

PROGRESS.

VOL. IX., NO. 444.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

RAILROAD.

Colonial Railway.

MONDAY, the 7th September, the train of this Railway will start on Sunday except on the following days:

St. John for Quebec and Montreal	7.00
St. John for Montreal	7.30
St. John for Halifax	8.00
St. John for St. John's	8.30
St. John for Miramichi	9.00
St. John for Moncton	9.30
St. John for Fredericton	10.00
St. John for Antigonish	10.30
St. John for Sydney	11.00
St. John for Lunenburg	11.30
St. John for Pictou	12.00
St. John for Digby	12.30
St. John for Kentville	1.00
St. John for Annapolis	1.30
St. John for Wolfville	2.00
St. John for Sable Island	2.30

ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

St. John for Quebec and Montreal	6.30
St. John for Montreal	7.00
St. John for Halifax	7.30
St. John for St. John's	8.00
St. John for Miramichi	8.30
St. John for Moncton	9.00
St. John for Fredericton	9.30
St. John for Antigonish	10.00
St. John for Sydney	10.30
St. John for Lunenburg	11.00
St. John for Pictou	11.30
St. John for Digby	12.00
St. John for Kentville	12.30
St. John for Annapolis	1.00
St. John for Wolfville	1.30
St. John for Sable Island	2.00

ADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Short Line

TO MONTREAL, &c.

St. John, N. B. at 10.00 a.m. for Montreal, Quebec, and Ottawa, via St. John's, Miramichi, Moncton, and Fredericton. Arrives Montreal at 10.00 p.m. Arrives Quebec at 11.00 p.m. Arrives Ottawa at 12.00 p.m.

Atlantic Ry.

St. John, N. B. at 10.00 a.m. for St. John's, Miramichi, Moncton, and Fredericton. Arrives St. John's at 11.00 a.m. Arrives Miramichi at 12.00 p.m. Arrives Moncton at 1.00 p.m. Arrives Fredericton at 2.00 p.m.

RUPERT.

St. John, N. B. at 10.00 a.m. for St. John's, Miramichi, Moncton, and Fredericton. Arrives St. John's at 11.00 a.m. Arrives Miramichi at 12.00 p.m. Arrives Moncton at 1.00 p.m. Arrives Fredericton at 2.00 p.m.

SS TRAINS

St. John, N. B. at 10.00 a.m. for St. John's, Miramichi, Moncton, and Fredericton. Arrives St. John's at 11.00 a.m. Arrives Miramichi at 12.00 p.m. Arrives Moncton at 1.00 p.m. Arrives Fredericton at 2.00 p.m.

EXPRESS RATES

St. John to St. John's	15
St. John to Miramichi	20
St. John to Moncton	25
St. John to Fredericton	30
St. John to Antigonish	35
St. John to Sydney	40
St. John to Lunenburg	45
St. John to Pictou	50
St. John to Digby	55
St. John to Kentville	60
St. John to Annapolis	65
St. John to Wolfville	70
St. John to Sable Island	75

EXPRESS CO.

St. John, N. B. at 10.00 a.m. for St. John's, Miramichi, Moncton, and Fredericton. Arrives St. John's at 11.00 a.m. Arrives Miramichi at 12.00 p.m. Arrives Moncton at 1.00 p.m. Arrives Fredericton at 2.00 p.m.

WHICH TELLS THE TRUTH

IS IT JANE GREEN OR IS IT THE PICTOU DETECTIVE.

Mr. Carroll claims that he can prove his assertion by reliable witnesses—An interesting bout between the Great Detective and Mrs. Jane Green.

Fresh complications seem to be arising almost every day in connection with the Dutcher murder, and anyone who follows the case closely must occasionally feel rather confused between the conflicting statements that are made public from time to time, and it begins to look as if things would be decidedly interesting when the case comes to trial, and the different assertions take the more serious form of sworn statements. The absolute, and aggressive manner in which some of the individuals concerned contradict one another is really amusing and the dispassionate onlooker is absorbed in wonder as to how they are going to settle it between themselves when the time comes, and who will be indicted for perjury; because when one person swears positively to one thing and another swears with equal certainty to the exact opposite, it is safe to assume that they are going to be troublesome somewhere over the matter.

The present state of affairs between Mrs. Jane Green and Mr. 'Peachy' Carroll, Moncton's joy and Pictou's pride, reminds one irresistibly of the deadlock which takes place between two school-boys who have had a difference of opinion and are relieving their feelings by saying 'You did!' 'I didn't!' 'You're an unmitigated falsifier!' 'You're another!' Carroll said Mrs. Green told him she saw a man moving about in the Dutcher house on the night of the murder, and afterward saw a man whom she supposed to be the same running around the corner of the house. This statement was made public through the press, and Mrs. Green felt called upon to vindicate herself by writing to the 'Daily Times' and absolutely denying that she had ever said anything of the kind. She told all she knew about the affair at the inquest and kept nothing back. Mr. Carroll saw the item in the 'Times' and naturally resenting so public a question of his veracity he wrote a little piece for private circulation himself, and plainly said that Mrs. Green was 'another.'

It is at this stage of the proceedings that the deadlock occurs, and it only remains to be proved which of the opposing parties is telling the truth. It is only justice to the valiant 'Peachy' to say that the balance inclines in his favor, as he offers to prove the truth of his assertion by two witnesses. He says Mrs. Green told him in the presence of George P. Thomas, and Will Dutcher, son of the murdered woman, that on looking out of her bedroom window, on the night of the tragedy she saw the figure of a man with a lamp in his hand, going past Mrs. Dutcher's bedroom door inside the house; and that they can all swear to what she said. This looks awkward for Mrs. Green, and she will probably have an unpleasant time when she is trying to explain the discrepancies in her own, and Carroll's assertions; if she kept back such an important piece of information at the time of the inquest she will be given an opportunity of telling her reasons for doing so, and they must have been good ones indeed to justify so strange a proceeding on her part.

Meanwhile the poor little survivor of that terrible night's work is slowly but surely recovering her health, both mental and physical and there seems little doubt that she will be able to throw some light on the events which took place in her mother's house, on the fateful 10th, of September. Since regaining consciousness the child has never mentioned any names in connection with the person, or persons she is afraid of, but this is certainly in mortal terror of some assailant. Her nurses are careful not to question her, or influence her thoughts in any way, but she frequently gives evidence of this fear which never seems to leave her. One day after she was sufficiently recovered to be left for a short interval, her nurse said to her, 'Now Maggie, I am going down to get my dinner; do you mind staying alone?' 'Don't go, don't leave me alone!' said the child anxiously, 'I am afraid he will come up and get me if you do.'

It is needless to say that she was not left alone, or allowed to remain in any fear, and it is to the unremarking care she has received day and night that her really marvellous recovery must be ascribed.

Getting Ready for a Race.

HALIFAX, November 4.—St. John people and all interested, may as well take notice that Halifax is getting ready to have a professional four oared crew on the water early next season. The series of races that have taken place during the last couple of months have been closely watched by aquatic enthusiasts with a view of making a selection next year for a big four. A purse of a couple of hundred dollars will be collected this winter and probably about May 24th it will be offered for competition to all

comes rowing in flats in pairs. Another race will follow this and from these contests will be called the best four that the fishing hamlets can produce. St. John and the world will be accommodated.

AN INHUMAN ACTION.

The Breadwinner of a South End Family Deprived of the Means of Work.

The old saying 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn' is being exemplified as regularly today as it was when the saying originated and as its truth has been demonstrated during the intervening period. Scarcely a day goes by without some instance of greed or cruelty, and the suffering resulting from the indulgence of these pernicious qualities, is told in the papers, as having occurred some place in the world. This city happily does not furnish many instances of inhumanity much less of brutality. Gratifying as this is yet it does not escape the general fate. It too, unfortunately furnishes its illustrations of the truth of the old saying, and an instance in the South end of this city, of not very remote date, is a sad testimonial to the greed not to say 'brutality' of at least one individual in this city. The facts tell their own story. In the South end of this city a short time ago lived an honest, industrious, and of poor woman, who was wife and mother. She has several small children. Her husband who is reputed quite a good mechanic, for some reason or other was out of employment. He was unable to secure work. The eldest boy who might be of some help could get employment is credited with a dislike of work. The mother in more prosperous days had procured a sewing machine at which she worked early and late to earn enough to give her little ones food. At a not distant grocery she obtained some little credit, after a time the amount of the bill was demanded. With no interval of improvement the condition the bill could not be paid when demand was made. Suit in the city court followed and the creditor—a woman too by the way, who, although she has a husband carries on that end of the partnership business in her own name—secured a judgment. The ordinary process of execution followed and so goes the story, seizure was made of all the poor woman's effects, including the sewing machine, the bread winner for her little ones, and she was left with but a table and two chairs in the way of furniture, in addition to stove and bed. The man or woman who would attack another in this way and under circumstances as in this instance, must be absolutely without a realizing sense of what is known as humanity. The creditor in a money sense is what is considered well-to-do.

THEY DID NOT HAVE THE PARTY.

For 'Pa' did not Want Dancing and he let the Folks Know It.

A number of young folks had arranged a nice little surprise party and dance for a certain family in the North end to take place on the arrival home of the father who had been absent for some time. All the members of the family were helping their friends to arrange things, and the night the father arrived everything was in readiness on the party and all the gay young folks were on deck and ready for a good time. The father got home fully as soon as expected but was not in a very happy frame of mind and when made acquainted with the evening's entertainment that was in store, he lost no time in impressing upon those present that he was not going to allow dancing at his house, and wanted everyone present to understand it, there and then. It is said they did not wait to understand but picked themselves up mentally, and flew. Most of them went in pairs and to avoid anyone knowing of the affair, they roamed the back streets and lanes until it was the usual time for an affair of that kind to break up.

'Lady Jane' Criticizes 'Progress.'

PROGRESS was not far astray when it suggested that Lady Jane would probably be an authority upon the facts of a small social earthquake that disturbed Halifax a few years ago. Her letter in the Recorder last Saturday shows how thoroughly well posted she is upon such matters. She is not so complimentary to PROGRESS as she might be and, yet under the circumstances it could not be expected that she would be in the best of humor. She regrets the fact that the darker side of society is occasionally exposed in this paper, and works up into quite an indignant denunciation of such articles. How would it do for this talented correspondent to give a little parental advice to society with a view to such improvement that it will not be possible for newspapers to publish such objectionable articles. As a matter of fact the regular correspondent of PROGRESS, who is blamed by 'Lady Jane' for writing the article had not the slightest knowledge of it. The life of a correspondent is not a happy one at any time, but when accused of something they know nothing of the possibilities in newspaper life appear more numerous if not so attractive. Still it is a long lane that does not turn and the chief blackmailer in the Lear escapade has reason to remember it called for methods pursued towards a courageous newspaper at that time.

MORE CHANGES NEEDED.

A PROPOSAL TO AMALGAMATE TWO IMPORTANT OFFICES.

Mr. Thomas Spellman Suggested as Liquor License Inspector—He Has Some Claims on the People—The City Has too Many Civil Officers—Other Matters.

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—Alderman Hamilton is something of a consolidationist in civic matters. In a recent interview he tells why he favors an amalgamation of the offices of city treasurer and city clerk holding that by the change the city work in the offices would be done more economically and just as efficiently as under the present system of two men for the position. There is no doubt that the change, on the face of it, would be an advantage to the city, but the question is: Will Henry Treisman and his staff be able to shoulder the responsibility of the new department in addition to their own work. Probably they can or the alderman and a majority of the council including Mayor McPherson, would not favor the proposal. Executive ability, the power to well direct the labors of others, is as important in the head of a department as the willingness of such a man to work hard personally, or try perhaps to do too much, himself. Speaking of the amalgamation in the city service there is one more that Alderman Hamilton has not discussed, but which would be just as good, or even better, in the city's interests, than the combination about which he has talked. It is this: make caretaker Spellman inspector of liquor licenses in the place of H. H. Banks. Thomas Spellman is a good officer and he has done some valuable service for the city but now that the fire department has been reorganized on a fair basis, with John Connolly chief, they are really no reason why the city should continue to employ a separate official as caretaker of city property. Either one thing or another is the fact; either Chief Connolly or Caretaker Spellman has too little to do. Chief Connolly must be retained in his position. Why not then, in addition to his light duties as chief of the fire department make him caretaker of the city property as well. He certainly could perform the additional work without any undue exertion.

But Mr. Spellman is a comparatively old official of the city; he has some claim on the people, and there is an office which he could fill to perfection. That office is the inspectorship of liquor licenses for Halifax now held by Havelock H. Banks. Let it be Inspector Spellman in the future, and the right man will be in the right place. Judging by Mr. Spellman's enforcement of the building act he would make a good inspector of licenses. One thing is very sure, indeed Mr. Spellman could not be worse than Brother Banks, and the chances are that he would be 100 per cent better. Nearly \$3,000 of the people's money is spent in paying the salaries of Messrs. Connolly, Spellman and Banks. Under the amalgamation now proposed by PROGRESS the work could be better done by Connolly and Spellman alone, and the city would save \$1,000 or more every year.

Think of it, city fathers; sink personal feeling for once and do the right thing. Inspector Banks is a young man, and the paltry \$1,200, which is all he receives, he could almost as easily, and far more pleasantly, earn in some other way. We have too many civic officers in Halifax. Take the three officers of Chief of the fire department, Caretaker of city property and City electrician, as the one at present filled, and another beautiful field of amalgamation, or possible abolition is opened up. Each of those officials breathes very heavily as if accomplishing exhausting labor; but just try a change and see how well they will continue to breathe, and how much more freely burdened tax-paying citizens will breathe. Let something be done ere the people despair.

HOW THE SHERIFF SAID GRACE.

Sheriff Ketchum was Equal to a Very Embarrassing Situation.

An item in last week's issue of PROGRESS recalls the following amusing incident to a correspondent who writes regarding the matter as follows: 'In your last number you had an anecdote in regard to an Oxford graduate being unprepared to ask a "grace before meat" on a certain festive occasion at that ancient seat of learning. It recalls to my memory an anecdote I once heard on a certain other occasion when the official who presided at a dinner was asked to do the same thing, but he was happily able to comply with the wish. Many years ago when the Nis. Pric court used to be held at the old shiretown of Kingston, among other ceremonies that had become obsolete, it was customary for the Grand Inquest to take their first dinner together with the sheriff at the head of the table. On a certain occasion of this kind, as long ago as when Sheriff Ketchum held the office, the jurors were assembled around the table ready to do ample justice to a good dinner and was about to sit down unceremoniously when Mr. Hugh Aiten, a worthy Scotchman looked at the sheriff and said: 'Ech mon! ye would na sit doon 'without askin' a blesin'?' The sheriff not to be caught hesitated a moment and then reverently said, in the words of the Supreme in the prayer book in the communion service: 'Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law.'

'Detective' Carroll Writes a Letter.

In spite of the activity in the criminal world Peter Carroll finds time to write long letters to the Moncton Times. Those who know this individual will perhaps wonder at the tone of his letter. He speaks of the freedom from criminals that Pictou county enjoys. The number is undoubtedly reduced at present; and it is always a matter of congratulation in any community when even one outlaw leaves its vicinity.

A Hint to Danvers.

A clergyman was asked by a member of his congregation if he thought dancing a sin. 'Yes,' responded the parson, 'yes, it's a great sin if you can't dance well.' A remedy is always at hand. If you encase

your feet in a pair of Waterbury & Ringers dancing shoes, you will assuredly receive the approbation of the ladies and maybe the parson by being well shod and able to dance well, a more complete stock of dancing shoes in patent leather and kid cannot be found this side of Boston than are shown by this firm.

HE FEARED AN INVESTIGATION.

And Admitted Having Stolen his own Cap Just for the fun of it.

School boys as a rule have a reputation for guilelessness and innocence, though they frequently indulge in practical jokes of a not very serious nature. Occasionally a boy develops a tendency 'for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain,' and among this latter class might be classed a lad who is in daily attendance at the school on Bentley street and Douglas Ave. He has always been regarded as a very ordinary, inoffensive sort of boy but lately he has succeeded in causing a great deal of excitement among the teachers and pupils of the school named.

This boy has attended school punctually for over a month but his teacher did not pay any special attention to him until the incident which forms the basis of this story happened. One afternoon just before the school was about to be dismissed, the lad came to the teacher and complained 'that some one had hidden his cap. Of course a search was at once made but as the missing cap could not be found the teacher decided that the boy was the victim of a practical joke and kept the whole school in while this made an investigation. Each member of the class was separately questioned as to the whereabouts of the missing head-wear and each denied having any knowledge of it. At last the cap was found in a nook of the way place where some mischievous scholar had hidden it. The school was then dismissed and the matter for the time forgotten. The next day however, the same thing happened again, with the same result as before, and the next and the next, and so on for over a week until the teacher began to look on the losing of the hat as quite a natural happening and made preparations accordingly.

The teacher pondered daily over the mystery but could obtain no clue as to the culprit who was causing so much trouble.

At last Mr. Dill the principal of the school was consulted and he agreed to send the boy to the city for Detective King to unravel the mystery, intending to have the guilty party, when found, expelled from the school. At this announcement it was noticed that the owner of the mysterious cap looked very uncomfortable, and as if he did not relish the idea of a formal investigation. A few hours after he visited the principal and admitted that he himself had hidden his own cap every day in order to have the school kept in. The principal severely scolded the boy and for some few days thought of expulsion as the best punishment for the offence. The boy is however in his place as formerly, but the announcement that he has lost anything is taken quite as a matter of course by the teacher and the pupils, and no more wild searches are made.

BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

AN INTERESTING CASE THAT WAS TRIED IN PRIVATE.

An Ex-M. P. and a City Constable Have a Little Trouble—Where the Case Was Settled—The Former Member Makes an Apology—Other Matters.

A strange place is the police court and many are the strange, pathetic or ludicrous scenes enacted there as case after case comes before the judicial bench and is disposed of. Some of them do not occupy much time; the common drunk for instance, who, as a rule pleads guilty and receives his fine with an air of lordly indifference, or with protestations of innocence and manifold promises of exemplary conduct in future should be fortunate enough to be excused.

Other cases of a more intricate nature where a charge has to be proven, and where a stiff defence is made, are not ended in such a summary manner and in many cases the case drags on for some days. A goodly number of the complaints that are made to the police magistrate are never tried out, but an amicable settlement is arrived at without bringing the matter into court. A case of this kind was up the other day which while not settled out of court was settled in private without the usual form of a trial.

Both parties in the affair are well known to St. John people and the circumstances attending the matter were of more than ordinary interest. The plaintiff was Mr. Gilbert Lamont a member of the constabulary of this city and the defendant was a well known Ex-M. P. Mr. Lamont laid a charge against this gentleman for using abusive and insulting language to him; language that as the constable expressed it was calculated to make his official dignity look very small when compared with the ex-member's ire and which it used on Sir Charles Tupper by the defendant during the last session of parliament at which he was in attendance would certainly have gone a great way towards procuring the winter port for the city. Like most other cases that end in the police court, this particular one had its origin in a very trivial matter. Some time ago the Ex-M. P. was sued in the civic court by a North end milliner for a small bill which he owed her. She obtained judgment, as the case was not defended, and Mr. Lamont was given the necessary papers and instructed to collect the amount. He took the papers and started forth to find his man. He found him, and he probably has a very vivid recollection of the interview that followed, which was not at all pleasant to either party. The constable demanded settlement of the account whereupon the Ex-M. P.'s blood rose until it reached the boiling point and he did not hesitate to give Mr. Lamont a very full and detailed opinion of constables and of Mr. Lamont as a representative of that profession.

After another citation for payment on the part of the constable the individual in question vouchsafed the information that Mr. Lamont was a blanked old scoundrel and paid him, other compliments coughed in the same emphatic style. This made the representative of the law very angry and he determined to give his abuser a chance to prove his words; he hid him at once to the police court where he laid an information against the former number for using abusive language.

The next scene in this little drama was laid in the police court or rather in Magistrate Ritchie's private room which was placed at the service of the distinguished defendant and there far away from the gaze of the public was the affair nicely settled. When questioned the Ex-M. P. admitted the offence and offered to apologize to the aggrieved constable but Mr. Lamont was not in a conciliatory mood and for a few minutes it looked as though the case would have to be tried in public after all. He came around after a short time however and after profuse apologies from his former foe the pair left the court good friends and the case was a thing of the past. The question that is agitating the public mind however—had the defendant in the case been an ordinary citizen, would the same pains have been taken to keep the matter quiet and would not the court room have been good enough to hear the case in, instead of using a private office for that purpose.

It is true the same mode of settlement has been adopted in other cases of perhaps a graver nature where a settlement would do away with the time occupied in hearing an argument of the case, but was that the motive that actuated the deed in this case.

He Met With an Accident.

PROGRESS regrets to learn that the bright little fellow who for some time has distributed papers to many customers in Buctouche met with an accident recently, of so serious a nature that he has possibly lost his leg.

Retired From the Management.

Mr. Tree's retirement from the management of the Aberdeen will be regretted by

many who had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him while in that position. He managed the Aberdeen with rare tact and success and PROGRESS hopes that St. John will not lose his services in that capacity.

VERY EARLY TALKED ABOUT.

Several Candidates For Mayor Are Spoken of Already.

Even at this early date there is speculation about the majority and who will come forward as candidates for civic honors for this office. Mayor Robertson has served three years or is completing his third term and as yet has given no indication what his intentions are. There are those who say that he is bent upon gaining the vote of the people for a fourth time. How such a decision will suit the taxpayers remains to be seen. They are apt to manifest their disapproval in much the same manner as they did when ex-mayor Peters was a candidate under the same condition. He was as good an officer as Mayor Robertson has been and yet the people concluded that they could have enough of the same chief magistrate. Whether this will be sufficient warning to Mayor Robertson remains to be seen. At present he has so many important matters in hand including the settlement of another labor question that he cannot be expected to consider the question of re-election.

But there are others who have more time to devote to this interesting question. There is Mr. McLaughlin who was an unsuccessful candidate last year. Not without reason he may think that he has a right for the consideration of the people. His claims are based on the fact that he was alderman for Quebec ward for years and that when he retired from the council he was deputy mayor.

Another gentleman who has been before the voters once in this city is also spoken of—Dr. D. E. Berryman. The doctor is in the hands of his friends and if they think they are numerous enough to elect him, he will no doubt allow himself to be placed in nomination. It has been some time since a physician has occupied the mayor's chair and the doctor may break the spell that surrounds it.

Then two Carleton gentlemen are spoken of, Messrs. W. D. Baskin and I. E. Smith. Perhaps neither of them are aware that they are brought into prominence in this manner, but it is a fact nevertheless. Mr. Baskin had some intention in the same direction last year but retired. Mr. Smith has been an attentive alderman for some years and if any West End citizen is chosen for the office should stand in the front rank for nomination.

Alderman Daniel has not escaped the general comment and is mentioned in the same connection. The alderman has not been a year at the council since his return to it but he has attended the meetings very promptly and has a comprehensive grasp of civic affairs.

NOT TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

His Watch and Some of His Money Were Returned to Him.

An American gentleman who visited St. John last week was, as was quite natural under the circumstances, very much excited over the result of Tuesday's elections in the United States. His business necessitated absence from his native country during the last days of the contest and his only consolation was to talk politics, and this he did with a vengeance. In fact he was so deeply imbued with the subject that the business which brought him here seemed very small indeed compared with the matter of elections. He was a Bryanite and to those who were a little at sea on the subject of the relative merit of sound money and free silver—and who was not—were made to understand the position much more easily and quickly than the people of the United States seem to have been; at least his hearers seemed to have been convinced that silver was to be the future standard and Bryan stock went up accordingly. The gentleman in question was reckless in the matter of betting and by ten o'clock Tuesday morning his watch and chain had followed a good many dollars of sound money; most of his bets were with other travellers and Americans in the hotel where he was staying and great was the excitement when the returns began to come in on Tuesday night. The gentleman and a party of friends anxiously watched and waited and it is needless to tell of the former's disappointment and chagrin when it was finally decided that McKinley was the people's choice. In addition to this disappointment he found himself minus considerable money and a valuable watch. He took the matter very philosophically however and his surprise may be imagined when at the dinner table next day in the presence of the other guests a package was handed to him which upon being opened was found to contain his watch and chain and a note containing some good advice in regard to reckless betting upon anything so uncertain as an election. The affair caused considerable amusement among the other guests at the hotel.

Advertisements for Wall Paper

The Currie Business University.

The political days of the ryman's hall are over and the masses that gathered there and obtained their education upon the politics of Canada have given way to another kind of instruction—education in business methods—and Berryman's hall is now known as the Currie Business University.

What a transformation! The discolored walls, the smoky ceilings, the discolored floors have disappeared and under the magic touch of carpenter and painter the old hall and the different rooms on the second and third floors wear a different aspect—a cheerful one and a busy one.

When PROGRESS' representatives entered this institution a few days ago he found that there were ninety men and women there, some young, others middle aged, all learning how affairs are conducted in the business world, and as he looked about the large room which was once the hall and saw the handsome desks all occupied by students he could not help thinking that the motto of the institution "actual business from start to finish" was well carried out.

And so it is. When a student enters Currie's business university he or she becomes a merchant to all intents and purposes. He is either located in St. John or in Moncton, St. Stephen or some other town according to his location in the room. At one end is the bank and the post office and wholesale house, and he buys goods, he deposits money (in the shape of college bank bills) he writes and mails letters, makes drafts, draws checks and keeps a perfect record of all his transactions just as he would do it in business for himself.

How many men there are in business today, been in business for years, who would not like to take such a course even at this late day. There is no text book instruction but competent men and women oversee every transaction—every entry made in the books, and advise and suggest and teach the best way to do business—the right way to keep a record of what is done.

To describe the rooms in a few sentences. The business department is the largest room, handsomely decorated with all such conveniences for ladies and gentlemen as cloak rooms and closets adjoining. The typewriting and custom, freight and shipping departments is in one room where the students go when necessary to make out their way bills, ship their freight, enter goods at the custom house and take delivery of them. This shipping and custom house department is new and under the competent direction of Mr. McCullough who is also the shorthand and typewriter instructor. All kinds of goods are entered at the custom house and upon the same forms as are used in daily business life. The freight bills are the same too and the student who goes out of Currie's college finds nothing different in the actual business he undertakes except that his transactions are actual, not imaginary. From this room there is a convenient reception room for lady students and their friends, handsomely furnished and comfortable in every respect.

In the rear is the English department where those who undertake a business course may have their deficiencies in grammar, spelling, punctuation, and all such necessary requirements, remedied. In many cases such a course is necessary, especially with those who wish to undertake stenography and typewriting when a tolerable knowledge of good English is most necessary. This department is also a large one and is fitted up in the same manner as the other rooms. The place is lighted excellently by the many windows in the day and by the Auer light at night. There are three sessions daily and a student can work eight and a half hours if he or she wishes.

The university is under the direction of Mr. J. R. Currie assisted by his brother Mr. J. S. Currie. Both of these gentlemen are expert accountants, both have had a long experience in teaching and actual experience as book keepers with large firms in this city. They are assisted, as stated before, by Mr. McCullough and Jas. W. Flower, L.L.B., of Boston university has charge of the English and commercial law department. There are also lady teachers assisting in the shorthand and business departments.

Much might be written about this excellent institution but Mr. Currie has recently published a descriptive calendar, illustrated not only with views such as are printed on this page today but with many of St. John. Some of the contents of that calendar is printed here below, but much more is found in its pages than could possibly be inserted here. The terms, expense and all information is in plain black and white. Moreover the whole book is interesting and worth reading. Send for it and see for yourself what advantages such a business university possesses.

Some Things in the Calendar.

The new actual business method is an entirely new departure from the old text-book plan. It proceeds upon the idea that a boy should first learn about business transactions, and how to execute them, be-

fore he undertakes to master the intricacies of double-entry bookkeeping.

He begins his work just as a business man begins when he first embarks in trade. Every student is assumed to be a real merchant, and takes his place in a realistic business community, which comprises his whole school. He is given a capital in college currency, and begins by depositing this at the college bank. He is then shown how to make the necessary entry in his journal. Later he goes to the wholesale house and purchases a stock of representative merchandise, giving a check in payment for his purchase. Careful and detailed instructions are given him at every step. He is then gradually led to do real business with his brother merchants, just as a business is carried on in real life. There is nothing imaginary, all the data and persons are real, and he carries on his business at a gain or loss, according as he shows or does not show judgment in managing his affairs.

To say that such a method of training puts new life into a school is to speak very mildly indeed. The students not only take vastly more interest in their work, but they get a practical training in carrying on and transacting business that is simply impossible of attainment under the text-book system of teaching. No one who will call at our school rooms and see this fine new actual business method in operation can fail to see at once its great superiority. We are perfectly safe in saying that a student, by means of it, can learn more in a month than he can learn in a whole term by the old way; and this is not our opinion alone, but it is the conviction of hundreds of educators throughout the United States, who have adopted the new method.

We wish to assure those who are thinking of taking a commercial course, that there is not the slightest doubt of their being able to pass any ordinary set of books, or do general business, after they have spent the required time in our actual business department. The course embraces actual training in many different kinds of business, and no work is omitted that any business man is likely to be required to do. This institution holds the exclusive

right to use this patented actual business system in this part of Canada, and its benefits can be received only at our school, as the system is fully covered by patents and copyrights.

Bookkeeping.

This subject is taught by the now celebrated system of actual business from start to finish. From the beginning to the end of his course the student learns by doing. Upon the first day of his entrance he is

given a capital in university currency, and goes to buying and selling for himself under the trained supervision of expert accountants. As he advances he engages in undertakings more and more complex; becomes in time a proprietor, or partner in various jobbing, manufacturing and wholesale concerns, engages in joint stock operations, manages and handles the books of corporations, does banking and clearing-house business, insurance, shipping, forwarding, and custom-house work, trustee and executor's accounting, assignments, etc. All this, bear in mind, is real business; the school being a business community, of which the student is a member. There is a vast difference between learning bookkeeping in this way and trying to learn it by the old plan. We wish to emphasize the fact that our method of teaching bookkeeping is altogether a new departure from ordinary business college work, and is the only system yet devised for fitting students for the real duties of the counting room.

Penmanship.

There is no more graceful accomplishment than the ability to write a beautiful hand. There is something about fine penmanship that appeals directly to one's sense of the beautiful. It touches a refined sensibility like a strain of rich music or the melody of a sweet poem. Only a coarse and cloddy nature can be indifferent to the graces of beautiful writing, and it is a worthy ambition to strive for excellence in this art, although not every one can become a facile and elegant penman any more than any one can become a finished musician or a painter of rare pictures. Pen artists, like other artists are born rather than made. But almost every one—certainly every

young person—can become a neat and ready penman, if he will only make a fair effort.

The majority of people write poorly, not from natural inability to write, but because they were not properly taught in the first place. Bad habits of cramping the fingers, writing with one side of the pen, etc., were acquired in this primary school, and until these are corrected, good, or even fair penmanship is out of the question. But any one of ordinary sense and perseverance who will put himself under the direction of a competent instructor, can correct these habits, acquire the power of writing with the arm instead of the fingers, and in a comparatively short season, work wonders of reformation even in the ugliest and most irregular handwriting.

In the case of those who expect to engage in business as a pursuit, this acquirement of a good handwriting is an absolute necessity. When a business man contemplates employing an office assistant, the first question he asks about the candidate for the position is: "Can he write a good hand?" If he can't that settles it; the employer will look further.

In this school we make a specialty of teaching business writing, and the learner gets the advantage of daily instruction by an expert penman, who is also an experienced teacher. We take pains to improve the student's general writing in every department of his course, as we insist on neat penmanship in all written work. Rarely, indeed, do we get a student who does not make marked progress. There is no way of improving one's handwriting except to go at the task seriously and under the competent guidance of an experienced teacher. We invite special attention to our facilities for teaching writing, as we intend in the future, as in the past, to make this an important feature of our business course.

Commercial Law.

A knowledge of the ordinary principles of business law is a prime necessity to every one engaged in commercial pursuits, and is now everywhere included among the elements of practical education. Many a costly law-suit would have been avoided, did the litigants both understand the ordinary principles of the law of contracts. Not having this knowledge they apply to lawyers, who too often serve their own interests by bringing on, instead of avoiding the suit. Any ordinary, bright young man or woman, can in a few months' diligent study acquire a fair knowledge of business law in all branches, and such a knowledge is of inestimable advantage in every walk in life. Unfortunately many persons do not care for this knowledge until they are compelled to learn it from practical experience at a great cost. While we do not pretend to graduate lawyers, yet we recognize the fact that it is necessary for every one, and especially business men, to be familiar with the laws and legal forms connected with every day business.

Shorthand Department.

Until comparatively recent years the writing of shorthand was almost unknown, except to a few reporters, and in earlier days such a person as an office stenographer was not to be found. The introduction of modern methods, however, has changed all this, and to-day the stenographer is an absolute necessity in any business office worthy of the name. Shorthand, like the telegraph, telephone, and many other modern appliances, has outgrown its infancy, and has now arrived at an age of material usefulness to the live, energetic business-man, and such a man would just as soon be without his ledger or bookkeeper as without his stenographer.

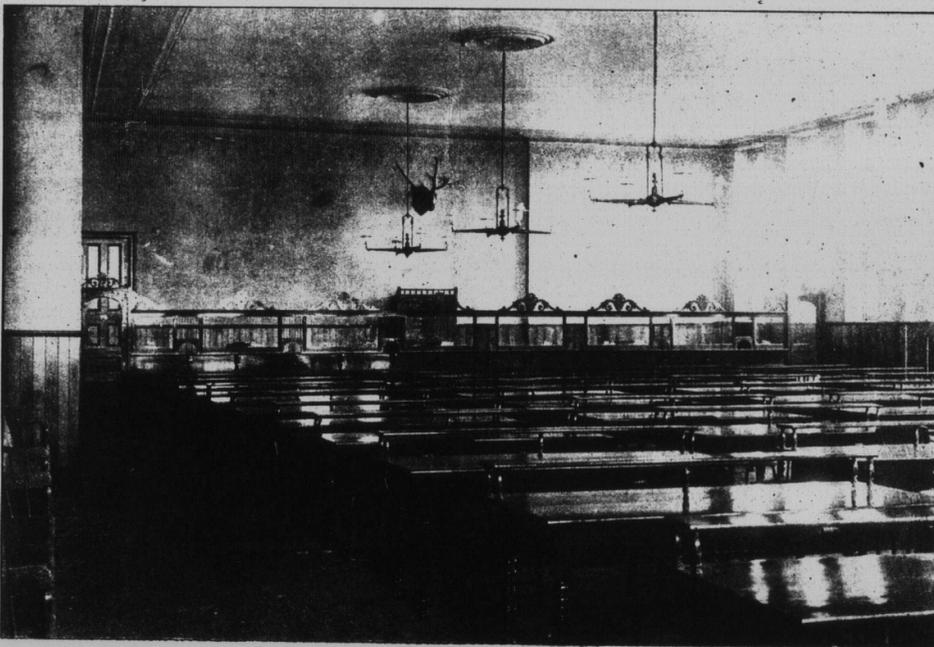
Our advice to all persons who may be puzzling their brain with this question is: Look around your own neighborhood, ascertain who the expert reporters are, and find out what system they use, and adopt it. If these instructions are followed no mistake can be made, as the system written by these experts must necessarily have stood the test of time and hard and varied work.

This is the plan that was adopted by the proprietor of this institution when opening a shorthand department. After spending a great deal of time and making numerous inquiries, he found that of all the different systems in use in this province, "Scovill's Shorthand" was far in the lead, three of the expert court reporters being Scovill writers, while only one writes another system. He also ascertained that three of these official court reporters were appointed some fourteen years ago, and that since that date, although other systems have been extensively taught, and the Scovill method to a very limited degree only, no other system has developed a known writer capable of securing the certificate of competency issued and required by the Provincial Government from applicants for positions as court reporters in this province. A number of these certificates were secured some three years ago by Scovill writers, and the same are now duly registered in the office of the Provincial Secretary at Fredericton.

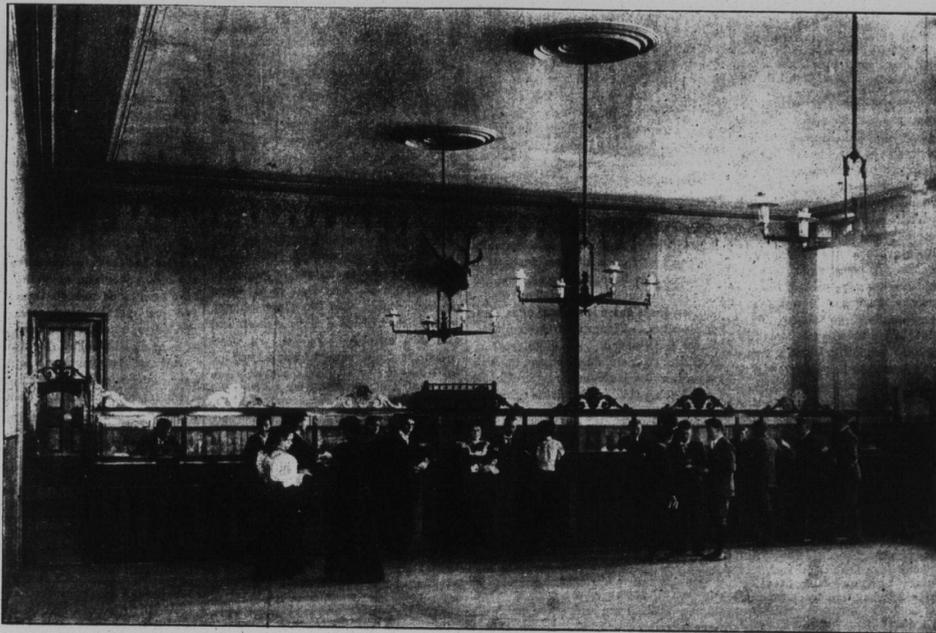
Finding this to be the standing of the different systems of shorthand, "Scovill's" was chosen as the best to be taught in this institution, and the work of our pupils since its adoption has fully justified the choice.



CURRIE'S BUSINESS UNIVERSITY.



BUSINESS DEPARTMENT, CURRIE'S BUSINESS UNIVERSITY.



BANKING DEPARTMENT, CURRIE'S BUSINESS UNIVERSITY.

Musical and Dramatic

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

The following programme has reached this department from Manager Harris, as being what will constitute the programme to be given at the Opera House by the Albany Company on Nov. 27, the date for which will be sold to subscribers on Nov. 16th at 8 a. m., and the following day to non-subscribers. It will be seen that the programme is of unusual excellence.

Duo (Violin and Piano)—Soprano Op. 8.....Grieg. (Alliegretto quasi andantino.) Allegro molto vivace. Miss Beatrice Langley and Signor Seppilli. ARIA—"Soul sublime, pure and holy".....Bemberg. (Erlaine) Mr. Braxton Smith.

INTERMEZZO—"Ave Maria".....Mascagni. (Cavalleria Rusticana) Miss Beverley Robinson. THE TOMKADON SONG.....B'zet. (Cantata) Mr. Lempiere Pringle.

ARIA—"Ah fors e' lui".....Verdi. (Traviata) MADAME ALBANI. Duo—"Una Notte A Venezia".....Lucantoni. (A night in Venice) Miss Beverley Robinson and Mr. Braxton Smith. Violin Solo—"All'Ungheese".....Wilhelmj. Miss Beatrice Langley. An interval of ten minutes.

THE 3rd act.—The garden scene and the 5th act.—The prison scene. OF. With Costume Opera "Faust" and scenery. Marguerite.....Madame Albani. Mephistopheles.....Miss Beverley Robinson. Faust.....Mr. Lempiere Pringle.

Continuing the notes, in this department, of the distinguished musicians who are to support and assist Madame Albani in her concert here on the 27th inst. perhaps it is well next to refer to Miss Patricia Langley, the violinist of the party. Miss Langley is English born, her native place being Chudleigh, in Devonshire, Eng. She is said to be very charming. Her father Col. Langley, has retired from the Royal Artillery, and, says The Late "the daughter of this distinguished officer we hail the most prominent violinist of the day. She is in the almost unique position of having been born, bred, educated and received with acclamation in England." The Late, an English publication of much authority by the way, continues "She found no necessity to study abroad nor was she consumed by the desire to mingle with a crowd of mediocre and too often undisciplined students at a foreign conservatoire. Beginning to play at the age of five years she was content to study quietly and rationally at home, until she was twelve years old or thereabouts, when her talent could no longer be in any possible doubt. She became a pupil of Herr Ludwig. With this great master, fine violinist and enthusiastic musician she remained for seven or eight years, always in England. It is, no doubt, to his invaluable training she owes in great measure her splendid carriage of herself and the deliciously free use of the bow arm which renders her performances no less delightful to the eye than to the ear. Subsequently she embraced the opportunity which his presence in England afforded, of placing herself under the tuition of Herr Wilhelmj with whose aid she conquered, in a short time, the last difficulties and technicalities of her instrument, and becoming what she is now, a violinist for whom the most difficult piece of created music has no terrors, and the ordinary melocieux affected by her sex are mere child's play. She plays and with ease, works by Paganini that are not even attempted, except by Brumester. Miss Langley has met with ovations at the Saturday Crystal Palace concerts, at the Gentlemen's Concerts in Manchester, at the University of Oxford and indeed on every occasion when she has been kind enough to enchain her hearers. In concluding its notice of this talented lady, The Late, speaks of her tour with Madame Albani, and adds that she "is the finest it (male or female) of her sex whom we have ever heard."

Mr. William S. Harkins, who is probably the most popular member of the dramatic profession that visits St. John, has been in the city this week in a new character. He is manager of a troupe of colored minstrels, known as Wilton's Colored Minstrels. The entertainment given by this company at the Opera House was a surprise of no small extent. Although it was believed that Harkins was true to his word and had quite a good thing with him yet people were somewhat skeptical; they did not believe that a colored man would or could make as good a colored minstrel as a white man. The programme offered by the company was as clean, as clever, as nice in every way as could be and there was upon the circle an atmosphere of intelligence and cleverness that told the audience that these men were doing something that they were perfectly familiar with. The choruses were all well rendered although the solo voices were not in any respect remarkable. The Alpine quartette caught the house and were recalled again, and again, and they deserved the compliment. All the specialties are good and cleverly executed. Billy Wilson, the leader of the company, has a peculiarly expansive mouth not that it is remarkable when his face is at rest, but he can extend and enlarge it in the oddest and most mirth provoking fashion. The juggler is also clever in his acts. In fact, considering that the company comprises colored men only, their work is superior it is like Billy Wilson's mouth, phenomenal. They played to excellent business during the engagement which closed Thursday evening.

The regular season at Daly's theatre, New York, will open on the 23rd inst. with a production of "As you like it" with Ada Behan playing Rosalind. A souvenir will

be presented that evening in the form of a little book entitled "Memoirs of Daly's theatre."

Manager Grau will give a season of German Opera in London soon.

The Boston Quintette Club is said to be arranging for a tour through Canada and a trip to Great Britain for next May.

Eugene D'Albret has composed a new opera during the summer and it will be produced in Dresden early next year.

Herr Kneise is instructing Madame Emma Eames in the Bayreuth traditions respecting the parts of Elsa and Sieglinde in preparation for the lady's season in America.

There was an opera company, called the International Opera Company, in Montreal last week. They were singing Lucia, Traviata, Montana, Faust &c.

The latest Opera company proposed is the "DeKoven and Smith Opera Company" in New York which produced at the Herald Square theatre last Monday evening a new opera by the heads of the company and which is called "The Mandarin." The plan at present outlined is to produce a series of comic operas.

The production of "Aida" by the Imperial Italian opera company at the Academy of Music N. Y. last week was an undoubted success. The work was given for the first time in that city with an "all star cast" and a perfect chorus, each star great and material and the chorus as finely trained as a fashionable church choir.

Perhaps every musical artist does not know that the opera "Aida" was first performed at Cairo in 1870 having been written at the request of the Khedive of Egypt.

Mme Bonaparte-Bru and Mme Paris of the Italian Opera Company of Paris at New York are prima donne having, as a writer in that city remarks, "all the exquisite in voice and parsimony in dramatic action of the leading songbirds known here, and wholly without the tricks to which we are accustomed." Mme Paris possesses wonderful powers as a contralto.

The Countess de Goulain, formerly married to M. Jean de Ruzke, is said to be one of the finest amateur singers in Paris. She was one of the favorite pupils of Gounod.

Among the names on the list of Mme Marchesi's pupils this season appears the name "Miss Harrison, Canada." Another lady pupil modestly hails from Toronto.

Nothing has been heard of Corinne for some time past but it is now said that every next year she will produce a new opera by Herman Perlet and Edgar Smith.

"Fa Di. volos" will be the bill for next week at the Castle Square theatre, Boston.

Miss Clara Lane, who alternates with Miss Laura Millard in the leading roles in the operas produced at the Castle Square, will make her first appearance in oratorio at Music Hall, Boston, on the 29 inst. The occasion will be a complimentary testimonial to Max Hirschfeld the musical director of the Castle Square opera company. The Oratorio that has been selected for production is "Moses in Egypt" which was first produced in that city in 1868. A novelty for the present generation of a music lover's talk of the theatre.

In the production of Maurice Barrymore's new play at Palmer's theatre (N. Y.) on the 16th inst. the services of 125 people will be required. The title of the piece is "Rising Dick & Co."

"A Florida Enchantment" the name of A. C. Gunter's play, which he dramatized from his book of that name, has been severely dealt with by the critics, but in spite of that, it is doing good business at Hoyts theatre in New York. So far

ISAAC PITMAN'S SHORTHAND. And our system of Business Training have qualified our students to TAKE AND HOLD the leading positions in almost every office in St. John, and to win success abroad. Is it any wonder that our last term was the most successful summer term we ever had? Enter now, so as to be ready for a position next spring. Catalogue to any address. Oddfellows' Hall. S. KERR & SON.

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Mary Hampton, has been transferred, as she calls it, from the Boston Museum to support Sothern in "An Enemy of the King."

M. Corcelin has the reputation of being the richest actor in the world. He is said to be worth \$1,000,000.

It is reported, says a Boston paper, that Sarah Bernhardt will soon appear in Paris in the role of Mary Magdalen in Vovio's play "Christ" which has been translated into French.

A Boston notice of Maggie Cline in "On Broadway" says she "is not now and never will be, an actress." She can "Throw down McCluskey" and hold up "Mary Ann Kehoe" to perfection with that rolling mill voice of hers but she can't act. "Rolling mill voice" is good. We heard one something of that description at the Opera house lately by the interpreter of "What'll I do with McAdoo."

Mrs. James Brown Potter, will assume the role of Potiphar's wife in a new religious play, entitled "Joseph of Canaan" for which she has secured the rights for America. Mr. Bellew will appear as Joseph.

"The Mayflower" is the title given to a new play now being written for Danie Frohman. It is by Louis N. Parker one of the authors of "Rosemary." Felix Morris will appear in "The Mayflower."

Miss Margaret Anglin, a daughter of the late Hon. T. W. Anglin, formerly a prominent journalist in this city, and to whom reference was recently made in this column as having entered upon a stage career as Margaret Moore, has already secured not a little distinction. In Montreal recently, in a production of "Hamlet" with James O'Neill in the title role, Miss Anglin as Ophelia scored an emphatic success and received several floral testimonials. The young lady's mother, who is a native of St. John, it is interesting to note, was in the audience on the occasion.

Rosie's "Evangeline" a burlesque in which Henry E. Dixey, appears as the Lone Fisherman, still retains its hold on public favor although it is now upwards of twenty years old. A recent notice of it says "Its strength is in its prodigal display of femininity."

The Face is described as having her avowed object to provoke laughter and as long as it attains its end by purely legitimate means and without resorting to vulgarity, it is worthy of commendation.

Miss Elsie DeWolfs, the actress, has been designated by an advertising critic as "the ideal ingenue; she may be twenty-four or even twenty-five, but she looks eighteen; and with her and about her as around her there is always an atmosphere of spring, an aroma of distant oases, the charm of the untraded." Miss DeWolfs has evidently made an impression on the particular critic.

Chambrant's "Mose" a play well known and popular some years ago, was recently revived in New York, on the occasion of a benefit for the Volunteer Firemen's Home.

The "Two Little Vagrants" which has been such a Boston success at the Museum, will be given at the Academy of Music N. Y., on the 25th inst. This play is now in its second year at the Ambigu theatre in Paris. It has also had a remarkable success at the Princess theatre, London, where it will probably run for a year or two.

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changes have been made in dialogue and scenery and in consequence it is said "its liveliness and humor are accentuated and the action moves much more briskly." Miss Grace Huntington and Wm. McMillville, two clever members of the profession and both favorably remembered here, are in the cast.

The play "Secret Service" will be produced by Charles Frohman and Wm. Gillette, it is said, in every country where the English language is spoken and it will be translated into French and German.

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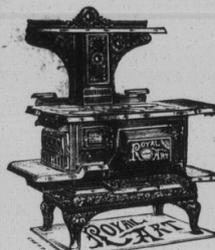


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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 7

WHO WILL LEAD THEM?

Although some time has elapsed since Lord ROSEBURY resigned the leadership of the British Liberal party, no decisive steps have been taken to fill the vacant place. It was to be expected that the managers would call a meeting of the representatives of the party, including all the Liberal members of Parliament, as well as delegates from all the principal Liberal and Radical associations. This they have thus far failed to do, and remain unperformed when the next session of Parliament begins. The truth appears to be that the British Liberal party is split into two factions and that one of these is practically headed by Lord ROSEBURY, who all along has carefully refrained from saying either that he intended to withdraw from public life or that he would serve loyally under Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT who a now, de facto, head of the party. Sir WILLIAM now holds the field, and it he continues to do so when the next session of Parliament begins he will inevitably be looked upon as the leader of the party.

There are some professedly impartial observers who think that his selection would be a misfortune for the liberals, on the ground that he does not possess the veritable statesman's faculty, but is simply a political advocate whose main idea is to do justice to his brief. However that may be, it must be admitted that as a leader of the Liberal faction in the present House of Commons, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has had no scope for the display of constructive statesmanship. But the skill, courage and efficiency with which he has held at bay the tremendous conservative majority, have excited universal admiration.

ENCOURAGE EXHIBITIONS.

The exhibition association has not reported to the public yet the result of its labors this fall, but will no doubt do so in a short time. It is understood that the very unfavorable weather affected the receipts somewhat seriously but that the association has no reason for discouragement on that account. The exhibition was a success from one standpoint and perhaps the most important point of view and those citizens who gave their time and best efforts to make it such have reason to be satisfied. We do not agree with those who think that the exhibition should be dropped for a season; that such a show every fall is too much and similar arguments that are advanced from time to time. Toronto met with the same objections for many years but the management persevered and to say the exhibition in that city is one of the sights in Canada. Sherbrooke, a city much smaller than St. John and with a county far unequal to that which surrounds us finds that its annual fall fair has made it one of the best known places in Eastern Canada. But Sherbrooke is assisted with an annual provincial grant from the Quebec government of \$8,000 and can always depend upon that sum. If the government of this province held out the same encouragement to farmers' competitions (for that is largely what the exhibitions are) and become responsible for an attractive prize list the benefit to the country would soon be absorbed. That is how the butter and cheese industry has reached such proportions in Quebec which by the way is also pushing the western provinces hard for supremacy in cattle raising. New Brunswick needs more awakening in this respect. Dairies have been started in greater numbers in recent years but still the amount contributed by the province for the assistance of the farmers and their industry is altogether out of proportion to that expended in other directions. Now that St. John has made a good start in the direction of an annual fair let the government give it more liberal assistance than it has up to this time and assist to make the fair a prominent annual event. The management this season has no doubt been prudent and careful as to detail, the grounds are in excellent condition, the buildings have been greatly improved and increased in value. All this is well but there is room for criticism in other directions. There was a sameness about each days programme that it would be well

to avoid in future. Special attractions are difficult features to get and perhaps still more difficult to boom but it has been done and can be done again. It is just as possible to have too many as too few fireworks. Perhaps it is unwise to allow any exhibitor to have the same space and the same appearance to his exhibit year after year for that of itself would suggest monotony. These are but a few of many criticisms that it is possible to make, but given in the right spirit they cannot fail to be of some benefit in the end. Mr. EVERETT is not one of the sort of men who think they know it all and cannot be advised. He is always ready to accept suggestions and in our opinion should have the best that occur to any citizen. The more the better for everybody wants the exhibition to be a greater success next year than ever.

APOSTLES OF DISCONTENT

The people of the United States have been suffering for many years past from the croaking of a school of political critics and pretentious reformers who have been steadily engaged in sowing the seeds of popular discontent by attributing to corrupt motives the political support of economic policies with which they happened to disagree. They have been preaching in season and out of season that these policies were advocated and adopted solely for the enrichment of the few, with the result as they alleged, that 'the hopes of toil were mocked.'

These men have assumed to be political philosophers and teachers, peculiarly fitted to instruct the people by reason of their special knowledge, and extraordinary purity of character and their unassailable social excellence. They ridiculed, asperged and denounced political leaders who enjoyed the confidence of great bodies of the people, and whose influence had been conservative; and thus they had succeeded in impairing a previous respect that was salutary and necessary. They have committed persistently the political crime of assailing motives, as their suspicious natures imagined them to be, instead of dealing with facts and doctrines as they were actually proposed or accomplished. They have assumed that the course of legislation is determined solely by sordid and unscrupulous representatives who sought to further their own interests and those of monopolies with which they were allied, rather than to promote the interests of the people and the welfare of the republic. They have sought to break up the old solidarity of parties, so desirable as a conservative influence and to generate in its place a disposition to whimsical and cranky revolt. They have labored to subordinate great political questions to petty considerations of individual character and mere personality. They have done the best they could to pervert the public mind by making the issue of politics men instead of principles.

It is always easy to get a response to that sort of appeal, and it is easier still to stir up discontent and create suspicion; and hence these doctrinaire teachers succeeded far beyond their real desert as men of intellectual ability; or rather, deserving only reproach, they have obtained a hearing even from people who deem themselves qualified to uplift the political standard, but are really more deficient in political judgment than the average citizen of common sense. They meant well doubtless, but the fruit of their teaching has been bad. They forced themselves on the platform as teachers when their place is on the bench as pupils.

It is to be hoped that healthier influences will prevail hereafter and that greater enlightenment will come to the political philosophers who have been mischievously fomenting sedition in the great republic to the south of us, while they, imagined they were raising the people to the eminence of wisdom occupied by themselves. Spain would suffer small loss if the revolt which has broken out in the Sooloo Islands would result successfully for the rebellious natives. The group consists of about 450 islets, mere dots in the sea located between Mindanao, one of the Philippines and the great island of Borneo. The inhabitants, whose numbers have been variously estimated at between 50,000 and 120,000 are Malays—fanatical muslimans who until about 1850 were ferocious pirates. The outbreak is significant mainly as another indication of the decrepitude of Spain's Colonial empire. It is scarcely surprising that her colonies should have slipped from Spain one by one when she proves herself incapable even of providing a government good enough for Sooloo ex-prirates.

M. HENRI MOISSAN, the celebrated French chemist, has succeeded in changing carbon into diamond. He produces small diamonds, to be sure—too small for commerce, but he is evidently on the right road to their manufacture on a larger scale; for his method seems to be an imitation of Dame Nature's. Instead of seeking to raise carbon to its diamond form by means of a high temperature as his brother chemist have been striving to do, M. MOISSAN has produced the desired crystallization by enormous high pressure. He was led to the discovery of this secret by his finding of granite in the blue clay of the

diamond fields. Pressure, instead of temperature may prove to be the secret of an amorphous contrast.

Like the parrot which came out of a fight with a monkey in a rather dishevelled state, Mr. BRYAN probably realizes by this time that he has 'talked too much.'

Now the factories in the United States can start; and the factory hand is the happy hand.

TURKISH BATHS AT HOME.

A Chance for Anyone to Enjoy this Healthful Luxury.

The home Turkish Bath Cabinet has passed the experimental stage, and is now recognized by physicians as one of the greatest aids to other therapeutic agents known in the medical profession. It provides, in a convenient form, the means of obtaining all the benefits of the ordinary public Turkish baths, without its attendant drawbacks, chief amongst which are frequent inaccessibility just when most needed; or publicity from which many shrink; the undoubted occasional danger of contagion, as well as the cost.

With the home cabinet one can enjoy all the different forms of medicated and perfumed baths in the privacy of one's own bedroom. From a hot vapor bath to bed drives a cold away to stay. The plain hot air bath, as a cleaning agent and preserver of health, or as a substitute for physical exercise is invaluable.

Ladies will rejoice to know that the testimony of distinguished medical men, and the experience of many, have shown that this is the best means of preserving and improving the complexion; of preventing, or removing any tendency to embonpoint, and of retaining and enhancing the charms of youth.

In cases of rheumatism, sciatica, liver complaints, and all affections of the skin arising from impure blood, the value of the home cabinet vapor bath has been repeatedly proven, and it effects these results by the production and maintenance of a healthy skin, which can only be done by the opening and cleansing of the millions of pores in its surface.

Following its direct influence upon the skin, the bath exerts a secondary and most salutary effect upon almost all the organs of the body, and thus becomes one of the most powerful agents for the prevention and cure of disease. Wherever the home vapor bath cabinet has been introduced its value has been appreciated and its use regarded as essential.

Our well known citizen, E. M. Tree, has given years of study to the subject of baths generally, and has selected the "Junker" as the best and cheapest cabinet made for private use.

Having retired from hotel life to take up the humane work of supplying this public need, he should, and no doubt will receive the encouragement he deserves. The writer has tested the efficiency of the bath which Mr. Tree is introducing and can confidently recommend it to all in sickness or in health.

For further particulars see advertisement in this paper.

HE IS NOW A FIGHTER AND HAPPY.

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—James Taylor did not make much of his case before the board of health against John E. Burns, the civic official who was accused by him of being interested in contracts. Taylor is a bond fighter though, and Burns had better keep his eye peeled or Taylor may catch him napping. Meanwhile Mr. Burns doubtless breathes easier. He is likely happy for another reason, too, and that is that last week he was after a struggle of months, on the part of his friends made a freeman. Burns is a good freeman.

HAD NO PLACE FOR THE LADIES

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—Premier Murray withstood the Halifax local council of women, and their long array of supporters, and appointed not ladies but two lords of creation, to the school board. This probably means that Hon. William Roche and W. B. Wallace, the two members for the city in the local house, refused to nominate ladies. It is these gentlemen the ladies will have to call to book. The new commissioners are Thomas Leydon and W. T. Bennett.

A Bright Idea.

There is nothing so hot about the ideas of Proprietor Willis of Hotel Dufferin. His most recent one was the forwarding of a massive and handsome arm chair to Boston, where it was exhibited before being presented to the successful candidate for president. The idea was a capital one and will be a good advertisement for the Dufferin.

Rufus Somerby in Ontario.

Rufus Somerby is in Ontario doing a big business with his monkey theatre. He has been in many large towns and opens in Toronto Monday. He writes in a kindly way of St. John and the people of the lower provinces where he has always brought a good show and had splendid patronage.

A Useful Souvenir.

A neat card case is being carried by many friends of Hotel Dufferin. They are presented with the compliments of the proprietor, Mr. Willis.

Herr Wm. Bohrer, Professor of the Piano, L'vo of Berlin, Germany, has received and purchased a Pratte Piano for his own use.

Go to McArthur's Book Store for Souvenir China.

VERSUS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Waiting Where the Leaves Fall.
Waiting where the leaves fall,
Trembling in the breeze;
Waiting for the still voice,
Mourning through the trees.
Waiting in the night watch,
Longing for the day;
Seeing o'er the mountains
Temples far away.
Waiting where the leaves fall,
Hearing all they say,
Watching where the shadows,
Slant across the way.
Fast they fall for ever
Round the earth and sea,
Sweetest of our loved ones
Thence, eternally.
All the leaves are voices,
Footfalls of the dead;
In the midnight silence,
Through the woods they tread,
Bringing back our angels,
Singing as they come;
All the songs we loved so,
In the dear old home.
Leaves lie heaped as graves are,
Where the flowers bloom;
Fond remembrance planted
On a safely tomb.
Where the lips that kissed us,
Voices are as cold;
Where dear hands that helped us,
Darkness now unfold.
Waiting where the leaves fall,
On some sunny day,
In some red October,
We shall fall as they.
We shall be leaves,
Where the lovely fall;
In their silent anguish
Whispering farewell.
Waiting where the leaves fall,
Delicate and frail;
Golden crowned and crimsoned,
In the autumn vale.
Leaves in silence passing,
O'er the waters deep;
Thus our latest earth born
Leave us fast asleep.
Waiting where the leaves fall,
Brighter suns at last;
Bring new buds and leaf life,
When the night is past.
There is still the rainbow,
Round about the throne;
In more vernal seasons,
We shall meet our own.
CYRUS GOLDEN.

The Song of the Sea.

I was watching one day, the wavelets play
Over the rocky beach,
As one by one, in the evening sun,
They broke just beyond my reach.
And as I listened, I seemed to hear
A murmur soft from the wavelets near—
"O, the ships may come, and the ships may go,
And storms may dash us to and fro,
And many a change the world may know,
But we flow on for ever."
How many graves, O ye laughing waves,
Do ye hide in your foam,
And who are they, 'neath the salt sea's spray,
To have built to their last quiet sleep?
Said the wavelets answered me,
As they sank back slowly into the sea—
"Ah! we may not tell the secrets here
Or where are the faces ye hold so dear,
But many a form we are guarding here
That ye thought was lost for ever."
I sadly sighed as the ebbing tide
Flowed back to the ocean deep;
And I thought of the fair who lay pillowed there
For who aching hearts still weep.
But the wavelets answered, soft and clear,
"Courage, ye hearted ones, do not fear.
For the storms may beat, but they'll soon be past;
And the sky shall be clear that is overcast;
And the Sea of Life shall be calm as at last,
And peace shall reign for ever."

October.
October gay in your garb of gold,
Ribbed with red and bordered with dun,
Closer and closer comes to your hold,
Something that answers no name to the sun.
Something that whispers of death and decay;
Something that stings in the saddest of days;
Something that aches in the heart, and the way
Smoothly slowly, hanted by time.

Head in the days of the dear long ago—
Ailt of a lover, sweet with care—
Heard and forgotten? Nay, in the flow,
Life's baric liver treatment, them less.
And in that something, is it the fear
Of the shadow? It is regret?
Grief for a folly, costing us dear,
Sorely repented but always to fret?

Blue is the veil of the mist, and the sky
Purple and glow like a jewel all one;
But in the silence, Nature is high
And in October winter has no name.
—Rosa Pearle, in Chicago Tribune.

When to Wear Your Dresses.

The time to wear a certain gown is a most important consideration with ladies. A spring gown looks just as absurd in Autumn as a midsummer gown would look in the depth of winter. Both might be very expensive but would certainly be incongruous out of season. On the same principle a bright new gown would hardly be worn on a rainy day when another that has lost its first freshness would be more in keeping with the weather. A rainy day dress will hardly be worn when the sun is shining; the same applies to bindings. Certain styles are made for fall and winter wear only, and you cannot expect any satisfaction when you bind a summer dress with Wakefield. The real Wakefield is made for fall and winter dresses only, and should not be worn at any other time. In England where Wakefield bindings have been worn for six or seven years they are used to save the skirt and are only worn when mud and snow are on the ground. It would be absurd to expect Wakefield to please on a summer skirt, when it is only made for fall and winter dresses.

Their New Stock

The Parisian Millinery Store Union street was visited by a very large number of ladies this week all intent upon inspecting the new goods that have lately arrived and which have taken that portion of the population by storm. The stock includes an elegant lot of ostrich feather boas, fancy leathers, birds, wings, crepeys and the prettiest jet bonnets imaginable, beautifully suited for the opera and evening wear generally. The stock is being disposed of rapidly, the prices being decidedly low and calculated to suit everyone. The goods are fresh and dainty and excellent opportunity is offered to the ladies of St. John to procure some stylish and pretty headwear at exceptionally low prices.

McArthur's for Window Blinds.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

PHILOSOPHY AND FOLLY.

Flirts are an aggregation of aggregations.
He entered a book store just as a good looking young lady was emerging, and said to the new clerk, "I should like to have Ben Hur." The clerk casting an admiring gaze upon the receding figure, replied so should I like to have "been her."

The cure for bacchantism is marriage. The cure for marriage is divorce. The cure for divorce is—keep your eyes of others.

Early training makes many of us what we ate from a dehumanized standpoint, were it not so many of us would be something else, maybe better, perhaps worse.

A young man will walk much further to see a young lady than he would to see his sister, but then it may be equalized by having another young man from afar call on the latter.

The wealth we have no, is a source of greater annoyance, than that which we have. Oh! for some of this annoyance!

Despondency is a foggy condition of the mind, that can best be dispelled by the sunshine of "bruce up."

So long as there exists diversity of opinion regarding scriptural matters, just so long will absolute christian union be in the perspective only.

Broadness of mind is a better safeguard against bigotry than is great learning.

Trying to explain the inexplicable in theology, is the cause of many failures amongst its exponent.

Few people, if any, have the remotest idea, as to the meaning of an "eternity of torture" etc, realizing it, they would make more strenuous efforts to escape it.

That charity that savors of reluctance, benefits not the donor thereof.

If the Lord merely required sanctimony, as an evidence of perfection in the christian life, He would find little difficulty in peopling heaven.

As to 1 is in the financial world, so is kleptomani and plain stealing in the civic or moral world, the former being on a gold basis, and the latter on a silver or "any old thing at all."

A heavy hand may be light fingered. If some men had to eat the snakes they think they see, what a reptilian appetite they would have.

LOW LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

Strange Amusements at English Country Houses—Sliding Town Stairs.
It is a sign of the times nowadays that country house parties often culminate in mere romping. Under the old dispensation, when the fair ones were looked upon as intruders who were admitted to shooting parties on sufferance, and were expected to refrain from the high crime and misdemeanor of worrying the men when they returned to the house after a fatiguing day, the evenings were short, dull and slumberous. The new regime, however, has altered all this. The ladies are there on an equality, and they expect to be amused. They still permit the men to go out shooting, because they do not quite see their way to changing that at present. But they follow about lunch time, and do their best after lunch to spoil the rest of the afternoon's shoot in favor of flirtation under pretence of 'marking.' However, fagged, moreover, the men may be with the day's tramp, that is no excuse for being dull in the evening. The ladies are to be amused, and the least the men can do, say the fair ones, after enjoying themselves in their 'own way' all day, is to be lively and entertaining in the evening. From this point of view music and conversation have no last, or seven years they are used to save the skirt and are only worn when mud and snow are on the ground. It would be absurd to expect Wakefield to please on a summer skirt, when it is only made for fall and winter dresses.

He Had Lost a Day.
The Pacific train was on its third day out when the man in the gray suit became restless. He walked up and down the car like a caged lion, grumbled because a baby cried, and made audible remarks about the weather. Finally he stopped in front of a mid-looking man and asked him to join him in a game of cards.

'Excuse me,' said the stranger, 'my wife has scruples about—'

'Oh, it's no matter,' interrupted the un-essay man, 'I'll ask some one else.'

He approached a travelling man with whom he had played several games on the trip, and asked if he would join him in a game of euchre.

'I guess not,' he answered. 'I don't mind myself a little thing like that, but there is a minister in the car, and I'm not certain it would be advisable, anyway.'

The man in the gray suit sat down at a window of the car and smoked. Presently he said to his neighbor opposite: 'The country is going to the dogs!'

'Godness alive, man, what makes you think so?' asked the surprised traveller.

'Why, look at the farmhouses we are passing, every man, woman, and child sitting idly at the doors. There's a farmer now,' as the train rushed by, 'He and his men loafing around, while the corn stands in the fields and the potatoes are not dug. They are all discouraged—you can tell by the way they loaf around!'

'My friend,' asked the opposite man, 'are you in favor of one day of rest?'

'Certainly.'
'Well, as this is Sunday, it does seem as if—'

'Sunday!' roared the man in the gray suit, that accounts for the milk in the coconuts! Here I've been trying to get up a game of euchre. Well, all I can say is that I've lost a day in this confounded trip, and he wiped the beads of perspiration from his troubled brow.—Detroit Free Press.

Advertisement for Peleco soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'A S... W... S... Smooth on the hands... E. G. SOOYER, Ass... Peleco... OUR BRANDS... E. G. S... have ever tried it...'

A Sure Thing



Is what the average person is looking for. When a lady buys soap, for instance, she wants the fact of Good Quality to be "a sure thing." In buying WELCOME you take no chances. It is just a little better than the best, and we challenge comparison. It is well and favorably known.

Always of Standard Quality and Always Satisfactory.

WELCOME SOAP CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Ladies.....



The effects of rain, slush and snow on your skirts will have no terrors for you if they are bound with

Wakefield Leather Skirt Binding.

It is impervious to the effects of moisture, wears as long as the skirt, and is always trim and neat. Not expensive, but the very best binding made irrespective of price.

Sea Foam

It Floats.

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

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

USE ONLY

Pelee Island Wine Co's Wines.

OUR BRANDS: DRY CATAWBA, SWEET CATAWBA, HAWKLAND, SPY, AUGUSTINE, (Registered), CLARET.

THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE.

M. G. SCOVILL, ABBEY PELEE ISLAND GRAPES JUICE, ST. JOHN, N. B. DEAR SIR—My family have received great benefits from the use of the PELEE ISLAND GRAPES JUICE during the past four years. It is the best tonic and sedative for debility, nervousness and weak lungs you have ever tried. It is much cheaper and pleasanter than medicine. I would not be without it in the house. Yours, JAMES H. DAY, Day's Landing, Kings Co.

E. G. SCOVILL, Tea and Wine Merchant, 62 Union Street, St. John Telephone 529, Sole Agent for Maritime Provinces



Mrs. J. D. Wilson of Boston is a guest of Lady Tilley at Carleton house.

Leut. Governor and Mrs. Fraser left this week for New York from which they sail today for the south of France whether they go for the honor's health. They will be accompanied by Mrs. Fraser's sisters, the Misses Fisher.

A sewing club to take up their spare moments is the latest amusement of the young society ladies. The first meeting of the new club, was held at the home of Miss McMillan, one of the members and a very busy and profitable afternoon was spent. Among those who "ply the needle and thread" are members of the club are the Misses Mary and Florie McMillan, Miss Edna Jones, (the Misses Grace and Gertrude Skinner, Miss Furlong and Miss Kathleen Furlong, Miss Troop, Miss Louise Holden, Misses Warner, Miss Nina Keator, and Miss Winifred Hall.

Miss Gertrude Dever returned last Monday afternoon from Halifax where she was the guest of Miss Farrell.

Miss Alice Graham of St. Stephen is a guest of the Misses Skinner, Crown street.

Mrs. Stratton who has been quite ill at the home of Mrs. Stanley Ritchie for some time is reported much better, a piece of news that will be heard with pleasure by her many friends.

Mrs. S. T. King has returned to St. John after an extended absence from the city.

Miss Edna Jones left last week for a short visit to Quebec.

Mrs. James Devir leaves sometime during the month for a visit to relatives in Montreal and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Boyd returned last week from a trip to New York and Boston.

Mr. R. J. Hurst of Woodstock, N. B. was in the city this week.

Mr. Thomas Likely of Marysville, is in the city for a day or two this week.

Mr. George A. Muehle of Calais spent a day or two here lately.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Burgess of Halifax were here over Sunday.

Mr. John Kilburn of Fredericton was here for a day or two last week.

Mr. C. Hudson of Quebec is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Donaldson of Boston were here for a short visit last week.

Mr. H. H. Steadman and Miss Steadman of Hopewell spent a few days here lately.

Alexander McGregor, R. N. B., of Dumbarton, Scotland is in the city.

Mr. S. L. Peters of Queenston was in the city this week.

Mr. R. S. McCallum of Bermuda was in St. John last week.

Mr. F. A. Shand of Windsor N. S. was in St. John last week.

Mr. W. F. Boardman of Calais has been in St. John for a short time lately.

Mrs. H. A. Fowler of Greenwich spent the greater part of last week in the city.

Miss A. G. Blair is paying a short visit to New York.

Mrs. T. B. Lavers and Rev. A. H. Lavers of St. George are in the city.

Messrs. B. and P. Stehlin of Weymouth N. S. are in the city.

Mr. D. M. Ferguson of Montreal is in the city for a day or two.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Doherty of the Royal hotel left Wednesday for a trip to Washington. Before their return they will visit Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York.

Mr. E. E. Tapley of Fredericton is making a brief visit to the city.

Mr. George A. O'dell of Toronto is in the city for a few days.

Mr. Herbert Burton returned Monday from a pleasant two weeks visit to Boston.

The Misses Hall of 100 King street East have reopened their dancing class, at the corner of King and George streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Ugar spent a few days in Halifax last week.

Mrs. S. Kerr's friends are glad to know that she is able to be out again after being confined to the house two weeks through illness.

Mrs. Spears of Houlton Me., is visiting her parents Rev. Dr. Bennett and Mrs. Bennett of King St. East.

Mrs. Wm. Robertson who has been visiting friends in F. E. Island has returned to the city.

Miss Edith Fredericton gave a pleasant Halloween party to a number of her friends, who enjoyed themselves in the manner peculiar to parties held on that evening. A delightful time was spent by the following guests: Mrs. Tooke, Mrs. Bonnell, Mrs. Davis, Miss Ida Goddard, Miss Gertrude Davis, Miss McLean, Miss Colby, Miss Reed, Misses Hall, Miss Munroe, Miss Wetmore, Miss Bonnell, Miss Patton, Messrs H. Brown, Dr. Merrill, Mr. C. Bonnell, Mr. E. Mott, Mr. L. I. Brennan, E. Fowler, Mr. McLean Mr. Colby and others.

A number of the friends of Mrs. Roberts and Miss Roberts gave them a little farewell party at the residence of Mrs. George Robertson, Georgetownville, previous to their departure for Boston recently where they will in future make their home. During the evening Mrs. Roberts was presented with a silver fruit dish and Miss Roberts with gold ring.

Miss Northby and Miss Beattie Tiplan returned to Parrsboro last week after a pleasant visit to city friends.

Mrs. McCallum of Windsor who has been visiting friends in this city returned home last week.

Mr. E. Willis has been spending a few days recently in Windsor a guest of his aunt Mrs. C. D. W. Smith.

The church of the Assumption, Carleton, was the scene of a pretty wedding last Wednesday evening the interested parties being Mr. Edward McKenna and Miss Annie McManus, daughter of the late Felix McManus. Rev. J. J. O'Donovan performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of the friends of the young couple. The bride who was attended by her sister Miss Marie, Mr. L. I. Brennan and given away by her brother Mr. John McManus, was appropriately attired in a grey gown with fawn trimmings. After the ceremony a dainty supper was served at the brides former home.

Mrs. Edgett, who has been visiting her father Mr. J. W. Bull of Pitt street left Thursday for New York. Miss Bull accompanied her to Boston.

Mrs. James Hayden of Woodstock who was paying a short visit to her sister Mrs. W. F. Davis of this city returned home this week, accompanied by Mrs. Davis.

Dr. J. C. Mott is paying a short visit to New York.

Col. Edward Moore of Portland, Me., is in the city for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Morrison of Fredericton are spending a few days in the city.

The marriage of Mr. Fulton Beverly and Mrs' Christina Holmes of Parrsboro took place in this town last Wednesday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Beverly came to St. John on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. McLaren of Digby were in St. John for a few days lately.

PURE TEA

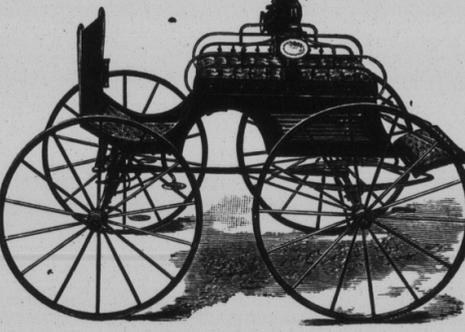
Sold in lead packets to keep their fragrance. That is, Tea leaves, scientifically prepared, from early pickings, off well cultivated plants—is a wholesome, invigorating drink. Few people, however nervous, are otherwise than pleasantly affected by drinking properly prepared

Tetley's TEAS

CARRIAGES! CARRIAGES!

Handsome and Comfortable; Well Constructed and Elegantly Finished.

HERE ARE TWO DISTINCT STYLES



A Stylish Dog Cart.

Will carry Two or Four with comfort.



The Comfortable Bangor Buggy.

Perhaps one of the most serviceable and comfortable single Carriages built, Rides as easy as a cradle, Not too heavy and as light as you want it made.

For further Particulars and Prices inquire of JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton, N. B.

ALDERBROOK!

ITS FARM.....

Is thoroughly equipped for its large herd of Jerseys.

Its Milk, Cream and Butter,

Direct from the Farm, are guaranteed the Purest and Best in St. John. And

Its Dairy Store, 91 Charlotte Street,

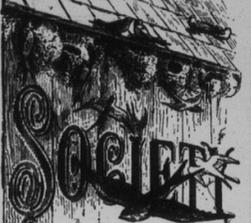
Is the only one in the Maritime Provinces that is directly connected with its own farm.

TELEPHONES: Store, 918, Farm, 73 C.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired Dressed, 17 Waterloo.

McArthur's for Dolls, Toys and Fancy Goods

OR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND EIGHTH PAGES.



HALIFAX NOTES.

Procession is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres. C. S. DeFretas, Brunswick street...

The Garrison Dramatic club had a capital house for their first performance of "Sweet Lavender" last Friday evening. It is a difficult piece for amateurs...

The boys' party is getting to be an entertainment which is always with us there were four at week of which those given by Mr. Atkinson and Miss Wilby were the largest.

Nov. 5.—All who attended the concert in Jam's church hall on Friday evening were delighted with the well rendered program, which was indeed a musical treat.

We have also a good teacher of the violin, Miss Janie McKenzie of Pictou, but what is great is needed is a first class teacher of vocal music...

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly.

Hood's Pills

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE Elegancies, Luxuries, and Perfection

of refined workmanship, with the finest materials to be had, are embodied in our latest

Carriages

PRICE & SHAW, CARRIAGE BUILDERS, 222 to 228 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. F.

The Time Is Now

To stop breakfast uncertainty and begin on breakfast certainty—Friedrich's Rolled Oats—Unparalleled for quality, unrivalled in health food.

The Tillson Company, Ltd., High Grade Cereal Foods.

New Goods

Fancy Feathers, Ostrich Feathers, Birds, Wings, Ospreys, AND Ostrich Feather Boas

Also a large lot of samples of JET BONNETS, no two alike, and Millinery Novelties, just the thing for the Albany Concert.

These goods were ordered to arrive some weeks ago, intended for the opening of our store here. Owing to a mistake of the shippers, the goods were delayed, and have only arrived a few days ago.

...PARISIAN... MILLINERY STORE, 165 UNION STREET.

BEST ON EARTH PURE—WHOLESOME

Watson's Dundee Whisky

Established 1813 CHARD JACKSON & CO. MONTREAL Agents for Canada C.A.A.

AMHERST.

Procession is for sale at Amherst by H. V. Poiry.

Nov. 5.—On Wednesday evening Dr. and Mrs. E. L. Fuller gave a large card party which came off in excellent form.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Biden gave on Thursday evening the largest party that has taken place here for a long time.

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"Strongest and Best."—Dr. Andrew Wilson, F. R. S. E., Editor of "Health."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

OVER 100 MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the firm.

Jacket Materials

...In Great Variety.

LADIES' TAILORING The best workmanship, and perfect fitting qualities.

OUR PRICES: Jacket to order, \$ 8.00 " " " 11.50 " " " 12.75

The above in Beaver or Mixed Goods, and 1/2" or satin lined. Our Jacket at \$15.00 cannot be equalled elsewhere under \$20.00.

Compare our goods, prices and completed garments with the so called imported goods, and then decide where your new Jacket will be purchased.

MERRITT D. KEEFE, Costumer and Ladies' Tailor, - - 48 King Street, St. John.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

I was cured of painful Goutte by MINARD'S LINIMENT. BYRON Y'GUILLEN, Chatham, Ont.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. Mrs. W. W. JONES, St. John, N. F.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. H. BAILEY, Pictou, Ont.

TEABERRY FOR THE TEETH

ARRESTS DECAY - PLEASANT TO USE ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS - ALL 25c. DRUGGISTS - SELL IT - ZEPHORA CHEMICAL CO. - YONKERS, N. Y.

COME AND SEE OUR STOCK

Ferguson & Page Always keep a full line of Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,

Suffered for 40 Years. W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN. Dear Sir— I have been a sufferer from Dyspepsia for forty years. I have spent hundreds of dollars trying different remedies, but never obtained any relief until I procured a bottle of your

B 14498 Anti-Dyspepsia Remedy. I can heartily recommend it, as it has made a perfect cure of me. Respectfully yours, JAMES STEPHENSON, Hamon, Kings county.

B 14498 Is prepared only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 25 King Street, - - St. John. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Corticelli Spool Silks

Unequaled for Length, Strength and Smoothness 350 DIFFERENT SHADES. Dresses sewn with Corticelli never give out at the seams.

1000 DRESS-MAKERS testify to the merit and excellence of Corticelli Silk Thread.

ALL DRY GOODS STORES SELL IT.

KNIVES FORKS AND SPOONS

1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY MERIDIAN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

A new organ has recently been placed in St. James' church, and last evening Prof. Max. Sterne of Amherst gave a recital assisted by Miss McCabe Mrs. McKenna, Misses Maud and F. Corbet, Mrs. Gullion, Mr. McMurray and others.

Mr. D. H. Willis of St. John is spending a few days in town the guest of his aunt Mrs. D. Dev. Smith.

Capt. Burns spent Sunday in town with his daughter, Mrs. B. Dakin.

The Misses Pidgeon entertained a number of their friends at a dance at their home in "Emhurst, a Wednesday last week.

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Miss Fulton Beverly will receive her friends on the 12th, 13th and 14th of this month at 23 garden street.

A pleasant surprise party was held at the home of Miss Edith Lawson, Union street last Wednesday evening. The time being pleasantly spent in various games dancing and music until midnight when refreshments were served. Among those present were: Misses Pearl McCluskey, Katie Munro, Edna Breen, Edith Lawson, Adelle Waring, Annie Curness, Sadie Lawson, Edith Gallagher, Jennie Munro, Messrs. George Colby, Fred Breen, James Munro, Fred Barton, Arthur Kerr B. Cairns, Will Keenan, Ralph Heutsa, Arthur Woolley, Ned Donnell, Wm. Nagle, George Waring, Fred Munro, Willis Waring and M. Jones.

Mrs. C. H. Jackson has returned home from two months visit to an aunt in Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Nellie Ritchie returned this week from Boston where she spent the past month with friends.

Capt. and Mrs. John C. Farris left yesterday for Grand Lake where they will spend a few days.

Very deep and sincere sympathy is expressed for Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Armstrong in the sad death of their eldest son, Arthur, a patriotically bright and clever boy of nine years and a general favorite. The little fellow's death was very sudden as he was in his usual excellent health until within a few days of his death. The funeral which took place yesterday afternoon from his father's residence on the Rockland Road was attended by many sympathetic friends.

Miss M. Clarke of Fredericton is in the city for a few days recently.

Prof. and Mrs. W. G. Alexander of the Wells Institute are in the city. Prof. Alexander will deliver a series of lectures in the Institute next week.

Mr. John Watson of Houlton is spending a few days in the city.

Dr. Stockton lectured in Fredericton, Thursday evening at the college library. His subject was the "Musical Deceit."

Capt. W. Camp and Mrs. Camp are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a daughter.

Mr. W. R. McCurdy of Halifax was here Thursday on his way to P. E. Island to spend a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Stevens of Fort Williams are spending their honeymoon in the city.

Mrs. F. Peters, wife of Premier Peters of P. E. Island and Miss Peters, are in the city.

The residence of Ald. D. J. Purdy was the scene of a pleasant gathering last Thursday evening the occasion being a social in connection with the B. Y. P. U. of the Main street Baptist church. Some where in the vicinity of one hundred and fifty young ladies and gentlemen were in attendance each of whom received, upon entering the parlors a half ticket with a disconnected text upon it. It was the duty of the young gentlemen present to find the young lady holding the corresponding ticket and upon doing so he was supposed to act as her attendant during the remainder of the evening. The plan worked to perfection, the hub bub of "match" and at times embarrassing results, proving a source of much pleasurable excitement. The catalogue of popular house games was pretty well used up before the evening was spent, music filling in each 15 min. in the happy proceedings. The social committee were unflinching in the efforts to have all enjoy themselves and that they succeeded admirably was the verdict of all. Blue and yellow, the colors of the N. B. Y. P. U. Unitarians were in evidence on every hand. During the evening piano solos were rendered by Mr. Don Eudeon, duets by Misses Nellie Cowan and Maggie Estabrook, Misses Ekin and Cowan and others. Refreshments were served shortly after eleven o'clock, and the party broke up shortly after midnight.

JUBILEE.

Nov. 4.—Mrs. Samuel Chittick left yesterday for Boston on a prolonged visit to her daughter Mrs. R. C. Cain.

Mrs. Byard McLeod and children o Apathal who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. McNaughton at "The Lilies" returned home on Monday.

Mrs. Davidson and Miss Bedwin spent last week in Moncton the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Price.

Mr. Heber Kinnear spent Monday in Moncton. Miss Kate Teakles of Harvill Mass., is visiting relatives in town this week.

Mrs. Douglas Snider of Portage who has been so very ill with inflammation of the lungs is recovering under the skillful treatment of Dr. McDonald.

Moscouiro.

ITCHING, BURNING SKIN DISEASE CURED FOR 35 CENTS.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, cures faster, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, herpes, itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting, and acts like magic in the cure of all body humors. 35 cents.

Grown-up ones Wanted.

A little fellow who lives near us went into a shop some weeks ago to buy a pair of kid gloves. The shopman stared at him in astonishment, and asked him what size he took. The youngster promptly informed him. "Do you want kid gloves, my boy?" asked the shopman. "Kid gloves," ejaculated his customer. "I'm not a kid now." "I want 'grown-up' ones."

Protection Against Dog Thieves.

Minnesota has a society for the protection of dogs from dog thieves. Its membership is over 300, and it protects over 500 dogs mostly sportsmen's bird dogs. The society was organized as a result of the theft of valuable dogs from sportsmen whose hunting trips and the good work of their dogs had been related in a sportsman's paper. The society pays rewards only in rare instances, but it advertises and tries to secure the conviction of the thief. As a result 'lost dog' advertisements have fallen off over 50 per cent. in the daily newspapers of St. Paul. It is proposed to extend dog protection to every state.

THROWING RICE.

A Practice That One Railroad is Trying to Stop.

"Showing newly-married couples with rice is a very old-time custom and will probably continue for all time to come—and it is a harmless custom. It is fun for the friends of the bride and groom doing the showering, and not harmful to the showered, but in some places is a decided annoyance to others," said a traveling man. "On railroad trains for instance, where friends follow the couple into the car and in their haste to do their work before the train starts not only shower the newly-married, but everybody who chances to sit within two or three seats of them (and I am one of the victims), to say nothing of covering the floor and cushions with rice. At some stations the friends are not allowed to pass out of the depot waiting-room and the rice is thrown as the couple leave, and others going out at the same time receive a liberal share. The floor is also covered with rice. The New York Central railroad sometime ago issued an order prohibiting the throwing of rice in or about the cars or about the depots, but little attention has been paid to it, and the throwing is done so suddenly that the depot

Chairs Re-seated, Cans, Splint, Perforated Duval, 27 Waterloo.

THE undersigned having been appointed agents for the sale of Cheque Bank cheques, are prepared to sell them in any sum, from one shilling upwards.

CHEQUE BANK LTD., LONDON, ENGL., has been issuing these Cheques for over twenty-one years.

CHEQUE BANK Cheques are drafts of the Cheque Bank, Ltd., payable on demand, without notice, without indorsement.

They offer the following advantages: Safety, Negotiability, Convenience

Practically they are Certified Cheques. They pass in Great Britain like Bank of England notes. They are negotiable in every country of the world. They are issued and cashed by some of the largest Banks in Great Britain.

We will sell these Cheques to tourists and travelers in books of assorted denominations from 2s. to £50, to be filled in at pleasure by the purchaser, and for such amounts as desired, each Cheque being signed by the purchaser only as required. Each Cheque is perforated for a maximum sum. It can be filled in for this, or for any less amount.

They are particularly useful as a means of remitting to ACCOUNTS payable in Gr. at Britain, Ireland and Continent of Europe, and therefore desirable for merchants and remitters. They are also most suitable as a means for remitting money to friends living abroad.

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Sound Homogeneity



Is only found in very few of the even high grade instruments. The homogeneity, or uniformity, of tone, in the Pratte Piano is one of the artistic qualities which help to secure it the title of "The Artist's Piano." No break in quality, no variations in brilliancy or softness in transition from the high notes to the low; if you strike one after another throughout the scale, you can discover no difference in the quality of the tone. No matter how, loud or gentle, or in what part of the scale, the tones are uniform. Glad to prove these claims to any visitors at our Warerooms.

Pratte Piano Co. 1676 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

A NEW MAN.

Chapin, Jeweler, of Burk's Falls, Says He is a New Man Since Using the Great South American Nervine—His Testimony is read by Thousands of Others.

"For years I have been greatly troubled with nervous debility and affections of the kidneys. I believe I tried every proprietary medicine under the sun, but none seemed to give me any relief, until I had tried South American Nervine. To my surprise the first bottle gave me great relief. I have persevered in taking it, and can say that I have not felt so well for years. I do heartily recommend this great cure."

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From the Opera of Gounod's FAUST! Act III. - - The Garden Scene Act V. - - The Prison Scene

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FROM AGONY TO JOY.

Acute Sufferings From Acute Rheumatic Affliction Relieved by South American Rheumatic Cure When Hopes Had Well-Nigh Gone—Mrs. W. Ferris, Wife of a Well-Known Manufacturer, Glencoe, cheerfully Tells the Story of Her Cure.

"I was for years a great sufferer from rheumatic affliction in my limbs, and at times was so bad that I could not walk. I tried every known remedy and treated with best physicians for years, but no permanent relief. Although my confidence in remedies was about exhausted, I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I purchased a bottle. The very first dose gave me relief, and after taking two bottles all pain had vanished and there has been no return of it. I do cheerfully recommend this great remedy."

A Neuralgia Remedy.

For any neuralgia or like pain there is an exceedingly efficacious remedy at hand as has often been proved by people who have tried it. This is equal parts of benzoin and peppermint oil. It may be rubbed on the affected part or a cloth wrung out of hot water may be sprinkled with it. In either case it works like a charm.

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We will sell these Cheques to tourists and travelers in books of assorted denominations from 2s. to £50, to be filled in at pleasure by the purchaser, and for such amounts as desired, each Cheque being signed by the purchaser only as required. Each Cheque is perforated for a maximum sum. It can be filled in for this, or for any less amount.

They are particularly useful as a means of remitting to ACCOUNTS payable in Gr. at Britain, Ireland and Continent of Europe, and therefore desirable for merchants and remitters. They are also most suitable as a means for remitting money to friends living abroad.

BLAIR & CO., Bankers

THE undersigned having been appointed agents for the sale of Cheque Bank cheques, are prepared to sell them in any sum, from one shilling upwards.

CHEQUE BANK LTD., LONDON, ENGL., has been issuing these Cheques for over twenty-one years.

CHEQUE BANK Cheques are drafts of the Cheque Bank, Ltd., payable on demand, without notice, without indorsement.

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Practically they are Certified Cheques. They pass in Great Britain like Bank of England notes. They are negotiable in every country of the world. They are issued and cashed by some of the largest Banks in Great Britain.

MAN AND WIFE IN DISTRESS From Chronic Catarrh—But Instantaneous Relief Follows the First Application of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—Don't Neglect the Simplest Gold in the Head if you Develop Into This Disagreeable Malady Almost Before You Can Realize It.

Rev. Dr. Bochor of Buffalo says: "My wife and I were both troubled with distressing catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneously giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application. We consider it a godsend to humanity, and believe that no case can be so chronic or deeply seated that it will not immediately relieve and permanently cure."

Angel in the House.

For a good, everyday household angel give us the woman who laughs. Her pastry may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace missing buttons, but for solid comfort and every day she is a very paragon. Home is not a battlefield, but life one long, unending fight. The trick of always seeing the bright side, or, if the matter has no bright side, of polishing up the dark one, is a very important faculty. One of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with something in our hearts, as the Irish pretty phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try.

NO AVAIL.

Adam Soper of Burks Falls Found all Remedies Unavailable. No Avail Until He Used South American Kidney Cure—7c-Day He is a Well Man And Gives the Credit Where it is Due.

"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from disease of the kidneys. I had tried all kinds of remedies, but all to no avail. I was persuaded to try South American Kidney Cure. I have taken half a dozen bottles, and I can confidently say that today I am a cured man, and can highly recommend this great medicine to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

Importance of Cleanliness.

Before plants are brought to their winter quarters, great care should be taken to have them free from parasitic insects, as these multiply so rapidly in the house that they will seriously injure the health of the plant, it not kill it altogether. Aphides and thrips may be dislodged with an application of insect powder

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1896.

WANT SPECIFIC CHARGES

NO CIVIC SERVITUDE MEN TO BE DISCHARGED ON IDLE BUNKERS.

The Mayor also Refuses to Prosecute for Brutality Unless Specific Charges are Made.—Mr. Russell Does not Believe in the "Victor and Spoils" Theory.

A GOOD ALL AROUND MAN.

Ex-Alderman W. J. Stewart Has a Good Record in Halifax.

HALIFAX, Nov. 4.—At the last meeting of the board of school commissioners the usual, the closing one for the year. The commissioners made the usual complimentary speeches regarding each other.

Perhaps the commissioners could not help it, but it was rather funny for them to couple the name of Commissioner Doyles with that of the other outgoing members in their appreciative resolution.

The board added \$200 to the salary of Supervisor McKay, making his annual stipend \$1800. It is good pay in these times, but not too much for Mr. McKay.

Mr. McKay is worth it. Congratulations Supervisor—Secretary Wilson got \$100 extra, too, and there is no doubt about it that R. J. Wilson is a good official.

THEY WANT MORE LAND.

Rich Men Who Still Want Just One Spot More.

When John D. Rockefeller bought those miles around Tarrytown, placing his titles over the country that runs along the most picturesque part of the Hudson, he planned placing a fence around it all and including all in one beautiful park.

In getting so vast a piece of property together many a stream had to be crossed, many mountains climbed and much surveying done. Acres upon acres were added as Mr. Rockefeller found new outlying pieces of property that pleased him.

When the surveyors set out to place the boundaries of the big fence they were amazed to find a small piece of property that was not in the plans. It consisted of a small strip of land running back about forty rods into Mr. Rockefeller's domains.

The surveyors reported this to Mr. Rockefeller. "Purchase the piece of property," ordered he.

When the Rockefeller agents approached the small house they found an old man out by the door, feeding his hens. "I don't think as I want ter sell," said he, reflectively, glancing over the spreading acres beyond.

"Fact is, I like ter have a nice neighbor like that. I'm contented here, doin' chores for the neighbors, an' working out winters. No, I don't want ter sell."

"Oae of those obstinate old fellows," ejaculated the agent. Leave him alone. He'll come around."

But the man did not come around fast enough. Meanwhile Mr. Rockefeller wanted to build that fence. The little plot stood next the best water chance on the place. A beautiful little river cascades into a ravine back of the plot.

"I'll pay it," said the agent. I will be here to-morrow with the money and a lawyer."

Next morning came the agent, the lawyer and the money. But when they approached the house they saw something had gone wrong. The chickens were running wildly in all directions, the windows were broken and the door hung mournfully upon one hinge.

Not all such tales have so tragic an ending. Upon the very border of Baltimore, George Vanderbilt's North Carolina estate, there dwells a farmer, fat, ruddy and contented, knowing, as he does, that the owner of Baltimore would give a cool million any day to oust him.

Baltimore is so planned that its borders end upon streams, in forests and upon large adjoining estates of gentlemen. Bill Nye's place touches Baltimore upon one end. These people never annoy the owner of Baltimore and he does not feel that he has any territorial boundaries except for this one farmer!

This old man sold his estate to George Vanderbilt, but carefully marked off one section of it for himself. He did not sell quite all he owned. There was still a narrow strip left. Upon this he moved his little farmhouse and stubbornly refused to budge.

Every year immens sums have been offered him to sell the little farm-house and live elsewhere. But there he lives, placidly smoking his pipe, tilling his two or three acres, and enjoying the shooting and fishing of his neighbor, whose lands dip down into a valley just there making the old man's house a veritable spring garden.

Austin Corbin bought his immense country estate more carefully than most millionaires know how to do. For months before he built the house he had old farmers going round with their pants tucked in boots saying to the farmers around: "Wall, I guess I'd like to buy a strip of that land o' yours!"

"Think o' settlin' hereabouts?" the farmer would ask.

"Wall, ye—es, if you do't hold your land too high."

And so his crafty agents got hold of many and many a hundred acres at the regular market price.

But there was one old farmer in the interior of the forest land who said nothing but sawed wood. When the make-believe farmer approached him, he answered, "I guess I won't sell jst yet. In the spring this here wood'll all be gone. Then I'll sell the place ter yer."

"We've got him cinched," said the wise agents. "That wood is only good for this season's chopping." Meanwhile they bought up enough land to make a handsome park, and began to turn stones for a house. But in the spring the old man thought differently about moving. "Guess I've thought better of it," he chuckled.

finer shooting than Beresford has got on his place."

A startled squawk of a wild fowl broke the stillness. A stamping of game in the woods told that a disturbing element was at hand. Through the elegantly planned park came an old man with a gun on his shoulder and his dogs at his heels.

"Going home," replied the old man laconically.

"I'll see about that," said Corbin. A lawyer was called in and the law was read. But the closest application could find no hindrance to a man's reaching his own property. "A man is entitled to a gangplank to his habitat," was the ultimatum. And they could get no further.

There is a well-known story that Levi P. Morton, with his Jersey pigs and his Alderney cows, would dearly like to purchase a snug bit of property that lies next to his, but the owner holds on for peculiar reasons. He wants to be "next the rose."

Such are a few of the tales of men who, having great estates, want one little spot beside. And such is the tale of mm's cupidity, that these owners, poor and suffering from necessities, bear their poverty and hardships, sure that a gold mine will open at their feet if they can only wait long enough for it.

FASHIONS IN CIGARS.

Popularity of the Dark Brands Returns—Small Sizes the Favorite.

As in everything else that can be bought and sold, there are fashions in cigars, and fashions in tobacco, and the tastes and likings of men for particular flavors and bouquets change with the lapse of years.

Only, in the case of anything in the form of tobacco, the fashions change slowly and tardily to trace, for the reason that the lower class, consuming by far the greater bulk, will take anything cigar-shaped, and the common phrase, "a good seegar," means simply whatever will draw and was itself away in smoke.

There is ample evidence that within the last ten years a change in the popular taste has been slowly coming over the American smokers. The dealers notice it, and each year now they lay in altogether different stocks from what they used to.

Gradually, yet surely, the discriminating smokers are coming back to the dark cigars of fifteen years ago. A dealer now sells three dark cigars where he sold two several years back, or in 1893 and 1894.

This is popular prejudice in favor of the cigar approaching blackness more than it is anything else, due to the idea that a higher flavor is hidden in them. As a matter of fact, color really has little to do with the strength of a cigar. In 99 out of every hundred that are made the "filler," or the major part of the cigar, is of precisely the same tobacco, with reference to the hue of the "wrapper." Experts say that averaging up all grades the effect of the light cigar with greenish spots is more pronounced on the system than that of the darker and supposedly stronger. However this may be, the "spotted" cigar is yielding in popularity to the colorado maduro or even the maduro.

Another change that has been noticed is the increase in consumption of Tampa and Key West cigars, and the reduced call for cigars of Havana make. This began to be marked before the Cuban war set in with all its force, so it cannot be due to the present difficulty in getting Havana brands.

The truth is that the famous old days of the "mild Havanna," celebrated in song and story, have gone by, it is feared never to return. Nevertheless, Havana tobacco has not lost its vogue, the cigars mentioned as most popular being all of Havana stock. Domestic tobacco has never come largely into use for the good grades, and the supply is mainly utilized in the production of "fives," "two for five," and "three for five."

In size the small cigar is supplanting the larger ones for general smoking. When business in New York was a leisurely affair men had time to appreciate the flavor of a good-sized, fat cigar, of both bulk and body. But nowadays, in the rush of trade, in the hurry and scurry of morning and afternoon, the "quick smoke," a little cigar that is usually puffed hardly three-quarters through and then thrown away, is the fashion. In his home at night, or in his club, the man who knows smokes in nine cases out of ten takes up a perfect or a regalia especial that seems something like those of the old times, but for use in the day the concha is the cigar of the

Advertisement for Manchester, Robertson and Allison. Text: DON'T discard your dresses because they have lost their style. Put in them and preserve their style. Being interwoven it prevents cloth gowns from pulling out of shape. Thoroughly waterproofed. LOOK FOR THE RED SELVEDGE.

Advertisement for Manchester, Robertson and Allison. Text: AGENTS FOR THE MANUFACTURERS IN THE Maritime Provinces.

and more of these are sold than all the others.

If you know where to go you can buy a cigar for a cent in New York. Millions of the "three for five" are sold on the east side. From this point the prices range up to \$2.50 for a single "smoke." Cigars are actually sold at this figure in this city, though they do not show their value in the smoking, despite their aroma.

Such are a few of the tales of men who, having great estates, want one little spot beside. And such is the tale of mm's cupidity, that these owners, poor and suffering from necessities, bear their poverty and hardships, sure that a gold mine will open at their feet if they can only wait long enough for it.

There is a well-known story that Levi P. Morton, with his Jersey pigs and his Alderney cows, would dearly like to purchase a snug bit of property that lies next to his, but the owner holds on for peculiar reasons. He wants to be "next the rose."

ARE RED UNIFORMS DANGEROUS?

British Investigators Advance Arguments Claiming They Are Not.

The scarlet uniform of the British infantry has been greatly criticised in recent years, chiefly on the ground that it exposes the men to needless danger by disclosing their whereabouts to the enemy.

There is a very delicious and aromatic Turkish tobacco on sale in several places in New York, costing \$4 a quarter pound, but it is seldom bought, except by foreigners.—New York Tribune.

With existing rifles the actual result of a fight is usually decided at a distance just outside the effective range of the weapons. This distance lies between 600 and 800 yards. Nearer than that it is impossible to close without replying to the enemy's fire, and as soon as the return fire whistles about the defenders' heads the possibility of coming rapidly and accurately increases.

Therefore, from this point of view, it is unimportant whether the object to be hit is conspicuous or not, but from a moral point of view it is a serious consideration. Within 700 yards each subsequent advance is conditioned by fire—superiority already achieved; the defenders are shaken; the time for counting heads is past, and the mental impression conveyed by the sight of the assaulting troops becomes the main point.

It is a distinct advantage that the men should bulk large in the decisive stages of an encounter, and there is no color which enables them to do this so effectively as scarlet. On the whole, therefore, every scientific consideration justifies the retention of scarlet as the best uniform for the troops.—Pearson's Weekly.

MR. CUMING'S COSTLY FROGS.

Paid \$25 Apiece for Them in France and Got Them as a Bargain.

A. P. Cuming, a lawyer of this city, while spending his vacation in France during the past summer, bought three frogs, for which he paid the high price of \$25 each. Last publication of that fact engaged local dealers to imagine that Mr. Cuming at that fancy price, it is well to explain that the frogs he bought are not considered good to eat, that they are so small that a good meal of them would cost several hundred dollars, and that he is not passionately fond of that sort of diet.

These frogs are simply good to look at. Nothing more. They are only about three and a half inches long, when fully extended, and possibly a fraction over an inch high when sitting up to take an interest in their surroundings, or half that thickness when they flutter themselves out on the glass of their aquarium home and stick there, for hours at a time, like gobs of green mud.

Their backs and sides are of a pretty shade of olive, lighter or darker green, upon which they place themselves. Their bellies are white, their throats bright yellow, their eyes shining black, and over each eye is a crescent of bright gold.

The variety of frogs to which they belong has been found only in the fresh water lagoons running into the Mediterranean, and even there they are not abundant, nor is their capture easy. These were bought at Hyeres, near Toulon, and were considered a good bargain at the price Mr. Cuming paid. There is considerable diversity of color among these found, and their value depends altogether upon their beauty.

Sometimes one is found darkly beautifully blue, and it is worth \$500, that color being exceedingly rare.

They are very dainty little creatures. Fresh pure water must be given to them every day, and they will eat nothing but live winged insects, flies, butterflies, moths and bees from which the stings have been extracted. Mr. Cuming has been urged to try the effect upon giving to it a healthy bee, in working order, but refuses to do so fearing that the experience might check too greatly the nervous system of his costly pets. They will not touch insects with hard wing cases, such as cockroaches and high flavored ones—beetbugs for instance—are scorned by them. And they do not know that worms of any kind are good for frogs. When one of the little creatures is put in possession of a huge night moth bigger than itself, it begins swallowing by the head, and neatly folding in the broad spreading wings by daintily manipulating with its hands, gradually gets the insect down sometimes taking as much as half an hour in the process.

Mr. Cuming is now occupying his leisure in educating his frogs. They know him, perch fearlessly on his fingers, and have learned to jump over a trapeze, climb a rope, and do other things that encourage him to hope for a high development of their abilities.—New York Sun.

SOME QUEER INDUSTRIES.

Old Ways of Making a Living Disclosed by the Latest Census.

Occupations open to the thrifty individuals of both sexes have greatly increased during the last two decades, or even since the taking of the last decennial census, in 1890.

The extraordinary progress of science during the time specified and the application of its principle to the practical problems of human life have not only had the effect of greatly increasing the capacity for production in the trades already firmly established, but have opened hundreds of queer

side alleys which lead direct to the avenues of trade.

There are, of course, dozens of these new and remarkable occupations with which science does not deal even in the remotest sense. In this class we find the rat catcher, the skunk farmer, the man who makes his living by picking up lost things in depots, theaters, hotels, etc., and returning them to their owners with the expectation of being rewarded the clock winder, the man who collects orange and lemon peels, and the Lake Michigan syndicate, which is now engaged in raising black cats for their fur. They are not raising these cats on water, as might be inferred from the title, but have leased an island in the great lake, which is now plentifully stocked with thousands of screaming felines.

There are still others in the non-scientific category of queer occupations, but it will only be necessary to mention a few. One is a "rattlesnake farmer," who lives in the Ozark mountains, and makes the products of his "farm" bring money from three different directions. The oil he disposes of to druggists, who have regular customers that believe it to be a panacea for a hundred different ills; the skins he sells to would-be cowboys, who use them as hat bands, and the skeletons are always a ready sale; the purchasers being the curators of the natural history departments of the different college and society museums. The man who wakes people up in the morning, the old cork collectors, and the dog catchers are well known characters in every large city.

The individuals who gain a livelihood in pursuits that are strictly scientific are equally as numerous as those who follow the more humble callings. In the list of occupations that are strictly scientific is the manufacture of artificial eggs, artificial coffee, and false diamonds. Also the industry of making buttons, combs, penholders and other articles of a similar nature from blood collected at the slaughter houses. The man who makes billiard balls, buttons and rings from potatoes which have been treated to a solution of nitric and sulphuric acids is also the proprietor of an "industry" wherein the fundamental principles are strictly scientific.

But the queerest of all is carried on by two young Pennsylvanians, who are making a regular business of extracting the poison from honey bees. According to the accounts, they have two different ways of collecting their crop of venom. In the first the bees are caught and held with their abdomens in small glass tubes until the poison sacs have been emptied. In the second they are placed in a bottle on a wire netting and enraged until the tiny drops of venom fall into the alcohol which fills the lower third of the bottle. This venom is said to be a sovereign remedy for cancer, rheumatism, snake bite, and a hundred others of the more terrible ills of humanity.—St. Louis Republic.

The Art of Dyeing

has been so thoroughly mastered a UNGAR'S Laundry and Dye Works that his work is always satisfactory. There are more articles to be dyed and thus renewed and ready for use again than the people have any idea of.

Are there any in your house? Think for a moment and you will find them here.

Send them to UNGAR'S. He makes the old new.

UNGAR'S Laundry and Dye Works

22 to 24 Waterloo Street. We pay express one way.

Advertisement for bicycles. Text: Model 41 of the... Beautiful Rewards For Those Who Answer This Puzzle Picture Correctly.

Advertisement for puzzle pictures. Text: Beautiful Rewards For Those Who Answer This Puzzle Picture Correctly.

Advertisement for Trusts Co. Text: Trusts Co. OF CANADA.

Advertisement for dancing. Text: Dancing.

Advertisement for throat lozenges. Text: THROAT.

Advertisement for a drug store. Text: DRUG STORE.

MISS ROSSITER'S IDEAL.

Miss Rossiter sat alone in the library, gazing rather pensively into the fire. When the servant came with the lights she had sent him away, saying that she preferred sitting by the fire light, and now she leaned back luxuriously in her great easy chair, preparatory to the rather unusual indulgence of an introspective mood.

Oh, dear, it was always draughts, or something equally annoying to her. She wondered if she could choose for herself, what her ideal would be like. She pictured to herself several types of her own creation finally wavering between a dreamy Burne Jones figure and a hero of the Chevalier Bayard type, so dear to most women. How or other Tom's vigorous personality would persist in mixing itself up with her brain portraits until they were such a bad competition that in despair she gave up the personal appearance of her ideal.

space are as nothing and so it is that I am with you now. He ceased speaking. Surely it was the opportunity of Miss Rossiter's life for unbounded soul revelations, but odd to relate, she felt strangely silent. A number of naturally curious questions fitted through her brain, but she checked her thoughts a little guiltily, as it occurred to her that in all probability the stranger was cognizant of her thoughts, and might consider her inquisitive.



very superior young woman, of lofty aims and ideals, but being a very human and very charming person, she had her little limitations, all of which she would have confessed to you with refreshing candor. She could not help wondering for a moment if life with a person who 'thoroughly understood' her would, after all, be as helpful as life with someone whose love exaggerated her virtues and blinded him to her defects.

No more half severe, half coquettish lectures to Tom on his stupidity, always ending in increased adoration on his part, and increased affection on hers, for it always pleased her fancy, after having firmly established her claim to idealship in Tom's mind, to be so extremely gracious and penitently affectionate that the 'large and appreciative audience of one,' as Tom remarked, went home happy.

so suddenly changing your mind about those theories of yours? 'Yes,' replied Miss Rossiter, with an inscrutable smile; 'I have a reason, but that, as Kipling says, is another story, and one I refuse to tell.'—Agnes Brown in Philadelphia Times.

THE MAN WHO HEARD IT BEFORE.

M. W. WALTER.

[SOLO AND DUET.]

EDWARD HOLST.

Musical score for 'The Man Who Heard It Before' featuring piano and vocal parts with lyrics.

Musical score for 'The Man Who Heard It Before' featuring piano and vocal parts with lyrics.

Sunday Reading.

OUT OF THE MISTS.

Sunday evening prayers were finished, and the children, four of them—were mites, "peer heads," Mrs. Nicholson often called them—had kissed mother and said "good night."

"Bill," she gently said to the eldest of the four children, as he rose, don't go just yet. Then, turning to the barometer, she tapped it once, twice, thrice, and with a suggestive shake of her head, sat down and unfolded a letter speaking to her son at the same time.

"I don't like the glass tonight, my son, the mercury is too changeable; nor do I like them—the pack merchants," as father calls the little clouds, such as we saw above the church spire this afternoon.

"We are going to have bad weather tonight, and the 'Mary Ann' ought to have been called before taking another heavy cargo." Then, taking up the letter, Mrs. Nicholson proceeded:

"I will read you, Bill, a bit of father's letter, and then we will pray again."

Will, who was a sensible and affectionate lad for his age, pricked up his ears while his mother—brave sailor's wife—read as follows:

"My Dear Jess,—We sail on Tuesday, if all goes fair we will reach port in two or three days. We may expect squalls or fogs at this time of the year; so if we are not sighted off S. Reg's Head by Sunday don't worry. With her heavy cargo the 'Mary Ann' took in more water than the coast vessel, and it looks like blowing we shall run into some port."

"I got the tracts, my dear. I have read 'Our Only Plea.' It is all very well to preach that sort of thing to landmen, but chaps like us, Jess, can't always be singing psalms and saying prayers. I am trying to do my level best; God expects no more from sailors anyhow, and as I have kept the pledge for six years, what more can I do? I am as good as young Lorimer, who says he is saved. I saw him cast a marine-spike in Cardiff docks the other week at a Spaniard who was skulking. I don't call that religion. The governor keeps nagging me, but I don't mind that so much, although I don't want you, Jess, to leave off going to the meetings. Your letters nowadays are not the same as they used to be. You will turn a parson, Jess, if you go on at this rate, and then—"

Mrs. Nicholson did not intend to read so much of this letter to her eldest son, but she was passing through such a severe spiritual Gethsemane in a struggle to attain a passive trust in God for the fulfilment of her heart's desire, and on the other hand battling with the temptation to doubt and fear, that she confided in her child in the hope that it might solace her mind.

"What does father mean, mother?" the lad asked, his curiosity stimulated by the reading of the letter.

"It means, Will, that father is not saved. This was not an uncommon word in Mrs. Nicholson's daily vocabulary, but its connection with the letter was not quite clear to the lad's mind, and he rather dryly remarked:

"Mother, father's not drowned."

A low sigh escaped Mrs. Nicholson's lips at her son's want of spiritual perception. Was this the fruit of all her praying and teaching? Ah, perhaps it was her want of faith that occasioned this spiritual dulness. Yes, that was it. She was not above the enemy—doubt—herself, but now she saw the promises of God in a new light, and as she gazed into the face of her eldest boy there came into her heart a sensation which she believed to be divine and thrilled her soul; the burden of fear fell from her spirit, and without heeding the question addressed to her, the dear soul rising to her cried:

"Oh, Will, I see it, I see it, the Gospel of Jesus Christ—the promises of Jesus Christ—are the power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth. I have been carrying my own burdens instead of leaving them with the Lord; I have been fearing instead of trusting. 'Will,' she said, with an emphasis which still further perplexed the lad's mind, 'your father shall be saved; God will honor our faith. Let us both cry to him.'

"Lord, Thou art no respecter of places or persons. Thou who didst say to the waves of Galilee, 'Peace be still,' canst see my Frank tonight while I pray. Whatever he is engaged at now, Lord, speak to his heart; the enemy desires to have him, but for my sake, Lord, for my children's sake, for the world's sake, but above all, for Christ's sake, save his soul; speak peace to his heart. I leave him with Thee, believing that Thou wilt show Thy saving power."

My faith the promise sees, And looks to that alone; Laughs at impossibilities, And cries, it shall be done.

"I can't make it out; I give it up," said the captain of the 'Mary Ann' to his son

Frank, after they had both been studying the chat well-nigh an hour.

"So do I," replied Frank. "Shall we wait till that soup-fog lifts? We are getting nearer the coast. Thompson's last report was 15—17—15 fathoms."

"Don't be so saft'n, mate," said the old skipper. "You can be in deep water along this coast and yet be near the razors (rocks) I heard, if I'm not mistaken, the murmur of breakers an hour ago; and perhaps the best thing to do will be to let go the anchor, keep the lights well trimmed, and the foghorn at work. We can trust God for the rest."

"Trust God on the 'Mary Ann,' father! Why, she is making an inch of water every two hours in a calm—that's what I call dragging religion out of its place."

"Ah, my lad, you don't know what religion is. Jess was not far wrong when she told you in her last letter that it was a proud spirit that's keeping you outside the kingdom. This is my last voyage on the 'Mary Ann.' You know after that it is your property, every plank on it, every stitch of canvas and rope's end. When you were a plain A. B., and knew less of the deceitfulness of riches—although you've only got a few pounds even now—then, Frank, your heart was simpler and wiser; but since you bought your cottage, took out a few shares on this hulk—and you'll soon be Captain Nicholson—your simplicity seems to have gone across the Atlantic. My lad, my lad," concluded the skipper, with his hand on his son's shoulder, and one foot on the trap that led to the companion-head, "it's hard to kick against the pricks. The Spirit of God is striving with you, and the sooner you let Him have His own way in your heart, the sooner will you come to your wit's heart, lid, your father's heart, and the angels up aloft. We've lost our reckoning, Frank. The sun is hid. The stars haven't peeped for three nights; but all the same those bright lights of God are there. Just so with you, Frank. You're in a dense fog. It's your proud heart that hides the Saviour from your soul. Confess, confess your need to God, and you'll land in Port as sure as we are in this 'ere cabin."

Frank looked condemned.

The captain dragged himself on deck. "Let go the anchor, Thompson. Trim the lights clean, boy. This fog is blinding."

"Eight bells, below there!"

"Aye, aye, sir," came the reply. It was the voice of the skipper to his son.

"You don't seem to have done much sleeping tonight, Frank," said the former, when getting below. "I saw a light in your bunk, didn't I? What have you been up to?"

"Reading," said the son, somewhat solemnly.

"God bless you, Frank," said the old man, with a tender in his voice. "You are not far from the Cross."

The two parted. It was the midnight watch. The fog still hung in thick mantles, and the 'Mary Ann' lay in the dead calm enveloped in their dark and misty foldings. On reaching the wheel a cold shiver went through the mate's frame—why, he could not say. Frank Nicholson was no coward. He had never known sickness, and though he had been three times wrecked, and once snatched from the mouth of an angry wave, death had never presented itself as a terror. But tonight, somehow, his strength seemed to fail. There was no steering to be done. Had there been he felt as though his hands would have refused to respond to his will. What did it all mean?

A bit of breeze from the northwest gave the 'Mary Ann' a lurch leeward, and with it an uncanny feeling stole over Frank Nicholson.

"Eternity!"

"Eternity!" he said.

"Eternity! Eternity!"

Pale as death he stood transfixed to the deck. Who spoke?

"Eternity!" again was the reply.

"Bah! it's waves, and that tract. 'Where Will you Spend Eternity?' is making as weak as Jess. I'll shake it off, and he bent over the compass."

But there was no shaking it off. A wife's prayers were being answered—'Whatever he is engaged at, Lord, speak to him now.'

Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God! I come.

"What makes this verse come into my head?"

"Eternity!"

"There goes them waves again!"

Depth of mercy, can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath forbear, Me, the chief of sinners, spare? God is love, I know, I feel Jesus lives and loves me still.

"What! almost shouted Frank Nicholson, 'God is love! I never knew it—at least, I never felt it before, and ere he realized what he was about, he fell by the companion-head and sobbed aloud, 'Lord, have mercy upon poor me! Take all my sins away. Give me, Lord, what Jesus has got.'

As gentle as the mist that enveloped the 'Mary Ann,' but as clear as the sun and stars that had been hidden for days, came the assurance into his heart as he slowly, deliberately, and believingly repeated the words:

Just as I am, thy love unknown Has broken every barrier down; Now to be thine—yes, thine alone, O Lamb of God! I come.

That night—now thirty years ago—Frank Nicholson, who's his wife wrestled with God in the cottage, passed out of the fog—passed from death into life.

Next morning the mist rolled away, and the 'Mary Ann,' carrying father and son, united happily in the love of God, gently glided into port.

A great deal in the history of the Nicholson's has happened since then, and the old skipper shortly afterwards 'crossed the bar,' and an honest soul into the Eternal Harbor. Bill, the eldest boy shall never forget the night his father's strange letter was read, nor his mother's midnight prayer. They made a mark upon him, the evidences of which was destined to shine on the page of time. His spiritual dulness gave place, while yet a youth, to a brightness and glory that distinguished him above his fellows as a chosen vessel for the Lord. He lives today among the honored servants and soul-winners of Jehovah. It is the old story in another form. Piety at home means peace abroad. Mothers of faith make sons of war.—British Workman.

BE HAPPY AND KNOW IT.

A Word of Advice That Will be Helpful to You, and Will.

I have a word of advice to give young people to help them: Be happy, and know it.

Did you ever stop and think, 'How happy I am?'

If you have never done so before, do it now, this very minute, and then send a prayer heavenward thanking the Author of all good for the happiness and joy he has put into your life. We miss so much by not realizing how blessed we are! You know that old proverb, 'You never miss the water till the well runs dry.' It is true of almost everything in our lives which we enjoy continuously: food, light, companionship, love, friendships, all seem a part of ourselves, and we do not realize their worth until one of our blessings departs, when with tears we see how much we have had to enjoy.

Too frequently the very joys we should prize most highly we fling from us with contempt, and long for some future happiness, which would not satisfy us did we have it. Meanwhile, that which we should have enjoyed days of neglect, and too late we see our error.

Particularly is this true of young people. Life is often so filled with sunshine that they accept the bright beams and scorn the shadows, and with shaded eyes peer forth into the future, screening from their gaze that which would prove most blessed to them.

The boys sigh for more freedom, the girls for the time when they can wear long dresses and sit up late nights. Alas! how often a man has in times of 'freedom' longed for the mother's guiding hand and wise counsel; and the girl, growing to a woman, turned with tearful eyes toward that happy past when cares and sickness and sorrow formed no part of her life.

Realize your happiness each and every day. Begin now while young, and the habit once formed will not leave you, and will be a constant joy to your friends, for your happy face will make you a welcome visitor.

Realizing all that good which comes to you from hour to hour, you cannot fail to be happy, and one really happy person can change a cloudy day into a sunshiny one—happiness is a most infectious quality.

Cheer up your father and mother, all the home friends, and know how dear they are to you, and act upon the knowledge. Begin today, then, and be knowingly happy every minute, and thank God for your happiness.

A Generous Thought.

A generous nature finds way of helping of which those less kindly would never think. On one of the most sultry and oppressive days of last summer a boy in New York City was passing one of the large hotels when ice was being delivered there. In handling the ice a large block broke and several pieces were left on the sidewalk. The boy stood still and watched the ice-men until he decided they were not going to

pick those pieces up, when he went to one of the men and asked if he might have the ice. He was told that he could. He gathered the pieces up and carried them to a trench where some workmen were at work in the sun, and gave the pieces to them. The men were astonished at the offer, and then eagerly grasped the ice. The boy walked on whistling.

To follow the highest law of our being and strive for the love of God and man means to make love and truth and right supreme, and to permeate home and counting-house and shop and factory and school and assembly with their influence.—Heman Packard D. Forest.

For Publication.

A PERMANENT CURE

A Letter That Proves the Value of Paine's Celery Compound.

A Medicine That Makes People Well and That Keeps Them Well.

Fergus, Ont., Sept. 22, 1896.

Gentlemen: The following testimonial, relative to your Paine's Celery Compound, will no doubt interest all who remember my testimonial given more than two years ago.

This long interval has afforded me ample opportunity for judging of the effects of the medicine.

I have always valued the duration of a cure more than the temporary relief. It is difficult indeed if it is possible, to get a medicine that will produce a permanent good effect, so much being dependent on right use and careful regulations. We must consider the quantity as well as the quality of the food we eat. I am convinced by experience that, if this medicine be properly used and afforded fair play, it will do good work.

I am past seventy; yet, since I took the Paine's Celery Compound, I feel as well as an old man can feel. For this condition of health I can thank no other cause than the use of the Compound. I am gentlemen, Yours faithfully,

JOHN IRELAND. Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

THE IRON LIFEBOAT.

An Iron Boat Once Thought to be the Dream of a Lunatic.

But such work as this, successful as it was, was only what we might call amusement—there was far more serious work to perform. From 1830 to 1840 the young man was spending all his spare time and money at work upon a boat which should not only save lives, but which could not be crushed on the rocks when the waves were hurling themselves shoreward. His cork-lined boats were successful, and were giving him a world-wide fame as an inventor and philanthropist; but he felt that, unless he could invent a boat of some other material than wood, his object was but half attained.

He resolved to try iron. Those of his friends who knew of this step looked upon him as many an inventor is looked upon in our own day—as little less than a lunatic. Iron for a boat? Why, it would take such a vast amount of wood to float the iron that it would be impossible to propel the boat, to say nothing of having it breast the waves of a furious gale and go out through the storm to a wrecked ship! The idea, they said, was simply preposterous. The young man acknowledged the apparent force of the argument, but he believed there was a way out of the difficulty. He started in the path alone. He found many cruel and disheartening difficulties in the way, but he bravely met all trouble, and he nobly maintained his high purpose and won at last a magnificent victory, not only for himself but for all mankind.

In his later years Mr. Francis loved to tell of the trials of this critical time. Amid his later honors he never forgot the days when at one moment he seemed so near to success and at another so near to the saddest of failures.

It was now the year 1841. He had taken his family—for he was married—to a country place where they could live more cheaply than in the city. He had the use of a room in a house on Anthony street, in the City of New York, in which to carry on the work of his inventions, by the favor of Myndert Van Schoick, a gentleman who was much interested in the outcome of the matter. Here, shut in from all the world,

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., Ltd., St. Stephen, N. B.

in sore poverty, he worked for twelve months, a long, discouraging, weary year. The end to be gained was to make iron float on water, something which his best friends thought the dream of a lunatic. Day by day and night by night he worked ceaselessly. He denied himself all luxuries, all comforts. He met with failure after failure.

He found himself one day at the close of the year reduced to actual want—and his object not attained. He had but a pittance in his pocket. He was hungry, but he needed one more piece of iron to make one last supreme effort. He went out to a junk shop with but last 25 cents. He bought his piece of iron for 13 cents. With the rest of the money he bought bread and molasses. All that night he worked. In the morning he found that the rats had stolen the piece of bread which he had saved for his breakfast, but the labor of the night had brought victory. He had solved the problem! He had conquered in the greatest battle of his life. He had achieved the success he sought, and this victory meant the saving of the lives of many thousands of his fellow-men.

The corrugation of iron, forming ridges in lines along the sides of the boats, had been invented. By this aid he was enabled to make the iron float for he could bend it and shape it to the curved form of a boat, and the bendings or ridges in the sides took the place of all stays, supports, ribs, timbers, furnishing in themselves the support and strength, while nothing was added to the weight. The metal was put under great pressure to do this, but it stayed in place, and the victory was won.

DRUNKARDS IN AUSTRIA.

Plenty of Laws With Which to Reach Them.

A recent report gives some interesting facts about the alcoholic liquor traffic in Austria. There has been special legislation on drunkenness in Galicia, Lodomeria, Cracow and Bukovina, whereby persons creating a nuisance by being drunk in restaurants, public houses and public places are liable to a maximum imprisonment of one month; no legal proceedings can be taken for the recovery of debt for the recovery of debt for the supply of spirituous liquors on credit, and persons convicted of drunkenness three times within one year may be prohibited from visiting liquor shops in their neighborhood for one year, under penalty of fine or imprisonment, says the British Medical Journal.

In other parts of Austria drunkards come under the law of curatel as spendthrifts, or, when mentally affected from alcoholic excess, confined in lunatic asylums. As to curatel a person may be judicially declared a spendthrift if he is proved to be running through his property senselessly, and thus exposing his family to future destitution by contracting loans under reckless or ruinous conditions. As to madmen and idiots only those who are judicially declared to be such after minute examination and consultation with medical officers appointed by the court are committed to the lunatic asylums.

The system of placing drunkards in lunatic asylums has been condemned by experts. Dr. Adalbert Tilokowsky, director of the State Asylum at Ybbs, lays down: (1) That the cure of alcoholic mental cases though rapid, is not permanent, owing to the tendency to relapse and inability to resist temptations to drinking. (2) The relapses are largely brought about by a desire to obtain comfortable board and lodging at the public expense. (3) The 'free' treatment of lunatics is unmitigatedly disastrous, giving them opportunities of procuring liquor. (4) In the first stages drunkards are only morally defective, not mad. (5) Mixing drunkards, who are often sane, with lunatics, is bad for the latter, alcoholics being generally degenerate, but otherwise sane, and therefore having a bad influence on the insane.

So unmistakable has been the failure of the treatment of inebriates in the lunatic asylums that the Minister of Justice has proposed a bill in the Reichsrath empowering the state, the province and the districts to establish public asylums for inebriates, all such institutions to be under State inspection, and to provide divisions for inebriates in penal establishments for compulsory labor. These asylums, which are not to be allowed to take non-alcoholic cases, are for persons judicially convicted

three times of drunkenness in one year, and for persons who have not sufficient self-command to resist the temptation to drink, or who through drinking endanger the moral physical or financial security of themselves or their relatives. Voluntary and involuntary cases are to be received; provisions of the involuntary, two years being the original maximum reduction. A drunkard is to be heard before an order is issued for his detention and specialists must report on his condition.

WHAT MAKES THEM CRY?

You have a very sore finger, let us say. It may be a hurt, a boil—or, worse still, that fearfully painful thing, a felon. Oh, my! oh, my! What a time you have been trying to protect that poor finger. It is all the time getting hit or knocking against something. Simply to keep it out of harm's way worries you more than doing a day's work; and you don't succeed—and wouldn't, even with a doctor's help, to help you. You are scared of a fly threatening to light on it.

This is the principal on which Mrs. Elizabeth Allen could bear the least noise. She had no sore finger, but she had what was still more sensitive—a body full of sore nerves; weak, starved, unstrung nerves. So the prattle of children, the closing of a door, the momentary rattle of a wagon in the street, the clatter of dishes in the kitchen, the thousand and one sounds and noises that are in the air constantly—who, the smallest of them struck her like a blow from a club. Noises which are not regarded by a well person as like volleys of musketry to one in this condition. Millions of women know all about it, and plenty of them can't sleep—those who are subject to this ailment. Their lined foreheads, their bright, suspicious eyes, their self-protecting gestures and manner—you've seen them. Perhaps you are one of them yourself. If so, you'd give all your money and mortgage your future to have a stronger set of nerves, wouldn't you? Let's talk about it two minutes, first quoting the lady's letter, which is dated May 11th, 1893, and written from her home 263 Syston street, Leicester.

"For many years," she says, "I suffered from indigestion and weakness. After meals I had a great pain at my chest. Every few days I had an attack of sick headaches, and had to be constantly lying down on the couch; I strained and heaved a good deal, and spat up a sour mucous fluid. As time went on I got very weak and nervous, and couldn't bear the least noise."

"I took all sorts of medicines and consulted doctors, but nothing did me much good. Later on I came to hear of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and after taking it a short time the disease left me, and I was able to rest and digest my food. Owing to the virtue of this remedy I now keep in good health. (Signed) Elizabeth Allen."

And here is Mr. W. Nash who says: "For fully ten years I suffered from periodic attacks of biliousness. At times a severe headache, preceded by excessive drowsiness; at other times sleeplessness, pain in the chest, side, and stomach, coated tongue and bad breath—that was the way it acted with me. I grew very melancholy, and was not able to follow my business. I consulted doctors and used tonics, &c., but they only made me worse."

"I had constantly heard of your wonderful remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup, but didn't believe in it. Then I read in *Will and Wisdom* of a case like mine that the Syrup had cured; so I tried it, and the first bottle acted like magic. The pains went, and in a month all my ills were gone. Bless Mother Seigel for ever. I say—Yours gratefully, (Signed) W. Nash, 331, Goswell Road, E. C., London, October 2nd, 1893."

Now, where is there room enough on paper to sufficiently praise a medicine that will do what this one did for these two good friends of ours? All pain, remember, is nervous pain, and in the above case it was the foul and inflamed stomach which, by stopping digestion, starved the nerves and made them cry out. What won't cry out when it is starved? Babies will, men will, women will, nerves will. Mother Seigel's medicine set the stomach in order and gave the nerves some food. Then what? Why, quiet, comfort, strength, rest, enjoyment. "Bless Mother Seigel," indeed.

Tailor-Made Garments.

One point is certain, after the desertion to a great extent of the tailor-made garment during the intensely hot summer we have experienced, our return to it will be a very cordial one, and the first question to be considered is the modifications which the coat and skirt have undergone during their period of disuse. Collars and basques are naturally the points of attack. A coat's a coat for a that, and in the main structure, very slight differences can be made. One very prominent feature among the changes, and one that offers great opportunity to the home worker to distinguish herself, is that many of the very smartest coats prepared for autumn wear are innocent both of revers and of step collar.

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NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

THE POEM, CHRIST IN HADES, IS BY AN ENGLISH AUTHOR.

Some of its Stanzas and How it is Regarded by Competent Critics—Something Concerning the Life of the Youthful Author—Other of his Poems.

"Christ in Hades," a poem by Stephen Phillips, published in Elkin Mathews' "Shilling Garland," (Vigo St., London, 1896), has attracted much attention and obtained some very favorable comment from high critical sources. We have been lately enabled to enjoy it, and indeed, it seems to us a noble conception, simply and powerfully wrought. It opens with the following Hyperion-like passage:

Keen as a blind man, at dawn awake, Smells in the dark the cold odor of earth; Eastward he turns his eyes, and over him A dreadful freshness exquisitely breathes; The room is brightening, even his own face! So the exiled ghosts in Hades felt A waft of early sweet, and heard the rain Of spring beginning o'er them; they all Stood still, and in each other's faces looked.

We are immediately in that prison house of gloom made familiar to us by the great Greek and Latin masters, and amid the odlike peoples of that old mythology. Persephone is first encountered:—

Perpetual dollar had as yet but drooped The corners of her mouth and in her hand She held a bloom that had on earth a name.

She anticipates some approaching presence, to which she appeals with that whisper which in Hades is a voice:

"Come, my Hermes, come! 'Tis time to fetch me! Ah through all my veins The sharpness of the spring returns: I hear The stark rivets with which the first drops On green illumined grass, now over me The blades are growing fast; I cannot rest. He comes, he comes! Yet with how slow a step, Who used to run along a sunny gulf! And O, withered wreath! no roses now Dewy from paradise. Surely, at his Those earnest eyes, that rage'd his face Was glad and glad. This is no god at all, Only some grieving human shape, with hands Unlustrous, and the eager Furies wheel Over him!"

Christ appears, silently at perches, "exercising the spell over her which soon extends to all inhabitants of Hades, looking at her with grave eyes:

Her young mouth trembled fast, and from her hand With solemn face she let the early flower Drop down; then stretching out her arms, she said: "O all fresh out of beautiful sunlight!"

Was it not difficult to come away Straight from the greenness to the dimness? Now It is the time of tender opening things. Above my head the fields murmur and wave, And breezes are just moving the clear heat. O the mid-noon is trembling on the corn, On cattle calm, and trees in perfect sleep.

And hast thou empty come? Hast thou not brought Even a blossom from the noise of rain? And smell of earth about it, that we all Might gather round and whisper ever all At one wet blossom all the dead would feel!

O thou beginning to glide here a shadow, Soon shalt thou know how much it seems to us, In miserable dim magnificence To feel the snowdrop growing over us, That barren crown! but now it was a wreath. These gusts of Hell have blown it into thorn! If thou canst bear it yet, O speak to me O the blue moon, of breezes and of rivers!"

"Suddenly she is aware of unusual utensils, and she opens her eyes to see what it means.

Like to trees Motionless in an ecstasy of rain, No the tall dead stood drooping around Christ, Under the falling peace intensely still; And some in slow delight their faces raised upward.

There Agamemnon, Ixion, and a multitude around come eddying down and cluster about him:

In silence stood the dead, Gazing; only was heard that river steel, The listless ripple of Oblivion.

Every appeal is a cry after lost earth, with its bloom and sunshine. How refreshing seem these common gifts now! They are like the smell of a feast waited for a beggar who stands perishing in the cold. Hear the Atrianian ghost:

"Art thou a god? Then guide us to the air, To trees and rivers, that peculiar light Which even now is shimmered on the beasts. Canst thou not make the primrose rise up or bring the gentlest shower? O pity us! For I would ask of thee only to look Upon the wonderful sunlight, and to smell Earth in the rain. Is not the laborer Returning heavy through the August smells Against the setting sun, who gladly smells His supper from the opening door, is he Not happier than these melancholy kings? How good it is to live, even at the worm! God was so lavish to us once, but here He hath repeated, zealous of his beams,

"Thou comest from the glistening sun As out of some great battle, or hast thou The beautiful ease of the untroubled gods?"

Yet, he reflects, arguing from the forlorn marks upon this strange visitor, there is no help to be expected from him:

We can trust thee not, How all that lead with feet already pierced? And if we ask thy hand, see, it is torn.

But the Christ, silent as at Pilate's judgment seat, answers never a word. The pathetic ghost of some mother, long divorced from home and love, accost him:

"Although I know thee not, yet can I tell That only a great love hath brought thee hither. Dost thou so all in brightness, and couldst not rest For thinking of some woman? Was thy bed so empty, cold thy hearth, and aimless glides Thy wife amidst us? Whom thou dost thus seek? For see, we are so changed; thou wouldst not know The busy form that no one could thy fire. She has no occupation, and no care, No little tasks. O we had pleasant homes, And often we remember husbands dear, That were most kind, and wonder after them. My little children! Who sing to them now? But turn thou to the earth! Thou canst not fetch Thy drooping listless woman to the air. Thou'lt have no comfort out of her at all."

So he passes on, and so they follow him. At last he retired from the kingdom of shades:

The vault closed back, we upon rose, the wheel Revolved, the stone rebounded; for that time Hades her interrupted life resumed.

Such is the poem, of which the Spectator has said: "It is a wonderful dream, a dream that stirs the heart in almost every line, though Christ himself never utters a word throughout the poem, but only brings his sad countenance and bleeding brow and torn hands into that imaginary world of half-conceived and chaotic gloom; while The Speaker has declared,—'The solemn music is matched by majestic words. The poignancy of feeling which is in the title-poem cries from the lyrics also.' That poignancy is especially notable in the following:

I in the grayness rose; I could not sleep for thinking of one dead. Then to the chest I went Where lie the things of my beloved spread.

Quietly these I took; A little glove, a sheet of music torn, Paining ill-done perhaps; Then lifted up a dress that she had worn.

And now I came to where Her letters were; they lie beneath the rest; And read them in the hazy light. She spoke of many things, was sore oppressed.

But these things moved me not; Not when she spoke of being parted quite, Or being misunderstood, Or growing weary of the world's great fight.

Not even when she wrote Of her dead child, and the hand-writing swerved; Not even then I shook; Not even by such words was I unnerved.

I thought, she is at peace; Whether the child is gone, she too has passed. And a much-needed rest Is fallen upon her, she is still at last.

For when at length I took From under all those letters one small sheet, Folded and writ in haste; Why did my heart with sudden sharpness beat?

Alas, it was not sad! Her saddest words I had read calmly o'er, Alas, it had no pain! Her painful words, all these I knew before.

A hurried happy line! A little rest, too slight for one so dead: This did I not endure: Then with a shuddering heart no more I read.

By favor of our friendly correspondent, Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, of Piggswold, Morpeth, Eng., we have some particulars respecting the author of these poems. "He is the son of Canon Phillips of Peterborough Cathedral, and was born at Somerton, near Oxford. He is distantly related to the poet Wordsworth. He read for the civil service for a time, then went on the stage, attaching himself to the dramatic company of his cousin, Frank Benson, (to whom 'Christ in Hades' is dedicated). His greatest success was as the Ghost in Hamlet." To 'Primavera' (a little volume of poems published at Oxford in conjunction with Laurence Binyon, and two other associates) he made several contributions.

Then he issued 'Erebus,' of which Mr. Stopford Brooke says,—'All the space thrills and vibrates with emotions while the Academy praised it very highly.' Lastly, the poem I have sent you, which Mr. Hut-

ton, in the Spectator, calls 'a wonderful dream.' Mr. Phillips, I may add, hopes shortly to publish another small volume of poetry, the purpose of which will be to depict the tragedy of modern existence in great cities. I am sorry to add, though, that at the present moment, Mr. Phillips is suffering from an affection of the eyes."

The following lyric, without title, will conclude our citations:

O thou art put to many uses, sweet! Thy blood will urge the rose, and surge in Spring; But yet

And all the blue of thee will go to the sky, And all thy laughter to the rivers run; But yet

Thy tumbling hair will in the West be seen, And all thy trembling bosom in the dawn; But yet

Thy brightness in the dewdrop shall be hung, And all the frailness of thee on the foam; But yet

Thy soul shall be upon the moonlight spent, Thy mystery spread upon the evening mere. And yet

"This much at least is certain," says The Saturday Review, "that here we have a new and powerful individuality, standing quite alone among our younger poets, and one who has the courage to attempt a sustained effort on a great theme."

PATERSON.

OBSCURE MILLIONAIRES.

Only Thing a Possessor of Millions Can Do to Keep Himself Unknown.

The London Spectator once published a list of those it called 'obscure millionaires' who had died within the previous ten years. The list was a rather long one. This list sets one considering. The age is a shop-keeping age, it is true. It is apt, we say, to value men according to their property, and yet, notwithstanding the exaggerated importance of money and money getting, it appears that wealth in the largest measure redeems no man from obscurity; that money in itself, by its mere possession, confers no distinction which even this age values. Its use, and not its possession, is all that can make it a matter of distinction. In our own country even more than in Europe wealth exaggerates its own consequence. It is natural that it should, for here, more than there, it is a personal matter. The American Millionaire has 'made,' as he says, his own millions. They represent his own shrewdness, industry, fact, perseverance or 'good luck.' He is fond, it may be, of reminding us all that it is so. He is a 'self-made man,' and recurs to the time when he was a barefooted boy, or a penniless youth, with some pride, as a proof of how bright a man he is in having

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New is the time for the different Societies and Social Assemblies to arrange their winter programmes, and in doing so, if they will give PROGRESS PRINT a call for their printing, it will keep the expenses down.

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Miscellaneous Printing!

29 TO 31 CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Changed by his own powers the early poverty for the present wealth.

He feels in his heart he had done a noble work, and that he deserves the commendation of mankind for doing it. He is liable to disappointment, as we all know, and it is somewhat strange that, shrewd as he is in money matters, he is so blind in others. For the rest of the world is very busy and has little time to trouble itself about his success or his failure. Neither can other people see on exactly what grounds a man can claim its applause only for having taken good care of his own interests.

The consideration given to him for his money is given only to his face by those who expect to get something by it. The community would look complacently upon the matter if a sudden reversal should send him to sweeping the streets tomorrow, would consider him indeed quite as important in the last occupation as in that of raking his heaps higher. In other words, it is the wealth itself that is important, if there is any importance in the case. The man who owns it may be very unimportant; in fact, if he is content to be merely its owner, is sure to be so.

SUFFERED FOR YEARS.

The Experience of Mr. Grant Day, of Harrowsmith.

He Suffered Much From Rheumatism Especially During Spring and Autumn—Following a Neighbor's Advice Bought About a Cure.

One who has been released from years of suffering is always grateful to the person or the medicine that has been the medium of release. It is therefore safe to say that one of the most thankful men in the vicinity of Harrowsmith is Mr. Grant Day, who for years past has been a sufferer from rheumatism, but has now been released from its thralldom. To a reporter Mr. Day told his experience substantially as follows: "I have been a sufferer from rheumatism for upwards of twenty-five years. It usually attacked me worst in spring and fall, and at times the pain I endured was intense, making it difficult for me to obtain rest at night. From my hips down to my feet every joint and every muscle appeared to be affected, and the pains appeared to chase one another until I was at times nearly wild, and mind you this was my condition for upwards of twenty-five years. During that period I tried many remedies, and while I obtained temporary relief from some, I could get nothing in the way of permanent benefit. But last year the pains did not come back, and they have not returned since, and this is the way it came about. One day while telling my neighbor, Mr. W. C. Switzer, how itchy I was feeling, he said: 'Get half a dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and use them according to directions, and you will find they will do just what they are

BULLET MADE A HAILSTONE.

It was Fired Into Space and Came Down Encased in Ice.

Col. Clark R. Westcott, of London, England, who has been spending a couple of months in Chicago and the west, in the interest of a syndicate which owns considerable mining property in this country, is responsible for the following account of a singular natural phenomenon. His story is as follows: "One hot day a couple of weeks since I was riding along a mountain road in Colorado on my way to a mine in which I am interested, when I noticed high above me, soaring in majestic circle, an eagle. I had a 45-90 Winchester slung across my back, and it was but the work of a moment to unslung the gun and fire at the bird, which appeared to be directly above me. The shot was a close miss, and not caring to waste anymore cartridges, I was about to ride on when I was startled to hear what I took to be a dull chug of a stone thrown by an unseen hand, which fell into a little gully partly filled with leaves, with twenty feet of me.

I looked carefully about me in all directions, but could see no sign of a human being, and then dismounted, and, scraping back the leaves, was astonished to find a piece of ice as large as a goose egg and about the same shape. Upon close examination, I was further astonished to discover my rifle ball firmly embedded in its center. I have speculated a good deal over this phenomenon since that time, and the only solution I can see is that the ball in passing through the cloud gathered the moisture and held it by its whirling motion, so that it was frozen at a higher altitude and fell to the earth as I have described.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE QUESTION OF THE PROPRIETY OF RIDING A WHEEL TO CHURCH WILL PROBABLY REMAIN AN OPEN ONE UNTIL THE POPE ISSUES A BICYCLICAL DECREE ON THE SUBJECT.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal trouble, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatments. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and yellow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be 'just as good.'

Advertisement for B.B.B. (Burdock Blood Bitters). Features 'Rich Red Blood' and 'In Spring Time get Pure Blood by using B.B.B.' Includes text about purifying properties and health benefits.

I think never value until we know most more with, is a light fluffy fashioning and an that too care of it is it is difficult seldom lenientable at doing it brushing of spirit. My hair find it themselves, ends to practice before-the put in place the girl is not very that line, and it is too late. As for the fire who has for her bro care and att and they rel for many ar for recovery long suffering weakness, dead, and in a new sufferer has. When the nee, or from grief, the first perate ons of close to the least a year warm water rising and d each day the should be app quarter of a fluid drachm spirit drachm origanum and cantharides. gather for ten pint of camp. Another sp properly appli in restoring th in conjunction given, it has hair after all. Dandruff, c position, is no a very exagg state of uncle lack of thorough washing. In especially liable frquent washi cautions, the d indicates an un and some suppl The following used in connect and rinsing. Extract of cantharide of carbonate of drachms; distill To be applied d. The number gray now-a-days, and scientific to account for. to be a badge of age, to have iron of people can under thirty an more white, the palling, while I was of a prpper were twenty-one nothing known rесто, the color turned gray, it certainly about dyes—only I fade very quickly come out in ri. The best of a senna, which is produce the fashi which is so women. It is a who should know, red which appear tures was simply lead as his scodel peculiar tint of which his pictur Preparations of they should be the desired shade stain may be prep brewing the leaves the skin of the hair removed by washing water, which will the hair in the less To produce vario following recipe i

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I think it is a pretty true saying that we never value anything we possess, properly, until we lose it, and of nothing is it more true than hair. The girl who has almost more hair than she knows what to do with, is always complaining about it and envying her friends who have just enough light fluffy tresses to do up in the prevailing fashion, and not enough to be a care and an embarrassment. There is no doubt that too much hair is a great trial; the care of it is not only a great trouble, but it is difficult to make it look well, and it seldom lends itself gracefully to the fashionable style of dressing the hair, while doing it up is really a heavy task, and brushing out its long strands a weariness of spirit. Many girls who have very long hair find it almost impossible to dress it themselves, as they can scarcely reach the ends to press the comb through it, and their arms are tired from stretching them out, before the hair is ready to twist up, and puff in place. So it is little wonder that the girl with the too luxuriant tresses is not very grateful for her blessings in that line, and duly appreciates them when it is too late.

As for the trials and tribulations of the fire who has far too little hair—well it is for her benefit I am writing!

Few people seem to realize how much care and attention are required in order to keep the hair beautiful, glossy and healthy, and they seldom begin caring for it until they are many another invalid it is too far gone for recovery. Fortunately the scalp is long suffering, and most of its diseases and weaknesses, unless the hair follicle is quite dead, and careful treatment will often result in a new growth of hair, after the sufferer has lost all hope of cure.

When the hair falls out after a long illness, or from overwork of mind or body, or grief, the first and best remedy is the desperate one of amputation; it should be cut close to the head, and kept short for at least a year, and the head washed with warm water and soap every other day, rinsing and drying it thoroughly. Twice each day the following excellent hair tonic should be applied.—Ounce of glycerine, a quarter of a pint of eau de cologne, one fluid drachm of spirits of ammonia, one half spirit drachm each of rosemary, and oil of origanum and one fluid ounce of tincture of castor. Shake the mixture well together for ten minutes and then add half a pint of camphor tincture.

Another specific for the hair is electricity properly applied, it really works wonders in restoring the vitality of the hair. Used in conjunction with the wash I have just given, it has been known to restore the hair after all other means had failed.

Dandruff, contrary to the general supposition, is not a disease, unless it assumes a very exaggerated form, it is rather a state of uncleanness, and caused by the lack of thorough brushing and frequent washing. In very thick and heavy hair it is especially liable to form, and the remedy is frequent washing. If, in spite of all precautions, the dandruff continues to form, it indicates an unhealthy state of the scalp and some simple remedy should be tried. The following will be found excellent if used in connection with plenty of washing and rinsing.

Extract of Rosemary one drachm; tincture of cantharides, one drachm; solution of carbonate of potassium, one and a half drachms; distilled water, four fluid ounces. To be applied daily using a small sponge.

The number of people whose hair turns gray now-a-days in early youth, is surprising, and scientists find it almost impossible to account for. In fact it will soon come to be a badge of extreme youth, instead of age, to have iron gray hair. The number of people I can count up myself who are under thirty and yet whose heads show more white, than dark hairs, is simply appalling, while I know several whose hair was of a pepper and salt tint before they were twenty-one. Unfortunately there is nothing known to science which will really restore the color of the hair once it has turned gray, it can be stained or dyed, but that is all, and as there is a terrible uncertainty about the result, as the vegetable dyes—the only harmless ones—not only fade very quickly but show a tendency to come out in their uneven shades.

The best of all vegetable hair dyes is senna, which is the preparation used to produce the fashionable shade of Titian red which is so popular amongst French women. It is asserted in fact by those who should know, that the genuine Titian red which appears in the great artist's pictures was simply the product of the senna leaf as his models used it to produce the peculiar tint of burnished bronze, for which his pictured women are famous.

Preparations of senna may be purchased of any druggist in a strong solution, but they should be reduced with water until the desired shade is produced. The senna stain may be prepared at home by simply brewing the leaves like tea. It will stain the skin of the head, but that stain can be removed by washing at once with soap and water, which will not effect the coloring of the hair in the least if it is carefully done. To produce various shades of brown the following recipe is both effective, and I

believe harmless. A quarter of an ounce pyrogallic acid, one and a half ounces of distilled hot water, and when the mixture cools, add gradually half a fluid ounce of rectified spirits.

Many years ago a celebrated hair restorative which was credited with almost miraculous powers, was analyzed, and proved to consist merely of a decoction of green walnut shells scented with oil of rosemary. It is one of the oldest and safest of hair dyes and is made after the following rule.

To a strong decoction of green walnut shells and water add enough alcohol to preserve it, and a few bruised cloves. Let it stand a week, and then filter. The color may be lightened by adding water. The decoction is made by steeping, like senna, or ordinary tea.

For baldness, or falling hair, there is nothing better than any of the preparations from paraffin oil, one of which is cocaine—This is an excellent an excellent formula.

50 grammes of yellow vaseline, 30 grammes of coconut oil, six grammes of gallic acid twelve drops of oil of rosemary. Rub the mixture well into the hair every night. But above all, and before all, brush the hair well, and wash it often.

The reign of the bolero jacket has begun, and the dress that is made up without some sign of a bolero, either in fact, or in effect, should be classed with the hat which shows no indication of a bell crown, and relegated to obscurity.

The bolero seems a special accompaniment of the blouse, and is adopted as a finish for that form of blouse, but it appears on all other styles with strict impartiality. They are supposed to be very becoming to the figure, but I cannot help fancying that they give a very short waist divided into two parts, appearance, to most people. The bolero is made in all shapes, pointed, square, or round, and velvet, silk or cloth, are the materials generally used. Sometimes these little jackets are entirely covered with lace, embroidery, or braiding and trimmed on the edge with a tiny ruche of ribbon, silk or chiffon. A great deal can be done in the way of recasting a shabby gown with these jaunty little jackets, so there is good reason for their popularity, but like all such fashions they are sure to become very common, and their life, with fashionable people will of course be short, in consequence. It is not imperative that they extend across the back, and a light silk blouse which has done duty all summer and is showing the effects of its long campaign, can be made almost as good as new by the addition of a little bolero front, made of lace covered satin or velvet, or of the lace alone, and a velvet belt and collar. A very pretty bodice to wear with a black skirt of either satin or moire, is a black velvet bolero, which meets the wide satin belt in the back, and opens over a full front of white satin covered with cream lace. The sleeves may be either of satin or velvet, and the collar a high flaring one of velvet, ending with the jacket in front over a close collar band lace and satin. White and black guipure lace are both very effective when made into separate jackets to be worn over different bodices. Applique embroideries are much used to trim these jackets, and another favorite trimming is a narrow border of fur with fur straps to fasten it across the front. Later in the season it is said that the entire jacket will be made of fur.

Bands of fur are to be very popular as trimmings this winter, and one elegant French gown of blue cloth has three rows of sable around the skirt to the tablier front, which is trimmed with the same fur in the form of a V. The bodice is of blue silk covered with Irish guipure, and covered with bretelles of the cloth, which extend across the back and are oddly trimmed with narrow bands of the fur placed crosswise at intervals.

It is predicted that black is to be very much worn this season, and black cloth with a very fine stripe of either white, or gray, is said to be the very latest thing for tailor-made suits. Where the wearer can afford silk linings, they are bright red, and the coat bodices is decorated with small gold buttons. Zibeline which is a sort of Camel's hair cloth with lines forming a plaid, and ribbed cloths such as poplins and reps, are amongst the favorite materials. One pretty gown of silk and wool broche is of blue and black, and has a blouse bodice of soft black ribbed silk finely tucked up and down and trimmed in front with a little cream lace, and some fancy buttons. The sleeves match the skirt, and the narrow belt is of silk fastened with a fancy buckle.

There is no longer any doubt that trimmed skirts will be worn, many of the newest dresses having trimming on the skirts; but somehow the innovation has not been received with much favor so far. There is such a difference in the fulness of the new skirts, however, that even the most conservative people will be obliged to become accustomed to the trimming, as it will probably be generally adopted by next spring if not before. Some of the recently

imported dresses have skirts that are either gathered or laid in very small plaits over the hips, while others are severely plain with all the fulness drawn to the back.

Green is the color in the fashionable world and some of the green cloth suits are very stylish. One of dark green cloth is an illustration of the the trimmed skirt, having five bias folds of velvet on the skirt; the bolero is of the cloth trimmed with an applique of velvet and braid. The vest is of cream white lace and the belt and collar of velvet.

CLIMATE AND DISEASE.

Proper Choice of Climate for an Invalid is a Nice Question.

The London Lancet in a recent issue discusses the views put forth with regard to the influence of climate on disease by Dr. Hermann Weber and Dr. Michael Foster, in an article which appears in the first volume of Allbutt's 'System of Medicine.' As the subject is an interesting and important one, it may be well to outline the conclusions which are supported by high authority.

It has been said that the subject is an important one, but the extent of its importance until lately was not recognized fully. Formerly climatic treatment was almost restricted to diseases of the respiratory organs; now we know that the treatment of almost every chronic deviation from health may be assisted by judicious change of climate. What is still often lacking on the part of patients and practitioners alike is precision in the choice of locality and a due appreciation of the capabilities and limitations of climatic treatment. It is as absurd for a physician to recommend a given place on general principles as it is for a diseased person to assume that change of air alone will suffice to cure his malady. Even in the case of phthisis, which has received an exceptional amount of attention and study, the selection of a suitable climate is often a difficult problem, not merely from the obscurity of the subject, but also owing to the fact that choice is often circumscribed by extraneous considerations. Thus, if a patient be poor, a locality must be selected where there are facilities for earning a livelihood; and, in any event, the need of securing suitable accommodations and congenial surroundings and companionship must be kept in view. A locality, theoretically desirable on meteorological grounds, may be too inaccessible, or there may be a lack of civilized society, occupation and amusement.

Passing over these secondary questions, which complicate the matter, we come to the primary inquiry whether in the case of phthisis calling for climatic treatment, high altitudes are likely to be suitable. It will not do to assume that the answer will be always in the affirmative. Sometimes it is better for the patients to go to such a remote resort as the Riviera, or to the Nile Valley, or to an island like Madeira; sometimes a sea voyage should be recommended. There is no doubt that early cases of unilateral or bilateral phthisis in young and fairly vigorous persons, in whom the disease is of a limited character, should be sent to a mountainous region, like Switzerland or Colorado or the Adirondacks. The chief contra-indications to the mountains are held to be, it seems, albuminuria, degenerative disease of blood vessels, ulceration of the intestines, advanced laryngeal mischief, active tuberculosis, extensive destruction of lung tissue, constitutional erithism, and advanced age. These are pronounced by the Lancet to be thoroughly sound rules. It used to be taught in the profession that if a phthisical patient had suffered from hemorrhage, this should be regarded as a bar to either a sea voyage or the mountains. The true view is, according to the Lancet, that while an existing or very recent hemorrhage precludes a change of climate altogether, past hemorrhage is no bar to the mountain or sea voyage. The contra-indications to the mountains are laryngeal and intestinal complications and fever; on the other hand, a sea voyage is useful where phthisis is part of a general breakdown from overwork, or in cases of limited lung consolidation without fever. The Riviera is deemed a suitable place of sojourn for persons who find the Alps, or mountains of equal latitude, too cold, or where phthisis is complicated with catarrhal pneumonia or bronchitis. Madeira is preferable when there is much irritability of the mucous membrane. The patients who may be sent to Egypt are those who find even the Riviera too cold, or those in whom phthisis is associated with albuminuria, provided there has been no great destruction of lung tissue; and those, finally, whose conspicuous symptoms are insomnia and nervous irritability.

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RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

The leading contra-indications to Egypt are intestinal ulceration, or a tendency to diarrhoea, or the early occurrence of acute pneumonic symptoms. Thus we see what a mistake it is to take for granted that all sufferers from phthisis are benefited by the mountain air. On the contrary, a careful study of a given case is requisite in order to determine the particular locality from which benefit may be expected.

The rules for other diseases are much simpler. Thus gout and rheumatism demand warm and dry inland climates, or fairly warm seashores. For most cases of nervous disorder, the mountains are on the whole, unsuitable; and the Lancet also thinks that sea voyages are contra-indicated; herein reversing the opinion expressed by Dr. Weber and Dr. Foster. Scrofula, i. e., lymphatic tuberculosis, is, on the other hand, notably benefited by a bracing marine resort, and for this malady, sea voyages are also useful. Bronchitis in a young person is often ameliorated by the mountains; but for elderly persons the Riviera, Egypt or the Canaries, that is to say, a warm seashore or insular climate, are held more suitably. Asthma is too erratic a disease to admit of definite rules; many asthmatics do best in large towns. Young sufferers from asthma are often relieved by a stay in the Alps or similar mountain regions; those who are more advanced in years are recommended to try Egypt or the Riviera.

The Lancet has rendered a service by showing the necessity of nice discrimination in the selection of climates considered as remedial agencies. It also consoles those who, for one reason or another, are unable to leave home, by reminding them that with judicious management it is often possible for an invalid to obtain great benefit by availing himself of all the advantages and defending himself from the injurious influences of his home climate.—N. Y. Sun.

DOING HIM A FAVOR.

Was Willing to be Hung by the Man Who Had Treated Him Well.

He had been tried for murder and sentenced to be hanged and the day named, and as I happened to be in town on that day the sheriff invited me to witness the execution. Half a dozen of us accompanied him to the cell of the condemned at the proper hour and he said to the man:—'Well, Jim, it's about time to be movin'.' 'Folks all ready outside?' asked Jim. 'Yes, all ready. That's a big crowd to see you go and I hope you won't make no fuss.' 'Say Bill,' said the condemned after a moment's thought. 'I've concluded not to be hung.' 'Shoo! Who you was reg'larly sentenced.' 'Yes, I know, but I'm going to kick agin it. I didn't hev no 'ar show.' 'It was as 'ar as could be, Jim, and only yesterday you agreed not to make any fussin'.' 'Pears like you don't want to do the right thing by me.'

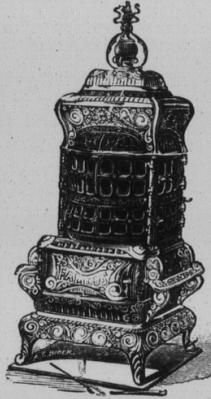
'Yes, I do, but this yere hanging don't do a man no good. Maybe I'll hang next week, but darn my hide if I do it to day. Just go and tell the folks that it's put off.' 'Shoo! Shoo!' grumbled the sheriff, 'the law says you 'ave to be hung between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock. Don't be contrary, Jim. - Jest git ready and come out to be hung like a man. Hain't I used you 'ar right?'

Granby Rubbers

It is no wonder that rubbers, which are not the same shape as the boot, should be uncomfortable. It costs money to employ skilled pattern makers but the result is a satisfactory fit. Each year new patterns are added, to fit all the latest shoe-shapes, and Granby Rubbers are always "up-to-date." They are honestly made of pure Don't Draw the Feet rubber, thin, light, elastic, durable, extra thick at ball and heel. They Fit the Boot

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The Handsomest and Best Working Stove of this Class in America.



The construction of the flues gives it a greater heating capacity than any other. Entire base radiates heat. Made in two sizes, with and without oven. Oven is made with three flues same as a cooking stove. Double heat attachment by which heat can be carried to upper rooms. Beautifully nickeled.

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For sale by R. J. SELFRIDGE, St. John.

'Yes, reckon so.' 'Gin you plenty to eat and a good bed?' 'Yes.' 'Then why go back on me? If I don't hang you' what's the Governor gwine to say 'bout it? What's the Judge gwine to do? I ain't asking you' to hang 'cause you' killed you' ole woman, but to oblige me.' 'Is that it? Would it be a favor to you, Bill?' 'It would, Jim—a big favor. You couldn't do nuthin' to oblige me no!' 'And you'll remember it of me?' 'I will and I'll kin ever do you' a good turn you' kin count on me.' 'Well, then,' said Jim, as he rose up, 'I reckon you' kin go ahead with the hangin'. I don't keer fur the Governor nor the Judge, but when a feller has used me white I'm willin' to do him a favor and won't go back on him. Git erlong to the gallus and hev it over with!'—Chicago News.

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PREPARED
CORN

Is an exquisite dish for the table and invaluable for invalids.

RECIPE.

BLANC-MANGE.
Four or five table-spoonsful of Prepared Corn to one quart of milk; dissolve the Prepared Corn in some of the milk; heat the remainder of the milk, and when boiling add the dissolved Prepared Corn; boil fifteen minutes, flavor to taste, and allow it to cool in a mould. Serve with milk and jelly or milk and sugar.

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Author of "The Rose of Allendale," "For Money or For Love," "The Cruise of the Land Yacht "Wanderer," "Our Friend the Dog," etc., etc., etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I & II.—Major Jocelyn Lloyd is a kind hearted soldier who won the Victoria Cross in the Afghan War. He meets the author while on a tour of Scotland, and they become fast friends. He proposes they go to a seaside place called Battlecombe. While there he meets Ella Lee, and learns to love her. One evening he writes his friend Gordon to accompany him to his organ practice and be introduced to Ella Lee. During the practice Ella Lee drops a telegram. Gordon sees this, picks it up, and puts it in his pocket. When he opens the message it is from a person named "Jack." Gordon wonders if "Jack" is a lover, and if his friend has given his love in vain.

CHAPTER III.—"WHO WAS JACK?" THAT WAS THE QUESTION.

The sun had not reached a great height, nor had the grey mist quite gathered themselves off the smooth and heaving sea, when I drew up my blinds next morning, for we were early risers at Woodbine Cottage.

Yes, early though it was I could hear Jocelyn bustling about in his room. He was singing to himself low and sweetly, a tender love ditty from some old opera, and I could tell he was happy.

As I must it be mine to try that happiness, I thought, by whispering in his ears words of suspicion against the girl he loved? Thought gave me great pain, and I have not yet made up my mind. One thing only I had determined upon—I would prove to him, and to myself as well, that I was no friend in name only but in very deed. Friendship like this may hurt, may wound; it may seem harsh and terrible for the time. But to reach the surgeon's knife.

My bedroom window was on the ground floor, and looked out into a beautiful well-kept garden, and presently at this window appeared the broad shoulders, the brown moustach and handsome laughing face of the Major.

I opened the casement that I might shake hands and wish him good morning. Yes he did seem very happy, and in the intervals of talking could more help trilling snatches of song than could the finest out yonder on the thorn.

"Come," he cried, merrily; "you look careworn this morning. Gordon mine, that musty old story of yours is worrying you. Throw thought to the wind, my boy, and something over your shoulders, and come along with me to the Maiden's Pool. You can fish your trout later."

"Look," he added; "here come Cynthia and your Newfoundland Nero. Won't we all have a glorious dip just?"

I dressed hurriedly and carelessly and spedily joined my friend on the lawn. The Maiden's Pool was a deep bay among black and needed rocks that lay about a quarter of a mile east of the cottage.

It was very deep and delightful, and the sand at the bottom was as white as snow. It would be difficult to say whether we two poor human beings, or that pair of happy dogs enjoyed the swim, the diving and the fun the more on this sweet summer morning. I am inclined to believe that the balance of pleasure ranged itself on the side of our canine friends. Dogs have neither care nor worry. Nothing annoys them long, they are philosophers, and optimists, and in their matrimonial relations are socialists of the most extreme type.

But today we dogs and men vied with each other in the pranks we played in that deep and splendid pool. We dived from the rocks, we swam under water, swam back stroke and side stroke and on our backs, and over and over again both Jocelyn and I permitted ourselves to be taken on shore by the dogs, tying handkerchiefs round our arms and on purpose for the dogs to seize, and thus not injure us with their teeth. It was, indeed, a happy hour, and during all that time I never thought of one of Ella Lee, or of that suspicious telegram.

I must confess, however, that I was somewhat taciturn during breakfast, and more than once alluded accordingly by friend Jess.

"Why, my very silent, my boy? Doesn't the plot of your story run smoothly? Have you got your hero or heroine into a scrape from which you have a difficulty in extrication? Come, pass the mackerel and explain."

"I laughed and tried to pull myself together. The laugh, however, was staggard, and the attempt to rally a dismal failure. I excused myself soon after this, and hurried away to my room.

"E"—the place mentioned in the telegram, at which Jack was to meet Ella Lee at the station, was a large and beautiful city, about twenty miles from Battlecombe. I never thought of one of Ella Lee, or of that suspicious telegram.

It was just as I suspected, there was no train returned from E—to Battlecombe after eight o'clock in the evening.

I sat down now in my easy chair to think, lighted a cigar to still my restless nerves.

"Who was Jack? That was the question which came uppermost in all my thoughts. But stay, I said to myself, almost half aloud. I probably wrong poor Ella. Jack may be a brother. I inwardly hoped and prayed that such indeed might be the case, but received nevertheless no aid or comfort as possible if my surmise were correct.

Meanwhile, what was my duty to Jocelyn as his friend?

He was a man of most gentle nature, and sensitive to the extreme. His nerves were high-pitched and finely strung. Any harsh awakening from his dream of bliss, from the lethargy and languor of love into which he had fallen, might have consequences the most disastrous.

The subject, too, was altogether a delicate one to touch or to handle, and to tell the truth, had my friendship for Major Lloyd been less I should have washed my

hands off it entirely, and allowed things to drift along with the tide of fortune.

I sat there thinking for fully an hour, and at the end of that time I fear I had gotten no nearer to a satisfactory conclusion, now that I had finished my fifth cigar, than I had been five minutes after I began my first.

I had made up my mind, however, to see Ella Lee I should meet her as if by accident, and it would go hard with me, but what I should find out a little of the truth.

Rat-tat-tat at my study door. N. B.: My study at Woodbine Cottage was simply my bedroom, with my books in it.

In bounded Jocelyn. "Are you anywhere there?" he cried. "Yes," I replied, "are you inside?"

"The fact is the room was so completely filled with smoke that neither of us could very easily see the other."

"Gordon, come out of that. Do you know you're either the deepest or most hard-working student that ever spoiled paper, or an ardent humbug?"

"Jocelyn, I've been thinking."

"I should say you had been, from your honoring me with all the syllables of my name instead of the abbreviated and jolly little Jess. But I'm not going to have it. There, I flung open your ports, that your clouds may find exit. And now do you know what day of the week this is?"

"Saturday."

"True, and I had forgotten. This is dear Ella's half-holiday you know."

Jocelyn made use of strong expressions sometimes. "So it is."

"Yes, and I say I had forgotten. Well, I'm going to spend it with her in a boat, away out on the briny ocean. See?"

"Certainly."

"Well, Gord, I want you to meet dear Ella, and say I will be at the cottage of her mother, to take her out at precisely two."

"Tell her that it is no lack of devotion that prevents my coming earlier, but the cruel fact that I must rub in a bit of my battle-piece before I am two hours older."

"Ah! Jess," I said, laughing, "I know you are a headstrong nervous soldier chap; but don't you go popping the question to-day, while on the briny deep, as you term that mackerel pond. One should know a lady at least two months, Jocelyn Lloyd, before he ventures on this subject matrimonial. She's right refuse you. She—"

Jocelyn's soft white hand was placed on my lips, and I could say no more.

"Hush! Hush! It would kill me."

"Poor Jess!" I said, taking away his hand and grasping it tightly in mine. "Poor friend, I did not know it had gone so far."

"The tears stood in his eyes, and he drew his hand hurriedly away, turning towards the window to hide the emotion he seemed ashamed of."

"I deliver your message, Jess," I said, cheerfully in order to change the tenor of his thoughts.

"All right, I'll go and paint, right away."

"By the way, Jess," I cried, as he was leaving the room, "I suppose I'm quite late in meeting Miss Lee?"

He turned sharply round. "What mean you?"

"Well, you know," I answered laughing, "Miss Lee's big brother saw me talking confidentially with his sister, he might mistake my good intentions and go for me as the bull went for 'his packman.'"

It was Jocelyn's turn to laugh now.

"My dear boy," he said, "keep your mind easy. Dear love hasn't got a brother, old young. He closed the door, and I lay back with a sigh and lit another cigar. I had merely been throwing out a feeler. But my last hope was gone. Jack wasn't a brother. Jack must be a lover. I thought that Lorenson would never wear away, but it did at last, and the little clock on the mantle-piece chimed the hour of twelve. I sat out now taking both dogs with me, and after sauntering for half an hour along the cliff, I saw a young lady's figure in the distance coming slowly in my direction. "Hay," I thought, "I had my doubts if being Ella, she behaviour of Cynthia would have set them at rest."

With one glance in the lady's direction, and one fond cry, she went dashing off at a mad gallop to meet her, and the welcome she accorded Ella Lee, if a rough one, was undoubtedly most sincere. Meanwhile I did not mind frankly confessing that my heart was going pit-a-pit.

Says the poet: "Our hearts, like muffled drums are beating, Funeral marches to the grave."

But there was no muffled on my heart's drum just then. No, I could almost hear it. Nor any funeral march either. On the contrary, it was a call to arms.

Sailors are proverbially polite, though it probably becomes me not—a sailor myself—to say so.

But I must even add that had Ella Lee been a princess—and she certainly was prettier far than many—I could not have been more respectful to her. Was she not my friend's dear love, and might she not soon become his wife? Yet, with all the respect I showed her there was no nervous severity. I had never lowered my flag to any lady, and I determined not to fur it to Ella Lee. Besides I felt I had a duty to perform to poor Jess.

She had come on briskly when she saw Cynthia, but perceiving it was "only me," her pace lagged again, and there was some degree of disappointment visible on her face as she drew nigh. I thought the sadness only served to intensify her beauty. Yet I hastened to relieve it and delivered Jocelyn's message as prettily as I knew how to.

There was no "bus" at this time of the day, and so I begged permission to walk back with her, along the cliff brow. She willingly assented, and was soon chatting

to me as merrily, and laughing as gaily, as if there had never been any Major Lloyd in the world.

Just half-way to her mother's cottage the "You woodcock" bench. "Shall you be late for luncheon, Miss Lee?" I said; "if we sit here a few minutes, to look at the sea?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "I should like it of all things; besides you may be tired. I had forgotten you are an invalid."

I laughed. "An invalid merely in name, Miss Lee, I fear."

Like most people who have something of great importance to say, and who desire it for a short time, I now make several stupid remarks. I think I told her twice at least that the sea was very bright and blue to-day, also that the day was delightfully warm.

Once she looked round at me with a smile on her face. I think she must have known even then, that I had something of more important than the weather to speak of.

I did not keep her long in doubt. Figuratively speaking, I drew my sword and prepared for the combat. "I was only a woman. Why read my heart go pit-a-pit?" It did, nevertheless.

I faced half round. "Miss Lee," I began, "Jocelyn himself has told you of the friendship that exists between himself and me."

"I would not," I continued, "be wrong in asserting that we love each other almost as brothers. Better far than many brothers love. And all his interests are mine. Anything that concerns his well-being concerns me. You must believe me, Miss Lee, what his feelings are towards you. He—"

A gleam such as I had not seen in Ella's eyes before came into them now.

"You must forgive me, sir, for interrupting you, but there is nothing I should have said to you but as you have just said, I must be brief and candid. Miss Lee, last evening in the church, probably when pulling out your handkerchief, you must have dropped a telegram—"

At that very word a change came over the girl's face that almost transformed her. Cheeks and brow turned the deepest crimson, and she bit her lips till I wondered the blood did not trickle over her chin. Then she became suddenly pale. In Jocelyn's interest I determined to be unsparring, unmerciful. I went on:

"The morsel of brown crumpled paper I merely picked up as a pipe light, not knowing where it came from at the time." (This was not strictly true, as the reader knows. I hope I may be forgiven.) "But in the evening, before lighting a cigar with it, my eyes inadvertently read its contents. The telegram familiarly claimed an assignation with you, Miss Lee."

Her color was rapidly coming and going.

"You have shown it to Joe—I mean to Major Lloyd?"

"No, I have not. Nor have I spoken a word about it. Were my initials for Joe not what it is I would pooh pooh the whole affair. As it is I have to ask you plainly 'Who is Jack?'"

Now a cleverer man than myself, or a solicitor used in court of law, would have put that question at first. It would have fallen like a red-hot iron on the brain. It is almost more than I can bear. If there is a heaven, God—and the church tells us, nay, our very thoughts assure us there is—desire no greater happiness, no greater contentment nor calm than that which I have experienced to-day."

He stretched it towards me now, and I took it. I knew what was coming.

"You wish me to congratulate you?" I said. I fear there was a slight ring of sadness in my voice.

"Gord, my boy. I do. Sweet Ella Lee is to be my bride. Oh, think of it!"

After supper we sat up talking quite a long time.

"By the way, Gord," he said, laughing, just as we were parting for the night. "Don't let me forget to write to Ella's sister Nellie, to-morrow. Not that I am likely to. And—I have to address her as 'Dear Jack.' Ella always does. You see there is a little humour in dear love. Good night."

I threw my necktie on the chair almost spitefully, as I began to undress.

"Humour!" I cried half-aloud. "Yes, and so the devil may have. But the die is cast! Foiled and beaten by a woman."

CHAPTER V.—"WHITHER I WONDER, WILL THIS FEARFUL HAPPINESS LEAD ME?"

I had no occasion next day to remind my friend Major Lloyd to write to Nellie or dear Jack, as now she would be to him. In my own mind, by the way, I had no doubt that Nellie had been warned by wire or post that she would be so addressed.

A rattling, rollicking, humorous letter Jess's was, for when one is really happy one can afford to be funny. It was without brotherly too, and it was signed, "Yours fraternally," "Jocelyn Lloyd."

I fear that, for a time, now the Major's battle-piece experienced some neglect, for Ella Lee went no longer to her work. The consequence was that I saw much less of my friend, and she considerably more. But there were times when Jess insisted on my going with them, and then I had to meet his dear love. I thought that on the first day we met after our interview upon the cliff-top, her eyes scintillated with concealed triumph, and I must confess that I felt a trifle small in her presence. Well, she had won the game, and I had thrown down the cards.

A few days after this, Nellie came on a visit to Battlecombe, and we all went on a cruise or picnic to a far-off glen, in which at some period or another of Britain's history something or other had occurred, but I am sure I do not know what—perhaps a

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BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

"That's all right," he answered, laughing merrily, almost a little hysterically, I thought. "That is all right," because, you are so much better looking and cleverer you know, and would make me a most formidable rival. I suppose I have only to go in and win."

"I fear that all."

He looked at me curiously for a moment. "You fear Eh? But, ha, ha, for the moment I had forgotten you were a Scot, and that canniness is the custom of the country to which you belong, and 'gag warily' its motto."

For a second or two I had it on the tip of my tongue to describe my whole interview with Ella and our conversation on the wooden bench.

"Would to God I had done so. Had I told my suspicion, even though it had been a broken heart, this story which is almost a tragedy, need never have been written."

Jocelyn went away after luncheon to me; Ella, and Cynthia went with him. Strangely enough this girl, with her magical eyes, seemed to exert as great an influence over the dog as over her mistress. As Jocelyn closed the door, and went past the window, singing some low happy lull to himself, a cold hand appeared to clutch my heart, and something to hiss in my ear. "You have told in your duty towards your friend! You ought to have told him!"

I sprang up from my chair. I rushed to the door. I attempted to call him back, but my voice sounded like the voice of one in a nightmare.

Next moment, so quickly did he walk, he and Cynthia were round this corner and out of sight.

I believed I did then just what any other sailor would have done. I went back into the parlour which now looked drear and desolate, and lit a cigar.

I dined alone that evening, I and Nero. Jocelyn did not return.

I had written no part of my new story that day. Nor could I settle it to now. But when I had finished my coffee I walked out on to the cliff-brow, and threw myself among the sunset wild thyme as usual.

The sun went down, and moon and stars shone over the sea.

It was indeed a heavenly night. A night surely made for lovers.

I think I must have gone to sleep, and lain there for hours—considering the portion of the moon when I again became sensible.

But now I heard Jocelyn's merry voice calling me.

"Gord, Gord. Why wherever are you, Gord?"

"Here, here!" I shouted in reply.

Before I could stir Cynthia was licking my ear, and Jess had lain down near me among the wild thyme.

"Oh, Gord, my boy," he cried, "what a happy, happy day we've spent. Surely bliss like mine is too great for mortal man. It is almost more than I can bear. If there is a heaven, God—and the church tells us, nay, our very thoughts assure us there is—desire no greater happiness, no greater contentment nor calm than that which I have experienced to-day."

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ONCE A YEAR ONLY JUST OUT

The Dodds Kidney Pill Calendar for the Year 1897.

Supported the World

On His Heroic Shoulders—Atlas Must Have Healthy Kidneys.

As the first to be laid on our table for the year 1897, we welcome the reappearance of the Dodds Kidney Pill calendar; published by The Dodds Medicine Company, Limited, Toronto.

Prepossessing, beyond anything of its class hitherto published in America, though its purpose is at once obvious it has been made exceedingly pleasing by the fortunate choice of a design for the cover, which has been charmingly worked out by the artist in red and blue lithograph, the classic subject being—Atlas supporting the world.

It is felt that these clever and persistent advertisers, not content with decorating the grassy hill-slopes and rugged mountain sides with their mammoth letterings, seek also alacritously to reach upon the imagination and assist it to account for the superhuman strength of the heroic Atlas, suggesting the secret of his power by presenting him as being himself supported and relying upon a box of Dodds Kidney Pills.

On the back of cover, in a few pithy words those previously convinced of the urgent need of kidney treatment are warned against substitutes, imitations and counterfeits of the genuine Dodds Kidney Pills.

Thus much as to the cover of the book itself, we have to say—The arguments all seem unanswerable, the proofs ample and undeniable, the whole unique, admirable and useful, not only for the coming year, but for always.

We are assured by the publishers that sufficient are being printed to ground, that in due time every family in Canada will get one to their present and lifelong advantage. As usual adding: "Dodds Kidney Pills Always Cure."

BAD LUCK STORY.

How the Owners Charged Misfortune to an Opal's Account.

Here is another story showing how to account for bad luck says the Chicago Record.

A man was shaking dice in a cigar store. He lost.

"No wonder," said a bystander. "You're wearing an opal. You never will have any luck."

This set the man to thinking. Four days later he slipped in getting off a street car and sprained his ankle.

This decided him. He gave the pin to a friend who was on the Board of Trade, and who was to hard-headed to entertain any fool notions about the number 13, or black cats, or crossed-eyed girls with red hair.

Nevertheless, when this Board of Trade man lost over \$10,000 on wheat he began to worry. He didn't care much for the pin anyway, and so one day when a young man in his office admitted the "6-6" in the stone, he said: "Take it along, if you like it."

The young man overwhelmed him with thanks. Then he waited, with guilty knowledge, to see what would happen to the young man. He did not have to wait long. The very next week the employe was taken ill, and he missed four days at the office.

The Board of Trade man was troubled in conscience, so he told his young friend about the opal pin and the superstition attaching to it, and the employe, after deliberation, decided that he would give the pin to his girl.

The opal did very rapid and effective work after it became the property of the young woman. On the second day after she began to wear it she ignited a curtain in attempting to light the gas. The curtain was destroyed, and the young woman burned both her hands in attempting to extinguish the blaze.

The young man who had given the stone to her felt compelled to apologize.

"Perhaps it was the opal I gave you," said he. "You know an opal is supposed to carry bad luck with it. I didn't tell you because I'm not superstitious."

"I'll not wear the dreadful thing a day, longer," she said.

So she didn't. She gave it to her brother, who scoffed at the suggestion that a sparkling, glassy, little stone could wield any influence, good or bad. Nevertheless, when he started to Cincinnati and his train ran off the track, and he was tossed half the length of the car he became converted.

"I'll not give it to anybody else to be a Jonah," said he. "I'll sell it to a jeweler."

So he went to the jeweler and said: "What'll you give me for this opal?" The jeweler looked at it and said: "That isn't an opal; that's a cat's eye."

battle with the Romans, a royal stag hunt, or the burning of a few protestants. It is all one now.

Nellie was a modest and pretty girl of sweet seventeen, four years younger than her sister. She was not so strikingly beautiful as Ella, but I liked her very much better. She was more natural and unassuming. I did not fly myself to please but I am vain enough to think I did so, for all that.

Just one remark I made, however, that appeared to cause this lassie some discomfort, and I took care not to repeat it.

"I'm going to call you Nellie," I said, if I may.

"Oh, yes, do."

"And not Jack?"

"No, not that."

Then came my disagreeable observation. "By the way," I said, meaningly, "how long have you been called Jack?"

She looked at me quickly, and as quickly withdrew her eyes, while a pinker hue overpread her cheeks.

I felt sorry, and darted off up hill after a beautiful wildflower. I pretended to want some specimens of it. When I returned all her embarrassment had worn away, and I did not renew the subject.

But a few days convinced me that Ella Lee exercised a considerable influence and power over her sister Nellie. It was a case of soul commanding, or over-riding some specimens of it. When I returned all her embarrassment had worn away, and I did not renew the subject.

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BY DEATH UNITED.

All his friends wondered, when George Travers wed and won Myra Sanderson. It could not but seem strange that this big, healthy six feet of humanity should choose for his life-mate a semi-invalid—a frail little woman, whose path from childhood had been through the vale of sickness. To express the thought in the words of Mary Hamilton, who prided himself on his special knowledge of affinity—it was carrying the theory of opposites to extremes. But the ways of the little winged god are devious, and his arrows fall about in such an utterly irresponsible manner, that the social philosopher is oftentimes dumfounded. And somehow it didn't seem to be at all curious to Travers. He also built the thought of love on his wife's physical weakness. It pleased him to think that she needed his sturdy, rugged nature to lean upon—just as the delicate tendrils of the clematis require the rough walls to shield them from the cold north wind. And never was lover more attentive, nor husband more solicitous—at least, for the first year or so, of their wedded life.

And what a change came over Myra. We could hardly believe that this rosy, blooming young matron could be the same sickly young woman to whom a single ball meant a month under the doctor's care. It almost seemed as if she had caught his vitality; for the ruddy hue of health began to bloom upon her cheeks, and her step acquired an elasticity that had never known before. But, in accordance with human perversity—as she grew more adapted to his companionship in out-door recreations, he seemed to tire of her. Not that he intentionally slighted her, or said in so many words, "H—w of too gentle breeding for that. But her womanly intuition told it to her, before she was willing to acknowledge it mentally. And bitter was her cup when the latter time came.

They had a pretty little summer cottage on the ocean shore of Meooc Bay. In front lay the sand dunes; beyond the ever-roaring surf, while a few hundred feet in the rear was the little dock, at which the cat-boat of the "Daphne" was moored. In the first happy summer, Travers had been in the habit of taking Myra in his arms, and snugly enclosing her among multitudinous pillows, in the stern sheets. Then, with a sudden change, he would glide the craft to and fro across the bay, and the joy of loving and being loved, did Myra almost as much good as the health laden, salt scented breeze. And so the years sped; and Myra was left more and more to herself. She tried in every way to console him, but it was in vain. As long as she retained his aid, he was more than a kind, but her returning health made him indifferent. He would probably never have acknowledged it, even to himself. She never permitted her looks to show it—pride forbade complaint—and Travers almost imagined her content.

For several succeeding summers there had been intense rivalry among the cat-boat owners of Meooc Bay. The "Daphne" and the "Iolo" were very evenly matched, and their respective owners were always anxious to test another's sailing abilities. Finally a special match race was arranged, and as this was to be the culminating event of the season, the general excitement ran high. On the morning of the eventual day, Travers carefully overhauled his boat. She had a fresh coat of paint the week before, and her big racing mainsail was as white as the driven snow. As required by the racing rules, her ballast was boarded over to prevent shifting, and all loose seats and gratings were removed. The day was fine and clear overhead and a light breeze rippled the surface of the bay; but the weather beaten old sailor out at the Life Saving Station predicted a 'to' gain breeze; for the race; and the wild birds swept through the air, uttering plaintive, uncanny sounds. Travers was about to cast loose from the dock, when Myra—in dainty summer napsy—came sauntering down the path. "Let me go with you, George," she cried. "Can't he laconically answered: "Why?"

"Now, don't tease Myra, there's a good girl. I'm going to race the 'Iolo,' and you'd only be in the way. Besides, I'm only allowed one for crew, and Marty is coming." "Well, let me go up to the start with you." By this time the boat was a good father's length from the dock, but with a swirl of skirts, and a flash of lingerie she landed on the deck, and insisted plaintively upon his acquiescence in her last request. Unwilling to hurt her feelings, and overwhelmed by her unaccounted vivacity, Travers made but a mild protest; and bidding her to sit quiet, he filed away for the starting point. The "Daphne" and her occupants were loudly welcomed by the crowd of summer residents, gathered to see the race, but no Myra Hamilton was visible, and Myra, in some unaccountable fit of perversity, laughingly refused to relinquish her place to any one but him. In vain Travers alternately pleaded, coaxed, and finally commanded her to allow some other one of his masculine friends to assist him. In view of so many he could not show the modification that he felt, and his protestations had no effect upon her. Time was passing, the judges exhorted him to make haste, and the 'Iolo' had crossed and re-crossed the line a dozen times, when Travers finally brought the "Daphne" into position. Glancing hurriedly to the windward, and imagining that the light breeze would continue, he bent all his energies on the start. Promptly, on the firing of the gun, the two boats crossed the line abreast, and stood away close hauled on the starboard tack. In the excitement of the race, Travers forgot his inward wrath, and smiled gleefully at Myra, as the "Daphne" drew ahead of her rival. He bade his wife well up to windward, and they sailed the first leg almost upon an even keel.

But as they rounded the first buoy, the wind became fully, and Myra in her nervousness could not refrain from striking each time the "Iolo" had led over. As the breeze freshened her womanly timidity asserted itself, and she pleaded with Travers until he had to luff each time the water came over the washboard. And soon the "Iolo" with her reckless, watersoaked crew, was away in the lead. This so angered Travers that he completely lost his temper, and told her that forcing herself in the boat, she had lost

IT IS THE FACT, Think as You Please

It is not generally known, but it is a fact readily proven by the investigations of science, that the real danger from every known ailment of mankind is caused by inflammation. The cure of inflammation and you have conquered the disease in each case. Inflammation is manifested outwardly by redness, swelling and heat; inwardly by congestion of the blood vessels and growth of un-sound tissue, causing pain and disease. External inflammation, such as colds, coughs, pleurisy, bronchitis, etc., etc., and is the chief danger therefrom. Internal inflammation frequently causes outward swellings; as instances familiar to all are measles, mumps, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc., etc. The great majority of internal inflammations take no outside show, for which reason they are often more dangerous than the external forms.

Inflammation of the nervous system embraces the brain, spine, bones and muscles. The breathing organs have many forms of inflammation, such as colds, coughs, pleurisy, bronchitis, etc. The organs of digestion have a multitude of inflammatory troubles. The vital organs form one complete path mutually dependent; therefore inflammation anywhere is felt more or less everywhere, and impairs the health. A. Johnson, an old-fashioned family Physician, originated JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, in 1850, to relieve pain and cure every form of inflammation. It is today the Universal Household Remedy. Send us at once your name and address, and we will send you free our New Illustrated Book, "TREATMENT FOR DISEASES," caused by inflammation. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

him the race. That he would rather die than lose it. That she could not have known better than to come. That—but why need to repeat the wild, incoherent sayings of a quick-tempered man, who finds himself placed in a palling position. Like a whipped puppy, Myra, a crouching at his feet, until stung to the depths of her innocent heart by his bitter reproaches, she sprung to her feet—glazed at him for one brief second with the undying light of love shining clear in her eyes—grasped his hand to him—and jumped overboard.

Travers would have reached the water almost as soon as she did, but, as he leaped—his tiler swung unheeded—and the cruel boom swinging inboard, almost stretched him unconscious. It was but a few seconds before he rose and half staggered, half leaped after her, with his senses numb from the effects of the blow and from inward terror. But in those two seconds the ill-winged "Daphne" had left the floating mass of white a hundred yards behind. "Myra—my wife—I'm coming—for God's sake keep afloat," the strong man shouted, as he tore through the waves. Perhaps she heard his cry before she sank at any rate her face was wreathed with a smile when he found her. "I had seen the 'Daphne' suddenly luff up, and saw Travers struck down by the boom. Then came his leap—and down to leeward I came about as the little 'Iolo' did that day and she sprang the swift flying waves as she flew to the rescue. But the distance was too great—the time too short and she went down for the last time before we could reach her.

Travers swam wildly hither and thither—calling her name in heartrending tones—beseeching Heaven to save her—reviling himself for his murderer. All in a moment we saw him look wildly around and raise his eyes toward Heaven. Instantly divining his intent, the very veins of my forehead swelled high to bursting. Waving his hand in a last adieu—the lull-wed his wife. And the hand of Divinity must have guided him, for we found them close together.

BORN.

- Belleisle, Oct. 22, to the wife of W. W. Troop, a son.
Freepot, Oct. 18, to the wife of Isaac Trow, a son.
Windsor, Oct. 23, to the wife of Frank Lynch, a son.
St. Andrews, Oct. 24, to the wife of James Ross, a son.
Turo, Oct. 29, to the wife of Charles Graham, a son.
Wed. Bay, Oct. 11, to the wife of Isaac Williger, a son.
Darmonth, Oct. 29, to the wife of Robert Horn, a son.
Yarmouth, Oct. 22, to the wife of Budd Rogers, a son.
Brookline Mass, Oct. 27, to the wife of David Sears, a son.
Freepot, Oct. 19, to the wife of Joseph A. Crocker, a son.
Yarmouth, Oct. 14, to the wife of John Cramer, a son.
Freepot, Oct. 18, to the wife of Calvin Stevens, a daughter.
Dyby, Oct. 24, to the wife of Charles Barr, a daughter.
Avondale, Oct. 17, to the wife of James Connor, a daughter.
Windsor, Oct. 27, to the wife of Alex Matheson, a daughter.
Gordonville, Oct. 23, to the wife of S. K. Fairley, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 27, to the wife of A. W. Phillips, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 23, to the wife of J. S. McLeod, a daughter.
Gates Mt., Oct. 21, to the wife of Fred Gibson, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Oct. 19, to the wife of James Richard, a daughter.
East Amherst, Oct. 22, to the wife of Edgar Atkinson, a daughter.
Parrboro, Sept. 29, to the wife of Joseph Harrison, a daughter.
Parrboro, Oct. 16, to the wife of Michael McGrath, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Oct. 14, to the wife of Robert Doucette, a daughter.
Hopewell, Oct. 27, to the wife of Rev. A. V. Morison, a daughter.
St. Stephen, Oct. 25, to the wife of Charles E. Grimmer, a daughter.
Chatham, Oct. 24, to the wife of A. Ernest Luge, a daughter.
Springhill, Oct. 3, to the wife of Arthur Davis, twin son and daughter.
Cape Breton, N. W. T. Sept. 11, to the wife of T. C. Mackinson, a son.
Torbrook Mines, Oct. 17, to the wife of J. C. Bulmer, a daughter.
Lower St. Lawrence, Oct. 19, to the wife of F. W. Daniel, a daughter.
Hopewell, N. S., Oct. 28, to the wife of Rev. A. E. Greenhill, Picou, Co. Oct. 27, to the wife of Capt. John Wood, a daughter.
Halifax, N. S., Oct. 23, to the wife of Bar. McDonald, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Chesler, Oct. 27, by Rev. H. N. Perry, Alred Nass to Lizzie Bell.
Lunenburg, Oct. 25, by B. Hills, Firman McLure to Dora Leslie.
Turo, Oct. 17, by Rev. A. L. Giegge, Logan Barnhill, to May Phillips.
Nictaux, Oct. 12, by Rev. J. W. Brown, Charles Fisher to Lulu Young.
Sydney, Oct. 30, by Rev. Dr. Drummond, Hector Corbett to Ann McLean.
Hebron, Oct. 22, by Rev. W. W. DeBarre, Nathan Sam to Ida Ring.
Liverpool, Oct. 14, by Rev. J. E. Donkin, Aubrey Roy to Ida McLean.
Wellington, Oct. 28, by Rev. J. H. Fisher, Harold C. Fosse to Lizzie Pierce.
Newcastle, Oct. 25, by Rev. W. A. Aitken, David K. Coe to Annie G. Copple.
Turo, Oct. 21, by Rev. A. L. Giegge, H. Murray to Catherine Rutherford.
Greenwood, Oct. 21, by Rev. E. E. Locke, De Mills Ward to Mary J. Spiney.
St. Ann's, Oct. 24, by Rev. John Fraser, Malcolm McDonald to Annie Murray.
Sillwater, Oct. 19, by Rev. W. J. Fowler, John R. McDonald to Mary Mason.
Turo, Oct. 27, by Rev. A. L. Giegge, Charles A. Kerr to Susan J. K. Sibbey.
Russettorth Oct. 7, by Rev. S. J. Merry, Leslie A. Nash to Annie E. Derran.
Tiverton, Oct. 28, by Rev. H. A. Derve, Wesley Beaman to Maggie Clifford.
St. John, Oct. 28, by Rev. W. W. Rennie, M. Sturmer to Lizzie E. Derran.
Fogargh Oct. 25, by Rev. Mr. Harveylock, Wm. E. Doyle to Minnie Elliott.

Chesburg, Oct. 27, by Rev. Wm. Knollin, Warren Horton to Esther Hamilton.
Yarmouth, Oct. 27, by Rev. F. Hamilton, William Mallet to Catharine Estlin.
St. John, Oct. 28, by Rev. Mr. Steele, George W. Lightson to Edith Coombs.
West Newton Mass, Oct. 7, by Rev. Mr. Bart, M. L. Brisson to Tilda S. Dalley.
Dyby, Oct. 27, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, James W. Hertz to Annie Edal Bates.
Yarmouth, Oct. 21, by Rev. E. D. Miller, William G. Kirk to Elizabeth Adams.
St. John, Oct. 28, by Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, George N. Resch to Beattie E. Elliot.
Darmonth, Oct. 28, by Rev. Dr. Lathern, Alexander Thompson to Alice C. Keely.
Liverpool, Oct. 26, by Rev. George W. Ball, Stewart Gardner to Edith Murray.
Centerville, Oct. 21, by Rev. Dr. Morse, George Five Islands, Oct. 12, by Rev. J. Shad, Charles L. Trahey to Josephine Clark.
Rockingham, Oct. 11, by Rev. S. K. West, Judson G. Gray to George Hamilton.
Landdowne, Oct. 25, by Rev. Mr. Craig, Levi J. Peck to Emma Jane Hinman.
Berwick, Oct. 21, by Rev. L. M. McGrigg, Melbourn Drew to Ovia Wagner.
Bridgewater, Oct. 24, by Rev. A. G. J. Grapp, A. A. B. to Mary E. Perry.
Ingonish, Oct. 18, by Rev. C. A. Moore, Rev. R. Armstrong to Annie L. Burke.
St. John, Oct. 21, by Archbishop Brigoteste, Morris A. Doane to Grace D. Seely.
Fredericton, Oct. 13, by Rev. Willard McDonald, George Corvis to Mary E. Perry.
Liverpool, Oct. 13, by Rev. J. H. Davies, Winslow J. Swaine to Florence E. Swaine.
Chatham, Oct. 26, by Rev. Jos. McCoy, Daniel P. Hillix Oct. 28, by Rev. A. C. Chute, William Halliway to Mrs. Agnes F. Ward.
Mahoe Bay, Oct. 17, by Rev. G. W. Crawford, Joshua Zicker to Lily M. Acker.
Mahoe Bay, Oct. 17, by Rev. J. W. Crawford, St. Ann's C. B., Oct. 22, by Rev. John Fraser, Malcolm McDonald to Annie Smith.
Charlottetown, Oct. 28, by Rev. J. T. Bryan, Edward F. Fair to Laura O. Fuller.
Robtsey, Oct. 28, by Rev. Dr. Fraser Nathan, Ernest Clark to Cynthia E. Bernard.
Berwick, Oct. 21, by Rev. H. King, Rev. F. Glendennin, James L. Moffat to Emeline C. Wolfe.
N. E. Margate, Oct. 25, by Rev. J. Shipperly, Harold W. Zehring to Katie Grant.
North Sydney, Oct. 28, by Rev. D. McDonald, Charles W. Nisbet to Annie Andrews.
South Farmington, Oct. 27, by Rev. W. C. Brown, William L. Flansy to Kate F. Brown.
Pembroke, N. S., Oct. 21, by Rev. T. W. W. Desbarre, Knox C. Ryder to Eva Churchill.
Nias Mills River, Oct. 28, by Rev. H. M. Jost, Alexander McElday to Christina Lamer.
South Monaghan, Oct. 21, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Lawrence Hargrove to Edith M. Sommer.
Windsor, Oct. 21, by Rev. Harry King, Rev. O. N. Chipman to Annie May Schiller.
Waterford A. C., Oct. 21, by Rev. T. Truesman Bishop, Harding Fackel to Lillian M. Richardson.
South Farmington, Oct. 27, by Rev. W. C. Brown, Stewart E. Marshall to Laura E. Messenger.
Rogersville Mass., Oct. 15, by Rev. O. Wall Crates, Hugh McKenzie to Lydia McCallister.
Washington, M. e., by Rev. E. O. Smith, M. J. Coney to Mrs. Annie M. Burpee of Sheffield N. B.

ASK GOD FOR WHAT YOU WANT.

But do Not Pray Yourself Into a State of Religious Conceit.
'I do not advise you to attempt to say long prayers,' writes Ruth Ashmore in October Ladies' Home Journal. 'Ask God for what you want, believing that you will get it, and do not pray yourself, as is possible, into a state of religious conceit. Think sometimes before you go to bed of this verse: 'Stand in awe, and sin not; commune with your own heart in your chamber, and be still. I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest; for it is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety.' He does not want you to come to Him with loud wailing, but with repentant spirit and in quietness. Be generous and ask that He give His patronage and comfort to all those who are in sorrow. Ask for the poor a competent support, a contented spirit and a hope for treasures in the hereafter. For all that travel by sea or land freedom from perils of all kinds, and that they may reach the haven where they would be. For those who grieve for some who are asleep may there be given a knowledge of the goodness of God and a willingness to take up the burden of life and to carry it joyfully until the end is reached. For all who are disconsolate ask for light from Heaven, a timely deliverance and God's grace and comfort.

DIED.

- St. John, Oct. 29, W. Dickers, 82.
Parrboro, Oct. 26, Peter Blake, 68.
Kentville, Oct. 26, E. T. Moor, 40.
Bloomfield, Oct. 21, Edward Spittle, 81.
Middleton, Oct. 9, Robt. Morton, 78.
Halifax, Oct. 26, Joseph R. Black, 34.
Parrboro, Oct. 25, William Leitch, 75.
Yarmouth, Oct. 26, Frank L. Calhoun, 29.
Lunenburg, Oct. 15, Jephthah C. Ross, 53.
Amherst, Oct. 6, William A. Cary, 58.
Greenville, Oct. 29, Alfred T. Carter, 45.
Trenton, Oct. 26, David Fraser, 75.
Moulton, Oct. 26, Frank L. Calhoun, 29.
Upper Stewick, Oct. 24, James Brown, 79.
North Sydney, Oct. 21, John Redmond, 75.
Lo-er Granville, Oct. 15, Elias Free, 65.
St. John, Oct. 30, Mrs. Charles Rogers, 68.
Tahbinstown, Oct. 15, Emma McMillan, 77.
Acadia Mines, Oct. 22, Mrs. J. Brownell, 69.
New Glasgow, Oct. 18, William Stewart, 71.
Centerville, Oct. 27, Nicholas Morehouse, 71.
New Glasgow, Oct. 24, Anna Bell McLeod, 62.
Pictouville, N. S., Oct. 21, Richard Ryan, 25.
Sandford, Oct. 22, Mrs. Martha A. Harden, 69.
Torbrook Oct. 24, Mrs. Melbaine Nichols, 83.
Boston, Oct. 26, George Post of Dyby, N. S. Highlandville, Mass., Oct. 16, William B. Smith, 75.
Minto, Oct. 24, Annie M. wife of Frank P. Dresser 77.
London, Eng., Oct. 26, Lieut. Col. J. W. H. Rowley 77.
Halifax, Oct. 27, Christina widow of George Nichols 81.
Lake Umbagog, C. B., Oct. 21, W. Archibald McKay 81.
New Glasgow, Oct. 23, Anna wife of George Hogg 81.
Halifax, Oct. 21, Jessie D. wife of William McGill 81.
St. John, Oct. 28, Mary E. wife of the late Wm. Bailey 81.
Moncton, Oct. 29, Henrietta, wife of Hilarie Cormier, 55.
Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 21, John Wilson formerly of Springhill, Oct. 21, Annie P. Christie, wife of Colin McLeod.
Parrboro, Oct. 27, Mary, wife of Thomas Kirkpatrick, 79.
Doughstown, Oct. 22, Alexander M. son of Hugh Landon, 20.
Pictou, Oct. 19, Margery daughter of James McDonald, 30.
Springhill, Oct. 25, William Jones formerly of Calgary, Oct. 1, the infant son of T. C. and Maggie Mackinnon.
Kentville, Oct. 19, Euphemia Foulis, formerly of St. John, N. B.
West Amherst, Oct. 23, Charlotte widow of Warren Bulmer, 40.
Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 13, Alice F. wife of William A. Perry, 30.
Barrington Oct. 22, Leta M. child of George and Elizabeth Gies.
Charlottetown, Oct. 23, Catherine C. wife of Peter Halliway, 67.
Wine Harbor, N. S., Oct. 14, Isabella wife of D. M. Fullerton, 69.
Moncton, Oct. 28, Dora, child of Bliss and Justice Fullerton, 11.
Acadia Mines, Oct. 21, Janis McLean wife of Tupper Bonnell, 30.
Dartmouth, Oct. 27, William T., son of Wm. and Mary Green, 21.
Seal Cove, N. B., Oct. 22, Victor, only son of L. Fayette Smith, 0.
Ardois, N. S., Oct. 16, Eleanor widow of Archibald Haver, 80.
Halifax, Oct. 29, Alice E. M. child of John and Maria Hays.
Boston, Oct. 29, Mrs. Thomas C. Upham formerly of Woodstock, 81.
Beaver Brook, Oct. 9, John S., child of John and Sarah Marshall, 19.
Whale Cove, Oct. 18, Marion G. only child of Joshua and Dorcas Todd.
Charlottetown, Oct. 26, Wellington, son of Flora and John McLeod, 15.
Strathroy, C. B., Oct. 11, Margaret M. widow of Lancelotti McLean, 74.
Glasgow, N. B., Oct. 13, Isabel S. widow of Donald McLeod, 80.
Turo, Oct. 18, Corrinne C., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. K. Oct. 19, Margaret M. child of Noah and Lizzie Morrill, 6 months.
South Amherst, Oct. 18, Lennie E. daughter of Edward and Mrs. Marshall, 19.
Eureka, Nev. da, Charles F., son of the late Ebenezer North and Mrs. Stewards, N. B.
Wine Harbour, N. S., Oct. 13, by Rev. D. M. McDonald, Dan R. McQuarrie to Maggie McDonald.
St. John, Oct. 14, by Rev. L. G. McDonald, Dr. Simon McDonald to Mrs. Minnie Hamilton.
Strathroy, C. B., Oct. 12, by Rev. D. M. McDonald, Walter S. Lawrence to Eva G. McLean.
St. John, Oct. 28, by Rev. F. H. W. Pickles, Charles N. High to Beattie E. Elliot all of Nova Scotia.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISE SUN STOVE POLISH
DO NOT BE DECEIVED
with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.
DEARBORN & CO.,
WHOLESALE AGENTS.

STEAMBOATS.

1896 1896
The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED),
For Boston and Halifax via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The regular time, is 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.
4 Trips A Week, 4 THE STEEL STEAMERS
Boston and Yarmouth UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June the 30th one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.
Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway, and intermediate ports, connecting with South Shore ports on Friday morning.

Stmr. CITY OF ST. JOHN,
Will leave Yarmouth every Friday morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shubenubet, Lunenburg and Lunsenburg. Returning leave Pictou and Sackville wharf, Halifax, every Monday Evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on Friday morning.

Steamer "ALPHA"
Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, returning, leave Yarmouth every Monday and Thursday, at 10 o'clock p. m. for St. John.
Tickets and all information can be obtained from President and Managing Director, W. A. CHASE, J. P. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer, Lewis Wharf Boston Yarmouth N. S. June, 2nd 1896.

INTERNATIONAL ...S. S. Co.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON.
COMMENCING Sept. 21st the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Boston, Portland and New York Monday and Thursday morning at 8 a. m. (standard). Returning leave Boston same days at 8 a. m. and Portland at 9 p. m. Connections made at Newport with steamer for St. John, Monday and Thursday, at 10 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

STAR LINE STEAMERS
FOR
Fredericton and Woodstock.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

MAIL Steamers "DAVID WESTON" and "OLIVE TREE" leave St. John every day (Sunday excepted) at 8.24 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (Sunday excepted) at 7 a. m. "MORSE" will leave Fredericton every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 5.30 a. m., for WOODSTOCK, and will leave Woodstock on alternate days at 1.00 a. m. while navigation permits.
G. F. BAIRD, Manager.

CHANGE OF SAILING
THE Steamer CLIFTON, on and after October 20th, will leave Hampton on Monday and Wednesday mornings, at 7 o'clock. Returning, will leave Ingonish Tuesday and Thursday at 11 a. m. The SATURDAY trip will be as usual, via leaving Hampton at 8.20 a. m., returning, leave Ingonish at 8 o'clock.

Beef, I AMB, MUTTON, VEAL,
Ham, Bacon and Lard, Turkeys, Chickens and Fowls Vegetables.

THOMAS, DEAN
137 and 14 City Market
Painting!
That well-known Painter and Decorator,
Cornelius Callaheer
is prepared to take orders for Painting and Decorating. Work guaranteed to be satisfactory and prices reasonable.
CORNELIUS GALLAHER, 99 St. Patrick St.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.
On and after MONDAY, the 7th September, 1896, the trains on this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Express for Campbellton, Fergus, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax..... 12.30
Express for Sussex..... 15.45
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 17.10
Suburban Express for Robtsey..... 20.45

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Montreal at 10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.00
Express from Halifax..... 12.30
Express from Robtsey..... 15.00
Express from Pictou, Fergus and Campbellton..... 17.30
Suburban Express from Robtsey..... 21.30
Accommodation from Robtsey..... 21.30

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotives, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.
D. FORTINGE, General Manager.
Railway Office,
Montreal, N. B., 3rd September, 1896.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
Fast Train Service
PORTLAND, BOSTON, &c.

LEAVE ST. JOHN, N. B., Standard Time, at
6.30 a. m. YANKEE—Week days, for and arriving in Bangor 10 p. m., Portland 1.30 p. m., Boston 9.30 p. m., connecting for New York and South.

4.10 p. m. PACIFIC EXPRESS—Week days, for and arriving in Bangor 11.10 p. m., Portland 1.00 a. m., Boston 10.25 a. m., connecting for New York, South and West.
Fullman Sleeper St. John to Boston.
For tickets, sleeping car accommodations, etc., apply at offices, Canada Corner, and at station.

D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN,
Pres. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent,
Montreal. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.
On and after 21st Sept., 1896, the Steamer and Trains of this Railroad will run daily (Sunday Excepted.)

PRINCE RUPERT.
Lve. St. J. at 7.45 a. m., arr. Digby 10.45 a. m.
Lve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr. St. John, 4.00 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS
Lve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr. in Digby 12.45 p. m.
Lve. Digby 1.00 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3.55 p. m.
Lve. Yarmouth 4.30 p. m., arr. St. John 7.45 p. m.
Lve. Digby 11.00 a. m., arr. Halifax 3.20 p. m.
Lve. Annapolis 7.00 a. m., arr. Digby 8.20 a. m.
Lve. Digby 9.20 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Fullman, Palace, Parlor and Dining Cars run each day daily on Express trains. Sleeping cars and Parlor cars seats can be obtained on application to City agent.
Close connections with trains at Digby, St. John, Yarmouth, and Annapolis.
W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr.
K. SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

DOMINION EXPRESS CO.
Money orders sold to points in Canada, United States and Europe
REDUCTION IN EXPRESS RATES

To Windsor, Hampton and intermediate points, 10 lbs. and under..... 15
To Sussex, Annapolis, Digby, Hoyt, Pictouville, Pictou, 5 lbs. and under..... 15
Over 5 to 10 lbs..... 20
To St. Mary's, MacAdam, Bristol, Moncton, 10 lbs. and under..... 15
To St. Leonard's, Edmundston and intermediate points, 5 lbs. and under..... 15
Over 5 to 10 lbs..... 20
To Woodstock, Newburg, Jct., Moncton, 10 lbs. and under..... 15
Over 10 to 15 lbs..... 20
To Lunenburg, River Hebert, Joggins, Bath, 10 lbs. and under..... 15
Over 10 to 15 lbs..... 20
To St. Mary's, MacAdam and Charlottetown, 10 lbs. and under..... 15
Over 10 to 15 lbs..... 20
Over 15 to 20 lbs..... 25
Over 20 to 30 lbs..... 30
Over 30 to 40 lbs..... 35
Over 40 to 50 lbs..... 40
Over 50 to 60 lbs..... 45
Over 60 to 70 lbs..... 50
Over 70 to 80 lbs..... 55
Over 80 to 90 lbs..... 60
Over 90 to 100 lbs..... 65
Over 100 to 150 lbs..... 70
Over 150 to 200 lbs..... 75
Over 200 to 300 lbs..... 80
Over 300 to 400 lbs..... 85
Over 400 to 500 lbs..... 90
Over 500 to 600 lbs..... 95
Over 600 to 700 lbs..... 100
Over 700 to 800 lbs..... 105
Over 800 to 900 lbs..... 110
Over 900 to 1000 lbs..... 115
Over 1000 to 1500 lbs..... 120
Over 1500 to 2000 lbs..... 125
Over 2000 to 3000 lbs..... 130
Over 3000 to 4000 lbs..... 135
Over 4000 to 5000 lbs..... 140
Over 5000 to 6000 lbs..... 145
Over 6000 to 7000 lbs..... 150
Over 7000 to 8000 lbs..... 155
Over 8000 to 9000 lbs..... 160
Over 9000 to 10000 lbs..... 165
Over 10000 to 15000 lbs..... 170
Over 15000 to 20000 lbs..... 175
Over 20000 to 30000 lbs..... 180
Over 30000 to 40000 lbs..... 185
Over 40000 to 50000 lbs..... 190
Over 50000 to 60000 lbs..... 195
Over 60000 to 70000 lbs..... 200
Over 70000 to 80000 lbs..... 205
Over 80000 to 90000 lbs..... 210
Over 90000 to 100000 lbs..... 215
Over 100000 to 150000 lbs..... 220
Over 150000 to 200000 lbs..... 225
Over 200000 to 300000 lbs..... 230
Over 300000 to 400000 lbs..... 235
Over 400000 to 500000 lbs..... 240
Over 500000 to 600000 lbs..... 245
Over 600000 to 700000 lbs..... 250
Over 700000 to 800000 lbs..... 255
Over 800000 to 900000 lbs..... 260
Over 900000 to 1000000 lbs..... 265
Over 1000000 to 1500000 lbs..... 270
Over 1500000 to 2000000 lbs..... 275
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Over 150000000 to 200000000 lbs..... 375
Over 200000000 to 300000000 lbs..... 380
Over 300000000 to 400000000 lbs..... 385
Over 400000000 to 500000000 lbs..... 390
Over 500000000 to 600000000 lbs..... 395
Over 600000000 to 700000000 lbs..... 400
Over 700000000 to 800000000 lbs..... 405
Over 800000000 to 900000000 lbs..... 410
Over 900000000 to 1000000000 lbs..... 415
Over 1000000000 to 1500000