

PROGRESS.

VOL. XII, NO. 609.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3 1900

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Dry Dock Scheme.

Mr. Geo. Robertson has not got his dry dock scheme through the council yet. The special meeting of the aldermen called for the first of the week was for the purpose of passing the agreement and giving the promoter all that he wants to go to the old country with but an unexpected obstacle cropped up in the person of Mr. Baxter representing Major Gordon and the granite workers, Messrs. Sleeth, Quinlan & Co. These gentlemen evidently came to the conclusion that they should look after their interests. They lease land from the city and have done so for years, and when they found out that they were to be removed to make room for the imperial dry dock company they concluded to make a protest.

Their lease expired last November and like all other city leases it must be surrendered if the Corporation wants to pay for the improvements. The "improvements" these parties contend are practically nothing save the shells of old wooden buildings in which their business is carried on. To simply pay them for those structures and order them away would mean a great loss to them.

This was the position that Mr. Baxter placed before the council and it came as a surprise to many of the aldermen who had a spirit of fairness in them. Mr. Baxter was wise enough not to take the council by the throat and demand a renewal of his clients lease. Instead, he gave the dry dock scheme a lot of talk while at the same time he impressed upon the aldermen that it was in no sense a reality as yet. He made as much use as possible of the fact that his tenants had not asked any reduction in water rates, that they paid their taxes and other city charges. They had been on this city lot for years and to be summarily removed now was not fair. He asked that there should be some delay and that Mr. Robertson, representing the Dock company, a committee of aldermen and the representatives of his clients meet and come to some arrangement whereby they could continue their operations and make some plans for the future.

It was interesting to note just how this struck the council. Ald. Christie was particularly indignant that the plans of the council should be interfered with and the ex-mayor delayed on his trip to the old country. He became somewhat abusive of those aldermen who favored a fair hearing for the gentlemen Mr. Baxter represented and, as usual, he and Ald. Colwell had a tilt and expressed how little they cared for each others opinion.

The chairman of the Board of Works has not the same grip (as he used to have). The council does not always say yes to his proposition as they used to. He made short work of the water extension to Spruce Lake two years ago and pushed the Cushing contract through, but it has been so costly to the city that the people are beginning to ask who is responsible.

The agreement that Recorder Skinner has drawn up is something wonderful in its way. It took him nearly two hours to read it one day and the aldermen were very tired of it before he was done. Two thirds of them did not understand half of what he read and only one of them attempted to follow him on the plan. If Mr. Robertson suggested all the things that Mr. Skinner touched upon in that agreement he has been a very busy man. The generosity of the city was never shown in quite so marked a degree. Wharves have been given away, railroads and elevators passed over to foreign corporations but the rights and privileges given to the Imperial Dry Dock company are so remarkable that it is little wonder they want to rush the agreement through and say nothing about it.

The interruption of Mr. Baxter's clients was fortunate. There was another chance to air the subject. Mr. Robertson was present and he was heard. His style of speech would not suit Ald. Christie it that gentleman was opposed to him. He was so plain with the council as to surprise those who had not heard him talk before. In his positive way he laid down the condition's and they simply amounted to this "I must not be hampered." He impressed one with the idea that instead of getting great favors and concessions from the council he was conferring one upon them and all the citizens in undertaking the dry dock pro-

ject, yet up to this time he has succeeded in keeping all information concerning the probability of the success of his scheme from the mayor and aldermen. Certainly this state of affairs is remarkable. The city is not only giving away its land but its rights about the proposed site and those who have questioned the wisdom of this wholesale gift say that the city is providing itself with a legacy of litigation that will put Spruce Lake in the shade.

In spite of this the project is being railroaded through even more rapidly than the Spruce Lake project was. It will be remembered that Ald. Christie had the extension in charge. He wanted a pulp mill at Union Point and the city was to supply it with water at a ridiculous price. The agreement had to be signed by the city before the promoter could get the capital to erect the mill and day after day the aldermen dined away at the aldermen to undertake the work and sign the contract. It was done. Mayor Robertson was in the chair during the early stages of the project and he protested against too much rush, but in vain. The aldermen were then as now so crazy. Their cry is "Industries," "Industries," and now it is "Dry Dock."

Well, Chairman Christie succeeded in getting the council to chime in with his views. He had some opposition from Mayor Sears but he brushed that aside and went ahead. The city is paying for his acts now. They have spent nobody knows exactly how much, to pay land damages. The first bill was between thirty and forty thousand dollars and since then a score of claims have been settled and there are many more to come. Only the other day Mr. Dean got \$25.00 and anybody who knew just now his land was affected stood aghast at the amount. The arbitrators had to be paid too in addition. What a snap they have had out of Spruce Lake water extension!

Nearly one hundred thousand dollars were spent months before for the iron pipe. The pipes have been laid and the bills paid and probably some \$75,000 paid already in claims and yet not a drop of water has come through the new main yet.

Now ex-mayor Robertson is promoting a scheme far more chimerical than the Cushing Pulp mill was. He has not given the assurances those gentlemen did and he is getting privileges that are the most valuable on the West side. To consider the manner in which the aldermen dispose of the city property on that side of the harbor one would think that the water front was unlimited. The end is very near and the council is hastening it by their eagerness to pass the dry dock agreement.

Up River Etiquette.

A short time ago, in fact just before the late heavy rain robbed us of most of the snow, two up river young men, fellows living in the Washademoak district, shot a moose and hid the meat in a big bank at the aforesaid snow in the New Caanan district. The hiding of the meat picked the curiosity of Game Warden Belyea, who suspected the animal had been snared and not killed in a true sportsmanlike way.

Accordingly he sought about to dispense law in a disagreeable form to the owners of the meat whereupon they became very wrathful and pummeled the official outrageously, finally convincing him that the moose had been shot and that they had only put it in the snow to preserve it. Mr. Belyea upon this explanation became quite cooled off and invited his would be prisoners, but upon their refusing he grew angry for the second time and laying complaint at once had the discourteous hunters arrested and fined for assault and battery.

Most Unique Hockey.

A most interesting hockey match was held in the old Loyalist Burying Ground on Tuesday afternoon, in which a horde of shouting street urchins participated. The contest with its tin can (puck) and scuffling (hockey sticks) was perhaps the most unique in local history of the popular sport. Most unusual were the surroundings to say nothing of the merits of the icy battle. The headstones of two of the town's most revered forefathers were used as goal posts at one end, parts of a broken tomb serving as the opposite objective point.

the tomato can singing a merry time between. With ruthless step the urchin spurned the resting places of the city's pioneers and perched contentedly on a nearby sarcophagus a dozen smaller 'Chimie Faddens' dangled their feet and screamed their delight as the game progressed. Fiddish travellers may hold their five o'clock teas on the pyramids of Egypt, and the less sensitive may experience novel sensations in eating luncheon among Italian catacombs, but coming right down to St. John a hockey match over the sacred bones of the city's founders is indeed a novelty of more than sporting interest.

Another Local Boy.

One of the city's sweetest and most popular local heroes was the little ground. The Boy Scouts were able represented by a prominent contractor, and the British cause had as its champion an equally prominent man, a hardware manufacturer and worthy citizen. The South African war was at length approached in their conversation over the wine, when a scowl swept over the florid features of the contractor and emitting an oath declared "The British soldiers should be swept off the face of the earth!" Friendship and courtesy here took flight in the being of the hardware manufacturer. He shot out his brawny arm and caught the local Boy full on the face, sending him to the tiled floor in a heap. It was no boxers tap but heavy weight's knockout and it required several friends of the contractor to help him to a coach. He stayed home a couple of days.

The Park Next Summer.

The St. John Horticultural Association holds its annual meeting on Wednesday. Gardener Knott will submit his report which will tell of the plans for next summer at Rockwood. The garden area will be sown with lawn grass seed and the mazes of walks and paths laid out as on the plans of landscape architect Vaux of New York. Another new fountain will be placed in position and the greenhouse removed to a position outside the gardens. The bog of the way to the lake from Burpee Avenue is to be reclaimed.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

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- PAGE 9.—Exit B. & A. Club—telling of this organization's suspension and its struggle of late years. England in War Time—How a big fight affects the mother country. Illustration of different types of the British soldiers.
- PAGE 10 and 11.—The Story "Secret of a Picture" concluded in this issue.
- PAGE 12.—Men and Women Talked About Today.
- PAGE 13.—Interesting to women who read fashions and what is going on in the world of the Fair Sex.
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Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Special 25 Waterloo.

The Trustees' Mistake.

The St. John School Board can hardly be accused of being a far sighted body, as several occasions of late years have demonstrated. Their latest business stroke of questionable cleverness is in connection with the Aberdeen school on Erin street. Pretty nearly everybody knows that Messrs. Peters' the tanners have purchased the old Fraser shipyard adjoining the school, swallowing up in the purchase all the land to the south of the Aberdeen building as far as the railway track and up close to the school itself, going around the rest of it and including several broken spaces nearer Marsh Road. In short they now own all the available ground in that vicinity with the exception of the educational institution. The School Board hardly own the land their building stands on.

The fact of the School Board's shortsightedness in 1895 when they purchased the small block of ground for the school will cost them a cool thousand of dollars at this later stage—a result of the false economy so often practiced by civic bodies in St. John.

When the land was bargained for the School Board made no provision whatever for a playground. They apparently thought this a matter of no concern whatever. Glazing no doubt over the prospect of an almost unlimited area for recreation in the shipyard adjoining and the streets about, all of which would be free, at a solutely free, they ignored one of the most important factors in the school, its playground. It never occurred to them, perhaps, that in future years the shipyard adjoining would be bought up and used and the school compassed about, so as to choke off even the smallest breathing place for the children. But this is exactly what has occurred.

Messrs. Peters have secured the whole of the Fraser yard, paying \$3500 for it—said to be a mere song. In '95 the School Board paid \$1000 for the Aberdeen building plot of land, and just at present they are down on their knees, so to speak, begging an easy agreement with Messrs. Peters, for enough ground to allow the hundreds of pupils in that district breathing room at recess hours. It is safe to state the price they will have to pay will be nothing less than the cost of the land and the building now stands on, one thousand

what is left of Chipman's field; St. Peter's, a rocky slope of no length nor breadth; Indian town school, Victoria Square dump; Winter street, a fairly good space, and Douglas Avenue school, on the outskirts of town, a pretty good area for the children to play in. St. John boasts no carefully made recreation grounds, nor is it ever likely to, until the boys of today who are suffering for such, become the Common Council, the mayor, the S. P. C. A., the School Board, and the girls constitute the Womens Council and other influential organizations.

A FOUR ICE CROP.

Is Ice Cream Going to be High Next Summer?

Unless Jack Frost soon wakes up and gets down to steady business again the ice crop for 1900 will be almost a complete failure and to quote a humorous paragrapher, "we will be having our ice sent by mail next summer," so tiny will the cakes undoubtedly be.

Just at present the ice harvesting season should be at its height, but instead of that it is fully three weeks, or perhaps a month behind hand. Very little ice has been cut on Lily Lake and still a lesser quantity on Hazen's Lake where Messrs. Law got their supply. Unless the weather becomes steadily colder and the winter drags out longer than usual those interested in the cooling business will be in a much perturbed state of mind, as well as demoralized financially.

Several attempts at cutting on the lakes above mentioned have been other than well repaid, in most instances the ice hardly exceeding eleven inches in thickness. Two feet is the desired depth of a cake and as a general rule the sizes hover about this mark. What the ice dealers want beside a cold spell just now is plenty of snow in order that their hauling may be facilitated.

Just fancy next summer paying as much for your ice and your ice cream as you would for the richest of delicacies!

The ice men are distracted, how would you like to be that personage now?

They Can't Keep Him Down.

H. B. Hetherington of Queens County, the well known Conservative organizer and supporter of Hon. G. E. Foster's interests in that county, seems to be a much thought of man by even some of the biggest toadskin in the Liberal camp puddle. Only a short time ago the Hon. J. Israel Tarte was so taken with some of Mr. Hetherington's speeches that he had them published in his little French paper La Patrie. The object of making so much of these addresses was to try to prove that away down in Queens County the Conservatives were making a canvas on religious lines, but the attempt was not a howling success apparently.

However Mr. Hetherington is still engaged in what he terms the "good work," converting old and time-tired followers of the government party into logical adherents to the cause upheld by Sir Charles Tupper and his believers. Upon the next general election he claims the county of Queens will return an opposition member by 300 or 400 majority. The recent municipal elections of the county, which were run on federal lines, turned out to be a clean sweep for the Conservatives and close observers, says Mr.

Hetherington, say this is a promising indication of how the big voting contests will result as soon as the day arrives.

Did You Get a Notice?

Thursday was "notice day" with land lords and tenants, did you get yours? or did you, all the man who knows all about rent days that you were going to look for another house? Now that this preliminary stage of the household question is passed the next thing to do is to go "house-hunting." The great uncertainty of securing a new home is settled and follows that culmination of all that disagreeable, moving day.

Correspondents Wanted.

Progress would like to secure society correspondents in Kingston, Kent, Harland and Newcastle. Please send sample letter with application.



J. F. HAWKINS. Age, 22 years, student at law in the office of F. H. F. McLeod, Fredericton. An excellent rifle shot and accustomed to roughing it in the wilderness of New Brunswick in pursuit of game. A member of Capt. McLeod's Company No. 7 71 B. Co. with the Mounted Rifles.

dollars. Indeed that will be an easy price and the Peter's have no particular love just at present for the local powers, so they may "tuck on" a little. At any rate they are the masters of the situation. If no agreement about a playground is reached and the pupils are barred out altogether, the street with its railway crossings, its passing teams and other elements of danger to primary scholars will be the alternative. And yet isn't there a law against this? The whole affair is a muddle, and the city is the muddle! party. Referring to playgrounds, what school building in the city enjoys a real good spot for the recreation of its pupils? Victoria school has a cooped up yard, so has St. Joseph's adjoining. Linster street, a ruin of the big fire; Centennial has a few feet of iron railed land, the High School,

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Catharine Campbell ...
W. J. ...
of Old ...
of Hugh ...
the late ...
Mrs. ...
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daughter of ...
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Robecca, wife of ...
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Oct. the 16th, 1899 ...
(Sunday excepted.)

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Newspaper Heroes.

One day more than thirty years ago, when the German and French armies were drawn up for battle and the nearer troops were popping away, a young man strolled between the firing lines and stood there gazing through his field glass as calmly as though he were sitting in an opera box. He did this sort of thing regularly.

When Paris was in the hands of the commune he was there mingling with the excitement. One day, hearing firing, he hurried forward. Suddenly he found himself inside a most extraordinary triangle of barricades. The officer noticed the young Englishman and commanded him to pick up the musket of a man who had been just killed. He replied that he was a foreigner and a neutral and would not do it. The officer gave him the alternative of taking the gun or being shot. The young man laughed. But a firing party was told off, and he was stood up against a church wall, and they were cheerfully proceeding to end his life when the forces from another barricade rushed upon them. He was condemned to be shot by his new captors, and again he laughed and again he escaped.

A couple of years later he was in the midst of the fever and famine of India, and after that he was in the Carlist War in Spain, first with one army and then with another. In a few months he was in Serbia and in the battles of that war he was a conspicuous observer. Then attached to the Russian Army, he crossed the Danube, followed the campaign, saw the fighting at Shipka Pass, and was at Plevna.

He realized the Russians could hold their position, and his next thought was the telegraph office. The nearest one was one hundred and eighty miles away, at Bucharest. One bite of black bread was all he ate in twenty-four hours. He wore cut horse after horse. That ride ended in the greatest newspaper special known in the history of journalism. The great white Czar of Russia afterward sent him, and said: 'I have had reported to me the example which you showed with our forces on the day before Plevna by succoring wounded men under heavy fire. As the head of the State, I desire to testify how Russia honors your conduct, offering you the Order of the St. Stanislaus 'with the cross of swords'—a decoration never conferred except for personal bravery.'

In all parts of the world where there was war or promise of war this placid, cheerful and gifted young man was generally found. He went to the British force to Jerusalem, and under a close and heavy fire he saved a wounded soldier's life and the official dispatches gave him special mention for his services. In Zululand he was the first to see the certain result of the battle of Ulundi, and although it was dark he started through the trackless forest and made his way through one hundred and twenty miles of that unmarked wilderness to a telegraph wire at Landsmann's Drift, and from there he wired to the world the result of the fight days ahead of the official intelligence, his despatches being read in both Houses of Parliament amidst enthusiastic acclamation. This was Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent.

Dr. William Howard Russell, the great correspondent of the London Times, went through a half-dozen wars, and fought in the first rank of the party that drove out the Sepoys from the front at Lucknow. His picture of the Crimea called Florence Nightingale and her heroines to that place.

A few years ago the State of Ohio, by vote of its Legislature, brought the remains of J. B. MacGahan from their foreign resting place to his native soil. He became a correspondent while completing his collegiate studies in Europe. His ride of six hundred miles pursued by a band of Cossacks across Russia was one of the most noted incidents of the century. He reached K'iva and told the story of Russia's first step toward India. His accounts of the atrocities in Bulgaria upset Darzelet's ministry.

Fred Burnaby rode through Asia Minor and Afghanistan with his life in his hands; was the first man to mount the parapet at El Teb; and killed two of his assailants after receiving his death wound in the Soudan, where three other correspondents lost their lives.

The man who stood by Dewey in the battle of Manila was Mr. Joseph L. Stickney, of the New York Herald. Close to Schley in the destruction of Cervera's fleet was Mr. Graham, of the Associated Press. On the road to Santiago Mr. Creelman and Mr. Marshall were wounded,

and Colonel Roosevelt publicly expressed his obligations for assistance received from Richard Harding Davis on the firing line.

The one correspondent in South Africa who has interested the world and made a distinguished reputation is Winston Spencer Churchill, whose mother is Lady Randolph Churchill, formerly Miss Jerome, of New York. Although a Lieutenant in the British Army, Churchill, went to South Africa as a correspondent of the London Morning Post, which is one of the aristocratic newspapers. He accompanied two detachments of troops on an armored train to get from Estcourt to Ladysmith, but four miles south of Colenso the train was derailed and the Englishmen were captured. The correspondent is supposed to be a noncombatant, but Churchill took full part in the scrimmage, and one correspondent—a rival by the way—wrote this sentence: 'Churchill behaved magnificently during the train disaster and deserves the V. C.'

His capture by the Boers, his imprisonment and his dramatic escape are familiar history to all the readers of recent despatches. With the push of the American and with the persistency of English mingling in his blood he seems to be somewhat of a model for the end-of-the-century hero. And admiration for his courage and gratitude for his work probably led the press censor to be merciful for a few hours, and to allow his despatches to go to his London newspaper, even if they did attend a sarcastic reference to the Queen's Christmas gift of chocolate for the troops who are fighting for her kingdom.

BRITAIN MAKES USE OF THEM.

The Latest War Inventions are now in Operation in South Africa.

The application in South Africa of the very latest war inventions has characterized the advance of the English army, and it these count for anything in competent hands they should form a determining factor in the campaign. It is not only in the use of Lyddite shells, smokeless powder, and modern high-power rifles and naval guns that they are thoroughly up to date, but in the employment of inventions and mechanism never before attempted in any war. In fact, the practical experiments in the field with the numerous modern war inventions will decide many points of contention for army officers.

The armored trains which have been features of the sorties from Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking are distinctly British inventions, and, with the exception of the campaign in Egypt, they have never been tested in hard fought battles. The steam plow for cutting trenches is another English invention, used for the first time in South Africa. This plow is really an adaptation of the steam plow used in the Western part of the country, and was designed by Colonel Templar of Royal Engineers, after a study of the American article. A three wheel traction engine drags the plow through the soil, and the heavy plowshare cuts deep into the soil. By breaking up the surface in this way the soldiers can throw up a breastwork or dig a trench in half the time required by the ordinary method.

The war surgeons of the British army are all using the X rays, but in this respect the American surgeons were ahead of them in the Spanish-American war, when the X-rays formed part of every surgical outfit in the hospitals. But since the close of that war the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy has been improved and brought into practical operation. The apparatus is already in South Africa, and probably before this the instruments are in complete working order. The use of war balloons for spying out the enemy's work is constant, and they have already demonstrated their fitness for the purpose intended. The most complete war balloon corps ever sent to any war was despatched to South Africa when hostilities first broke out.

Before Marconi's apparatus reached South Africa, however, the latest devices in electric signalling were adopted, and at Kimberley it was known that Lord Methuen's army had come within twenty or thirty miles of the place several weeks ago. This electric signalling system consisted in breaking up the electric flashes into dots and dashes to form telegraphic letters. The code was secret, and the besieged army in Kimberley held communication with the army of relief without fear of the Boers reading their messages. The searchlights which were used for flashing the signals were located on a high tower, from which it could throw electric flashes

in the air that could be seen for fifty or sixty miles away.

Shortly after the battle of Elandslagte the portable telephone was put into service and General French immediately established communication with the authorities at Cape Town and Durban. The telegraphers carried with them the batteries and telephone, and all they had to do was to make the connections with the wires overhead. By this means General French asked for and received reinforcements. Within a few hours after he had reported his condition two regiments of cavalry, two field batteries, and two and a half battalions of infantry were on their way to reinforce him. This promptness demonstrated the value of the portable telephone in the field during urgent cases.

The Boers, if defeated will have the satisfaction of knowing that they contended with the most thoroughly complete and equipped army of this scientific nineteenth century.

The Humorous Editor's Effort.

The caller handed the editor a bundle of manuscript.
"For your humorous column," he said.
"My wife makes fun of my attempts at wit, but I think you will find this about as good as the stuff you usually print."
The editor took the manuscript and looked it over.
"H'mph!" he ejaculated. "Your wife makes fun of your efforts, does she?"
"Yes, sir, as a general thing."
"She hasn't seen this lot, has she?"
"No, sir."
The editor handed back the manuscript.
"Please ask her to 'make fun' of this. Then you may bring it back again. Good day."

The Ruling Passion.

Wife (who has been out shopping all day): "Oh, dear, how tired and hunry I am."
Husband: "Didn't you have a lunch in town?"
Wife: "A plate of soup only; I didn't feel that I could afford to have more."
Husband: "Did you find the hat you wanted?"
Wife: "Oh, yes; it is a perfect dream, John; and it only cost twenty eight dollars."

The Joys of Anticipation.

Said Mrs. Gadabout, who had come to spend the day to little Edith:
"Are you glad to see me again Edith?"
"Yes, m'm, and mamma's glad too," replied the child.
"Is she?"
"Yes, m'm. She said she hoped you'd come to-day and have it over with."

Those Newspaper Hints.

Foreman: "We need a few lines to fill up a column."
Society Editor: (wearily): "Well, say the Prince of Wales has begun wearing old clothes, because they are more comfortable." Perhaps it will start a fashion that you and I can follow."
A Hollow Mockery.
Teacher: "What is the meaning of the word excavate?"
Scholar: "Give me a sentence in which the word is properly used."
Scholar: "The small boy always excavates when his father whacks him."

His Name Was Dennis.

Reporter: "The name of that man who was struck by lightning is Brzinslatowski-wicz."
Editor: "What was his name before he was struck by lightning?"
Myopia Indeed.
Briggs: "I didn't know that you were near sighted!"
Griggs: "Near-sighted! Why, I walked right up to one of my creditors yesterday."
Ida—Miss Olde and Dick Newby don't speak?
May—No; he offended her at the skating carnival. She told him to cut her ago in the ice. He went to cut 16, but his skate slipped, the figures got mixed, and when the crowd went to view his skill they saw 61.
"Did you pay the grocer and butcher, Amelia?"
"No; there wasn't enough to pay both of them. To pay only one would make trouble, so I took the money and spent it down town."
Aged admirer—Think of all the luxuries a rich husband like me could give you!
Miss D. Young—Oh, a rich father would do just as well. Marry my mother.

Tommy—Pop, what do prize fighters live on when they are in training?
Tommy's pop—Scraps, I suppose. Now, run away and learn your Sunday school lesson.

"The Transvaal war is full of surprises." "That's so; whenever I try to talk about it I run against somebody who has read more about it than I have."

Butts—He made his fortune in oil.
Griggs—Ah, a refuser baron?
Butts—Nops. Portrait painter.

Some London Chatter.

This is a new story of the Height of Politeness. It is told by Angus Evan Abbott, the author, and it is, I believe, absolutely true. Mr. Abbott is a Canadian by birth and education, and on first coming to England he was, as most Americans and Canadians are, eager to catch a glimpse of the Queen; but as Her Majesty did not live in his suburbs Mr. Abbott's wish remained ungratified for some time. However, one day he found himself in Portsmouth and learned that the Royal yacht, with the Queen and Princess Beatrice aboard, was to cross from the Isle of Wight to Portsmouth. Hastening down to the landing-place, he discovered that there was not the ghost of a chance of catching sight of Her Majesty on land, so he went to the waterside, hired a small boat, and rowed out into the great harbor. Pushing out from the inner port, wherein rode a mighty fleet of battleships and cruisers all a flutter with hunting in honor of the Queen, the writer found himself on the broad outer bay, alone except for a dotted line of men-of-war's boats indicating the route to be taken by the Queen's yacht. Pulling in his oars and allowing the boat to float at will, Mr. Abbott got his glasses focused ready for the Queen's yacht and put in his time reading a book. All at once he heard a voice rounding as though it came from the clouds. It was gentle, aristocratic of accent, and apologetic in diction. It said, 'I beg your pardon, but would you mind letting us pass?' Glancing quickly up, Mr. Abbott beheld the bow of the mighty battle ship *Mino'saur* towering over his little rowboat like a precipice; and peering over the brow of the cliff of iron was the calm face of a naval officer. The ship was swinging slowly into harbor, and was but a few yards away, coming directly toward the tiny rowboat. In the words of the novel, 'To seize the oars and pull for his life was the work of an instant.' When Mr. Abbott was clear of the battle ship the naval officer, not a ghost of a smile on his face, said 'Thank you very much,' and the ship crept past. Mr. Abbott claims that a naval officer to be the politest man living.

To return to the war again: apropos of contraband of war and recent seizures in southern waters, I wonder how many remember an exploit of Bennett Burleigh the war correspondent, in the days of the Civil War? Just how young he must have been in those days, seeing that he is as active as the best of them and in Natal today, I'm sure I cannot guess, but the deed he did there on the brave Detroit River proves that in the sixties he had not cut his wisdom teeth. Burleigh, like many another Englishman violently sympathized with the South in the grand struggle, and after seeing active service at the front

evolved an elaborate scheme. The fact that the scheme was quite unworkable did not occur to him until late. He hastened to Canada, gathered together a handful of fiery erratic characters of his own kidney, and crossed the river to Detroit. He knew that on certain islands in Lake Erie were thousands of Southern prisoners of war, and his grand, elaborate scheme was to set these men free, form them into an army, and march for the South, taking the northern forces in the rear. Of course, could he have armed these prisoners of war, and if he had had at his call in Lake Erie the present fleet of British transports, he might have caused some serious inconvenience. But he had neither arms nor transports. Running down the river at that day was a small steamer—the *Philo Parsons*, I believe she was named. This Burleigh and his swashbucklers boarded as passengers, and when the steamer was fairly under way, fully armed, they invited the unarmed captain and crew to, as it were, send in their resignations. Burleigh then headed for Lake Erie and the island prisons, but I believe was brought to by a revenue cutter, and ended up in prison. Such is the story as told in England. Just how much of it is true the gods and the Americans and Bennett Burleigh probably alone know. Since that day Burleigh has become more level-headed, and is one of the most successful darsing of the many picturesque characters that play a roving part on the Imperial outskirts.

The German Emperor is like Mr. Thomas Atkins; we must take him as we find him. For some years past he has been in a bit of a huff with his grandmother at Windsor, owing to the resentment shown by England on the published account of a certain memorable telegram sent to his sometime friend Kruger. William was greatly offended by England's show of force on that occasion, for if there is one notion more than another that wholly depends upon force for its existence it is Germany, and quite naturally Germany cannot well afford to have another nation make manifest to the world that she is not a bit frightened of the Emperor's army. So William let his English relatives clearly understand that it they wanted to see him they must call at the front door at Potsdam and ring the bell twice. However, the Queen is too old to pay many visits, and her rebellious grandson reluctantly stepped across to get a piece of the old lady's cake and a glass of lemonade, and make it up like a good boy. Of course the reporters flocked to Windsor to write as many columns as they could scrape together. At the castle they were well received; important officials were told off to

CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

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Music and The Drama

SONS AND UNDERSTON.

The Redpath Concert Company's entertainments under the local management of F. G. Spencer took place on Thursday and Friday evenings, too late for notice in this column.

There have been several concerts here lately in aid of the Transvaal fund and it is pleasing to note that all have been most successful and the fund materially increased thereby.

Owing to the Redpath concert the practice for Iolanthe was postponed this week for a day or two. The production of this popular and tuneful piece promises to be very enjoyable.

Messengers comic opera "Veronique" has been a great success in Paris.

Lillian Burkhardt has been ill with appendicitis during a Toronto engagement.

Carl Hill, concert master with Theodore Thomas of world wide fame attempted suicide last week.

"A Tempest in a Teapot" is the name of a new and popular two act operetta by Purkis Ross and Pascal.

The famous London orchestra of the late Charles Lamoureux is in future to be conducted by Camille Chevillard.

Hugh R. Norton is an addition to Chase Calhane & Westons minstrels who played an engagement here last summer.

Paris has favorably received Maurice Ordonneau's comic opera "Les Saltimbanques" in three acts and four scenes.

Frens Sobak, of the Berlin Royal opera will go to the Vienna Royal opera in May as conductor and assistant director.

Grace Golden is notably successful this season in the operas of Faust and Mignon with the Castle Square Opera Company.

Ida Reynolds has returned to the minstrel stage after an absence of seven years. She was at one time most popular.

May Fisher, here with the Robinson Opera Company, has rejoined that organization after a severe illness of several weeks.

Theodore Westman and Lily Wren who took prominent parts in the Evil Eye when it was produced here in October were married in Pittsburg on Jan. 17.

Katherine Germaine is to star in De Koven and Smiths comic opera, The Highwayman which opened last week. The company will make a strong production.

The Post Master, an original comic opera, in prologue and two acts, libretto by Norman Prescott, lyrics by Basil Davis, has been given a successful London production.

Mme. Melba's triumphal appearance at Vienna reached its climax Jan. 18, when she appeared at the Royal Opera house before the emperor, and in the course of the evening was decorated by His Majesty.

Jane May, a sister of Edna May, of "Belle of New York" fame is a favorite concert singer and recently took part in a concert under the patronage of the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolesley, Lady Buller and other distinguished London people.

During the performance of "The Geisha" in London one night last week the flooring of the balcony of the scenic tea house gave way precipitating several of the actors on to the stage, a distance of twelve feet. Fortunately no one was hurt.

TALK OF THE TOWN.

A Parisian Romance was the Valentine Stock company's bill for the first three nights of this week and the Wednesday matinee. It is a bright play, and was given with that careful attention to details which has characterized the work of the company since its advent, six weeks ago. Excellent audiences are still the rule, and increased popularity is a telling tribute to the merit of the performances.

The Taming of The Shrew was given to a packed house last Saturday afternoon, and the Sobol for Soandal, will be given this afternoon in response to numerous requests. The Lost Paradise was not particularly successful, and though I only saw a little of it on Saturday night I heard the prompters voice many times in the brief time I was present. On the whole I don't

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think that particular piece was as well done as we have seen it.

On Thursday and Friday of this week the house was occupied by the Redpath Concert company and there were no performances by the Stock company, the members of which were present at the concerts.

Jula Arthur is creating a furore in Chicago.

"Trilby" is to be revived in the spring on a magnificent scale.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree has given \$5,000 to the London War fund.

"A Message from Warr" is having an immense success in London.

Foster Lardner, leading man with the late Felix Morris, has engaged with Ada Rehan.

Lottie Collins of Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay fame is shortly to make her reappearance in London.

J. K. Emmett and Lottie Gilson, who were here for a short engagement last season are playing in New York state.

Roland Reed who has been very seriously ill is much improved and it is now thought that he is on the road to recovery.

Lewis Morrison opened the new opera house at Wausan Wis last week with an elaborate production of Frederick the Great.

Adeleide Mould referred to in this department last week was married a few days ago to Geo. E. Bassell of New York, a non-professional.

George Boniface, Jr. will head the "Man from Mexico," company which the Broadhursts will send out in the role of Benjamin Fitzbaw.

It is said that Lonie Freear has been engaged by Beerbohm Tree for the part of Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," shortly to be given in London.

Forbes Robertson is going to Cornea to recruit his health. His partnership with Mrs. Patrick Campbell has been dissolved but this would have taken place even if he had not been taken ill.

David Harum has been dramatized by R. and M. W. Hitchcock and the play has been read to W. H. Crane who has expressed his entire satisfaction with it, and with his role. It will be staged by Edward Rose; the first production is announced for April 9.

Francis Drake, who was here four years ago with Lytell, is being featured in D. V. Arthur's production of "The Adventures of Lady Ursula" and is receiving high praise for her clever acting. Those who met Drake here remember her as a lovely and bright young lady.

"Man and his Makers" is being revised by Wilson Barrett and Louis N. Parker and Mr. Barrett intends to revive it shortly. Mr. Barrett has added, "The Swab-bucker" to his repertoire; it was written for E. S. Willard, and the latter seeing no immediate prospect of using it turned it over to Barrett.

There seems to be a good chance of John Hare's American tour which will begin next autumn, extending over two years. "The Gay Lord Quex" will be his trump card with some of his milder plays to take the strong taste of the friskier performance out of the public's mouth now and then. Viola Vanburgh will be his leading woman.

Henry Irving has arranged to extend his American tour about six weeks. To do this he has agreed to play for that length of time in New York next winter. This will enable the actor knight to visit several places that were not included in his tour as originally booked. He will remain in America until late in May returning to London to open at the Lyceum in June.

Laurance Irving, Henry Irving's son, is busily engaged in completing his new romantic play, "Bonnie Dundee" in which Robert Taber will make his debut as a star and manager at the Adelphi theatre in London. Lena Ashwell has been engaged to play the leading feminine role. She supported Olga Nethersole when the latter played in England under Chas. Froham's management.

The performances of the Oberammergau Passion Play are announced to take place May 24 and 27, June 4, 10, 16, 17, 24, 29; there will be six performances in July, 7 in August and six in September. A covered auditorium has been erected at a cost of \$50,000, capable of accommodating 4,000 persons. Oberammergau has been made a railway station, and boarding accommodations vastly improved.

Legal complications are likely to be the outcome of "The Belle of New York" engagement in the United States. The parties to the original "Belle" contract were Geo. W. Lederer and Geo. B. McLellan as managers and Gus Kerkar and Hugh Morton as authors. Following the production of the play in New York ten years ago the firm of Lederer and McLellan had

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some differences which it is understood culminated in the dissolution of the firm in London last spring.

Messrs. McLellan and Kerker arrived in New York a week or two ago and it is now announced that they in conjunction with Mr. Morton will claim royalties on the original production, amounting to about \$15,000.

Mr. Lederer denies the validity of the claim and now that the members of the company are back in home territory, they will attempt, it is said, to enforce their claim by resorting to the courts.

They have arranged to star Edna May to which Mr. Lederer claims a legal right and which he declares he will enforce. There are therefore two disputes which it seems sure must be settled in the courts before the final affairs of The Belle of New York are adjusted.

Last week PROGRESS referred to Katherine Grey's retirement from Richard Mansfield's company because of alleged harsh treatment and told of his ungentlemanly conduct towards a St. John actress.

Miss Grey sets forth that she made a contract on Oct. 1, 1899 to play leading parts for thirty weeks at \$125 a week. She alleges that on Dec. 27th the treatment she received made it necessary for her to leave the company and she now claims \$3,500 the balance of her salary for the rest of the season.

In the meantime Mansfield has announced that his new play for next season will be Henry V. It is not considered likely that Mr. Mansfield will continue throughout the entire season with this play as it has become known that he has accepted a play by Herman Merviale, entitled "Don Juan" The English rights or "Don Juan" were purchased by Martin Harvey some time ago and were shelved temporarily, but upon being informed that Mr. Mansfield had secured the American rights for the play and that he intended to produce it next season, Mr. Harvey immediately set to work preparing for a London production. It will be presented there about the same time that Mansfield opens with it in the states.

Margaret Anglin has won unstinted praise from New York critics for her work as the Baroness Royden in "Brother Officers" with Wm. Faversham. One of the New York papers says of her: "The first act had opened rather dully and for a quarter of an hour it dragged, but this little episode as played by (Miss Anglin brought it to an enthusiastic finish. As the Baroness Royden Miss Anglin made a very jewel of a girl. Canada may well be proud of their young New Brunswick actress, for no woman has ever given a nobler study of a gentlewoman." The N. Y. Herald says: "Miss Margaret Anglin added much to her reputation by her sweet and sympathetic acting as Lady Royden." A complimentary notice in the World is as follows and is from Clement Scott the famous English critic: "Before last night I had never heard the

"77"

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name of Margaret Anglin. It had not travelled to England. But what grace she has, what a sweet, pathetic voice, what ease of movement, what an absence of affectation, what genuine feeling, what moments of inspiration! Why, I could write a column about that love scene in the last act—womanly, tender and touching to the core.

Frederick Edward McKay the well-known critic of the Post says: The stirring, personal bit of the performance, though, must be credited to Miss Anglin. This young actress, so lately come before us, so arch as Roxane, so sublimely confiding as Mimi, called attention to herself yesterday evening as a leading woman of most remarkable proficiency in delineating many phases of emotion—but of all, possibly, those of sorrow and overwhelming affection; and she illustrated her love scenes with a vividness and sincerity that bedimed the eyes of sophisticated first nighters.

The Journal also adds its mood of praise as follows: "To Miss Margaret Anglin was assigned the part of the young woman who enjoyed the affections of both soldiers, Miss Anglin acted charmingly, and looked tempting enough to warrant the martial affection." Altogether it would seem as if our young actress was giving a good account of herself in the American metropolis. One of the papers adds a description of her gowns in "Brother Officers" which are said to be particularly beautiful and artistic.

Authors' Triumphs.

"By the way," said the author, "I would be delighted to give you a copy of my work, if you care for it."

"I should be more than pleased to have it," was the reply, "especially if you will write your name on it."

"All right. There's a book store just around the corner. If you will accompany me we will go there and get it. I don't happen to have a copy in my office just now."

After they had stopped to glance at some of the new things in the book store the author hailed a clerk, and pushing his chest out very far, asked for the novel that he had written.

"Yes, sir," the clerk said, "We have it around here somewhere, I believe, but you are the first who has ever asked for a copy, and it may take me sometime to find it. Wouldn't something else do just as well? We have a great many better books at the same price."

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A tramp went along a dusty road and sat down on the steps of a house in a quiet village street. Through the windows the visage of a man and a woman in violent altercation were heard, and the tramp listened intently.

Angry words, and occasionally the sound of something thrown, reached his ears, and he could hardly sit still.

At last, evidently, the wife had taken a broom, and the blows fell fast and furious. The tramp could stand it no longer, but, rushing to the side door, he darted in, and stepping between the pair, he cried, with a hoarse voice:

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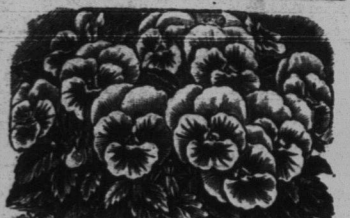
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SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEB. 3

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

CIVIC CHANGES REQUIRED.

The three principal places in New Brunswick—St. John, Fredericton and Moncton, have civic governments with which much fault is found. In Fredericton and Moncton local and Dominion politicians have to a certain extent taken a hand in civic affairs and one result is that there is not that harmony which is so necessary to the best interests of any city. In St. John the council is more conservative than liberal but politics does not interfere to any extent in its deliberations.

A portion of the people in the capital is calling for a change in the mayor and aldermen and from what the Gleaner says we imagine that they want the old council to retire from business altogether. The FARRELL incident seems to have hastened the action of the citizens who are inquiring more closely into their civic affairs.

"We find that aldermen," says the Gleaner have been sitting at the Board lending their influence to secure the payment of bills for supplies furnished by themselves to the corporation without a public call for tender. Jobs have been given to aldermen at extravagant prices, and they have indecently sat in committees and at the board unblushingly voted the public monies to their credit. Public interests generally have been disregarded in many instances and traded upon in others, that the personal interests and the personal ends of several aldermen might be promoted. And naturally, the record shows that these very aldermen, without exception, are in what is known as the disloyal element of the Council Board, which at present is the predominating element. And it may be also added as another fact, and a not unnatural result, that the annual assessment upon the ratepayers has been increased by several thousands of dollars through the operations of the element at present in control.

This is a severe arraignment, but not more severe probably than the occasion demands. We know that in St. John we have aldermen who are not above accepting a city contract. It is against the law but who is to make the complaint and deprive a city representative of his seat because he grabs what he can and gets paid for it? The aldermen are inconsistent it is true, but consistency is too much to expect from them! They will ask for tenders for a four dollar printing job and the next minute authorize the chairman and directors of works and safety to spend hundreds of dollars without thought of tender. We have no doubt that Aldermen MAXWELL and SEATON for example, give fair value for the work they do for the city. They have as much right to it, as citizens, as other men in the business but as aldermen they have no right to accept the contracts.

However, it is simply continuing the old system. When Ald Waring was in business for himself he did work for the city. Men who are dead and gone thought it no harm to be aldermen and still supply the city as far as they were able, but we contend that if this sort of thing is to continue all work should be put up to tender and no favors should be shown to those in the council.

Take the city printing as an example. The different departments know what forms they require every year, they know what reports they have to print and they could just the same as the municipality does. But they ask for tenders on the reports, get them done at

prices that the printer barely clears himself on and the "fat" business goes to the concerns favored by those in control. This is but one of many things that need changing in the methods of the council. These matters of detail interest but few of the aldermen, but those who look after them find considerable patronage and business in the undertaking.

CHARLES M. SHELDON, the author of "In His Steps" a book which has had a tremendous sale, wants a million dollars to start a christian daily paper. Those who have read Mr. SHELDON'S book have gained some idea of his project. His idea is to place the news of the day before the people, to ignore crime, in fact to make his daily paper an interesting chronicle of good deeds. Now the proprietor of the Capital, a daily paper in Mr. SHELDON'S own city, has placed his paper at his disposal for a week, beginning March 13. If the experiment succeeds Mr. SHELDON may get the million dollars he wants.

Some parents who have children going to the Aberdeen school may not relish the building of a tannery next door, but they are sure to object to the neglect of the board to provide a play ground for the pupils. The school building is almost on the edge of Courtney Bay and there is an unoccupied railway crossing a very short distance away. Here are two dangers which would seem to make it necessary to have a yard for the children to play in. As it is now the street is their only playground.

If we knew the truth no doubt there is more anxiety among the Boers than the British as to the result of the war. The accounts that reach us indicate that they do not even bury their dead. Such people would not hesitate to misrepresent their losses. They disregard the red cross flag, make treacherous use of the emblem of surrender and fire upon their disarmed enemies. The feelings of the British soldier toward them must be very bitter.

The board of school trustees have announced through one of their members that inquiry is being made into the matter of fire escapes for schools. We hope that the investigation will lead to something. Too many inquiries are begun but never ended in St. John. These escapes are necessary for our high school building and the trustees action cannot be too prompt.

STRATHCONA'S horse are booked for Halifax—so it is said. St. John is not in it. We have the terminus of the C. P. R. here, we have a minister who is head of the department of railways, we have all the facilities and yet we cannot prevail upon the government to give us a fair show to ship the troops. The people are not apt to forget it.

The report of the chief of the fire department received some—but not much—consideration this week from the safety board. The council will probably give it some more talk. What we want is action. If the department requires what the chief recommends, get it. Then there will be less talk from insurance underwriters.

The people of Halifax gave the soldiers a smoker that cost \$1,800! How much better would it have been had the money been given to the local or patriotic fund.

EDWARD SEARS, Dr. J. W. DANIEL, JAMES MOULSON and W. B. WALLACE each want to be mayor of St. John. Pay your taxes and take your choice.

It is possible that small pox may come to St. John. It is the duty of every citizen to see that the vaccination regulations are observed.

Some Brand New Drug Clerks.

The Pharmaceutical examinations held last week in the Market Building resulted in the graduating of the following city clerks: Burpee Brown of E. C. Brown & Co., Harold H. Golding of Charles K. Shorn's pharmacy, G. O. Allan of M. V. Paddock's, Howard Mowatt of W. H. Mowatt's and Bliss Case of S. M. Diarmid's retail drug establishment. W. A. Warren of Sackville also passed successfully. These young men are now full-fledged prescription clerks and registered. They went through the trying ordeal set down by the examiners with wonderful exactitude and correctness and well merit their parchment. Each graduate is entitled to own a store of his own, if he so desires and become himself a "boss" druggist.

Popular Players.

No company of players ever visited St. John who have become more popular than the Valentine Stock Co. who are at present here. Theatre goers feel almost as if they were personally acquainted with each actor and actress and everybody in the cast receives an ovation upon stepping on the stage for the first time in a performance. Off the stage the company are a

delightful lot of people to talk to and are exceptionally brilliant conversationalists. Miss Bonstelle, the Misses Blanke (owners of the show) Messrs. Mawson and Webster, are the favorites, and already Mr. Mawson's certain speeches and clever humour have made him a hero, especially with the ladies. Mr. Fleming of the company, is a son of May Agnes Fleming, the St. John authoress.

VERBS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

The Boer's Prayer.
My back is to the wall,
Lo! here I stand,
O Lord! what'er befall,
I love this land!
The land that I have till'd
This land is mine, that Thou hast will'd
This heart were thine!
Thy servant, Lord, of old
Scout'd down the men
Whose images of gold
Thou worshipp'd then!
Those images again
Are worshipp'd now,
Before strange gods strange men,
O Lord! here bow!
This land to us Thou gave,
In days of old;
Thou'g' we are not as a grave
Or field of gold!
To us, O Lord! Thy hand
Is forth to save!
Give us, O Lord! this land,
Or give a grave!
—H. J. Morris.

Hymn for Time of War.

Father, forgive Thy children come to claim
The path promised to their grief and shame;
Forgetful, thankless, in their wayward will;
Father, thou knowest, and thou lovest still.
Love wars and chastels, love rebukes their pride,
Who in themselves and not in Thee confide;
Though vast our armies, and our quarrel just,
Thine is the Power, in Thee be our trust.
Be with us, God of battles, in this fight;
Ourselves are sinful, but our cause is right;
Be with our soldiers; arm them, lead and mind,
In danger dauntless, but in conquest kind.
Pity the wounded, be they friend or foe,
And help their help'less in the hours of woe;
Bless all, O Christ, who do Thy gracious will,
Bless the kind nurse, and bless the surgeon's skill.
God of the widow, soothe her sore distress,
Be Thou the Father of the fatherless,
And teach the mother, mourning for her son,
To pray Christ's prayer, Thy will not mine be done.
Inspire Thy priests with wisdom from above,
To tell the living of Thy dead less love,
To ill brave hearts that die, beaten down
And vanquish'd here, shall win the victor's crown.
—From the London Standard.

A Thirteenth Century Drama.

The woman she set in her duty den,
Her paper all scatter'd about;
While she to her husband's thought, with pipe and pen,
To straiten her business out,
When a sudden cry
From her bus'nd and smote her ear—
"Help! help! or quack!
I shall die if you don't come here!"
The woman she strode across the floor,
An anxious frown on her brow,
And sheet'd a cry, as she open'd the door,
"What troubles my poor soul now?"
For perched on a chair
High up in air,
The frantic man she found,
And he gave a shriek
At every squeak
Of the mouse that played around.
"Just look! he's sobbing, with his coat held high,
As he poked on the tip of his toe;
To ill brave hearts that die, beaten down
And vanquish'd here, shall win the victor's crown."
—Blanche Tennor.

His Proposal.

She knew he loved her by each glance,
Though he'd not spoken;
His hand's quick pressure in the dance,
Each word and look and action;
She was led for the story old
As she had read it,
But though his tale the legend told
He never said it!
He sang to her in verses sweet,
His accents need her;
He played the banjo at her feet,
In raptur'd mood her;
On smooth yacht decks all golden glow,
Where starlight blended,
His frail form around her,
And he swept out his right on her breast!
—Blanche Tennor.

Ballade of the Suburbanite.

He rises if it rains or blows,
Submissive to the clock's loud call;
He pushes through the winter snows,
Or through the mud of spring doth crawl;
One thought, one feeling over all,
"Alas not the train 'what'er befall,'
The cry of the Suburbanite.
With bundles strange he comes and goes—
Canned goods he sets on spring to sell;
Dresses he shows, by on 'buses,
And 'trash' he tucks up a wall;
Domestic short skirts, hats and shawls,
He brings from town, both black and white,
"Oh, stay! Work's light and wash is in all!"
The cry of the Suburbanite.
His furnace and himself are foes—
The oil stove shivers in his hall—
The joy of steam he never knows;
He breakfasts in a cap and shawl;
He knows not thinkers or bards—
His riches from town, his sole delight,
"Who holds both 'jacks can't ought appal,"
The cry of the Suburbanite.

On Janitor, of birth and gall.

Rule me and mine—I give the right
And bag my chains when I recall
The cry of the Suburbanite.
—Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Festive Va. Sacred Music.

A Baptist clergyman was being farewell d in a North End church the other evening and a crowded auditorium was there to bid him a general "bon voyage." The programme was decidedly sacred in its makeup but a certain soloist did not know this and came in just in time for his selection. The organist faltered as she placed the music before her, but as a thousand eyes were on her and the soloist, she thought it no time for hesitation or explanations. The big instrument pealed forth the introductory bars to "Soldiers of the Queen," and immediately the sober senses of those assembled seemed shocked. All the preceding pieces had been devoutly religious in theme, and the boisterous swing of the popular war song seemed to grate on their ears at first. But loyalty, as is usual in St. John, came out on top. Verses two was sung and then the third with its words:

"Now were roused, we've buckled on our swords
We've done with dips in the lingo,
Action now will follow on our words,
We'll show we're something more than jingo.
And the old English laws do not her sons compel
To military crimes do,
We'll show them just the same, and beat them at their game,
An English man can be a soldier too."
The audience burst forth in great applause, and everybody joined in it. Its doubtful if the talented bass soloist has yet discovered the mistake he made at first.

Strange Funeral Melody.

The Calais Advertiser passes along this story, told by an undertaker:
"I had a funeral up river the other day, which was nearly spoiled by a music box. It was no fault of mine either, for the coffin was real rosewood and the appointments were perfect.
"In the midst of the services, however, when the solemn hush was only broken by the voice of the clergyman, one of the mourners accidentally turned the crank of a music box, that was standing in the room. As luck would have it the old thing began to grind out "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."
"Unfortunately, there seemed to be no one in the room who understood the mechanism of the music box, and all efforts to stop it were of no avail. The clergyman and the mourners were obliged to wait until it ran down of its own accord. Hereafter I shall see that there are no music boxes at funerals under my direction."
—Blanche Tennor.

Out in a New Form.

The Daily Telegraph gave the first evidence yesterday of the new controlling power and appeared in modern eight page form seven columns to the page. New type and presses were used for its production. In the editorial announcement the statement is made that in the past the Telegraph "has served a useful purpose." That may be taken for granted. With a new plant and plenty of capital all the opportunities for making a good newspaper are present.

Peril of Trinity's Burglars.

"I see they've found out who the Trinity church burglars were," said a sober-faced citizen to one of Rector Richardson's flock a few days ago.
"Is that so, how did they locate them?"
"Why the chimes tolled on them."
—Blanche Tennor.

"Jim" Slater Abroad.

Slater's restaurant on Wentworth street is enjoying a generous patronage. The proprietor is a former St. John man, and thoroughly knows his business.—[Sydney Advocate.

Profitable Learning.

The English universities in India play an important part in the civilization of the empire, and are crowded by natives. Many of them no doubt are true students, who learn for the sake of learning; but there are others who learn their text books by heart to obtain the coveted honor of an M. A. or a B. A. One reason for their enthusiasm might form the motive of a comic opera. It is that the young man with a degree can secure in marriage a girl with a heavy dowry. The knowledge of Shakespeare, Bacon and Huxley is used, therefore, in such cases to buy a rich man's daughter.
The lip-learning of the natives in studies quite foreign to their genius is extraordinary. A few weeks ago, in Calcutta, a candidate for an M. A. took up Latin. His translations were literally flawless.
By and by the examiner noticed that in

every case he began his rendering a few lines before the passage which was given to him on the paper, and finished a few lines later. The explanation was simple. He had learned the 'crib' by heart, and fixed the places of beginning and ending by proper names.
"You say in your papers here," said an English professor in Bombay to one whom he was examining, "that Sir Walter Scott is a most beautiful writer. Now, here are his works; pick out your favorite." Whereupon the examined turned green, for this was the first time he had ever set eyes so much as on the cover of that beautiful writer, Scott.

It is lip-learning that appears in the English of the writers for the native press. So common is that it is known as "Baboo English," of which The Companion has given many examples.
It was some time before I could extricate him," writes a contributor to the National Mag zine, "when, lo! a very much bruised and sprained ankle man he."

But perhaps obituaries offer most facility for elegance of composition. One organ says of a lawyer, "His childlike simplicity fascinated all, and was proof against the demoralizing influences of his honorable profession."
Hazing Fifty Years Ago.

While hazing is being frowned down, and becoming less a part of college life in this country, it was fortunately never so prevalent in secondary schools in America as in England. A lately published life of Millais tells how, at the age of nine, he was once hung head downward out of a second story window, by the class bully, his legs being tied to the iron guards with scarfs and strings.

He was unconscious when rescued by a passerby. The child's delicate nature, his marvellous artistic precocity and a boys costume of fifty years ago are thus delineated in his brothers words:

"Only the day before the hazing Millais had received the silver medal of the Society of Arts for a large drawing of the Battle of Bannockburn. The little fellow had on a white plaid tunic with black belt and buckle; short, white trilled trousers, showing bare legs, with white socks and patent leather shoes; a large, white frilled collar, a bright necktie, and his hair ingolden curls.
"When the secretary called out, Mr. John Everett Millais, the little lad walked up, unseemly by His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, who was giving the prizes, and stood at his raised desk.
"Alter" time, the duke observed that 'the gentleman was a long time coming up' to which the secretary replied, 'He is here, Your Royal Highness.'
"The duke then stood up and saw the boy, and giving him his stool to stand upon, the pretty little golden head appeared above the desk."

Breaking and Entering.

This is the true story of a man and his wife who went to a party, and drove home at two o'clock in the morning. The husband had, of course, a latch-key, and had told the servants not to sit up. It was a cold night, and when they reached the house he said to his wife:
"You sit in the carriage while I run up and open the door."
He hurried up the steps and felt for his key. It was gone, or rather, as it proved afterward, he had never taken it at all. So after fruitless searching, he began ringing the bell. He rang it for five minutes—for ten. No one came. He was slowly congealing, and his wife, in the carriage, began to shiver.
"It's no use!" he called to her, finally. "You sit still, and I'll go round the back way and break in."
He sought the dark alley behind his house, and with Spartan disregard of his party clothes, scaled the high board fence and dropped into his own yard. He smashed a pane of glass, lifted the window and crawled into the dark kitchen. Not familiar with those lower regions, he stumbled about, hitting the wall like a beetle on a summer night; but finally found the back stairs, and mounted them to the hall above.
"Saved!" he muttered, for he had reached the front hall and the front door. He opened the door.
"All right?" he called cheerily to his wife, ran down the steps to help her out, and—banged the door behind him! Then, a wise man, he began at A, and did his burglarious work all over again.



Mr. and Mrs. gave a large... there being two... first of the eve... and one count... which were gi... tached long ri... untang'd by... men. The ga... licious appear... The first Re... was very larg... very brilliant... evening dress... truly prett... and the recep... She was mag... dress being c... whose cha m... larity wore a... black with c... foreign looki... Rebr. pret... and her comp... warm com... point the con... Colonel an... went to Ott... panied by Dr... Mrs. Henk... this week by... Taylor. Mi... ineral.
Rev. C. J... N. B., were... Mr. and M... the week o... was of the t... Mr. W. A... many year... latives to t... Senator R... week on his... Mr. and I... in the t... Toron... Miss All... Mass., for... Senator R... the exclud... week for t... Mr. and M... four month... A most... evening un... in ad of the... large and... games we... whist and... thereon w... detet. Me... Doherty;... Doherty;... W. W. Ba... lin solo, s... solo, Mrs... Robert R... Messrs. H... Many fr... hearing O... lor, C. E... Foote, wh... on Januar... their resi... ding tour... play of t... mont.
Mr. H... of the w... Mr. W... Allston, in... Mr. an... short sta... Major... or two t... Mr. A... Mr. A... this wee... This... serious... Outwa... her nun... Blair h... cons;... of pen... day Mr... precar... hastily... G. Bla... comin... ed row...

...KING...
...WDER...
...esome...

...a rendering a few...
...age which was given to...
...and finished a few lines...
...ation was simple. He...
...by heart, and fixed...
...aping and ending by...

...papers here," said an...
...Bombay to one whom...
...that Sir Walter Scott...
...writer. Now, here are...
...your favorite? Where...
...turned green, for this...
...had ever set eyes so...
...cover of that beautiful...

...g that appears in the...
...ers for the native press...
...is known as 'Baboo...
...The Companion has...
...bles.

...before I could extricate...
...tributor to the National...
...lo! a very much bruised...
...man was he.

...situation offers most facili-...
...of composition. One...
...ywer, 'His childlike sim-...
...all, and was proof against...
...fluences of his honor-

...Fifty Years Ag',...
...is being frowned down...
...a part of college life in...
...was fortunately never so...
...ndary schools in America...
...A lately published life of...
...at the age of nine, he...
...ad downward out of a...
...dow, by the class bully...
...to the iron guards with...

...scious when rescued by a...
...child's delicate nature, his...
...ecocity and a boy's...
...ears ago are thus delineat-...
...s words:

...before the hazing Millian...
...the silver medal of the...
...ts for a large draw-...
...attle of Bannockburn...
...had on a white plaid tunic...
...and buckle; short, white...
...showing bare legs, with...
...and patent leather shoes; a...
...ed collar, a bright necktie...
...golden curls.



...Mr. and Mrs. H. De Forest of Coburg Street...
...gave a large card party on Wednesday evening...
...there being ten tables of players. Partners for the...
...first of the evening were selected in a pretty way...
...and one conducted to such marriage. Flowers...
...which were given to the guests to which were at-...
...tached long ribbons twisted and interspersed were...
...embraced by the guests, those matching were part-...
...ners. The games were greatly enjoyed, and a deli-...
...cious supper was served at midnight.

...The first Redpath concert on Thursday evening...
...was very largely attended and the audience was...
...very brilliant and fashionable one. Bright, pretty...
...evening dresses prevailed. The house looked ex-...
...tremely pretty. Madame Clary sang delightfully...
...and the reception accorded her was very flattering...
...She was magnificently gowned in black, the entire...
...dress being covered with sparkling gems. Mrs. Meredith...
...whose charming soprano voice won instant popu-...
...larity wore a striking combination of grey and...
...black, with crimson flowers. Miss Von Farsch, a...
...foreign looking baroness had on blue and silver...
...Reb. J. Gray sang with lace yoke and digni-...
...ty and height to her stately appearance. Her ac-...
...companiment was dully played and she won many...
...warm encomiums. Altogether from a social stand-...
...point the concert was a great success.

...Colonel and Mrs. D. M. Dwyer and Miss Donville...
...went to Ottawa on Monday. They were accom-...
...panied by Dr. Haley, M. P. and Miss Haley. Mrs...
...Henry C. Rankine was called to Halifax...
...this week by the death of her father Mr. R. B. R...
...Taylor. Mr. Rankine went on to attend the...
...funeral.

...Rev. C. J. Stevens and Mrs. Steeves of Bailly...
...N. B., were in the city for a day or two this week...
...Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Duddy left the beginning of...
...the week on a trip to Boston and will return by...
...way of the upper provinces.

...Mr. W. A. Adams, formerly of Carleton, but for...
...many years a resident of Boston, is on a visit to re-...
...latives in this city.

...Senator King was in the city for a day or two this...
...week on his way to Ottawa.

...Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Sharpe and Miss Sharpe re-...
...turned at the beginning of the week from a trip to...
...Toronto.

...Miss Alice Fitzroy left Tuesday for Malden...
...Mass., for a two week's visit to relatives.

...anxiety is felt regarding the sufferer's condition, and...
...though latest reports report improvement Mrs. B...
...is not yet out of danger.

...The death occurred last Sunday afternoon at...
...Lancaster heights of Mr. John Callen, a well known...
...citizen, and the surviving members of his family...
...have received many expressions of sincere sym-...
...pathy in their bereavement.

...Mr. John L. Callen returned Wednesday from...
...a short trip to the capital.

...Miss Kate Worden returned the first of the week...
...from a visit to New York.

...Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Mitchell of Brunswick, Me.,...
...have been spending their holidays in the city.

...D. B. L. Boland and Mrs. Boland of Moncton...
...spend a part of this week in the city.

...Mr. Thomas M. Moore of Houston is spending a...
...week or two in the city.

...Mrs L. J. D. Landry who accompanied her daugh-...
...ter, Mrs E. L. Brossie to Boston, returned Monday...
...after a most delightful visit of two or three weeks...
...Mr. and Mrs. Margaret Parker of Newmarket are...
...spending a week with friends in the North End.

...The Monday evening Skating Club is manag-...
...ing to have a good deal of amusement out of their...
...weekly meetings and the next form of entertain-...
...ment spoken of is a sheet and pillow case carniva...
...to be held about the middle of this month. Next...
...to be held about the middle of this month. Next...
...Monday evening a singing competition will be...
...held and prizes will be given to the lady and ge...
...ntleman who distinguish themselves in that respect...
...Three judges will decide upon the merits of the...
...dancers, and several members have already an-...
...nounced their intention of competing.

...Company A. Branch of Loyd's Grand Opera, a juve-...
...nile temperance organization, held a very pleasant...
...entertainment on Monday evening at which a large...
...and enthusiastic audience was present and listened...
...with much delight to the following excellent pro-...
...gramme: Opening exercises by the band; address...
...Mr. A. J. Armstrong; chorus, six girls; club swing...
...ing, Mr. A. Powers; recitation, John Barton; solo...
...Miss Jean Currie; address, J. B. Woodburn; rec...
...itation, eight boys; recitation, Miss Millie Brown...
...so, Mr. J. Kelly; dialogue, address, Rev. John...
...L. Heald; solo and chorus; rec. Miss M. Fox; solo, Miss...
...L. Heald; address, Rev. Mr. Smith; duet, Misses...
...Sadie and Hazel Harding; recitation, Miss Stur-...
...penson; chorus; address Rev. Mr. Gordon, recita-...
...tion, Gertrude Hennigan.

...Hon. A. S. White, Judge Landry, and Judge...
...Hampden were in the city this week en route to...
...Fredericton.

...Mrs. E. W. Elliott celebrated her sixty-eighth...
...birthday, on Thursday of this week, which occa-...
...sion was observed by invitations extended to a...
...small party of intimate friends who gathered to...
...tender their good wishes for many happy returns...
...and to spend a few hours very pleasantly at her...
...hospitable home.

...Dr. Lewis, M. P. or Albert was greeted by 11...
...friends during his short stay in the city this week...
...on his way to Ottawa.

...Miss Zeph Fianagan of Moncton was in town on...
...Wednesday en route to Boston to visit friends.

...The Royal Kennebec Yacht club carnival...
...which will take place on Monday evening pro-...
...mises to be of unusual interest and is awaited with...
...great anticipation by those who enjoy the pleasant...
...pastime. Prizes will be offered for the most original...
...costumes, and from a spectacular standpoint the...
...carnival will no doubt be very brilliant.

...Mr. and Mrs. F. E. S. yre have returned from a...
...very pleasant visit to Boston.

...Mr. and Mrs. D. Darrach and Miss Darrach of...
...Halifax were in the city for a day or two this week.

...Mr. C. E. Laecheir who has been spending a...
...few days with relatives in Boston returned the first...
...of the week.

It is a Good Time

right now with the New Year to test the condition of

WELCOME SOAP.

We claim its superiority to all others.

BECAUSE it is the most effective while the most harmless to the fabric.

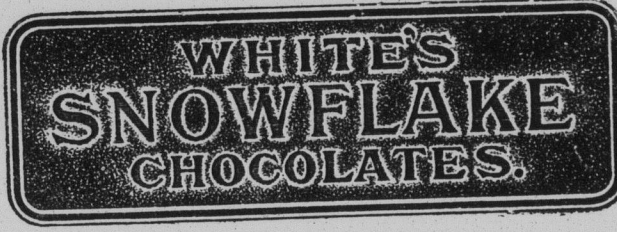
BECAUSE it has the most harmless and durable quality.

BECAUSE it is a pure and satisfactory detergent of the highest merit at the closest price. and

BECAUSE it has the great Borax quality that made

Welcome Soap

FAMOUS. TRY IT.



Calcium-Nickel Fluoride

FOR BRASS AND BRONZE CASTINGS
is the only low-priced but high-grade Alloy, strictly guaranteed, superior to phosphorus tin. A sample keg 100 pounds shipped to any responsible brass foundry. Manufactured under Mexican patent by

THE NATIONAL ORE & REDUCTION CO., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale. Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Ferro-Nickel Manganese

For Cupola, Crucible or Ladle use is the only low priced but high-grade Alloy that does not convert hard white iron into soft ductile steel castings. A sample keg, 100 pounds, shipped for trial to any responsible foundryman. From the Durango Iron Mountain high-grade Nickel and Manganese under Mexican patents by

The National Ore & Reduction Co., Durango, Mexico.

Stahlknecht Y Cia, Bankers, exclusive sole agents for the Mexican Republic, Durango, Mexico. The United States patent right is for sale. Howard Chemical Works, Howard Station, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

When You Want a Real Tonic

ask for **ST. AGUSTINE'S** (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine.

GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SOOVL, "Having used both we think the St. Augustine preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic."

JOHN C. CLOWES, E. G. SOOVL, 62 Union Street, Fredericton, N.B.

FRY'S PURE COCOA
CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE
COCOA

FOR AN ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NEWS.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres.

- McMahon & Co. ... Barrington Street
Clifford Street ... Cor. George & Granville Sts
Canada News Co. ... Railway Depot
J. B. FREDLEY ... Brunswick Street
J. W. ALLEN ... Dartmouth N. St.
Queen Bookstore ... 100 Hollis St.
Mrs. DeFraytas ... 181 Brunswick St.

JAN. 29.—Military events still continued the feature of the day. We have had a concert or two and one or two at homes but otherwise the week has been dull socially.

Some time ago the news of Capt. Carter's death reached here and now the particulars are furnished. When he left England last April on H. M. S. Indefatigable he was in good health, although at no time very strong. He contracted his illness whilst on a cruise up to St. John's, Newfoundland. The fog brought on a severe attack of pleurisy, which affected his heart, from which cause he died on Nov. 30th. It was while on duty on the bridge that he contracted his illness.

Mrs. J. Wesley Smith, Fernbank, entertained a large number of friends Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Flint of Yarmouth were here Tuesday on route to Ottawa.

Rev. A. E. Andrew of Antigonish went to Bridgewater Tuesday and was married to Miss Minnie Sinclair the next day.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rankin, St. John, and Dr. and Mrs. Burnett, Montreal, are in the city this week. Mrs. Rankin and Mrs. Burnett are daughters of Robt. Taylor, who died a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Grant were at home to their friends Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and evenings, at New Victoria hotel.

Rev. S. Trivett was taken suddenly ill Monday while visiting Halifax. He is reported better. He was taken to the residence of Mr. C. E. Harris, Morris Street.

Dr. Allen Haley of Windsor, was in the city Saturday and his many friends were congratulating him on his recovery. Dr. Haley has gone to Ottawa. He is accompanied by Miss Haley.

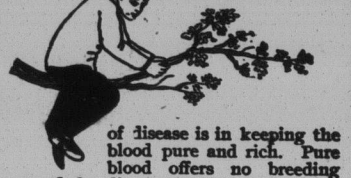
Dr. Forbes Agnes, son of R. B. Angus of the C. P. R. is at the Halifax.

Rev. P. M. MacDonald and Miss MacDonald were at the Carleton. They left this week enroute for England. The reverend gentleman goes to Edinburgh to take a post graduate course.

Mrs. Sillitoe of Seattle, Wash., and Sister Agatha who arrived yesterday from England, left by the C. P. R. train Tuesday for the west.

Sergt. Hebert of the R. C. Artillery permanent corps at Quebec, arrived on the Cambroman yesterday from England.

Just out of reach, is where every man would like to be when danger threatened him. Disease is more dangerous than any wild beast. To be just out of reach of disease, is safer than to engage it in a death struggle with doubtful results. The secret of keeping just out of reach



of disease is in keeping the blood pure and rich. Pure blood offers no breeding ground for disease germs. Rich blood creates a vigorous vital force to resist disease. This ideal condition of the blood is best obtained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In thousands of cases where there has been obstinate cough, bronchitis, spitting of blood, weakness or other ailments which if neglected lead on to consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" has healed the disease and put the life just out of reach of the destroyer. There is no alcohol or other intoxicant contained in "Golden Medical Discovery."

"After using about five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery my boy seems to be all right," writes Mr. J. W. Price, of Oark, Monroe Co., Ohio. "He was very ill with consumption and the doctors claimed he had consumption and we doctored with them until he was past walking. It has been ten months since he stopped taking your medicine and he is still in good health. We are very thankful to you for saving our son."

Free. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent free by Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., on receipt of stamps to defray expense of customs and mailing only. Send 31 one-cent stamps for paper covered edition, or 50 stamps for same edition in cloth binding.

last Saturday evening to remain over Sunday, and on Monday took the express for Ottawa. We hope that the change will benefit the doctor's health.

Capt. David Scott, of the Steamer Harlaw, was in town last week for a day or two. He left on Wednesday for Newton Mass., where he will be one of the principals in an interesting ceremony, to-day, Jan. 31st.

A committee of ladies have the hospital concert in charge, to be given in the new Town Hall as soon as completed. They have already had one practice. The programme will include vocal and instrumental music, and it is thought some outside talent will assist.

DIGBY.

JAN. 30.—Dr. Armstrong, of Gladstone, Manitoba was in town Saturday.

Mr. Frank Erasmus is able to be out again after his recent severe illness.

Mrs. S. Wood, Montague Row, is the guest of Capt. and Mrs. Geo. Corbit, Annapolis.

Mr. A. J. S. Copp is in Ottawa to attend the regular session of Parliament.

Mr. Samuel Bacon, of Westville, Digby county will, for a time, be employed in British Columbia.

Mrs. Aubrey Brown, of the Myrtle House returned on Wednesday from Massachusetts.

Capt. and Mrs. C. B. Dunham, of Barton, who have been visiting at the Racquette have returned home.

Mr. Elias Everett, of Freeport, is in town having been called here on account of the very serious illness of his mother.

Mr. F. S. Kinsman, of Barton, was a passenger to New York on Saturday, where he will take a post graduate course in special.

Mrs. Dr. Morse and Miss Annie Short, who have been visiting friends in Annapolis Valley have returned home.

Mr. Geo. Dunn, of the Racquette, who has for a number of years been employed by Messrs. Sprout & Co., Casco returned home on Tuesday.

Mr. Lloyd S. Bailey and bride, who have been spending a few weeks at Brighton, were passengers to Westport last week where they will reside.

Mr. Frank Moody, who for some time has been employed in the Bank of N. S. in this town, will be transferred to the Yarmouth branch.

Mr. Ernest Sprout, of the firm of Messrs. Sprout & Co., is spending a few weeks with his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Orbin Sprout, Second Avenue.

Mr. Wayland Van Staroom has accepted a position with F. M. Letteney & Co., and is now in charge of their departmental team in the Digby Neck route.

Capt. M. G. Crocker, one of Freeports popular merchants arrived from St. John on Wednesday, and left for home during the afternoon with his own team which he purchased at the Bay.

Maj. and Mrs. Daley, Messrs. G. I. Letteney, Frank Jones, Frank Nicholls, who were passengers to Halifax on Friday to witness the departure of the second Canadian contingent for South Africa returned home on Monday.

Misses Mary and Bertha Boice, of Digby, spent Sunday at their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Vroom. Miss Fannie Dillon, of Digby, is visiting at A. G. Sullivan's.

Dr. Ed. Gahan, one of our summer residents who is spending the winter in Massachusetts, arrived in Digby on Saturday, returning to Yarmouth on Monday. The general doctor is a member of the Digby Yacht Club, and informs us that he will have a new boat in the races next summer.

YARMOUTH.

Jan. 31.—T. B. Flint, M. P., and Mrs. Flint left per steamer Boston, last week en route for Ottawa. Parliament opens next Thursday.

Judge Savary, who has been at the Grand Hotel for a few days, has gone to Annapolis.

Mr. A. H. Comcan, M. P. for Digby, was in town on Wednesday.

NEWCASTLE.

Feb. 1.—We are pleased to state that Mr. Thomas Maltby is greatly improved in health. The Misses Fleming entertained the Tennis club last Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Russell entertained the Married Folk's whist club last Wednesday evening.

Mr. Al. Wheeler arrived here on Thursday from Kentville to attend his mother's funeral.

Messrs. Lawlor, Sergeant, Miller and Aitken returned from Halifax on Wednesday.

Ald. John Morrison is on a trip down the coast Miss Wheeler, Montreal, arrived in Newcastle on Friday to attend her mother's funeral.

Miss Gertrude Jardine, Millerton, entertained a few of her town friends last Wednesday evening at

the residence of her uncle, Mr. James Robinson. M. P. Among those present were the Misses Harlow and Sergeant, and Messrs. Hall and Freeman. Newcastle and Mr. E. B. Fairweather, St. John.

Mr. Arthur Byron, a prominent New York oil man spent a few days in town last week. He went to Halifax to witness the departure of the troop and then to Montreal. Mr. Byron who is prominent in New York in social and club circles will probably be in town on Friday to attend the dance to be given by the Mitrach club in the Town Hall.

Mr. H. S. Crosby a prominent Yarmouth boot and shoe manufacturer was in town on Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. James Robinson, M. P. went to Boston on Friday. After spending a few days in the Hub, Mr. Robinson will proceed to Ottawa to attend the session of parliament.

Mr. Edward Cassidy of the Williston Orchestra company returned on Monday from a visit to West-gonshe county.

Dr. Cates of Campbellton is in town.

Mr. H. E. Fairweather, St. John, was in town on Wednesday.

Miss Gertrude Budd of Moscon is visiting friends in town.

Mr. J. R. Lawlor was registered at the Brunswick hotel, Moncton on Wednesday.

Mr. Ernest Hutchinson and wife of Douglstown were in St. John last week.

Hon. L. J. Tweedie was in Sussex on Saturday discussing matters relating to the incorporation of the town with some of its leading citizens.

ANAGANUS.

Jan. 31.—Mr. and Mrs. McCully's "dance" on Thursday evening was quite the most brilliant social event for some time. The invited guests were Doctor and Mrs. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. George Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steves, Mr. and Mrs. Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Freeze, Misses Berdie Bleakney, Lena and Julia Keith, Annie Webster, Mamie Trites, Berta Davidson, Agnes Norton, McNaught, and Messrs. Irvine Murray, Harry Norton, Cliff Price, Humphrey and Albert Davidson, Willie Bleakney, Hugh Keith, Bernard Ryan, Delaney Jones, and Ernest Wilson.

The splendid music furnished by Mr. Frank Steves with Mrs. Steves for accompanist made dancing irresistible and some twenty odd dances on the programme were thoroughly enjoyed by the participants. The ladies all looked lovely and it would be hard to say to whom the honor of belle should be given. In the parlours were cards and other games for those who did not dance. The Turkey supper which was served at half after twelve in the spacious dining room was simply delicious, the table presented a beautiful appearance and was abundantly supplied with every delicacy.

Miss Norton of Panocheau, spent a few days recently with Miss Davidson on Arple Hill.

Mr. George Davidson was in Hampton on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. H. Hunt and Miss Eva, have returned from Shediac where they were visiting friends.

Mrs. Em. as Davidson has been suffering with a severe cold lately, but is now able to get out.

Rev. R. Barry Smith and Mr. Robinson were in town lately the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stockton.

Mrs. George Davidson left for St. John to-day to attend the grand concert in the Opera house on Thursday and Friday evenings.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Stockton were visiting at Mrs. Nelson's in Petticoat last week.

MOSQUITO.

How Expert Tea Testers Test Tea. The expert tea taster carefully weighs the tea, pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it—lets it draw for a few minutes, then tastes it—tastes it again. The tea stands in the cup which differs not from the right way of making tea.

MONCTON.

[Progress is for sale in Moncton at Miss Hattie Tweedie's Bookstore and M. B. Jones' Bookstore.]

Jan. 31.—Senator Wood of Sackville returned from Boston and spoke at the Tupper club Saturday evening.

The many friends of Mrs. James Hamilton, Bedford street, will regret to hear that she is dangerously ill with pneumonia.

Mr. G. A. Freeze, traveling passenger agent for the Maine Central, was in town Saturday on his way from a trip east.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Smith, of Shediac, who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. R. Jardine, St. John, have returned home.

The many friends of Con. J. W. Henderson are pleased to see that he is improving after being laid up for the past month with a severe cold.

At the meeting of the Hospital Aid held on Saturday it was decided to have a tea on Wednesday, February 21st, in the basement of the presbyterian church which has been kindly offered for the occasion.

Rev. H. E. Thomas preached at both services in the Central Methodist church on Sunday, Rev. W. W. Lodge being absent in Albert Co. Mr. A. J. Tigley assisted the choir of the Central Methodist church both morning and evening.

Capt. M. B. Malcolm received her friends at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Calvin McKay, Harper street, on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of this week.

Mr. J. I. Goodwin, who has been confined to his home through a severe cold for the past few days, is around again.

Mr. P. J. Sweeney of Shediac, was in town Monday en route to Melrose to attend the funeral of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Jerminal Sweeney, who died on Saturday. The deceased leaves a sorrowing husband and three children, one son and two daughters.

Saturday's Amherst Press chronicles the death on that day of Lewis Churchill Allen and Mrs. Cyrus Black. The latter leaves a husband, now nearly ninety years, and three children. Mrs. Dimock Archibald is the only daughter. The sons are Major J. Albert Black of Halifax and Burton E. Black of Sackville.

Capt. J. E. Masters had a very narrow escape from his death at the I. C. station on the arrival of the C. P. R. from east Monday afternoon. Capt. Masters was walking along the platform not realising how close he was to the track when the cylinder of the engine struck him and knocked him down. Mr. Andrew Anderson, mail driver, caught the captain and pulled him from in front of the wheels. His escape was certainly miraculous. Capt. Masters fortunately sustained only a slight shaking up.

The carnival in the Victoria rink Monday evening was a decided success in every particular. The ice was crowded with skaters and the promenade lined with spectators. Shortly before eight o'clock the Citizens band headed the procession of the

DYE WELL

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A child can use it. Send for FREE book on Home Dyeing to A. P. TIPPET & CO., Montreal.

When you sew with Corticelli Sewing Silk you can depend upon your stitching. Uniformity in strength, twist and size; freedom from knots or flaws give it the right to be called what it is—"The best Sewing Silk in the World." It is always full letter A. Every shade. 50 yard spools 5 cents, 100 yard spools 10 cents. Sold everywhere.

That Hang-on Cough only needs to be attended to in a proper and thorough manner to be eradicated entirely from your system. Liniment rubbing and flannel wraps about the chest and throat are good enough but they are not sufficient, they don't go deep enough. The root of the disorder is pulmonary weakness—build that up—strengthen it with Adamson's Balsam and your Cough is Cured. 25 Cents AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Free Cure For Men. A new remedy which quickly cures sexual weakness, varicose, night emissions, premature discharge, etc., and restores the organs to strength and vigor. Dr. L. W. Knapp, 209 Hill Building, Detroit, Mich., gladly sends free the receipt of this wonderful remedy in order that every weak man may cure himself at home.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder. For Sale at all Druggists. WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc. FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL. Wholesale Agents for Canada.

NERVOUS INVALIDS Find great benefit from using Puttner's Emulsion, which contains the most effective Nerve Tonics and nutritives combined in the most palatable form. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Buttache Bar Oysters. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buttache Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER. BOURBON. ON HAND 75 Bbls. Aged Belle of [Anderson] Co., Kentucky. THOS. L. BOURKE

TOURNA GOLD IN ONE DAY Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. See E. W. Groves' signature on each box.

A BOOK WOMEN. Written by Richard... Contains... advice...

Jan. 30.—The bridge forth please and snow-shoe trail in Sussex this winter. Rev. Dr. Walker in South Africa church. Mrs. C. which were greatly enjoyed. It was the most

The Hampton to make the victory party was a joyous occasion. The young men of the city were gathered at the residence of Mrs. C. to celebrate the victory. The young men of the city were gathered at the residence of Mrs. C. to celebrate the victory.

Wednesday evening last music was freshened by gathering broke were Messames. Quite a number of light goons were invited to give a list of invited guests. Kinneer, Laura Hallett, Fairbank, Hallett, Bascom, Mills, Rosch, R. Robertson, (St. Murray, Weldon G Kinneer, J. S. Langstroth, N. Ryan, M. Kinneer, J. A. Allen, W. King, C. Short, D. Sherwood, M. McCarthy, S. Rev. J. R. D. herst, N. S. Miss Eleanora Cambridge, Mr. the last four Mr. Howe's station, spent

ITC In any zema, Is a Dr. C. One of the remedy can medical pro ment for mended. Chase's Oil

Before Ointment not cure usually result ment add OI cure patients who give the but never from it recog and resore for piles at DC

Canadian than their Dr. Chase's to have it print if would riu ask your record in strong Dr. C. No ph le'ge the Chase's by curling We k meets a standard high est quantity Dr. C. cure say all dealer Toronto. Dr. C. pointing Chase's dealers.



A BOOK FOR WOMEN.
Written by Mrs. Richard at the earnest request of thousands of women. Contains over 100 pages of interesting reading matter; profusely illustrated and full of valuable advice and recipes. Write now for a copy.

A SPECIAL OFFER.
As Mrs. Richard wants every woman to possess a copy of this valuable work, she will send a copy to every woman who will send her name and address and the price (silver or stamps) to cover cost of mailing.

Mrs. J. C. RICHARD,
P.O. Box 104, MONTREAL.

A Book For Women
WOMAN IN HEALTH AND DISEASE
BY Julia C. Richard
DAUGHTER WIFE AND MOTHER

ST. JOHN.
Jan. 29.—The sight of the snow falling today brings forth pleasant visions of sleighing parties and snow-shoe tramps which have been so scarce in Sussex this winter.

Rev. Dr. Walker gave a very interesting lecture on South Africa last evening in the Avenue Baptist church. Mrs. C. T. White sang several selections which were greatly appreciated by those present.

Quite a number of our people attended the Choral Union at Hampton last week. The service was very interesting and the music especially good. Hartman's Orchestra from St. John was present and furnished several selections which were much enjoyed. It was remarked by some present that this was the most successful meeting that has been held.

The Hampton ladies were entering in the effort to make the visitors feel at home, and their hospitality was enjoyed by a large number. A slight drizzling rain about noon time made things rather disagreeable. Those who went from Sussex were Mesdames—Chart, Bain, Moore, Kinross, McMonale, Hallett, Neale, Bull, (Woodstock), Brown, Fairweather, Misses Bosch, McLintyre, Hallett, Robertson, Fairweather, Arnold, Byar, Murray, Messrs. Neale, Allison, Moore, Kitcher, etc.

The young men gave a most enjoyable dance last Wednesday evening in the Masonic Hall. Excellent music was furnished by Harry Brown. Refreshments were served about midnight and the gathering broke up not long after. The patronesses were Mesdames Fairweather, Moore and McAuley.

Quite a number of the young ladies wore pretty light gowns while others wore light waists. The list of invited guests includes, Mesdames, Lamb, Kinross, Lansdowne, Moore, McAuley, Fairweather, Peterson and McFee, Boston, Misses Hallett, Raymond, Peters, (Kingston), P. Mills, Rosch, Ryan, Byre, Arnold, Fairweather, Robertson, (St. John), White, Chapman, Kinross, Murray, Weldon, (She ice), Culbert and Ross. G. Kinross, J. Byre, L. Langstroth, M. Ryan, M. Kinross, J. A. Allen, W. King, C. Short, D. Sherwood, M. McCarthy, St. John, McFee, Boston.

Rev. J. H. DeWolfe Cowie spent Sunday in Amherst, N. S.

Miss Eleanor Ryan returned on Friday from Cambridge, Mass., where she has been visiting for the last few weeks.

Mr. Howe principal of the school at Hampton station, spent Saturday in Sussex.

Miss Bird Keith of St. John is visiting at her home here.

Mrs. George Daniel of Moncton is a guest at The Knoll.

We are glad to hear that Ralph Tribes is improving after his serious attack of pneumonia.

Mrs. R. Arnold and Miss White went to Halifax last week to witness the embarkation. Mrs. Arnold returned on Saturday. Miss White remained in Halifax, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. McNeill.

Lieut. Governor McCrellan passed through on Thursday en route for St. John.

Harry Paries of St. John is residing in Sussex and studying law with G. W. Fowler.

Max McCarthy of St. John was in town Wednesday a guest of the McTees.

Mrs. Bull of Woodstock is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Scoville Neales of the Rectory.

The Parish Guild held its regular completion and will be ready for occupancy about the last of February. It is understood that the rector is arranging for a series of interesting lectures to take place during Lent.

Mr. Q. L. Fairweather, session clerk, has gone to Ottawa.

Dr. Ryan returned on Friday from a flying trip to Backville and Moncton.

Miss Amelia Sherwood of Upham is visiting at Edwin Hallett's.

Our village is well patronized by travellers representing distant houses, there being seventeen in town on Monday.

Miss Violet McKay of Sussex is visiting friends in Hampton.

Mr. Anderson formerly manager of the Nova Scotia of this place passed through Friday en route for New York. He was accompanied by Mrs. Anderson.

Miss Louise Stockton returned from Boston on Saturday to spend a short vacation with her parents.

Miss E. Blanch Culbert returned home on Saturday after spending a very pleasant vacation in Moncton.

Mrs. C. W. Hamilton of Mt. Middleton spent Tuesday in Sussex, the guest of Mrs. Chas. Brown.

Mr. Arthur Maggs a very popular young man in the sex social circles has gone to Cuba where he will remain some time.

Mr. Beverly Sprout who has been visiting his father has returned to Newwood.

Miss Ota M. Foster of this place is visiting in Moncton on the guest of Miss Ethel Corbett.

and carried a bouquet of white roses. The bride-maid, Miss Florence Bostrell, sister of the bride, wore dark green velvet trimmed with white flowers. Mrs. Bostrell, mother of the bride, wore a handsome costume of blue and white with a blue and white tulle.

ST. STEPHEN AND OCEANS.
[En route for sale in St. Stephen at the book-store of G. S. Wall, T. B. Anderson and J. Brown & Co. 1 Queen's St. East.]

Jan. 1—G. W. Ganoag, M. P., and Mrs. Ganoag left on Monday for Boston and New York where they will spend a few days before going to Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Colby have returned from Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Miller (St. John were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. King. The Travellers club met with Mrs. Fred White on Monday afternoon.

Miss Mary Phillips left for Fredericton on Tuesday.

Miss Annie Rumory of Eastport made a short visit during the past week with Miss Edith Johnston.

Miss Bortle Todd was obliged to return from Roxbury owing to illness in the school which she attends.

Miss Mary Jones and Miss Millie Lawlor have been visiting friends in Fredericton.

Miss Lydia Keith of Portland is visiting Mrs. Albin Eaton.

Mrs. Sedge Wobber is visiting friends in Houlton.

Mrs. Thomas Storr has been suffering from an attack of grip.

Rev. O. S. Newnam, Mrs. Newnam and Mrs. J. M. Deacon returned from Hampton and St. John on Friday evening.

Miss Bessie Spurr has arrived home from Boston where she has spent several months.

Mrs. W. W. Colby is suffering from an attack of erysipelas and is quite ill.

The young women's guild of Christ church were most pleasantly entertained by Mrs. J. M. Deacon on Monday evening at her home in Milltown.

Miss Ethel Waterbury has returned from a pleasant visit to St. John where she was the guest of Miss Ella Payne.

Miss Roberts Murchie has returned from a delightful visit in Boston.

Miss Susie Prescott has returned to her home in Fenfield after a pleasant visit in St. John on Thursday last.

Miss Edith Wellington has returned to Fredericton.

Gorham K. King left on Saturday for Red Bluff, California, to enter into a new business and to make his future home.

Lucius F. Walte has returned to the western states after a visit of a month here.

Miss Harriet Sullivan left yesterday for an extended visit with relatives in Haverhill, Bradford and other Massachusetts cities.

Horace B. Murchie of South Orange, New Jersey is visiting relatives on the Et. Croix.

On Friday evening last the members of the class of 1900, of the St. Stephen high school, with their teacher, enjoyed a drive to Upton Lodge.

After an extended visit to friends in Digby and Fredericton Mrs. G. P. Newton and Mrs. E. J. Martin came to St. Stephen Thursday on their way to their homes at Grand Manan.

Mrs. Jas Love slipped on the ice on Friday and sustained injuries to her head.

J. W. F. Johnson fell on the ice at Milltown last week, while boarding a car and sustained quite severe injuries. Dr. Donald of Dalziel is confined to his residence by illness.

Fred Murchie, Jr., and John Trimble leave this evening for a trip to Washington and other cities. They will be absent about two weeks.

E. Bert McAllister and Mrs. E. B. McAllister are visiting Boston. The former will join F. E. Murchie and J. Trimble on Friday for a trip to Washington.

Did it?

Did your table silver, your silver-plated spoons, forks and knives shine on your Xmas and New Year's dinner?

If they looked shabby replace them by new ones bearing this trade mark,

W. ROGERS

It's the mark of quality. It indicates the kind that lasts long.

All dealers can supply it.

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(INCLUDES)

J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial).

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial).

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

Articles by WALTER A. WYCKOFF, author of "The Workers".

SHORT STORIES by
Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, William Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES
The Paris Exposition.

FREDERIC IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

NOTABLE ART FEATURES, THE CROMWELL ILLUSTRATIONS, by celebrated American and foreign artists.

Puvis de Chavannes, by JOHN LAFARGE, illustrations in color.

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PEIXETTO, HENRY McCARTER, DWIGHT L. ELMENDORF and others.

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CANVAS,
c., etc., etc.

TE NOTICE.

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this day, 10 Barrels
otouche Bar Oysters,
of the Spring catch,
at 23 King Square.

TURNER.
URBON.

L. BOURKE

ITCHING SKIN.
In any Form, Whether Eczema, Salt Rheum or Piles Is Relieved by Immediate and Permanent Cure by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

One of the strongest endorsements any remedy can have is its adoption by the medical profession as the standard treatment for the ills for which it is recommended. Such is the position of Dr. Chase's Ointment today.

DOCTORS USE IT.
Before the introduction of Dr. Chase's Ointment doctors admitted that they could not cure Eczema and Salt Rheum, and usually resorted to the surgical operation for piles. Now they use Dr. Chase's Ointment and know of no such thing as failure. Of course they don't always tell their patients what they are using, nor do they give the treatment in the original package; but nevertheless they continually order it from their offices for use in their practice and recognize it as the only absolute cure for piles and itching skin diseases.

DOCTORS ENDORSE IT.
Canadian doctors are no less enthusiastic than their American brethren in the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but on account of the strict laws of the Dominion, do not care to have their name mentioned in public print if you are in doubt regarding the wonderful virtues of Dr. Chase's Ointment ask your family physician. He knows its record in the past and will endorse it in the strongest terms.

Dr. C. M. Hazlan, New York, writes: "No physician now refuses to acknowledge the claims of such remedies as Dr. Chase's Ointment which proves its virtue by curing where other means have failed."

"We know that Dr. Chase's Ointment meets all the requisitions of the highest standard of worth, and that it is held in high esteem wherever used, and consequently we endorse it to every reader."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of piles. 60 cents a box at all dealers, or Edwanson's Bazaar & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Lissed and Turpentine for throat and lung troubles, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Each 25 cts. at all dealers.

WOOD TON.
[Progress for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Doane & Co.]

JAN. 31.—Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Fisher returned from Boston Tuesday.

Miss Mary Duncan arrived home from Boston Tuesday.

Mrs. A. D. Holyoke entertained a large number of her friends at an At Home Thursday.

Rev. P. Bradley, Florenceville, was here Monday.

Dr. Brown, Centreville, and Mrs. Brown were in town Wednesday.

J. S. MacLaren, Inspector of Customs spent part of last week here.

D. Perry Fitzgerald, Centreville, was in town Wednesday.

J. P. Bisset of Union City, Pa., was here Wednesday.

Major Wedderburn, St. John, registered at the Carlisle Thursday.

Mrs. G. B. Genak of Hamilton was here Saturday at the Carlisle.

ST. GEORGE.
FEB. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. James Kelman gave a very enjoyable turkey supper on Thursday evening to a number of friends, it being their nineteenth anniversary of their marriage. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Campbell and Mrs. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. John Doyle are being congratulated on the arrival of a young son.

Mrs. Joseph Clark is visiting relatives in St. John.

Mr. K. Watson of Boston is at the Artee.

Very delightful was the ball on Friday evening under the direction of the officers' committee composed of Mr. Arthur O'Neill, Mr. George Craig, Mr. Hassan McCre, Mr. Harry Frawley and Mr. Louis McGrahan. Con't hall was tastefully decorated with flags for the occasion and supper was served at twelve o'clock. The honors of belle-ship were between Mrs. Butterfield of Boston and Mrs. White of St. John. Misses in attendance: The proceeds were given to the St. George band.

ST. ANDREWS.
JAN. 31.—Capt. Kent of Grand Manan went through to Ottawa last week on business.

Miss Bessie Grimmer returned from a short visit to the Netherwood school at Roxbury last week on a course of instruction in the presence of a party.

Mr. W. A. Robertson returned on Friday from Boston.

M. E. Fortune has gone to Boston for the winter.

Mr. W. A. Holt returned recently from a highly successful business trip to Montreal and Quebec.

Capt. J. W. Simpson is enjoying a few days at his "sail freshie," while the steamer Cumber and, of which he is pilot, is undergoing repairs at Portland, Me.

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WOOD TON.
[Progress for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Doane & Co.]

JAN. 31.—Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Fisher returned from Boston Tuesday.

Miss Mary Duncan arrived home from Boston Tuesday.

Mrs. A. D. Holyoke entertained a large number of her friends at an At Home Thursday.

Rev. P. Bradley, Florenceville, was here Monday.

Dr. Brown, Centreville, and Mrs. Brown were in town Wednesday.

J. S. MacLaren, Inspector of Customs spent part of last week here.

D. Perry Fitzgerald, Centreville, was in town Wednesday.

J. P. Bisset of Union City, Pa., was here Wednesday.

Major Wedderburn, St. John, registered at the Carlisle Thursday.

Mrs. G. B. Genak of Hamilton was here Saturday at the Carlisle.

ST. GEORGE.
FEB. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. James Kelman gave a very enjoyable turkey supper on Thursday evening to a number of friends, it being their nineteenth anniversary of their marriage. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Campbell and Mrs. Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. John Doyle are being congratulated on the arrival of a young son.

Mrs. Joseph Clark is visiting relatives in St. John.

Mr. K. Watson of Boston is at the Artee.

Very delightful was the ball on Friday evening under the direction of the officers' committee composed of Mr. Arthur O'Neill, Mr. George Craig, Mr. Hassan McCre, Mr. Harry Frawley and Mr. Louis McGrahan. Con't hall was tastefully decorated with flags for the occasion and supper was served at twelve o'clock. The honors of belle-ship were between Mrs. Butterfield of Boston and Mrs. White of St. John. Misses in attendance: The proceeds were given to the St. George band.

ST. ANDREWS.
JAN. 31.—Capt. Kent of Grand Manan went through to Ottawa last week on business.

Miss Bessie Grimmer returned from a short visit to the Netherwood school at Roxbury last week on a course of instruction in the presence of a party.

Mr. W. A. Robertson returned on Friday from Boston.

M. E. Fortune has gone to Boston for the winter.

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BOYD'S SWELL "FLYER"

1900 MODEL. New ideas, new design, 14 1/2 inch tubing, flush joints, Springfield one-piece cranks, high grade in every detail. Fitted with Victor tires, \$35.00; with Morgan & Wright tires, \$37.50; with Dunlop tires, \$40.00. Men's, 22 and 24 inch; Ladies', 20 and 22 inch frames. Black and maroon any color.

TO INTRODUCE these Bicycles, we will ship a sample, collect on delivery with privilege of examination, on receipt of \$5.00. The \$5.00 is as a guarantee of Express charges and is deducted from the bill; you pay the Express Agent the balance due us.

WE OFFER splendid chance to a good agent or outright gift of one or more bicycles, according to the work done for us.

WHEELS SLIGHTLY USED, \$5.00 to \$25.00.

Price lists free. Send agency at once.

T. W. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL.

THE DIAMOND Collection of Songs

Over 600 songs and everyone a gem—words and music.

This book is a veritable treasury of the world's popular songs.

The finest collection of songs ever bound between the covers of one book—N. Y. World.

The book has 216 pages printed on good paper has beautiful covers.

Publishers price \$1.00. We will send one Volume complete for only \$5.00 for short time only.

Address: N. B. SUPPLY CO., NEWCASTLE, N. B.

Good Paper AND Good Ink

are important factors in the production of good printing. When there is added to these a most complete plant and skillful workmen, the result is sure to be satisfactory. We use these combinations in our business. Let us submit prices on your next job.

Progress Job Printing Department,
St. John, N. B.

New York Millionaires.

Only a few people reading advertisements of bankers and brokers, saying that money could be made through speculation, realize that the richest men in America have come to their fortune in a humble way and have made their fortune through stock exchange speculation.

Men like Jay Gould who worked as a dry goods clerk in a small town at \$10.00 a week up to his twentieth year, and commenced to operate with his small savings of \$200.00 in Wall Street at last at the age of 27 years, and in a few years had made \$10,000,000.

To the few who are not content with the opportunities open to-day as to others in the past. The small ones who can be bought and sold in 10 shares or less, making \$50.00.

Anybody interested as to how speculations are conducted can get information and market letter free of charge upon application by letter to,

GEORGE SKALLER & CO.,
BANKER & BROKERS,
CONSOLIDATED STOCK EXCHANGE BLDG.,
60 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Victoria Hotel,
81 to 87 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Electric Passenger Elevator
and all Modern Improvements.

D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN

This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men. It is within a short distance of all parts of the city. Has every accommodation. Electric cars, from all parts of the town, pass the house every three minutes.

S. LABOIR WILLIS, Proprietor.

CAFE ROYAL

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

WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

Retail dealer in.....
CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.
OYSTERS, FISH and GAME (in season)
always on hand.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

Queen Hotel,
Hollis Street,
HALIFAX, N. S.

JAMES P. FAIRBANKS, Proprietor.

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

Fine sample rooms in connection. First class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE) Mrs. Kingdon has invitations out for a five o'clock tea for tomorrow. Mrs. Ogden of Backville is visiting her friend, Mrs. B. F. Foot. Invitations are out for the ladies' whist party at Mrs. Geo. Clark's on next Saturday afternoon from 2.30 to 4.30. Mrs. Morton Layton is today giving quite a unique function, "An Authors Tea," at which the guests are all expected to appear in character representing some especial work of their favorite author. The event making the most correct guesses of characters winning the prize. The Opera house was crowded to its utmost capacity on Monday evening on the occasion of the Patriotic concert given under the auspices of the Sons of England. When the curtain went up on the first number, the scene presented was soul inspiring. The sides and back of the stage were all draped with the flags of our nation and in the archway at the back stood Britannia represented by Miss Emma Crookshank and second her stood the soldiers of the Queen, representing all branches of the service, including the hills of Scotch and Irish Rifles. Music was furnished by the orchestra under the leadership of Mr. H. G. White and the band of the 1st Batt. uniformed in khaki suits and made a very interesting and striking appearance. A chorus of twenty voices stood in a semicircle and sang Rule Britannia. The chorus was composed of Mrs. F. B. Edgemoor, Mrs. W. C. Crocker, Mrs. John Cameron, Mrs. Colwell, Miss Nan Tompser, Miss Gardner, Miss Palmer, Mr. Stickle, Mr. Macrout, Mr. Edey, Mr. Tibbitts, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Richards and Mr. Smith. Mrs. E. S. Ritchey gave a very pleasant ladies luncheon last Saturday at which couples were laid for a dozen. Mrs. Palmer is the guest of the Auditor General and Miss Beck on Charlotte street. Miss Morgan of the establishment of the Misses Young sailed on Monday for London England, and will be absent six weeks during which time she will visit Paris, France. (C. R. CRET.)

PARRIBORO.

(PARRIBORO IS FOR SALE AT PARRIBORO POOK STORE.) Mrs. D. Gillespie entertained the whist club on Monday evening. Owing to the inclemency of the weather there were only four tables but the time passed most pleasantly. Miss Upham and Dr. Holmer, Mrs. C. R. Smith and Mr. W. Gavin were the lucky ones in the way of prizes. Mr. C. E. Smith, Q. C., a member, was in town at the end of the week. Mrs. Smith is here visiting her relatives. Rev. Mr. Batty of Amherst officiated in Grace method church on Sunday. Miss Sadie Cook has returned home from Acadia seminary owing to illness. Capt. Sew and Mr. T. Mahoney both had the misfortune to fall on the ice not long since receiving quite serious injuries. Mr. W. Buchart spent Sunday at Springfield. Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Henderson arrived home on Friday from their honeymoon trip which extended as far as New York. Mr. Harry Hillcoat, Amherst, has lately been in town for two or three days. Miss Isabel Altman returned on Monday from a visit in Turin and Amherst. It is said to have recorded the death of Mrs. Faddington, who died on Sunday afternoon after a lingering illness leaving a young husband and two small children for whom much sympathy is felt. Mr. Hugh O'Mullin's funeral on Wednesday was largely attended.

The Old Books.

They are gray with the gray of ages
Borrowed, and bright, and old;
Thumb-marked of sages
In the scholarly days of old
Roses leaves pressed for a veil
Best in their pages dim,
Though silent centuries cover
All that is left of him.
And I feel, in the library's shadows,
With this shrouded company,
The breath of forgotten meadows
And the countries over me
And when twilight bells are calling—
When the day with its stripes is o'er—
There are ghostly footsteps falling
Faint on the library floor.
Singers, and saints, and sages—
To the fame of a name we trust,
But time will cover our pages,
As even our tombs, with dust,
For here in the library's shadow,
Where the sacred and nameless be,
I roam in forgotten meadows,
With the centuries, for we are!

"But has she observed the usual period of mourning for her last husband?"
"No, barely the semi-colon, this time."



Sit Down To It.

A Collar Laundered by Us

can be put on at your ease. You do not have to stand up and haul it to its place—you can sit down to it, because the work is done right. The most careful usage prevails in every department, and your linen will be well treated. Send us your next bundle—or shall we call for it? Phone 214.

American Laundry,
98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.
GODSOE BROS., Proprietors.
Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyeing," Montreal.

"Necessity Knows No Law."

But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous.

To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is therefore a law of health and it is a necessity in nearly every household. It never disappoints. Erysipelas—"Had a severe attack of erysipelas, suffering from dizziness and nervousness so that I could not rest at night. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results, and now recommend it to others." M. CHALMERS, Toronto, Ont.

Tired Feeling—"Was all run down and had no appetite. Was tired all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla was suggested, and a trial benefited me so much that now I would not be without the medicine." Mrs. G. D. BURNETT, Central Norton, N. B.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

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

The Shadow of a King.

The man who was a sovereign and is a figure head is always pitiful to see. [Under the British Empire many princes still retain an empty show of power. In the colonies of France the fiction is almost discarded. A visit to his Highness Ali Bey of Tunis, is like a visit to an extinct volcano. Decrees are still issued in his name, but he is scarcely apprised of them before hand.]

You may spent weeks in Tunisia, says Mr Herbert Vivian, a traveller of experience and remain unconvinced of the bey's existence. Should you however, chance to be near the Italian railway station of Tunis on a Monday morning you may witness the arrival of a portly old gentleman, who hurries into a ramshackle medieval carriage, with a big flinged scotchman on the door, and drives off as fast as his pair of white mules can carry him.

He has come to pay the visit which he is required to make on the French officials who may have instructions for him. Under no circumstances will they pay him the compliment of a visit, even when they are living in their summer quarters hard by his palace.

The only occasion when you may hope to come in contact with the Bey of Tunis is during the days of Baram, the Moslem holiday which follows the fast of Ramadan. Then he holds a public reception. Like his father, he wears a semblance of a European costume. His face is benevolent, but weak, and by no means intelligent. He seems scarcely to take in the compliments of the French Resident, clumsily translated to him by General Valensi.

"Hamdon lillah (God be praised), I am well," is his constant refrain. The Resident, as the chief French official is called, remarks that his highness wears a fur coat on his drive, and trusts that his highness did not feel the cold.

"No, Hamdon lillah, I did not feel the cold. It was my son who compelled me to wrap myself up," and a faint smile plays upon the expressionless lips. Poor bey! His attention often wanders, and you realize that he is thinking of the contempt he must excite among his compatriots.

A Dangerous Moment.

One need not be a soldier to stand in need of courage. A clergyman may find himself confronted with as nerve-shaking an ordeal as those more generally expected of the man of war. In his retrospect of 'The Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate,' Bishop Whipple tells of a moment when he found it extremely necessary that his courage should not fail him. The bishop was about to preach in one of the cathedrals, when there entered a divinity student whose brain had become deranged by overmuch study. He went forward, as if to sit with the others.

"On reaching the chancel, however," says the bishop, "he stopped, and taking a revolver from his pocket, pointed it at me. I felt what was coming before the revolver appeared, and knowing that the young man was short-sighted, and that he would probably wait until sure of his aim, I walked with quick, long strides through the chancel, which is very deep, grateful that I had been an athlete in younger days.

"At the chancel steps I made a leap, seized the young man by the collar, and turned him sharply round with my knee, at his back, while I said to the congregation, 'Will some one take charge of this man? He is insane.' It all happened so quickly that no one moved till then. The poor fellow was led out and the service went on. It was found that the pistol had a hair trigger, and that all the chambers were loaded, making it a marvel that no tragedy had occurred.

SOME LONDON CHATTER.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

keep them informed and to see that things were made comfortable for them. But one day the Emperor decided to pay a visit to the Duke of Marlborough's place near Oxford. Over here press men matters soberly, and English papers report matters soberly, and as 'scoops' count for almost nothing reporters do not try to get ahead of one another in a small way. So when William II sped off to Woodstock the journalists elected three of their number to follow—those three to supply the lot with all information.

After receiving all consideration from the Queen of England the reporters had no fear of finding matters different in a mere Duke's establishment. But the husband of the one-time Miss Consula Vanderbilt is a most superior person, and the deputation from the press found themselves confronted at the lodge gate with strict orders that they were neither to be given access to the estate nor furnished with any information. One of the press men then sent a letter in to the castle explaining that they were held up and asking to be given liberty to pursue their calling. No answer came. Then the three put in their heads together and wrote a second letter, explaining that Her Majesty had contented them, and that, up to date, she had been unable to disclose the loss of any of her silver spoons.

They hoped, they said, that although the Queen was notoriously less exclusive in the selection of her guests than the Lord of Woodstock, still it might be that Her Majesty's patronage would not be taken as a disability. They asked that His Grace would please remember that the doings of his royal guest were of great interest to the public, and that he, the duke, in his angust graciousness, might humor the world in this small particular. In answer to this came a steward of the sixteenth degree with all the important news, as he said, direct from the duke. When the envelope was opened it was found that it contained a long list of the names of nonentities who had attended the dinner party. The reporters returned to Windsor.—Saturday Evening Post.

Odd Ways of Gaining a Living.

A New York correspondent of a Boston journal gave an account some years ago of a novel mode of making a living hit upon by a young man at Albany. Having been employed some years at the capitol, and knowing a good deal about the doings in it, he made engagements with a number of large corporations, at salaries ranging each from \$200 to \$300 yearly, to keep them informed about what was going on there. This he did by sending to each a copy of every bill that was introduced into either House of the Legislature, and by giving them such private information as he could gather concerning any influences that were at work prejudicial to their interests. For all this labor he received about \$2500 a year; a little hand book of the Legislature which he published annually yielded an equal sum.

But of all the abnormal ways of gaining a livelihood, that pursued some fifty years ago by a miserly, misanthropic wretch in a large town in the West of England is the most extraordinary. By profession, a builder, he spent his time in watching the progress of building operations in the town and 'posting' himself in all matters relating to land and houses. When he saw an elegant new house building, if possible buy a small piece of land opposite to it, and there begin erecting a hideous looking edifice of shingle and brick, with ugly chimneys, and having no resemblance to any other structure, except, perhaps a dog-kennel. Fancy the feelings of a rich manufacturer on seeing his dream of a fairy palace thus dispelled by a crafty, cold blooded old villain, dead alike to entreaty, remonstrance and menace; cool, calculating, persistent, unmoved equally

A pure hard Soap
SURPRISE SOAP
MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

FLASHES OF FUN.

by the cries of 'shame!' from the passer-by and by the scowls and frowns of the neighboring householders!
A week or two passes, and the victim of his wiles, writhing with vexation, proposes to buy the nuisance that perpetually stares him in the face; but a price so enormous is asked that he will not pay it. Finally he stops building his mansion for a while, and 'Eyesore Jack'—for that was the nickname of this tormentor—follows suit. Delighted and encouraged by this, the gentleman goes on with his building, when instantly work on the dog kennel is resumed. A hundred remedies chase each other through the man's brain, but in vain; one after another they are all dismissed as useless or impracticable. At last he is forced to yield and buy up the eyesore at many times its cost to its owner.

The wretch continued to pursue his hateful calling for some years till he became very rich, but he found his Waterloo at last in a conflict with two builders who had erected in a genteel part of the suburbs a row of handsome houses. They were expecting to sell them at a considerable profit when one day they learned to their amazement that the old villain, Jack—the terrible 'Eyesore Jack'—had obtained a long lease of a field opposite and designed immediately to begin a brick work on it. The men were nearly mad with vexation, but their whole fortune was at stake, and they determined to fight the wretch to the last extremity. Inducing another person who had been in treaty for a lease of the field before it was leased to Jack to bring an action for its recovery, they outwitted their foe. The villain, so long triumphant, was beaten to the suit, and ultimately lost all his ill-gotten gains and died in abject penury.

An Address With Details.

'America is a good country, wrote a Hungarian watchmaker to a friend at his birthplace. 'I have only been six months here, yet I have established myself in business. You will find my address on the card enclosed herein.' A few weeks later the Hungarian received a letter, whose address covered the entire envelope. It reads as follows: 'Sigmund Barny, dealer in watches, clocks, jewelry, watches repaired and made better than new. Good prices for old gold. Jewelry appraised for nothing. Diamonds set. A large assortment of watch chains, finer than gold ones. Weekly instalments taken. No.—Avenue B, in the middle of the block.'—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Best Poster.

What is admitted to be the best poster extant is that by Fred Walker, of the Royal Academy. It is known as 'The Woman in White.' The design represents a stately and splendidly draped female figure stepping through a door way into the starlight night. With one hand she opens the door and with the other imposes silence on some person who is presumably following her.

No Interviews.

To most authors, unless they are at the top of the tree, the advertisement is as necessary as it is to the vendor of patent soaps and sausages. But the heads of the profession of letters are steadily setting their faces against this practice. Notable among the authors who object to being interviewed are R. D. Blackmore, Rudyard Kipling and J. M. Barrie.—London Mail.

"Folly Con."

An old lady lately asked President Hadley, of Yale,—he tells the story himself,—what he was teaching. To his reply, "Economics," she said thoughtfully: "Oh, you teach the students to be economical! That is good. When I was a young lady, they never learned to be economical until they got married."

A Curiosity.

John—Why are you buying that magazine?
Johnson—I want it for a curiosity.
John—But what is there strange about it?
Johnson—Why it's the only one I've seen that has more [pages of reading than advertising.

'Why do most men prefer a clever woman like Becky Sharp to take out to dinner?'
'Because Becky would do all the talking and let the man eat.'
Mrs. A.—I was just thinking.
Mrs. Z.—Thinking of what, dear?
Mrs. A.—How funny it is for them to sell umbrellas at a clearing sale.—
'Yes, this open winter is pleasant, but—'
'But what?'
'I don't think the weather ought to be run entirely in the interest of people who play golf.'
Professor—Suppose you were engaged in the autopsy of a subject, and it gave signs of life, what would you do?
Student—I think I should—change the subject, sir.
Watts—Don't you think a lawyer requires a better education than a physician?
Folte—To be sure. It takes a good deal more skill to separate a man from his money than from his life.
Mr. Dobbs—I tell you, the telephone is a great convenience.
Mr. Bobbs—Sure thing. Follow down at Beemer's restaurant gave me a hot roast over mine yesterday.
'It will be dreadful if our natural gas gives out.'
'Won't it, though? Jane, did you use to get up and make the kitchen fire before we had gas, or did I?'
'Woman,' observed the epigrammatic boarder, "is a conundrum without an answer."
'Hub!' snorted Mr. Sourdopp, "I never saw a woman without one."
Husband—What's the matter with the biscuits this morning?
Wife—It's the fault of the yeast. It failed to make them rise.
Husband—Why don't you use an alarm clock?
'Poor Skrocher lost his bet.'
'What was that?'
'He bet Scooter he could make 100 miles on his wheel inside of eight hours.'
'And couldn't he do it?'
'Oh, yes he could have done it, but he stopped at 99, thinking that was the end of the century.'
Suddenly he ceased gathering her in his warm embrace.
'Are we observed?' he whispered, fearfully.
'There is the rubber plant,' faltered she with a shudder and went and hastily drew the portieres between them and the conservatory.
'There's one consolation,' said the beleaguered wit of Ladsymith.
'What is it?' asked the colonel, dodging a shell.
'If we don't know what is going on in the outside world, we at least have a full knowledge of the things about which the outside world yearns to learn.
'Anything new?' inquired the reporter, as he stood before the station desk.
'Yes responded the corpulent lieutenant, 'a Chinese was found with a strange wound on the side of his head. He doesn't know who struck him.'
'Aha! Then I'll just head that. The Mystery of the Chinese Temple.'
'Genius,' said the Billville citizen, 'is not confined to time or place. Look at that boy yonder, for instance,—he wuz tryin' to break a young mule to harness when the creature th'owed him into the top of a pine saplin but he sooner did he land than he grabbed a 'possum what wuz roostin' that slid down the tree with him, an' now the old lady's cookin' that 'possum fer dinner.'

Painful Pretension.

A young college girl recently dined with friends who had passed a brief season in Germany, and on her return her roommate asked if she had had a good time.
'Do you remember what Heine said about his Uncle Solomon's dinner?' she asked.
'No.'
'Well, Uncle Solomon forbade any language but German at his table. So does Mrs. Blank. Here the resemblance begins and ends. Heine said that a footman stood behind his uncle on one side of the table to hand devives, while a second waited on the other to offer accusatives. Datives and accusatives were not passed to night, but if they had been, no one would have known which to take.'

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

Queen's Rink

Conveniently situated on
Charlotte Street.
AN IDEAL RINK FOR A GOOD SKATE.
Perpetually Good Ice.
Tuesday and Thursday Evening also Saturday Afternoon, the Artillery Band is in attendance.
Hockey Matches on Friday Nights
SINGLE ADMISSION.

On Wednesday St. John B... out of exist... the auction... pleasurable... sporting pre... has been a t... of and espe... history when... hands in the... and commec... the Dominion... hardly be b... "passing ab... has had to c... hundred of... active exist... thousands in... the horseless... midst, altho... are to be se... as the fast... leaves sitoge... Consquer... for the perm... and it may... interest, is k... al by the pub... club itself ha... preserving th... dignity some... not but be s... zation, in va... its institutio... years ago, it... clean sport... by the strugg... and the socie... the last twen... but one thin... square up we... The words... to be as fami... people about... Institute." ... synonym of... sporting tas... field, the bas... ice sports, in... popular gam... To those wh... door amusem... mere of the... "B. and A... Its delightful... liard evening... cherished th... balls, its ex... resorts, its r... in those w... Fugley's bu... atically, (pen... a better wor... record. The... Rainnie, M... McPeake, P... end men sti... goers. So, ... Bicycle and... of city life w... For a little... now defunct... some of the... St. John B... with H. J. A... the chair up... McLachlan... Donald, lie... honorable... young citiz... J. F. McMi... Barnes, C. V... son. At a s... of others are... Geo. F. Sn... Dearborn. ... ing success... was amalgam... letic Club; ... Bicycle and... these twelve... glorious club... wheels, and... machines, th... undergone a... blood," as ... duced and t... stronger num... Upon the a... the bicycle... Athletic Clu... or as lively... and consequ... not the wis... the two st...

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1900.

Exit B. and A. Club.

On Wednesday the last vestige of the St. John Bicycle and Athletic club went out of existence under the noisy knocks of the auctioneer's hammer. This is a deplorable state of affairs for a city whose sporting prestige for over half a century has been a thing for citizens to be proud of and especially at this stage of local history when St. John is extending her hands in the various branches of industry and commerce, becoming as she is, one of the Dominion's foremost metropolises. It can hardly be because the bicycle is sort of a "passing show" that the B and A. club has had to close its doors, for there are hundreds of wheeling organizations yet in active existence all over Canada and thousands in the United States, nor has the horseless carriage yet entered our midst, although several of these vehicles are to be set awhirl on our streets as soon as the fast disappearing snow and ice leaves altogether.

Consequently there must be a real cause for the permanent suspension of the club, and it may be found in the fast declining interest taken in sporting matters in general by the public. Perhaps the B. and A. club itself has not been energetic enough in preserving the laurels won of yore by the doughty sons of our town, and yet it cannot but be said that it lived as an organization, in vain, for ever since the day of its institution, at least up to a couple of years ago, its efforts to promote honest, clean sport, were indefatigable. Apparently the struggle was of a too uphill nature and the social aspect of the Club during the last twenty-four months, a failure so but one thing remained to do—sell out, square up accounts and suspend altogether.

The words "B. and A. club" had grown to be as familiar in the ears of the young people about town as the word "Mechanics Institute." To the hardier sex it was a synonym of all that was pleasing to the sporting taste, whether on the football field, the baseball diamond, in track events, ice sports, in fact in nearly all the lines of popular games in which the club indulged. To those having a greater fondness for indoor amusements and games in which more of the social was introduced, the "B. and A. club" stood for a great deal. Its delightful card parties, pool and billiard evenings, etc. Then again the ladies cherished the club for its most charming balls, its exhilarating club runs to popular resorts, its not infrequent social evenings in those well furnished apartments in Pugsley's building. Musically and dramatically, (perhaps "burlesquely" would be a better word), the club has an enviable record. Those ministerial shows with Joe Rainnie, Murray Olive, Jim Duffell, Jim McPeake, Percy Thompson and others as end men still live in memories of theatre goers. So, in the retirement of the Bicycle and Athletic Club numerous circles of city life will feel an individual loss.

For a little bit on history concerning the now defunct club, recourse was made to some of the official books. In 1884 the St. John Bicycling Club was organized with H. J. A. Godard (now deceased) in the chair upon that initial occasion. W. A. McLaughlin was appointed captain, L. J. Donald, lieutenant, and H. H. Godard, honorable secretary. Among the other young citizens present were C. E. Burpee, J. F. McMillan, Charles Coster, J. M. Barnes, C. W. McKee, and Geo. Robertson. At a subsequent meeting the names of others are reported among whom were, Geo. F. Smith, E. H. Turnbull, F. R. Dearborn. This club existed with increasing success until March 26th 1896, when it was amalgamated with the St. John Athletic Club; this became the St. John Bicycle and Athletic Club. However after these twelve years had passed with their glorious club runs on those old time high wheels, and track races on the same machines, the personnel of the club had undergone a very radical change. "New blood," as the saying goes, was introduced and the wheeling band made much stronger numerically.

Upon the amalgamation of the two clubs the bicycle boys found out that the Athletic Club was not as financially strong or as lively an organization as they were, and consequently the joining together was not the wisest move possible. Nevertheless the two struggled along, braving the

many difficulties that stood in the way and striving to keep alive the sporting interest, but their task seemed a hopeless one. Old champions such as Tom Hall, Frank White, Sandy Baxter, Charlie Lawton, Oulton, Holman, Barnes, Henderson, Jones and others passed out of the ranks of active service on the track and field,

Philadelphia which long enjoyed distinction as the greatest city of the country territorially, has forfeited that position since the last United States census, New York having an area of more than 300 square miles, Chicago of 188, and Philadelphia of only 130. The position of fourth city on the list among American municipalities formerly occupied by Brockton, cannot be fixed in advance of the official census in June. Two cities expect it, Baltimore and St. Louis. By the census of 1890 the population of St. Louis was 450,000 and of Baltimore 434,000.

England in War Time.

It is far from an original saying that the English do not wear their hearts on their sleeves. In almost any other country than this I should say that the excitement over a war so novel, ominous and serious would be much fiercer than we find it here. I was in Paris, for example, two years ago last May, when the burning of the Charity

lent their kindly aid. Tales about Victoria's falling health should not be credited. She has felt great agitation, it is true, but her wondrous native vigor has yet in no way succumbed to worry and strain. Her usual sojourn at Osborne was delayed a week, but she is now in the Isle of Wight.

That the Queen's intention of passing March and April at Borden will be carried out is of course an affair for the capricious future alone to decide. I have heard it contradicted that she gave her maternal veto to the idea of the Duke of Connaught going to South Africa. The Government prevented this design, it is now widely believed through fear lest any sombre consequence might deal a cruel blow to his aged mother. Prince Arthur has always been her favorite son. His appointment as commander of the forces in Ireland does not please this patriotic prince, I am told, since he is burned to take his chances beside Lord Roberts, whose place he will now fill.

Appropos of Lord Roberts, the news of his son's death came to this renowned veteran with frightful suddenness at the Athenaeum Club, where he happened, the other day, to be lunching. "Too bad" is it, about the death of Lord Roberts' son in South Africa? said one member to another at a table just behind him. With great agitation (knowing already that his son was wounded) the old soldier rose and went out into the hall. There the tape machine of the club confirmed these fearful abrupt tidings, which he has afterward endured with such stoic fortitude, as everybody now knows.

The war has not appreciably emptied London, so far as concerns its open streets. They seem populous as ever, and in the "city" portion of the vast metropolis carts, vans, busses, cabs, and all conceivable kinds of vehicles often move along with the same laborious and suggested sloth. But where one misses the men is at clubs, the fashionable restaurants, and the drawing-rooms of smart or less pretentious entertainers. The theatres, too, are suffering, and literary men and painters (who always, I fear me, have some sort of grievance to air) are frequently woo begone about their sales. A great many ladies are now in town who seldom see London at this season of the year. Mrs. Arthur Page, who made herself so prominent in the scheme of fitting up the American hospital ship, has lately received tidings that her husband has been stricken with typhoid at the Cape. Notwithstanding this gloomy message, however, she is organizing a performance to be given early in February at Her Majesty's Theatre for the wounded overseas. The programme, is yet somewhat vague, will include a tableau, to be called "A Dream of Fair Women."

Just who will appear under this flattering Tennysonian ocheret is still dubious. The lovely Princess Henry of Pless and the almost equally winsome Lady Warwick are of course among those to be expected, although the latter is just now so interested in other war-charities that she may be prevented from taking part. If she does, the love valgus can then judge whether M. Carolus Duran was quite fair to her in his portrait, exhibited at last year's Royal Academy. For this red-letter evening in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's theatre the Queen has taken ten stalls at one hundred guineas, and has also given some precious pieces of counsel concerning the most preferable patrons and patronesses to select. Then, too, another very noteworthy war-charity will be held on February 22. The Prince of Wales will preside at this, and it will occur at Covent Garden Opera House. Madame Patti (who is adored here) will sing gratuitously for the Transvaal victims. The Duchess of Marlborough (formerly Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt) will recite, it is alleged, a patriotic poem, though possibly this is a mistaken report, and some other dame of high degree will assume a role for which the young Duchess is too youthful and inexperienced. However we regard the home side of the war, this question of charity incessantly confronts us. There is hardly a notable theatre, either in London or the provinces, which has not given up its full receipts for at least one night to the aid of soldiers'



5th Royal Scots, Montreal. 68th Batt., Nova Scotia. 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto. 62nd Batt., St. John.

and although Salmon, Sancton, McDiarmid Cornwall, Coombs and others took their places, yet the interest of days gone by seemed never to return.

Gradually sporting matters was only a "side line" with the B. & A. club, the interest having become so entirely dead in that particular. However socially the organization prospered for many moons, and some pleasant functions indeed were tendered the club's friends. Combinations of circumstances going hard against the young men who were striving to keep the club alive, it was finally decided to sell out the handsome furnishings at headquarters and "close shop." As stated before the auctioneer disposed of the goods and chattels on Wednesday, including two Brunswick Balk billiard tables, one B. B. pool table, Brussels carpets, handsome oil paintings and decorative panels, exquisite furniture, draperies, portieres, oilcloths, kitchen furnishings, and hundreds of beautifully framed pictures. The club's silver trophies are being held in trust by the president, Mr. Will White.

Growth of American Cities.

There were only seven cities in the United States that by Federal census of 1890 had more than 400,000 inhabitants—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Boston and Baltimore, in the order named. Since the census of 1890, Brooklyn has been absorbed into Greater New York, the boundaries of Chicago have been enlarged, and the growth in population of other American cities has not been so uniform as to make it probable that each will retain the position it held in the census of ten years ago.

New York, which is now a city of 3,000,000, will, of course, remain at the head, and so far at the head that any serious thought of actual rivalry from any other city may be dismissed. Chicago has now a 'claimed' population of 1,800,000, or 700,000 more than it had in the last Federal census, and one half as large as the present population of New York.

St. Louis is now claiming 628,000 and Baltimore 626,000.

Whatever may be the claims of rival cities as to fourth and fifth places, in the census of 1900, Boston is secure of sixth place, with a population a 550,000, the other important cities being San Francisco, with a claimed population of 350,000; Cincinnati, 400,000; Cleveland, 400,000; Buffalo, 400,000; Pittsburg, 325,000; New Orleans, 300,000; Detroit, 250,000; Washington, 250,000; Milwaukee, 250,000; Newark, 250,000; Louisville, 225,000; St. Paul, 200,000; Denver, 160,000; Minneapolis, 200,000; Indianapolis, 200,000—or nearly that.

Advice From Papa.

'You look worried, my dear,' said Smithere, when he came home from the office the other day. 'What is the matter?'

'The children have been tiresome today,' replied Mrs. Smithers, wearily. 'It seemed as if they would make me distracted.'

Don't let 'em! said Smithers with considerable energy. 'Don't let 'em ride over you. Just—Willie, don't talk when papa's talking—just deal with them gently, but firm—did you hear me, Willie?—firmly, and you'll get along all—silence, Willie, this instant!—all right. As for letting 'em worry—don't pull my pockets, Dick—letting 'em worry—Dick I don't pull my pockets, I said,—worry—will you take your hands out or not? Now keep them out. You've broken a couple of cigars for me now—you—what's Willie making such a noise about, Annie? Great Scott! He's got my silk hat. Take it—hang it up high. Now, Dick, if you cry, you'll have—now they've both commenced. It does seem, Annie, 'til the minute I come into the house—I can't think—I can't think. Won't you take 'em off to bed? My gracious! I bet if I was at home I'd—'

But, as the boys clattered away upstairs with their tired mamma, Smithers sat down and gazed gloomily into space, without saying just exactly what he would do if he was at home.

Besart in the Rue Jean Gonjon caused such a pathetic loss of life. The crowds on the boulevards and the wild clamors of hurrying newsboys would have betokened to a freshly arrived stranger with a neglected Ollendorf, that mobs were somewhere flinging up the most portentous barricades. And it meant merely a local disaster, bitterly sorrowful, yet no more than one of those dire events which beleave the classes without threatening the masses, and which affect neither in any profound or drastic way. England's grief and anxiety are the emotions of a deep-feeling though self-repressed people. She is nationally so unimaginative that you often wonder at her romantic obedience to Royalty; for nowadays this feature can hardly be taken as a proof of her innate conservatism, since the sovereign power has been stripped of all its lordlier past prerogatives. And yet the Queen's manifest sympathy is almost everywhere a source of extreme popular delight. That she is venerable and much respected has, of course, a great deal to do with the matter; but it has not all. Were the Prince of Wales king, his outflow of concern would appeal, as does here, to the entire realm. This is one of the anomalies you find throughout a country whose spirit is essentially so republican.

Meanwhile the Queen has not only indorsed hundreds of charities with her august approval, but has figured personally at a grand royal Christmas party held in St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle. This magnificent historic chamber contained many distinguished and titled guests; but those for which the festivity was chiefly given were obscure folk enough—the wives and children of the Household Brigade, of the Guards (now serving in South Africa), and of the Reservists resident in Windsor district. A superb Christmas tree, laden with gifts both useful and costly, entranced the children and their mothers alike. With her own hands the Queen distributed presents and the numerous royal princesses who surrounded her

Frills of Fashion.

It has been said by some wise daughter of Eve that the most potent factor in a woman's social success is dress, and yet money might be added as a supplementary element of guiding influence up this golden ladder.

Appropriate, tasteful dressing is an accomplishment not to be slighted, since clothes are so telling a feature of the leading functions of the day, and fashionable women bestow more thought on this subject than any other one theme in the economy of life.

The question of headgear this season seems to be summed up in fur hats or hats trimmed with fur, since they are so generally worn that other kinds do not count for much.

The question of suitable veils for the fur hats is important and was considered very seriously early in the season, and with very effective results.

To fashion some stylish neckwear for herself, I know a girl who is cutting up some of her handkerchiefs with real lace borders.

The idea of a trained gown is said to have originated from watching some famous beauty whose skirts just dipped as she came down stairs.

The most attractive department in the leading shops just at present is that which displays the cotton dress material.

Panne is in full vogue now both for waists and entire gowns, and it is reported that Worth of Paris is making a gathered skirt of panne with a band of fur around the hem for the only trimming.

Buttons in wedgewood designs on green, blue and brown are a fashionable feature of this department.

Blouses of white satin embroidered with steel are one of the novelties, and the

Tonight

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work.

Satin is slashed up from the waist line to show a wide corset belt of satin covered with rows of stitching.

Charming bows worn on evening gowns at one side of the neck are made of double faced soft satin ribbon in three different pastel colors—green, pink and mauve, for example.

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for trimming handsome cloth gowns in the pastel colors.

Imitation diamond buckles are a very conspicuous feature of dress trimmings and other pretty buckles are of enameled flowers.

All the talk about the advent of earrings seems at last to have brought some results and the ultra fashionable are redeeming the writer's reputation for accuracy by wearing the real things.

The new foulard silks in pastel colors blended charmingly in the cashmere designs must be seen to be appreciated.

THE FAMILIAR COOK.

'I am through with superior domestic servants and I am now looking for a cook of the common or the garden kind,' said Mrs. Blank as she was waiting in an employment agency.

'Now that sounds natural. My mother always did like her meals cooked rare. My sister likes hers burned all to a crisp, but Otto's wife takes after my mother.'

'Two days later I wore a new gown which I thought was about right and which had cost enough to make it seem a bit extravagant. Mary looked me over carefully and then she cried:

'I am glad I saw that dress of yours. I got something like it last summer and I only wore it twice. Now, I'm just going to take it to the dressmaker's and have the skirt made like yours, and the worst of it was that she did succeed in producing an imitation of my skirt. I couldn't do a thing that didn't remind that girl of some member of her family. If Otto's wife didn't have clothes just like mine she fixed her hair in the same way and Mary's sister had so many of my little ways that Mary said she felt quite at home. You don't appreciate how that sort of comment wears on your nerves until you have experienced it. On the first night after Mary's arrival, when we gave a little dinner party I wore a dinner dress out low and that was Mary's cue.

'My sister Stella always says I would look lovely in low neck,' said she, 'and I don't know why I don't try it some time. They ain't as expensive as high neck anyway and I think they look so stylish. Now Otto says—but I fled without learning Otto's ideas on the subject. Mary answered the bell one day and brought me the cards of two women whom I knew very slightly and whom I didn't want to know any better. Mary must have waited to see me great them, for before they had gone down the steps after their call Mary came in and said:

'Mrs. Blank you remind me so much of myself. I don't make friends easily, either. Now there are lots of girls at the dances, make friends with every girl. I am like yourself, sort of distant like and cold, until I know a person real well.'

'Mary's chief delight was dances and she apparently knew every policeman and fireman in town who could wait or two step.

'I shouldn't be surprised,' she said to me, 'if you could dance as well as I do. We are about of a size and I know from your playing that you have a good ear for music.'

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

ROBINSON & CLEAVER BELFAST, IRELAND. And 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. IRISH LINEN & DAMASK MANUFACTURERS. Household Linens From the Least Expensive to the FINEST in the WORLD.

APOL & STEEL'S PILLS A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochia, Purgative, &c.

'Whenever I began to give her directions about house work I suggested some of her many relatives, and try as I would I couldn't keep her pinned down to her work. I got to hate every one of her family and finally I couldn't stand this superior young person any longer, so I discharged her yesterday and now I want to engage an orphan if I can, with no relatives; some some girl who has had no advantages outside of the kitchen and I am going to warn her that the first reference she makes to my suggesting anybody she ever knew before will be equivalent to a discharge for her.'

TO THE DRAFT.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 750, Fifth Avenue, New York.

GLIMPSES OF A GAMB FIGHTER.

Senator Stewart Tells of Jack Watson's Lightness and Freedom With a Pistol.

"The gamest man and the best fighter that I ever knew—and I've known quite a number in my day—was little Jack Watson of California," remarked Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada to a party of interested listeners.

"Watson has been a member of Jack Hayes's famous company, and though he didn't weigh over 120 pounds and in height measured but 5 feet 6 inches he would fight at the drop of a hat the biggest man that ever breathed. I don't know what State gave him birth, but he was a native of the South, and all the pioneers of Texas knew him well. The little chap didn't provoke difficulties, but I verily believe he enjoyed fighting for its own sake, and odds didn't figure with him once he concluded to go into a melee. His long suit was shooting, and a deadlier shot never fingered a revolver.

"I shall never forget the first time that Jack Watson and I met, for the circumstances were of the sort that burns itself upon a man's memory. I was riding into a mining camp in Nevada county, and stopped at a watering trough to let my beast drink. About the same time a stranger of very diminutive stature rode up, and while our animals refreshed themselves we engaged in some casual conversation. The stranger was Watson. Before we exchanged half a dozen sentences our attention was attracted by a great noise, and looking around we saw at least 200 men coming our way with a prisoner. The prisoner was a remarkably fine looking man, but his captors had stripped him to the waist, and the evident intention was to flog him.

"Before I could hardly realize what was happening, Watson spoke up: 'Dare you go in with me and stop these men?' It seemed bravo, but there was a ring in the small one's voice that sounded like business, and I, being young and foolish, answered, 'I dare.'

"We rushed after the mob at racing speed, and when I got close enough to the leaders I yelled at the top of my lungs, 'Hold on, boys; you've got the wrong man! This was an inspiration, for I really knew nothing of the case, but I hated to see such a magnificent-looking fellow undergo the humiliation of a public beating. But my cry caused a halt, and with Watson beside me I repeated that they had the wrong man, and still using my highest notes called for the appointment of a committee. It is curious how easily a mob is sometimes swayed. In less than ten minutes this one, previously so impassioned, had calmed down and was listening quietly to the investigations of the committee, of which I had been made chairman. It seems that the prisoner was, as I apprehended, a respectable and worthy man, and he had letters upon him that vouched for his integrity. He had been accused of stealing \$200 in gold by a miner, but we not only established his innocence, but started an examination that led to the discovery of the real thief.

"After this I saw Jack no more till one day in San Francisco, when I found him in a most wretched condition. He had gone to a political meeting where he was persons non grata and there was immediate trouble. Jack killed two men, but was himself almost riddled with bullets. An old negro took me to him, and I found him in an apparently dying condition. He had one bullet hole in him he had twenty. He had no doctor, no nurse, no food no friend but the old darkey. I got him a room in a good hotel and the best physician money could hire. The doctor thought he had a bare chance to live, but was very dubious of his pulling through. His nerve saved him, and in a few weeks he was going around as game as ever.

"The next news of Jack came from Pasadena. He had gone to a ball and, aspiring to the bells of the town, roused the enmity of a dozen young gallants. The shooting began while the function was still in progress, but it was a bad day for Jack Watson's assailants, for when the firing ceased there were five of them corpses, while he escaped unhurt. Jack finally became a member of the Legislature, and, strange to say, died a peaceful death, respected and loved by all his neighbors."

TOASTS TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

One Regiment Where Her Health is Not Drunk—A Welsh Toast.

There is only one regiment among those in the British Army which does not toast her majesty at mess. This is the Seventh Fusiliers, and the regiment is extremely proud of its distinction. It seems that upon one occasion, in the long ago, some King of England was dining with the officers of the regiment, and said, after dinner, that the loyalty of the Seventh was sufficiently well assured without their drinking the Sovereign's health.

It is a curious fact—the origin of which

"THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN!"

What more appropriate name could be applied to that most insidious and universal of diseases—Catarrh—which affects nine hundred in every thousand of our people.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has proved itself a wonderful power in lifting the burden—a dove of peace in the battle of life.

It makes life worth living—it helps in a hurry and it cures permanently—relief in 10 to 60 minutes.

So called cures come and go and hardly a week passes but some new claimant as a cure for catarrh presents itself, only to

fail in its mission, add another disappointment to the long list of disappointments in the line of permanent cures for this most universal and distressing disease.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has been for many years before the public as the surest, safest, most harmless, quickest and most permanent treatment for Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head, Sore Throat, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness,

Headache and Tonsillitis. That it has proved its work thousands of times, east, west, north and south over the whole continent, is allowed by the thousands of unsolicited testimonials that have been received by those who have suffered from the Catarrh malady in all its forms, and for periods of suffering, whether the limit of a few days of Influenza or Cold in the Head to the cure of stubborn and deep-seated Catarrh of the Head and Nose, covering the almost incredible period of fifty years.

Apart from the splendid evidence of the curative powers of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder received from people of all ranks and conditions of men, from the laborer in the street to the judge on the bench. The most eminent nose and throat specialists concede it the greatest cure, give it their

unqualified endorsement and show their practical faith in it by using it in their daily practice.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder goes right to the seat of the trouble. It attacks the disease, removes the cause, cleanses and heals the parts, quickly and permanently. The treatment is simple, the applications are easily made, perfectly painless, and in ten to thirty minutes after applying, relief follows. It's so wonderfully soothing, and yet so soothing, comfort comes like magic.

Mrs. Greenwood, of 204 Adelaide street west, Toronto, says, in substantiation of the claims of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: "I am so well pleased with Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and the good results derived from it, that I hardly know how to express myself. For years I was a great sufferer from Catarrh in the Head and Throat. I tried many remedies without getting relief until I began using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. A few applications gave me great comfort and relief. I continued using it, and now every vestige of the trouble has gone, and words fail me to express the gratitude I feel at being freed from this loathsome disease.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart stops palpitation, smothering, shortness of breath, pains about the heart, gives relief in 30 minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment—When the skin seems fairly on fire from itching skin diseases, one application will give quick and permanent relief.

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills cure liver ills; 20 cents for 40 doses. Sold by E. C. Brown.

is not known—that the Queen's health, on shipboard, is drunk by the officers sitting, instead of standing, as is customary elsewhere.

Of all the regiments, the Welsh Fusiliers have the most curious army toast. It forms part of the ceremony of the grand dinner given annually on St. David's Day. After the dinner, the drum major, accompanied by the goat, the mascot of the Fusiliers, bedecked with rosettes of red and blue ribbon, marches around the table, carrying a plate of leeks. Every officer or guest, who has never eaten on before is obliged to do so, standing on his chair, with one foot on the table, while the drummers beat a roll behind his chair. He is then considered a true Welshman. All the toasts are coupled with the name of St. David. It is in much this way that the toast with Highland honors is drunk. Each guest stands with one foot on his chair, one on the table and the pipers a piping parade the room.

The Only Cure for Catarrh.

Miss Lizzie Lanford, of 353 Market St., Chicago, Ill., says: "I have been a constant sufferer from Catarrh for twelve years. During that time I have used most of the known remedies for Catarrh but can safely say that Catarrhoxone is the best. It has cured me. It is very pleasant and effective in its use. I shall recommend it at every opportunity to my friends." Catarrhoxone is a guaranteed cure. Sold by all druggists. Trial outfit sent to any address for 20c in stamps. N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingson, Ont., Proprietors.

A Whale's Maternal Love.

The sperm whale is not a fond mother, and often deserts her offspring at the appearance of danger. The humpback, however, is both a devoted and a courageous mother, and will protect her young, regardless of her own pain and danger. Mr. Bullen in his 'Cruise of the Cachalot,' the narrative of a whaling voyage, describes the killing of a cow humpback whose mother-love was wonderful. The Cachalot was cruising off Vavan, a group of the Friendly Islands, and one day just before night, the spout of a whale was seen. A careful bearing was taken of the spot, and an hour before daybreak the next morning the boats were lowered and rowed to the bay where the spout had been seen. While the men were resting on their oars the placid breathing of a whale was heard, and the crews, straining their eyes, saw a pale shadowy column of white shimmering against the dark mass of the cliff, not a quarter of a mile away. Dipping their oars carefully, so that no sound might alarm the whale they approached near enough for the harpooner of the head boat to dart two harpoons into the huge body. The whale took not the least notice of the thrusts. The astonished whalers saw a youngling closely nestling to her side. The small body, embraced by the long, wing-like fin, was pressed to the mother's massive breast. Her only thought, although she must have suffered intense pain, was to protect her baby, not more than five days old. The calf sought to escape from the enfolding fin, making all sorts of puny struggles, while the mother, although the blood streamed from her wounds, hardly moved from her position. Once, as the deep thrust of a lance entered her vitals, she raised her massive flukes high in air; but in that throes of agony she remember-

ed the possible danger to her young one, and the tremendous tail was laid as softly upon the water as if it had been a feather fan.

But whalers never permit sentiment to interfere with their work. The crews saw the mother die, holding the calf to her side; then with a single lance-thrust they killed it. They were intent on 'hile,' not on an exhibition of maternal love.

When This Paragraph Catches your eye you will see at once that it is an advertisement. But how else can we let you know what a capital thing Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm is? Write and tell us 25c all Druggists.

HIS HAIR STOOD UP.

The Experience of a Prospector on Facing Four Mountain Lions.

'Twice in my life, up to five years ago, I had felt my hair crawl,' said the prospector, 'but as to its standing on end I didn't believe such a thing possible. I was knocking about the mountains of Idaho with a partner, when I went out alone one day to pop over some game for the dinner pot. I had gone a mile or more from camp and had descended to the bottom of a ravine to get a drink of water, when I turned the top of a fallen tree and ran plump against as pretty a sight as you ever saw.

"On a grassy spot, in the full blaze of the sun, lay four mountain lions fast asleep. For half a minute I thought them dead, but as I stood staring with my mouth open every one of the four sprang up with a growl. I had a Winchester in my hands, but I could no more have lifted it to my face than I could have uprooted the mountain. The first sensation I had caught me in the ankles. It was a numbness, as if my feet were asleep, and it travelled upward until I stood there like a



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. **Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.**

Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

block of ice. Only my brain was left clear. On top of the numbness came a feeling that I was breaking out with a rash. Then the hair at the back of my neck began to curl and twist and crackle and a minute later every hair on my head was on end. I had on a soft felt hat, and I am sure that hat was lifted up an inch or two.

"As to the lions, they stood there head on to me and sniffing and growling and switching their tails, and had I but moved a finger they would have been on me. I didn't move because I couldn't, I don't believe I moved an eyelash for three minutes. By and by one of the beasts dropped his tail and whinned. My unexpected presence and queer appearance mystified him. His actions were followed by another, and ten seconds later the four made a sneak down the ravine, growling and whining as they went. They had been gone a minute before I felt my blood circulating again and perhaps it was another minute before I could move about. Then found my hat on the ground at my feet. There wasn't a breath of wind down there, and if my hair didn't lift that hat off my head how did it leave it? I know the hat was pushed off. I know it, because when I got back to camp my hair hadn't yet flattened down and when my chum rubbed his hand over my head there was a crackling as of a rabbit running through the dry brush. This state of things continued for two days and the way I finally got the scare out of the hair was to rub on about a pint of coon's fat and heat it at the camp fire.

Looking an Umbrella.

An umbrella that is useless to any one except its rightful owner may well be considered valuable. The New Orleans Times Democrat says that a lawyer in that city possesses such an article, which he describes as follows: I bought it in Germany year before last, and nobody can open it except myself. Do you notice that little keyhole in the side? Here is the key on the end of my watch-chain, and until it is inserted and turned, the thing is absolutely immovable. Anybody else would find it harder to raise than a mortgage. On at least a dozen occasions the umbrella has been stolen, or taken away by accident, if you prefer that term, but it has always found its way home. You see, my name is cut on the handle, and the umbrella itself is well known to all the attaches of the building. When they see a stranger struggling with it in the door on a rainy day, they promptly confiscate it and bring it back. I wonder that such umbrellas are not made in this country.

American Public Holidays.

A bill in the present Congress provides that the twelfth day of February, the birthday of Lincoln, and the second day of April, the birthday of Jefferson, be made holidays. Why? There at present in the United States twenty nine holidays. Most of them are local. There is no national holiday; even the Fourth of July is not a day of rest by act of Congress. Although the President proclaims a day of Thanksgiving it does not become a legal holiday in any State unless there is a law for it. But in spite of the complications of the question, there seem to be liberal occasions from toll. The Sundays yield fifty two days of rest; the Saturday half holidays twenty six days more. This makes seventy eight

days. Then each state has its own legal holidays, and often each city has its special day of observance. For instance Massachusetts observes April 19 as Patriots' Day. Utah has July 24 as Pioneer's Day. Vermont has August 16 as the Bennington Battle Day. California has Sept 9 as Admission Day. So it goes all over the country. When we take all these holidays and combine the statistics we find that they amount on an average to about ninety days or more—practically one fourth of the year. This new bill would add a second holiday in February, the shortest month of the year. Twelve of the States already have holidays in April, so that the new bill would also place a second holiday in that month. We are all in favor of holidays, of course, and wish we could crowd the calendar with them. But it may be well not to rush toward the conditions that exist in Russia and some other countries where there are so many holidays that the people who want to work have scarcely the time or the opportunity to get up in the world.—Saturday Evening Post.

Without Hearing—Catarrh Induces Deafness—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Gives Quick Relief.

W. Ernest Louis, of West Flamboro, was so bad with Chronic Catarrh that his hearing seemed permanently impaired. Doctors treated, specialists tortured for five months, but his hearing grew worse. He was recommended to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One application gave him great relief and a couple of bottles cured him permanently. Sold by E. C. Brown.

What She Told Him.

The pastor of a church in Washington, on leaving his study, which is in the rear of the church, saw a little girl, a friend of his, talking to a stranger.

"What was that man saying to you, Madge?" asked the minister, as he came up to the little girl.

"Oh, he just wanted to know if Doctor C. was the preacher of this church."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him," she said with dignity, "that you were the present incumbent."

THAT HACKING COUGH is a warning not to be lightly treated.

Pyru-Pectoral cures with absolute certainty all recent coughs and colds. Take it in time. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain Killer.

Lady—Why did you have that boy arrested?

Baker—Why, he was throwing stones at a poor cat.

Lady—How cruel! I am glad to see that you are so humane.

Baker—Yes. One of the stones broke my window.

IF TAKEN IN TIME The D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs.

That "run down" condition, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Cholly—Me hated rival sent Miss Charms a canary bird.

Roggy—Get even, dear boy.

Cholly—How can I, weally?

Roggy—Send her a big Maltese cat.

WE CLAIM THAT THE D. & L. Mental Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, or neuralgia, rheumatism, lame back, etc. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

continued my happiness to... Oh, what their faces? He laughed. "Fun!" echoed Ed present. Oh! how do not say a word must breathe; and must tell you before... There is something I ought to have never dreamed of make a great differ- "Will it make me her?" "Please don't joke. He saw that she out, and he ceased. "Tell me everyth he said; and he st listening. Both clasped be- face grew very pal "I told you a a Eola Caxton. I a city I am no relat are not my mothel "What splendid only drawback on link with these vul "I have no relat world," Eola falte "Better and bett my own. I could thing more in acc wishes. "But understand "I have no and stray. Mr. clearly—he found ada. I had been by a tribe of he starved if he had and brought me h of them to feed me, and I had Caxton's own da ago when she tol I was old enoug to try and make I had so long fair, refined face born, not even therefore, surely "You will let n upon that point," He looked at the stag like bea starry eyes, the "Is this the w sweetheart?" "I ca tenderly. "I can more like a pru that—princes, you are the onl for me. "You a heart's desire, a my wife or I will parents might h rank. As my w broke off and ki don't know wh how low, accor may be in socia "I hope you Eola, very brig more at home w it might be as things have on your name." She looked t her lover kiss "Your own Wait awhile, li good time, but to feel that you don't fear powe She laughed "Why, when else?" "I thin be a little str quire so much you were Lor She laughed music. "What puts sweetheart?" "Blanche match." "Fortune for "He was dici "For a reaso "They are lu "Bellone is h "Oh! how And you thin "I know for someone else." C They came written upon The lunche been all their Lord Bellev Lord Darrey He had stiff saw two daug had so plainl had been give Caxton, with spiration—she requested a tew ion with his then told him him she was Caxton—only "And I th nor just to the he lived high or better her visions. The much as posa She has been dear husband me thus, but I consider the repay me. I Lord Durt "I knew yo said, abrupt aware he wa day." "I have be ship otten." "Indeed?" Then, in way, which

my happiness to-day?" he asked, presently. "Oh, what fun it will be to see their faces!"

"Fun?" echoed Eola, brought back to the present. "Oh! how angry they will be. No, do not say a word yet. I must think, I must breathe; and there is something I must tell you before anything is settled."

"There is something I ought to tell you. I ought to have told you before, but I never dreamed of this. It will probably make a great difference in your wishes."

"Will it make me wish to marry you earlier?"

"Please don't joke!"

"He saw that she was desperately in earnest, and he ceased to smile."

"Tell me everything, anything, my own," he said; and he stood quietly before her, listening.

Eola clasped her hands, and the sweet face grew very pale.

"I told you a story when I said I was Eola Caxton. I am called so, but in reality I am no relation of theirs at all. They are not my mother and sisters."

"What splendid news!" he cried. "The only drawback one could conceive was the link with these vulgar people."

"I have no relations, not one in the wide world," Eola related, sorrowfully.

Caxton's lips than she had intended to say his lordship asked many questions about the finding of the child, the tribe of Indians, part of Canada in which Mr. Caxton had done this charitable deed, the date when it had happened, &c.

And then he left her even more abruptly, saying—

"Excuse me for five minutes, please."

And it was a full hour before he reappeared.

Altogether, the luncheon at Highfields was not as the Caxtons had expected it to be, and Blanche and Julia snapped at each other for the remainder of the day, while Mrs. Caxton snubbed Eola.

But good humor was restored, for the very next day there came an invitation to a dance at Highfields.

"Just a few friends and a little carpet dance," wrote Lord Dartrey in the kindest manner, "and I particularly request that Miss Eola may accompany her sisters."

Well, that was bad taste on his lordship's part.

But it could not be helped, and when Mrs. Caxton found that none of their world of Stratton had expected it to be, and Blanche and Julia snapped at each other for the remainder of the day, while Mrs. Caxton snubbed Eola.

The lovely pictured face above, the lovely living face below, were the same.

In the deathlike stillness which followed, while Eola paled and trembled, Lord Dartrey spoke quite quietly.

"You can all see for yourselves the truth of what I say. This is my daughter—the Lady Eola Owen. That is the portrait of my beloved wife; her name was Eola also. Bear with me for a few minutes, and I will tell my story. I married secretly long before I became Earl of Dartrey. We lived in Canada—my wife, my child, and I. A man named Caxton was employed by me, dismissed for dishonesty, and he vowed revenge."

"I was summoned from home suddenly, and when I returned I found the Indians had made a raid upon my house, incited thereto in part by this man Caxton. They had burned my dwelling; they had killed my wife and child—or so I thought. My wife's body I found, but the little Eola's was supposed to have been consumed by the fire. I never dreamed otherwise until I met my child by accident the other day, and her face and her voice—the exact voice of my darling wife—told me her identity."

"Since then I have employed detectives to trace all, and by their researches I have learned the truth. I have, today, received telegrams which put it beyond a doubt that my child was carried off by the Indians, alive, and was rescued by Caxton. He knew perfectly her identity, but he gave me no comfort in my agony of bereavement; firstly desiring to have his revenge, and secondly meaning, when I succeeded to wealth and title, to extort a heavy price for Eola's restoration. He died suddenly, ere his plans were ripe, and I believe that he never told his secret to his wife. She thought that the child he brought home was a waif unknown. This alone, without other proof, would satisfy me."

With gentle touch he took the coral heart from Eola's neck, and opening it in a way none ever knew it could open, disclosed a picture of himself.

"My wife took a fancy for this little ornament in one of the shops, and insisted upon buying it, and putting my portrait inside; she afterwards gave it to little Eola to wear."

Then he turned to the wondering, quivering, sobbing girl.

"My daughter—my child!" he said, in tones of the deepest tenderness, "will you come to your father, and bless his declining years?"

And as Eola threw herself into his arms, there was scarce a dry eye in the room.

Only the tears of Mrs. Caxton and her daughters were tears, not of sympathy, but of jealousy and wrath.

Lord Bellevue saw her as Lady Eola! Blanche wailed to herself, as they all went in to the deferred supper, Eola clinging to her father's arm and the loveliness of the picture was apparent, even to the green eyes of jealousy.

The stately distinguished man, from whom all age and age seemed to have fallen, and the young and beautiful girl, with her hair still streaming, like a veil over her simple white frock, and her tender eyes upturned.

As Miss Caxton spoke, she turned and saw Lord Bellevue, his eyes fixed upon Eola, and his gaze full of passionate admiration.

Fortwith she intercepted him.

"Oh, dear Lord Bellevue, you are just too late for the most affecting scene! Our dear little sister Eola, our pet youngest sister—you don't know her, I think—has been taken from us. I don't know what mamma and we shall do."

She clasped her large, white gloved hands, and looked, with bold eyes, into his lordship's face.

"She has turned it out—only, I think it must be a mistake, and we shall find it out presently—into Lord Dartrey's daughter, Lady Eola Owen. It is wonderful. I feel quite—"

Lord Bellevue outsort her feelings.

"I must go and offer my congratulations to Dartrey," he said. "This is good news indeed, Mr. Caxton."

courteous grace, and one and all trooped after him, wondering.

They entered the oak panelled room, and there, between two beautiful silver lamps the lovely portrait hung.

Unconsciously Eola pressed forward, and as she did so, Lord Dartrey took her hand and led her immediately beneath the portrait, while all stood silent.

"Let down your hair dear child," he said, and the girl looked up wonderingly, then obeyed.

She let the heavy coil of golden hair fall across her forehead, and her white shoulders, and then—the resemblance was complete.

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"I must go and offer my congratulations to Dartrey," he said. "This is good news indeed, Mr. Caxton."

"Not for us," she cried, trying to detain him. "Mamma and we shall miss the dear child so terribly."

"No doubt you will miss her," he responded dryly. "Yes, Miss Caxton I must condole with you."

But he left her all the same; only, he did not go straight to Eola.

She was surrounded by new friends, and he waited his opportunity, then touched her arm, and drew her into a little empty boudoir.

Lady Eola came willingly, her sweet face radiant.

Seal Brand Coffee

(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
Its Purity is its Strength
Flavor and Fragrance its natural attributes.
Imitations are numerous. Avoid them.
CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

Blanche. "After seeing you?" said Bellevue and he gazed at her adoringly.

"I am glad I did not guess it before. Had I thought you a noble peer, I should have been terrified."

"And now, sweetheart?"

"Oh, now I have got used to you!" she demurely.

They were scarcely separated at all, the father and daughter, for Lord and Lady Bellevue spent much time at Highfields, and Lord Dartrey pays long visits to his married daughter.

Eola has not yet satisfied her own mind as to how she can show her gratitude, but countless poor speak of her generous kindness, and she is ever at work to find out and to relieve her fellow creatures in sorrow or in poverty.

"I cannot do enough for others—I, to whom so much has been given," she says, when they tell her she works too hard.

The Caxtons are always longing to see more of their "dearest Eola," Lady Bellevue.

"She was so thoroughly one of ourselves," says Blanche, "such a dear, real sister; it is hard to be separate, you know."

A CONTRACTOR WRECKED.
Constitution Undermined by Nervous Complications—South American Nerveine Worked a Complete Cure.

Nervous prostration and liver complications so afflicted J. W. Dinwoody, contractor, Campbellford, that physically he was almost a total wreck. His druggist recommended South American Nerveine. A few doses gave him great relief, induced sound sleep, and a few bottles built him up and cured him so that to-day he is as strong and hearty as ever. Sold by E. C. Brown.

Officers' Difficulties.
An inexperienced military officer is sure to encounter great difficulties in the practical management of soldiers in the field.

An English journal represents a scene at a general inspection of a volunteer battalion, in which Lieutenant Tompkins—an excellent fellow but a poor soldier—is called out to show the general and the British public what he knows. Says the general:

"Now, sir, you have the battalion in quarter column, facing south. How would you get it into line in the quickest possible way, facing north-east?"

"Well, sir," says Lieutenant Tompkins, after trititious consideration, "do you know that's what I've always wondered?"

This officer's ingenuity was not equal to that of Abraham Lincoln, when he was a captain of Illinois volunteers in the Black-hawk War. Mr. Norman Haggood, in his "Life of Lincoln," relates that during this campaign Lincoln once has his company marching in a column twenty men wide, when he was suddenly confronted with a high fence with an open gate, through which only one man could pass at a time. He had no idea of the proper way to get his men into single file, so he halted the company and said:

"This company is dismissed. But it will come together immediately after getting through that gate!"

A CARD.
We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-cent bottle of Dr. Williams' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Williams' English Pills are used.

A. Chipman Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
W. Hawker & Son, Druggist, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.
Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.
E. J. Mahony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
G. W. Hoben, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B.
R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B.
S. Waters, Druggist, St. John, West, N. B.

Wm. C. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B.
C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B.
S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B.
N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B.
G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B.
C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B.
Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 68 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

WEAK, FAINT FEELINGS.

Serious Conditions that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can Readily Cure.

One of the indications of serious heart trouble is the cessation of weakness or dizziness that comes on at times. Sometimes it is simply a dizzy feeling that passes off, or it may be a state of unconsciousness with hands and feet cold and countenance ghastly pale.

These symptoms indicate a weakened heart. They are unmistakable evidences of the engine of life breaking down.

Now there's only one reliable remedy for restoring strength and vitality to weakened hearts and relieving all the distressing symptoms. It is Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The case of Mrs. A. Stratton, Frederickton, N.B., amply proves this. Here is her statement:

"I suffered very much from an impoverished condition of the blood, coupled with extreme nervousness. A dizzy sensation on arising quickly or coming down stairs, often troubled me, and my breath was so short that I could not walk up stairs. The least exertion caused my heart to flutter and palpitate violently, and I sometimes felt a smothering sensation on going to sleep."

"I doctored back and forth for my weakness, but I got no relief from any medicine until I tried Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I can say that they helped me wonderfully. Sometimes my face and arms would swell and puff, but all these troubles speedily yielded to the restoring influence of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am now strong and well. I did not use them long until I regained the blessing of healthful, refreshing sleep and it will always be a pleasure to me to recommend them to others."

They came home with disappointment written upon their faces.

The luncheon at Highfields had not been all their fancy had painted it.

Lord Bellevue had not been visible, and Lord Dartrey had been stiff and difficult.

He had stiffened in manner directly he saw two daughters instead of three, and had so plainly inferred that the invitation had been given for Eola's sake, that Mrs. Caxton, with a burst of diplomatic inspiration—she had such at times—had requested a few minutes' private conversation with his lordship, and had there and then told him of Eola's true status—told him she was no scion of the noble house of Caxton—only a waif grafted in by charity.

And I think, my lord, it is not right nor just to the girl herself, that she should be lifted higher out of her proper sphere or have her head turned by impossible visions. Therefore, I try to train her as much as possible to be useful and humble. She has been a great expense to us. My dear husband ought not to have burdened me thus, but he was too charitable to all. I consider that, now she can in some way repay me. I ought to expect her to do it."

Lord Dartrey seemed deep'y impressed.

"I knew your husband, Mrs. Caxton," he said, abruptly. "I was not however aware he was the same Caxton until to-day."

"I have heard him speak of your lordship often," said Mrs. Caxton, intently.

"Indeed?"

"Then, in an abrupt and authoritative way, which compelled more from Mrs.

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and show their using it in their

al Powder goes able. It attacks cause, dizziness and permanent

Adelaide street substantiation of Catarhal Povealed with Dr. er and the good at I hardly know

For years I was work in the Head y remedies with-egan using Dr. or. A few applic-ort and relief. now every relief and words fail me I feel at being

the Heart stops shortness of art, gives relief

When the skin itching skin dis- give quick and

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When we take all ne the statistics on an average to—practically one new bill would

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The D. & L. Men- ubago, backache, rheumatism, lame rrence Co., Ltd.

