge stone arches. The roadway
is seventy feet above the water and is en-
closed in arm network. A marble lion,
twenty-two feet long, rests on the crown
of every pillar.
Aluminum neckties have been intro-
duced into Germany. They are really
made of the cosmopolitan metal, and
frosted or otherwise ornamented in vari-
ous shapes imitating the ordinary silk or
satin article. They are fastened to the
collar button or by a band around the
neck, and are particularly recommended
for summer wear, since they can be easily
cleaned when soiled, while they are not
perceptibly heavier than cotton, cambric
or silk.



'MY PETS.'

MOTHER'S LULLAY.

Hush-a-bye, baby!
Mother will sing to thee,
Soft is the moan of the wind in the
Angels are listening,
Bright stars are glistening,
Like sentinels watching my baby.

CHANGING CHUCK PANTALOONS.

OW far it is expedi-
ent a railway car
dressing room is
which would be q-
ed in the negativ-
mental countries
guards walk along
boards and call
while the train is
But in England a passer
likes to change his attire
class compartment, as a r-
secure from interruption.
At least, so thought Mr.
Chucker, as he alighted fr-
som at Paddington, as
across the platform, hold-
ing a rug and a carpet be-
contained a complete cham-
ber—to wit, dress-clothes.
Mr. Chucker had receive-
dation to dine at Windsor,
friend of influential position
ing a busy man, he had not
to dress at his office in the
his chambers at the West E-

PLING INTO THE TRAIN.

pling into the train, he
ling into the hand of th
said:
'Keep this compartm-
dress.'
'All right, sir,' answe-
and the next moment t-
ed.
Mr. Chucker then unl-
pet-bag, and drew out
with other equipments
his bodily adornment.
It must not be suppos-
this without reluctance,
great stickler about all
of life. He objected to
out of season. If he l-
best friend changing his
a railway carriage he
thought meanly of his
discourtesy habits, and
judged himself with a
for not having better
own time.
'If an accident occurs
as he removed his occ-
coat, 'I wonder what w-
of me for being half
train?'
This reflection made
was a shy, middle-ag-
large, red ears, and a
The effect of pulling o
ways suffused his cot-
crimson, and it did so
that, what with the e-
from physical exertion
resulted from a trout
Mr. Barnaby Chucker
tressed. Having rem-
he denuded himself.
This was a trying mo-
accident had happened
'Why, why, dear
Mr. Chucker, at this
situation, 'I think th-
cannot be—is stopping
The train was stop-
Mr. Chucker might h-
it would do, since he
ling by express; but

MOTHER'S LULLABY.

Hush-a-bye, baby!
Mother will sing to thee,
Soft is the moan of the wind in the tree,
Angels are listening,
Bright stars are glistening,
Like sentinels watching my baby and me.

Hush-a-bye, baby!
What shall I sing to thee?
Sinketh the bird to her nest on the sea;
Shadows are creeping,
Moonbeams are fleeing,
Twilight is deepening o'er moorland and sea.

Lullaby, dearie!
Mother is near thee,
Bright may the dreams of my little one be,
Angels defend thee,
God His love send thee,
And carefully guard both my baby and me.

Chamber's Journal.

CHANGING CHUCKER'S PANTALOONS.

OW far it is expedient to convert a railway carriage into a dressing room is a question which would be quickly solved in the negative in continental countries, where guards walk along the footboards and collect tickets while the train is in motion. But in England a passenger who likes to change his attire in a first-class compartment, as a rule, pretty secure from interruption.

At least, so thought Mr. Barnaby Chucker, as he alighted from a hansom at Paddington, and rushed across the platform, holding a railway rug and a carpet bag, which contained a complete change of raiment—to wit, dress-clothes.

Mr. Chucker had received an invitation to dine at Windsor, with some friend of influential position; but, being a busy man, he had not found time to dress at his office in the city, or at his chambers at the West End. Step-

enwrapped in his self-upbraiding thoughts that he had not even noticed the first slackening of the engine's speed.

He now found himself in the midst of a very disreputable litter of clothes, and with no time to re-dress himself before the train stopped.

He had to decide hastily whether he would steam alongside Baling platform in his shirt-sleeves or minus his pantaloons.

He chose wisely in huddling on his coat, which he buttoned up, while he covered his lower man with his railway rug. This done, he collected as many of his belongings as he could into his bag, kicked his boots under a seat, and tried to look dignified.

The train had come to a stand-still now, and a guard opened the door of the carriage in which our hero was sitting, and cried:

"There's room here, sir, for you and this lady."

"Hi, guard!" exclaimed Mr. Chucker, leaning out in horror, "you told me I should have this compartment to myself."

Unfortunate for our modest friend, the guard to whom he had given the shilling was not the one appointed to travel with the train. These little mistakes often occur, and lead to unpleasant consequences.

The present guard said bluntly:

"I can't give you a compartment to yourself unless you pay for it, sir. It's against the rules. Here, madam, step in, please."

A lady who looked in very delicate health got into the carriage, and a gentleman with her. Mr. Barnaby Chucker felt ready to swoon. Before he could inform the guard of his readiness to pay for a while compartment sooner than have his privacy intruded upon, the train was off again, and Mr. Chucker fell to reflecting how he

passengers became convinced that they were travelling with a lunatic.

The lady began to scream. Her nerves were so unstrung that they could not stand this extra shock. And Mr. Chucker made things worse by the fixity with which he stared at her. The gentleman armed himself with an umbrella to protect his wife.

Mr. Chucker, entering into the spirit of his part, caught up his own umbrella and brandished it.

The travellers were in their attitude of vigilance and menace when the train once more slackened speed, and Hanwell was reached.

Instantly the gentleman jumped out on the off side of the line, so as not to pass Mr. Chucker, and helped out his wife, whose screams had by this time, given place to a fit of shivering.

Mr. Chucker thought himself well rid of his mess, for the train would go on again, and he should be able to complete his dressing. By way of insuring privacy for the remainder of his journey, he began by pulling the carriage blinds down.

Alas! he was not to get off so easily. Already there was a commotion on the platform.

The husband of the fainting lady had explained matters to the station master; some porters and guards had overheard him, and rumor circulated that there was a lunatic in the train. Some passengers, poking their heads out of the carriage windows, protested against travelling in the company of a man who might commit some mad act—or emit awful noises. The station master was obliged to pacify these murmurs by striding toward the alleged maniac's carriage. The all-unconscious Mr. Chucker was suddenly aroused by the door being sudden-

ly opened, but this did not improve his position, for his resistance was ascribed to a maniacal outbreak, and emboldened his aggressors to drag him out of the carriage feet foremost. He tumbled out in a heap, and was then carried across the platform, kicking and roaring in the sight of a hundred pairs of astonished or amused eyes.

"Oh!" exclaimed the young ladies, as he passed.

"Poor man!" cried some older ones.

"Hi! Fetch the police," chorused some of the porters.

Ten minutes later, when Mr. Chucker had been conveyed, under strong escort, to the station master's room, and had been suffered to don his pantaloons, he contrived to get a hearing and to explain how all the trouble had arisen.

"Well, but why didn't you tell us this before?" cried the nonplussed station master.

"Because you wouldn't listen to me, you beast," screamed Mr. Chucker.

"Well you've missed your train and your dinner," said the station master, "and that'll be a lesson to you."

"Lesson of what?" asked Mr. Chucker, exasperated.

"Lesson—why—why—lesson not to take off one pair of breeches until you've put the other on, and that for decency's sake, sir!" answered the station master, sternly, formulating an axiom which sounded well; though perhaps, like some other maxims propounded by worldly philosophy, it was not easy to follow.

ANNE BEDE'S DEBT.

The judges were in their places. Outside the fog weighed heavily upon the shapeless building, effaced the walls and glued itself to the windows, concealing their frosty flowering.



DUKE OF YORK.

kerchief that covered her head, caught her breath heavily, then answered, sighing:

"My affair is sad, Mon. le President, very, very sad."

Her voice, soft and dolorous, went to the heart like good music, that, even when one hears it no longer, seems still to vibrate in the air and change everything by its mysterious influence.

The faces of the jurors were no longer so morose. The portrait of the king, and farther away still of the *Judex Curia*, appeared to make to her from the silent wall benignant signs, encouraging her to bravely recount the affair "so very, very sad."

"But see you," said she, "this writing; it will tell you better than I can."

Only she had first to seek it; to unclasp them from the gaze of the people, for it from her bosom—a piece of crackling parchment, stamped and closed with the ponderous official seal.

"A judgment," murmured the President running his eye over the paper, "a judgment against Anne Bede, assigned to begin to-day a punishment of six months' imprisonment."

The girl nodded sorrowfully; the handkerchief, loosened by the movement, fell from her head, and a heavy tress of her long black hair, all unbound, veiled her features. It sought, perhaps, to shield them from the gaze of the people, for if she was white as a lily a while ago, she was purple with shame at this moment.

"It is a week since we received it," stammered she in a broken voice. "The court officer brought it himself and explained what it wished to tell us, and my poor mother said to me: 'Thou must go, my child; the law is the law, and one should not take it as a pleasantry.' I have come, therefore, to—to begin the six months!"

The President wiped his glasses, then wiped them again, his cold, stern gaze seeking the faces of his colleagues, the windows, the floor, the great iron stove, through whose grated door fiery eyes seemed to sparkle threateningly regard him.

"The law," murmured he, "the law is the law!"

And he read anew the summary before him, the black, sprawling scratches across the white page, declaring "Anne Bede condemned to six months' imprisonment for the receiving of stolen goods."

Meanwhile the leaden ventilator had quickened its pace and spun furiously, outside the wind had risen, and now it shook the windows, whistled through the crevices, and seemed to hiss remorselessly about the ears of the gaping crowd.

"The law, yes, the law is the law!"

The head of the President bent affirmatively before this importunate voice; he dropped his eyes and touched the bell for the tipstaff.

"Accompany Anne Bede," said he, "to the house of the Inspector of Prisons."

The man bowed, the child turned obediently, but her little rose-red lips opened and shook tremulously, as if words were on them that she could not speak.

"Perhaps, my child," said the President, noticing her distress, "perhaps you have still something to say to us."

"Only—that I am Lizette, Lizette Bede, Monsieur le President; Anne Bede was my sister, and we buried her, poor girl, a week ago."

"'Twas not you, then, that was con-

demned and sentenced!" cried the President, surprised.

"Ah! Bon Dieu, no! Why should I have been condemned, who have never done harm to a fly?"

"Then why are you here, mad child that you are?"

"Because—if you please—it is because Anne died while 'his business was before the Royal Table' (the Lower Court of Hungary). 'It was when she was lying in her coffin all cold and white that this order concerning the six months arrived, certifying that she must submit. . . . Oh! how she had waited and prayed for it, and tried so hard to live to receive it! She had never dreamed of this, Monsieur le President, and when they had taken her away with closed eyes, mute and deaf forever, my mother and I told ourselves that we must repair the wrong she had done because of her fiancé, Gabriel Kar-doney! It was for him, and without knowing it, that she sinned, and we thought—"

"What, my child?"

"That to let her rest peacefully in her mortal ashes, and that no one should say she owed them anything—that we must do as I said—repair the wrong done by her. My mother has paid the *amende* for the goods, and I have come, Monsieur le President, to serve in her place the six months in the county prison."

"To serve in her sister's place!"

"What innocence, what simplicity!"

The jurors smiled broadly; the face of the President was no longer cold or ceremonious, nor was it precisely his brow from which he mopped the moisture with a large yellow handkerchief.

"It is well," said he, "you were right, my child; but—now that I think of it—"

He stopped, frowned, and seemed to reflect intently—"now that I think of it," continued he, "there was an error in this affair. We have, my dear child, sent you the wrong document."

"The wrong document, Monsieur le President?" faltered Lizette, raising her great, sorrowful eyes to his face with a gaze of heart-breaking reproach, "the wrong document?"

She could say no more, and the President himself was no less moved.

"The wrong document, my child yes," said he firmly, rising from his seat to tenderly pass his hand across the shining hair, "beyond there"—pointing to the heaven above them through the mist-veiled window—"Justice has given another verdict."

Go now to thy mother, and tell her from me that thy sister was not a criminal—that Anne was innocent."

"Before God, at least," added he, in a tone only audible to his own great heart, "before God, at least!"

The huge guns of modern navies can be fired only seventy-five times, when they become worn out.

Baron Hirsch has thus far sent about 4,000 Russian Hebrews to the Argentine Republic, and hopes to have a Hebrew community there of 100,000 within ten years. He sends them out in companies of fifty families, each provided with a rabbi and a doctor, and he expects them to settle in villages, giving a special tract for each company.

began to crumble the green her fingers and to flinch, to fill it in and stamp she had filled and stamped, her voice firm and clear as always in the chorus of song, and always accompanied the sound of the clods falling on the other by the ring of the cawing crows circlingly above the heap of the dead.

On the east, the first gray lights of morning slowly spread across the heavens, pale as the smile upon the faces of the clay!

HIS REVENGE.

You refuse me, do you, Miss McStab," said the young Mr. McStab, "I swear you'll repent it!"

He hissed the bleak wind. Disdained the huge elm-tree that had scratched itself against the shingles on the cornice, solemnly groaned Algernon Fitz-McStab, as he stole forth in the night to the ancestral smoke-house back yard.

"How her!" he muttered between his teeth.

He drew a comb of letters out of the string that held them together, struck a match, bonfire of the collection, and them slowly consume to ashes. Burning letters written in haste to Rachel Hamtage. She had them to him.

"It is so sudden," said the widow, "and so unexpected. I—I your visits to our house were for the sake of seeing my daughter."

"It is too young," replied the visitor.

"I told her so last evening, in a friendly spirit; but I gave her a lesson as I could, and she would not call to see her any more. Sudden, it is true, but I trust none agreeable. May I not venture to say, sir, I—"

"Now, my dear," he said, at the end of a happy half hour, as he lifted her head from his shoulder, "I would like to see you—or perhaps I would like to say our—daughter, to tell you how I call her?"

"You please, my dear."

Then Algernon Fitz-Thompson, smiling, "you will be my dear, I dare say, that I am to be father. That is all we wished to her, was it not, my love? You see, Rachael. Please close the door, as you go out."

FACTS AND FIGURES.

A Swiss scientist has been testing the force of bacteria in mountain air, and that not a single microbe exists below an altitude of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Flowers may be aged artificially by cooling them, in the case of lilies, down to 200 degrees centigrade below zero, and then gradually bringing up again to the normal temperature. The laboratory, in which the new process is to be applied, will shortly be finished in Paris.

The longest bridge in the world is the Bridge, near Saugang, China. It is five and a quarter miles over an of the Yellow Sea, and it is supported by huge stone arches. The roadway is fifty feet above the water and is entirely an arm network. A marble lion, two feet long, rests on the crown of every pillar.

Aluminum neckties have been introduced into Germany. They are really of the cosmopolitan metal, and are otherwise ornamented in various shapes imitating the ordinary silk or cotton necktie.

They are fastened to the button or by a band around the neck, and are particularly recommended for summer wear, since they can be easily removed when soiled, while they are not so heavy as cotton, cambric or linen.

plunging into the train, he slipped a shilling into the hand of the guard, and said:

"Keep this compartment, I want to dress."

"All right, sir," answered the guard; and the next moment the train started.

Mr. Chucker then unlocked his carpet-bag, and drew out a clean shirt, with other equipments necessary to his bodily adornment.

It must not be supposed that he did this without reluctance, for he was a great stickler about all the proprieties of life. He objected to seeing things out of season. If he had caught his best friend changing his pantaloons in a railway carriage he would have thought meanly of him for being disordered habits, and so now he judged himself with a candid severity for not having better regulated his own time.

"If an accident occurred," mused he, as he removed his coat and waistcoat, "I wonder what would be thought of me for being half undressed in a train?"

This reflection made him redden. He was a shy, middle-aged man, with large, red ears, and a fat, florid face. The effect of pulling off his boots always suffused his countenance with crimson, and it did so now, inasmuch that, what with the color that came from physical exertion and that which resulted from a troubled conscience, Mr. Barnaby Chucker looked truly distressed. Having removed his boots, he denuded himself of his trousers. This was a trying moment, for if an accident had happened then.

"Why, why, dear me!" ejaculated Mr. Chucker, at this stage of his disquisitions, "I think the train—no, it cannot be—stopping in effect."

The train was stopping in effect, as Mr. Chucker might have foreseen that it would do, since he was not travelling by express; but he had been so

should effect his change of carriages at Slough, now that he was in no fit state to step on to a platform. The train in which he travelled was not bound straight for Windsor, but for Birmingham, and Mr. Chucker would have to change at Slough if he wished to dine with his friends that evening.

Alas! a more urgent difficulty than soon presented itself to him; for no sooner had the train started than the lady who had just stepped in began to moan and to shiver, saying that she felt cold all over. Her husband sought to quiet her, but it was all of no use, for she was really ill. At last the poor man looked in despair at Mr. Chucker, and politely said:

"Excuse me for taking a great liberty, sir; but would you be so kind as to lend my wife your rug? We started in a hurry and forgot to bring one. As it is not a cold day, perhaps you would not mind obliging us as far as Slough, where I shall be able to buy a rug."

"Oh!" grunted Mr. Chucker, stupefied.

The request completely staggered him, and he could find no words in which to reply.

"Would you kindly lend this lady your rug?" repeated the gentleman, rather astonished.

"Hoo!" growled Mr. Chucker, in a voice like a bear's. It had just occurred to him that the safest way out of his difficulties would be to sham being mad.

A Frenchman would have quietly beckoned the gentleman to the other side of the carriage, and would have explained the dilemma with a laugh. But Englishmen are persons full of niceness, and Mr. Chucker dared not confess to a perfect stranger that he had no trousers on.

He repeated "Hoo!" two or three times over, and his stratagem succeeded perfectly, for both his fellow-

ly opened and a gruff voice exclaimed:

"Now, sir, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing's—the—the—matter with me," stammered Mr. Chucker. "What should there be?" but, so saying, he hugged his rug closer to him with a guilty look.

"Would you mind stepping out, sir?"

"Why should I? My ticket is for Windsor."

"Change here for Windsor, sir," responded the guard, who was quite convinced by this time that he had a queer character to deal with.

"Well, man, since you put me to it, I've no trousers on," confessed Mr. Chucker, lowering his voice; whereupon the station master echoed in amazement:

"No trousers!" and the crowd behind caught up the words: "No trousers!"

"He's thrown 'em out," suggested a porter.

"Perhaps he had none on when he got into the train?" suggested the station master.

"Of course I had, man. I've two pair with me now. Let me alone, that I may put one on," faltered Mr. Chucker, intimidated and disgusted by the sight of so many people staring at him.

But while he was speaking, some low churl, seizing a corner of his rug, gave it a twitch, and abruptly exposed Mr. Chucker's disabillie to view.

There was a shout of mingled laughter and dismay among the passengers, some of whom, being ladies, deemed it expedient to squeal.

"Out you come," roared the blushing station master, in a paroxysm of indignation, and he clutched Mr. Chucker by the wrist.

"Well! but—but—let me dress first," pleaded the victim, as he felt, not only his arms, but his legs in the grasp of different hands. He made a

short struggle, but this did not improve his position, for his resistance was ascribed to a maniacal outbreak, and emboldened his aggressors to drag him out of the carriage feet foremost. He tumbled out in a heap, and was then carried across the platform, kicking and roaring in the sight of a hundred pairs of astonished or amused eyes.

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JUNE ROSES.



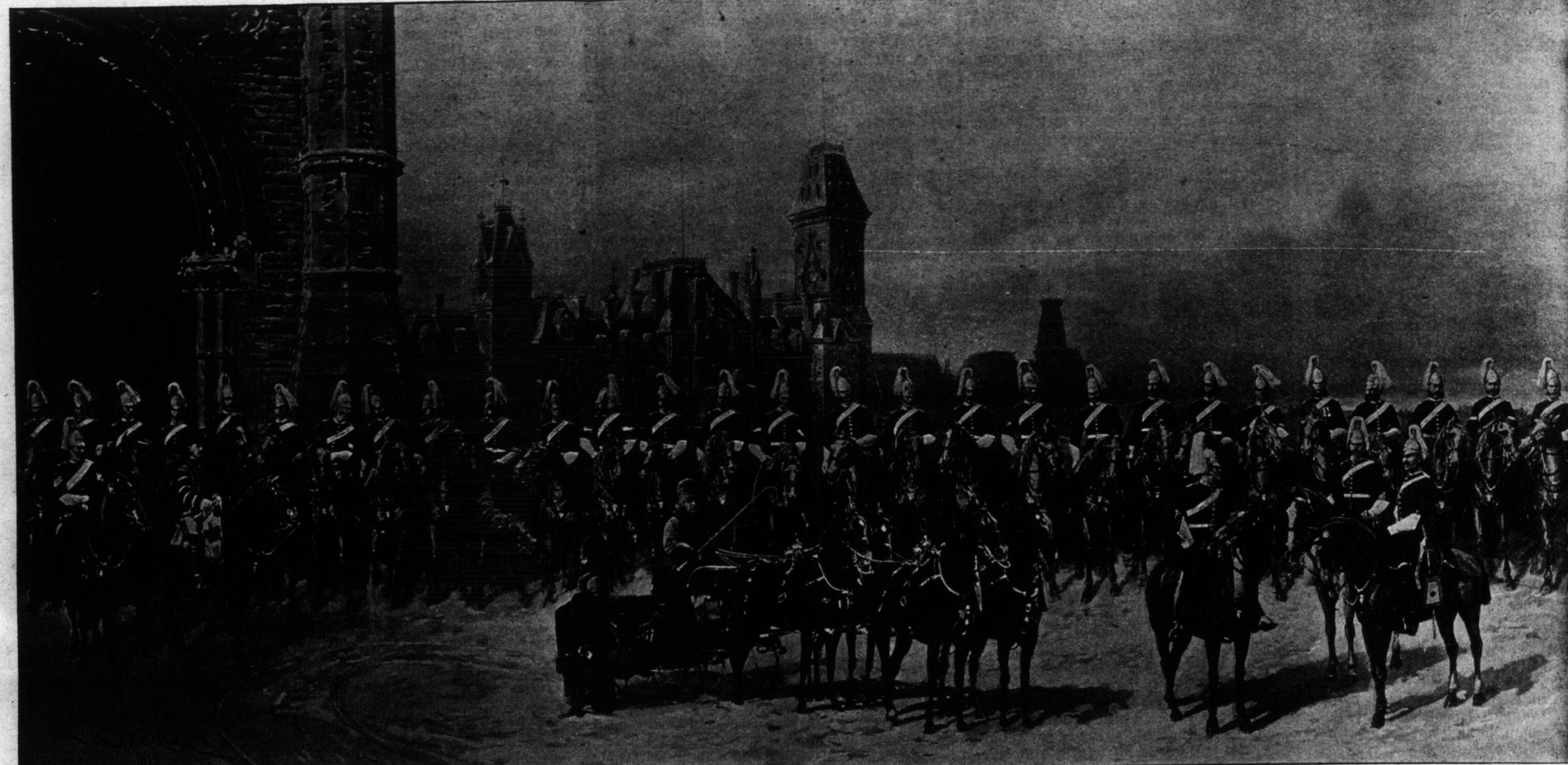
IS IT COUNTERFEIT?

MULHOLLANDS CONTRACT.

The fear was on the cattle, for the gale was on the sea. An' the pens broke up on the lower deck an' let the creatures free— An' the lights went out on the lower deck an' no one there but me.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CASTLES.

QUEEN VICTORIA came to the throne at the age of eighteen. She is now in her seventy-seventh year, and has reigned for fifty-eight years.



A REMINISCENCE OF 1870.—THE PRINCESS LOUISE DRAGOON GUARDS AWAITING THE RETURN OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS IN FRONT OF THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

residence there the Queen does not go about as much as she formerly did. Up there at Balmoral she is far removed from the sightseer; the implacable tourists do not get near the pretty castle on the banks of the River Dee, and as the Queen can do very much as she pleases, almost as much as if she were not a Queen but the subject, for in these days, in Britain, the only persons who are not as free as the subject, for in these days, in Britain, the only persons who are not as free as the subject, for in these days, in Britain, the only persons who are not as free as the subject...



THE QUEEN IN HER CORONATION ROBES. From the picture by Sir George Hayter, R.A., at Windsor Castle

she writes the word so illegibly that the possible mistake is hidden. She wears three rings which she has never removed—her wedding ring, a little enamel ring with a small diamond center, which the prince consort gave her when she was only sixteen years old, and her engagement ring, which is in the form of a serpent of emeralds. She wears only a bracelet from which is suspended I dare not say how many little lockets. How many grand and great-grandchildren has she? Well, the number of lockets. Now she will have to add to the collection a portrait of the York baby.

A SOUL-SEMBLANCE.

She was no longer young, poor Miss Laisla. Her hair was streaked with silver, so that the massive coil was now like to rope whose one strand is gold, the other silver. Her eyes still retained a heavenly blue color, but the observer seemed to feel that many tears had faded them from violet to blue.

which leads on through distance. At every ten of these duties passed, she would come to a pleasure great and glad—a sacrifice permitted her to make. These she would go by with a sigh, for the horrid duties were covered with wreaths of flowers and garlands of fresh green leaves. But whether one mile-post or ten mile-markers were passed, the result was always increasing weariness.

And to those, whether men or women, who have led single lives of duty, or unrewarded devotion on earth, whose path has always been spiced with thorns, God sends His sweetest angels to bear them on the wings of down into a perfect rest. The grave, that to others yawns a gasping pit, is to them a rose-strewn couch.

AT PLAY. Play that you are mother, dear, And play that papa is your bean; Play that we sit in the corner here, Just as we used to long ago; Play so, we lovers two, Are just as happy as can be.

IN A CHAMPAGNE CELLAR. People go to Rheims to see two things—the cathedral and the champagne cellars. Which of these two sights is the more interesting is a matter of individual taste.

hat, for instance, would not be so agreeable, but more harmonious and more in artistic keeping with the long, mysterious passages in the rock. The extent of the cellars is 13 kilometres (just over eight miles), and the guide informs us with pride, that it takes five hours to walk all over them.



A REMINISCENCE OF 1890.—H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR (DUKE OF CONNAUGHT) AT REDEAU HALL.

A WHIFF O' THE CELLS.

Oh, for a breath o' the moorland air, For the scent o' the flowerin' briar, My very heart is sair, Oh, for the sound o' the burnie, That whistles o'er the lea, For a sight o' the brownie brae, On the hillside waving free.

MY FELLOW TRAVELER.

HAD been near in the saddle, me, along a dusty road, about which but appalling tales must yet cover through a thicket could reach shelter. Above me was a starry sky, and about me a wind like a Banshee. I was very nervous.

I looked anxiously before me, entered the wood. I saw trees, closing in a narrow into the blackness as a night, I could see nothing urged my horse to a quick plunge into the uncertainty of the gloomy sentinels seemed to glare at me.

The sound of the horses' hoofs hurrying to a cordial greeting and a friendly night, which I served, he seemed to direct me. Even after entering, he addressed himself to me, asking the sort of questions concerning and ignoring utterly the stranger. But as the way to the fireplace, a quaint carved chair from seated himself quite as easily as if he were known to the host, or a person perhaps of importance.

"Some gentleman's servant, I glancing in his direct supposition perished as still shadowed by the fire had not removed, the fire on a mouth and chin of and delicacy, and showed lines of the nose with nostrils, and of the whole stamp of breeding, a horror sank deep in me, met them thus turned up such dark, awful melle looking out from such a I positively dared bear ger, and with a long-drawn face to the landlord, in with hot food.

CURIOSITIES OF THE LITERARY WORSHIP.

The most extravagant instance of literary relic worship on record is said to be that of a well-known English man, who constantly wears, in a small locket attached to a chain around the neck, a portion of the charred skull of Shelley. Of late years a great many persons have visited the former residence of the late Victor Hugo to see a tooth of that celebrity which is kept in a small glass case with this inscription: "Tooth drawn from the jaw of Victor Hugo by the dentist on Wednesday, August 11, 1871, at Vianden, in the garden attached to the house of Mme. Koch, at three o'clock in the afternoon."

A WHIFF O' THE CELLER AIR.

Oh, for a breath o' the moorlands, A whiff o' the caller air! For the scent o' the flowerin' heather My very heart is sair.

MY FELLOW TRAVELLER.

A GHOST STORY.

HAD been nearly two hours in the saddle, and my journey, along a deserted road, about which hung not a few appalling tales of outlawry, must yet cover a mile a half through a thick wood ere I could reach shelter for the night.

Above me was a starless November sky, and about me a wind which howled like a Banasher. I was very tired and I had to confess it to myself—very nervous.

I looked anxiously before me as we entered the wood. I saw two lines of trees, closing in a narrow path. Stare into the blackness as much as I might, I could see nothing else.

I urged my horse to a quicker pace and plunged into the uncertainty of this forbidding avenue. The long line of gloomy sentinels seemed to stretch away interminably, grudging the room away interminably, grudging the room away interminably, grudging the room away interminably.

Yet, turning my eyes suddenly to the right, while I tried to quiet the violent trembling of my horse, I saw another horse and rider at my side. Silently this strange horseman had crept upon me; silently he was riding at pace with me.

"Well, I certainly do not fear foes of that description," I returned scornfully. "I would not enjoy being murdered by a ruffianly highwayman, but I am not afraid of meeting his ghost; and I now laughed, reassured and quite at my ease.

"Ah!" said my companion, with peculiar inflection. "You are doubtless bound for the 'Blue Boar,' as I am?" I asked. "I go where you go—for this night!"

I shivered, involuntarily. The strange wording of what might have been so simply answered impressed me vividly and unpleasantly. Then I instantly remembered that this man was evidently a foreigner, and as the wretched lights of the Blue Boar now flashed full upon us, I dismissed the thought with a sigh of relief.

The sound of the horses' feet brought the landlord hurrying to the door with a cordial greeting and a comment on the ugly night, which, I instantly observed, he seemed to direct entirely to me. Even after entering the inn he addressed himself exclusively to me, asking the sort of room I liked and questions concerning the supper.

"Some gentleman's servant," thought I, glancing in his direction. But this supposition perished as swiftly as it was born, for though the eyes were still shadowed by the hat which he had not removed, the freckled full on a mouth and chin of great beauty and delicacy, and showed the fine stamp of breeding. Now he raised his eyes to mine, and a sort of horror sank deep in my heart as I met them thus turned upon my own—such dark, awful melancholy eyes looking out from such a pallid face!

"Lord, sir!" cried the good man, "what is it?"

"What is what?" I asked, testily. "You looked so, as if you had seen a ghost!"

A low, musical laugh came from the corner by the fire, but I resolutely kept my face turned away, and I made no answer to my officious host. As I seated myself at the board I asked briefly, and from a sense of courtesy—including the stranger—with a little sweep of my hand:

"Do you eat alone?" "Quite alone, sir," the landlord replied, looking at me, I thought, curiously.

I finished my supper in silence. My host went to prepare my bed-chamber, and left me alone with the man in gray. Determined to conquer my absurd dread, I turned full toward him. "You have taken nothing to eat, nothing to drink after your cold ride, friend," I said, hesitating a little over the last word.

He rose, and fastening his singular gaze upon me, advanced slowly toward where I was standing. "I have no need of food or drink," he said in his slow, foreign voice; "and all weather is alike to me."

He was close beside me. He extended his ungloved hand—white and delicate as a woman's, adorned with two costly rings—"I will say good-night, friend," he said, smiling. "Perhaps we shall meet again."

I placed my hand in his, and as his fingers closed lightly over mine it was as if a dead hand had fastened itself about my own. I nearly cried aloud in a sudden horror of—I know not what. I sank backward into the chair I had just left, and closed my eyes to shut out those terrible eyes so near me; and when I opened them again, the briefest moment later, the man in gray had disappeared and mine host stood in the doorway, ready to show me to my room.

I was given a most comfortable apartment. A huge fire crackled and glowed in the grate, and in the warmth and homely cheer of the room, my fears of a moment before seemed more than absurd. Moving toward the window, I looked through the pane.

"Over the garden, sir," explained the landlord.



MARY ANDERSON.

There was two doors in this room—one by which I had entered, the other leading doubtless into another room. I carefully locked both last thing before getting into bed. The room was bright from the firelight, and I lay drowsily watching the flames, when I felt a cold draught of air sweep across the room, and turning my eyes

Then there were things in this world of the other world in spite of all my earlier doubts. No, this I would not believe! I was perhaps the victim of some hallucination—some illness, but the supernatural I would not accept. I left the terrible bed, where there was no hope of rest, and replenishing the fire, I drew an easy-chair before

ing. A blackness, so heavy that it could almost be felt, filled the whole room, concealing the windows, the furniture, the chair I sat in, my own figure, my hands—everything was shut out from my sight, which wheeled my chair to the right, then to the left; I could see nothing. Then I must have turned it completely around, facing the paneled wall; for I saw that—faintly at first, with the aid of a faint, bluish light, which seemed to glide before it and illumined it just enough to show me the door, which opened slowly, noiselessly, to disclose the long, straight flight of stairs and the dim gleam from the chamber above and the edge of that black robe—such as priests wear, lying near the top stair.

Now I was incapable of further motion. I could not even turn away my eyes; they were fastened to that line of black stuff lying on the stair. And as I watched it I saw it slowly drawn back, as if whoever—or whatever—work it had moved away. For a moment there was an utter silence; even the wind, and the rain, which for the last hour had dashed furiously against my windows, ceased.

Then I heard a step coming down the stairs. Very measurably it moved from one stair to the next, nearer, nearer; and I heard the long robe trailing after it, with the soft, sweeping sound heavy fabrics make. Yes, I heard all this, and yet, though in all that room where the darkness hung like a pall, everything was shut out from my sight, save that dimly lighted stairway; I could see that, and nothing beside. I heard the slow steps and the trailing robe which followed them from stair to stair, but I could see only the staircase from top to bottom, and there was no one upon it. Yet it came on—steadily descending. I counted every step—there were thirteen in all—and when the last one was reached, the door was softly closed. Now the awful darkness so overwhelmed me that I would have welcomed yet another glimpse of that ghostly stairway. I sat rigidly upright in my chair, incapable of motion as I was of sight. Indeed I knew not now in what direction to turn to find my candle and matches, and all

step would bring it close beside me. Should I die or go mad! It was there! Its touch had fallen on me. Ice cold fingers trailed twice across my forehead. The first touch made me remember all the joy I had ever known; the second conured up such unspeakable horror, that I gave up even the struggle to combat it—my escape, so that I sank down, down, and ceased even to think.

It was daylight when I regained consciousness. I heard a violent knocking at my door. It was some time before I could find the strength to reach it. When I finally did so, the landlord stood there. He looked anxious.

"Were you ill, sir? We thought we heard in the night a cry—a fall—" "I am not ill," I replied, with chattering teeth. "I had rather a bad night, and I am very cold."

He went away to get me something warming, and I threw wide the shutters. The sun streamed into the room. Across the garden I saw the crumpling wing of the old inn. It formed the half of a square with the part of the house in which I was. There might easily be a connection, even with this room, I shuddered when I thought of the door in the paneled wall. Then I went over and examined the paneling. I heard a cough behind me and flung myself about, suddenly, as I was regarding me from the doorway.

"A fine bit of paneling," I said. "Why is there only one wall in this room paneled?" "Why, sir," he replied, "this room used to connect with the wing, and as the old owner had some prejudice against that part of the house, the passage was walled up."

I turned away that he might not see my paling face, and he left the room. Trying as far as I lay in my power, to dismiss the events of the night from my mind, I dressed hastily, and turned my back on the room which I had entered with such different sensations.

As I seated myself before an inviting breakfast, I suddenly remembered my fellow-traveller. "Has your other guest been before me?" I asked of the landlord. The man started at me. "We had no guests in the house last night, except yourself, sir," he replied.

My heart seemed to stop its beating. I seized a glass of water and drank it feverishly. Then, trying to control my voice, I said: "I thought I saw some one—a gentleman, in fact, entering the inn when I did."

"No, sir," replied mine host, meeting my troubled gaze, steadily; "there was no one beside yourself."

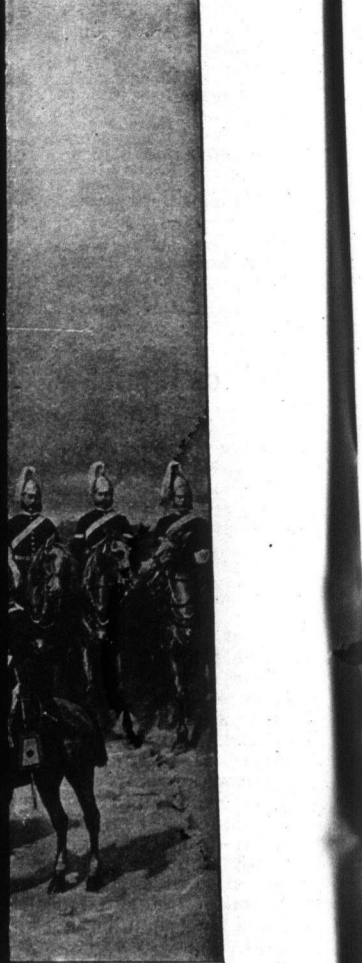
THE HIGHWAYMAN'S REWARD.

In 1769 a gentleman was passing over Point Neuf, Paris, one night, with a lantern. A man came up to him and said: "Read this paper."

He held up his lantern and read as follows: "Speak not a word when you've this read, Or in an instant you'll be dead! Give me your money, watch and rings, With other valuable things, Then quick, in silence, you depart, Or I, with knife, will cleave your heart!"

Not being a man of much pluck, the affrighted gentleman gave up his watch and money, and ran off. His soon gave the alarm and the highwayman was arrested.

"What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the magistrate before whom the robber was ushered. "That I am not guilty of robbery, though I took the watch and money."



DINGS.

allow their leader. "One." bang, bang, bang, bang, nmer their bottles on the t of them. "Two," and all are raised in the air, and ards and forwards. "Three," change their hold from the body of the bottle, and bang, bang, bang, go the other board. It looks and sounds ttle must be smashed to a matter of fact, few break. sks prevent these from flying

face. wine has been lying long all the thick part has gathere cork (for the bottles are le to allow of this), the cork and the wine in the neck of containing the sediment, flies bottles are then handed to a rith a very ingenious machine, veral bottles can be worked s to the wine a little sweet replace the sugar which has the sediment. For the direct



NE.

ne only 1 per cent. of liqueur is for the sweetest, 12 per cent. es then go to the corker, who, ther ingenious little machine, tremendous corks as large round s' fiat. He then passes them to a who, with a third machine, n the corks at the rate of one an hour. The bottles are then eck-lace of gold or silver foil, champagne is finished.

SITIES OF THE LITERARY WORSHIP.

agaries of the Relic-Crazy, most extravagant instance of litle worship on record is said hat of a well-known English- ho constantly wears, in a small tached to a chain around the portion of the charred skull of Of late years a great many per- visited the former residence of Victor Hugo to see a tooth of ebrity which is kept in a small e with this inscription: "Tooth from the jaw of Victor Hugo by sht on Wednesday, August 11, Vianden, in the garden attached house of Mme. Koch, at three in the afternoon."

a year 1816, a tooth of the famous e Newton was sold at auction by monger of London, and was pur- by an English nobleman for a sum o \$3,650 in United States cur- The buyer had a costly diamond l from a favorite ring and the et in its place. The wig that wore while writing Tristram was sold at public auction soon e great writer's death for the sum 0, and the favorite chair of Alex- ppe brought \$1,000 at a sale in 1822.

MOTHER'S DARLING.

"And what is that?" I said, pointing in the direction of some lights which twinkled faintly, opposite my window. "That is a wing of the house, sir; it is not in use."

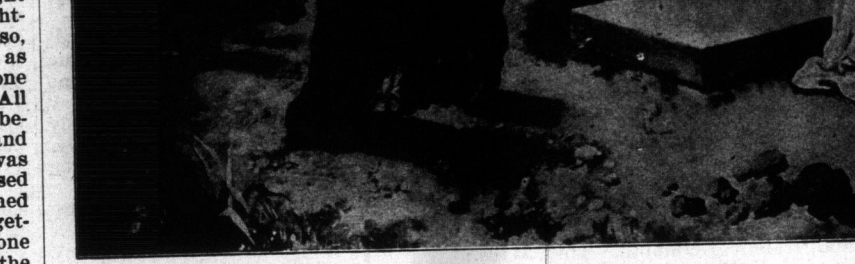
"But there are lights there," I persisted. "Oh, no, sir," the man replied, hastily, "a reflection, perhaps, from your own windows—good-night, sir." And before I could reply, he was gone.

I seated myself before the fire. I was not a believer in things supernatural, and I was provoked with myself for my nervousness and my vivid imaginations which had—I was now resolved to believe—conjured up lights in deserted windows. I accounted for all this as the result of fatigue, resolutely turned my thoughts to other things, sat and smoked until I was sleepy, and then prepared for bed.

In the direction from which it came, I saw for the first time, a third door. It was in the centre of what had before looked to me a paneled wall, and the door now stood slightly ajar and I swung irregularly to and fro in the air which came from behind it. I thought for the instant before I sprang from it, that the bed shook beneath me, but I dismissed the vague idea and advanced to close the door. It was, I reflected, in a paneled wall, and I might have easily overlooked it. But as I moved toward it, the door slowly receded, or I should say—faded, and when I stood near enough to touch it, I saw only the small regular panels of the wall I had noticed before retiring.

"Bah!" I said, trying to conquer a sudden terror. "It has closed itself—swung to in the draught!" Still I wanted to find where it had been. A secret door is not a pleasant feature of a strange bed-chamber in a strange inn. I passed my hand nervously over the panels. I bent and examined them closely. I could see no evidence of any division where a door might be. At last, I gave it up, and determined, if possible, to sleep away the rest of this most unpleasant night.

I went to bed. I had no sooner touched the same result, I turned my eyes toward the paneled wall. There, in the centre, I saw the mysterious door now widely opened, revealing a long flight of steps leading into some dimly lighted space or room above. I saw, also, the edge of a black robe, such as priests wear, lying, as if some one were seated near the top stair. All this while the bed had throbbled beneath me, and now it rocked and swayed from side to side, until I was nearly distracted with horror. I closed my eyes for an instant and opened them again on the fire, which was getting low. I saw and recognized one or two commonplace objects near the fireplace. I was certainly awake!



EASTER MORNING.

GOOD MORNING



WEARY, FRIENDLESS AND FORSAKEN.—EXHIBITED AT ROYAL ACADEMY. OIL TAKEN FROM LIFE.

JOHN SAMPSON'S CONVERSION.

“There's a bra' deal of talk about it in Pentreath, and, to begin with, very few would believe the story mother told. However, old Mis' Shewes dropped in one evening, all by chance as she made out, and sure enough John Sampson was sitting in the doorway reading away for dear life. So she went forth and told the news.

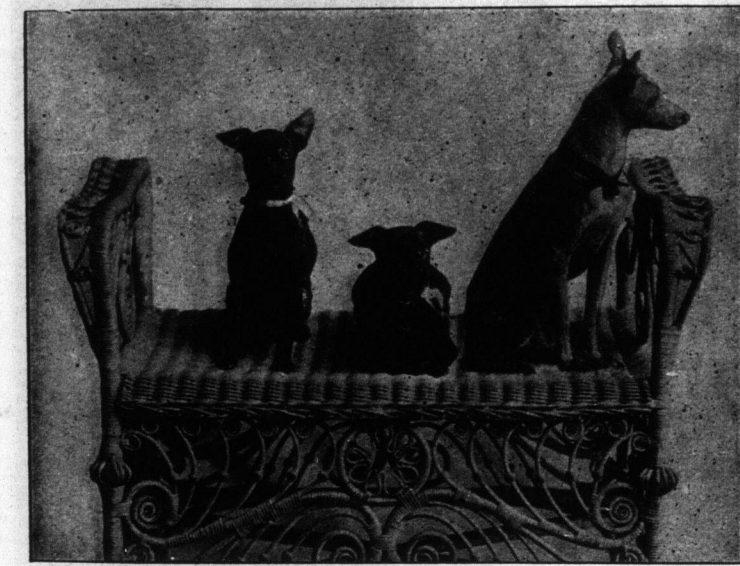
“Mother was pleased enough to have matters as they were for a time. However, after a bit, she thought 'twas a pity the old man shouldn't go further, having begun so well. So one Sunday morning, when he took up the Bible and was going out to sit on the little seat that stood against the front of the house, she spoke: ‘Wouldn't ee like to come to chapel, John?’ she said.



DOMESTIC BLISS.—IN POSSESSION OF MISS DUPONT, TORONTO. OIL TAKEN FROM LIFE.

“He used to spend Sundays on the moors in good weather, and when it rained he would sit smoking in a little shed where the donkey-cart was kept. If he was by when mother prayed before sending us off to bed he would go outside and sit on the garden wall with his pipe in his mouth. I've known her to pull down the window and pray almost in a shout, on the chance that some word in season might strike him like a javelin and bring him to a proper frame of mind.

“He stopped in Pentreath for some years, and 'twas always the same with him. Then one day he came into the kitchen with a very strange look upon his face. ‘Beggin' your pardon, Mis' Gurney,’ he said, ‘but could ee give me the loan of a Bible?’



TINY, MINNIE, MAUD. Tiny and Minnie, toy black and tans; Maud, Italian greyhound. Tiny, 3 1/2 lbs.; Minnie, 3 1/2 lbs.; Maud, 11 lbs. The property of M. E. Bessey, Hamilton. (Photo by Cochran, Hamilton.)

told about him. For he went forth and borrowed another Bible and commenced again at Genesis. At the end of a year he had come to Revelation again, and then he went and borrowed another Bible. ‘T'woud be a bold thing to say a man was touched in the head and gone tottelish because he was all the time reading the Scriptures. But what puzzled everyone was that John Sampson should never be willing to read the same copy more than once.

JUST WE TWO.

Just we two, love, only we two; To drink the honey wine of love, As it is wont to do. To see within each other's eyes The happy thoughts pursue. A perfect faith our paradise, Each day our love renew.

Just we two, love, only we two; To make of life a summer bright, Where storms can never brew. My heart to be in all the years A shelter wa'nt for you. And May's sun drink the April tears, While yet the skies are blue.

Just we two, love, only we two; No matter if the world's a foe, Our world would still be true. For love would guard the holy spot, The oak and not the row. Protect the sweet for-get-me-not, And love forever woo.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND.

I had just come out of the postoffice, when I caught sight of a face that seemed familiar to me. It was that of a man of about my own age, with bronzed features and a somewhat attenuated figure. As I was trying to recall when and where I had seen him before our eyes met, I immediately perceived that our recognition had been mutual, for he came toward me with a frank expression of pleasure and held out his hand, saying: ‘Halloo, old fellow, who'd have thought of seeing you here?’ I don't know why he said this, and of course, I don't attempt to defend it; but it is a style of address affected by some men who are as profoundly astonished if they meet you in a restaurant as if they had run across you in the mines of Siberia. I felt a little bit annoyed at his want of originality; however, I smiled pleasantly, and said, as I shook hands: ‘Well, if you come to that, old fellow, who'd have thought of seeing you here?’

“I ran over in my mind my acquaintances of three years ago, but could recall no trace of a recollection of my new companion, so, to gain time and to gather fresh information, I asked: ‘And what sort of a time have you had?’ ‘Oh, much about the same as before,’ he answered, with a slightly puzzled air. I candidly admit that the sensible thing for me to have done would have been to own up and admit that I had forgotten my friend's personality. Unfortunately, I am one of those painfully constituted people who shrink with nervous horror from anything in the nature of an explanation, and, in addition, I felt that I had gone too far to cry off without some appearance of insincerity. Besides, he seemed to congratulate himself so warmly upon what he insisted upon looking on as our providential meeting, that my lips were sealed, and I felt confirmed in the idea that if I let things slide a little longer, his name would recur to my mind.

“He had slipped his arm through mine, as we walked up town with an easy sense of good-fellowship, and said: ‘Of course you'll dine with me this evening. Now, don't say you are engaged,’ he added, as I hesitated for an instant between my desire to have more of my companion and my disinclination to dine under false pretences; ‘You see they'll be awfully disappointed if they hear I have met you and let you off without a long talk, and I join them to-morrow.’ I felt constrained to consent against my better judgment, and added, in a playfully solicitous manner: ‘And how are they all?’ ‘Oh, they are all tipsy—all except the Colonel after a pause, and with a slightly subdued air—‘I don't think he has ever quite got over that affair.’ ‘Ah,’ I rejoined, shaking my head sympathetically, ‘one doesn't get over that sort of thing in a day, you know; but the others?’ ‘What others?’ he said, bluntly. I hesitated and rejoined, vaguely, ‘Were there not some others?’ He pondered heavily for a few seconds before replying: ‘Yes, I believe there were some others, but they made no difference.’ I was just murmuring ‘Very likely not,’ when he turned to me abruptly, and said: ‘I hope you don't think he came badly out of that business?’ His hand seemed to relax its pressure on my arm, as if he was preparing himself for some censure or act of coldness on my part. I felt touched by this little proof of his sensitiveness to my good opinion, and

pressed his fingers as I rejoined, warmly: ‘Never, never heard any one speak otherwise than highly of his conduct in leaving.’ ‘Why, who knows anything about it?’ He stopped and said, shortly: ‘I thought you and I had it all to ourselves.’ ‘Yes, yes,’ I faltered, and added: ‘You know you have been away for some time, old fellow.’ It did not seem to fit in very well; but he accepted it as an argument, and said: ‘There is something in that, but don't let people talk about it. I know he relies upon you and me.’

There was something so touching in the reliance of this unknown, that a glow of sympathetic affection warmed my heart, and I resolved on the spot that his confidence should not be misplaced. Comely what came might, the secret of that old man's life should never be betrayed by me. Others might make it a subject of club gossip or tea-table tattle, but no word of mine should add one drop to the cup of bitterness that had been placed at his lips. There are passages in the lives of all of us which we would wish to have buried in oblivion—the thoughtless follies of youth, the unworthy ambitions of manhood and the selfish jealousies of old age; who is there that can stand up and say, there is no episode in his life he would not have expunged, forgotten, or condoned?

We had turned into a restaurant for a bit of dinner, and those thoughts passed through my mind as we ate our fish. My companion pondered sadly for a few seconds, and then, shaking himself together as though to throw off an unpleasant train of thought, said: ‘Now, tell me about yourself, your wife and family.’ Before I had time to reflect upon what might be the result of my disclosure, I blurted out the simple truth:

‘You'll come and see us,’ he said cordially, as we shook hands preliminary to leaving. ‘Yes, certainly,’ I replied: ‘but where are you putting up now?’ ‘Oh; the same old quarters,’ he returned. ‘What is the best way to get there?’ I asked, as a last and altogether desperate hope. ‘You can't do better than take a cab,’ he said; and we parted never to meet again.

A BRAVE DEFENCE.

As our brigade advanced, crossing pasture land, sweeping through thickets, and fording a creek which seemed to be all turns and elbows, a man about ten feet from me on the left dropped dead. My companion was on the extreme left of the line, you see, and the man was a flanker. He had been shot from the window of a humble-looking cabin which stood in open ground about rifle-shot away.

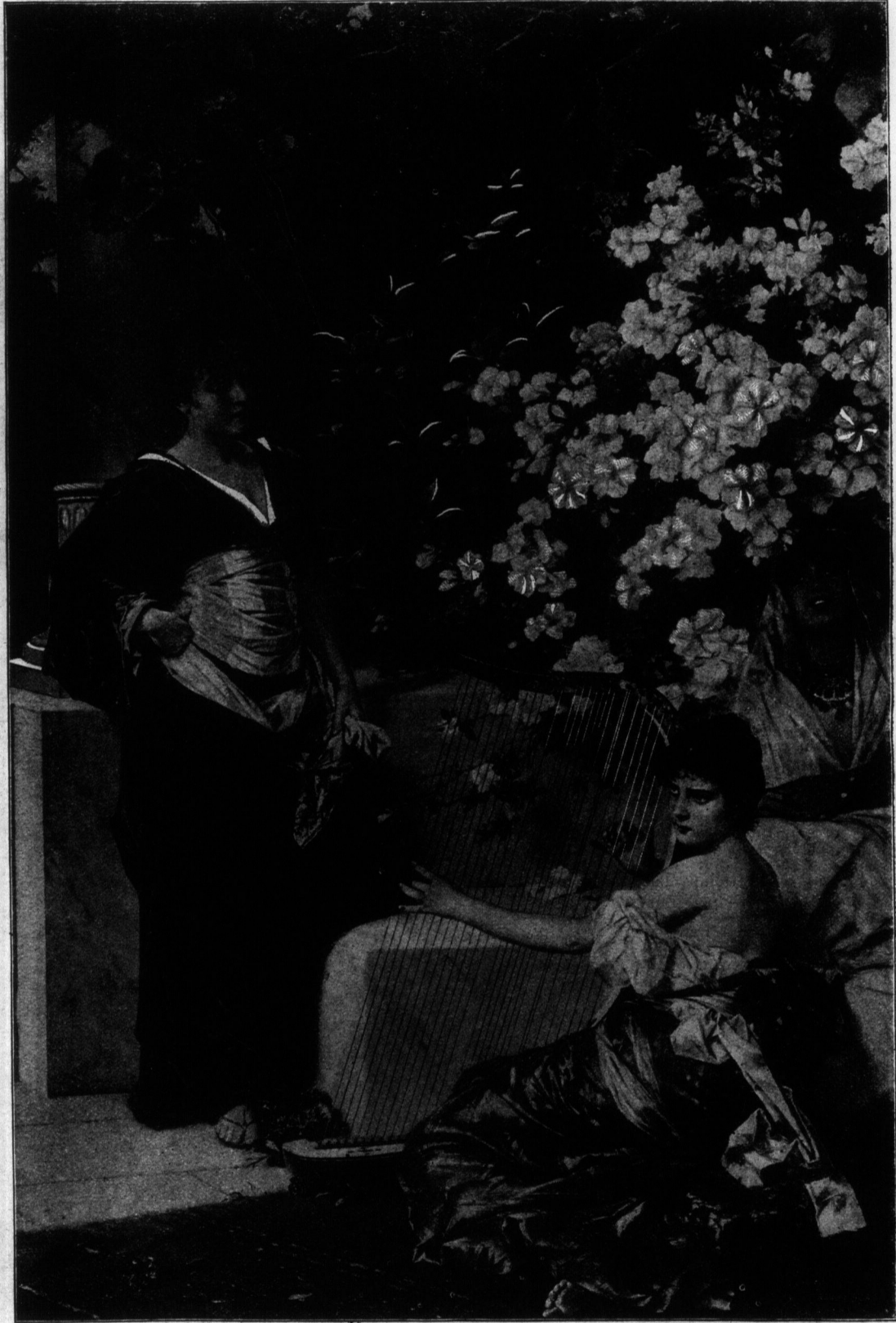
‘Sergeant, take ten men and clean those bushwhackers out and burn the house!’ was the order I got from my captain, and a minute later I had a squad marching away. There had been more or less fighting over the same ground all the forenoon, and the artillery and musketry fire had been pretty hot. We were now driving the line, and as we advanced we found many of the dead still lying where they fell. It wasn't lawful for a bushwhacker to hide away in a farm house and shoot a soldier in the back. Even if a battle was raging such a deed smacked of murder. If he could shoot it was his business to be in the lines opposed to us. Then if his bullets found a human target it was the chances of war, and if he happened to be captured by us he would be treated as a prisoner of war. We marched straight for the house, expecting that the bush-

moment we were at the doors, front and back, and they were banged open with a crash. This is what I saw: A boy soldier lying dead on the floor with an arm torn off by a fragment of shell. On the bed was a grey-haired woman with a bullet wound in her face. Standing in the corner of the room, proud and defiant, with the unloaded rifle in her hands, was a girl of sixteen—a regular country belle in grace and beauty.

‘I can do no more. Shoot us if you will!’ she said. ‘Ay! shoot!’ added the mother. ‘There lies my only boy, killed by your guns this morning. I lie here wounded, and my gal Jin has dropped four or five of you to get even! One gal to a dozen soldiers! Come and finish your work!’ But we simply took the rifle, and left them with their dead.

MAGNETISM OF DEATH.

‘Forward!’ The horses have a hard ride, and a moment ago all showed signs of weariness. They press forward now as eagerly as if food and rest were close at hand, and their demeanor soon convinces every old veteran that he will shortly smell powder. We are within half a mile of the timber when boom! boom! boom! go the guns of a battery under cover, and the shrieking shells explode over and above us. ‘Left wheel—right wheel!’ and down go the fences, and cavalry and infantry spread over the meadows and form a line of battle. As fast as the troops come up they file to the right or left, and our batteries come up and reply to those along the edge of the forest. An exploding shell wipes out a set of fours among the horsemen. Four troopers and three horses go down, while the fourth horse escapes even a scratch. He gallops away to the rear, with stirrups flying, and no



“THE OLD, OLD SONG.”

‘I have no wife.’ He looked intensely surprised, as he said: ‘My dear fellow, I am very sorry, I never heard—’ He paused, inquiringly, and again I blurted out: ‘I never had one.’ A look of extreme pain spread over his face as he heard this. He leaned across the table, and laying his hand on mine, said, with infinite sympathy: ‘I see it all; I ought not to have asked you. Forgive me, old fellow, and forget that I have said those words.’ I gave him a clammy hand and turned away, lest he should detect the conscious guiltiness of my face. I had become confirmed in a suspicion that had been gradually dawning upon my mind, that I had never set eyes upon my host before that day, and that I had been carried away by some inexplicable chance resemblance to some remote acquaintance, and by his own apparent cordial recognition of myself. Everybody that he mentioned was a total stranger to me, while every incident that I mentioned with a view to drawing him out seemed to find his mind a blank. My sole object now was to extricate myself from my false position without detection. I got absolutely and hopelessly involved in fable and falsehood, and after having thus lightly taken away the good name of the supposititious mother of my children, a sort of despair took possession of me, and a wild desire to avoid exposure or explanation at any cost.

The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and my host geniality itself. We sat late and drank freely, and over our cups I blushed to think of the people I married, the old friends I buried and the characters I took away. But he would have news, and what was I to do? Much of my information seemed to afford him matter for astonishment, and often he ejaculated: ‘You don't tell me so,’ as I conveyed some specially startling piece of personal news. However, the time for departure came at last, and my mind was torn with conflicting desires to escape detection and to ascertain his identity.

whacker had fled as soon as he fired his shot, but we had not covered over half the distance when a rifle cracked and one of my men dropped with a bullet in his heart. The nearest cover to the house was a stone fence one hundred feet in front of it, and a shed barn about the same distance from the back door. Dividing my squad, and now adopting all the precautions we could, all of us finally gained the shelters mentioned. It was a log cabin, a story and a half high, with two windows in front, one on each side, and a window in the rear. How many men were in the house we could not say, but as soon as in position we opened fire on the doors and windows. Not a shot was fired in return for three or four minutes. Then one of my men at the wall, who had exposed himself, got a bullet in the shoulder and crawled away to hide under a bank of earth. Our bullets soon riddled doors and windows, and must have searched every part of the house. We expected to see three or four men dash out and make a run for it, or a white flag to be displayed in token of surrender, but all was grimly silent. About ten minutes after my man had been shot one of the men at the shed got his head out too far while shooting and received a bullet in return. It didn't kill him, but carried away the right half of his upper lip and mustache, passed through his cheek, carried away four teeth and split his ear.

That was two killed and two wounded, and all apparently by the same weapon. We knew it to be the ordinary rifle by the whip-like crack of its report, but there might be three or four men in the house for all we could determine. We kept blazing away at doors and windows on the chance of hitting some one, and from the silence of the next ten minutes I felt confident that we had disabled them. Then I gave the signal for a rush at the house. All of us were up and half-way there when a rifle barrel was poked through a broken pane and a flash followed. The ball grazed my cheek and struck the man behind me in the forehead and dropped him dead. Next

hand seeks his capture, but it is scarcely three minutes before he re-appears. Ah! but he presents a fine sight now. With head and tail up, nostrils showing a bright red, and eyes fairly glowing with enthusiasm, he dances along our front with all the grace of a thoroughbred. Watch him! His head is turned to the enemy and the magnetism of death is strong upon him! He has but to gallop away to save his life, but he has no thought of doing so. A shell screams over him, and he flings his heels high in air. A solid shot tears up the earth across his path, and he rears up and paws the air. We are going to advance. As our skirmishers rush to the front they try to save the horse, but he defies them. We can hear his shrill neighs above the sound of the guns, and as the smoke lifts we see him galloping to and fro,—wheeling,—rearing,—courting death on the field of battle. It comes as he suddenly halts and faces the foe. A solid shot strikes him fair on the chest, and bounding high in air, with a shrill neigh he falls dead, and next moment a skirmisher is using his body as a cover.

If the earth were equally divided among its inhabitants, each person would get about 2 3/4 acres. According to the tenth census, out of a population of 50,000,000 over 17,000,000 were breadwinners, being a percentage of 34.8 of the whole. Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it could not be distinguished by the naked eye, even when stretched across a piece of white card board. Technically, any inhabitant of the United Kingdom is liable to be called upon to undertake the uncongenial task of hangman. The salary is £1 a week as a retaining fee, and £2 after an execution. The smallest city in the world is the miniature place known as Steward City, Alaska, U.S., its three inhabitants being respectively—Mayor, Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, and President of the Common Council.

HOW DID YOU REST NIGHT?

“How did you rest last night?” I’ve heard my gran’paw say “Them words a thousand times—jes’ them words that a way!” As punctual-like as morning do To ever have in sight. Gran’paw ‘ud allus hat to ast— “How did you rest last night?” Us young-uns used to grin, At breakfast on the sly, And mock the wobble of his chin, And eyebrows held so high. And kind: “How did you rest?” We’d mumble and let on, Our voices trilled, and our rest Was dim and hearin’ gone. Bad as I used to be, All I’m a-wantin’ is And sweet a sleep as his! And so I pray, on Judgment Day, To wake, and with its light, See his face dawn, and hear his “How did you rest last night?” James White.

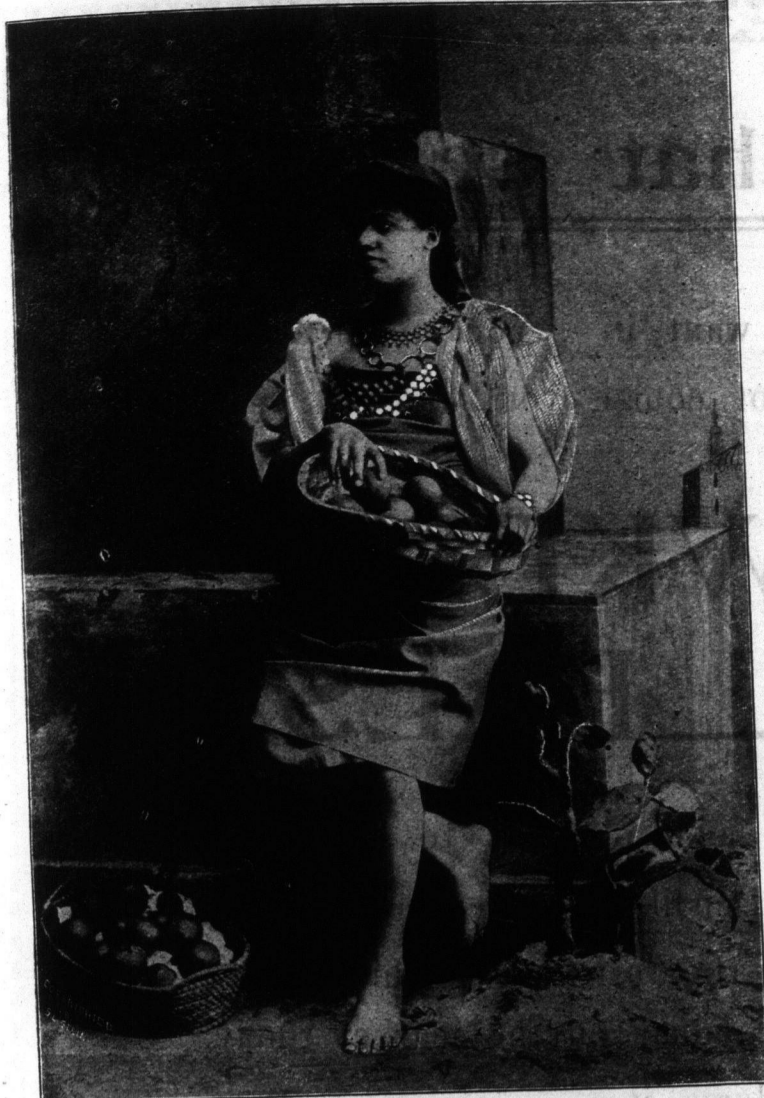
AFTER THE HANGING.

T eleven o’clock of one day, a great and ghastly spectacle upon the manner of the assemblage. The majority were presbyters who had never seen a hanging, and they went to gratify the curiosity of their hearts, hoping to hear the snappings of the guillotine, and the sundering of the spleen. A pretty, dimpled, rosy-cheeked girl, dressed in a yellow calico dress and bonnet, and pre-occupied with fresh butter and milk, let an innocents—stricken at the awful sight. The cheek roses fled, and anger to play hide-and-seek with tears. The cap was drawn; and adjusted. The girl buried her face in her mother's bosom, and “Are they nearly ready?” “Very nearly.” “Who is that talking?” “The priest.” “Praying?” “Yes.” There was a pause. “What are they doing?” “They are tying the hands.” “Do they tie his hands behind?” “Neither; to his side.” “Oh, mother, mother!” “What, my child?” “To quaver.” “Poor fellow! poor fellow!” The girl sobbed piteously, and her mother's neck. “What are they doing?” “The sheriff has a knife.” “What for?” “To cut the string.” “It is a whiplash.” “My—God! my—God!” “I can't look any more!” There was one intimation among the spectators boys between the ages of nine years. One was Tony, seven years old, dressed simply in a white shirt. One of the chubby boys of Toronto, freckled face, red cheeks, and others were standing every imaginable posture, dressed simply in a white shirt. Consequently, the necessity of a shirt was quite under his arms, those behind by who served as spectators, small and well-learned contrary, was large general manner was

were at the doors, front and... at I saw: A boy soldier lying...

ETISM OF DEATH.

have a hard ride, and a mo... showed signs of weariness...



NUBIAN FRUIT SELLER.

HOW DID YOU REST LAST NIGHT?

"How did you rest last night?" "I've heard my grandpaw say...

Us young-uns used to grin... At breakfast on the sly...

Bad as I used to be... All I'm a-wannin' is...

AFTER THE HANGING.

At eleven o'clock on a certain June day, a great crowd of gaping Mississippi country folk thronged the sloping sides of a hollow...

If there is one thing more entertaining than a hanging... it is the variety of effect produced by the ghastly spectacle upon the faces and manner of the assembled witnesses.

The girl buried her face in her gaunt old mother's bosom, and gasped: "Are they nearly ready?"

"What are they doing now, mother?" "They are tying the man's feet and hands."

"Do they tie his hands before or behind?" "Neither; to his sides."

belonging to the advanced years of a patriarch. After the body had been placed in a coffin, Tony swaggered pompously up to Buck, and burying his skinny arms deep in his vest pockets, demanded: "Wh-what yer sucking yer thumb fer?"

"You wouldn't?" "No!" Buck developed an idea. "Let's hang Tony," he said. The proposition was hailed with delight.

But numerous obstacles presented themselves—there was no material for building a scaffold, no carpenters' tools; Buck solved the problem by suggesting a tree. There was no rope; Buck stole an old clothesline.

They soon found an appropriate spot for the execution. It was at the head of a deep and shady ravine, walled in on three sides by precipitous bluffs.

A tremendous obstacle now obtruded itself. They had no trap. The improvised gallows was a failure.

One boy armed himself with a stick, which he made believe was a knife, and gave Tony particular instructions to drop at the moment the knife struck the imaginary trigger.

True to the working perfection of the machinery, Tony was "launched into space."

"No, yer don't!" screamed the colored boy, with a determination the firmness of which could not be doubted. He was as fierce as he was frightened, and occupied himself with rearranging his suspenders, which were on the point of slipping from his shoulders.

"Why, Tony?" "Yer plays too rough. Dat's why, now!" "Did it hurt?" "Course it did!" he said, with a look of contempt.

They insisted; Tony refused. One little fellow caught forcible hold, but Tony threw him off and bounded into the brush. They pursued him, captured him, and brought him back, crying and struggling fiercely.



OUR PUSSY CATS.

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They insisted; Tony refused. One little fellow caught forcible hold, but Tony threw him off and bounded into the brush. They pursued him, captured him, and brought him back, crying and struggling fiercely.

The rope was at length securely fastened. The cries of the unwilling victim were suddenly checked, as his weight was gradually allowed to fall upon the rope, strangling him.

Not a sound of any kind escaped the hanging child. The boys looked on silently, and with grim satisfaction. Tony vainly endeavored to reach up and catch the rope that was choking out his life; but there seemed to be a weight upon his arms, and he could raise them no higher than his shoulders.

"What's the matter with him?" "No answer." "Does anybody know?" "Still no answer."

"Do you, Buck?" "A quiet nod." "What is it?" "Dead."

"I wonder if it hurts him much?" queried a boy. "Buck, on being asked the question, nodded; and, with his thumb in his mouth, never removed his gaze from the suspended Tony."

"Well, we'll take him down after a while. I wonder why he don't say something, Buck?" "Can't."

"Why?" "But Buck merely shook his head, and said nothing. The poor little hanging wretch grew more and more quiet as the moments flew by.

"I'll bet you he won't go around any more, blowing about it's not hurting him," said a boy.

Buck looked at the speaker, and then at the swinging body. He told them to hold Tony while he climbed the tree to untie the knot. They did so; but through a little carelessness

and ignorance they allowed the body to lunge to one side, and it fell to the ground like a log. They stared at it, and a boy asked: "Why don't you get up, Tony?"

"What are you doing your eyes that way for?" asked another. "Ain't he still?" remarked a third. "I don't know. Here, you take hold of that other arm, and help me pull him up, Tony?"

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

Inventor of the Telephone. Alexander Graham Bell was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, on March 3, 1847. His father and grandfather were both teachers of languages, and his father, Alexander Melville Bell, long enjoyed a reputation in the field of philology and linguistics, being the deviser of an ingenious system of "visible speech."

In 1865, the family removed from Scotland to London, and about 1866, at Bath, in England, Bell conceived an idea of following up Helmholtz's synthetical experiments in the reproduction of sound, by attempting to transmit speech electrically.

In August, 1870, the Bell family emigrated from England to Brantford, Canada; and in April, 1871, Bell went from there to Boston, on the invitation of the Boston School Board, to carry on a series of experiments with his father's system of "visible speech," or physiological symbols for the deaf.

He remained permanently in the neighborhood of Boston, from October 1, 1872, until he removed to Washington, in 1881. From the very moment of his arrival in Canada, in 1870, up to the beginning of 1874, his mind was full of the scheme for the multiple transmission of telegraphic messages by means of musical tones, and he had other telegraphic inventions also in hand.

but the old idea of speech transmission was persistent in claiming his attention, and gradually his thoughts and energies were narrowed down to this one field of investigation. He has himself narrated more than once the manner in which he proceeded, stage by stage, from his experiments with phonographic apparatus, human ear-drums, and apparatus for obtaining undulatory currents, up to the period when he and his assistant, Mr. T. A. Watson, were able to talk to each other telephonically over a short line in the Boston University, and when, by rapid strides, the apparatus was brought to a fair degree of efficiency.

The first tests of the telephone as a speech transmitter were watched with great interest by many scientific men to whom Bell communicated freely, and from whom he received many valuable suggestions; but the press and the public were skeptical in regard to the reports which began to circulate. Bell's first public lecture on the telephone was delivered before the Society of Arts at Boston, on May 25, 1876; but the first transmission of speech over a real line was effected in August, 1876, at Brantford. Bell hastened to patent his invention, and in the same year exhibited it at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, where a memorable display of its speaking powers was made on Sunday, June 25, before Sir William Thompson, now Lord Kelvin, the Emperor of Brazil, Prof. T. Sterry Hunt, Dr. Draper, Dr. Koenig and others.

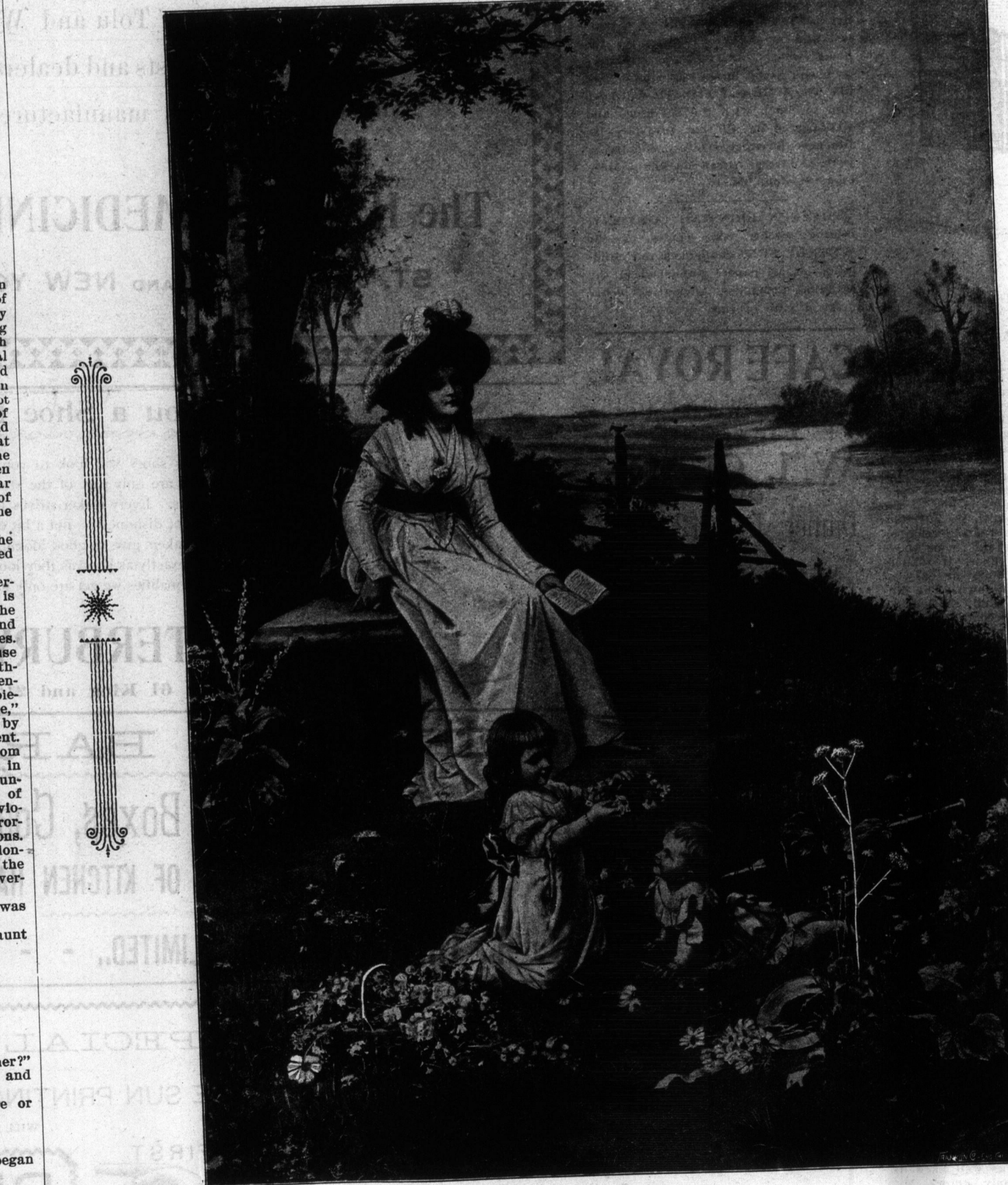
From first to last Professor Bell has taken out twenty-one United States patents, as sole inventor, the most important being, of course, the one on which is based the speaking-telephone of to-day. The photophone, however, upon which he has worked, stands high also as a scientific achievement. Having received the French Volta prize, he devoted the money to the establishment, at Washington, of the Volta Laboratory, with a view to original investigation in the transmission and reproduction of articulate sounds. Professor Bell has also, to some extent, given attention to devising improved methods of electrical communication between vessels at sea. Of late years, however, Professor Bell has mainly devoted himself to his original pursuit, the study of the instruction of the deaf and dumb. Immediately after the invention of the telephone and its introduction into commercial use, Professor Bell was called upon for papers and lectures, and for a time he yielded to the demand. Among the most noteworthy of his productions are Researches in Electric Telephony, a paper read before the Society of Telegraph Engineers in 1877; The Production and Reproduction of Sound by Light, a paper read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in 1880, relating to discoveries made by himself and Mr. Sumner Tainter in the art of "radio-phony"; and the Production of Sound by Radiant Energy, a paper read before the National Academy of Sciences, in 1881.



asks his capture, but it is scarcely minutes before he re-appears. Ah! presents a fine sight now. With tail up, nostrils showing a bright eyes fairly glowing with enthusiasm along our front with all of a thoroughbred.

the earth were equally divided among inhabitants, each person would get 34 acres. According to the tenth census, out of a total of 50,000,000 over 17,000,000 readwinners, being a percentage of 34 per cent.

the salary is \$1 a week as a regular fee, and \$2 after an execution. The smallest city in the world is the place known as Steward City, U.S., its three inhabitants being Mayor, Chairman of the Board of Aldermen, and President of the Council.



HAPPY DAYS.

Buck, ashamed, snatched his thumb from his mouth. Tony pursued his advantage by remarking, tauntingly: "You was skyerd, too!" "I wasn't," protested Buck. "Yes you was, wh-when he chopped de string!" "I wasn't; but you was, though."

"How do you know?" "Didn't you see him doin' his shoulder this way, and sorter reachin' out his feet before him?" "Why, I've seen 'em do like that in the circus."

"What do you think about it, Buck?" "Nothin'." "Would you like to be hung?" Buck shook his head.

"How do you know?" "Didn't you see him doin' his shoulder this way, and sorter reachin' out his feet before him?" "Why, I've seen 'em do like that in the circus."

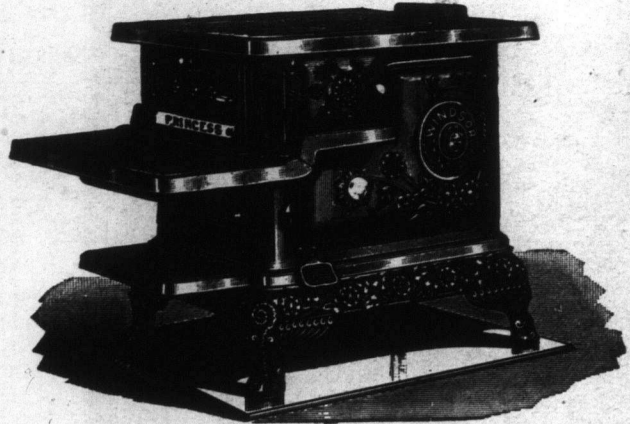
"What's the matter with him?" "No answer." "Does anybody know?" "Still no answer."

"Do you, Buck?" "A quiet nod." "What is it?" "Dead."

The eleven cables now in operation across the Atlantic have cost upward of \$70,000,000.

The tunnel at Schemnitz, Hungary, is the longest in the world. It has a length of 10.27 miles, costing over \$5,000,000 to construct. Completed in the year 1888, it was commenced in the eighteenth century. The terms of the original contract was \$35 a lineal yard, but \$120 a yard was paid toward its completion.

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St. John has every reason to be proud of her hotels. It is doubtful if any city on the continent of the same size can boast of as many first-class houses. But it is in the possession of the Royal, the oldest established house in the city, that our people have the greatest cause for rejoicing. In 1872 the late Thomas F. Raymond opened the Royal hotel on Prince William street. This house was destroyed in the great fire which swept over the city five years later. Mr. Raymond then rented the building on King square now run as the Stanley hotel, where he carried on business till 1881. Finding the place too small to accommodate his ever increasing business, he leased the building on King street now known as the Royal. The patronage went on increasing, and a few years since a building on Germain street had to be secured and connected with the house. This added materially to the sleeping rooms. Mr. Raymond died in 1893, and Messrs. Raymond & Doherty at once entered into negotiations for the purchase of the business. These two gentlemen, who had spent the greater portion of their lives in the employ of the late proprietor, took over the business on January 27, 1894, since which time they have been constantly enlarging the building and improving its accommodations. The first move was to have a new wash room and lavatory built directly under the office, and an admirably fitted up and completely equipped place it is. The floor is of marble, and the wash stand, basins, etc., of the same material. It is well lighted and well ventilated, and has the very latest and most improved fittings. The removal of the wash room gave the proprietors considerable space in the rear of the office. Here a cozy and attractively arranged writing and smoking room has been built. This is one of the most popular resorts in the house. Next came the opening-up of a coat room, cigar and news stand directly opposite the office desk. This has proved a most convenient place. Next in order was the addition of another story to the main building, which makes it the only six story structure in St. John. This addition improves very much the appearance of the house, the front being by all odds the handsomest on King street. Our own people cannot help admiring it, and strangers, without a

dissenting voice, say it is a magnificent front. The view from the windows of the new story is a grand one. The harbor and bay can be seen from some of them, while a good view of the river up as far as the falls is to be had from others. And now a passenger elevator has been put in by the Messrs. Myers of Waterloo street. It is operated by electricity and is one of the best elevators ever built. Its introduction does away with the objection on the part of guests to take rooms above the second or third floor. It renders those in the upper story as easy of access as those lower down. The dining hall and ladies and gentlemen's parlors are on the second floor. The parlors are richly and comfortably furnished, and the dining hall is a perfect gem. It will seat over one hundred people. In this connection it may not be out of place to state that the Royal has always enjoyed the reputation of setting the best table to be found this side of Boston. The house is deserving of the name, too. The office is a spacious and comfortable one. In it one is sure to meet all the prominent people about town, as well as those from various parts of the Dominion who may happen to be in the city. The Royal contains 98 sleeping rooms, the new story giving them 13 in addition to what they already had. They are all of them large, well ventilated and well heated apartments. Better furnished rooms cannot be found any where in the Dominion. There are bath rooms and toilets on every floor, the house being as perfectly fitted in this regard as any hotel in the country. The senior partner, W. E. Raymond, entered his uncle's employ in 1879 as steward of the house, and continued in that position up to the death of the late proprietor. He has hundreds of friends throughout Canada and the United States—in fact, there is no more popular hotel man anywhere. H. A. Doherty, the junior member of the firm, became the late Mr. Raymond's clerk when he started out in the hotel business, nearly a quarter of a century ago. He made a model clerk, and is equally as well liked as a proprietor. Everybody knows Mr. Doherty, and to know him is to like him. There is one thing that everybody must have remarked about the royal; namely, the fact that the attendants in the office are ever ready to spring to the assistance of guests. They seem able almost to anticipate the wants of guests. With Messrs. Raymond & Doherty as proprietors the continued success of the Royal is assured, and now that the capacity of the house has been increased even a larger patronage is sure to come to them.

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Every page is full of good reading. The latest news of the world will be found in its columns, together with reliable market reports, sporting events, farm and dairy matters, marine intelligence, Talmages' sermons, short stories, and much pure reading for the home circle. If you have a relative or friend living in a foreign land, mail him THE WEEKLY SUN. It will keep him in touch with the old home and well posted on all that transpires in Bluenose territory. Only one dollar a year. Address: Alfred Markham, Manager, St. John, N. B.

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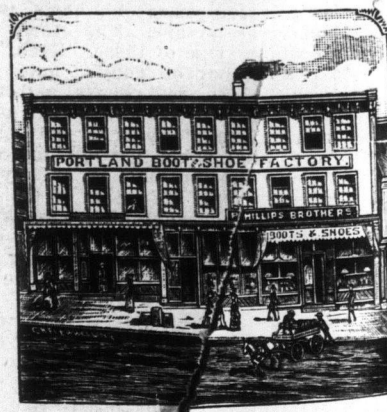
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16 PAGES.

VOL. 18.

TEMPERANCE CO

By the Women's Christian Temperance Union of St

Trust the people—the wise all, the good and the best—questions, and in the end

January 3rd, 1896, has been by the Dominion W. C. T. U. of prayer. In the afternoon Mrs. Seymour, superintendent of the work, will come to Canterbury street 3 o'clock until 5 o'clock. The programme is as follows:

"It is a good thing to give Lord." As we gather together at the beginning of another year, let us acknowledge the goodness of God upon us during the past year, and our experiences give praise to our God. On suitable words to give us thoughts that those of the passages which we shall now read.

Address, or one or more on the Work of the World based on the report of the day, held in London. Needed data can be secured. Black, World's W. C. T. U. Hall, St. John, N. B. Hymn—Christ for the World. Prayer for all our workers; that ye may be Christ, because "abiding" in all our plans for a mighty overthrow of the temperance in every land. Hymn—Onward Christian Soldiers. To be actually the work of the World's our Canadian W. C. T. U. the North-west.

Address on the present cause of temperance in our society is doing or preparing the furtherance of the coming year. A verse or two of hymn. Showers of Blessing. In conclusion, may all prayer and praise sent throughout our broad domain, we will quote Scripture reading—II. Chro. 4: 11 (read by leader); Luk. 11: 13. "Ask and ye shall receive" may be full. Closing prayer and benediction.

ANOTHER NEW WORK. T. U. "CHRISTIAN SHIP DEPART"

The W. C. T. U. is going to "settlements" in the big cities. This is Miss She has studied the movement work in both London, and the work of our society is doing or preparing the furtherance of the coming year. A verse or two of hymn. Showers of Blessing. In conclusion, may all prayer and praise sent throughout our broad domain, we will quote Scripture reading—II. Chro. 4: 11 (read by leader); Luk. 11: 13. "Ask and ye shall receive" may be full. Closing prayer and benediction.

(2) Reach the children and

W. C. T. U.

Have in a Chicago report of the plan. "Frances E. Willard the social settlement in perfecting plans to meet in the reform work of Christian Temperance work was already planted in land under the leadership of Henry Somerset, and Miss Willard expressed her intention to announce where in W. C. T. U. social settlements will be planted.

"The leaders of the movement have long ability, under the system, to effectively reach, to all their social settlements, will be planted. "The leaders of the movement have long ability, under the system, to effectively reach, to all their social settlements, will be planted.

"It was recognized effective work would young, not yet hard-earned they could be. Then Miss Willard's Somerset turned the social settlement idea look into it for postulated the social settlements, and made a them in England, and them all, Toyabe hall Willard says they that the engraving-ment upon the W. would result in three "In the first place work of the social settlements, average intellectual and physical and intellectual measure, ethical implications is of the W. C. T. U. social direct teaching of C second and most important, she says, is teaching can be both young through the their through almost in seeking to turn innumerable paths of its little feet in the city, the first thing the child. The W. found it hard to d. Willard thinks the will make the work "Still another and follow, she believes bringing new recruits Ribboon army.

"The start will be That soon, Miss V work will not be pe till every city in the every moral plague has a W. C. T. U. teaching Christian

The aim of the establish a citizen

WAR TALK.

Cleveland Would Like to Fight England.

A Spread-Eagle Message Concerning Venezuela.

An Extraordinary Stretch of the Monroe Doctrine.

Salisbury's Cautious Allusion to the Matter of Unpaid Awards.

He Riddles the Preposterous Claim That Britain Should Have No Power on This Continent.

Washington, Dec. 17.—President Cleveland sent the following message to congress today: In my annual message addressed to the congress on the third instant, I called attention to the pending boundary controversy between Great Britain and the republic of Venezuela...

America is devoted to the idea that every people has an unalienable right to self-government. Any European control of our interests is considered as an intolerable and unjustifiable interference with the freedom of the American people...

South America had recently declared its independence, and that independence had not been recognized by the governments of Spain and Portugal, with which, with small exception, the whole of Central and South America were nominally subject...

In the remarks which I have made, I have argued on the theory that the Monroe doctrine is in itself sound. I must not, however, be understood as expressing any acceptance of it on the part of her majesty's government...

The necessary meaning of these words that Great Britain and Canada, between Great Britain and Jamaica and Trinidad, between Great Britain and British Honduras or British Guiana are "independent and unnatural..."

Washington, Dec. 17. Secretary of State Olney has telegraphed to the British ambassador in London, Sir Julian Pauncefote, in reply to a note received from him on the 15th inst. regarding the Venezuelan boundary dispute...

which I have made, the theory that the in itself sound. I be understood as acceptance of it on the ty's government. I mentioned with re- of the distinguished m it is due, and the have generally ad- national law is found- consent of nations; n, however eminent, iver powerful, are rt into the code of a novel principle recognized before and ce been accepted by f any other country. s have a right, like o interpose in any hich their own inter- ; and they are the their interests are hat measures they ed. But their rights engthened or extend- that the controversy ritory that is called ey quotes the clause illian war, in which declined to join with land in an effort to to a close on ac- onne doctrine. The ere entirely in their g to join in an at- ation if they thought ey's principle that ions are for American f it received any coun- language of Presi- hich it does not), can- by any reasoning law of nations. The the United States is affirm, as a universal reference to a num- dent states for whose ume no responsibility, ts are necessarily con- tever may befall those because they are situ- ed hemisphere. It may well interests of the United affected by something to Chili or to Peru, and ces may give them the erence. But such cir- ay equally happen in na or Japan, and the erence is not more ex- re assured in the one the other. Though the President Monroe is di- attainment of the ob- most Englishmen would alutary, it is impossible they have been inscribed authority in the code of law and the danger admission would involve exhibited both by the oment which the docu- ed at Mr. Olney's hands ents by which it is sup- despatch under reply. f it he says: That a dis- an thousand miles of in- an makes any permanent on between a European lean state unnatural and will hardly be denied, and geographical con- re the least of the objec- a union. Europe has a ery interest which are ber. America is not in- hem and ought not to be plicated with them." And e far in our history we pared the burdens and ense standing armies and accessories of huge war- ments, and the exemp- sly contributed to our atness and wealth, as well pness of every citizen. he powers of Europe per- amped on American soil, nditions we have thus far not be expected to con- essary meaning of these that the union between ain and Canada, between ain and Jamaica and Trin- in Great Britain and Brit- as or British Guiana are at and unnatural."

which it was probably separated because it deals entirely with the merits of the British claim to the territory in dispute. Lord Salisbury explains that his purpose is to remove misapprehension regarding the merits of the boundary dispute, which he can most conveniently accomplish in this way, being in consequence of a suspension of diplomatic relations.

Lord Salisbury begins with the statement that "her majesty's government, while they have never avoided or declined argument on the subject with Venezuela, have always held that the question was one that had no direct bearing on the material interests of any other country, and have refrained from presenting any statement of the difference to the United States or any other foreign governments.

Then probably from this reason Mr. Olney's statement bears the impress of ex parte Venezuela statements and gives an erroneous view of many of the material facts. He challenges Secretary Olney's first statement that the dispute dates back to 1814, and asserts that it did not begin until 1840, which assertion he proceeds to support by a long statement of the conditions under which British Guiana was acquired from the Dutch.

Lord Salisbury charges that Venezuela has repeatedly violated the treaty of 1850, by the terms of which both governments agreed to refrain from an aggression upon the territory in dispute, for which reason in 1890 her majesty's government decided not to accept the offer of concessions which had been reciprocated, but to assert her right to the territory with the Shomburg line, while still holding open for negotiations and even arbitration the unsettled lands beyond that and within what they considered to be their rightful boundary.

In conclusion, Lord Salisbury says: "Although the negotiations in 1880, 1891 and 1893 did not lead to any result, her majesty's government have not abandoned the hope that they may be resumed with better success, and that when the international policies of Venezuela are on a more durable basis than has lately appeared to be the case, her majesty's government may be enabled to adopt a more moderate and conciliatory course in regard to this question than that of their predecessors. Her majesty's government are sincerely desirous of being on friendly relations with Venezuela, and certainly have no desire to seize territory that properly belongs to her, or forcibly to extend sovereignty over any portion of her population. They have, on the contrary, repeatedly expressed their readiness to submit to arbitration the conflicting claims of Great Britain and Venezuela, large tracts of territory which are known to be of almost untold value. But they cannot consent to entertain or submit to arbitration by any power or of foreign jurists, however eminent, claims based on the extravagant pretensions of Spanish officials in the last century, and involving the transfer of large numbers of British subjects who have for many years enjoyed the settled rule of a British colony to a nation of different race and language, whose political system is subject to frequent disturbances, and whose institutions too often afford inadequate protection to life and property. No issue of this kind has ever been involved in the questions which Great Britain and the United States have consented to submit to arbitration, and her majesty's government are convinced that in similar circumstances the government of the United States would be equally firm in declining to entertain proposals of such a nature."

Washington, Dec. 17.—The message of President Cleveland to congress transmitting the correspondence between Secretary Olney and Lord Salisbury, relative to the Venezuelan boundary dispute, created a real sensation in Washington today. Although the nature of Secretary Olney's vigorous communication, and of Lord Salisbury's answers have been already accurately foretold in the Associated Press despatches from Washington and London, there was still a great popular craving to learn just how the president would deal with Lord Salisbury's refusal to submit the matter

much enthusiasm. "It is even a surprise to me in its vigor, in the nobility of the sentiment expressed and in the mastery exposition of the Monroe doctrine. There can be no doubt or misconstruction of its meaning. In my country it cannot but arouse the keenest appreciation on the part of the government and the people for its powerful expression of friendship from a strong country in behalf of a comparatively weak one."

Mr. Andrade was asked what the next step of Venezuela would be. "There is nothing further for us to do. We have announced our policy, and in that we have the co-operation and support of the United States. We are little more than spectators now."

"Is the plan of a commission to investigate the question and fix the line feasible," the minister was asked. "Perfectly so," he replied. "The evidence can readily be furnished so far as Venezuela is concerned. It will be a laborious work as the documents and maps are very voluminous."

At the British embassy, Sir Julian Pauncefote and his official corps shared in the general interest. It was stated that the foreign offices made public at noon today the Salisbury answer, simultaneous with its publication here. But as the president's message is to congress, and has not gone through diplomatic channels, it was not a part of the matter given to the British public by the foreign office today.

Mr. Pax-Cosides of the embassy staff, went to the capitol during the day to witness the reading of the documents, but was not present during demonstrations in the senate.

Beyond the Salisbury letters, the embassy has received no communications on the Venezuela question.

London, Dec. 1.—All of the morning papers tomorrow will devote more or less of their editorial space to a discussion of President Cleveland's message on the Venezuelan question and to the methods of that question.

The Daily Telegraph (liberal) will publish an editorial, contending that America has no concern in the Venezuelan dispute. The editorial goes on to say: "In truth, this invitation of the Monroe doctrine seems, on this side of the water, to be irrelevant, because there is no question of territorial greed or the imposition of a reciprocity system. It is absurd, because a statement of the American policy can hardly claim to attain the rank of a principle of international law. By what right does the Washington government demand the arbitration of this matter, when the very theory which guides their interference has absolutely nothing to do with the points in dispute? What nation has ever agreed to the Monroe doctrine? How often has the Washington government ventured to advance it?"

Washington, Dec. 17.—The following are the results of interviews regarding the message:

Senator Hoar (republican)—It is less turbid than most of the papers which have emanated from the president, and sounds very much as if it had been written by some one else.

Senator Frye (republican)—I am delighted with the message. It has a genuine American tone, and is patriotic throughout.

Senator Chandler (republican)—It is a broad and courageous paper, and expounds a doctrine for which the United States will fight if necessary.

Representative McCall (republican)—The message is a spirited and noble document, and should receive the united support of both parties.

Senator Lodge (republican)—This message is the most serious and important message which has been submitted by any president to congress in many years. As a matter of course, I heartily approve of its spirit, its conclusions, and the general position taken, for I took the ground myself last June. The president argues briefly the standing of the Monroe doctrine as a question of international law. I do not myself think that it is a question of international law at all. It is really a mere question of fact, like the independence of the United States. The president seems also to have gone to the very verge of safety in stating that he should assent to amicable agreement between Venezuela and Great Britain as to boundaries. We undoubtedly should do so in this instance, but we should equally, of

ves and refuse to accept direction. The second editorial contains a lengthy history of the boundary dispute and says the American government now argues that England never had any consistent theory of its rights, but had gradually enlarged its claims, "but it cannot be too early understood," says the Times, "that we have never receded from the contention that our full claim is what we inherited from the Dutch."

London, Dec. 18.—The Telegraph says: "The United States have no practical concern in the controversy. The invocation of the Monroe doctrine seems on our side of the water, to be irrelevant and absurd."

The Times says: "Lord Salisbury expresses his full concurrence with the view that the disturbance of territory in the western hemisphere by fresh acquisition on the part of European states is highly inexpedient, but the recognition of this inexpediency, does not cover the preposterous deductions from the Monroe doctrine which Mr. Olney's despatch puts forward and Mr. Cleveland makes the basis of the most astounding proposal that perhaps has ever been advanced by any government in time of peace since the days of Napoleon. No commission appointed by a power which is not a party to the dispute will be recognized upon controverted questions of the boundary between the British empire and Venezuela. We are bound to resist the claims which the Monroe doctrine has for the first time been extended to cover, and to which Mr. Olney has added comments and inferences against which an emphatic protest must be made. The American traditions will not be strengthened by Mr. Olney's claim of moral superiority on the ground that self-government is only enjoyed by republics. These unnecessary aggressive assertions seem to point to the possibility that this sudden movement on the part of the United States has more to do with party politics than with diplomacy. The sober common sense of the American people, we should hope, will condemn the attempt to pick a quarrel with a friendly power. In any case we must stand firmly and calmly upon our rights as an independent state, and if necessary take practical measures to assert them."

The Manchester Guardian says: "We deeply regret the tone of Mr. Cleveland's message. A grave struggle will now begin between moderate and extreme public opinion in America, the issue of which will have the gravest effect upon the peace of the world. The British government, who are exponents of the opinion of Great Britain, will only do their duty if they strengthen the hands of the friends of peace in the United States by avoiding any expression of public animosity."

The Sheffield Telegraph says: "Mr. Cleveland's language is admirably calculated to induce England to bid the Yankees to do their worst, which, as they would be the attacking power, seeing that they have neither army or navy to speak of, would incline to the ridiculous. Still, if the United States mean fighting, Great Britain is not likely to evade the challenge. Certainly we will not be turned from the plain path by threats."

The Pall Mall Gazette does not regard Mr. Cleveland's communication to congress as a serious message, but only an election address which ought to bring to him the solid vote of the concession mongers, who already see themselves washing out ton of gold on the Danube River. The Gazette advises Mr. Cleveland to go before the country immediately, before the people of America have time to study the Olney doctrine and not give them a day to ask what he would think if England appointed a commission to delineate the frontiers of the United States and Mexico.

The Westminster Gazette speaks of the horror of fratricide within the Anglo-Saxon race and says: "We do not believe that war is possible."

The Globe says: "Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney have strained the friendship of the two countries almost to the point of breaking. It is difficult to write calmly of the amazing claims which these gentlemen advance in the name of the United States, but we trust that the proposed commission will settle the matter but firmly requested

The Tribune says: "We do not know that any jingo senator or representative has reaffirmed the Monroe doctrine in more direct and unmistakable terms, nor is the president's logic less sound than the doctrine on which it is based. The president has spoken straightforward, manly words, which are worthy of and which we believe will command the approval and enthusiastic support of the people of the United States."

The Herald says: "Both in this country and Great Britain the people and their official representatives will have an opportunity to reflect soberly and patriotically on an issue fraught with such grave consequences to both nations. Menacing as is the aspect which affairs have now assumed it is to be hoped that the issue may be settled without disturbing the friendly relations existing between the two countries. The crisis emphasizes the desirability of international arbitration."

Washington, Dec. 18.—A caucus of republican senators yesterday considered the president's message. There was absolute unanimity of sentiment on the question of endorsing the president in the stand he had taken. The discussion was precipitated by a motion of Mr. Lodge that the chairman of the committee be requested to confer with Mr. Gorman with a view to having the committee on foreign relations reorganized before the holiday recess, so that the matters set out by the message might be considered by that committee. The speeches breathed the utmost loyalty to the president in the stand he has taken. If England, it was said, was to be impressed with the fact that this country endorsed its president; if that government was to understand this message was not intended for mere political effect, the senate must take the matter up and proceed with it with all possible speed consistent with the vital importance of the subject. So imbued were the republicans with the importance of the situation and the need of further conference that the matter will be again discussed at a caucus called for tomorrow mainly for this purpose.

Lexington, Ky., Dec. 18.—Captain W. H. Polk has sent the following telegram to President Cleveland: "Have full battery recruited and ready for your call in case of war with England. Can raise as large a company as needed from this section."

Washington, Dec. 18.—While up to the beginning of last spring the United States never had gone farther in the Venezuela matter than to tender its good offices at that point, Mr. Olney for the first time intimated a new and important phase of the controversy by boldly taking the ground that Great Britain's course was in violation of the Monroe doctrine.

Although there is no where a suggestion of any abatement of the claims and, indeed, it is generally recognized that by announcing his determination to hold Great Britain outside of the boundary to be defined by the commission, the president has left no avenue for retreat, it is still confidently believed here the difficulty can and will be settled peaceably and satisfactorily. This is based upon the expectation that Great Britain, as Lord Salisbury has indicated in his last note, will re-establish diplomatic relations with Venezuela.

As the revolution in that country has been quelled and the internal peace Lord Salisbury demanded as a condition to a resumption of Venezuelan negotiations is restored, he will treat the subject, it is believed, and as he promises in his note, in a more respectful spirit than the British government has exhibited heretofore in the negotiation, and thus speedily reach an arrangement satisfactory to Great Britain and Venezuela, and so, as a natural result, acceptable to the United States.

In this way Great Britain would avoid any concession of the right of a third party to interpose and likewise escape an admission of the acceptability or applicability of the Monroe doctrine. There probably will be ample time for Great Britain to carry out this programme during the long interval that must elapse between the authorization and appointment of the boundary commission and the presentation of its report. It is entirely probable that Great Britain will abstain from presenting any evi-

gress upon his suggestion looking to a commission before proceeding further with the negotiations.

Although the North American squadron was scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads next Saturday on a cruise of evolution in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, it is doubtful at present whether that programme will be followed to the letter. Certainly the squadron will not sail until further orders are received from Secretary Herbert, who is at present in New York and may be absent until the end of the week.

Admiral Bunce, commanding the squadron, is now in Hampton Roads, with his flagship, the New York, waiting for the vessels of his squadron to assemble. He will come to Washington to confer with the department officials before proceeding to execute his orders.

As the North Atlantic squadron corresponds to the British channel squadron in being charged with the defense of the most important coast land, it may be that the authorities will take the view that prudence would seem to necessitate the abandonment of the proposed cruise, which would take the ships away from home and leave the coast defenseless, and also would cut them off from their base of supplies in the event of trouble, the principal coal ports in the waters where the drills were to have taken place being in British hands. The plans for the squadron, however, will not be fixed until Secretary Herbert returns to Washington.

Commodore Dewey, president of the naval inspection board, today called upon Acting Secretary McAdoo and reported that the big armored cruiser Maine had been thoroughly examined by the board and found to be in condition for instant service. He pronounced her to be one of the finest ships afloat. Acting Secretary McAdoo therefore attached the ship at once to the North Atlantic squadron and it was ordered to proceed from Newport to Hampton Roads and report to Admiral Bunce.

The message of President Cleveland to the Venezuelan boundary dispute, which is destined to be one of the most important of state papers, was prepared with remarkable rapidity, considering the length of the document and the importance of the subjects treated. The president wrote every line of it without having recourse to dictation.

Returning to Washington Sunday afternoon he had a conference with Secretary Olney and Secretary Lamont that night, and then sitting down to his desk he worked unremittingly until nearly 4 o'clock Monday morning. The result was fifteen pages of manuscript in the president's particularly small-hand, and it was all in print before 11 o'clock that same morning, and was on its way to congress shortly after noon.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The senate shared the general sentiment of belligerency prevalent today, and from the outset of the session the measures proposed breathed a spirit of patriotism and of preparation for any emergency that might arise concerning Venezuela.

The first bill introduced was that of Mr. Chandler of New Hampshire, providing an appropriation of \$100,000 for heavy increase in national armament. This was quickly followed by propositions authorizing the secretary of war to purchase a late design of heavy battery and for a report on the feasibility of equipping the old ship Constitution. Mr. Hill of New York added to the suggestions of defense, by asking immediate consideration of a bill making co-respondents liable to serve in the army and navy.

As a further expression of the sentiment of British attachment a resolution was introduced by Mr. Davis calling on the president for information as to British and Canadian occupation, military or civil, of any part of the United States territory of Alaska.

The Venezuela incident furnishes partial inspiration for a bill which was introduced in the house today by Mr. Groat of Vermont for the appropriation of \$100,000,000 for the defense of the seaboard and Canadian frontier.

Berlin, Dec. 18.—A representative of the Associated Press has had an interview on the subject of President Cleveland's message to congress on the Venezuelan question with a high govern-

ment official probably its vote would have at least been proceeded by a decorous discussion of the merits of the case.

Senator Chandler's bill may help to put these things in a clearer light and show the American people the real meaning of the jingo policy so thoughtlessly acclaimed by a certain section.

London, Dec. 19.—"It is a thing that horrifies even cooler hostile observers in the foreign press," says the Chronicle. "It further contends that Lord Salisbury has not drawn a cast iron line and has offered to accept arbitration. 'After all,' says the Chronicle, 'the dispute is very small and is between friendly nations and we decline to believe that it is a closed book between them.'"

The Post, conservative, says: "If the utterances of Secretary Olney and President Cleveland mean anything they would justify the recall of Sir Julian Pauncefote. The language of Secretary Olney's document would expose us to a demand to retire not only from Canada and Jamaica, but from Australia, India and Cape Colony."

Paris, Dec. 18.—The Republic Francaise says: "It is in every way a big affair which has fallen into Lord Salisbury's hands. They would not be sorry in London to get the United States into a quarrel in view of other frontier troubles with Brazil. But they must not imagine that we shall hasten to play upon this occasion the game of diplomacy of Great Britain, who is isolated in the east and far east. We shall be curious and amused to see what steps she will take respecting this ill-tempered Brother Jonathan in view of her policy of independent action."

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Wealthy, Walbridge, Haas, Ben Davis, Tetofsky, Hyslip Crab, Etc., Etc.

THE Undersigned not being in a position to canvass for or deliver personally the trees noted above, wishes to sell the whole lot outright. The nursery is located in Stanley, York Co. It will be to the advantage of any person wishing to set out a lot of trees to send for terms by the hundred. Greenhouses over which I have no control have thrown these trees upon my hands, and they will be disposed of at a bargain.
HENRY T. PARLEE,
Westfield, N. B.

EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chamberlain's, by auction, Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, in the County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, on THURSDAY, the 25th day of December, 1895, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following described premises, to-wit: A certain lot of land situated in the Parish of St. John, in the City and County of Saint John, bounded as follows: bounded on the north by the Marsh Road (so called) at the Western boundary of land owned by Thomas A. Traflet and going thence along the said Road, South, fifty degrees west by the magnet of the year A. D. 1888, a distance of four (4) poles, thence continuing along the said Road South twenty-two (22) degrees, thirty (30) minutes west fifteen (15) chains of four poles each and eighty-four (84) links to the northern angle of land belonging to the Tisdale estate, thence by the line of the said Tisdale estate south thirty-nine (39) degrees east seven (7) chains and south thirty-five (35) degrees twenty (20) minutes east seven (7) chains twenty-five (25) links to the northern line of the Old Westmoreland land Road, thence by the said Road East and South, north

remarks which I have made, argued on the theory that the doctrine is in itself sound. I, however, be understood as any acceptance of it on the part of his government. It says he mentioned with respect to whom it is due, and the position which he generally adopted in international law is found in general consent nations statesman, however eminent, is not to insert into the code of law a novel principle never recognized before and not since been accepted by any of the other countries. States have a right, like any nation, to interpose in any way by which their own interests are affected; and they are not to be held responsible for the wrongs which they do to others. But their rights are not to be extended or stretched to the point where they interfere with the rights of another nation. The States were entirely in their own right when they declared their independence. Mr. Olney's principle that an American nation has the right to interpose in any way by which their own interests are affected is not more reasonable than the principle of the United States which has lately appeared to be the case, her majesty's government has not abandoned the hope that they may be resumed with their success, and that when the international policies of Venezuela are on a more durable basis than has lately appeared to be the case, her majesty's government may be enabled to adopt a more moderate and conciliatory course in regard to this question than that of their predecessors. Her majesty's government are sincerely desirous of being on friendly relations with Venezuela, and certainly have no desire to seize territory that properly belongs to her, or forcibly to extend sovereignty over any portion of her population. They have, on the contrary, repeatedly expressed their readiness to submit to arbitration the conflicting claims of Great Britain and Venezuela, large tracts of territory which are known to be of almost untold value. But they cannot consent to entertain or submit to arbitration by the power of a foreign jurist, however eminent, claims based on the extravagant pretensions of Spanish officials in the last century, and involving the transfer of large numbers of British subjects who have for many years enjoyed the settled rule of a British colony to a nation of different race and language, whose political system is subject to frequent disturbances, and whose institutions do not afford adequate protection to life and property. No issue of this kind has ever been involved in the questions which Great Britain and the United States have consented to submit to arbitration, and her majesty's government are convinced that in similar circumstances the government of the United States would be equally firm in declining to entertain proposals of such a nature.

which it was probably separated because it deals entirely with the merits of the British claim to the territory in dispute. Lord Salisbury explained that his purpose is to remove misapprehension regarding the merits of the boundary dispute, which he can most conveniently accomplish in this way, being in consequence of a suspension of diplomatic relations.

Lord Salisbury begins with the statement that "her majesty's government, while they have never avoided or declined argument on the subject with Venezuela, have always held that the question was one that had no direct bearing on the material interests of any other country, and have refrained from presenting any statement of the difference to the United States or any other foreign government. Then probably from this reason Mr. Olney's statement bears the impress of ex parte Venezuela statements and gives an erroneous view of many of the material facts. He challenges Secretary Olney's first statement that the dispute dates back to 1814, and asserts that it did not begin until 1840, which assertion he proceeds to support by a long statement of the conditions under which British Guiana was acquired from the Dutch.

Lord Salisbury charges that Venezuela has repeatedly violated the treaty of 1850, by the terms of which both governments agreed to refrain from the territory in dispute, for which reason in 1890 her majesty's government decided not to accept the offer of concessions which had been proposed, but to assert her right to the territory with the Shomburg line, while still holding open for negotiations and even arbitration the unsettled lands beyond that and in what they considered to be their rightful boundary.

Lord Salisbury says: "The United States have a practical concern in the controversy. The invocation of the Monroe doctrine seems on our side of the water, to be irrelevant and absurd. The Times writes: 'Lord Salisbury expressed the full concurrence with the view that the disturbance of territory in the western hemisphere by fresh acquisition on the part of European states is highly inexpedient, but the recognition of this inexcusable doctrine does not cover the preposterous deductions from the Monroe doctrine which Mr. Olney's despatch puts forward and Mr. Cleveland makes the basis of the last astounding proposal that perhaps has never been advanced by any government in time of peace since the days of Napoleon. No commission appointed by a power which is not a party to the controversy and which is upon converted questions of the boundary between the British empire and Venezuela. We are bound to resist the claims which the Monroe doctrine has for the first time which Mr. Olney has added comments and inferences against which an emphatic protest must be made. The American traditions will not be strengthened by Mr. Olney's moral support, and we are on the ground that self-government is only enjoyed by republics. These unnecessary aggressive assertions seem to point to the possibility that this sudden movement on the part of the United States has more to do with party politics than with diplomacy. The sober common sense of the American people, we should hope, will condemn the attempt to pick a quarrel with a friendly power. In any case, our rights as an independent state, and if necessary take practical measures to assert them.'

The Manchester Guardian says: "We do not deny the value of Mr. Cleveland's message. A grave struggle will now begin between moderate and extreme public opinion in America, the issue of which will have the gravest effect upon the world. The moderate opinion of the government, who are opponents of the opinion of Great Britain, will only do their duty if they strengthen the hands of the friends of peace in the United States by every expression of public opinion. The Sheffield Telegraph says: 'Mr. Cleveland's language is admirably calculated to induce England to bid the Yankees to do their duty. It is a clear and simple statement of the facts, seeing that they have neither army or navy to speak of, would incline to the ridiculous. Still, if the United States mean fighting, Great Britain will not flinch. Certainly we will not be turned from the plain path by threats.'

The Pall Mall Gazette does not regard Mr. Cleveland's message as a serious one, but only an election address which ought to bring to him the solid vote of the concession mongers, who already see the Colorado River. The Gazette advises Mr. Cleveland to go before the country immediately, before the people of America have time to study the Olney doctrine and not to let it be thought that he has appointed a commission to delineate the frontiers of the United States and Mexico.

The Westminster Gazette speaks of the horror of the article which the Globe says: 'Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney have strained the friendship of the two nations to the point of breaking. It is difficult to write calmly of the amazing claims which these gentlemen advance in the name of the United States, but we trust that the proposed commission will be pushed, but we firmly requested the St. James Gazette says: 'The claims set up by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Olney are so offensive that it would cause no surprise if there should be a similar explosion of violence in Great Britain.'

A number of politicians seen at the various consulates acting under instructions of Lord Salisbury, had sounded the European powers during last autumn, and prior to the despatch of Great Britain's reply Secretary Olney's despatch and the notes which the diplomats stated that all of the powers having interests in America agreed with Lord Salisbury that the Monroe doctrine, as stated by Mr. Olney, did not possess any international authority.

The correspondence closes with another note from Lord Salisbury to Secretary Julian Pauncefote, who delivered Secretary Olney on the same date as his preceding note, from

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THE UNDERSIGNED NOT BEING IN A POSITION TO CANVASS FOR OR DELIVER PERSONALLY THE ABOVE NOTICES, wishes to sell the whole lot outright. The survey is located in Stanley, New Brunswick. It is to the advantage of any person wishing to get out of a lot of trees to have them cut down. The trees are of various species over which I have no control here, and they will be disposed of as a bargain. HENRY T. PARLEE, Westfield, N. B.

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THE WEEKLY SUN.

ST. JOHN, N. B., DEC. 25, 1895.

THE PRESIDENT'S WAR MESSAGE.

The exigencies of party politics so far color United States diplomatic messages that civilized countries to which they are addressed are not in the habit of treating them in the same serious fashion as the despatches from other powers.

The Monroe doctrine has been cited as authority for many things, but Lord Salisbury's pitiless logic shows that no honest interpretation of the original meaning applies it to the present case.

Among the humorous features of the political situation is a recent speech by Hon. Josiah Quincy, the newly elected mayor of Boston, who is a democrat and a great friend of the president.

The signs that the republican party is deliberately seeking for every possible opportunity to raise an issue from some question of the relations of the United States with some foreign power are so numerous that no one can fail to see them.

THIS CASE WILL BEAR WATCHING.

The Scott act has not been too well enforced in Kings county, but a considerable number of law breakers have been punished and some have been driven out of business.

It is a singular fact that the government came to the relief of one of these victims and made a Scott act vendor of him. But they could not all be protected in that way, and even the government official has not been safe from further prosecution.

The result of the investigation cannot be foreseen. In the meantime it may be observed that the conditions have, as a rule, stood the test of examination by the supreme court.

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relations which has grown up in the course of the past on the continent of Europe. We find contrasting today this spirit of pursuit of the peaceful empire of commerce...

If the mayor of Boston had known that his president had that day given to the printer a message of the character he condemned, he might have spoken differently or have kept silence.

The report of the manager of the exhibition ought to be satisfactory. The ordinary receipts for the year were about sufficient to meet the expenses other than those incurred in the construction and improvement of the buildings and grounds.

The exact return of the census of 1895 leaves Boston a little below the half million mark, the population being 466,920.

The United States has not been the scene of so much military excitement since Coxe's army marched on Washington. The outcome of the Coxe invasion of last year was the general's arrest and imprisonment for not keeping off the grass.

The Montreal Herald and other grit papers are explaining the North Ontario election by the statement that the constituency was gerrymandered.

The liberals of East Durham, Ontario, have held a convention and decided not to contest the next dominion election. They will support the McCarthyite candidate.

Mr. Olney's view that the political union of Canada with a European power is inexpedient and unnatural. He seems to be in a hearty accord with our own John V. Ellis, ex-M. P., on this point.

How would it do for the United States to send a commission to Turkey? United States subjects are in peril in Turkey, and interference might be useful.

It will be observed that the United States naval authorities are vigorously preparing for war. They have withdrawn the fleet from the coast of South America, and the neighborhood of the impending troubles.

The report of United States Secretary of the Treasury Carlisle shows a deficit of \$42,906,000 for the year ending last June.

The following is taken from the Parrothead: So, Mary Grace, Newcomb, went ashore on Kingsport flats and broke eight feet of keel out and filled. Captain Newcomb and crew stood in the water...

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CANADA AT THEIR MERCY

Senator Voorhees' Remarkable Speech in the Senate.

Great Britain Dare not go to War, He Says, With United States.

Proposal for More Warships—Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on the Situation.

Washington, Dec. 19.—The spirit of Americanism still brooded over the senate today, but although every senator who spoke upon the subject of the crisis between Great Britain and the United States...

Paris, Dec. 19.—The Temps says: "An indefinite extension of the Monroe doctrine and also of President Cleveland's strange innovation is calibrating the minds of the American people..."

London, Dec. 19.—A despatch to the Press Association from Manchester says that President Macara of the Federation of Master Cotton Spinners said in an interview that war between Great Britain and the United States would entail incalculable loss...

London, Dec. 19.—A special from Paris gives an account of an interview with M. Hanotaux, the former French minister for foreign affairs, in which he is quoted as saying, referring to the Venezuelan question...

London, Dec. 20.—The Times this morning prints despatches from Paris, Berlin and Vienna which seem to indicate that the bill will be taken up and passed by the senate, though some senators are still disposed to defer action until Saturday...

The article concludes as follows: "There is no need to discuss the arguments that we must yield because we have lent money to the United States. The reputation of debate as a warfare measure is a thing of the past."

There is, however, reason to believe that the President's message is supported in some quarters, because it is supposed the confusion may provide an opportunity for soft money. But what a strong irony that Mr. Cleveland should have made these things possible...

By a new process the famous Windsor salt is given to the public absolutely pure. No lime, all salt, all safety, all money's food tariff. Saves money. Ask your grocer for Windsor Table Salt.

"I can't afford you anything," said the kind-hearted lady, "but some corned beef and cabbage."

"Madam," replied Maudering Mike, "it sile 's. What 's the matter with you, miles tryin' to find a house where they'd offer me somethin' besides dark meat an' wish-bones." Washington Star.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Although none of the Central and South American diplomats will consent to be quoted regarding their opinion on Secretary Olney's note, it is asserted they have cabled their governments that the present seems an opportune time for invoking the Monroe doctrine as a means of support against European pressure...

Washington, Dec. 19.—The excitement over Venezuela matters subsided greatly today, the result being attributed very largely to the fact that the house was not in session and the senate was disposed to avoid precipitate action, as was evidenced by the course when the house Venezuelan bill was received.

PROV

Death of Mr. of H Meeting of the mers' an ASS

General News F New 7

Hopewell Hill regular meeting 84. L. O. A., of ing officers were suling year: Gild M. Cairns, J. R. S. Hueston, W. Goodall, F. S. Isaac Porter, D. Lawson, lecturer Hunter, Nichol Pearson and C. Gilbert Brewster...

Admiral Bunsen, commanding the North Atlantic squadron, came up to Washington from his flagship New York in Hampton Roads today, and had a consultation with Acting Secretary McAdoo regarding the movements of his squadron. He was to have sailed Saturday for the West Indies, but he will defer his departure for the time and talk over the matter with Secretary Herbert when he returns to Washington.

Washington, Dec. 19.—The senate committee on foreign relations will meet tomorrow morning for the informal consideration of a bill providing for a Venezuelan commission. The indications are that the bill will be taken up and passed by the senate, though some senators are still disposed to defer action until Saturday...

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THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING

is in the eating. The public has had over a quarter of a century's testing of our work, and no cases of indigestion have been reported. Pretty good test, isn't it?

Send for a copy of our new catalogue, giving REVISED TERMS, and showing what we have done, and can do.

Oddfellows' Hall. S. KEER & SON, St. John Business College.

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PROVINCIAL.

Death of Miss Maisij Osman of Hillsboro.

Meeting of the Carleton Co. Farmers' and Dairy-men's Association.

General News From Many Sections of New Brunswick.

ederation practically unanim... The countries of the west- pheres. It is pointed out Salisbury insisted the Mon- ne was not recognized as hal law, but this, it is said, the republic of North and erica accept it as the law.

ALBERT CO. Hopewell Hill, Dec. 17.—At the last regular meeting of Union lodge, No. 84, L. O. A., of Riverside, the following officers for the ensuing year: Gideon D. Reid, W. M.; J. M. Cairns, D. M.; Harry J. Hughes, R. S.; Huestin Stewart, chaplain; G. W. Goodall, F. S.; Peter Bishop, treas.; Isaac Porter, dir. of cer.; A. C. M. Lawren, lecturer; committee, James Hunter, Nicholas Pearson, J. H. McPherson and Chandler Cannon.

Woodstock, Dec. 18.—At the regular meeting of the Woodstock Farmers' and Dairy-men's association, the following were elected delegates to the general association meeting to be held in Fredericton the latter part of January: A. J. Raymond, Samuel Carman, R. R. Dibblee, Jas. Stephenson. The next meeting of the association will be held on the 1st of December.

NEWBRUNSWICK. The social event of yesterday and today was the "Kirmess," which has been in course of preparing for some weeks past. The main thing is a local talent consisting of adults and children. The first entertainment, given in Graham's hall last evening, was certainly a success. There is said to have been a \$150 house. Every seat was filled, and the general expression of approval. The costumes of those who participated were exceedingly well gotten up. This evening the "Kirmess" will be continued. The affair is under the patronage of the Woodstock Amateur Athletic association.

CARLETON CO. Newburg Junction, Dec. 14.—David Dickinson is getting logs for Jas. Carr at Havelock. Mrs. David Noble is seriously ill. Chas. Campbell returned to Boston on Wednesday.

WOODSTOCK, Dec. 18.—The county court concluded its labors on Saturday evening. Two orders were made whole the McClements case aroused considerable interest. The defendant, Frank McClements was charged with having assaulted Scott Act Inspector Colpitts while the latter was attempting the arrest of Jack McClements, a brother of the defendant. Jack had the reputation of keeping a bar-room on King street. One day in October last Mr. Colpitts started with a warrant for Jack's arrest. He alleged that when he got in the shop he heard somebody cry "Run Jack, run," and thereupon Frank McClements placed a brace against a back door opening into an alley way. When the police attempted to enter the brace Frank McClements prevented him. The defendant denied all this, and a jury failed to agree, eight being for conviction and four for acquittal. A special jury was summoned to try the case, and they brought in a unanimous verdict in favor of the prosecution. Judge Forbes sentenced McClements to imprisonment for thirty days and a fine of \$50. The judge was positively on the side of law and order, and seemed to think that every facility should be afforded for the Scot act inspector to enforce the law.

Another case, a civil suit, also occupied a good deal of time. It was Estabrooks vs. Lewis. In 1889 Elvin Estabrooks and Samuel Lewis entered into a partnership to get lumber on the Gullive stream, which has its mouth near Hartland. It was Lewis who was to do the supplying and Lewis took after the business. The lumber claimed that the amount specified in the contract was not there. He brought suit for \$838, and the jury gave him \$1000. The town elections will be held on the second Monday in January. Mayor Saunders will be a candidate again, and it is said there is likely to be some opposition. By the act recently passed, several councillors, instead of ten, will be elected, and the ward system has been done away with. Strange to say, few of the old councillors are seeking re-election.

It looks as if the Woodstock and Centreville railway would really be built. The annual meeting of the directors was held this afternoon in the Wilbur house. There were present Bernard Mahon, Wm. F. Killen, New York; John Connor, R. W. Connor, R. W. Connor, St. John, and W. F. Drysdale, Woodstock. The following were elected directors: B. Mahon, Mr. O'Mullin, president of the People's bank; John Connor, W. F. Drysdale. The directors elected Mr. Mahon, president; R. W. Connor, secretary; A. B. Connell, solicitor. The directors report that full and complete arrangements are being made for the immediate commencement of the work. The arrangements are of such a character, and the parties identified with the company being capitalists, that the completion of means, as far as this road is concerned, has a terminus in the town of Woodstock. It is felt by the company that in view of the original connection with the C. P. R. being dispensed with and the road made independent, at the early date the citizens of Woodstock will give substantial aid towards the road. The machine shops will, it is said, be erected here. The aid from the town is asked by reason of the additional expense of changing the route at the Woodstock end, purchasing the rights of way, etc. Simultaneously with the beginning of the main road the branch to Houlton will be commenced, this company having secured that charter. It is felt that this is but the beginning of an enterprise towards the building of the St. John valley road, and the ultimate connection with the Grand Trunk, via the Edmundston route. That the company is in earnest is plain from the fact that all accounts against the company have been ordered to be paid, and tenders will be immediately called for the getting out of lumber for the beginning of the work in the early spring. The rails have been bought. One of the directors told the Morning Sun correspondent that he hoped such a town council would be elected as would be alive to the importance of giving the company that aid which they desired. The original idea of the enterprise was that of the road at Upper Woodstock has been abandoned.

mill with which he forces water to the second story of this house. Through the efforts of Dunwood, McIntyre of Cumberland Bay and A. B. Wetmore of Chipman, Christmas day will be celebrated by a horse race on the rights of way, etc. Simultaneously with the beginning of the main road the branch to Houlton will be commenced, this company having secured that charter. It is felt that this is but the beginning of an enterprise towards the building of the St. John valley road, and the ultimate connection with the Grand Trunk, via the Edmundston route. That the company is in earnest is plain from the fact that all accounts against the company have been ordered to be paid, and tenders will be immediately called for the getting out of lumber for the beginning of the work in the early spring. The rails have been bought. One of the directors told the Morning Sun correspondent that he hoped such a town council would be elected as would be alive to the importance of giving the company that aid which they desired. The original idea of the enterprise was that of the road at Upper Woodstock has been abandoned.

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Timely Warning.



The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufacture. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With the approach of the new year THE SUN finds itself compelled to request its correspondents all over the Maritime Provinces to condense their news items as much as possible. It is no easy task at any time to compress one week's news of the world into the 9 pages of the daily and the 18 pages of the weekly edition, and the session of parliament, which opens January 2nd, will make heavy additional demands on our space. It is the constant aim of the management of THE SUN to build up its reputation as a newspaper, and the fact that it now leads all its New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and P. E. Island competitors in circulation spurs us on to make it still more worthy of the confidence and friendship of its rapidly increasing circle of readers. THE SUN, in asking its correspondents to "bottle down" their letters, begs to remark that in these times, when every inch of space counts, he is the most valuable contributor who tells all he has worth telling in the fewest possible words.

P. E. ISLAND. Mount Stewart, Dec. 13.—Upwards of sixty thousand bushels of potatoes and twenty thousand bushels of oats were shipped from this port during the fall. The Patrons of Industry have organized a lodge here with a membership of twenty-two. The young men have also organized a debating society and literary institute. Mr. Pierson of the Sun paid the village a visit a few days ago in the interest of the paper. Fishermen are now directing their attention to seals and smelts, which they ship frozen to the American market. The sudden death of Mrs. Patrick McKinnon of Pisiquid is reported. The deceased leaves a host of friends and relations to mourn her loss. Tryon, Dec. 13.—At the regular meeting of True Brothers lodge, F. and A. M., the following officers were duly elected: S. E. Reid, W. M.; Wm. D. Dougherty, M. D.; S. W.; J. J. Shepley, J. W.; O. D. Williams, Sec.; John Lang, Treas.; John Mulholland, Chap.; Joseph Rogers, S. D.; D. McLean, A. D.; Charles Daulton, M. H. W. Robertson, M. D.; D. L. McKinnon, steward; David H. James, Tyler. The regular meeting of the Lodge was held at the residence of the late Mr. Pierson, who was made man and wife, Rev. J. Tippet, performed the marriage ceremony. About twenty-five guests were present, and after a sumptuous luncheon the bride and groom drove to Sheffield.

The marriage of Miss Alice Hoban, daughter of Superintendent Hoban of the Canada Eastern railway, and H. M. Hooper of St. John, son of the late Dr. Hooper, is announced for the 31st inst. John Sharkey, brother of Owen Sharkey, the well known dry goods merchant of Moncton, and his wife, Mary, both of whom were natives of Ireland, died last week at the age of 77 years, and had been an invalid for some years. McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup. The cheese factory at Vernon River Bridge is, we are pleased to hear, having a very prosperous season. At the close of the cheese-making it had 2,313 cheese to its credit. Last week it was made 18,828 lbs. of milk and sent the cream, 8,850 pounds, to the Central Creamery here. Previous to the establishment of the Central Creamery a wagon was sent to the New Ferry bridge for cheese. Vernon River Bridge was closed for three days last week for a provincial exhibition and third at the St. John, N. B., exhibition.—Examiner.

There cleared from Parreboro, Dec. 13, schr. Herald, Merlam, for Calais, with 160 tons coal. Dec. 14, schr. T. W. McKay, Wasson, for Eastport, with 175 tons coal. Children Ory for Pitcher's Castoria. There cleared from Parreboro, Dec. 17, bark M. E. Cann, Pittsford, for Moncton, with 75,854 feet deals and cement, shipped by M. L. Tucker for W. M. McKay. There cleared from Parreboro, Dec. 17, bark M. E. Cann, Pittsford, for Moncton, with 75,854 feet deals and cement, shipped by M. L. Tucker for W. M. McKay.

LITERARY NOTES. McClure's Magazine for January will be an edition of 200,000 copies, a circulation equal to any two of the high-priced magazines. It will tell the story of Lincoln as a clerk in a country store, studying grammar in the intervals of weighing tea and sugar and other groceries, which in that day included whiskey; acquiring, by his native wit, wisdom and honesty, a local ascendancy which emboldened him to announce himself as a candidate for member of the legislature; and then, to the sacrifice of his chance of election, leading a company of raw recruits to the Black Hawk war. Much new material is promised, and twenty-five pictures, including three portraits of Lincoln, and facsimiles of interesting documents written and signed by Lincoln. Reproductions of sixteen typical and celebrated paintings of the school of the beginning of the present century will appear in McClure's Magazine for January, with biographical and critical notes by the eminent American artist, Will H. Low. The pictures reproduced were especially chosen by Mr. Low on a recent visit to Europe made for that purpose. An illustrated article setting forth the results of the latest studies and discoveries respecting "The Sun's Light" by Sir Robert Ball, who rivals the late Professor Proctor in his gift for popular exposition of astronomical subjects, will appear in McClure's Magazine for January. The publishers promise a series of articles by Sir Robert on popular astronomical topics during the coming year.

ONE DOLLAR SENT BY A NEW SUBSCRIBER TO SUN PRINTING COMPANY NOW WILL PAY FOR SUBSCRIPTION TO WEEKLY SUN TILL 1st JANUARY, 1897.

It is difficult to predict the future work in the magazine field. No one would have conceived, ten years ago, that a thirty-five-cent magazine would ever contemplate the use of expensive lithographic process in printing. But a ten-cent magazine has put in a large and complete lithographic plant with the avowed purpose of furnishing a certain amount of color in every month. The first result is the reproduction of a water color, drawn by Rosset for The Cosmopolitan, and redrawn upon stone by The Cosmopolitan lithographic artist, and printed upon The Cosmopolitan lithographic press. Work upon even a more extended scale is promised for the January number.

THE TIDE IS TURNING.

American People Beginning to Realize Their Foolish Position.

Rev. Dr. Parkhurst Preaches a Sermon on Cleveland's Message.

Harrison Declines the Presidency of the Venezuela, Commission.

(Continued from page four.)

Spokane, Washington, Dec. 22.—C. I. Smith, one of the largest stockmen in Lincoln county, has telegraphed President Cleveland that he would furnish the government 5,000 cavalry horses free of charge in case of war with England.

New York, Dec. 22.—Dr. Parkhurst, in the Madison square Presbyterian church today, took for his text, "Peace on earth, good will to men." After describing the preaching of Christ as a surprise to mankind, he said that human history does not contain anything which prepares us for the general surprises hanging upon the edge of the future.

London, Dec. 22.—The Times this morning prints a whole page of telegraphic despatches on the subject of Venezuela. The Vienna despatch says: President Cleveland is no small measure responsible for the ruin of hundreds of capitalists in Austria.

THEY WANT NO WAR.

Survivors of the Eleventh Army Corps Talk of the Threatening Outlook.

"Let us Preserve the Honor of the Country by the Resources of Peace"

(N. Y. Herald, Dec. 20.)

The veterans of the Eleventh Army Corps met at dinner at Morello's, in West Twenty-ninth street, last night, and agreed that if we must have war it should be only as the last effort to preserve peace.

General Groveson of Ohio, who served in the Army of the Cumberland, and who is "willing now to vote for 1,000,000 men to sustain the honor and dignity of the United States," spoke of the Eleventh Army Corps' association with the Army of the Cumberland.

Madrid, Dec. 22.—Public opinion here is so strongly in favor of England in the Venezuelan controversy that suggestions are advanced for an alliance between England and Spain in the event of President Cleveland's action involving hostilities.

London, Dec. 22.—Sir A. K. Rolih, conservative member of parliament for the south division of Ireland, was president of the London and Hull and Associated chamber of commerce, granted an exclusive interview to a representative of the Associated Press today on the outlook for the Venezuelan question, especially on its financial side.

London, Dec. 22.—The board of trade today passed this resolution unanimously: The Hon. John Haggart—As the matter of appointing a station master to the international railway station at Halifax may be considered by your department at an early day, we take this opportunity of presenting the claims of D. A. Storr, station master, and commend him to your attention for promotion to the position of station master at Halifax, as a recognition of his ability to fill the position to the satisfaction of the trade of this port.

Halifax, Dec. 19.—The board of trade today passed this resolution unanimously: The meeting severely criticized the Dominion Atlantic railway for its refusal to come to the Cornwallis street terminus. Robert Plunkford said the difficulty was in a nutshell. It was wished to handle its own freight at the I. C. R. terminus, with its own staff, rather than allow the I. C. R. to do the work.

HALIFAX.

People's Heat and Light Company Take Action Against Prof. MacMechan.

DEATH OF REV. JAMES McDEVITT.

A Remarkable Device Used to Float a Stranded Vessel.

"If there be one thing upon which I pride myself next to my hobby of the strictest accuracy," said Col. Monkhouse, as quoted by Judy, "it is upon my presence of mind. It has often proved of the utmost value to myself, and also to others.

"It was in the Mediterranean, when I was on passage out to India, by some blunder of the first mate, we ran on a sand bank, and there we stuck. The sea was calm, and there was no wind to stir the water.

"How was it that throwing chemicals overboard raised a storm? The matter was simple enough. I had selected the ingredients that constituted a selditz powder, but I did it on a large scale.

"The Imperial urges upon the government the necessity of friendship with England in order to counteract the Monroe doctrine. London, Dec. 22.—Sir A. K. Rolih, conservative member of parliament for the south division of Ireland, was president of the London and Hull and Associated chamber of commerce, granted an exclusive interview to a representative of the Associated Press today on the outlook for the Venezuelan question, especially on its financial side.

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Dundas Knitting Machine Co., Dundas, Ont. Mention this paper.

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The second term of the current academic year will begin on THURSDAY, JANUARY 2nd, 1896, with the following teaching staff:

It has been well said that "better training can be given in Commercial Work, and a broader, sounder Business Education imparted in connection with Literary Departments than in a purely business school."

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Dick's Blood Purifier is a scientific preparation in the form of a powder. It purifies the blood, strengthens the digestion, turns a rough coat into a smooth and glossy one and puts the animal "in condition."

DON'T LICK ENVELOPES. Gummed Flaps Are Dangerous Because the Glue on Them is Made of Plugs' Hoofs.

Most of us have learned that to lick a postage stamp. We moisten the envelope in a glass of water, and in a moment the stamp is fastened. It is not necessary to suppose that some faint red ink is used in the manufacture of the stamp. It is a fact that some faint red ink is used in the manufacture of the stamp.

Table with columns for various items and prices, including OILS, COAL, and other goods.

Table listing prices for different grades of oil and other commodities.

Table listing prices for various types of coal.

VENEZUELA.

Let the Sun About That Country. and Troops Massed on the Very Unhealthy, but Very Rich.

AMPIO EVAPORATOR For FRUIT JELLIES. Has two sets of rollers for processing fruit into jellies and preserves.

G. H. GRIMM MFG. CO., SON, Ohio, & MONTREAL, Quebec.

