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PRICE FIVE CENTS

PEACOCK AFTER DAMERY

HE WANTS \$10,000 IN RETURN FOR HIS WIFE'S AFFECTIONS.

But Mr. Damery says it is all Malice and is fighting the case and denying all the allegations—Some Fun in the Court House at the Trial.

Charles Damery and William Peacock are brothers in law. They have known each other for eighteen years, were friends for six years of that period and for the balance of the time have enjoyed the closer relation by marrying two sisters.

But it was friends the general relations of the two families were strained, so much so that there was practically no intercourse between them until Mrs. Damery was seized with a fatal illness last spring.

Then sisterly affection came to the surface again and Mrs. Peacock became a pretty constant visitor at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Damery on Church street.

Damery himself keeps a saloon—the old stand formerly owned by "Barney" Brennan and later by his widow who ran the place until last May when she sold out to the present occupant. He used to be second steward on the State of Maine steamer and later was the steward of the David Weston.

He had not much time to devote to his wife, being busy all the hours of the day down stairs, but her two or three sisters and nieces with the housekeeper, Mrs. Robertson, managed to nurse the dying woman day and night until sometime in July when Mrs. Peacock suddenly ceased visiting her sister. When her husband asked her what was the matter that she did not visit her sister as usual she told him that there had been a row about some old clothes that her sister was giving away and that she was not going there any more. More than that, she told him to stay away too. And like a good obedient man he did. He told the court that he believed the old clothes story implicitly until the eleventh of September when his wife told him a different tale.

Her conscience must have been giving her a tough time of it for, according to her husband's evidence, she made the confession without any urging and without any questions from him. And the story, which is rather unprintable, was to the effect that on the 24th day of July, Damery, her brother-in-law, had assaulted her without her consent and almost without her knowledge—for she was asleep.

Then Peacock got mad, for which he can be readily excused, and before the day had closed he made his way to the house of Barrister-at-law J. D. Hazen, and tried to see him. He didn't succeed that night but on the following Monday—two days later—Mr. Hazen called on him and he retained him to prosecute Damery for damages. The firm of Messrs. Hazen & Raymond took up the case and Mr. Damery soon heard from them. He might have been scared out of his boots but he didn't settle and on the 28th of September a writ asking for \$10,000 damages was served upon him.

This is how the case got into the circuit court this week before the chief justice and in a certain measure accounts for the absence of corner loafers on the principal thoroughfares. For the court house was crowded and the eyes of the chief justice twinkled as he glanced over what he termed the "large audience."

Mrs. Peacock was the principal witness for the plaintiff and she told the story that was briefly outlined above. She is a medium sized woman of rather pleasant features. Those who know her real well say she looks better without the heavy black veil that concealed her face than with it but that is all a matter of taste. At any rate she kept her features concealed as much as possible, no doubt to the disappointment of the curious. But she was fully alive to the situation and kept her counsel posted as the case went along. Her husband is the plaintiff and he thinks the alienation of his wife's affections is worth \$10,000. According to her story her affections never strayed from her legitimate lord and master but Peacock himself says they did.

His story on the stand was rather an interesting one though it was hard to get it out. Peacock is very deaf and Mr. Skinner finally became alarmed for his voice fearing that it would give out if he kept shouting in the witness' ear much longer. His Honor was kind enough to suggest that he could spare him a bit of his. At which the Recorder smiled.

Peacock told his story in a plain blunt

way. He and his wife live together yet, he said, though they are not on the same pleasant terms as they used to be for since she had told him about Damery assaulting her he hadn't felt the same way toward her.

He evidently took the matter to heart from the first for a week later, after she told him the story he said the same house couldn't hold both of them and she left him. Perhaps he wouldn't have done it if he hadn't had a "glass or two" of beer. Then the judge looked at him. "Don't call it beer, call it rum. This idea of the people now calling everything beer!" It is doubtful if Peacock heard him but he fired up when Mr. Skinner asked him how many drinks he had that day.

"I'm not supposed to tell you how many drinks I take in a day, am I?"

And when Mr. Skinner asked him in his gentlest tone if he was so drunk he didn't know what he was doing his curt reply was: "I won't answer that question."

He seemed to have a good deal of difficulty at times in understanding Mr. Skinner's questions and at one time particularly that gentleman became impatient. The judge thought the answer sufficient, considering the witness' ability to understand it. "The question is not an abstruse one, your honor" said the counsel.

"I wouldn't exactly call it abstruse, Mr. Skinner," said his honor "I can understand it, but the question is long, very long."

Peacock's memory for dates was very poor but he remembered having another row with his wife and her leaving him again. "The disgrace of it all and the thought of his children was working upon him all the time, he said, and home wasn't as pleasant as it used to be."

That closed the case for the plaintiff and Mr. Skinner, after setting forth a general denial of the allegations, called the defendant, Damery. The defendant is a strapping big fellow with a full fleshy face and heavy dark moustache. He was at his ease and the principal points of his evidence were that while Mrs. Peacock alleged that she was assaulted on the 24th of July that she was not in his house after the 21st of that month. He had one or two things to remember the date by such as calling the doctor twice on that day, paying his housekeeper, Mrs. Robertson, and a family jar between Mrs. Peacock and her mother in his dining room that morning. All of which was associated with the departure of Mrs. Peacock on that particular day. His direct contradiction of the evidence of Mrs. Peacock and her sister, Mrs. Naves, was sharply attacked by Mr. Hazen in his cross examination but Damery was not shaken in his story, which was to the effect that the whole thing was concocted through malice.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Robertson, bore out the story of Damery to the letter about the date of Mrs. Peacock's departure. The most remarkable thing about her evidence, however, was the statement that she had had no conversation with any one, not even the defendant, about the affair, but came into court without knowing what she was to be called upon to prove. According to her story, she has had a hard time of it through her married life. She belongs to the country—away up the Washdemaok—and was married fifteen years ago to Douglas Robertson and had a family of two children.

Some time ago they parted as he wouldn't support her and their respective parents took the children. Since then she has earned her own living by working out and she named several families in the city where she had been employed. She is not living at Mr. Damery's house now and has not since October 26.

Dr. Keillor was called to corroborate Damery's story about the date of Mrs. Peacock's departure. He wasn't of much value to the defence but he remembered the two visits about the 21st of July and he didn't remember seeing Mrs. Peacock around after that day. But she might have been. At any rate he gave Chief Justice Tuck a chance to get off a good joke on the doctors. When asked if he kept a record he replied that he did, "Then" said the chief "you are not like those doctors of these days who send you that mysterious bill without items like this To 'Professional attendance from July 1894 to July 1895; no much'."

And the audience laughed so that the constable yelled "order."

The late Mrs. Damery's son—a bright looking young fellow—corroborated his step-father's story in a measure and that closed the evidence for the defence. The

court was about to adjourn and the audience was restless when the judge said: "Now if this large audience will kindly keep quiet for two minutes the court will adjourn but if you don't, why you won't be able to hear a word of what the clerk says."

And when the crowd held itself down and listened to Clerk Willett say his little speech in assisting to adjourn the court they caught on to the judge's joke, for while they possibly heard him they couldn't understand a word of it.

The case went to the jury Friday, after PROGRESS went to press. Messrs. C. N. Skinner and John R. Dunn for the defendant and Hazen & Raymond for the plaintiff.

A SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

The Opera House holds its Annual Meeting—A Good Showing.

The year has been a good one for the Opera House though there has been no dividend declared yet. However, the stock will probably rise when it is known that they have been able after meeting current expenses to set apart about a thousand dollars for meeting the floating liability and the ten thousand dollar mortgage that looms up in the horizon, shutting out the brightness of the skies for years to come.

The annual meeting of the shareholders was held this week and it appears that they have had the average number of attractions this year and the boards were pretty well occupied by the purveyors to public amusements. The patrons of the drama in St. John, just as in Lowell and others of the best American show towns, are the working classes, the working men and working girls and they have turned out in force during the last year, an evidence that good times prevailed.

The companies that have come here have had successful engagements and the promoters here of the histrion art have come to the conclusion that an equal number of the 10, 20, and 30 cent and 50 and 75 cent shows is just what St. John wants. Each draws a different class of spectators and the companies that have come here last year, Bennett and Moulton, and Harkins in the popular, price line and O'Neil and Lewis Morrison in the higher priced entertainments, have all met with success.

Portland Maine gets a better class of entertainments than St. John and the reason is that the thespians when they come down here have to climb walls. The tariff is the bugbear. They have to pay 15 cents a pound duty for their paper and the pounds of big display sheets multiply very rapidly.

MERCENARY ALDERMEN.

They Envy up Claims for a Mere Sum as Speculation.

HALIFAX, Jan. 6.—There is great privation in the families of many hard-working men in this city to-day partly on account of the non-payment of wages by firms that had contracts on the exhibition trotting track. Contractor Murray left a great many men unpaid, and so have another firm, though the latter lay all the blame for this on the city officials. It is said that two aldermen in the north end have brought up many of these claims, paying the poor people a small percentage and that they will come to the legislature and city council, or commission, when the money has been wrung from the tax-payers to receive the full value of these bills. Meanwhile the poor wretches who have been kept out of their money are shivering with cold and their families are half starved. It does seem hard that the men who earned those few dollars should not have them, and that so great a portion of the money should fall into the hands of grasping aldermen or any one else.

A year ago an attempt was made to give suppliers of materials for building purposes a lien on the structures going up. This was designed to prevent owners from giving contracts to irresponsible men, who could assign at pleasure, leaving the merchants without their money, while the man who had given the contract found his building still as safe as a church in his own hands. If an owner knew that the merchant could take the building, in case of nonpayment, to secure himself he would be sure to see that bills were paid as the work progressed. The workmen should also have the right of this proposed lien. If they had had a lien on the trotting track they would likely have had their money, and all of it long ere this. The bill was defeated by interested parties but such a good measure should not be dropped because of one reverse.

WHERE THE LEPER WAS.

HE HAD BEEN IN THE CITY FOR SOME MONTHS.

Before He Saw a Physician and Was Sent to the Hospital to find out What Was the Matter With Him—Some Additional Facts About the Matter.

The citizens generally were startled when PROGRESS appeared last week, by the publication of the fact that a person afflicted with leprosy had been in the general public hospital for a time. The facts of the case as presented in these columns were true in every respect but as some of those connected with the institution think that as they were given they might lead to some erroneous impressions regarding the hospital perhaps it would be as well to give them as they understand them.

Of course the presence of leprosy is enough to cause a stampede in any of these northern countries. It has a dread sound and those unfortunate enough to be afflicted with it are imprisoned for the rest of their lives in a lazaretto.

So it was only natural when the information leaked out some time ago that there was a leper in the city there should be a most diligent search made for him. Strange to say the newspapers could learn nothing of his whereabouts or where he came from. It was learned in a most general way that the victim of the disease was a young man and that he was employed in the city. It was also learned that he was under the care of some physicians who were attending to the case and that the officials at Ottawa had been wired regarding the matter. Then, probably from the same sources, the information reached the public that Dr. Smith, who has charge of the lazaretto at Tracadie, was coming to St. John to examine and pronounce upon the disease and consult with the local authorities upon the subject. This was done as will be told later.

Now it transpires that the general impression that the leper was a recent arrival in this city, is an incorrect one, but that he has been here for some months—it is stated nearly a year—and employed in a position where he met and attended upon a considerable number of people daily. None of those who were waited upon by him had any idea that the young man who moved among them had the dread disease, leprosy. No doubt it is just as well, as no harm appears to have come from the fact of his presence. But it is a curious feature of the case that the young mulatto had no idea that he was afflicted with leprosy. He came from an island in the West Indies because he was in ill health and thought this more vigorous climate would benefit him. The officers on the steamer had no idea that there was a leper on board else he would never have been taken farther than the next port of call. And they are men who are not afraid of the disease, because in those islands there are thousands of people afflicted with leprosy. They have a number of lazarettos for the worst cases but it is no uncommon thing to see many men and women walking about the streets with all the signs of leprosy in its incipient and advanced stages.

This was not so with the leper who came to St. John. Even the first traces of the disease did not show upon him until long after he came here, but it was in his blood, and his health instead of becoming vigorous as he had hoped in this climate did not improve. On the contrary the first symptoms of the disease began to manifest themselves and that feeling of debility and general uselessness which accompanies the progress of the malady became strongly marked. So much so, that his friends or employer finally persuaded him to see a physician. He did so and went to one of good standing in this city. The doctor did not know what was the matter with him and either upon his advice or that of his friends he applied for admission to the hospital. Whether he went in the day time or in the evening does not make any material difference provided no one knew he had the disease of leprosy and sent him there with that knowledge. Then the physician whom he had consulted—and who happens to be one of the commissioners and on the staff—examined the patient. Leprosy cases are not common in these parts and perhaps it is the last disease that a medical man expects to encounter. But this physician had his opinion and while he was having it confirmed he had the patient sent to a private room and called some of his associates to

consult with him and diagnose the case. They did so and the result was that after microscopic and other examination they concluded that it was a case of leprosy.

With the consent of the commissioner for the month the patient was kept in the room but all the physicians agreed that in the stage of the disease in which he was that there was not the slightest danger of infection. But nothing was said about the matter not even to the patient himself. The matron and physician in charge knew of the facts but great precaution was taken to keep the matter secret.

The commissioner with whom PROGRESS talked claimed that the physicians could do nothing less under the circumstances, that it was impossible to expect them to turn out the poor unfortunate because he was seized with the dreadful disease. There are very many who will agree with him no doubt but they are the people who held it was wrong to turn a poor colored woman and her young infant from the door because it was not a lying in hospital and because it was against the rules. There are exceptions to every rule and these two cases should have been classed under that head.

There cannot be much excuse however for not informing the nurse what was the nature of the disease of the patient. There is a rule that a nurse has the option of refusing to nurse certain diseases. How in the world is she going to exercise that right without knowing anything about the disease? When spoken to about this matter the commissioner said that any nurse who would refuse to nurse small pox, diphtheria and such cases was not fit for the business. Few will argue that he is wrong in making such a statement, but then what is the good of making such a regulation in the hospital? Why not strike it off the books?

No doubt gentlemen like the commissioners of the General Public Hospital who give their services for nothing and who do devote much time and attention to the affairs of the institution are a little sensitive to the criticism of the press, or in fact to any criticism, and one of the first arguments that is made after any critical comment does appear is "That is all the thanks you get for serving the public—abuse," and as the gentleman who talked with PROGRESS about the leprosy case remarked, "No matter how many improvements we make on the institution the press does not print columns about that—no matter how cheaply we run the hospital the press does not tell the people that this institution does not cost half what that in Halifax does."

A ready answer to this might be that the press has not access to the meetings of the commissioners and are not in a position to obtain the information readily. But at all events the newspapers are always on the alert to print what the people are talking about, and what they are interested in whether in the line of criticism or commendation.

MR. KING'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Presented to him Monday Morning in the Shape of a Favorable Verdict.

The Sloan-King case is out of sight—and so, it is understood, are some of those more immediately interested in it. It did not take long for Judge McLeod to dispose of it Monday morning and except that there might have been a few more lawyers present than usual, no one would have known that a decision was to be given in an important matter. The judge didn't appear to have worried over the matter much. No doubt he was just as ready for watch night service and made his New Year's calls on Saturday without permitting the fact of this wonderful trial to upset his mind. At any rate he looked very neat as he took his seat in Chambers Monday morning with a white carnation in his button hole. That "Emblem of purity" might have been considered a little out of place in the presence of such a case if one had thought about it, but in the general interest and expectancy for the verdict, such a trifle was forgotten by those present.

And the judge was not long in giving his opinion, which was in brief that Mrs. Sloan had not received any gift of \$5000 from Mr. King, and that she did not lend him that amount.

Mr. King smiled and stroked his whiskers as the judge presented his council with this eloquent New Year's gift, and then his friends extended their hearty congratulations to him. After Mr. Macrae's application for a stay of process had been granted, the Sloan-King case was over for the present at any rate.

ABOUT ORANGE LODGES.

HOW THE ORDER ORIGINATED AND HOW IT GREW.

Men Who Have Been and Are Prominent in the Councils of the Organization—a List of Grand Masters and Other Officers in this City.

With the exception of the Masonic order the Orange fraternity is the oldest of the secret societies in St. John today, and numerically it is the strongest. This year they completed their seventy-fifth year of history making in the New Brunswick metropolis, and thus have reached their diamond jubilee, and they have made considerable history too, and have participated in some important local events, and have marshalled many thousands under their banners in that time.

It is an interesting fact also, that the first civil lodge started in America was organized in St. John. Joseph Carnahan's history of orangeism is authority for the statement that the first lodge on this continent was established in Montreal, in the year 1827 by William Burton, Arthur Hopper, Francis Abbott and John Dyer. It appears, however, from the records of the Orange Society in this province that the first civil lodge was established in St. John in 1824. There were lodges in connection with the regiments in both the upper provinces before these dates, however.

It is difficult to get at the early records of the inception of the order in the province and a fact here and there is all that can be obtained. The order was introduced into New Brunswick away back in 1822 when a lodge was established in St. John under a warrant brought out from the mother country by the 74th regiment which was stationed here.

The example set by the military soon had its effect for two years later the first civil lodge in St. John was founded, among its promoters being Mr. James McNichol, sr., who died on June 19th, 1886.

The order spread quickly from this start and in 1837 just sixty years ago the first grand lodge of the Loyal Orange Association of New Brunswick met in St. John as an independent Grand Orange Lodge. This continued in operation for some years and in 1844 it was decided to form a grand lodge under the jurisdiction of the grand lodge of British North America.

A special meeting of the masters of the orange lodge in this province was held at the lodge room of the association in this city on Monday August 5th, 1844, having been called by the Grand Master for the purpose of organizing a Grand Lodge in New Brunswick under warrant received from O. R. Gowan, Esq., the Right Worshipful Grand Master of British North America. At this meeting the following grand officers were duly elected.

Wm. H. Needham Grand Master. Robert Thomson and Robert Pickett—Deputy Grand Masters. James Sullivan—President of the Grand Committee. Stephen Daly—Grand Chaplain. Robert Hannab—Grand Treasurer. B. B. Kinneer—Grand Secretary. Charles McL. Gardner—Deputy Grand Chaplain. Richard Seely—Deputy Grand Secretary. Chapter—James McNichol, John Willis, Robert Shires, Thomas W. Peters, Charles M. Gardner and Andrew Gilmore.

Members of the Grand Committee—John W. Cudlip, Samuel Corbett, Andrew C. Otty, William Reed, George Christie, William Jenkins, William Black, Joseph L. Mullin, Elias Wetmore, Thomas Hill, Squire Manks, John Hall. The grand lodge has pursued since then an uninterrupted and prosperous existence and the writer who had an opportunity to glance through the complete files of the annual publications of the grand lodge through a period of half a century was able to appreciate the great amount of work that had been done in spreading orangeism through the province. From the handful of lodges that existed then the number has increased to about a hundred and the extent of the membership may be gauged when it is known that there are about 1500 active members in this city beside a large number who are non-resident or not in the enjoyment of the full privileges of the order.

The St. John lodges number nine and are as follows: Verner, No. 1; Eldon, No. 2; York, No. 3; Gideon, No. 7 (West Side); True Blue, No. 11 (West Side); Johnson, No. 24; Havelock, No. 27; Willis, No. 70; Fairville; Dominion, No. 141.

The following have been the grand masters and grand secretaries of the grand lodge of the province since its organization

- 1844. Wm. H. Needham, Fredericton. 1847. George Bond. 1849. John Earle, M. P. P. 1852. S. H. Gilbert, M. P. P. 1856. Hon. John Earle, M. L. C.

Windsor Salt. Purest and Best for Table and Dairy. No adulteration. Never cakes.

- 1856. George Anderson. 1861. S. H. Gilbert. 1864. James McNichol, sr. 1865. J. H. Jacques. 1866. James McNichol, sr. 1867. Rev. Chas. Parker Ellis, Sussex. 1868. George H. Pick, St. John. 1872. John Pickett, Fredericton. 1876. Hon. John A. Beckwith, M. L. C. 1876. Hon. Edward Willis, M. P. P., M. E. C. 1879. Wm. Wilson, Fredericton. 1883. David F. Merritt, Woodstock. 1884. T. A. Kinneer, Sackville. 1887. Major Andrew J. Armstrong. 1891. George W. Fowler, Sussex. 1894. James Kelly. 1896. Herman H. Pitts, M. P. P.

- GRAND SECRETARIES. 1844. E. B. Kinneer. 1845. John Brown. 1849. Charles Ketchum. 1849. Joseph L. Mullin. 1850. R. C. Minnette, jr. 1852. W. C. Godsoe. 1853. G. F. Rouse. 1857. John McCausland. 1859. George Simpson. 1860. Robert Baxter. 1863. Edward Simpson. 1865. Robert Baxter. 1866. John Earle. 1868. C. E. Godard. 1872. J. E. N. Holder. 1876. Capt. A. G. Biskiee. 1879. T. A. Kinneer, Shediac. 1883. Capt. A. J. Armstrong, St. John. 1887. Samuel T. Mosher, Carleton. 189. George R. Vincent. 1892. Rev. T. F. Fullerton, St. John. 1893. W. H. Barton, St. John. 1894. Major A. J. Armstrong. 1894. J. deVeber Neale, Moncton. 1895. J. M. McIntyre, Sussex. 1896. Dr. E. O. Stevens, Moncton. 1897. John Farley, Woodstock.

The year 1847, just half a century ago, was an important year in the history of the order for under the grand mastership of Mr. George Bond the number of lodges was increased from 40 to 68. A lodge room was also erected in Portland in that year and negotiations were in progress to erect a large Orange hall through the medium of the organization of a joint stock company.

In 1849 occurred the memorable York Point riot when the Orangemen were holding their 12th of July procession and the annual parades were discontinued until the time of the regime of Grand Master Edward Willis, 1876-9, when they were resumed without any hostile demonstration and have been held ever since in some city or town of the province.

In 1867 there were eight lodges in St. John as follows: No. 1, St. John, George McKilligan, W. M. " 2, Do George H. Pick, W. M. " 3, Do John Roberts, W. M. " 7, Do A. G. Biskiee, W. M. " 11, Carleton. " 13, St. John, Theon Wesley, W. M. " 21, Portland, John Myles, W. M. Defence Lodge, military.

In that year there were 150 lodges all told in the province, 184 of which were working lodges.

In 1869 Cameron Lodge was established in East Boston under warrant from the grand lodge of New Brunswick.

On Dec. 31st, 1872, there were 10 lodges in St. John county with the following membership, five of them being in this city:

Table with 2 columns: No., Membership. 1 Verner 60, 2 Eldon 37, 3 York 42, 6 Victoria 16, 7 Kennelken 22, 16 Wilmot 27, 21 Wellington 45, 27 Havelock 37, 29 Mount Purple 30, 141 Dominion 23.

In 1879 the grand lodge of British North America met in St. John for the first time and they met here again in 1890. In the latter year one of the biggest demonstrations ever held here was the Orangeman's bi-centennial of the Battle of the Boyne. On July 12th, 1890, there was a grand procession in which fully 2000 orangemen participated followed by speeches by prominent leaders of the order.

One of the chief features of the effort and industry of the fraternity's workers is the splendid Orange hall on German street. The order is pretty well equipped with halls and in 1892 they had \$23,000 invested in halls throughout the province. In that year it was decided to build a home of Orangeism in the city and the following year Grand Master Fowler laid the cornerstone of the splendid building in which the members of the order take much pride.

On Nov 5 1894 the hall was dedicated by Grand Master James Kelly, and at the banquet which followed the Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, the honored president of the triennial council, the sovereign body of the order throughout the world, was present. There are now in this county seven Orange halls and the Carleton brethren contemplate erecting another. These are as follows with their values:

Table with 2 columns: District Lodge, Value. District Lodge, St. John \$10,000, Harmony, Loch Lomond 1800, Mount Purple, Pisarico 800, St. Ardan, Musquash 900, Willis, Fairville 2000, Victoria, Golden Grove 600, Dominion, Portland 1800.

Several of the New Brunswick Orangemen have occupied high positions, in the

arch-councils of the order. Major A. J. Armstrong is deputy grand master of the Grand Lodge of British America. Mr. James Kelly was grand lecturer of the Grand Lodge of B. A. for 5 or 7 years and Mr. R. A. C. Brown is the present grand lecturer.

Major Armstrong was vice president of the Triennial council, or Imperial Grand Orange Council of the world, from 1891 to 1893 and Mr. James Kelly from 1894 to 1897. Mr. Herman H. Pitts, M. P. P., of Fredericton, is secretary of the Triennial Council.

In this connection a few remarks in regard to the original birth of the order would not be amiss. It arose after the Battle of the Diamond which occurred at a village called Diamond, two miles from Loughall, parish of Kilmore, county of Armagh, Ireland. The order was founded at the house of John Sloan on the evening of Sept. 21st, 1795, the day of the memorable conflict, the organizers being exclusively Church of England men. Previous to this there were other similar societies but this was the real foundation of the Orange organization with its present aims and objects. The first grand lodge of the county of Armagh was organized at Portadown on July 12th, 1796, Thos. Verner presiding. The first grand lodge of Ireland was formed on March 8, 1798. The order spread into England and Scotland and the first lodge in the colonies appears to have been the one established in St. John in 1824. The first lodge in the United States, Cameron lodge, Boston, was a son of the New Brunswick order, as previously stated.

A Deer-Hunt in Town. An exciting scene took place in Thorpe, Wis., recently. A. O. Rhea noticed about noon a splendid large deer in his pasture, near the high school. He went to his house, procured his gun, and sent a charge of shot into the buck. The deer jumped the fence and ran into the main street. It had been so long since a deer has been seen roaming about the town that the people were so taken by surprise that they forget all about guns and stood gazing at the splendid animal as it ran and turned north at Forest Queen house corner, crossed the railroad track into a mill-yard, where Charles Case happened to be practicing at a mark with a rifle. At the third shot Mr. Case succeeded in hitting the deer and killing it. It weighed when dressed 225 pounds.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Offended Chivalry. A tramp accosted a McPherson woman, who was shovelling snow off her sidewalk the other day, for something to eat. 'Shovel this snow off,' she said, 'and I'll give you a dinner.' He drew himself up to his full height and replied: 'Madam, do you think for a moment that I am so dead to the instincts of a gentleman as to enter into competition with a woman? Perish the thought.'

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WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hustler about \$12.00 a week to start with. DRAWN 26, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED Young men and women to help in the Armenian cause. Good pay. Will send copy of my little book, "Your Place in Life," free, to any who write. Rev. T. S. Linscott, Brantford, Ont.

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our water-proof Cold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

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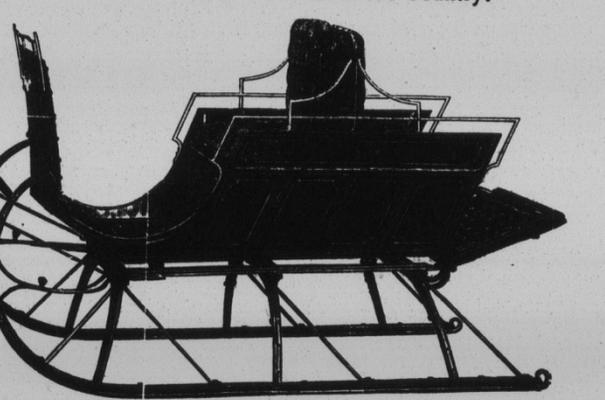
Of business practice is that it does not require us to discard any of the essential features of our former system. The same thoroughness which has always characterized our work will be continued, and new students will get even more thorough training than former graduates, who now hold almost every important position in St. John. Our Shorthand is the best, too—the Isaac Pitman.

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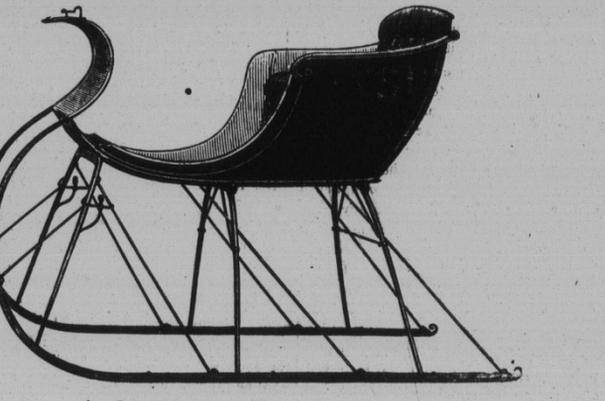
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**Music and
The Drama**

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The Christmas music prepared by the choir of St. Stephen's church was so exceptionally good that it was repeated last Sunday evening in response to numerous requests. Miss Lake who is rapidly taking high rank among our vocalists sang a solo that was greatly enjoyed by the congregation.

In the Cathedral last Sunday morning Miss Brennan sang the Adeste Fideles with much sweetness and purity of tone. Her enunciation is very clear, and while nervousness was evident upon the occasion referred to, her singing in the main gave much pleasure.

An event of interest to music lovers will be the appearance here next month of William H. Rieger, one of the leading tenors of America, at two concerts, to be given by the Vocal society on February 15 and 16th. It is understood that elaborate preparations are being made for these concerts at which local vocalists will assist, the names to be announced later.

Tones and Under-tones.

Opera at popular prices is the latest innovation in New York, and it is an immensely popular one too, as the great results attending the inception of the venture have proved.

Mme. Sembrich is positively to return to the United States next season. Mme. Sembrich is the highest paid woman singer in Europe, next to Patti. When she sings at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, it will be at a figure proportionate to her European salary.

Alexander Siloti and Henri Marteau are the next virtuosi whom American music lovers are to hear. Siloti, the young pianist, has just finished a tour in England. He also played quite recently with Nikiach in Leipzig and Berlin. He will make his first appearance with the Seidl Orchestra in New York on January 16. Marteau, the violinist, will make his re-appearance at the Philharmonic concert this week, when he will play a new suite by Wormser, which was especially written for and dedicated to Marteau.

A new comic opera by Chapi, "La Hiel del Diablo" (The Devil's Skin), was a magnificent success at Madrid last week. The libretto is by Federico Jacques. Critics speak of the music as most charming and admire the apparently inexhaustible inspiration and astonishing productivity of the young Spanish Maestro. The great wealth of melody, and the curiously beautiful music of the new comic opera created such an enthusiasm that after every act there was an endless ovation to the composer, who conducted in person.

Bruneau's opera, "Messidor," the libretto of which is taken from one of Zola's novels, will be performed at Munich for the first time in Germany next month.

The Emperor of Germany is said to have expressed a desire to hear "Diarmid," the opera of Hamish McCunn, the libretto of which was written by the Marquis of Lorne his kinsman. Since the wishes of the Emperor are ordinarily followed closely by their execution it is not to be wondered at that the rehearsals for this work have already been started.

A commemorative tablet has been affixed to a house in the Sulzburger Strasse, Lechl, bearing the following inscription in German: "The great tone-poet, Dr. Johannes Brahms, inhabited this house during twelve summers." There is nothing recording the further fact that here he wrote a number of his minor vocal and chamber compositions.

Italian news includes the announcement that Mascagni has completed the score of a symphonic work entitled "Melancolia." Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" has been privately produced in Rome as a drama without music, and it is stated that many Italian managers are negotiating for the right to perform the work in this form. It will be remembered that Leoncavallo was his own librettist, so he secures double honors. Spinelli is engaged upon a new opera to a libretto by Illica, and Floridio is reported working upon an opera with an American subject, which last named announcement must be pleasing to the sturdy Americanism of the Bohemian Dr. Antonin Dvorak.

Carl Goldmark has completed the score of a new opera in two acts, which will be produced at the Imperial Theatre in Vienna during the present season. It is entitled "The Prisoner of War," and the subject is taken from Greek legend, with Briseis, the favorite slave of Achilles as heroine.

It is reported that Petchnikoff, the Russian violinist, has been engaged for a tour of this country this season, and that it is

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practically settled that Arthur Nikisch and his Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra will be among the season's attractions.

Miss Anna Williams, a well known English singer, has retired from professional life. Her explanation for her step is to be commended to the many that have "out-lived their attractiveness to the public, for she says: I have been before the public for twenty three years, and I intend retiring into private life before my voice loses its power. I think twenty-three years is a long enough time for any woman to be in active work as I have been." Such artistic honesty is as deserving of commendation as it is rare.

Signor Campanari of the Damrosch-Ellis Opera Company has just signed a three years' contract with Maurice Grau for the New York and London seasons, and next May makes his initial bow to a London audience. Mme. Sembrich has complimented him most highly on his impersonation of Figaro, and has promised that he will create the greatest enthusiasm in Vienna it he will appear there with her.

Massenet's new opera, "Sappho," based on Alphonse Daudet's romance, which will be sung in Paris shortly with Calve in the principal part, is another illustration of feminine wild blood. French novelists, composers, and librettists of the day seem unable to find any other theme.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Boston Comedy Company played a return engagement here on New Years day, giving a matinee and evening performance. Despite the unfavorable weather large audiences turned out to greet the old favorites; for the evening the S. R. O. sign was out about five o'clock and many were turned away. In the afternoon "The Stranger," was played with Mr. Everett King in the title role. Edwina Grey interpreted the role of Mrs. Haller, in a thoroughly true and consistent manner, the audience showing its appreciation by frequent applause, and a curtain call, which, honor was shared by Mr. King, whose work in the title role was excellent. It was a well thought out and conscientious interpretation of the part, and gave very general satisfaction. Mr. Webber supplied the comedy both afternoon and evening, and it is needless to say kept the audience convulsed with laughter on both occasions. Every member of the company contributed to the success of the engagement. Mr. Webber was in Frederickton for three days the beginning of the week after which he and his company left for St. John's Newfoundland where they will spend three or four weeks.

An interesting little story, from the point of view of the drama, is given in the new biography of Cardinal Wiseman which Messrs Longman have just published:

When Charles Kean was in course of his Shakespearean revivals at the Princess', he was at a loss how to dress for Cardinal Wolsey in "Henry VIII." In his difficulty he drove to York Place and consulted Wiseman, who thereupon promptly summoned his servant and secretary and had himself vested in all his robes, giving for the actor's benefit a kind of extempore lecture on the name and history of each as it was put on. Charles Kean was very anxious that the Cardinal should see him play Wolsey, and proposed to drape a private box in such a manner that Wiseman should be present without being visible to the audience.

It scarcely ten months since Leon Herrmann, the nephew and successor of Hermann the Great, came to this country to fill the place left vacant by his uncle. That time the only English words he could speak were "good morning" and "good evening." Now he gives his entertainment in English and speaks as distinctly as many persons who have been in this country twenty years.

Ethelwyn Hoyt, a daughter of Eugene F. Hoyt of New York city, will make her debut on the stage Jan. 17 at Hoyt's theatre in New York, appearing in "The

Cup of Betrothal," which will then be acted by the students of the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School. Miss Hoyt is a direct descendant of Roger Sherman, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. She is described as handsome and talented.

Sol Smith Russell occupies a unique position among players. He has a line in which he has neither competitors nor imitators. His style is so distinctly his own as to make him an exceedingly interesting figure on the current stage. There is no apparent effort on the comedian's part to touch the hearts of his audience. There is no striving after effect. But in many of his scenes tears come to the eyes of the audience almost before the smiles has left their lips.

It appears that it is not true that Mr. Clement Scott has been dismissed from his position as dramatic critic of the London Daily Telegraph for his expressions of opinion regarding the morals—or, rather, the immorality—of actresses. All the same he seems to have put himself and the newspaper he represents in a rather awkward fix.

Be erbom Tree defends himself against the charge of tampering unduly with the text of "Julius Caesar." He declares that it will be treated with the utmost respect in his approaching revival at Her Majesty's Theatre in London.

Lord Rosslyn has announced that he will soon appear on the stage in one of Mr. Pinero's new plays.

Lottie Gilson is in Berlin. Alice Judson is seriously ill. New York is to have another theatre.

Josef Hofmann sails for America on February 15.

Franklin Fyles is writing a play for Charles Frohman.

Sam T. Jack has leased the New York Jonth Theatre.

Helen Bertram has scored a hit in "Cinderella," at London.

Sydney Rosenfeld's new play is called "A Divorce Colony."

Franklin Fyle's "Dumberland £1" is to be produced in London.

Next season Matthew and Bulger will be seen in a new play.

Frederick Paulding is a member of a Frisco stock company. Sam Bernard will star next season in the "Marquis of Michigan."

Corbett will appear in a new play by Henry Guy Carleton on January 30.

Laura Burt will be seen in the London production of "Blue Jeans."

Dumas' comedy, "Les Jennesse de Louis XVI," has been revived in Paris.

Robert Hilliard and Marie Borrowoughs will play the chief roles in "A New Yorker."

A Boston stock company is to act "Diplomacy," "Prisoner of Zenda" and "In Mizoura."

The three Hawthorne sisters are in the cast of "Aladdin," now being produced in Dublin.

The Alice Neilson Opera Company will produce a new work by Victor Herbert next season.

Estelle Clayton will make her first vaudeville venture in a new sketch founded on Anstey's "Tinted Venus."

In France the doctor of the theatre has a seat given him for every performance. He must be there every evening.

May Irwin has accepted a new play for

If your Tea is bad
You have only yourself to blame,
As

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Indo-Ceylon Tea
Can be had at any grocery store.
Lead packets only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per pound.
BLACK AND MIXED.

next season by Glen McDonough, which she may produce the latter part of this season.

Augustin Daly has purchased "La Fousse," the opera in which Anna Held played the title role at Hammerstein's Olympic.

Jacob Litt has bought the melodrama "Sporting Lite," by Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks, and will present it in New York within a short time.

Jane Hading's jewelry, recently sold at auction; must transcend in its variety that of any stage celebrity. The catalogue itemizes a lapdog's collar, studded with diamonds, that fetched \$1000; and a dog collar, with superb pearl and diamond pendants, that was sold for \$7000.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's next creation will be the leading role in a new play by David Belasco. Eventually she will appear in "A Winter's Tale," "Camille" and "Much Ado About Nothing."

It is likely that Julia Marlowe's new piece will not be called "The Countess Valeska," after all. It is not an historical play, but as it is laid in the times of Napoleon the title first selected would be likely to suggest misleadingly a certain Polish lady who was more or less concerned with the imperial terror of Europe at one stage of his career.

On the opening night of "The Prairie King," at the Sydney (Aus.) Lyceum, the canoe in which Maude Williamson was supposed to escape from the Redskins, capsized, the actress being precipitated to the bottom of the tank, 15 feet deep. She was rescued by one of the company diving and bringing her to the surface. It was a narrow escape, and a good advertisement.

"The Lady of Longford," the last work of the late Sir Augustus Harris, and composed by Leonard Emile Bach, of London, was produced at the Breslau City Theatre for the first time in Germany last week, and was very favorably received. The composer himself wielded the baton upon the occasion, and was the recipient of many wreaths and other tokens of success. The number will now be given at a number of other German theatres.

The widow of the Spanish dramatist Zorilla, who lived in abject poverty during the last few years since the death of her famous husband, is now out of her misery. The Queen Regent of Spain devoted a large amount to redeem the golden crown and other trophies of Zorilla from the pawnshop, whereto they had found their way, and now the city of Grenada has decided to settle an annuity upon the widow for the rest of her life, and to donate a snug sum toward the dowry of her two daughters when they should get married. Besides this the widow received for herself and her heirs a dwelling house overlooking the Alhambra in the handsomest part of the beautiful city.

Julius F. Peterson has composed a national guard march entitled "The Cherry Pickers," and has dedicated it to Mr. Joseph Arthur, the author of the play.

R. A. Barnett is working on his extravaganza "Simple Simon" and expects to have it ready for production the first of the next season. He may possibly change the title, but that has not been fully decided upon.

Hilda Clark, the prima donna of the "Highwayman" company at the Broadway Theatre in New York, was presented with a costly diamond locket and pendant at the close of the performance on Dec. 18 by the New York Athletic Club. Miss Clark has many friends and admirers in the metropolis.

R. A. Barnett is negotiating for an adequate and gorgeous revival of his opera, "Prince Pro Tem." The piece has not been played for two seasons and practically not out of New England and Boston. It had a period of nearly 200 performances in Boston.

Lillian Carlsmith, the contralto, who has been engaged to sing an important part in Sousa's new opera, "The Bride Elect," is a pupil of George Henschel and Signor Randegger. She has had very great success in opera and concerts and has appeared with such artists as Nordica, Eduard de Reszke, Mme. Albani, and Clementine De

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Veré. Last year in London she sang at a concert in honor of the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

Grand Opera in Philadelphia, under Damrosch and Ellis has been a brilliant social and pecuniary success, the large organization being fully equipped to present in fine style every opera in their repertoire.

Kittie Bingham, a well known little actress joined the Katherine Rober Company on Christmas Day, to do ingenue parts and a singing specialty.

Ned Wayburn of May Irwin's Company and Agnes Joye were married in New York Dec. 24.

The Ethel Tucker Company is booked for five days beginning January 12th at the Star Theatre, Elizabeth N. J.

Lulu Tabor, Charles French and H. B. Bradley who were here with Harkins '96 are with the "In Old Kentucky" Company, now playing an engagement in Kansas city.

Kathryn Kidder is ill in St. Louis Mo., of nervous prostration.

"The Adventures of Lady Ursula" with E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned in the leading roles, is doing a magnificent business in Chicago.

Miss Katherine Rober who this week has been playing an engagement in Lewiston has been elected an honorary member of the Lewiston lodge of Elks. She is the fifth woman in the world to attain to such an honor, and the first to it by the action of any New England lodge of Elks.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JAN 8th.

LOOKING FOR TOURISTS.

The Tourist Association has made its first annual report and it shows in a concise way what work the organization did to induce tourist travel in the direction of St. John and the provinces generally. It is satisfactory to know that the association proposes to continue the good work and we may look for greater results every succeeding year. As a matter of fact, apart from what the transportation companies have done, St. John has had but little advertising abroad as a pleasant and delightful place to spend the summer in. Halifax and Nova Scotia, on the contrary, have had exceptional advantages in this respect. That energetic steamship manager Hon. L. E. BAKER has been indefatigable in his efforts to advertise the Yarmouth S. S. line from Boston to Yarmouth and to tell the best-sick residents of the big American cities about the beauties of Nova Scotia. In this he was ably assisted by the Dominion Atlantic railway who have dinned the name of the heroines of LONG FELLOW'S poem so incessantly into the ear of the American people that it is almost second nature with them now to associate the Evangeline land and the "Evangeline Route" with all that is delightful in summer time. It is interesting and instructive, however, to note how Mr. BAKER and Mr. GIBKINS managed to get so much free advertising in the press. When those excellent steamers, the Boston and Yarmouth were placed upon the route an invitation, was extended to representatives of the Maritime province newspapers to take a trip to Boston and return. Many availed themselves of the opportunity and the result was a cordial understanding between the officers of the transportation companies and the press and many columns of the best advertising that could have been obtained. The people of the Maritime provinces, but particularly Nova Scotia, were especially impressed with the idea that the New Yarmouth steamers were all that was desirable. Having accomplished this Mr. BAKER and Mr. GIBKINS invited representatives of the best New England papers to journey through the "land of Evangeline". They did so and when they returned home gave tourist travel to Nova Scotia a tremendous boom. The good work has been continued and elegant pamphlets and guide books now flood the country. St. John only began to imitate this example last year and the results were seen at once. One press party were shown the beauties of St. John and the river, and the accounts of their trip were satisfactory from every point of view. Now we have the gratifying information from the Canadian Pacific Railway that they propose to make the west better acquainted with the east by means of splendid photographs similar to those of western scenery which they have distributed and which have challenged the admiration of many thousands. And on the same day that the report of the tourist association is given to the public the information appears that a large syndicate purpose to build large tourist hotels in different parts of Canada. Five or six cities are named but St. John is not among them. Here is work for the tourist association at once. We have excellent hotels but not sufficient to accommodate all the travel that may be induced to come in this direction.

OUR NEIGHBORS INDUSTRIES.

New Brunswick is so situated in respect to the State of Maine that it should be possible to have as flourishing manufacturing of wooden ware as exist there. We have plenty of lumber of all kinds and yet it is a strange fact that the opportunities that apparently present themselves in this direction are not taken advantage of. True we have some enterprising manufacturers of wood but they are few in number, compared with our neighbours across the line. A recent summary of the business says that the spool factories of Maine turn

out annually about 250,000,000 spools, which will hold 50,000,000,000 yards of thread—200 yards to the spool. There are seventeen of these factories in the State employing 550 hands, at average wages of \$1.50 a day each, or \$247,500 a year total. In the making of spools 30 500 cords of white birch timber, or 15,250,000 feet are used. This timber is worth \$4 a cord. A large part of the spool timber cut in Maine is not manufactured there, but shipped from Bangor to great factories, in England and Scotland. This year Bangor exported 6,978 668 feet of spool bars to the United Kingdom, the value being \$144,000, and more will be shipped next year. There is practically no limit to the supply of white birch available. The so-called "novelty" mills of Maine are numerous all through the hard wood districts. In these mills are turned out all kinds of little wooden boxes, many of which are used by druggists; checker boxes, checkers, dice boxes, wooden stoppers, handles of a thousand kinds and shapes, toothpicks by the million, ladders, swings, sleds, school desks and chairs, toy carts and wheelbarrows, tables, desks, cycle stands, baby sleighs, and other things too numerous to mention. The largest "novelty" factory in the world is at South Paris, Oxford County, where about 200 hands are employed. Another factory has just completed an order for 8,000,000 checkers and 200,000 dice boxes, and at another factory in the same town they have made this year 525,000,000 toothpicks. One firm has made 5,000,000 skewers, such as are used by butchers. Wooden bicycle rims are also important articles of manufacture. The product of these factories goes to all parts of the world. The timber used was once considered practically worthless.

Is there not a valuable suggestion in this for New Brunswick enterprise?

Mexico has a bull fighter named EL CURTIA, who not long ago suffered in reputation from the report that he had been beaten by a woman. This he denied, and notified all local newspapers that instead, he had knocked the woman down four times with a chair. To be sure he had been sent to jail but instead of serving out his eight day sentence he was let off on the payment of a fine. This he construed as a vindication of character and invited the press to endorse it.

The Philadelphia Enquirer in an article on natural parks has something pleasant to say of Rockwood as follows: "The town of St. John N. B. has carried out a similar undertaking in its vicinity. Paths and roads have been cut through a charming stretch of woodland, and the result is a park in which the natural predominates, and the views that are afforded, outside of the park, are of the most delightful character."

The western school man who goes into a row with a board of education because her pupils persisted in eating raw onions ought to have seen at once that the strongest arguments were against her.

Superstitious people will be inclined to believe that this is going to be a very stormy year—it there is anything in bad beginnings.

BOB FITZSIMMONS isn't either a tough or a bar-room later—so he says himself.

They gather gold in quartz in the Klondyke.

Harboring a Fugitive From Justice.

Officer Caples of the police force had an unpleasant task a few days ago—hunting up a young lad who escaped from the reformatory. The boy was assisted to hide from the police and when the officer located him he was hidden wholly in bed between two of the daughters of the home of Mr. Tennant. Then there was some fun, for the officer had a delicate task to effect his capture. But he did so. And now the magistrate proposes to make it interesting for Mr. J. Tennant for harboring the fugitive.

The Senior Member of the Firm.

Mr. S. B. Myers, the senior member of the firm of Myers Bros., arrived in the city this week from Montreal and was introduced to many of the friends made by his brother, Mr. A. W. Myers, since his arrival in the city. Mr. Myers was more than pleased with St. John and those who met him would not fail to be impressed with his business like method of discussing matters and to appreciate his genial and hearty manner. He returned to Montreal Thursday afternoon.

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All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque—Try it. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and Dye Works. Phone 58.

To dye or not to dye, that's the question. If dye you must on account of your grizzly beard, use Burkingham's Dye; it is the best and the cleanest.

LOOK OUT FOR THE DOGS

NOBLE NEWFOUNDLAND ANIMALS IN DANGER OF ILL USAGE.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Should Stop in and Look into the Matter of Shipment and Comfort of the Dogs—Some Facts About Them.

I don't know what the various branches of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals throughout Canada and the Maritime provinces, can be doing, or thinking about—clearly they are not doing anything, and if they are thinking at all the result is not apparent! Otherwise they would scarcely look on supinely while the most shocking cruelty was being practiced upon man's most faithful friend the dog, and calmly allow the greed of speculators, and American transportation companies to condemn hundreds of these poor creatures to a life of misery ending in a cruel death. These much vaunted societies may, if they feel so inclined plead the densest of stupidity in extenuation of their neglect; of the duties they have voluntarily assumed, but they certainly cannot plead ignorance, since one can scarcely pick up a paper without seeing some account of the transportation, or shipment of dogs enroute to the Klondike to be used for pack purposes. There is at least nothing at all secret about the methods employed, except where the dogs are stolen, and one would almost imagine that the business was a perfectly legitimate one, judging by the apathy shown in the matter.

On Sunday morning a carload of so-called Newfoundland dogs passed through Moncton on their way West via the C. P. R. They were the property of an American company, and represented the first shipment of dogs from Newfoundland, for service in the Klondike. There were a hundred and thirty of these poor noble fellows who are being sacrificed to the greed of man, and they were packed in double decked sheep cars, to be transferred at Vanceboro and thence begin their weary journey to their death. Presumably they were fed, and cared for during their journey for otherwise they would not reach their destination in sufficiently good condition to bring a respectable price; but if they were not, it would simply be a preparation for their chronic condition when they reach the land of death and desolation in which their future lot is to be cast. The railway department at Moncton have sent an order to New Glasgow for five double deck sheep cars, and one cattle car to be at Sydney on Tuesday, for the purpose of receiving between eight and nine hundred Newfoundland dogs, which are expected to arrive at that port by the steamer Prince Edward is shown using her search light by night at sea, while the words "Evangeline Route" surmount the Calendar in such shades that combined with the bright printing the effect is very striking and attractive.

The Toronto Brewing and Malting company through its agent William McIntyre is distributing a handsome lithographed Calendar showing two Englishmen on horseback in hunting costume calling at an inn for a glass of ale and quaffing it without alighting. The calendar is serviceable, the dates being large and a complete calendar of the year on the card itself.

We have received calendars from the Hartford, London and Lancashire, and the Etna Fire Insurance company Geo. E. Fairweather & Son, representatives in this city.

Mr. E. J. Armstrong, printer and publisher, has issued a handsome and effective wall calendar. An excellent portrait of the gentleman himself is contained thereon, and the whole is a good sample of the work done at his printing establishment.

The large calendar of Messrs J. & A. McMillan is again at hand and is as handsome and useful as ever.

Messrs I. Matheson & Co. Ltd. of New Glasgow advertise themselves as well as the city in which they live and manufacture, by sending out a calendar with a splendid half tone view of New Glasgow upon it.

From the Ontario Accident Insurance Company comes a fine wall calendar. A full leaflet for every month with a neat design of a maple leaf wreath around the Canadian ensign. R. Ward Thorne is the agent in this city.

and comparatively mild climate of Newfoundland are very different creatures as if no more fitted to face such conditions of life than the natives of an Indian jungle would be to take up an arctic existence in Canada. They are not draught animals, and instead of coming from a long line of ancestors accustomed to hauling burdens almost from the time they could walk, these poor animals have never been even broken to the collar; they must first be trained—and brutal work the training of a full grown dog is—then totally unaccustomed as to work of any kind they must learn the bitter lesson of doing the work of a horse on starvation rations, and under conditions which will kill them by hundreds.

It is utterly useless for those interested in the scheme to say that these dogs will be well cared for, that they represent valuable property, and it is to the interest of their owners to see that no harm comes to them people who have taken the trouble to inform themselves on the subject are well aware of the futility of such reasoning! They know that where men are dying of starvation it is scarcely likely that dogs will be well fed, and that where the shelter provided for the miners is of the most meagre description and utterly inadequate for the severe climate it is natural to suppose that the outside air will be good enough for the dogs, and that the majority of the poor brutes will perish miserably. Little do the speculators who hope to clear a few dollars per head, on the dogs, care for such matters; but little either does the brutal carter who beats the life nearly out of his horse care for the animal's suffering. It is the concern of the society which stands pledged to look into such cases, and whose duty it is to befriend the horse, and punish his owner. And it in this respect that the S. P. C. A.'s of the Maritime Provinces scandalously failed in their duty! Not only have they failed to make any effort to present such an outrage on humanity, but so far as I have seen they have not even made the slightest protest against it. Thus it seems to devolve upon me as a very humble member of the S. P. C. A. but one, who by right of membership possesses the authority to criticize her fellow members, to draw the attention of the various branches of the society to the matter, and to enter my personal and strong protest against the course they have seen fit to pursue in the matter as well to accuse them publicly of unpardonable neglect of their duties.

Handsome Calendars.

The most artistic Calendar of the season comes from the office of the Dominion Atlantic railway. The steamer Prince Edward is shown using her search light by night at sea, while the words "Evangeline Route" surmount the Calendar in such shades that combined with the bright printing the effect is very striking and attractive.

The Toronto Brewing and Malting company through its agent William McIntyre is distributing a handsome lithographed Calendar showing two Englishmen on horseback in hunting costume calling at an inn for a glass of ale and quaffing it without alighting. The calendar is serviceable, the dates being large and a complete calendar of the year on the card itself.

We have received calendars from the Hartford, London and Lancashire, and the Etna Fire Insurance company Geo. E. Fairweather & Son, representatives in this city.

Mr. E. J. Armstrong, printer and publisher, has issued a handsome and effective wall calendar. An excellent portrait of the gentleman himself is contained thereon, and the whole is a good sample of the work done at his printing establishment.

The large calendar of Messrs J. & A. McMillan is again at hand and is as handsome and useful as ever.

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(CONTINUED FROM EIGHTH PAGE.)

DORCHESTER.

[Progress is for sale in Dorchester by G. M. Fairweather.]

JAN. 5.—The weather is so cold that the workers who have been having a holiday are shivering over the return to work. The schools have reopened. The principal N. W. Brown and Miss Burt came from Fredericton on Monday, Miss Grierson from Richibucto, and Mr. J. D. Brown from Amherst, on the same day and the children who could face the sale on Tuesday morning have again started on the road to knowledge. The Messrs. Landry have gone back to St. Joseph's college. Mr. Glendon Palmer took the Quebec express this morning to Halifax to resume his studies at Dalhousie. The party at Mrs. Barlow Palmer's last Wednesday was pronounced a great success, as her parties always are. Among the guests were some strangers



Mrs. E. We'don, Mr. Barlow Palmer's sister from Quebec, who is spending the winter with her relatives here, Miss Louisa Skinner of St. John who is visiting Mrs. Hamington.

Mr. J. Russell Foster has been ordered to Kingston, Ont., to take the same position there that he has filled here, warden's clerk. We can ill spare a young man and he will be much missed in society and the church choir, of which he has been a member for many years.

The staff of the penitentiary is undergoing many changes. The storekeeper, Mr. Fraser, has been superannuated, Mr. F. Landry appointed to his place. Mr. Fraser's family will be a great loss as the young ladies were most energetic workers in the presbyterian church. Other changes are spoken of but they are all of a political nature, so beyond my comprehension.

There is the great annual event in progress this week, the meeting of the municipal council. Mr. Early Kay of Salisbury who has held the position of warden the last two years has been re-elected for another term.

Another pleasant party was much enjoyed last evening at Mrs. Charles S. Richmond, some members of Sackville's orchestra from Moncton furnished excellent music; the invitations were numerous—a few absentees missed a delightful evening amongst those present a few visitors were seen—Mrs. George Robinson of Digby who is visiting her sister Mrs. A. S. Oulton, Miss Louisa Skinner of St. John, Mr. B. B. Teed and Professor Teed of Sackville. The ladies were all in full evening costume and all looked their best; the guests were: The Messrs Palmer, Mrs. G. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. K. P. Foster, Miss Edna Lawton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hazen Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. D'Elph, Judge and Mrs. Landry and Miss McCarty, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Chapman, Mr. A. J. Chapman, Mr. J. A. McQueen, the Messrs Foster, Messrs Hamington, Miss Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Friel Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. McGrath, Mr. Roy McGrath, Mr. Payzant and Mr. McLeod, Dr. Teed, Mrs. T. A. McGrath and others.

Miss Laura and Amy Milner of Sackville have been visiting Mrs. S. Leslie Chapman.

Miss Edna Tingley has returned from a holiday visit to Moncton.

There are rumors of an entertainment of a promising kind to come off in the near future—it is to be hoped they will materialize. PERSONAL.

PETITODIAE.

Jan. 5.—Mr. Ralph Trice of Sackville is visiting at "Fairview."

Miss Florence Jones returned home on Monday. Messrs McLean and Vincent of St. John were in town on Monday.

Miss Annie Webster spent Sunday on Apple Hill.

Master Robert Trice was in Moncton last week. Mrs. L. B. Ayer was in Moncton this week.

A very pleasant party for the young people was given by Mrs. C. E. Gross on New Year's eve in honor of her guest Miss Randolph. The evening was spent in progressive whist and about twelve a very dainty supper was served. Those present were, Misses Annie Trice, Ella Blakely, Alice Keith, Julia Keith, Edna Trice, Messrs. Will Blakely, Stephen Pascoe, Charlie Trice, Hugh Keith, Walter Blakely, and Bernard Ryan.

Messrs. H. S. Keith and R. Pineo of St. John spent Sunday with Mr. Keith's parents Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Keith.

The Messrs Steeves of Salisbury are visiting Mrs. Nelson Trice.

Mr. C. B. Trice returned to Montreal on Tuesday to resume his studies at McGill.

Mr. Ernest McLeod, who has been living with his uncle, Mr. B. Freer, returned to his home at McAdam Junction on Monday. He was a great favorite with the young people and will be greatly missed.

Mr. E. Robinson of Moncton spent Sunday with Mrs. H. Muenphries. DICK.

RIOBUDO.

Jan. 5.—Misses Ida and Sadie Hudson gave a very pleasant party to a number of their friends last Thursday evening. Cards and dancing were the principal enjoyments of the evening.

Miss Loggie of Chatham spent last week in town the guest of her sister Mrs. Robert Phinney.

Miss Maud Grierson returned to Dorchester on Monday.

Miss Magtie Smith of Chatham was in town this week, the guest of Miss Fannie Sayre.

Mrs. Harry Hutchinson of Buctouche, is spending some days in town the guest of her sister Mrs. John Stevenson.

Miss Sadie Hudson went to Main River on Tuesday after spending the holidays at her home.

Miss Nellie Ferguson spent last week in Shediac returning home on Saturday.

Mrs. John Short returned from St. John on Saturday. Mr. Short accompanied her here returning home on Monday.

The friends of Mr. W. W. Short are sorry to hear of his illness of the past week and also of his little son Jack, and hope they will both be soon able to be out again. AURORA.

APPOHAQU.

DEC 29.—Mrs. A. L. Price, Sussex, is visiting her aunt Mrs. Sinnott.

Mrs. Clowes Vanwart and son spent Christmas with Mrs. M. Fenwick, Mrs. Vanwart returned to Fredericton on Tuesday accompanied by Miss Lena Fenwick.

Mrs. James Lamb, Sussex, spent the holiday with Mrs. Will Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. W. McD. Campbell spent Saturday and Sunday in Moncton.

Despite the cold weather which prevailed on Christmas Day quite a number took advantage of the good skating and spent a very pleasant afternoon on the lake.

Miss Flora Ellison entertained a few friends to tea on Christmas day.

Mr. C. McCready, St. John, spent the holidays at his home here.

Mr. A. H. McCready, Sackville was in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Heber Folkins visited on Saturday.

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The young people, or more properly speaking those who are not yet on the wedding...

The order of dances was as follows: 1, waltz; 2, polka; 3, waltz; 4, lancers; 5, waltz; 6, two step; 7, waltz; 8, barn dance; 9, waltz; 10, waltz; 11, lancers; 12, waltz; 13, barn dance; 14, waltz; 15, two step; 16, waltz; 17, waltz; 18, New Year's dance.

Among the many beautiful dresses worn the following were noticed: Miss Theo Robinson a pretty striped pink and white silk.

Miss Helen Thornton, white muslin with plaid sash. Miss Lily Adams, blue green silk trimmed with dewdrop chiffon.

Miss Daisy Fairweather, blue crepon and chiffon. Miss Gillis, red silk with overdress of white chiffon.

Miss Marie Furlong, pale blue silk muslin and pink tulle trimmings. Miss Bertie Hagan, white waltz muslin, flowers.

The list of the invited guests included the following young people: Miss Gladys McLaughlan, Miss Daisy Fairweather, Miss Nan Barnaby, Miss Winnie Barnaby, Miss Ella Payne, Miss Gladys Campbell, Miss Elsie Holden, Miss Lily Adams, Miss Amy Adams, Miss Louise Beer, Miss Edith Hagan, Miss Bertie Hagan, Miss Bertha Schofield, Miss T. Robinson, Miss J. Botwick, Miss Ada Risk, Miss Muriel Fairweather, Miss E. Robinson, Miss Emma Rankine, Miss Mary Inches, Miss Constance Smith, Miss Amy Smith, Miss Muriel, Thomson, Miss Nettie McAvity, Miss E. McAvity, Miss Rebecca McAvity, Miss Nan McDonald, Miss May Harris, Miss E. Owen Jones, Miss Grace Fairweather, Miss Kate Pheasant, Miss M. Titus, Miss E. Titus, Miss Marie Furlong, Miss L. Patton, Miss A. Christy, Miss Pauline Johnston, Miss Marian Smith, Miss Mabel McIntyre, Miss L. Kimball, Miss Mary McCullough, Miss Avis Armstrong, Miss M. Belyea, Miss B. Donville, Miss T. Wedderburn, Hampton, Miss Winnie Hall, Miss Avis Hall, Miss M. Peters, Miss F. Stetson, Miss Laura Hazen, Miss A. Lockhart, Miss M. Mathews, Miss Bertie Rankine, Miss Viola Gillis, Miss J. Gillis, Miss Ethel Furlong, Miss May Furlong, Miss Grace Dick, Miss Nellie Thorpe, Miss M. Baker, Miss M. Rodgers, Miss F. Rogers, Miss L. King, Miss L. Hamm, Miss Hazel Rankine, Miss H. Frink, Miss Daisy Winslow, Frederickton, Miss J. Nell, Frederickton, Miss M. H. Johnston, Frederickton, Miss Louise Chesley, Miss Gertrude Feney, Frederickton, Miss P. Babble, Frederickton, Miss G. Winslow, Frederickton, Miss F. Cathels, Frederickton, Messrs. E. Richards, A. Rankine, H. Sturdee, A. L. Fowler, J. R. Thompson, S. L. Emmerson, S. Emmerson, H. Robertson, G. Robinson, H. Robinson, A. Frith, E. Kaye Allison, W. Harrison, G. Sancton, L. Campbell, E. C. Hunter, B. L. Godose, H. Harrison, E. Forbes, H. Farwell, A. Murray, N. Johnston, P. Howard, W. Howard, B. Fowler, J. H. Kimball, L. Barker, G. McLeod, D. McLaughlan, A. Schofield, D. Seely, W. Bear, H. Mathew, P. Holden, M. Furlong, H. Rankin, F. Magee, B. Clark, A. Clark, C. Lyle, L. Shaw, W. Stone, G. Adams, A. Dick, R. Inches, L. Inches, L. Sharpe, R. Skinner, A. Irvine, H. Pat-

son, G. Johnston, J. W. Rodgers, G. Hilyard, L. Rodgers, A. Clark, H. Schofield, C. Gregory, C. Macmillan, L. Vroom, G. Botwick, W. McLean, G. Blizard, K. Botwick, C. McDonald, Geo. Robertson, H. Frink, E. Fairweather, E. Walker, G. Furlong, H. Porter, E. Hobbs, F. Keator, J. Holden, Burpee, J. Hamm, A. B. Harrison, R. Markham, C. E. Allen, Frederickton, E. Y. Morrison, F. M. S. Newnam St. Stephen, Mr. O'Donnell, Halifax, A. Abbott, Halifax, J. Weatherly, Halifax.

The younger members of society seem determined that they shall have a share of the holiday gaiety, and the dance of Friday evening being followed by one on Monday evening, given by Master Homer Forbes to about sixty of his young friends. The two drawing rooms were thrown open to the dancers, the hard wood floors and excellent music making the trip of the light fantastic feet a pleasure. The young ladies all looked pretty and bright, Miss Elsie Holden and Miss Macaulay who were wearing pale pink silk being the acknowledged belles of the evening.

Supper was served at midnight, the table being artistically decorated with roses, carnations and smilax. Among those who enjoyed the very pleasant dance were Miss Muriel Thomson, Miss Mary Inches, the Misses C. and A. Smith, Miss Daisy Winslow, Frederickton, Miss Gladys McLaughlan, Miss Daisy Fairweather, Miss May Harrison, Miss Nellie McAvity, the Misses Barnaby, Miss May McIntyre, Miss Lou Girvin, Miss Bertie Rankine, Miss Ella McAnley, Miss Elsie Holden, Messrs. Kenneth Inches, Roy Thomson, George Robertson, Stanley Emerson, Weldon McLean, B. Sturdee, Lyle Barker, Harry Harrison, Walter Harrison, Shady Fowler, Teddy Allison, Allen McAvity, Douglas Seely, Douglas McLaughlin, Charles Gregory, Maurice Parry, W. McNeill and others.

Mrs. W. Walker Clark was one of the hostesses of last week giving a most successful tea on Thursday afternoon in honor of her daughter Mrs. W. H. Steeves of Frederickton. Mrs. Steeves and Mrs. W. Henry Scovill received with their mother.

Mrs. C. Coster and Mrs. Andrew Jack dispensed tea and coffee respectively, and the young ladies who assisted were Miss Robertson, Miss Annie Smith, Miss Parks and Miss Dunn.

The rooms were elegantly decorated, palms ferns and cut flowers being disposed throughout with charming effect. Among the invited guests were: Countess de Bury, Miss de Bury, Mrs. John Burpee, Mrs. Isaac Burpee, Mrs. John Parks, Misses Parks, Mrs. F. E. Barker, Miss Barker, Mrs. Silas Alward, Mrs. G. Schofield, Miss Schofield, Mrs. H. Schofield, Mrs. A. Schofield, Misses J. C. Wm. Wm. Hazen, Miss Hazen, Mrs. A. Wright, Mrs. L. Sturdee, Mrs. Mowatt, Mrs. D. Hazen, Mrs. H. DeForest, Mrs. W. Fogler, Mrs. Murray MacLaren, Mrs. W. Lee, Mrs. Carleton Lee, Mrs. W. Starr, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Markham, Mrs. Barclay Boyd, Mrs. C. F. Harrison, Mrs. Geo. Jones, Miss L. Adams, Mrs. F. H. Ruel, Mrs. Timmerman, Mrs. Geo. Robertson, Mrs. Geo. McAvity, Mrs. T. McAvity, Miss Thorne, Mrs. D. C. O'Connell, Mrs. B. Magee, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. L. A. Curry, Mrs. James Donville, Miss Donville, Mrs. E. G. Scovill, Miss Scovill, Mrs. Chipman Smith, Mrs. Gardner Taylor, Mrs. Howard McLeod, Mrs. E. T. Sturdee, Mrs. R. J. Ritchie, Mrs. F. Sayre, Mrs. Boyle Travers, Miss Travers, Mrs. Holden, Miss Holden, Mrs. Brigstocke, Mrs. Berryman, Misses Massie, Miss Nellie Jarvis, Mrs. W. Treuman, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. J. Allison, Miss Allison, Mrs. James E. Kaye, Mrs. Kaye, Mrs. L. Allison, Mrs. C. Kaye, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. Triggs, Mrs. A. Cushing, Misses Cushman, Mrs. Thomson, Misses Barlow, Mrs. Harrison Kinnear, Mrs. C. F. Kinnear, and many others.

A dance at which the younger people enjoyed themselves to the utmost, was that given by Miss Louise Girvin on Wednesday evening to between fifty and sixty of her youthful friends. The young lady's aunt and cousin, Mrs. and Miss Fraser assisted her in receiving and entertaining her guests, and Mrs. McLean who came late in the evening, also gave valuable services in the latter direction. The violin and piano supplied the dancers with music; and a beautiful supper was served at midnight, the table being prettily decorated with roses, carnations and smilax. Miss Girvin looked very pretty and bright and was attired in white muslin with pink ribbons.

Among the guests were Misses Ella Payne, Bertie Hagan, Louise Beer, Marie Furlong, Constance and Mamie Smith, Kathleen Robertson, Allie Christie, Kathleen McCullough, Miss Gillis, Grace Dick, Bertie Rankine, Muriel Thomson, Messrs. Stanley Emerson, Hal Robertson, Arthur Dick, Mr. McNeil, Homer Forbes, Douglas Seely, Willie Rogers, Harry Patton, Roy Skinner, Fred Magee, W. Bell, Weldon McLean, Gordon Sancton, Walter Harrison and others.

Miss Muriel Thomson's dance was one of the pleasantest entertainments of the week nothing being left undone that would add in any way to the pleasure of the young guests. A delicious little supper was served near midnight and promptly at 12:30 adjourned. A crochete party was Mrs. Herbert Schofield's contribution to the week's gaieties and was enjoyed by quite a large number of guests. The waltz clubs are again at work, after the interruption caused by the holidays, the Misses McLaren of Charlotte street entertaining one this week, when the evening was most enjoyably spent. The first meeting of another club was held at Miss Thomson's on Wednesday evening; there were seven tables, and the affair was exceptionally pleasant.

Miss Maher of the North end is in Milltown the guest of Miss Alice E. Graham. The Misses Katie and Frances Hagan who have been spending the holidays with their grandmother Mrs. James Tibbitts returned to the city this week. Mr. Wm. Bowden paid a brief visit to the Capital recently. Misses Beatrice and Myra Frink are in St. Stephen visiting Mrs. James T. Stevens. Mr. J. Donahue, who has been visiting friends in this city returned to his home in Frederickton on Tuesday last.

Mrs. W. Melick returned to Hampton on Monday after her and mission in this city in connection with the funeral of her husband who was so well known to the travelling public as a conductor on the L. C. R. for some years. He was a son of the late James Melick and leaves besides a wife and five children, two brothers one of whom George, is cashier in the Western Union office in Boston. Mr. Isaac Northrup spent New Year's with his family in Kingsport. On Wednesday evening the Annual club were entertained by Stephen P. Geow at his home on Garden street; a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent by those present.

Miss E. L. McDow of Harvey, Albert Co., N. B., is spending the winter with her sister Mrs. John Salmon, High street, North End. PROGRAMS is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton bookstore, by W. G. Stanfield and at M. B. Jones Bookstore. Jan. 6.—In spite of the exceedingly unpleasant weather and the more than unpleasant walking, there was no perceptible diminution in the amount of calling on New Year's day, the good old custom being very generally observed. Some of the hostesses who were receiving had their drawing rooms filled during the greater part of the afternoon, and in groups, single, and "gentlemen" doubled the merry sound of callers continued until after ten o'clock in the evening, when the festivities ceased, and both visitors and visited doubtless felt the need of rest.

Mrs. F. W. Givan celebrated the New Year by giving a very delightful little whist party to about thirty of their friends. After the prizes had been awarded, and a dainty supper partaken of the evening was concluded with a little dance, the party separating in good time to escape the charge of indulging in revelry on the Sabbath. As the prospects won't seem to indicate a quiet winter as far as social functions are concerned, a number of our society people have undertaken to provide distraction for themselves and their friends by the formation of an assembly club. The first meeting for the appointment of officers, etc. was held last week in the parlors of the Hotel Brunswick and the following officers elected: E. B. Chandler, M. D., the president, S. W. Palmer, vice president, E. Clarke, treasurer, E. H. Stinson, secretary. Ladies committee, Mrs. R. A. Borden, Mrs. J. R. Bruce, Mrs. F. W. Sumner, Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith, Mrs. E. B. Chandler, Mrs. L. Somers, Mrs. C. F. Hanington, Mrs. R. W. Howson, Mrs. George McSweeney. Gentlemen's committee Judge Well, Messrs. S. J. Plunkitt, Dr. C. A. Murray, R. W. Simpson, A. E. Wilkinson, H. Hamilton, A. E. McSweeney, L. C. Harris and A. G. Bishop. The rules drawn up were simple in the extreme, the number of dances to be given being limited to three, the dues for the season to be three dollars for gentlemen, the ladies undertaking to provide refreshments as their contribution to the general fund. The first assembly dance will be held in Egan's hall next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. S. Marie returned last week from a visit to her mother, Mrs. H. W. Thorne, of St. John. Miss Constance Chandler of Dorchester who has been spending the holiday season with her sister, Mrs. Howson of this city returned home yesterday. Miss Chandler's effective rendering of the solo "Oh Rest in the Lord," during the offertory, was a very pleasing feature of the service in St. George's Church on Sunday evening, her full, sweet contralto voice being especially suited to sacred music. Miss Hayward, of St. John, is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Givan, of King Street. Mr. George McSweeney left town last week, to spend a few days with friends in Chatham. Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Britton returned last week from their bridal trip to Montreal, Mrs. Britton is receiving her guests this week at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Charles Frirweather, of Fleet Street.

Miss Jean Johnson, who has been spending the holidays at her home in Truro, returned to Moncton on Friday. Miss Ethel Ponder of St. John, is spending a week in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss Ward of Fleet street. Miss Mary Emmerson and Miss Emily Willis of Sackville, are visiting friends in town. Miss Foshy of Sussex, is spending the winter with Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harris of Queen street. Mrs. A. E. Atkinson of Backville, who has been visiting her mother Mrs. Elsie Botsford of this city, left town on Wednesday for Vancouver to join her husband who has settled in the vicinity of Vancouver. Mrs. Atkinson was accompanied by her little son, and her numerous friends in Moncton, while regretting her departure, will join in wishing her all happiness and prosperity in her new home.

Miss Hamilton returned last week from Dorchester, where she has been spending the Christmas holidays with her parents, Judge and Mrs. Hamilton. Mr. Mayne Archibald returned on Monday to Picton Academy, after spending the Christmas vacation at his home in Moncton. Miss Humphrey of Spring Hill who has been spending the Christmas holidays in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. O'Connell of Adams street returned home last week. Mrs. F. F. Brown returned last Wednesday from a sick weeks visit to relatives in England. Mrs. Brown was accompanied by her daughter, the Misses Mary and Midge Brown, who have been finishing their education in Switzerland. Miss Elith Holstead of Waltham Hospital Mass. who has been spending the Christmas holidays at her home in this city, left on Thursday to resume her duties at the hospital.

Mr. W. C. Boss of Halifax, spent Saturday and Sunday in town, the guest of Mrs. C. F. Campbell, of Fleet street. The many friends of Miss May Flanagan who was so severely burned last winter by the falling of a lamp will be glad to hear that she has returned home from Montreal where she has been under treatment at Victoria Hospital for the past three months greatly improved in health. The Misses Flanagan reached home on New Year's morning and are being warmly welcomed by their friends. Miss Barnea of Newton Mass., Hospital is spending a few days in town, the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. William Barnea of Botsford street. Mr. and Mrs. W. Hewson and Miss Constance Chandler returned on New Year's day from Amherst, whether they had gone to attend a very brilliant (Continued on Another Page.)

WELCOME SOAP Monthly Missing Word Contest. THE Correct missing word for December was "CAREFUL" and the winners were: Miss Penny Reed, Margville, N. B. First Prize \$15.00 Cash. Mrs. Withersall, Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B. Second Prize, 1.00. Mrs. John McE. Morrison, 7 Golding Street, St. John, N. B. Third Prize, 3.00. All Housekeepers should use Welcome Soap. Be sure and try a guess this month. The same sentence will be used for December, but the missing word will be changed. \$25.00 Cash prizes for the Correct Word. CONDITIONS - The name and address must be written plainly with all guesses at the missing word sent in. Each guess must be accompanied by 25 "Welcome" Soap Wrappers (otherwise they will not be considered). At the end of each month the guesses will be submitted to a disinterested, responsible and representative Committee, who will decide, awarding prizes as follows: A FIRST PRIZE OF \$15.00 in CASH. A SECOND " " " 7.00 " " " A THIRD " " " 3.00 " " " TOTAL, \$25.00 CASH. All others sending in guesses as above will receive one of our handsome Premium Engravings of their own selection. This sentence with correct missing word and result will be published promptly at the end of each month. WELCOME SOAP CO. St. John, N. B. N. B. Words already used are - Ideal, Bright, Wise, Thorough and Careful. Do not repeat.

Domestic Economy. If you are trying to manage the household expenses with frugality - if you are trying to guard against loss or waste in the Cocoa you save - then try Fry's Concentrated Cocoa. Besides its delicate flavor and rich nutritious healthfulness, it goes further cup for cup, because of its concentrated strength and easy solubility. Prudent housewives use it - Best. Fry's Cocoa. grocers sell it.

The St. John Millinery College. 85 Germain Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B. Offers a thorough, Practical, Scientific and Complete course of High grade work. LADIES DESIRING TO LEARN THE ART OF MILLINERY for a personal accomplishment or as a means of livelihood, will do well to call on, or address, for full particulars. Write for circular. THE ST. JOHN MILLINERY COLLEGE.

Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines. Interchangeable Parts. Large Bearings. Simplest and Best Governor. ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., - - AMHERST.

The Patent Felt Mattress, \$15.00. is equal to the best \$40.00 Mattress in cleanliness, durability and comfort. THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN COMPANY, Limited, 290 Guy St., Montreal, Que. Samples at Mr. W. A. Cookson's St. John.

When You Order..... PELEE ISLAND WINES BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. E. G. SCOVILL, Agent Pelee Wine Co. PELEE WINE, which I am delighted to say has had the desired effect. It is the greatest tonic of the age. I think to much credit to say that I procured some of it should be without it. We have recommended it to several suffering from La Grippe and Debility with like good results. I am yours gratefully. JOHN C. CLOWES. Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It. E. G. SCOVILL, Commission Merchant, 62 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

- C. S. DeFERRAS, Brunswick street
Barrington street
CLIFFORD SMITH, 111 Hollis street
LANE & CO., George street
FOWLER & DUNCAN, Opp. I. C. R. Depot
CANADA NEWS CO., Railway Depot
G. J. KLEIN, Gosselin street
H. SILVER, Dartmouth N. S.
J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. S.
Queen Bookstore, 109 Hollis St.

During last week there were numerous teas and many children's parties. A number of little ones were entertained at the residence of Mrs. F. Jones, the majority of whom were in fancy costume.

It is reported in military circles that General Montgomery-Moore will be succeeded on this station in May next by Colonel Leach. It is to be hoped that the report is well founded, as the appointment would be a very popular one, in so far as Halifax is concerned. Colonel Leach left Halifax on the steamer Parisian for Liverpool. During the voyage he fell on the icy deck and broke one of his arms, which was set by the surgeon of the ship.

Mrs. Arnold, wife of Major Arnold, and child, left lately for England.

An unusually large number paid their respects to the lieutenant-governor on New Year's day. The callers were received in the drawing room. Light refreshments were served in the room adjoining, which was prettily decorated with flowers and ferns. After the levee his honor called upon General Montgomery-Moore. Arch-bishop O'Brien had no levee, nevertheless a large number called on him. His Grace is not in the best of health.

Miss Armstrong, daughter of Colonel Armstrong of St. John, is the guest of Miss Edwards, daughter of R. H. Edwards, Hollis street.

A large number were at the exhibition rink Wednesday evening on the occasion of the opening of the season of the private evening party. The ice was in good condition and music excellent.

The date fixed for the wedding of Miss Smith, daughter of the late Edward Smith, and Mr. Thorne, formerly in the Bank of Nova Scotia here, is January 12. The bride will wear a very handsome white satin dress. Mr. Thorne is in Halifax at present. The ceremony will be performed in St. Andrew's church at 11.30 a. m. by Rev. Dr. Black.

Last week there was a dinner at the residence of Judge Henry, South street. Those present were Colonel Kingscott, Mrs. Daly, James and Mrs. Morrow, and members of the household.

Mrs. (Colonel) Collard had two pleasant teas during the week. The Colonel has become very popular on this station, and it will be pleasant news to many to know that he will not be relieved for four years. The present personal staff of General Montgomery Moore will leave Halifax in May.

The officers of the Leinster regiment with their friends have formed a skating club. Friday the party, including General Montgomery-Moore, enjoyed a skate on the First lake, Dartmouth.

The report in a contemporary that Captain Semini, who succeeded Major Waldron on this station as deputy assistant adjutant general, would leave Halifax in the spring, is not correct. Captain Semini will remain here three years longer.

It is reported that in society circles that the engagement of a military officer and a young lady residing in a country town, is soon to be announced. The couple first met last summer on H. M. S. Crescent. The young lady has wealth and beauty.

Lady Fisher and the Misses Fisher will not come to Halifax from Bermuda on H. M. S. Rowena. A letter received recently from Bermuda by a lady states that they will likely arrive in Halifax at least one month earlier than the Rowena.

Colonel Wilkinson had two dinners last week—one on Tuesday evening and the other on Thursday



Behind every great man you will find a great mother. Behind every great man you will find a healthy mother. A child's physical and mental welfare depend to a tremendous degree upon the mother's condition during the period of gestation. If, during these critical months, the mother suffers from weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity, the chances are that her child will be weak, puny and sickly, with the seeds of serious disease already implanted in its little body at birth. If the mother, during the interesting period, suffers from the abnormal mental states which recur periodically with women who are weak in a womanly way, these conditions will impress themselves upon the mind of the child.

Every woman wants children who are both physically and mentally healthy. Every woman may have that kind of children if she will take proper care of herself in a womanly way. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for prospective mothers. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the brunt of maternity. It makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the shattered nerves. It banishes the usual discomforts of the critical period, and makes baby's introduction to the world easy and almost painless. It insures the little new comer's health and a bountiful supply of nourishment.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. For paper-covered copy send 31 cent stamp to cover customs and mailing only. Cloth binding, 50 stamps. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

evening. Those present on Tuesday evening were Major and Mrs. Yoland, Mr. Walker, R. E. Edward Kenny, Captain and Mrs. Leithbridge. The guests on Thursday evening were Captain and Mrs. Kent, Captain and Mrs. Clarkson and others. An other dinner is to be given Tuesday by Colonel Wilkinson.

There was a dinner at the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Amatruther-Duncan on New Year's eve. Those invited included Major and Mrs. Hodson, Surgeon Colonel McWaters and Mrs. McWaters. There was a very enjoyable dinner and card party at the residence of Major Yoland, Friday evening.

TRURO.

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

JAN. 5.—The first of the contemplated series of quadrille assemblies in the Merchants Bank building last Tuesday night was a great success. The very popular and competent chaperons to whom so much credit is due for the success of the evening were, Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, Mrs. Cyrus Archibald, Mrs. J. J. Taylor, Mrs. A. C. Patterson and Mrs. U. W. Crowe. Among those present were, Dr. and Mrs. Yorston, the latter wearing a lovely gown of heavy figured pink silk, very becoming.

Miss Yorston, in pink silk with chiffon overdress. Miss Hilyard, Fredericton, is the guest of Mrs. A. D. Wetmore was very much admired and looked lovely in a toilette of cream surah silk with pink trimmings and embroidered sash of puid chiffon.

Miss Thompson, Newcastle, N. B., was very charming in a pretty soft frock of white dotted mull befrilled and trimmed with white satin ribbon, a corsage and shoulder bouquet of crimson roses and maiden hair fern, completed a most becoming toilette.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. F. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Miss Snook, Misses Bigelow, Miss Dauphine, Misses Somerville, Miss Hensley, Miss Robbins, Misses Thomas, Miss Bessie Smith, Miss Mavis Smith, Miss Jean Crowe, Misses Nelson, Miss McDonald, Miss Margaret Leckie, in a lovely gown of turquoise blue silk; Miss Florence Leckie, Miss Dodwell, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wilson, Mrs. Fred Prince, Miss Wetmore, Miss L. Hockin, Messrs. A. C. Patterson, G. H. Williams, J. J. Taylor, H. W. Crowe, W. F. McKay, R. G. Leckie, G. A. Hall, W. Lawrence, F. Snook, H. V. Bigelow, P. E. Webster, J. Stanfield, V. Jamieson, W. Smith, H. McLaughlin, O. A. Hornsby, R. Hanson.

Miss Josephine Dauphine from Liverpool Queens Co., is a guest at Mrs. J. E. Bigelow's.

Miss Bessie Smith, Dartmouth is visiting the Misses Thomas.

Mrs. A. D. Wetmore and her guest Miss Hilyard, Fredericton enjoyed a day or two outing in Halifax last week.

Mrs. C. P. Morgan gave a very pleasant evening to a number of young people last Tuesday, at her charming home Brookside. Most of the young guests were from town and among them were, the Misses Minnie McKenzie, Josie Somerville, Jennie Flemming, Ina Clair, George Blair, Nella Cutten, Nellie Stanfield, Ethel Blanchard, Mabel McCurdy, Dolly Chipman, Allie Gladwin, Mabel Murray, Dan Smith, John Hay, Jamie McRoberts, Kenneth McKenzie, Frank Dickie, Leonard O'Brien, George Thomas, Henry McCurdy, Herbie Smith. Dancing was the chief diversion, an elaborate lunch was served about eleven, shortly after which adieux were said.

M. Campbell McDonald, Halifax, is a guest of Mrs. D. J. Thomas.

Miss Gillespie, Parresboro, is also the guest of the same hospitable house.

Mrs. Vannon entertained eleven tables of whist last Thursday evening. The following were present:—Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Layrance, Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson, Dr. and Mrs. Randal, Dr. and Mrs. Yorston, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Tramine, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Moorman, Mr. and Mrs. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Prince, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Black, Miss Cook, Sackville; Mr. McRoberts Miss Delaney, Miss Francis Yull, Capt. Yull, Bible Hill; Rev. M. Hencroft, Windsor; Dr. McKay, J. J. Snook. Mrs. D. B. Cummings won the ladies first prize and Mr. Porter the gentlemen's first.

Miss Dodwell, daughter of provincial engineer Dodwell who has been visiting the Misses Leckie, at Scriverley, returned home last Saturday.

The large dance given last Thursday night by Mrs. Wm. Craig to Miss Let's friends, was the most elaborate and successful young affair since the Junior Bachelor function. The Irish orchestra provided music, and it is needless to add, that to the large number of young people present, the evening was a delightful one.

The Misses Thomas entertained six tables of whist last night; cards were followed by dancing, which was kept up well into the small hours. Among those present beside the house party, were, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Gourley, Misses Bigelow, Misses Snook, Miss Dauphine, Miss Ida Bishop, Misses Butchart, W. D. Dimock, Messrs. Vernon, G. A. Hall, F. Stanfield, O. A. Hornsby, G. Williams, F. L. Cotton.

Miss Doggett is visiting friends in Halifax this week.

Mr. Percy Blakemore, Glace Bay, C. B., is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Albert Black gave a small whist party last Friday night, New Year's Eve, in honour of her guest, Miss Cook. The following made up the four tables, Dr. and Mrs. Black, Dr. and Mrs. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wilson, Mrs. A. D. Wetmore, Miss Hilyard, Miss Butchart, Miss Kitty Butchart, Mr. C. B. Coleman, J. D. Ross.

Mr. George Ambrose is enjoying the Kings college recess, in town a guest of Dr. and Mrs. Randal. FRG.

ANAGANOC.

JAN.—5.—Mrs. C. N. Price and children of Morston spent last week with her sister Mrs. Davidson at the depot.

Mrs. R. B. Colwell and children of 'Apple Hill' went to St. John on Monday for a month to visit Mr. and Mrs. Colwell on Duke street.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Byard McLeod on the arrival of a baby daughter at their home.

Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. Price spent last Wednesday in St. John.

Miss Julia McNaughton was visiting relatives in Salisbury during the holidays.

Mrs. A. N. Stockton was visiting in Sussex last week.

Mrs. George Davidson entertained a few friends to tea last Thursday evening in honor of her guests Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Price. Among the number present were Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hanson, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Price, Petticoat, Mrs. Hanson, St. Andrews, and the Misses Emma and Jennie Price of Truro.

Mr. Gilbert Davidson of St. John is visiting relatives at the depot. Miss Nellie Arnold and Mr. Heber Arnold of St. John are visiting at their grandmothers, Mrs. Susan Kinnear at Fortage.

Mr. Cliff Price, Miss Annie Webster and Mr. R. B. Colwell spent Sunday in 'Apple Hill'. Miss Frankie Kierstead of Hartford, Conn., is visiting friends in Corn Hill.

Mrs. Davidson spent New Year's day in Petticoat-lac with her friends, Mrs. Rupert Hanson, Mr. McArthur of St. John is visiting friends in town.

Miss Black of Johnston, Queens Co., has taken charge of the school here for the present term. Mrs. Lester McCully, Mrs. E. J. Harrington, and Miss Emma Boyle spent part of the festive season with friends in Moncton. MOSQURO.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

Progress is for sale in St. Stephen at the book stores of G. S. Wall, E. S. Atchison and J. Vroom & Co. In Calais at O. F. Treat's.

JAN. 5.—New Year's day was ushered in with a fine snow storm which quickly made good sleighing, and as the day was a holiday on both sides of the St. Croix everyone who could command a horse and sleigh could be seen enjoying a ride. Main street in Calais was gay with turnouts all day, and in the afternoon owners of fast horses indulged in numerous trials of speed as they drove up and down from North to South street.

Miss Flora Cooke gave an At Home on New Year's afternoon which I hear was a most pleasant affair. The house was prettily adorned with flowers for the occasion and the refreshments served were most dainty and delicious.

Mrs. Charles W. King gave a dinner party on Friday evening for the entertainment of Judge Wells of Moncton, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Young, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Woods. The Harmony club which is devoted entirely to classic music held their first meeting for this season this afternoon at the residence of the president of the club Mrs. George J. Clarke.

A most delightful outing was given last Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. W. F. Todd for the pleasure of her daughter Miss Winifred Todd and her young friends. At two o'clock picnic wagons loaded with young people drove out to "Upton Lodge" a log cabin built in the woods near the Valley road by Hon. George F. Hill, to enjoy a winter picnic. The "Lodge" is a very picturesque building, built entirely of logs, it boasts only of one room, but it is a spacious one, and at the end opposite the entrance is a large chimney and fire place built of large blocks of granite, the fire place admitted a stick of wood four feet in length, and when piled high with birch logs, the fire is a most beautiful sight. There are also a huge pair of iron andirons that were once the property of the late Admiral Owen of Campbell, arranged with an iron crane and split. The "Lodge" is furnished with chairs, tables and lamps, besides cooking utensils, and is a most delightful place to lunch for snowshoes or toboggan parties. Mr. Hill, with his usual generosity, is always willing to lend it for pleasure parties. On the arrival of Mrs. Todd's guests, after viewing the beauties of the Lodge they went for a long walk to "Gaspereux Castle" as the camp is styled, that is built for the convenience of the wood cutters employed by Mr. Hill in winter in cutting the trees in the surrounding woodland. When they returned to the "Lodge" supper was served and afterwards the lively game of blindman's-buff ruled the hour, and it was not until ten o'clock that the picnic wagons appeared to take them back to town and home. The guests who enjoyed this novel and happy party were, the Misses Constance Chipman, Edith Delandst, Berta Teed, Helen Grant, Alice Bates, Margaret Back, Grace Delandst, Alice DeWolfe, Winifred Todd, Mabel Algar, Esther Black, Sarah Hill, Gretchen Vroom, and Messrs. Arthur Chipman and Archibald Cooke of St. John, Hon. George F. Hill and Mr. W. F. Todd, drove out to supper, and Mrs. C. H. Clerke and Miss Mary Abbot accompanied Mrs. Todd to assist her in entertaining her young guests. Mr. Arthur Hill and his young son Upton, were also guests at supper.

The current News club, which for the past few years has been so popular and enjoyable, held the first meeting of this winter at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Lawson on Tuesday evening of next week.

A most delightful 'German' was given on New Year's Eve by Mrs. Henry Graham for the pleasure of her daughter Miss Alice Graham. The guests were from St. Stephen and Calais, who vigorously and gaily danced and waited the old year out and the New Year in. The home was prettily adorned with flowers for the occasion, and ribbons and flowers were used for favors. Supper was served at a late hour and it was long early morning before the guests with hearty New Year wishes bade the Collector and Mrs. Graham and their family adieu, and departed to their respective homes.

Mrs. Fredric L. Ham entertained the Ladies Society of the Union church at her home on Wednesday afternoon. A picnic supper was enjoyed.

Mr. W. F. Todd left on Monday night for Ottawa.

Mrs. Frederic T. Waite arrived home on Monday after an absence of seven months, spent chiefly at Clifton Springs for the benefit of her health. Mrs. Waite comes home much improved in health.

Mr. Will Mitchell of Portland Maine arrived in Calais on Monday.

Rev. O. S. and Mrs. Newnam on New Year's Day entertained a party of young ladies and gentlemen of the congregation of Christ church at dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dehli McLaughlin are expected home from their wedding journey on Saturday and will receive their friends on Tuesday and Wednesday, the eleventh and twelfth of January, at the residence of Mrs. Meredith.

The Curlers enjoyed a very pleasant game on New Year's afternoon. It being the annual trial between the president's and vice-president's teams. The president's team were the lucky one. Enthusiasm ran high during the hours of the game. On New Year's evening skating was enjoyed at the curling rink.

The Sunday Schools of Christ church and Trinity church enjoyed christmas trees in their respective school rooms on Thursday and Friday evenings. There were presents for all the scholars and teachers. Rev. O. S. Newnam rector of Christ church was presented with a valuable gold ring and a number of other gifts from his congregation, and Rev. Fredric Robertson received a purse of gold and was also remembered in various other presents from his congregation.

Miss Sara Coggins is visiting her relatives Mr. and Mrs. Percy L. Lord.

Lady Tiley returned to St. John last week. Miss Beatrice Frink and Miss Myra Frink, St. John, are visiting Mrs. James T. Stevens.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Eaton and their children, James and Muriel who spent the holiday season in Milltown with Mrs. Eaton's father Mr. James Murchie, have returned to their home in Princeton.

Mr. Archibald Cook of St. John spent the past week in town.

Miss Mattie Harris has gone to Portland, Maine, to spend two or three weeks.

Among the gentlemen in town who are contemplating a visit to the Klondyke early in the spring are, Messrs W. F. Todd, G. E. Flander and Dr. S. T. Whitney.

Mrs. Willard C. King has been quiet ill during this week with a severe cold much to the regret of her numerous friends.



Vapo-Cresoleme. Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh. Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. "Have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have instructed every family under my direction to secure one." "It is of great value in Diphtheria." "It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive." Sold by all druggists. VAPO-CRESOLEME CO. 60 WALL ST., N. Y., City.

Mr. McKay of Edmundston spent New Year's day in town, the guest of Judge Stevens at Hawthorne Hall.

Miss Helen Newton has returned to Salem on Monday.

Miss Daisy Hanson arrived from Fredericton on Monday evening after a ten days visit with her parents in that city.

Miss Gertrude Eaton is at home again after a visit of several weeks in Fredericton where she was the guest of Mrs. Fredric Edgecombe.

Miss May Carter was warmly welcomed by her friends and pupils on her return here on Saturday. Miss Carter has been absent for the past six months visiting relatives in New York city.

Mrs. Thomas, Miss Nettie Thomas and Mr. Rand who were Mr. Henry Hills Christmas guests, have returned to their home in Nova Scotia.

Mrs. C. H. Newton and family who have been at their city home in Calais since the death of her husband will this week return to her winter home in Red Beach.

Mrs. A. E. Neill left this morning for Boston where she will spend this month visiting friends.

Mrs. Archibald MacNichol and Miss Helen MacNichol are in Boston where they will spend the rest of the winter months with Mr. and Mrs. Albert Forbes Conant of Arlington street.

Judge Wells of Moncton who was the guest of his aunt Mrs. Edwin C. Young during the past week has returned to his home.

Miss Helen Parks left on Monday for Providence Rhode Island.

Mr. Richard W. Sawyer has returned to Bangor after a short but pleasant visit in Calais.

Miss Agnes Lowell of Agoniz, Pa., who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. George A. Lowell has returned to Ogontz this week.

Much to the regret of his friends and family Mr. W. H. Clark still continues quite ill.

Mr. Edgar M. Robinson has been in St. John this week and also in Moncton attending the boys convention of the Y. M. C. A., a work to which Mr. Robinson is interested and devotes much time to.

Miss Martie Nichols has gone to Newton, Mass. to visit her cousin Miss Alice Chesley.

Mr. John M. Stevens of Edmundston is spending a few days in town.

Dr. and Mrs. S. T. Whitney on Monday evening gave a pleasant whist party at their residence. The invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Will Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Murchie, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Todd, and Mr. and Mrs. James G. Stevens.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trimble were passengers on the C. P. R. on Monday morning for New York city it being the season of the year Mr. Trimble takes a vacation.

Rev. Dr. McKenzie left this morning for Chatham where he will spend a fortnight.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL.

DEC. 31.—The chief event recently was the dance given to celebrate the close of the first term of St. Andrew's school. The advent and progress of this institution have been watched with great interest by our citizens, many of whom allow their children to attend as day scholars. Mr. and Mrs. Bradford moved here from Windsor in July last, and occupied the house known hitherto as the 'Ritchie house'—the largest in Annapolis, and certainly among the largest and best in the province. A great deal of money was spent in plumbing, fitting up bath-rooms and hot and cold water in all the bedrooms; also laying a cricket-field, tennis-courts etc. and last but not least, in fitting up a gymnasium—a room 60 ft by 40 ft, containing some valuable apparatus imported from England. There have been 17 boarders and 11 day pupils in attendance during the past term, and everything has worked most successfully, so that all present at the dance—and there were about 120—felt that it was an entirely appropriate finish to a hard term's work. As to the dance itself, there was plenty of room, three large floors to dance on, and a whist room, good music, and lots of young people and pretty dresses; all agreed it was the jolliest dance seen in Annapolis for many years past. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Oland, Miss Oland, Miss Jago, Dartmouth; Mr. G. W. Huggill and Miss B. Locke, Halifax; Rev. G. and Misses Lockward, Clements-port; Miss Sutherland, Truro; Miss Johns, Yarmouth; Rev. H. and Mrs. deBlais, Rev. H. How Rev. Father Summers, Judge and Mrs. Savary J. Ude and Mrs. Owen, Mr. W. M. deBlais, Mr. G. B. Mills, M. F., and Mrs. and Miss Mills, Mrs. and Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Corbit, Mr. and Miss Arnaud, Mr. and Misses Frank Whitman, Mr. West, Mrs. Stalling, Miss Godfrey, Miss Fillet, Weymouth; Mr. and Mrs. Harris and Mr. and Mrs. MacCormick.

Walter Baker & Co., of Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A., have given years of study to the skillful preparation of cocoa and chocolate, and have devised machinery and systems peculiar to their methods of treatment, whereby the purity, palatability, and highest nutrient characteristics are retained. Their preparations are known the world over and have received the highest endorsements from the medical practitioner the nurse, and the intelligent house-keeper and caterer. There is hardly any food product which may be so extensively used in the household in combination with other foods as cocoa and chocolate; but here again we urge the importance of purity and nutrient value, and these important points, we feel sure, may be relied upon in Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb Carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first class grocers.

Elegant Ribbons

Seems to be the most fitting phrase to apply to the New York RIBBONS now on display here. We can safely say that at no other time has the critical RIBBON BUYER ever been asked to see a more attractive assortment. Attractive in Superb Finish, Startling and Beautiful Color Blendings, and that indefinable charm that comes from Highest Grade Pure Silk Quality. For Christmas Presents these Ribbons will make

- STOCK BOWS
FOUR-IN-HAND-TIES,
...AND...
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
and clever Milliners are ready to make the Bows Free of Charge.

Parisian . . 163 Union St., ST. JOHN.

Puttner's Emulsion

Excellent for babies, nursing mother's growing children, and all who need nourishing and strengthening treatment.

Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

CROCKETT'S . . . CATARRH CURE!

A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by

THOMAS A CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Tongues and Sounds Received this day—3 bbls. Codfish Tongues and Sounds. Wholesale and Retail at 19 and 23 King Squars.

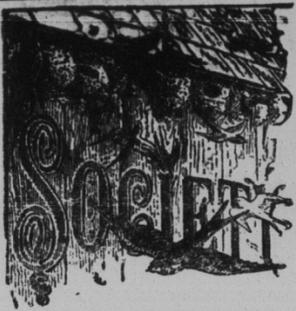
J. D. TURNER.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock.

TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Leitchinsky" Method; also "Synthe System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK

PURSES. We have just received a nice stock of English Purse, Card Cases, Cigarette Cases, etc. ALSO Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Solid Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Eye Glasses and Spectacles. See our stock at

FERGUSON & PAGE 41 KING STREET.



(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Jan. 5.—The F. C. B. church was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday last at twelve o'clock when Rev. C. T. Phillips united in the bonds of matrimony Miss Addie Phillips and Mr. John R. Allan of Lydon.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Hill and little daughter returned yesterday from Montreal where they have been spending the Christmas holidays.

Messrs. Edward and Eugene McWeeney returned on Monday to St. Joseph's college Memramook after spending the holidays at their home in Moncton.

Mr. A. L. Hillson, former station agent here, left by the C.P.R. on Saturday for the northwest, where it is understood he has secured a lucrative position.

Mr. Hillson was always a most painstaking courteous and efficient official and his numerous friends in Moncton will join in wishing him every success in his new field of usefulness.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Harris returned yesterday morning from their wedding journey through Upper Canada.

WOODSTOCK.

[Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. L. Loane & Co.]

Jan. 5.—The F. C. B. church was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Wednesday last at twelve o'clock when Rev. C. T. Phillips united in the bonds of matrimony Miss Addie Phillips and Mr. John R. Allan of Lydon.

The bride was charmingly attired in a wedding dress of cream silk, on train, with regulation train and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of cream roses and smilax. She was attended by her cousin Miss Alma Phillips who wore a costume of light green silk and white net and carried a bouquet of pink carnations and smilax.

The groom was supported by Mr. Harry Phillips. The church was artistically decorated with greenery, plants and flowers, a pretty floral bell of white and green was suspended over the spot where the bride party stood.

After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Phillips with whom Mrs. Allan has been spending the last six months, Mr. and Mrs. Allan left by the C. P. Express for their future home in Lydon, followed by the best wishes of hosts and friends.

Mrs. John Stewart entertained a number of young people the friends of the Misses Ethel and Daisy Stewart most pleasantly on Monday evening. Dancing and games were the principal amusements.

Those present were, Misses Vera Connell, Maude Wright, Hazel Welch, Rosa Dibblee, Jessie Watt, Maude Dibblee, Annie Cole, L. Drysdale, Agnes Green, Bessie Neales, M. Collins, F. Camber, Lillias Sanderson, B. Sanderson, G. Connell, N. Gabela, Messrs. R. Welch, R. G. Abel, A. Connell, H. Drysdale, F. Dickinson, J. Dibblee, C. Watson, E. Watt, H. Smith, A. Hay, S. Carr, K. Connell, G. Connell and W. Drysdale.

Mrs. John Watt entertained the friends of her daughter Jessie most pleasantly at a progressive crokinole party on Tuesday evening. Those present were Miss Ethel Baird, Miss Vera Connell, Miss Maude Wright, Miss Estelle Dalling, Miss Hazel Welch, Miss Rose Dibblee, Miss Katie McAfee, Miss Katie Rankin, Miss A. Corbett, Miss F. Camber, Miss Beatrice Aughterton, Miss Margaret Stewart, Miss Maude Dibblee, Miss Gusie Connell, Miss Bessie McLaughlin, Miss Miriam Colter, Miss Bessie Sanderson, Miss Lillias Sanderson, Miss Annie Graham, Miss Nellie Phillips, Miss Nellie Gabel, Messrs. Sabine Carr, Kenneth Connell, H. Drysdale, E. Smith, F. Dickinson, Arthur Hay, Jack Dibblee, H. Sanders, A. Kirkpatrick, H. Gabel, C. Watson, A. Phillips, C. Hay, Gordon Connell, Clifford Dalling, H. McLaughlin and C. Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Jordan entertained a number of friends very pleasantly at a drive whist party on Thursday evening. Nine tables were placed, and a lively competition made for the prizes.

Mrs. G. B. Mazzer won the ladies first prize, Mr. J. S. Leighton the gentlemen's first. The consolation prizes were won by Miss F. Phillips and Mr. Donald Peabody.

Supper was served about twelve o'clock. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. George Balmain, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wetmore, Truro; Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Munro, Dr. and Mrs. Manzer, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Peabody, Mrs. J. N. W. Windlow, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Newcombe, Miss Hazel, Miss Duncan, Miss Bell, St. John; Miss C. Bull, Miss B. Neales, Miss B. Dibblee, Miss C. Smith, Miss F. Phillips, Miss F. Smith, Miss Peabody, Messrs. C. Peabody, F. Watson, G. Wetmore, LeB. Dibblee, H. Phillips, J. S. Leighton, D. Peabody, J. J. Bull and C. Watson.

Miss Fannie Smith gave a very pleasant dancing party on Wednesday evening last at her father's residence. Those present were, Miss Peabody, Miss C. Smith, Miss E. Smith, Miss Lily Jordan, Miss Edith Jordan, Miss R. Ketchum, Miss F. Wetmore, Miss E. Flagg, Miss Edith Flagg, Miss H. Welch, Miss A. Wilkinson, Miss E. Hay, Miss B. Wilkinson, Miss A. Bull, Miss B. Williams, Miss C. Bourne, Messrs. C. Wetmore, C. Peabody, S. Bull, J. E. Fiewelling, A. Connell, D. Peabody, R. Welch, P. Bourne, J. Bourne, O. Wetmore, F. Smith, C. Everett.

Miss Gusie Connell entertained a large number of her friends most pleasantly at a dancing party on Friday evening last at her father's residence. A most enjoyable evening was spent. Supper was served about twelve o'clock. Those present were Miss Fannie Wetmore, Miss Fannie Smith, Miss Bertha Williams, Miss Ethel Stewart, Miss Daisy Stewart, Miss Maude Dibblee, Miss Annie Graham, Miss Beatrice Aughterton, Miss Rose Dibblee, Miss Vera Connell, Miss Maude Wright, Miss Hazel Welch, Miss Jessie Watt, Miss Lillias Sanderson, Miss Bessie Sanderson, Miss Ethel Baird, Miss Katie Rankin, Miss Hilda Bourne, Miss Kathleen Bourne, Miss Blanche Dibblee, Miss Nellie Gabel, Miss Rowena Ketchum, Messrs. S. T. Wetmore, A. Connell, J. Dibblee, H. Drysdale, K. Connell, S. Carr, F. Dickinson, A. Connell, G. Connell, H. Watt, H. Wright, J. Fiewelling, A. Hay, B. F. McKay, LeB. Dibblee, Raymond Gabel, Vernon Lamb, Claude Aughterton, Percy Bourne, Norman Loane and B. Welch.

Mrs. F. B. Greene entertained a party of the friends of her daughter Miss Agnes on Wednesday evening last. Crokinole was the chief amusement those present were Misses Daby Stewart, B. McLaughlin, G. Dalling, J. Watt, M. Dibblee, K. McAfee, A. Corbett, N. Gabela, Messrs. J. Dibblee, H. Watt, C. Watson, S. Carr, J. Coy, H. Drysdale, M. Gillen, K. Connell, A. Hay and H. Saunders.

Insist

Upon having just what you call for when you go to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla. There is no substitute for Hood's. It is an insult to your intelligence to try to sell you something else. Remember that all efforts to induce you to buy an article you do not want, are based simply

Upon

the desire to secure more profit. The dealer or clerk who does this cares nothing for your welfare. He simply wants your money. Do not permit yourself to be deceived. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And only Hood's. It is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

J. E. Munro left for Pictou Wednesday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wetmore, Truro, spent New Year's the guests of Mrs. Munro, Mrs. Wetmore will remain in Woodstock a few weeks.

Miss Jennie Beattie of St. John spent a week at the "Grove" with her sisters.

J. E. Fiewelling spent New Year's at Centreville the guest of his father.

Miss Belle Smith spent New Year's in Hartland Miss Phillips, Miss M. Phillips, Miss D. Vanwart, Miss F. Phillips spent New Year's at Hartland.

Miss Coen spent New Year's at Fredericton.

F. J. Butler of St. John spent Tuesday in Woodstock.

Miss M. F. Duncan returned to Boston on Saturday morning.

W. Saunders of McGill, Montreal is spending the holidays at home.

SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.]

Last week was a season of Christmas trees and Sunday school treats. The Episcopal church held Thursday evening with a crowded schoolhouse, and a number of the parents and friends being present to witness the children's enjoyment. About seventy five scholars were provided for but the actual attendance on this occasion was much greater. The tree was prettily trimmed with pop corn and candy beads and made a brave show when all the candles were lighted. Carols were sung and recitations given by Misses Nora Higgins Olga Wootton and Gladys Willis, besides an amusing recital by Miss Emily Willis. After the distributing of bags of candy and oranges the rector announced that to young gentlemen staggering under the weighty titles of The Wizard of the North and Professor Polywog would give a magic lantern exhibition. Judging by the shrieks of delight the pictures were good, but not having the X rays I could not see through half a dozen forms; but it noise is any criterion the exhibition might be pronounced without any exaggeration of language a howling success. Among the visitors present was Mr. W. D. Dimmock of the Truro News.

A few days before Christmas the rector of St. Paul's was the recipient of a generous offering from the parishioners all of whom left a Xmas parcel at the door. Special thanks are due to those among whom are several of the leading merchants while not in any way connected with the church took this occasion to make Mr. Higgins and family a handsome present.

On Friday evening the Baptist Sunday school had their tree; and Saturday evening in spite of the bad weather the basement of the Methodist church was filled with the school children for their annual treat. The tree was hung with little Japanese lanterns and two hundred bags of candy and oranges and looked most attractive. The S. S. choir gave a chorus with a solo by Miss Carrie Weldon and a very pretty feature was the dolls hillyay sung and acted by Misses L. Pridham, O. Wootton, E. Borden, G. Borden, and H. Wootton. There were recitations by Misses M. Andrews, B. McLeod, and O. Wootton; and three small boys J. Hutton, B. Howard, and A. McDougall, dressed as brownies created a great deal of amusement. Santa Claus got up in a handsome sea skin made pecks of fun with his Christmas story of the dog that after being cut in two was put together with his hind legs in the air, and was run like a wheel barrow on which ever feet were not tired. I would recommend Santa Claus to get out a patent on this kind of dog and import them for the Klondike.

A very pleasant tea party was given last Wednesday by Mrs. Fred Dixon in honor of their next Dr. Crockett of Dalhousie. Those present at tea were Mrs. F. Humphrey, Mrs. Arthur Black, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dixon, Mr. Herbert Archibald, Miss Alma Gibson, Miss Amelia George, Miss Lillie Hart and Mr. Fred Hart. In the evening several more were invited among them Miss Lizzie Ogden, Mr. Walter Black, Mr. T. Black, and Mr. Robert King. Fruit was served at the close of the evening after a variety of games were enjoyed.

It is so long since we have had a dance, not since the ball in September, that the very delightful informal affair at the Hotel Brunswick on Thursday evening was all the more enjoyed on that account. The party was given by Mrs. King for Miss Estey of St. John, who is visiting her. The guests were: Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Moore, Miss Minnie Estabrookes, Miss Grace Fawcett, Miss Janie Fawcett, Miss Carlyle, Miss Wa lace, Miss Willis, Miss Edith Willis, Miss Bertie Ogden, and Messrs. Moore, B. Teed, Henderson, Gopp, Mowbray, Wheeler, Wallace, Chandler, C. Fawcett, and Dr. Sprague. The dancing was kept up with great spirit all the evening in the long dining room, the smooth floor of which affords great facilities for the "dancers, dancing in tune" and after a very delicious supper the amusement was resumed till a late hour.

New Year's was remarkable for its disagreeable weather, but many were out driving in spite of it and probably thought they were enjoying their holiday in the best possible manner. Such a blizzard arose in the afternoon as quite to discourage any idea of making calls on the part of the gentlemen excepting one or two who were gallant enough to brave the stormy blast and in consequence were

Short's Dyspepticure.

cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Biliousness, etc. 85cts. and \$1.00. from C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

crowded with an invisible halo by their hostesses. In the evening the Carriers were again hard at it with brooms and stones and the skaters were enjoying the excellent ice and the band.

Another entertainment was the large at home given by Mrs. Charles Ford as a farewell for Mr. Berton Ford before his return to Acadie college. The guests were Mrs. Hewett, Miss Lu's Ford, Miss Anderson, Miss Paterson, Miss Alice Hart, Miss Lillie Hart, Miss Lena Powell, Miss Pianchette, Miss Lee, Miss Jennie Richardson, Miss Lizzie Ogden, and Miss Thomas. The young men Messrs. Hewett, Fred Hart, W. Read, A. Lund, Colpitts, Lewis, Faulkner, A. Fowler, Blenheim, and F. Harrison. The evening passed in quickly in games of various kinds that all were surprised when supper time was announced by the appearance of oyster, chicken salad, cakes, ice cream, tea coffee, sherbert and other good things too numerous to mention.

On Monday afternoon the ladies of the Methodist missionary society met at Mrs. Brecken's for the usual monthly gathering. This was a particularly pleasant occasion, most interesting addresses were given by Mrs. Brecken and the music was led by Mrs. Wood. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

On Monday evening a few of the young people were entertained in an informal way by Miss Sprague at the Ladies college. Those present were Miss Manchester, Miss Katie Brecken, Miss Winnie Brecken, Miss Lillie Hart, Miss May Hart and Messrs. Cleg, H. Allison, Lucombe, Peck, F. Hart and Maddoch. The guests played some fifteen games of progressive crockons. The first prize, a box of chocolates was taken by Miss Winnie Brecken and Mr. Peck was the happy winner of the second prize an extremely diminutive doll. The little Misses Borden assisted in passing fruit and candy at the close of the games.

Principal and Mrs. Palmer entertained a few of their friends at tea on Monday.

Misses Dorothy and Florence Webb have been visiting friends in Halifax.

Professor Wootton played the organ in the Methodist church, last Sunday.

The Baptist pulpit was occupied on Sunday in Lower Sackville by Mr. Lewis.

Miss Thomas is visiting her sister Mrs. Daley at the Baptist parsonage.

Mr. Thompson Black returned on Monday to McGill college where he is taking a course in mechanical engineering.

Miss Mary Emmerson and Miss Emily Willis were the guests for a few days of Mrs. Samuel Hayward, Moncton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hart of Halifax are making a fortnight stay with their uncle Mr. Thos. Hart.

Mrs. Emmerson accompanies her sister Mrs. Jordan this week for a short visit in Petitcodiac.

The New Midgie Baptist church was opened on Sunday under most favorable auspices.

Mr. Herbert Archibald of Shediac has been visiting his mother Mrs. Harmon Humphrey.

Mr. John McMeekin is on a trip home from Boston.

Mr. F. Walker of the Merchants Bank, Newcastle was in town on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Cole leave this week for a warmer climate.

LADY OF SHALOTE.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.]

Jan. 4.—Mrs. W. D. Main and the Misses Main gave a very pleasant evening on New Year's and on Monday evening gave a small dance for their guest Miss Myrtle Roy of Dartmouth.

The Chiltern House dance which came off on Wednesday evening was a brilliant success and quite the prettiest and most interesting event that has been given here in a long time. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Fuller have the happy faculty of entertaining and their pretty home is so admirably arranged that there is no end of space and many inviting sitting out places. The rooms were prettily trimmed with evergreen and flowers and the music which was excellent was furnished by the guests. The hostess was gowned in black silk with corsage trimmings of blue silk and cream chiffon and was assisted in receiving by three fair debutantes; Miss Fuller, (to whom the dance was given) looked sweetly prettily in a white India silk trimmed with chiffon, Miss Love wore a dainty and very becoming frock of white organdie with trimmings of lace and ribbon and Miss Jean Sutcliffe looked ever so nice in a dress of white silk. With three such charming buds coming out at once I would scarcely dare venture an opinion as to who was the belle but positively there will not be a restier or more winsome trio presented for many a day to come.

Among the guests were many very elegant and stylish toilettes, but there have been so many festive events this week that I can give but a few of the most noticeable. Mr. Dr. McCully, Mr. Dr. Porter and Mrs. J. H. Silver three recent brides, were very pretty gowns of white silk, and Miss Main wore a pretty cream brocaded satin, Miss Given Main, a very handsome heliotrope that was very becoming, and Mrs. H. J. Logan was in a very pretty heliotrope silk. Mrs. (Dr.) Bliss looked exceptionally well in a toilette of pink silk, Miss Nellie Chapman and Miss Wilson also wore stylish gowns of pink silk prettily trimmed with chiffon and ribbons. Mrs. C. T. Hillson had on an elegant dress of black Lyons velvet, and Mrs. Robt. Pageley a pretty and stylish gown of black silk. Mrs. Hewson also wore a very becoming dress of black silk.

The guests were Mr and Mrs J. M. Townshead, Mr and Mrs O. W. Bliss, Mr and Mrs C. T. Hillson, Mr and Mrs N. Curry, Mr and Mrs (Dr.) Porter, Mr and Mrs Robt. Pageley, Mr and Mrs Hewson, Mr and Mrs W. H. Rogers, Mr and Mrs Sherman Rogers, Mr and Mrs H. J. Logan, Mr and Mrs Travis, Mr and Mrs D. W. Douglas, Mr and Mrs D. T. Chapman, Mr and Mrs Ingle Sent, Mr and Mrs H. R. McCully, Mr and Mrs Dickey, Mr and A. McColl, New Glasgow; Mrs James Dickey, Mrs J. H. Silver, Montreal; Mrs D. C. Allen, Miss Wilson, Misses Main, Misses Purdy, Miss Pipes, Miss Mitchell, Miss Chapman, Miss Elsie, Misses Tighe, Miss Brown, Miss Handford, Miss McLeod, Miss Jones, Miss Sutton, Windsor, Miss Davidson, Falmouth; Messrs T. Sayer, O. W. D. Wylie, Dr. McQueen, G. A. Munro, H. Main, J. Curry, Dick McLeod, Cecil Townshead, Farnsboro; Ted Hickman, Dorchester; Mr Copp, Sackville; Harry Smith, Halifax, B. E. Patterson, F. W. B. Moore, C. Purdy, H. Purdy, G. J. Rhodes, Garnet Hillcoat, Mr Benedict, Mr McLeod, Garret Chapman, J. Douglas, Maurice McKinnon.

Miss McFarland returned from St. John to spend the holidays with her parents at the Amherst.

Mrs. Powell of Dartmouth is paying a visit to Mrs. A. Robb Victoria street.

Miss Winnie Cove of Springhill is the guest of her cousin Miss Mabel Pugsley.

Miss Adda Purdy of St. John is in town visiting her many friends who are delighted to have her among them again.

Mr. Blair McLaughlin of Truro is spending a few days in town.

Mrs. J. M. Townshead gives a dance tomorrow evening for the young friend of Miss Townshead and Mrs. E. Biden entertains on Friday evening a number of guests for Miss Biden; dancing is in

Scoff and Cough.

The man who scoffs at friendly advice to "take something for that cough," will keep on coughing, until he changes his mind or changes his earthly residence. Singular, isn't it, how many stubborn people persist in gambling, with health as the stake, when they might be effectually cured of cough, cold, or lung trouble, by a few doses of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

* This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

order so the younger portion of society are having no end of pleasure.

Miss Murphy of Springhill is paying a visit to the Misses Sutcliffe Spruce Grove.

D. and Mrs. Hewson's dance at their home Maple Terrace on New Year's eve was a most enjoyable function given for their only daughter Miss Florence Hewson who has finished her education at Mount Allison and was introduced to the social world with much splendor; nothing was lacking on this festive occasion except a few gentlemen whose presence would have balanced matters more evenly but those who were present merrily danced the old year out and the New Year in. (The music was furnished by the Moncton Orchestra in a style which was very pleasing and inspiring; Mrs. Hewson wore a gown of black silk trimmed with lace and was assisted by Miss Hewson who made her debut in a very becoming and wondrously pretty gown of white silk draped with chiffon. Miss Freda McKinnon another pretty debutante wore a handsome toilette of canary yellow which suited her style exceedingly well.)

So we have two more fair flowers added to our social list; Miss Phanny of Fredericton was a guest of honor, and Miss Murphy of Springhill was also present.

Mr. James Brown C. E., of Glace Bay, C. B., spent the holiday season at his home on Eddy Street.

The teachers of Christ Church S. S. gave a treat to their pupils on Tuesday evening from four until six o'clock, and later a sociable by the members of the congregation was very pleasantly enjoyed. The ladies who were the promoters of the evening's success were, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Sterne, Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Fullerton, Miss Clarke, Miss Fuller and the Misses McKinnon.

Miss May Stafford is the guest of her friend Miss Emily Christie.

GREENWICH.

Jan 4.—On Monday evening Mrs. Holder and Miss Jennie Holder entertained a number of their friends at tea and afterwards whist in honor of Mr. Fred Holder; a very pleasant evening was spent by all present.

On Tuesday evening the Christmas tree in the public hall for the Episcopal Sunday schools, was crowded to its utmost capacity. Mr. Fred Pickett made an ideal Santa Claus, and delighted the hearts of the boys and girls with generous gifts; each child received a present and a generous bag of candy. During the evening the Rev. E. A. Cody was presented with a handsome fur coat and gloves by his parishioners.

On Wednesday evening Miss Annie Balmer entertained a number of her friends. Dancing and whist being the order of the evening. A number of very pretty toilettes were worn by the ladies. At midnight a delightful repast was served. The party broke up at a late hour all having spent a most enjoyable evening. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Lucy, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whelpley, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Peatman, Mr. and Mrs. Duval Whelpley, Mr. and Mrs. D. Bogle, Mrs. Ganong, Miss Fautasia Fiewelling, Miss Viola Johnston, Miss Lillian Fiewelling, Miss Sara Walton, Miss Edith Belyea, Miss Blanche Richards, Miss Edith Whelpley, Miss Flossie Marley, Miss Grace Fowler, Miss Jennie Seely, and Messrs. Geo. Whelpley, Clarence Belyea, Fred Fiewelling, Will Seely, Everad Whelpley, Fred Holder, Dr. J. B. Gilchrist, Fred Pickett, Od. Ber Fiewelling, Joe Whelpley, Medley Richards, Domville Richards, Harry Peatman, Louis Fowler, Fred Short and others.

Miss Ada Jones is spending the winter in Woodstock with her sister Mrs. Hay.

Miss Pickett of Newport, Rhode Island has returned home after spending Christmas with her parents Rev. D. W. and Mrs. Pickett.

Mr. Fred Holder of Boston, Mass., spent the holidays with his mother and sister at Sunnyside. Mr. Holder intends leaving Boston for the Cloudyke in March.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ganong of the "Cedars" are visiting friends on this side. They intend leaving for St. Stephen this week where they will reside.

On Friday evening a number of young people met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Sanction Belyea, and spent a pleasant evening in dancing. Among those present were, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Whelpley, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Whelpley, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Whelpley, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Boyle, Miss Annie Balmer, Miss Flossie Marley, Miss Edith Belyea, Miss Edith Whelpley, Miss Blanche Richards, and Messrs. Geo. Whelpley, Joe Whelpley, James Balmer, Everad Whelpley, Harry Peatman, Medley Richards, Arthur Belyea, Domville Richards and Dufferin Richards.

On Friday evening Miss Jennie Holder entertained a number of young people at whist.

Miss Edith Belyea returned this week to Land's End or spending the holidays at home.

Mr. Fred Pickett has returned to St. John after spending the holidays with friends here.

Mr. Arthur Belyea of St. John spent the New Year with his parents Mr. and Mrs. Sanction Belyea.

Mr. and Mrs. John Smith entertained a few friends at tea on Thursday evening.

Miss Maggie Smith has gone to Fredericton to attend the F. N. school.

Miss Ada Weldon is spending the winter with friends in St. John.

Mrs. N. T. Peatman entertained a number of friends at tea on Tuesday evening last.

Miss Lillian Fiewelling has returned to Clifton after spending the holidays at home. A party drove to Gasquetown on Friday to witness the races on New Year's day.

Capt. A. L. Peatman made a brief visit to the city this week.

Mr. Will Fickett of Rat Portage, Ont., is expected to visit friends here.

Rev. D. W. Pickett leaves this week for St. Stephen, where he will fill Rev. Mr. Newham's place for several weeks.

Embossed Metallic Ceiling

ARTISTIC and DURABLE.

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METALLIC ROOFING CO., Ltd.

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DOROTHY WALTZ FOR THE PIANO

A DELIGHTFUL COMPOSITION ISSUED BY THE

EVER-READY DRESS STAY CO., WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

AS A NEW YEAR'S REMEMBRANCE TO Canadian Women,

Most of whom are its patrons, and they will be pleased to send it on receipt of Postage.

WILL YOU HAVE A COPY?

Yours for a Cent.

SPACE

is not sufficient to tell about my HOLIDAY STOCK.

But my store is large enough to display an immense stock, which will prove a great pleasure to me to show you.

All marked at lowest figures. Call and examine my stock.

W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN,

Chemist and Druggist.

35 King St. St. John, N. B.

Telephone 229.

Stock Still Complete

Our stock of cloth is well assorted in all the leading cloths in Overcoatings, Suitings and Trouserings for late Fall and Winter wear. As the season is well advanced, customers would do well to leave their orders early.

A. R. CAMPBELL,

64 Germain Street.

Prize Beef, etc

Heifer taking Jubilee Prize and Sweepstakes at Shelph. Ont. Fat Cattle show.

First prize steer in close competition with Heifer. Also 8 Steers averaging 1000 lbs each.

A very large and carefully selected stock of Poultry, Pork, Roasters, Lamb and mutton, Prairie Hens, Quail, Pigeons, Venison, Colony, Lotuses and Snowflake Potatoes. Above will be on exhibition on and after Dec. 28th.

THOMAS DEAN,

City Market.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1898.

The Canada Lancet



One of the oldest and most Respected Medical Journals of Canada, makes the following statement in its December issue, with regard to.....

ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT.

"MANY physicians of Canada are now prescribing Abbey's Effervescent Salt, which has recently been introduced here.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt is a Purely Scientific Chemical Product in the most approved form of effervescent granules, prepared by expert chemists. It is prepared to meet the requirements of the times, i e., a more palatable form for the administration of nauseating drugs without interfering with their full medicinal effects.

An effervescent draught is recognized by the medical profession as one of the most agreeable and effective vehicles whereby to administer medicinal agents; especially as the carbonic acid gas, generated during its administration, is in itself a sedative, and is particularly Soothing to a Sensitive Stomach.

One of its chief points is its superiority as an aperient, taking the place of nauseating mineral waters. It is particularly useful in cases of obstinate Constipation, without being attended with debility of the stomach and bowels; not having the reactionary effect peculiar to most aperients and cathartics. It also directly excites the hepatic function, making it invaluable in Chronic Liver Affections

Its refrigerant qualities make it invaluable in fevers and many inflammatory affections.

It is especially useful in urinary troubles and as an antilithic in uric diathesis. It is particularly effective in the treatment of renal calculi, or kidney troubles generally. As an antacid it corrects the acidity of the stomach making it a specific in certain forms of dyspepsia and in the treatment of gout and rheumatism. It also acts as a mild alterative, rendering the blood and urine alkaline.

One of the most important claims of ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT is its Absolute Purity.

Its ingredients have been repeatedly analyzed by expert chemists, and have been pronounced fully up to the requirements of the Test for pure drugs, as laid down in the latest edition of the British Pharmacopoea.

After a careful trial we consider that this salt is Absolutely the Best Effervescing Salt made in any country. The fact that it effervesces up to the last drop is another of its excellent features."

This Standard English Preparation

For Sale by All DRUGGISTS.

60 Cents a Large Bottle,
Trial Size 25 cents.

THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT COMPANY, Ltd., Montreal, Can.

It may not be ours to render
The service our hearts would crave;
God may give us no power to win a soul
Or a life from destruction save.

We shall find some hearts in need of help,
Down fainting 'neath their load,
And though small the help we can offer,
If it only be offered in love,
It will carry a blessing to sad ones,
And be known and remembered above.

That Common Looking Girl.

'What a shabby little place!' said Miss Gussie Armstrong, with a toss of her pretty head; 'and what a common-looking girl!'

In fact, the daughter of the superintendent of the Lockhammer railroad was not in the best of humor. Ever since leaving Clifton she had sat in her dainty chair in her father's handsomely decorated private car with a supercilious smile upon her otherwise pretty face, and hardly designed to notice the magnificent mountain scenery so plainly visible through the plate glass window.

The forest clad knobs and spurs, the rocks, ledges and fissures were nothing to her. She felt no enthusiasm in the triumph of engineering skill over antagonistic nature. The sturdy climb of the engine, pounding and fighting its way up the long ascent, was to her only a wearisome incident of the journey.

After leaving Clifton the grade was level for two miles, and then for the next three miles the iron horse had had an almost continuous struggle with the ascent until it reached Apex—a station scarcely larger, it seemed, than its name.

'What a shabby little place!' repeated Miss Gussie, disapprovingly.

Yes, the weather-beaten station was a shabby little place; but, despite its dingy color and worn-out platform, there was more than a hint of homely comforts within.

Neat curtains hung at the small windows, and on the sill of one of them bloomed a modest geranium in a pudgy jar.

The day was mild and pleasant, and the open door afforded a glimpse of the room within—its floor covered with a cheap carpet and its walls adorned with bright lithographs of railroads advertisements. A shabby little place, truly; but a home, without.

As the special came to its momentary stand, a quiet, grave-faced man stepped out to make his report to the superintendent.

This was John Orbitt, the station-master. The remaining occupants of the home sat side by side on a bench by the door—a small girl and a huge cat—Ruth and Bismarck.

The former gazed at the sumptuous car with undisguised admiration; the latter with calm contemplation.

'What a common-looking girl!' Miss Gussie need not have spoken so loudly. One great window of the car was open, and little Ruth heard her distinctly.

The child flushed and then placed her brown hand on Bismarck's head, as if to shield her favorite from any chance criticism that might be made.

Paddy Hoolihan, the brakeman, heard the comment and saw the flush, and he muttered a growling protest. It was Paddy who, a year before, had dropped Bismarck—then a frowzy, squalling kitten—into little Ruth's arms, as the train rolled by. And the smile he received in return had amply repaid him for his trouble.

Bismarck, unconscious of the unkind criticism of his best friend, bunted his head against his hand and purred contentedly.

Paddy smiled at Ruth, and then screwed up his somewhat grimy face in a most horrible grimace at Miss Gussie, which, happily, the latter did not see.

The bell rang, and the special pulled away from the little station.

There was a suspicion of tears in Ruth's eyes. She had known but few little girls, and they had met on terms of equality.

John Orbitt had heard the sneer, too. 'Never mind, Ruthie,' he said. 'Things will be nicer by and by. The superintendent tells me that, as soon as the repair gang can reach us, the station will be fixed up. The roof will be reshingled, the platform replanked and the building painted as blue as the sky. How's that, little one?'

'That will be nice,' responded Ruth, her mouth losing its droop.

'I should say so,' agreed her father, cheerily. 'But, come; Bismarck waits his supper.'

And in a short while, ministering to the wants of the cat, Ruth, for the time being, forgot her trouble; but, as the autumn days passed on, she remembered it now and then.

It was a pitifully trivial thing, perhaps, but motherless little Ruth, who so seldom had a companion of her own age, was not like other children and did not forget so easily as many might have done.

The autumn had been a mild one, but winter shut down suddenly and tempestu-

ously. A month passed, and the repair gang would reach Apex in a day or two.

A flat car, loaded with heavy planking for the new platform and beams for the roof, was sidetracked there one bustling afternoon.

'It will storm before 8 o'clock,' predicted Rollins, the freight conductor, who had stepped into the station while the car was being sidetracked.

He had brought a bundle of newspapers that some of the men down at Clifton had saved for Ruth and her father.

'Anything new, Orbitt?'

'Not that I know of, Billy,' was the reply. 'Who takes the special through to night?'

'Temple and Dwyer—No. 28, I believe.'

This was the same engine and 'crew' that had taken the special through a month before, when Miss Gussie Armstrong had been aboard; so, of course, Ruth knew the brakeman would be Paddy Hoolihan.

'There'll be a full safe on board,' continued Rollins. 'The bridge and track gangs out in the Nettle Range are to be paid. There are several hundred of them, and as the most of them are good for nearly thirty days' pay, it's a big lump. Well, I'd just as soon be taking my freight through. It never carries anything to tempt anybody. But so long, Orbitt! Good-bye, Ruth. You must let me take you down to spend a day with my little girls.'

And a moment afterward Rollins had swung himself into the steps of his caboose and was gone.

The storm that he had prophesied came. It was not the common storm of winter, for the cold was not intense, although it was sufficiently so to make the rain freeze as it fell, spreading the platform with a glassy, slippery coat. Outside the telegraph wires sagged with twice their own weight, and the air was surcharged with electricity, a peculiar but not rare phenomenon in that region, even though the time was winter.

The telegraph instruments on the table before the window clicked in an unusual tone, and occasionally points of blue flame flickered on them and crackled like the breaking of tiny sticks.

There was no thunder. The electricity seemed gathered at no particular spot, but to permeate the whole atmosphere. But the inmates of the station house cared not for this disturbance of the elements—no novelty to them—and the evening was spent in cozy comfort, Mr. Orbitt reading aloud the news in the papers, while Ruth cuddled Bismarck as she listened.

Ten o'clock arrived. The child's regular bedtime had long since passed, but the enjoyment of the reading had kept her awake.

'Better go to bed now, Ruthie,' said Mr. Orbitt. 'It's getting late. I'll turn in as soon as the special passes. She's due at 11 O5.'

So Ruth kissed her father, called to Bismarck, and retired to her little room beside the office, leaving the door slightly open to admit the lamplight.

But Bismarck did not follow. He felt comfortable where he was.

Meantime, Ruth went on with her preparations for going to bed. A refractory coat delayed her, and, by the time her shoes were off, there came a clumping of heavy boots on the platform outside. Then the office door was jerked open and two men entered.

'Throw up your hands!' the child heard a hoarse voice demand.

An instant she stood still, possessed with a sickening fear, and then tiptoed to the door and peeped through the crack into the office.

Two roughly dressed men, whose faces were masked with big red handkerchiefs, stood confronting her father, with revolvers leveled at his head.

'Get away from that instrument!' one of them ordered.

Mr. Orbitt's face was white, but he did not flinch before the weapons.

'What do you want?' he asked.

'Get away from that instrument! One thing we don't want is to have you clickin' word down to Clifton. Get back, I say!'

The other intruder grasped the chair in which the stationmaster sat and pulled both out of reach of the instrument. Then, with a few dett turns of a cord, he bound Mr. Orbitt fast to the chair.

'Is the special o' time?' asked the first and heavier man.

'Yes,' answered Ruth's father, doggedly.

'Will it stop here?'

'It signal it to do so.'

'Well, you needn't take the trouble.' Bismarck had hopped on the table near the robber, to reconnoiter the carcase that he deemed his due. The man's hand met him with a cuff that sent the cat half way across the room and scuttling into Ruth's apartment.

'What's that?' asked the second intruder, presently, as a slight noise came from the bedroom.

'That blamed cat! returned his accomplice.

Ruth, pale and frightened, listened beyond the slightly opened door. The special—the creek! She understood their dastardly purpose. Her father's life! It, too, was in danger. What could she do?

Ah, yes! she had a plan—a desperate chance it seemed to her, but still a chance. Tiptoeing to the window, she softly raised it, set her shoes outside and slipped noiselessly out. Bismarck attempted to follow, but she pushed him back.

The rain was falling steadily, freezing as it fell, but the child scarcely heeded it, as she put on her shoes with trembling fingers and ran swiftly along the switchtrack.

Five miles it was to Clifton—five miles down a rock-bladed roadbed; over more than one open trestle; through a short, black tunnel, and along deep ledges—and many jagged fissures.

She could not hope to have run half the distance before the special would have left Clifton, but here before her now loomed up the dark outline of the flat car, loaded with its lumber and shingles. Its presence served as a happy incentive to Ruth's active brain.

She ran to the switch. It was one of the old-fashioned kind, still employed in place of more costly and complicated affairs at little used side tracks. There were no locks or signals; simply a long bar, which lifted upright.

Exerting all her strength, she strove to lift the bar. It moved heavily and slowly, with much grating of rust and crackling of ice.

Then, when it stood upright, the girl blocked it with the iron pin that was chained to it, and hurried back to the car. A long stick placed in the brake wheel gave her leverage, and, as she loosed it, the car began to move.

Slowly it gained headway, then faster and faster. It rattled as it passed the switch, and she wondered if the scoundrels at the station heard it.

Rapidly the momentum increased. Faster! Around a curve and on down the incline—faster, faster!

Space had been left at the front end of the car where the brake was and here, with the pile of lumber towering above her, Ruth crouched.

She hardly noticed the cold yet, though her garments were icy and her unbound hair soaked and freezing, and her hands numb. The rush of the swaying car made it seem as if the rain was being blown horizontally, and the wind fiercely whipped her sodden dress. But, full of her heroic purpose, she had no time to think of these things.

Would she be in time? She could only pray and hope.

A mile was passed. The car creaked and groaned and toppled frightfully under the strain of its tremendous speed. Roar-r-r! Another trestle, Zum-m-m-m! Through the tunnel, no blacker, seemingly than the inky night all about. Whizz-z-z! Around a sharp curve! Faster, faster! It seemed as if the car must leave the rails at every turn. The pile of lumber and shingles tottered dangerously.

How far they had gone now Ruth could not tell. The incessant roar, and the lumber toppled as it plunged overboard. Ruth clung tighter to the brake. The next instant the car whirled around a bend in the opposite direction.

The lumber had not been loaded to withstand such terrible rockings, and the stakes that confined it broke short off, and the whole pile plunged over into the deep gorge a regular avalanche of boards and shingles.

But the crash was barely audible to little Ruth, clinging to the brake. It almost seemed as if the on-rushing car had outstripped the sound.

And so they dashed on, the car escaping numerous times from apparent destruction in a miraculous manner.

Ruth strained her eyes ahead. At length the car whizzed around another turn, and then struck the level track, and far ahead gleamed a light—it was Clifton station.

Soon the single light grew into separate fragments—the gleam from the depot, the switch signals, and the red and green lanterns on a side-tracked caboose.

The brake! Ruth made a desperate effort to set it. Her strength was not great, but the stress of the situation doubled it and little by little she managed to tighten it. The furious speed of the car moderated every moment.

She brought it to a standstill just in front of the station, though it cost her her last ounce of strength to do so. At the same moment a far off whistle announced the approach of the special.

Ruth was quickly surrounded by a small group of excited men, and in a few gasps painted out the situation. Then she was carried into the warm fire, half fainting, while the man with the lantern went charging down the track and the special was saved.

When the special fought its way up the ascent towards Apex, that 'common-looking girl' was in the sumptuous parlor car. Miss Gussie with repentant tears in her eyes, supported her and Paddy Hoolihan and Superintendent Armstrong were standing close by.

Upon reaching Apex Mr. Orbitt was released from the bonds that still confined him to the chair, and the two would-be robbers were captured further up the road where they were impatiently awaiting the special's arrival.

They were recognized as former employees of the superintendent who had been discharged for grave causes, and had sought to obtain a deadly revenge and a fortune at the same stroke.



SEE THAT LINE

It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it SURPRISE SOAP

with power to clean without too hard rubbing, without injury to fabrics.

SURPRISE is the name, don't forget it.

On the return little Ruth was the centre of an admiring crowd and Superintendent Armstrong gratefully promised a reward in behalf of the railroad, which made the child's eyes fairly dance.

'And we'll not forget this night's work, either,' said Larry Temple, chokingly.

'That we won't!' chimed in the others.

And later, when the promises of all were fulfilled, I verily believe little Ruth more fully appreciated the gift of the toilers than that of the wealthy corporation.

As they went away Paddy Hoolihan lingered a moment.

'O'! bet he wishes he had a girl like yez, Ruthie!' he whispered.

And Bismarck purred a loud 'zum-m-m,' as if he quite agreed w'ih him.—Detroit Free Press.

ACADEMIC VICTORY.

A Wrestling Match in Which the Victory was Hard won.

An athletic victory may be a Canadian victory—that is, one in which the victor suffers as much as his opponent. A New England scholar, the late David A. Wasson, suffered through most of his life from an injury to the spine received in a wrestling match in which he was victorious.

The incident, as related by Prof. J. H. Allen in his 'Sequel to our Liberal Movement,' illustrates both the danger of wrestling and the folly of yielding up a good resolution to the taunts of a crowd. At the age of seventeen young Wasson, though not large in person, was vigorous and athletic, and in particular, an alert and powerful wrestler.

At a local gathering in the presidential campaign of 1840, he was challenged to 'a y's fall' by a powerful young fellow over six feet tall, of a quarrelsome clan. Knowing the folly of such a contest, Wasson at first refused. Under great pressure, he at length consented, on condition of having the usual advantage yielded to the smaller man,—putting both arms below those of his antagonist,—which was however, denied.

Then for more than an hour he submitted manfully to the taunts of the crowd, till it was proposed that the two should stand a champions of their respective parties, when, in an evil moment, his better resolution gave way. Two falls out of three would give the victory. His opponent at first as he expected, tried by leaping on him to crush him by sheer weight; but Wasson 'knew a trick worth two of that,' and brought him in an instant to the ground. Then they grappled; and clasping his hands behind Wasson's back, the other tried to bend him double. It was a hard struggle. But by a violent effort our young David foiled his big antagonist, and threw him a second time to the ground—as he believed at the time, at the cost of his own life; and indeed, for a fortnight after he could not so much as turn himself in bed. The consequences of this terrible wrench were lifelong. He wrote three hours a day for three days in succession, he was utterly prostrated. For every hour of work or play he paid with more than one hour of pain. But mind triumphed over matter. In spite of suffering he thought and wrote, and made a sturdy display in the exacting labors of public oratory.

ANCIENTS' VALUED GOLD.

Antique Mining Implements Discovered Near the Red Sea.

Gold was probably the first metal observed and collected, because of the instinctive understanding of its intrinsic value. About it superstitions grew, religious and ceremonious rites and strange crimes were committed for its possession in the days when it was believed that it was of such stuff that the sun itself was made and halls of Valhalla paved. Rock paintings and carvings of Egyptian tombs earlier than the days of Joseph indicate the operation of washing auriferous sand, and a subsequent melting in furnaces by the aid of blow pipes. Less than twenty years ago the old mines of Nubia, so graphically described by Diodorus, were rediscovered on the shores of the Red Sea, together with a line of ancient wells across the desert; the underground workings where ore veins had been followed with the pick, the rude cupelling furnaces for assaying, proks, oil lamps, stone mills, mortars and pestles, inclined warming tables of stone, crucibles and retorting furnaces of burned tile, by which the entire process could be traced.

Here slaves and hapless prisoners of war exchanged their life blood for glittering

dust to fill the treasuries of their captors. In India and Asia Minor the powdered ore was washed down over smooth, sloping rocks and gold caught in the fleeces of sheepskins sunk in the stream. It was literally a golden fleece that Jason brought back from the Caucasus. Farther north and following the eastern foot-hills of Mount Ararat to the southern slope of the Ural mountains in Russian Siberia, where last year millions were taken out of the old mines, the ancient Scythians broke up rock and gravel with copper implements, scraped out the glittering dust and nuggets with the fangs of wild boars, and carried their gain away in bags of leather. All through this region miners of today know that one of the chief dangers to be avoided are the Scythian pits, sixty feet deep in the gravel, and shaped like a well. The remains of thousands of small furnaces of burned clay testify to the long period over which the workings of the mines extended.—Modern Machinery.

A Corn Photographed by X Rays.

Shows a small hard kernel, covered by layers of hard skin. This tiny corn causes keen pain. The only sure means of extracting it, without pain, in a day, is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure? Yes. Painless? Yes. Cheap? Yes, indeed! Try it.

ALPHABETICAL BURGLARY.

The Proprietor's Lip Led to a Very Amusing Explanation.

Something like the following, from the Boston Transcript, we remember to have seen before, but humor, like history, repeats itself.

'We are thorry to thay,' explained the editor of the Skedunk Weekly News, 'that our comphoting-room wath entered lath night by thome unknawn thoundrel, who thtole every 'eth' [e] in the ethablistment, and thucceeded in making hith ethoape undetected.'

'It hath been impothible of courthe to procure a new thupply of etheth [e's] in time for thith ithue, and we are thuth compelled to go to preth in a thitustion moeth embarrassing and dithretting, but we can thee no other courthe to purthue than to make the beth thtagger we can to get along without the mithing letter, and we therefore print the Newth on time, reparableth of the loth we hath thutained.'

'The motive of the mithereant doubtleth wath revenge for thome thuppoethed inthult.'

'It thall never be thaid thit petty thpith of any thmall-thouled villania hath dithabled the Newth, and if thith meet the eye of the detesttable rathical, we beg to athure him that he underethimetheth the rathourceth of a fir-h-clath newthpaper when he thinketh he can cripple it hopelethly by breaking into the alphabet. We take occasion to thay to him furthermore, that before next Thursday we thall have three timeth ath many etheth ath he thtole.'

'We hath reathon to thutpect that we know the cowardly thunkun who committed thith act of vandalthism, and if he ith ever threen prowling about thith ethablistment again, by day or by night, nothing will give uth more thathithfaction than to thooth hith hide thull of holeth.'

DYSPEPSIA CURED BY DR. CHASE.

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS W.W.HODGES SUFFERED—DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS EFFECTED AN ALMOST MIRACULOUS CURE.

Messrs. EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

DEAR SIRS,—I take the liberty of writing to you regarding my experience with DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS, and the wonderful cure of dyspepsia of 18 years' standing effected by them with three boxes. I am as well as I ever was, and am a man of 64 years of age. I have recommended DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS to a great number of people and they all say they are worth their weight in gold. If you desire any further statement or certificate of my case, I will be pleased to furnish one.

Yours truly,
W. W. HODGES,
Holland Landing, Ont.



Old age

comes early to the clothes that are dragged up and down over the wash-board. It's ruinous. Nothing else uses them up so thoroughly and so quickly.

This wear and tear, that tells so on your pocket, ought to be stopped. Get some Pearlina—use it just as directed—no soap with it—and see how much longer the clothes last, and how much easier and quicker the work is. Pearlina saves the rubbing.

Send it Back

Feddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—and it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

Sunday Reading.

From each day's care we gladly flee to find, O Lord, our rest in thee; One burden to thy feet to bring, O God, thy Mercy's healing spring. We know that at thy gracious voice The outgoings of the even rejoice; To us, assembled in thy sight, At evening-time may there be light. In Christ accepted, Lord, may we The light of thy salvation see; Transformed by thy true Spirit's grace, Walk in the brightness of thy face. Thy favor crown each peaceful day, Thy presence cheer each pleasant way; And when we walk through sorrow's night, At evening-time may there be light. By every joy or grief we find Our hearts to thee more closely bind; Trial and blessing, peace and pain, All links in Mercy's golden chain. And when life's closing shadows come, Oh, may they find us nearer home; That in our souls, with heaven in sight, At evening-time may there be light. Selected.

TOM BENTLEY.

"I don't see why I have such hard luck, mother," said Tom Bentley, a healthy, handsome lad of fifteen. "You know I'm so anxious to get some work to do to help along, but whenever I try to get a place, some other boy is given the preference. There was that vacancy at Smith's publishing house; 'Active, intelligent boy wanted, after school hours, and on Saturdays.' I was almost the first boy who applied for the place, and who do you think got it? Why, Ernest Lane, that slow, plodding fellow. He's not half as quick as I am, if I do say it. Mr. Smith has known me, too, for a long time. I don't think I'm given half a chance, and I might as well give up trying!"

Mrs. Bentley paused in her work of paring apples and looked at her son. She had a wonderful way of looking at people, so Tom thought. There was a kind and tender expression in her eyes, and yet they were so keen and penetrating that they seemed to read one's inmost thoughts and feelings. Whenever Tom had a guilty conscience he dreaded to meet their gaze, for he felt that she must see right into his very heart.

Tom was her only son. He was quick, intelligent, obliging, and a general favorite with all; but he lacked that one element in his character, without which life can be but little more than a failure—he was wanting in perseverance, or 'stick-to-it-iveness.' Unfinished tasks all around him bore testimony to his vacillating purpose. At school, although he had more than ordinary ability, he failed to accomplish as much as many of the less bright pupils who had what Tom lacked—earnestness of purpose.

Mrs. Bentley realized all this, and it was a source of much pain to her; but she had an unflinching trust in God, and was confident that her prayers in behalf of her boy would be answered.

"Tom," she said earnestly, "I know how you can secure a good place, and hold it, if you will."

"How, mother?" he asked eagerly. "Just by proving yourself capable."

"Why, mother, don't you think I am capable?" asked Tom, in an aggrieved tone.

"In some respects you are, and in others you are not. My dear boy, let me tell you something: You need perseverance. No one can ever succeed in life unless he has a clear, definite purpose, and holds steadfastly to that purpose. I want you to begin at once to overcome this fault of yours. After this, whenever you begin a task, finish it at once, if possible. Put the very best of your thought and energy into your work. Do it conscientiously, just as though you were doing it for God himself. A trustworthy boy is always in demand, and it will only prove yourself faithful, and you will find your services are needed."

Tom went to bed that night in a serious frame of mind. His first thought was that his mother had judged him harshly; but the conviction gradually forced itself upon him that she had spoken the truth. He recalled unfinished work in the garden, which he had left on the impulse of the moment; there was the collar he had begun to clean a week ago, but which was at the present time in a most chaotic condition; there was the fence he had partially whitewashed, the eastern extremity of which stood out in brilliant but painful contrast with the dingy west end. Then he thought of his unfaithful work at school; how the comparatively dull but persevering pupils were gradually but surely leaving him behind; and as these unwelcome truths flashed upon him his cheeks burned with shame, and then and there he made a noble resolve to do better and to make the most of his opportunities.

After breakfast he went out to do his chores, and while doing them his mother's words, "Put the best of your thought, and energy into your work," kept ringing in his ears.

Old Jack, the pony, received such a currying as he had not experienced in months. His fat sides fairly glistened, and this unusual treatment seemed to furnish him with a subject for much profound meditation. Tom then saved and split a two weeks' supply of wood and cleaned the cellar so thoroughly that his mother declared it was almost fit to live in.

Unfinished jobs were hunted up and disposed of in a workmanlike manner, and when night came Tom was pretty tired, but he felt a glow of satisfaction from the sense of duty well performed, and his mother's appreciation he valued most of all.

At school Monday morning Tom began his studies with a vigor and application which was surprising even to himself, to say nothing of its effect upon the teacher and the other scholars. Such lessons he had never recited before, and many a side-long glance of wonder was bestowed upon him.

There were occasional relapses, and Tom found that faults of years were not to be overcome in a day. He kept steadily trying and gradually conquered. When he graduated from school two years later, Mr. Smith, who had been watching his progress with the keen eye of a business man, gave him a responsible place in his office, and of all his employes there is no one more efficient or more generally liked than Tom Bentley. His motto is his mother's words: "Put the best of your thought and energy into your work."

A BASKET OF SUMMER FRUIT.

How we may Always Have Springtime in our Hearts.

Fruits always seem fairest, freshest and finest when they are reasonable, that is, when not forced into being before their proper time of ripening or preserved artificially beyond the period of their natural growth in the gardens. And each of the seasons, unless it be winter, seems to have its own peculiar fanna and flora which lend it beauty and distinction.

The prophet Amos, who was a herdsman accustomed to the open air and to the nomad life of the free East, and who uses accordingly many rural figures in his writings, speaks of 'a basket of summer fruit.' We may figuratively take his words, now, to represent those traits of nature and those moral results which seem to be particularly characteristic of summer.

In the first place we may say that there goes into the basket of summer fruits an innocent joyousness of heart. God does not intend that we should live to be happy, but he does desire that we should be happy while we live. Joy is a Christian grace. If anyone has the right to be joyful it is the believer, with countless spiritual blessings at his service in the world, all the bright, brave, beautiful things of the world to come before him. And so we even find joy commanded to us. "Rejoice evermore!" is a whole Decalogue in itself. And it seems easier to rejoice in the summer-time, when all things take on their brightest look, each day seems a gala day, and Nature dons her loveliest garments. And we are then out of doors more, which is a condition conducive to greater health and happiness. All this now is natural and right, if the joy be drawn from the right sources and based upon the right things. We may make this summer-sunshine, this season of zephyrs and balminess, a period of heart progress in the cultivation of joyousness and hope.

Very like in nature to this summer-fruit of joyousness is that of gratefulness. For who makes it possible for us to be reasonably happy, innocently glad? It is God, who is himself the source and fount of joy. And who has arranged it so that at one season of the year particularly, sunshine, floral beauty and out-of-door attractions should abound? It is God, whose considerate forethought in these matters the Psalmist recognized when he exclaimed: "Thou hast made summer!"

The summer is a good time to cultivate the grace of worship. The spirit of worship is for the whole year, and at no

period of the year should the regular services of the sanctuary be neglected, as the manner of many is. Nothing can take the place of stated attendance at church. Just to sprawl somewhere of a Sunday morning or evening out of doors on the grass which He has made, is not to worship God as he would be revered. And yet there are multitudes we regret to note who in winter find it too cold to go to church, and in summer too hot, though such rarely find the weather to frigid to go skating or tobogganing in January or too hot to wheel across the country in July while the sun melts them down at the rate of an ounce a mile.

But apart from the misuse of summer there is a sense in which, while not neglecting church work in the hot months, we may yet with spiritual profit regard the great dome of heaven as a mighty sanctuary, the huge buttresses of the hills as the pillars of a larger shrine, and all Nature itself but as

"A verger showing The silent, glorious temple of the Lord!"

The summer indeed takes us out into a larger auditorium or tabernacle where we seem to hear new voices sounding God's praise and to read fresh beauties of revelation writ in the petals of the flower or traced in the broad pencilings of the shadows on the hills. So summer always seems to suggest adoration and endless litanies.

Again, there is the summer fruit of generosity, which certainly it would seem should thrive in the expansive, out-of-door life of that season. When the restrictions of indoor life have given way to the freedom of the fields, the woods and the hills, a broadening of the sympathies should certainly be experienced. If we breathe a fresher air and more of it our pulses should quicken at the same time with a more abundant fellow-feeling for mankind about us. And then summer affords opportunity for the exercise of numberless little acts of generosity, many pretty courtesies, and many fruits of a fervent charity. Numbers of people take advantage of the summer to travel far afield or even to cross to foreign shores. And so, by coming in contact with other scenes and societies, they more easily grow in the grace of a generous sympathy.

The basket of summer fruit also makes room for the grace of good humor. Summer is the 'cross' season, many think, which will excuse bad temper in themselves and perhaps in others when the thermometer goes up into the nineties. The hot weather certainly tries people's tempers, of what sort they are; and the curious thing is that the individuals who have lost their temper most often seem to have [the most temper left. But the summer months should be marked by many little sufferances and patientcies, which will come most surely of numerous small prayers and pleadings at the throne of grace. Let us try to be good humored and amiable even when circumstances might seem to excuse petulance. The most valuable thing that can go into an excursion outfit is a good supply of amiability put up in packages convenient for instant use. Waspishness is a kind of 'dead fruit', an apple of Sodom, which should find no place in any collection of summer products.

And then no basket of summer fruit would be complete without the grace of Christian hopefulness. Hope we may say is the joy of the future, that is, the joy which we obtain even now from the anticipation of delights to come. Like faith, it is the 'substance' or assured impression, of things that are yet to be. And the summer time may be really a continuous jubilee, one prolonged brightsome poem—a jytic of flowers and fruits and spiritual feasting and trustful uplift of heart, as the soul, like a plant touched by a sun in the heavens and blown upon by breezes from off the eternal hills, opens out constantly into the fuller, freer life of God, and grows toward the ideals of saintly living which shall be realized at last somewhere beyond the skies and stars.

We may always have summer in our hearts. There are those who have no summer, to whom it is always arctic night, chilling and drear; but the child of God has the spring-tide in his heart now and



looks hopefully forward to entrance sometime into a land where cold blasts never blow and storms never beat, but where all things are surrounded by an atmosphere of genial godliness, of beatific beauty, and perfect love.

THE SUNSHINE MAN.

How we may Make Life's Journey Pleasant for Others.

"Why do you hurry so to catch the 8.30 train, when you know there's another that leaves at 8.45, which would get us into town in plenty of time?" asked one young lady of another, as the two were hastening toward a suburban railroad station.

"Because," replied the latter, with a little apologetic laugh, "I always like to go in on the sunshine-man's train."

"Pray, who is the sunshine man?" inquired her companion. "The conductor?"

"Oh, my, no!" was the laughing response. "He's the cross-set bear that ever was. But there's the dearest little old gentleman who goes into town every morning on the 8.30 train." "I don't know his name, and yet it does seem as if I knew him better than anybody else in town. He just radiates cheerfulness as far as you can see him. There is always a smile on his face, and I never heard him open his mouth except to say some kind or courteous or good natured thing. Everybody bows to him, even strangers, and he bows to everybody yet never with the slightest hint of presumption or familiarity. It just warms the cockles of one's heart to see his shining face, the twinkle of his eye, and the bright little flower he always wears in his button-hole. If the weather is fine, his jolly compliments make it seem finer; and if it is raining, the merry way in which he speaks of it is as good as a rainbow. Everybody who goes in regularly on the 8.30 train knows the sunshine-man. It's his train. There's nothing else to distinguish it from the 8.45, or any other. You just hurry up a little, and I'll show you the sunshine-man this morning. It's foggy and cold, but if one look at him doesn't cheer you up so that you'll want to whistle, then I'm no judge of human nature."

It was a sweet and genuine tribute of human sympathy which this young lady said to the overflowing kindness of the "sunshine-man." There are a few such men—and women, too—in every community; and God seems to have set them there to keep the rest of the people from getting too sour and despondent and self-absorbed and unneighborly. They are the divinely-appointed promoters of optimism, these sunshine folk. Most people have a tendency to grow sombre as they grow older—especially if they are abroad among strangers. One glance at the faces of people in any street car will prove this. The average adult human face, when at rest, is sad; its lines all have the downward curves. But, now and then, there comes along one of those inherently and constitutionally cheerful persons whose very face is a benediction, and whose smile is like a sudden burst of God's sunshine over a clouded landscape. One such will illuminate the spiritual atmosphere of a whole carful or roomful of people—and perhaps a whole townful, if you give him long enough to get acquainted with them. For nothing is so infectious as genuine optimism; and it is one of the most beneficent provisions of God that a man, in order to be a missionary of happiness, has only to be running over with happiness himself.

May God bless the sunshine-man and all his kin! We need a reinforcement of his class more sorely than we need new poets or scholars or money-princes. If anyone has a cheerful, loving, out-going heart in his bosom, let him not waste his time on epics or philosophies; for, if he did but know it, he is himself a living poem and a breathing creed.

COULD DO WITHOUT 'SHON.'

He Found That His Services Could be Dispensed With.

Mr. L., a good-natured German, was the proprietor of a clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one John S., whom he had advanced from cash-boy to head clerk. Since his promotion John had several times asked for an increase of salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning he again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of ten dollars a month.

"Vy, Shon," said Mr. L., "I dink I bays you

you pooty vell alretty; vat for I bays you any more?"

"Well," replied John, confidently, "I am your principal help here. I know every detail of the business, and indeed, I think that you could not get along without me."

"Is dot so? Vy, Shon, vat would I do suppose you vas to die?"

"Well, I suppose that you would have to get along without me then."

The old Teuton took several whiffs from his big pipe and finally said:

"Vell, Shon, I guess you petter consider yourself dead."

Sixty Wonderful Years.

It is asserted that the art of medicine has made greater progress in the last sixty years than in the previous sixty centuries. This is an exceedingly steep comparison (odds one hundred to one), but it is the cold truth. Among the other wonders that Queen Victoria has seen during her long reign is that of the growth of the medical tree from the seed. For, as a matter of fact, in the year 1837 the average doctor knew little more about the diseases of the heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, and stomach, than was known to Hippocrates.

Fewers were described in the medical books as 'continued' and 'intermittent.' Nothing could be more sweetly simple and childlike. A work on geology by Robinson Crusoe (if that eminent islander had taken it into his head to write one) would have been as accurate and profound as the most authoritative works on medicine were when Victoria was crowned.

About nervous diseases nothing was known at all; and what amusing reading to the learned and skillful curists of 1897 must be the statement in a leading journal of 1837 that the only thing possible to be done in diseases of the ear was to syringe out the external passages with water.

Speaking of diseases of the skin, the great and famous Dr. John Hunter divided them into three classes: First, those which sulphur could cure; second, those which mercury could cure, and third, those which the devil himself couldn't cure.

Breadly speaking, the most distinct line of advance in medicine in the Victorian age has been that of the prevention of disease and the maintenance of a higher standard of public health. Although the number of drugs used in medical practice has multiplied indefinitely, the number of those medicines or preparations which can be depended upon to produce a clear and specific beneficial result in a large class of seemingly varied complaints has not materially increased within the past sixty years. And the chief of these, the one that is best known perhaps to all, the one which has unquestionably achieved the most remarkable victories over disease than any other, the one which, alone and unaided, has accomplished what a vast variety of so-called remedial agents have failed to accomplish, has been in existence only about twenty years, and was the discovery—not of any learned pathologist or mousing experimentalist—but of a plain, intelligent woman who found it in the fields, as a remote settler in the wilds of California fifty years ago found gold in the bed of a river.

The name of this medicine scarcely needs to be cried out in the ears of civilization at the present day, for every one knows it as they know the name of the gracious Ruler whose Jubilee we have recently celebrated—Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup. Take one more out of the multitude of cases which have illustrated its record during the past double decade.

"In the early part of 1891," says a woman, "I got into a low, weak state of health. I had no appetite, and after eating had a pain at the chest through to my back. My legs ached and a trembling nervous feeling came over me."

"I had a deal of pain at the left side, and a gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach. I got no sleep at night, and felt tired and worn out in the morning. I became so weak that I could scarcely get about. In this state I continued for nearly five years."

"I saw a doctor and took his medicine, but got no relief or strength from anything. In February of last year (1896) I heard about Mother Siegel's Curative Syrup, and a bottle of this medicine from Mr. Goodenough, the chemist, and after taking it I found much benefit."

"My appetite improved, and the food caused no pain. I continued with it and gained strength, all the pain leaving me. Soon I was strong as ever, and can now eat anything and keep in the best of health. You can make any use you like of this statement, and refer anyone to me. (Signed) Mrs. S. J. Richardson, Bridge End, Somersham, Hunts, May 11th, 1897."

Now it is one thing to recognize a lion when you happen to meet him and quite another thing to capture or kill him. And dyspepsia, Mrs. Richardson's trouble, and the trouble of four-fifths of the people is the lion among diseases. The cure for it—the only cure known—is the medicine called Mother Siegel's Syrup. Of this fact there is more proof, and stronger proof, than of any proposition outside the exact sciences. May we not, therefore, speak of this simple, bland, harmless yet mighty medicine as one of the distinguishing medical triumphs of the entire history of man's struggle against suffering and death. It certainly strikes me that way.

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing their pure, high grade cocoas and chocolates.

Notches on The Stick

The recent death of Lady Millais revives in the public mind a singular episode in the life of her second husband, the great artist, and that of John Ruskin, — an episode involved in mystery, which it may be will never be made clearer. A young woman of extraordinary charm and great personal beauty, Ruskin had married Miss Gray, before she was twenty years of age; and there seems every reason for believing it, on his part at least, a marriage of affection. Millais, a rising painter, the leader of that school known as Pre-Raphaelite, who acknowledged Ruskin, as his teacher, came to Brantwood, the latter's residence, for the avowed purpose of painting Mrs. Ruskin's portrait. While thus engaged, the painter seems to have become enamored, with gazing so much on his beautiful subject; and she seems to have been equally affected by the magnificent face and figure of the artist, who in this respect, also, had been highly endowed of nature. The singular thing about the matter is that Ruskin, finding her affections thus alienated from himself and centred on his guest, quietly acquiesced, to the extent of silence and compliance in procuring a divorce. About a year later the painter and the divorced wife appeared in church and were united, Ruskin himself being present. The motive of parts of this strange transaction, as we have said, may not be understood, but it is quite evident that it shadowed the subsequent life of the great author, and it may have had something to do with the partial insanity by which he has been kept in solitude at Brantwood. It is generally understood among those most intimate that there are palliating circumstances connected with what would ordinarily be considered a social offence, with a stigma attached. Queen Victoria, whose feelings in regard to marital honor, are sensitive in the extreme, was induced on this occasion to relax her judgment. When Sir John Millais was dying Her Majesty sent to him the Princess Louise, inquiring if there was any favor she might grant. He called for a writing tablet and wrote these words: "I should like the Queen to see my wife." Accordingly when the wife of the painter was a widow, the Queen, to the honor of her truly royal nature, accorded to her sister in grief a most tender and sympathetic interview. Lady Millais died of the same disease as that which carried off her husband — cancer of the throat.

If we mistake not, Bliss Carman has published nothing which will give him a surer title to the name, poet, or which will secure him a warmer, more appreciative audience among all readers of verse, than his "Ballads of Lost Haven: A Book of the sea, with the genuine Hebridean or Viking flavor, with a ring in them not surpassed by Kipling, and with finer color and less broken music. The sea-life of the Bay of Fundy, and most of the local peculiarities of our Maritime Canadian coast, are finely depicted there; nor do we lack an infusion of that idealizing romancing spirit for which Mr. Carman is famous. We read and copied and recopied for our friends, his ballad of "The Master of the Soud," long before it appeared in this volume, and we do not see how the scene depicted can be given more truly or vividly, nor how the trumpet of the sea can be blown to wilder stronger music. The lilt of "A sailor's wedding" is also quite bewitching: "There is a Norland laddie who sails the round sea-riam, And Malyn of the mountains is all the world to him. The Master of the Snowflake, bound upward from the line, He smothered her with canvas along the crumbling brine.

The germs of consumption are everywhere. There is no way but to fight them. If there is a history of weak lungs in the family, this fight must be constant and vigorous. You must strike the disease, or it will strike you. At the very first sign of failing health take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It gives the body power to resist the germs of consumption.

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He crowds her till she berries and shudders from his hand, For in the angry sunset the watch has sighted land; And he will brook no galaxy who goes to meet his bride, But their will is the wind's will who traffic with the tide. Make home my bonnie schooner! The sun goes down to light The gusty crimson wind-halls against the wedding night. She gathers up the distance, and grows and veers and swings, Like any homing swallow with nightfall in her wings. The wind's white sources glimmer with shining gusts of rain; And in the Ardise country the spring comes back again. The dusk is long and gracious, and far up in the sky You hear the chimney-swallows twitter and scurry by. The hyacinths are lonesome and white in Malyn's room; And out at sea the Snowflake is driving through the gloom. The white caps froth and freshen; in squadrons of white surge They thunder on to ruin, and smoke along the verge. The lit is black above them, the sea is mirk below, And down the world's wide border they perch as they go. They comb and seethe and founder, they mount and glimmer and flee, Amid the awful sobbing and qualling of the sea. The sheet the flying schooner in oam from stem to stern, Till every yard of canvas is drenched from clue to clue. And where the move uneasy, chill is the light and pale; They are the Skipper's daughters, who dance before the gale."

The New York Post says of this book: "We called attention, long since, to the prominence rapidly being assumed by Mr. Roberts, Mr. Carman and Mr. Campbell among the writers of this continent, and the little book called 'Ballads of Lost Haven,' has in some degree restored to Mr. Carman the leadership which he seems to have risked by dallying too long amid Bohemian bowers. It is a hundred pages of salt sea, without a trace of Kipling, and yet having a sea flavor as unmistakable as his, and with a finer touch—with less of repetition, less of mere technicality, and a more varied human interest. It has, withal, a quality of grace which is surely legitimate, when we consider that the sea itself, which is the strongest thing on this planet, is also the most graceful."

The New York Home Journal, in speaking of some literary lawyers, refers to Riehd D. Blackmore, who had been for eight years a counsellor-at-law, when, in 1860, 'Lorna Doone' first charmed its world of readers. Far enough from the dusty purlieu of a court of law, are the Devonshire wilds into which the romancer takes us; but Lorna Doone is not the only delightful book its author has written. Rider Haggard is also spoken of, who, in choosing the bar for a profession, did but follow the footsteps of his father and two elder brothers. In recent years his small practice in the probate court seems to have been barely sufficient to supply food and inspiration for 'Mr. Meeton's Will.' We could more readily relegate him entirely to the law than our favorite author mentioned above. We are told, also, that Anthony Hope Hawkins followed the law fitfully from 1887 to 1894, when he awoke to find his 'Prisoner of Zenda' had made him famous; and that Stanley Weyman haunted courts for nine years before he discovered his talent for historical romance. If the barrens of the law sent them by reaction into their green romantic pastures we have reason for thanksgiving. We are assured that to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, of comic opera fame, the bar has never been a serious vocation; that Sydney Grundy, the playwright, had seven years of practice in Manchester; and that Mr. Hesman Merrivale was called to the bar in 1864, and had a fair practice.

Our accustomed familiarity with our readers must be our excuse for the insertion of the following familiarities in rhyme, sent us by one well-known and highly esteemed:

A Christmas Carol. I know a man of rarest worth, whose face I've never seen, Who fits about from place to place where I have never been; His voice is often at my ear, I hear it day by day, Although the man I speak of is three hundred miles away. Now ye who read the mystic scroll of human hearts pry tell What sort of marvel this may be the man I know so well! In vain your search, if you should think to find his name engraved On tablets that record how much a miser-mole has saved; Nor will you find it written large, a ruler of the land; Nor prince, nor king, nor conqueror, born only to command. And yet he rules a special state; his subjects not a few, Pay homage to his gentle sway—a people leal and true. He sails across enchanted seas in search of fairy-lands. Where beauty reigns supreme, and where Joy treads the golden sands;

He treads the halls of castles built high in azure air, And hears divinest minstrelsy resounded ever there. The wind is loose upon the hills, frost-acidles siting and smart, But whisp'ers, now familiar-grown, make summer in my heart; I saunter through the crowded street, I listen and rejoice, For in the Christmas bells I hear the music of his voice. Long, long may he survive to weave his necromantic spell,— This man whose face I've never seen—the man I know so well! G. M.

Among recent Canadian books are the following: 'Humors of '37, Grave, Gay and Grim, Rebellion Times in the Canadas,' by Robina and Kathleen M. L'zars, authors of 'In the days of Canada Company,' with folding map, post 8vo, cloth 5/0 pp \$1.25 Toronto Canada. The book aims to present a series of vivid pictures of the inner, personal life, the motive and action and the humor, the incongruities, the pathos, and tragedy of the times, as they stand revealed from the perspective of the present. Criticism accords this work considerable literary value.—Across the Sub Arctic of Canada: A journey of 3,200 miles, by canoe and snowshoe, through the barren lands, by J. W. Tyrrell C. E., with illustrations from photographs and from drawings by Arthur Heming, Crown 8vo, cloth, \$1.50 Toronto, 1897.—'Haliburton: A centenary chaplet' A Tribute to the memory of Thomas C. Haliburton, author of 'Sam Slick,' etc., contributed articles by B. G. Hamilton, F. Blake Crofton, H. P. Scott, and J. P. Anderson, with illustrations, post 8vo, cloth \$1.25, Toronto 1897.—'Canadian men and women of the time.' A biographical Dictionary of prominent and eminent persons belonging to the Dominion of Canada. Edited by Henry James Morgan, author of 'Bibliotheca Canadensis,' 'Biographies of celebrated Canadians,' 'Editor of Dominion Annual Register,' etc. 8vo, cloth, \$2.00, Toronto 1897. This is a work which for several years has engaged the author, and will be found of high interest and usefulness.

Two recent story-books by Prof. Charles C. D. Roberts are highly commended by the American press. Of his 'Raid from Beaumont,' and 'How the Carter boys Lifted the Mortgage'—two stories of life in Nova Scotia under the same cover—The Outlook says: It tells for young readers a fascinating chapter of Canadian life in graphic language and with the aid of fiction (Illustrated 12m, 230 pages cloth \$1.00) Of 'Rourke Dare's Shad Boat' The Independent says: 'Mr. Roberts writes with enthusiasm, and puts the sea winds and marsh fragrance into his style,' and, according to The Watchman, 'The book bristles with exciting adventure, and steers the voyager into the deep waters of wholesome thought and purpose. It is also described as a breezy, wholesome ale of out door life along the Bay of Fundy.' Illustrated, 12m, 145 pp. cloth 75c.

To all the literary lovers of PROGRESS, a Happy New Year—of which this is the first boisterous-day,—and plenty of good books, and the frequent mood of enjoyment. PASTOR FELIX.



ONE ENJOYS Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute. CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



A CERTIFICATION OF MERIT. Science Sittings Awards This Honor to Galley Brand Whisky.

A recent number of Science Sittings published in London has an interesting article upon Galley brand of whisky which is being introduced upon this market by William McIntyre, successor to McIntyre & Townsend, who is the agent for the province. The article is instructive to all who use whisky as well as to those who believe that all liquor, if sold, should be of the highest quality. To quote from 'Science Sittings': "Daily we hear of brands of whisky with designations which have not previously come under our notice. Some of them prove on investigation to be exceedingly true spirit, daintily wrapped to attract the unwary who are to be caught by such devices; often, however, the brand appertains to some old distillery which has suddenly appeared to the fact that business cannot be successfully continued on the lines of a generation ago but that push is necessary if a first place in the market is to be attained. And some of these old brands are commendable enough. One has been brought prominently to our notice of late, and is our excuse—if excuse be needed—for returning again to the subject of alcohol in this form. Alcohol is not a food in the usual acceptance of the term, it produces vital force and heat, as do fats and starchy foods. In the system, alcohol is burnt by oxygen which would otherwise be engaged in consuming the tissues of the organism itself. These are thus spared destruction in a degree governed by the diversion of the energy of the oxygen. Moderate doses are essential. It is too obvious almost to need suggesting that alcoholic excess leads to infinitely worse results than, say, the excessive use of carbohydrates. Our point, however, is merely that alcohol in moderation will aid the system in the way we have intimated; and when taken into a healthy stomach, it will also excite the secretion of the digestive fluid, while stimulating the intestines to actively complete the assimilatory act: Thus at the same time conserving the body and aiding to construct new tissue.

"But the alcohol imbibed must be of good quality. In the case of whisky, for instance, no foreign alcohol may be added, and all the crudeness inherent in new spirit must have been softened down by proper aging. Adulteration by water is of no very great moment, except so far as it raises the cost of the article. A bottle of whisky, as we have shown, should contain a definite quantity of alcohol; and if this be reduced by watering, the purchaser is buying the produce of the pump instead of what he bargains for. Usually, also, what the man on the pavement wants to know is, how much fusel oil his whisky contains. He may be sure that all whisky, from the highest to the lowest grade, does embody some of it. "Fusel oil is not, however, so apprehensively regarded as of old by the scientific world. It is also recognized that its disappearance is not due to any method of maturing but to the niceties of distillation. The mellowing changes that take place in whisky as it ages are owing to entirely different causes—to alternation in the creosotic or pyro compounds. The rough data we have now given with the criticism that will follow, should enable even the lay reader to comprehend the figures of our analysis. It is that of a Scotch whisky designated "Galley Brand", and it is exceedingly well known, we learn, among our colonial and Indian friends. Here are the figures of the percentage composition: Alcohol (by weight) 40.61 Amyl Alcohol (fusel oil) 0.47 Total acidity 4.3 Vitamins 2.9 Total Ex rect 0.169 Ash trace

"Firstly we see from the above that the strength of the liquor is well over the minimum; a point, as we have seen, in favor of the consumer. We also observe that the fusel oil is as low as the average of really good whisky. The flavour of the spirit is very pleasing, which is evidence that it is mature, to corroborate which fact other tokens are not wanting. The color is dainty; and such aroma as a whisky can have is there also, and is very acceptable evidence of careful distillation. "We have in 'Galley Brand Old Highland Whisky,' to give the full title, a stimulant which in proper dilution and quantities cannot fail to prove wholesome. Messrs Andrew McNab and Company, Ltd., its proprietors are—and we feel sure our readers will agree—eminently entitled to possess the Science Sittings Certificate of merit, and it has, therefore, been awarded to them."

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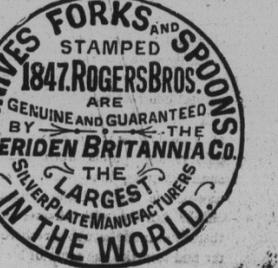
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EDUCATION OF PRINCES.

Their Lives are not Always Free From Responsibility. The education of European princes is revealed in their holiday pleasures. Most of them are trained for military life, and their summers are occupied with army reviews and manoeuvres. Whenever they visit one another, they are entertained with cavalry drills and infantry tactics and with sham battles. Not one of the great sovereigns has ever been under fire in real warfare. The Emperor of Austria-Hungary took an active part in the campaign against France, Italy and Prussia, from a safe distance. The King of Italy commanded a division in 1866 at the battle of Custoza, but only to cover the retreat of the Italian army. The tsar and the Emperor of Germany have never seen war. Princes are sportsmen as well as soldiers. The Emperor of Austria-Hungary, when he entertains his good ally and friend, the German Emperor, not only orders a military review and a series of banquets and fetes, but he also arranges an old-fashioned hunting excursion in the forest. He is the keenest sportsman in the European royal circle, and enjoys hard riding and the genuine pleasures of the chase. The other sovereigns prefer milder sport. The German Emperor is a good shot, and quickly fills his bag when he is heading a hunting party. The Emperor of Russia is at home in the saddle, but he is not an expert with the gun. The King of Italy also is a good sportsman. Nearly all the English princes shoot well, and have abundant sport for small game on the Scottish moors. The German Emperor and the Prince of Wales are enthusiastic yachtsmen, and their cutters are among the fastest in Europe. The King of the Belgians enjoys sea life, and takes long summer cruises on his steam-yacht off the coasts of Spain and Norway. The Russian Emperor shares the same taste. The King of Norway and Sweden is rarely off his yacht during the summer. The King of Greece is also a yachtsman, but he is seldom afloat in the Aegean and the Mediterranean. The King of Norway and Sweden is the only European sovereign with strong artistic and bookish tastes. He is fond of reading, is something of a musician, and is an artist with considerable talent for sketching. Princes are trained for military campaigns which seldom occur, and they are also educated for court functions which never end. They are great social personages, who understand all the niceties of etiquette, and are able to speak several foreign languages. There is not a European sovereign who cannot converse fluently with royal visitors in their own tongue. A prince who was without training in modern languages would be out of place in a European court.



Woman and Her Work

Have the young women forgotten the art of blushing? A great many men declare that they have. If the men are right the girls had better recall how to bring the bewitching glow to their cheeks and brow once more, for word comes from Paris that it is all the style there again for women to blush readily, and when Paris blushes it would never do for New York not to blush too. It is no excuse at all that Parisian women have more cause to blush than New Yorkers. To blush is the style, and blush you must. When was there a time when fashion did not hold dominion over guilty and innocent alike? Already schools of deportment in Paris have set up departments of blushing. It is said that the classes in these departments are very full, so eager are women to practice and learn the art. How did it all start? Parents and guardians demanded it. They contend that girls are so knowing nowadays, so go-ahead, that they have become commonplace, and that before they can become charming, interesting, fascinating, alluring again they must take on some of the adorable classic grace and simplicity of the year 1850, the true golden year of Ste. Mouselline.

An apt pupil in the blushing department of one of the best known Parisian schools of deportment says that it is easy to droop the eyes and affect bashfulness, though you feel as bold as a lion, but that it is like pulling eye teeth to blush at will. It is too bad if blushing is really a lost art. Still, it seems as if it would be a hard matter for a girl to cultivate the spirit of camaraderie among her men friends, as is now the style, and still blush, and it would be still harder for the bicycle girl or the golf girl, or the basketball girl in her 'rationals,' to call the resolute flush of modesty or confusion or timidity, or whatever you will, to her ruddy, healthy cheek. Perhaps, however, perseverance and a sacrifice in the matter of face powder may work wonders, and blushing may become a fad. This young Parisian says: "There is a certain grace about it, even when it is an acquired art, and not an inspiration."

Have young women forgotten the art of blushing? asks the writer gravely. Well I can only say for my own part I wish most sincerely at least one of them could forget it when she wished to do so, and she would be saved many uncomfortable moments. It may be inconvenient sometimes to be unable to blush, but it is simply awful to be unable to prevent your self from doing so. Many an awkward situation might be safely tided over if the blushing habit could only be controlled or rather regulated. How delightful it would be to pass through one of those trying moments when one longs to sink through the floor, with cool cheeks and an unembarrassed manner instead of feeling a wave of crimson start from the vicinity of one's toes, and rise steadily until it culminates in a sort of tidal billow which breaks as it reaches the face, and leaves the victim the color of a boiled lobster! And what a satisfaction it would seem to be able to pass the lover with whom one had quarrelled not only with an unmoved countenance but, better still, with unchanged color. The blushing habit is constitutional with most people, and it is a peculiarity they are usually so anxious to get rid of that one of the commonest queries one meets with in correspondence columns is—"How can I cure myself of a terrible habit of blushing? I suffer agonies from my inability to control it and would give anything if I could hear of some method of conquering such an embarrassing meekness." Many are the different remedies that I have seen suggested, all highly recommended, but all equally efficacious and little did I imagine that I should ever hear of special departments being added to the Parisian schools, for the instruction of pupils in the art of blushing, I believed in the innocence of my heart that the crying need of the hour

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon, No 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que.

was for some institution which should make the radical cure of the blushing habit a specialty, and that such a school would be crowded with eager pupils: but to find that the fin de siecle maiden regards blushing as one of the lost arts, and finds it necessary to learn something about it, has proved such a shock to my nervous system that I am still feeling a good deal shaken.

What can be the cause of this alarming state of affairs? Is it possible that the New Woman can be responsible for it, and that in her efforts to get away from all the distinguishing marks of her sex she has succeeded in imitating man so closely as to eliminate the weakness of blushing from her list of feminine weaknesses? Whatever the solution may be, she has evidently learned to regret the lost accomplishment, and is now as anxious to acquire it again, as she once was to forget it. If she is successful in reducing it to a science, and blushing or not, at will, even though the effort of producing a becoming flush may be almost as severe as the drawing of an eye tooth, I am quite sure she will not regret the time and trouble spent on her education in that direction; and let us hope that as long as the gay French capital continues to set the fashions for the rest of the world, and is willing to keep up departments for instruction in the difficult accomplishment of blushing at the proper time, in its female seminaries, the fascinating "art of blushing" will never become quite obsolete.

How often it happens that we are called upon to exclaim, with all our hearts—"Save me from my friends, and I will look after my enemies myself."—The well meant interference, or rather meddling, of a too zealous friend frequently results in a good deal more mischief for us, than the efforts of our most malignant enemies. The poor little girl who figures in the following instance of kindly intended meddling, had a very narrow escape from realizing just the extent of harm, that we can suffer at the hands of those who think they are doing us the greatest service. It seems difficult to draw the line in such cases, but one would think that the women who undertake the very responsible position of inspectors for the societies watching over the interest of minors, would try to make themselves acquainted to some extent, with the circumstances of those they wish to befriend and thus make sure that they are not doing them an irreparable injury in depriving them of the strength of a mere technicality of bread, and condemning them to enforced idleness which can only mean starvation for them; when the work in which they are engaged is neither beyond their strength or ability, and means for them and their families all the difference between absolute misery, and comparative comfort. They should indeed bear in mind the excellent, if trite axiom, that "circumstances alter cases."

Jacks, kings, queens, and aces. It was tiresome for young limbs, sitting all day guiding them into the box; but when Tina got cramped in one position she could move her stool around to the other side and lean over the other way. The \$2.50 that she carried home every Saturday was a boon to the household.

The new hand in the playing card factory was proud and pleased at being a bread winner and quite content to guide the broad sheets of cardboard as they came from the press, and see to it that the orange colored Jacks and scarlet robed kings and queens fell fair and square into the receptacle meant for them. She had been at work nearly two months, when one day a neatly gowned woman made her appearance; a visitor where visitors were infrequent, for the factory was in an out-of-the-way part of town.

The visitor watched the unceasing outpour of spotted cardboard and noted the slender little hands that manipulated it. She had stood and watched the other girls at the different machines, and her face and manner were so prepossessing that when she asked: "How old are you, my dear?" in a kindly interested way, Tina answered promptly, pleased at the interest she excited.

A short time after the woman had moved away the card guider was called to the foreman's desk, the messenger who had brought the summons taking her vacant seat on the little stool, and proceeding to look after the tumbling cards.

"Here is the money due you," Tina was informed by the foreman. "You need not come any more. We did not know you were under age."

Poor little unfortunate! Bewildered and dazed, she got herself into her shabby jacket and started home, with a lump in her throat and a feeling that unmerited misfortune had befallen her.

The pleasant faced woman and the owner of the factory were talking together in the doorway as she essayed to pass. Something

in her appearance attracted the visitor's interest.

"You are going home?" she asked. The girl nodded. She could not speak just then.

"Did you know you were under age?" An undecided motion of the head and the not over clean hands went up to the face and hid it from view. The lady looked perplexed.

"Do you like your work?" she asked. The answer to this was prompt, though inaudible. Later it came out that she did not know what "they" would do if she could not work.

"How many children has your mother?" "Four more."

"Older or younger than you?" "Younger. The baby's a boy."

"Is your father living?" "On the Island. His head is bad. Mother gets sick some days."

The inspector's thoughts went back to the time when she copied painstakingly in a copybook, "Circumstances alter cases."

"Don't go yet," she said to the girl, touching her encouragingly. Then, to the owner of the factory, "Will you keep her if the case is over-looked? I see that she is much more mature than I thought. It is only a matter of three months, and it is hard that she should suffer. This the worst season of the year, too."

"We will pay no fine, Madam," said the owner icily. "Had we known the girl was under age we would not have taken her on. We can get all the help we want legitimately. You see the work she is doing. It is neither difficult nor unwholesome. I am told that sometimes on cold days there is no fire in her home. Here she is comfortable. I have nothing to say in the matter. For her, personally, I should regard it advisable for her to work."

"Let her stay," urged the woman, "and I will go and see the family and see what can be done. I am sure it is wise to make exceptions."

"You may go back to your place," said the owner, after a moment's hesitation, and in a flash Tina's jacket was off and she was posted by her jacks and kings and queens again, watching them tumble out into the box and piloting them straight and square. She was thoughtful the rest of the afternoon. She had faced a very uncomfortable situation.

The silk waists to wear with cloth skirts are as pretty, and as elaborate as ever. They are made of every variety of silk from the expensive Liberty silk and the crisp taffeta, to the cheapest grade of washing silk, that is really half linen. If one can at all afford it, it is best to select material of a good quality, since the making usually costs more than the material itself, and a cheap silk can really be worn only a very few times before the seams burst out, the elbows give way, and it becomes the very worst of wrecks; while a good taffeta or soft silk, will stand a whole season's wear and still look respectable enough for "second best."

One of the simplest, but most stylish models for a silk waist has the usual plain full back, tiny box plaits all across the front, the regulation shirt sleeve and a tucked collar band with a four-in-hand tie of the same silk. If a more dressy model is preferred, use fewer box plaits, arrange them in groups, and place three narrow double puffed frills of chiffon down each space. Groups of tuks crossing each other in large diamond squares all over the bodice, are the latest fancy, but they are by no means easy to arrange, and require the hand of a skilled dressmaker to make them successful. Such bodices have a plain narrow yoke collar edged with tiny knife plaited frills of silk, and a four-in-hand tie of the silk with plaited frills on the pointed ends, and their very plainness is counted their chief attraction. Another model has tuks running around the figure, and the revers, collar and cuffs, are of velvet. Cream satin finely piped forms the revers and chemise of another pretty silk bodice, the garment itself being in any of the pretty shades of glass silk which are sold especially for fancy waists; but for general wear under the tailor coat, the bodice made entirely of one color, and without any contrast in the trimming, is considered the best style.

Hem stitching between the groups of tuks is a new feature in the trimming of silk waists, and another is the plain neck band which is already in evidence as a prospective mode.

The lovely frills about the neck which have enjoyed such a long popularity and

CANCER HOME TREATMENT. Full particulars (with stamp) STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

A Fair and Beautiful Complexion. Pimples, Freckles, Blisters, Blackheads, Redness. And all other Skin Eruptions, vanish by the use of Dr. Campbell's SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS. MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP.

THE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Sold by all Druggists in Canada. THE CANADIAN DRUG CO., Wholesale Agents.

are so becoming, must go sooner or later, as all the most convenient and becoming fashions do, and the very newest gowns show very many decorations at the back of the collar band, and nothing at all in front. It is a fashion which will die hard, however like the fancy waist, and the day is probably far distant when the perfectly plain collar band will reign supreme. The frills are almost a necessity to the thin woman, and most becoming to the matron, so these two will make a brave struggle to retain them as long as possible, and they are sufficiently numerous as a class to have some little influence on the fashions. It seems strange that fashion should be able to influence the outlines of woman's form as well as the manner in which her garment shall be modelled, but it is a fact all the same! Just at the moment we are clinging skirts and close sleeves, accompanied by the low bust, narrow back, and long waist which shows off such a style of dress to the best advantage, and the impression of length which such a figure gives is accentuated by the blouse effect seen in most of the bodices. Perhaps by the time spring is here, we shall have the trim tailor made figure again, and the blouse be a thing of the past. A special aim of the present fashion is to make the figure appear very slim just below the waist in order that the full blouse may be the conspicuous point of the gown. It also tends to make the form perfectly shapely from the arm pits nearly to the foot of the skirt, but that is a little detail which Dame Fashion seems to have resolved when she designed her models for this season, so of course we must put up with it.

The very latest cut in shirts is the deep circular blouse which widens into one with the back breadth, and is stitched on to the apron shaped top, in front and at the sides. Braids, or bands of some kind of trimming usually cover the seam.

Jackets fronts in bolero form are still in good style despite all rumors to the contrary, and some very swell French gowns are made with the little bolero cut very short under the arms, and not always continued across the back. The chief difference between this, and last season's models is in the pouched effect which falls below the jacket.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR PRINCIPLES. Follies are Made to Take the Place of Political Principles.

In France, at the present day, the great majority of the people are ardent republicans in opinion, but they are also great admirers of the sort of courtesy which is associated with the ancient regime—the old time gentility.

There lately died in that country a certain Monsieur Dausassans, who was a fine representative, in his manners and opinions of the old school. His elaborate courtesy was of the elegant, "palvering," antique sort, and it kept his head above water in times when other old-school fellows went to the bottom. It was not many years ago that Monsieur Dausassans was perfect of a department and stationed at an important provincial town. Just at that time a very Radical ministry came into power—an ultra Republican government which announced its intention to turn all Conservative and Reactionist functionaries out of office. The Minister of the Interior was a particularly violent Radical, with no bowels of compassion for any who were suspected of monarchial opinions.

One of the first functionaries selected for sacrifice was Monsieur Dausassans. It happened, however, that his conservative opinions were not so strenuously held as to incline him against holding office under a Radical administration. When he was summoned to Paris for dismissal, he went to the cabinet of the minister with his hat in his hand and his most complaisant expression on his face.

"You are represented to me, sir," said the minister, "as hostile to our Republican institutions."

Monsieur Dausassans bowed very low, in the most graceful style of ancient gentility.

"I think, monsieur le ministre," he began "that I may possibly prove myself worthy of your excellency's confidence. If I may be permitted to enter into certain details,

It will be, I fancy, within my power to demonstrate to your excellency—

It was the first time that the new minister had ever been called "your excellency." He was a man who had sprung from the common people, and the phrase, coming from a man who seemed to know how to use it, was very pleasant to his ears. His manner softened perceptibly. Dausassans went on with a long and flattering speech, in which he had very little to say about his own politics, but in which the words "your excellency" occurred a great many times.

After about three-quarters of an hour he came out of the minister's cabinet. He had been indeed removed from his preference, but he had been promoted to a better one! The minister's Radical friends were furious. They went to him and said:

"What! You have promoted this man? Why, he is the most abominable of Reactionists!"

"W-well," answered the minister, as if recalled to himself, "perhaps he's a Reactionist, but I tell you he's a mighty well-bred man!"

All of which goes to show—what the French have already found out: to their sorrow—that it is hard to make a republic without Republicans.

A Mean Insinuation. "I wonder who ever thought of making a cake knife with a scalloped edge like that," remarked Mrs. New-wed, holding up her late purchase for her husband to see.

"It was one of these accidental inventions," replied Mr. New-wed, manly. "The fellow who made it used an ordinary knife to cut some of his wife's first pound cake. When he got through it looked like that."

Before and After. She was the apple of my eye— No thought of mine doeried her; But now we're married, and, oh, fie! She's turned to sour hard-boiler.

The mosquito a vicious creature? exclaimed a traveller in the United States. "Not at all! He'll eat right out of your hand."

DISEASES OTHERWISE INCURABLE. There is no skin disease which NY-AS-SAN will not cure. Wanted—The address of every sufferer in America. The Nyassan Medicine Co. Toronto, N. S.

A Beautiful Solid Gold Ring, Set with Genuine Garnet FREE! You pay nothing, simply send your Name and Address. Plainly written, and we will send you 20 Packages of IMPERISHABLE VIOLET SACHET PERFUME (which for delicacy of odor, natural freshness and inexhaustible character is unsurpassed) to sell for us (if you can) among friends at 10c per package. When sold remit us the money, and we will send you free for your trouble the above described ring, which is stamped and warranted Solid Gold, set with Genuine Garnet. Send address at once, mention this paper, and state that you want Perfume, and we will send it. No money required. We take all risks. Goods returnable if not sold. TISDALL SUPPLY CO. SNOWDON CHAMBERS, TORONTO, ONT.

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THE BEAUTY OF FUN.

It is One of God's Best Gifts and is Capable of Blessed Use.

'Fun' is, so to speak, a funny word. It is derived from itself. To be sure, the dictionaries pretend to derive it from the Anglo-Saxon 'fean', joys, or something of the kind, but what is the use? It amounts to this, but there is something in human nature that bubbles from it as the spring from the hillside. It has bubbled or fizzed itself into a word, and we all love the word and what it signifies. Why not? Fun is one of the best gifts of God to his children. It is our plaything, and one that amuses us to the last year of ripe old age.

Like everything else that is very good, fun is capable of wise and blessed use, and degrading and terrible abuse. Well used, it brightens the heart, blesses the body, drives away care, sweetens sorrow, quenches temptation, relieves embarrassment, dissipates misunderstandings and enmities, promotes social life, in a word fosters the best sentiments and affections of the human heart. Abused, it stings and wounds and enervates and corrupts and curses.

It is of the utmost consequence, therefore, that we should learn to use fun in the right way. Like everything else, fun can be at its best only as it is brought under the influence of Christian principle and sentiment. Then it blossoms into the fairest, if not the gayest, flower.

A good joke is one of the best products of the human heart and brain. Only it must be a good joke in the real sense of the word. There is many a 'capital' joke that is really not a good joke at all but a bad one, for it produces a bad effect. A good joke is one that is spicy, or as Ian Maclaren would say, that 'tastes' well, and at the same time does not wound or injure, but, on the contrary, pleases and benefits. I have read somewhere a story of a boy and girl, Dutch children they were, who were playing in a wood when they spied a pair of wooden shoes belonging to a chopper who was at work at a little distance. They made up their minds that this was a good chance to have a joke. At first they resolved to put pebbles into the shoes, and then hide and watch the effect when the man put them on. But the little girl thought that this would be unkind, and suggested that instead of the pebbles they put in the coins which they had in their pockets. Doing this they were amused both at the surprise and pleasure of the amazed chopper. The change from pebbles to coins transformed that joke from a bad one a very good one.

To be able to see the humorous side of a situation often turns, in an instant, a most forlorn and unfortunate occurrence into merriment and pleasure. Spilt milk, or spilt anything else, usually has a ludicrous attachment of some kind that is capable of producing laughter as tears. Only the laughter must start from the person on whom the catastrophe falls, and not from the witnesses. How much we respect one who has the grace to laugh after a tumble, or to turn off with a pleasantry the mishap due to another's awkwardness.

One might go on almost indefinitely describing the blessed uses of fun in all its forms, from the playfulness of a child to the humor of a Lincoln or a Sidney Smith. One might tell how it has decided the issue of battles, determined the policy of nations, healed the deepest antagonisms, saved human lives, brought happiness to thousands.

The abuse of the love of fun is as baneful as its rightful use is blissful. When carried to excess, for example, fun becomes buffoonery and laughter giggling. If there is a kind of laughter that is like the music of a mountain brook, there is another kind that is like the 'crackling of thorns under a pot.' There is a time to laugh, the preacher tell us, and also a time to weep, and the person who knows no better than to laugh when all the higher instincts of the soul forbid it, insults God, himself, and others.

Again, there is a kind of fun, sometimes called wit, in distinction from humor, which is as cruel and withering as real fun is sweet and wholesome. Veiled under the mask of fun, this kind of attack strikes more deeply and cuts more keenly than any other. The malicious joke is an arrow that leaves a poisoned wound. The

Much in Little

As especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine

Hood's Pills

chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. &c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ambush warfare and heartless torture of malicious fun is a survival of the worst of Indian habits. One who has the gift of humor should be careful not to use it for slashing others with it, or employing it to any selfish or unworthy end.

The cheerful man carries with him a fragrance in his presence and personality—an influence that acts upon others as a summer warmth on the fields and forests. It wakes up and calls out the best that is in them. It makes them stronger braver and happier. Such a man makes a little spot of this world a lighter, brighter, and warmer place for other people to live in. To meet him in the morning is to get inspiration which makes all the day's struggles and tasks easier. His hearty handshake puts a thrill of new vigor in your veins. After talking with him for a few minutes, you feel an exhilaration of spirits, a quickening of energy, a renewal of zest and interest in living, and are ready for any duty or service.

The blessing of one such cheerful life in a home is immeasurable. It touches all the household with its calming, quieting influence. It allays the storms of perturbed feeling that is sure to sweep down from the mountains of worldly care and conflict even upon the sheltered waters of home.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

No Name on Earth So Famous
—No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps, is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was DODD'S. Their discovery startled the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of 'Dodd's Kidney Pills.' Why is the name 'Dodd's Kidney Pills' imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

The Retort Ready.

A bustling agent for a patent churn invaded the office of a busy merchant one day and proceeded to deliver his lecture.

'One moment, please,' said the merchant. 'May I ask to whom I am indebted for this visit?'

'The caller produced his card. It contained the inscription: 'Barton Zebulon Day, Agent for Cosmopolitan Novelty Company.'

The man of business studied the card a moment. The he looked up.

'I am honored by your call, Mr. Barton Zebulon Day,' he said, with a genial smile, 'but this is also my B. Z. Day. Good day.'

Accidentally Cut and Bruised.

Until a physician arrives, it is well to know what to do in emergencies; the knowledge may prevent blood-poisoning. Dress the wound or cut with a plaster made of 'Quickcure,' which stops bleeding, removes all pain, destroys dangerous microbes, and by preventing inflammation, aids the part to heal rapidly.

The 50c. and \$1.00 sizes of 'Quickcure' hold 3 and 9 times the quantity of trial size. Only a small quantity is required.

Pertinent Question.

It was the first year that Farmer Andrews had taken boarders, and though he conscientiously tried to serve them, he found the task almost beyond his powers. They were fastidious and even 'tussy.' They seemed determined to be more than comfortable and had no hesitation in complaining when they were not so. But evidently the Andrews farm did not altogether displease them, for they not only finished the summer, but stayed on into the fall.

Then their crying grievance became, not the thickness of cream or the saltiness of butter, but the difficulty of keeping every corner of the old-fashioned rooms as warm as a tropical summer.

One day Farmer Andrews was called in from the woodpile, where he was vainly trying to do a forenoon's work. This was the third time he had relinquished axe and patience together.

'Mr. Andrews,' said his boarder, somewhat fractionally, 'something must really be done about the temperature of my chamber.'

This fireplace is not sufficient for so large a room.'

The farmer stroked his grizzled beard, and tried to speak serenely.

'Put ye up a stove, ma'am!' said he. 'But I don't want a stove! I want this open fire, just as I have it now, only I expect it to heat the room. Just look at the thermometer! It has been hanging over by the window, and I can't get it above sixty-nine.'

She swept forward, with the talltale glass in her hand, and at that moment farmer Andrews felt his patience snap and fly.

'Over by the window!' he repeated, almost weeping with the vexation of one who has been unjustly used, 'Over by the window! Why under heavens don't ye set it here in a warm place?'

Listowel, Sept. 22nd, 1896.

Edmanson, Bates & Co.,
Gentlemen,—I have pleasure in saying that Dr. Chase's Ointment, Pills and Catarrh Cure and Linseed and Turpentine are selling well, and are giving every satisfaction. Many of my customers have spoken highly in their praise.

Yours Truly
J. A. HACKING.

A Reflection.

'The deaf and dumb wonder is awfully ill tempered to day,' twittered the Albino, by way of opening the conversation.

'What for?' inquired the Dog-Faced Man.

'Some visitor,' continued the Albino 'wrote on his slate that his photograph was a speaking likeness. Mad Say!'

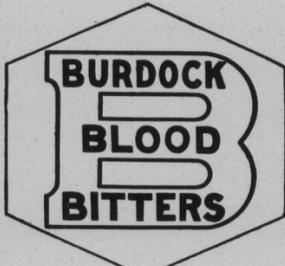
The Poet's Quandary

As I sat at my table
And scribbled in haste,
I saw through the window
An arm and a waist!
And oh, it was hard
In that moment to choose
'Twixt amusing embrace
And embracing a muse.
—G. T. B. Gilmore.

Perhaps You're Bilious.

Tongue coated, head heavy, nasty taste in mouth, sour stuff coming up, belching of wind, nausea, no desire for food, generally miserable.

It's the easiest thing in the world to have the jaundiced eye bright, the head clear, the tongue clean, the whole train of symptoms produced by Biliousness removed by



MRS. THOS. McCANN, Mooresville, Ont., writes: 'I was troubled with biliousness, headache, and lost appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B.B.B. my appetite has returned, and I am better than I have been for years. I would not be without Burdock Blood Bitters. It is such a safe and good remedy that I am giving it to my children.'



E. L. ETHIER & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF
Billiard and Pool Tables
and Supplies.
Bowling Alleys, etc.
SECOND HAND TABLES \$100 to \$200.
Our Columbus Electric Cushions are known to be the best in use.
88 St. Denis St.,
Montreal.

A JEALOUS HORSE.

He was Displeased Because he did not Come First.

One of the passions which the horse and the dog share with man is that 'green-eyed monster' against which Othello was warned. A certain English retriever is so fond of children that he will permit, without even growling, one of them to take a bone out of his mouth. Yet the sight of his master caressing that same child will cause him to put his paws on his master's legs and insert his nose between the father's arms and the child's body. As for horses, no one familiar with them will doubt this story, told by the New York Observer:

In a boarding stable in New York there is a horse whose name is 'Tatters.' He is the pet of Mrs. D., who owns and drives him; and it is evident to all who know them that horse and owner are very fond of each other.

She always gives him an apple or carrot before starting on a drive, and another on returning, the latter being after his bridle has been removed; and he has learned to wait patiently for the dainty until that time.

On the same floor of the stable is Mr. B.'s horse, 'Phil.' Mrs. D. used frequently to give an apple to Phil, after giving one to Tatters. The latter would manifest displeasure at this in a mild way, but his demonstrations never went beyond the shaking of his head and laying back of his ears. But one evening, while Tatters, who had just come in, was waiting for the removal of his bridle, Phil, who was ahead of him, was the recipient of an apple from Mrs. D.'s hand, as she stood talking to Mr. B. A moment later the groom had removed Tatters' bridle, and at once his mistress offered him his apple. He turned his head away, and refused to touch the fruit. Mrs. D. followed him into his stall, and tried to coax him; but he began munching his hay, and would not look at her.

Then Mr. B., and after him the groom, tried to induce Tatters to take the apple, but to no purpose; he was hurt because his mistress had given an apple to Phil before giving one to him, and he would not forgive the affront.

His owner's feelings were much like those of the horse, and she left the stable with tears in her eyes. Before starting out the next day, she had a friend give a carrot instead of an apple to Tatters, in the hope that, if he had not forgotten the unintended affront, the carrot might break the association with the apple. He took the carrot eagerly. Then he took one from his mistress's hand, and you may be sure she has never since then given apple or carrot to another horse while Tatters was sight.

THE OPERATOR'S STORY.

One About the Yellow Fever That is Very Hard to Believe.

It was at a smoker and foamer of the telegraph operators that the dean of the key juggler told this one, says the Detroit Free Press:

'What brings it to mind is the yellow fever reports from the south. All that you read can give you no proper conception of the reign of terror prevailing down there during the epidemic. When they first ran a railroad into one of the richest mining districts of Alabama I was made operator of a little cross-roads station. It took a long time to convince the natives that I could talk to all parts of the world with that little 'clickin' machine of mine. I finally was able to convince them. The wife of one of their number had gone to Mobile to attend a sick daughter who had been the beauty of the neighbourhood and had immortalized her memory by being taken to some other part of the world by a rich husband. Through an arrangement with the Mobile operator the old couple carried on a conversation of such a personal nature that neither could doubt the identity of the other. Then the common superstition of the people intervened and they concluded that the instrument was an invention of the devil.

'While they were in this frame of mind there came the news of the yellow fever. Force was the most natural way of resisting all kinds of evils down there and for days the depot was occupied by armed men. Never was a more efficient quarantine established. No one could get on or off of the cars at that point. Even conductors, brakemen, engineers and firemen had to stick to their posts. One day I received a telegram from New Orleans for a gentleman who was held by the quarantine. It announced that his son was better and would survive. Foolishly, I read it to the grim guard in the depot. They snatched the message from me with a howl, all the more savage because the paper was yellow. They burned it, wrecked the instrument, cut the wires and came mighty near lynching me for exposing them to yellow fever.'

No Fiction Wanted.

Little Boy—'Uncle, won't you tell us a story?'
Genial Uncle—'Certainly, my boy. What kind of a story?'
'Oh, any kind only so it's true. Tell us about Jack and the Beanstalk.'

Every Berry Selected as carefully as the master builder

chooses the most perfect stones for the completion of a famous piece of work.

So it is not to be wondered that the beverage made from

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

is par excellent.

And it is not strange that thousands of homes delight in the joys of a drink made from such material.

Every grocer who prides himself on handling the best class of goods sells Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee, in one and two pound cans, sealed with a seal and guarantee of perfection.

HERBINE BITTERS
Cures Sick Headache
HERBINE BITTERS
Purifies the Blood
HERBINE BITTERS
Cures Indigestion
HERBINE BITTERS
The Ladies' Friend
HERBINE BITTERS
Cures Dyspepsia
HERBINE BITTERS
For Biliousness
Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH
CLEANS FROM ALL IMPURITIES—ARRESTS DECAY—MAKES THE TEETH PEARLY WHITE
LOPESA CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO CANADA

Give the Baby a Chance
The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is
Martin's Cardinal Food
a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.
KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

BENSON'S PLASTERS CURE
Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, La Grippe, Pneumonia, and Kidney Affections cured quickest by the prompt application of
Benson's Porous Plaster.
Incomparably the best external remedy. Always have them in the house for an emergency as delay in treatment is dangerous. Get the genuine. All druggists. Price 25 cents.
Leeming, Miles & Co., Montreal, Sole Agents for Canada.

STEM SET, WATCH FREE
To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give away a 12c gold-plated watch, Ladies or Gents, nicely engraved, reliable time-keeper, warranted 5 years. The Pills are 50c. per box, \$5.00 for 3 boxes. Send this amount and you receive a horse and the watch, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. **THE DR. WESTON PILL CO.,** 250 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Never Pass This Way Again. We travel an unknown pathway, Led by an unseen hand...

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

Alfred, I do wish you and Laura could be friends. You are both so dear to me! Miss Southwell's voice was a little tremulous...

The old-fashioned, pleasant house which Miss Southwell and her brother had occupied now some thirty years stood on a hill in the outskirts of the village...

as, taking out her handkerchief, she tied it to the handle of her parasol. 'My flag of truce,' she said, giving it a flourish...

entire orbit. Prof Swift says: 'This great cluster will reach the earth's orbit about June 1, 1899, but the earth will not have arrived there then, but will be due nearly six months later...

Pain Past Endurance. G. W. COON HOPELESSLY CRIPPLED WITH RHEUMATISM. Could Not Raise Either Hand or Foot and Had to be Fed and Dressed...

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating...

STRENGTH CAME BACK. The Anvil once more rings with the strokes of his hammer. Mr. Thos. Porteous, the well known blacksmith of Goderich, Ont., tells how sickness and weakness gave way to health and strength...

The Old Song.

There is a garden sweet with rose and pink,
Where honeysuckle grows and vernal's bower,
Soft turf, and sheaving to the river's brink,
And in that garden grows my heart's white flower.

At night I walk beside the darkening tide,
Where the crowned stars among the hills str,
See her bright window on the farther side,
And bless the happy roof that shelters her.

She moves about it like a living rose,
And from my boat as I come up the stream
I see 'mid all the flowers her garden grows,
The living lily of her garments gleam.

Mahatma's Message.

In the deepening twilight of an autumnal evening Doris Shirley paced to and fro beneath the trees—awaiting with feeling of doubt and uncertainty the issue of the most momentous event of a maiden's lifetime—the interview between her lover and her parent.

'He has returned?' she queried.
'Yes, love, absolutely and without hope.'
'Did he say why he would not consent?'
'He said that you are aware that his wishes run in another direction.'

Then the daughter's heart rose in hot rebellion against her sire, and her eyes flashed fire as she cried:
'He wants me to marry Joshua Pentworth because he's a theosophist, he has been quite a different man. His whole heart and soul are in it, and every body and everything must be subservient to his creed. Marry Joshua! Never!' And then, in softer tones:
'You know, Sydney, in eighteen months I shall be of age, and then—'

'Eighteen months, pet—what a long time to wait!'
'Is it not better than never? Well, if you do not care to wait we will say "good-bye now." And she held out her hands, pretending to be offended. The result was, of course, as she had anticipated. She found herself encircled by her lover's strong arms, while kisses of contrition greeted her brow.

'Wait, darling? I would wait twenty years, but I could not live without hearing from or seeing you, and your father forbade me to do either after this last interview. And then, as in thousands of similar prohibitions, they plotted as to the ways and means by which they might hold communication unknown to the antagonistic parent.

A week passed away. It seemed like a month to Doris, and she wondered how she could endure eighteen months like this. Her father had told her of his interview with Sydney, and requested that the subject might never be mentioned again, and Doris had given him to understand that under no circumstances would she marry any one else. And now a week had passed—seven long, weary days—without hearing from or seeing Sydney, and poor Doris, driven to desperation, had been wondering how she might best broach the subject to her father and try to induce him to reconsider his decision; she felt that she might as well appeal to a stone wall as to his stubborn will. Was there no way but to wait?

Mr. Shirley was sitting in the big arm-chair in his own particular sanctum, generally referred to as the study, and letting his thoughts run riot. First, they fitted here and there over phases of his new hobby, and then, taking a sadder tone, conjured up the vision of his only child, whose dearest wish he had refused. Why was she so self-willed? There was Joshua, well provided with worldly goods, hale-fellow-well-met with everyone, and above all, a brother-theosophist; why could not the girl be satisfied with her father's choice? Then the truant thoughts pictured Sydney Wallace as certainly the better looking of the two, near Doris' age, a man of energy and excellent character, but—and there was the rub—he had been so openly and audaciously honest as to express his disbelief in the manifestations of theosophy, and so he had sealed his fate.

It was now quite dark and Mr. Shirley rose from his seat. Lighted the gas, drew down the blind and locked the door. It was his custom to spend his evenings alone with books, and reaching a volume from its shelf he drew his chair to the table and was soon observed in new mystifications, theoretical and impracticable.

After reading for some time he came upon a marginal note giving reference to another work which necessitated a visit to the bookshelves at the other end of the room. He soon found the passage referred to and was about to resume his seat when he uttered an exclamation of surprise and cast a frightened glance around the room. There on the pages of the book open where he had been reading, was something which was not there when he left the table—a little roll of paper. With quivering hands and beating heart he picked it up and unrolled it. Apparently the paper was of foreign manufacture, and the characters on it, although English, did not seem to be inscribed with any of the materials in common use in this country. With indescribable feelings of wonder and awe he read:

'Coercion is abhorrent to us. Vex thy offspring no longer. It is our command. Tibet, Aug. 24.'

A message from the mahatmas in far off Tibet dated that very day! Could there be trickery? he wondered, and to place the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt he made an exhaustive examination of the room and its contents. The window was fastened, the door locked, and the chimney closed, and there was no other opening in the walls. Continuing the search on his hands and knees, under the table, chairs and couch, he covered every square inch of the carpet and then arose, convinced that the room contained no living thing beside himself. And there on the table lay the indisputable evidence that time, space and brick walls were as nothing to a mahatma. Was there ever such a charitable creed that the innermost circle should in-

terest itself on behalf of one who had openly expressed his opinion that such manifestations were 'boon'?

The next meeting of the theosophists, before whom Mr. Shirley detailed the circumstances and produced the evidence, unanimously agreed that his bodily health and perhaps his very life might be imperiled if he still persisted in opposing the wishes of his masters. They implored and abjured him to relent, and worked on his feelings to such an extent that he went home impressed with an awful sense of some impending doom, some terrible calamity that was about to burst on his offending head.

Meanwhile, the situation had become as unbearable to Sydney as it had to Doris; all their plans for communicating having so far failed, the natural course of events having taken a turn for which no provision had been made. A love so intense as his could stand the separation no longer. That very afternoon he would go boldly to the house and ask to see his beloved; her father might say or do as he pleased. The resolution was formed, he was in a state of feverish impatience to put it into practice. He would start at once. And start he did, wondering what reception he would get at the hands of her parents, and hoping that he might not be invested with the order of the boot. But Providence had prepared for him a surprise, one of those kaleidoscopic changes which ever make the 'best laid schemes of mice and men gang all a-gley.'

Scarcely had he reached the gate when a telegraph boy ran up and handed him a message. Sydney's first thought, of course was Doris—then, some dire disaster. As soon as his impatient hands had ripped off the covering he read:

'Come at once in friendship. RICHARD SHIRLEY.'

An invitation from the very man whom he had been mentally picturing as kicking him out of the house! 'Say, I'll be there like a shot,' he said to the astonished messenger; then recollecting himself, 'No answer,' and the next instant he was speeding to the station to catch the train then due. His reception surprised him as much as the telegram. He was welcomed at the threshold by Mr. Shirley and taken into the study, his host beaming with the very essence of affability. After a few preliminary 'haws' and vicious clearings of the throat Mr. Shirley addressed him thus:

'In refusing your ardent request for the hand of my daughter I believed that I was acting in the best interests of my only child. I know nothing against you—indeed, much to your advantage—but the principal reason that induced me to take the course that I did was your openly expressed disbelief of matters of which you could not possibly be a judge. Young man, read that!' And with a dramatic flourish he handed him the message.

After minutely detailing the circumstances of its arrival he continued:

'In compliance with the command therein expressed I have sent for you to give my consent to your union with my daughter, and I am not without hope that the mysterious message you have before you may be the means of converting you by its tangible existence and the forgiving nature of its contents.'

Sydney gazed at the paper bewildered, speechless. This was a complete fiasco. Well, now go to Doris. She awaits you in the drawing room. Leave the paper here. It is too precious to trust out of my sight. I have to go out now on business, but if you give me a call, say to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock, I shall be prepared to discuss matters with you.'

It is needless to attempt to describe the rapturous meeting of the reunited lovers. Those readers who have experienced such blissful moments can picture it for themselves, and those who have not may rest assured that to them the gates of paradise still stand unsealed.

The next evening Sydney kept his appointment with Mr. Shirley, whose exuberant delight seemed to show that a heavy load had fallen from his mind.

Then he would go through the incidents of the mysterious arrival again, taking Sydney by the arm and leading him around the room, all the while explaining how matters stood on the eventful night.

'You see, the gas was slight, just as it is now, and the window was fastened—look at it; cannot be opened from the outside—and the blind was drawn right down like this. The only other means of ingress is the door, locked. Ah, I have not locked it!' And as he spoke he shot the bolt. At the same instant a loud 'ting' caused both men to spring ground and rush to the table. There, floating on the liquid in one of the glasses, was another tiny roll of paper. Shot from somewhere, it had evidently struck the glass, making it ring. Unfolded, the contents ran:

'It is well. We are satisfied.' Again from Tibet and the date the current day. It was with very different feelings that the two men gazed at the piece of paper. Mr. Shirley's face bore a calm expression which told of a thankfulness that danger was past and that he felt once more at peace with his masters, while Sydney stood aghast in the presence of the unfathomable, his hair bristling on his head and teeth chattering from very fear. At last he could bear it no longer, and, flinging open the door he rushed out, nor paused until he found himself outside the front door in the pure night air, with the canopy of

heaven and the twinkling stars above him.

A train is throbbing swiftly northward, bearing among its passengers two that have that day been made man and wife. The bridegroom sits absorbed in his thoughts, seeming oblivious to the fact that what should be all the world to him sits by his side. It is not that one dainty thrower slipper had made a bruise on his forehead nor than sundry grains of rice had slipped down between his collar and his neck. What then was the cause?

'What makes you so quiet, dear?' asks the bride.
He starts as one called from another world.

'I am bewildered, love. These messages—how real and yet how impossible! I cannot believe, and yet—there! I know not what to think.'

Doris laughs a little, musical ripple, and then, laying her hand on his arm and nestling closer, she says:

'Shall I explain the mystery, love? I sent them.'

'You? How could you? The gas was locked. I mean the door—I—but you—how could you?'

'I will tell you, but you must not let papa know. The paper came from India, wrapped around some presents that I had sent to me. The writing I did with my left hand with the moistened point of a stick of Indian ink—'

'But the locked room?' interjected Sydney.

Then I rolled it up very small and stood it upright on a projection of the chandelier, and fixed it there with a tiny bit of wax from a candle. When the gas had been alighted a little while the wax melted with the heat and down fell the message with its own weight. See? But you will keep my secret from papa?'

And Mr. Shirley does not understand the mystery to this day.—London Tidbits.

THE LIVELY RHINOCEROS.

He is Not a Pleasant Animal to Meet When Angry.

Armed in his heavy hide, almost armor-plated, equipped for both offence and defence, the formidable and ponderous rhinoceros is not at all the animal whose angry outset one would imagine to be a laughing matter. Nevertheless, the tone in which Major J. R. McDonald, who has had ample experience, treats such an incident is about that in which an ordinary person might relate the scattering of a group of girls by a two sportive calf, or a cow of over inquisitive disposition.

In making the difficult survey for a projective railroad in East Africa, rhinoceroses were more than once disturbed in their lair by the major's party. Sometimes they resented the intrusion, while on other occasions they seemed moved by curiosity to come and investigate the caravan. They were not dreaded, though they were certainly, when they came to close quarters, avoided, and that nimbly.

'A caravan passing a solitary rhinoceros to windward afford,' says Major Macdonald 'a very amusing spectacle. The great beast scents the caravan at once, but cannot quite make it out—he is dull of sight,—so he stands facing it, and wagging his enormous head from side to side in great uncertainty. Then up goes his tail and he comes tearing down, only to pull up after twenty or thirty yards to repeat his investigations.

'To give time for reflection, he then trots along parallel to the caravan, till, out an extra strong whiff of scent, he wheels round and again makes a headlong charge for a few yards. This stupid performance is repeated until, in most cases, the caravan has safely passed and the rhinoceros is left in his uncertainty.

'Sometimes, however, the caravan is of such length, or so slow, that a charge home comes off; then the porters drop their loads and scatter, and the rhinoceros gallops through the line, and away up wind, with his tail in the air, and no damage done.'

The first time that the major personally encountered a rhinoceros, he did so unexpectedly, and much too near; in fact, for a few minutes he and the rhinoceros indulged in a brisk impromptu game of tag about a dry gully and some trees, until he could get an opportunity to load and shoot. His friend Pringle watched and enjoyed the episode; but before many weeks the tables were turned, and the major who looked on.

'There is a theory,' says Major Macdonald 'that you can always turn a rhinoceros if you reserve your fire. Pringle gave the beast one barrel at about fifty yards, and another at ten. But that rhinoceros was not one of the sort to turn; and but for the fact that Pringle was a very active man, he and the rhinoceros would have changed roles, and he would have constituted the bag. As it was, the wounded animal made off and got clear away.

On another occasion a rhinoceros charged the caravan and began to play cup-and-ball with a bale, to the great amusement of Pringle and his followers. Judge of Pringle's disgust when he found it was his own bedding which had formed the bale, and that it had, moreover, acquired a rich variety of holes during the operation.'

BORN.

Jamaica, Dec. 19, to the wife of J. Rippen a son.
Brule, Dec. 25, to the wife of Wm. A. Lattie a son.
Springhill, Dec. 20, to the wife of Harry Muirhead a son.
Macedon, Dec. 9, to the wife of Edmund Young a son.
Springhill, Dec. 24, to the wife of Angus Malay a son.
Elmvale, Dec. 25, to the wife of W. A. Ennis a daughter.

Kenville, Dec. 29, to the wife of J. Rooney a daughter.
Salem, Dec. 26, to the wife of Martin Collins a daughter.
Berwick, Dec. 26, to the wife of T. H. Morse a daughter.
Moncton, Dec. 30, to the wife of Chesley Colpitts a daughter.
Springhill, Dec. 21, to the wife of John Scott a daughter.
Springhill, Dec. 24, to the wife of George Allison a daughter.
Rockingham, Dec. 28, to the wife of Fred W. Anderson a son.
Annapolis Royal, Dec. 29, to the wife of F. C. Whitman a son.
Liverpool, N. S., Dec. 23, to the wife of Hon. Jason Mack a son.
Canning, N. S., Dec. 21, to the wife of Prof. A. C. Redden a son.
Mount Uniacke, N. S., Dec. 27, to the wife of W. McLearn a son.
Yarmouth, Dec. 23, to the wife of Capt. A. W. McKinnon a daughter.

MARRIED.

Bellevue, Ont., Dec. 21, Mr. John R. Hardman to Eliza M. Bonar.
Woodstock, Dec. 35, by Rev. J. Coy. Harry Hall to Clara May Grubb.
Truro, Dec. 22, by Rev. J. W. Falconer, Samuel Charlton to Eliza Smiley.
St. George, Dec. 23, by Rev. Randal E. Smith, Fraser to Grace Spear.
Bale Verte, Dec. 21, by Rev. S. James, Annie Brownell to Edgar Ogden.
Annapolis, Dec. 21, by Rev. E. F. Caldwell, Frank Leighton to Eliza Beaudry.
Maryville, Dec. 22, by Rev. J. B. Champion Fred W. White to Jessie H. Cain.
Hillsboro, Dec. 21, by Rev. W. Camp, Walter M. Steeves to Lottie M. Steeves.
St. John, N. B., Jan. 1, by Rev. James Crisp, William Kay to Catherine Steves.
Halifax, Dec. 27, by Rev. Allan Simpson, Charles F. M. Wilson to Elia Munro.
Kensedale, Dec. 27, by Rev. L. M. McCreery, Alma Jondrey to Maria Hattie.
Margaree, Dec. 23, by Rev. W. A. Snelling, John T. Kay to Catherine Steves.
Springhill, Dec. 22, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Eric Smith to Gertrude Schurman.
Mahone Bay, Dec. 19, by Rev. J. W. Crawford Kenneth Langille to Jennie Spidle.
Digby, Dec. 24, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Arnold R. Morhouse to Ella L. Saunders.
Pleasant Valley, Dec. 6, by Rev. T. A. Blackadar, David Whitehouse to M. Hail.
Windita, Dec. 25, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, Geo. Bienshorn to Augusta Rogers.
Mira, Dec. 16, by Rev. F. Beattie, John William Spencer to Rebecca May Murray.
Campbellton, Dec. 11, by Rev. W. H. Street, Harry Faison to Clara Belle Hersey.
Oak Bay, Dec. 16, by Rev. W. H. Morgan, Howard Gilmann to Mrs. Grace Bartlett.
Kingsley, N. B., Dec. 15, by Rev. Mr. Freeman, John T. Kay to Catherine Steves.
Lunenburg, Dec. 25, by Rev. Gakar Gronlund, Louis Niforty to William Zink.
Moncton, Dec. 25, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, E. A. Harris to Miss Susannah Archibald.
Lunenburg, Dec. 26, by Rev. Oskar Gronlund, Argus Bond, Dec. 27, by Rev. Geo. E. Sturgis, Alexander Murphy to Annie Fro t.
St. George, Dec. 22, by Rev. Randal E. Smith, James I. Cook to Albertina Leslie.
Calais, Dec. 22, by Rev. S. A. Bender, William J. French to Edith May Montgomery.
Waterville, Dec. 22, by Rev. E. O. Read, Charles M. Charlton to Eliza G. Whitman.
Digby, Dec. 29, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Vernon T. Dakin to Miss Mary J. Morehouse.
Newton Mills, Dec. 16, by Rev. D. S. Fraser, James Dunbar to Nancy Rutherford.
Pleasant Valley, Dec. 21, by Rev. T. A. Blackadar, Gordon Crosby to Catherine Edridge.
Norton Station, Dec. 16, by Rev. T. A. Higgins Mr. Frederick Ford to Annie B. Parsons.
Upper Kennetcook, Dec. 22, by Rev. G. R. Martell, David Denmore to Maud Miller.
Truro, Dec. 22, by Rev. A. L. Geggie, James Fraser to Rebecca May Murray.
Norton Station, Dec. 28, by Rev. C. F. Hanington, Gordon Caldwell, to Margaret J. Wilson.
Keswick, N. B., Dec. 21, by Rev. W. W. Wain, Thomas E. Wilson to Miss Iona Shepherd.
Bridgewater, Dec. 22, by Rev. W. M. Gelling, Benjamin H. Wilmans to Maria Newcombe.
Pleasant Ridge, Dec. 21, by Rev. Willard McDonald, Samuel W. Peacock to Mary M. Carson.
Grand Maize, Dec. 25, by Rev. H. H. Cosman, Thaddeus M. Dakin to Miss Agnes M. Thomas.
Middleton, Dec. 29, by Rev. Andrew Boyd, Rev. Ralph Grant Strathairn to Elsie Morrison Stewart.
Indian Harbor, N. S., Dec. 16, by Rev. A. E. Ingram, Captain Elijah W. Covey to Eva J. Patterson, Fred C. McKenney to Annie S. Harris.
Little River, N. B., Dec. 23, by Rev. J. J. Teasdale, Mr. John S. Fulton to Miss Laura M. Campbell.
Woodville, Upper Marguodobol, Dec. 29, by Rev. F. W. Thompson, William F. Hamilton to Louise M. Chaplin.

DIED.

Lynn, Mass., Dec. 10, Capt. F. Ellis.
Calais, Dec. 19, Thomas Colmer, 48.
St. George, Dec. 23, John Dewar, 57.
Pugwash, Dec. 10, Charles Gilderson.
Lynn Mass., Dec. 15, Erroll Grant, 76.
St. John, Dec. 28, Matilda Brogan, 83.
Ferrova, Dec. 25, John Somerville, 93.
Moncton, Dec. 25, Mrs. Jane Scott, 55.
Milltown, Dec. 27, George F. Todd, 68.
Chatham, Dec. 24, Charles McNeil, 68.
Milltown, Dec. 28, Ireland W. King, 91.
Milltown, Dec. 26, Louisa Archibald, 73.
St. John, Dec. 27, Andrew W. Mellick, 47.
Horton, Dec. 7, Roy Randolph Heggan, 4.
East Boston, Dec. 28, Margaret Revell, 51.
Robbinston, Dec. 22, Andrew J. Stanhope, 83.
Central Aryle, Dec. 24, Charles Spinnay, 28.
LeHave Branch, Dec. 24, Edward Velock, 80.
Milltown, Dec. 19, Miss Hadasah Caswell, 63.
Helena, Montana, Dec. 13, William E. Goss, 47.
Moncton, Dec. 22, Addie, wife of Daniel McStay.
Yarmouth, Dec. 26, Edna, wife of Thomas Gear, 34.
St. John, Jan. 1, William, son of the late J. D. Doves.
Midville Branch, Lunenburg, Dec. 23, Henry James Taylor, 60.
Calais, Dec. 18, Sarah E., wife of Isaac Richardson, 60.
Marquash, Jan. 1, John, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson, 21.
Berwick, N. S., Dec. 21, Margaret S., wife of Rev. James Taylor, 60.
Springhill, Dec. 30, Elizabeth, widow of the late John Brown, 61.
Dartmouth, Dec. 31, Mary Ann Steele, wife of James Strum, 68.
Montrose, Dec. 13, Aggie Maud, daughter of Mrs. Beach, Kings Co., 61.
St. John, Jan. 2, Joshua Barnes Williams of Long Beach, Kings Co., 61.
Campbellton, Dec. 25, Susan Margerite, daughter of John Keas, 6 years.
Marquash, Dec. 20, Hannah A., widow of the late James Taylor, 60.
Kempton, Dec. 10, Annie Cameron, widow of the late George Cameron, 86.
Picton, Dec. 21, Irene Catherine, child of Mr. and Mrs. John Matheson, 1 year.
Campbellton, Dec. 24, Elizabeth, child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert St. Oge, 2 years.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

On and after Nov. 1st, 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert.

Lvs. St. John at 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 12.40 a. m. Monday, Tuesday, and Friday.
Lvs. Digby at 1.00 p. m., ar. St. John, 4.00 p. m. Monday, Tuesday and Saturday.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lvs. Halifax 8.20 a. m., ar. Yarmouth 12.40 p. m. Lvs. Digby 1.02 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.30 p. m. Tu. & Fri.
Lvs. Halifax 7.45 a. m., ar. Digby 12.30 p. m. Lvs. Digby 12.42 p. m., ar. Yarmouth 3.00 p. m. Lvs. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., ar. Digby 11.10 a. m. Lvs. Digby 11.25 a. m., ar. Halifax 5.45 p. m. Mon. and Thurs.
Lvs. Yarmouth 6.00 a. m., ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Lvs. Digby 10.14 a. m., ar. Halifax 3.30 p. m. Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Fri.
Lvs. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., ar. Digby 8.50 a. m. Lvs. Digby 9.20 p. m., ar. Annapolis 4.40 p. m. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday Friday and Saturday.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bueneose between Halifax and Yarmouth.

S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express Train and "Flying Bueneose" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves LONG WHARF, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Usual quick cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.
Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.
W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Mgr.
P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

TOURIST

SLEEPING CARS

TO THE

Pacific Coast.

VIA

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Leave Montreal every Thursday at 9.40 a. m., carrying passengers for all points Westward, B. C. and west thereof.
Double berth Montreal to Pacific Coast...\$100.
Write D. P. A. C. P. R. St. John, N. B. for the following pamphlets:—

"Tourist Cars"
"The Klondike and Gold Fields of the Yukon"
"British Columbia"
"Vancouver City's "Guide to the Land of Gold"
Time tables and Maps.
D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN,
Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent,
Montreal. St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897 the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Ficton and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....12.10
Express for Sussex.....12.30
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....12.50
Passengers for St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.20
Express from Moncton(daily).....10.30
Express from Halifax.....16.00
Express from Halifax, Ficton and Campbellton.....17.10
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.20

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FOTTINGE, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

STEAMBOATS.

1897. 1897.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co.

(LIMITED).

For Boston and Halifax,

Via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quick-est time, 15 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

2-Trips a Week-2

THE STEEL STEAMER

BOSTON

UNZEL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING Oct 26th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY evenings after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Atlantic and Coast Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia.

Stmr. City of St. John,

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shuburne, Lockport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Retaining Liverpool, Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY at 2 p. m. connecting with steamer for Boston on Wednesday evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports.

Steamer Alpha,

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY Afternoon, Returning, leaves Yarmouth every MONDAY and SATURDAY evenings at 8 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

Tickets and all information can be obtained from L. E. BAKER, President and Managing Director.

W. A. CHASE, H. P. Hammond, Agent, Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston-Yarmouth, N. S., Nov. 4th 1897.