

PROGRESS.

VOL. XIII., NO. 650.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY DECEMBER 29 1900.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SOME TOPICS TALKED OF.

The Dixon-Barbour Episode—The Annual Event at Loch Lomond and Other Happenings.

The old, old story of woman's perfidy came flashing over the wires this week. This story is of much interest to St. John people as the following despatches will show.

Capt. Dickson, of the schooner *Carlotta*, has caused the arrest at Grand Falls of Hedley V. Barbour, formerly of St. John, now electrical engineer in connection with the new bridge at Grand Falls, on a criminal charge which promises sensational developments. When Dickson returned from his last voyage his wife and little daughter were missing. Enquiries convinced him that she had gone to Grand Falls. Disguised, Dickson visited that place on Monday and learned sufficient to confirm his suspicions so he secured his wife and had Barbour arrested.

Since the above was printed the matter has been "amicably" settled, Mrs. Dickson has been restored to her spouse, the family skeleton has been buried and love again reigns supreme.

A Loch Lomond Event.

The annual winter event at Treadwell's Lake came off on Thursday afternoon, and there was even a larger crowd than usual in attendance. The ice was solid and there was a little snow on it, so the horses had an excellent chance of showing their speed. There were eight entries and among them some quite speedy trotters and pacers. The crowd was somewhat enthusiastic but it cannot be said that there was as much trotting as running by the horses. In one heat at least nearly all came down the stretch on the gallop. The judges, Messrs. Drury and Noble, were very fair, and so far as they could understood awarded the heats to the right horses. It was not always possible to see which horse ran the most but their judgment was on the whole very acceptable. Mr. James Stevenson's mare was the victor in the end after many heats and Mr. McDonald's bay pacer a good second. Mr. and Mrs. Treadwell entertained the people as acceptably as they usually do and those who were present enjoyed a very pleasant afternoon and evening. The penalty of Mr. Stevenson's victory was not a very serious one to him for no doubt he enjoyed the privilege of being a host to many of those present.

A Large Enterprise.

The citizens of St. John are glad to see that this city is likely to be selected as a site for a steel ship building industry and are watching the movement with great interest, but, at the same time there is a feeling that it will not do to pay too dearly for such an enterprise. The statement that two or three thousand men may be employed is one that will appeal to many as a splendid argument in favor of the government granting the project every assistance. It was shown to be probable there is no doubt the city would be willing to assist as well. The gentlemen connected with the enterprise in St. John are Messrs. George McAvity, Frank Stetson, Geo. W. Jones, Wm. Pugsley and John H. Thompson.

A TIMELY COMPETITION.

The Agricultural Society Places Some Work for Winter Evenings of Young Farmers.

Under the presidency of Dr. J. H. Frink, the St. John Agricultural Society seems to have put on a spirit of enterprise and the result is that a prize competition has been opened for the young people in the vicinity of the city. The prize is \$25, and the conditions of the competition are most interesting. Probably every young man and woman interested in farming will think over a plan that will best suit their own views, and the answers that the society will receive will without a doubt make good reading. PROGRESS has been requested to print the conditions and does so with pleasure. They will be interesting in every quarter of the Maritime Provinces.

Granted—That a young man twenty-one years of age, or under, with a view to matrimony, has presented to him, in the city or county of St. John, 100 acres of land

and \$1,000 in cash, and on this farm he has to make a home and living. How would he proceed to expend the money and prepare the land? Possession to be given on the 1st day of September. Occupation of the premises on the 24th day

squash, pumpkins, celery. Fruits: Straw berries, raspberries, currants. Flowers: Name a dozen best hardy annual flowering plants. Name a dozen best hardy perennials, flowering.

Granted, that the occupier and his family maintain good health for the period of five years, and the season favorable for agriculture. State of the condition you would expect the farm at the expiration of this period, and the number of live stock it could profitably maintain.

A prize of \$25 will be given for the most satisfactory answers to these questions, \$15 to the first, \$5 to the second best, \$5 to the

NO SAW OFFS IN SIHGT.

Some More Proceedings in the York and Sunbury-Queens Election Cases.

The election petitions are not apt to be "sawed off" in New Brunswick. The determination of Dr. McLeod's friends to push his claims for the seat is evident and this has not tended to make the feeling between the two parties as harmonious as it

Miss Bonstelle at the New Mechanic's Institute found that those whom she was popular with were ready to give her the splendid reception that she received. Under the management of Mr. Harkins the institute performances were well put on and there is much satisfaction among the friends of the company at the good reception they have received. Nothing less could be said of the Valentine Stock company at the Opera House where Miss Blanche, Miss O'Brien and Mr. King as the leading actresses and actor are giving the same general and good satisfaction that the company gave last year.

The Two Exhibitions.

Halifax gives us the information that the deficit at the St. John exhibition was \$2,500 more than the shortage at the show in Nova Scotia. Their claim is that there was a deficit of \$2,500 here that in addition to the grants, government and civic, made it \$9,000, while theirs was only \$6,500. There are many ways to meet this argument but the fact itself remains that the deficit of the New Brunswick exhibition was much larger than any of the directors expected. Mr. R. B. Emmerson, a cool and thoughtful man of business, favors alternate years for the shows, one in Nova Scotia, for example, in 1901 and one in New Brunswick in 1902 and there might be one in P. E. Island on the succeeding year. This was opposed by the majority of the directors in St. John. The Halifax commission, however, have fixed their dates for Sept. 14th of next year and St. John must make its arrangements accordingly. There was some differences as between the 7th and 14th, but the majority ruled in favor of the latter date.

Bounced the Occupant.

A little incident happened at the Opera House on Christmas afternoon which at the time created quite a sensation inasmuch as one of the gentlemen concerned in the affair was very well known about the city. As is known seats for the afternoon performance were at a premium, and a great many were obliged to stand. When the curtain fell at the close of the first act a gentleman occupying a front seat arose and sauntered out. No sooner had he done so than his seat was filled by a bystander. The occupant of the seat returning at the beginning of the second act and seeing his place thus usurped remained at the door until the curtain fell for the second time, when he walked very calmly up to the front of the theatre and forcibly, ejected the rather nervy gentleman.

Central Asia's Largest River.

Recent reports from Dr. Sven Hedlin, who is again exploring Central Asia, strengthen the impression which his previous explorations have given of the extraordinary character of that part of the world. Salt lakes, dried up lake-beds, abandoned habitations and temples and interesting people, hitherto almost unknown, are among his discoveries. He also reports that the Tarim River in Eastern Turkestan, which he has surveyed for a long distance, is the largest river in the interior of Asia. Over a part of its course the river is simply a multitude of small interlaced lakes.

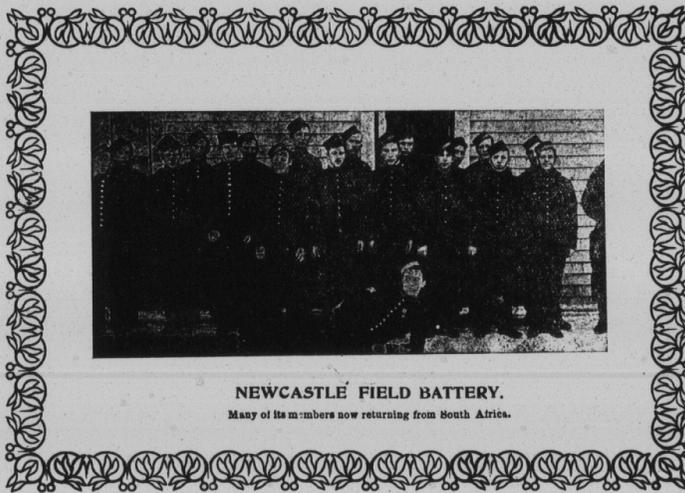
In A New Position.

Mr. C. J. Milligan who has for some time been the active and energetic organizer of the liberal party in New Brunswick has assumed the management of the Telegraph. Mr. Milligan is not unused to newspaper work from a literary standpoint and the natural ability that he has displayed in the arduous duties of organization will no doubt be of great assistance to him in the position that he now fills. PROGRESS welcomes him to the field of journalism and hopes that the same success may attend his efforts in that direction as has accompanied him in the past.

Even Buds Grow Old.

According to Prof. Adam Sedgwick there is reason to believe that buds share in the growing old of the parent plant. He illustrates his meaning in this way: Suppose the average life of an individual plant—say a tree—to be 100 years, then a bud removed when the parent plant is 50 years old will also be virtually 50 years of age, and if transplanted by grafting will be able to live on the graft only 50 years more.

Others' Re-acted Case, Splendid, Forfeited, Duesel, 17, Waterloo.



NEWCASTLE FIELD BATTERY.
Many of its members now returning from South Africa.

of May following, by himself and wife.

1st. The land is thus divided: 35 acres woodland, hard and soft wood, containing timber suitable for the construction of frame buildings, with the exception of house furnishings. The premises are fenced temporarily.

2nd. There are two barns and one small dwelling—one barn 10x20, the other 20x40—altogether unsuitable for living purposes, although the frames of all buildings are good and sound. What methods would be pursued to make them habitable, profitable economical, with every view to their good sanitation? Five tons of hay and 50 bushels unthreshed oats are in the barns, the property of the occupier on the 1st of September.

3rd. Twenty acres are available for pasturage, fine pastures poor, not stumped, dotted with alders and other shrubs, but containing one good grove of soft wood trees.

4th. Ten acres of good uncleared marsh land are also on the premises, now grown over with alders, the ground wet and undrained. (Give a description of how this plot could be best reclaimed.)

5th. The balance of 35 acres has been tilled and cropped for hay and grain and roots in the ordinary way until run out. Thirty acres can be plowed, land fairly free from small stone although large boulders are frequently met with above the surface.

State what methods should be pursued to get this 35 acres into good working shape. How should it be divided for the purpose of obtaining hay, grain and roots? The surface of the land undulating, sloping slightly to the southward, at the extreme southerly boundary being a running brook.

6th. State the number of cattle to keep at the start. State the breed of cattle, sheep, swine and poultry most desirable to keep and maintain, giving the reason why any particular breed should be kept.

7th. Give a plan of the interior construction of stable for horses, cattle, sheep swine and poultry. Give an estimate of cost of reconstruction of stables.

8th. Give a plan of construction of best farm fence; plan need not exceed three panels.

9th. One and one-half acres are reserved near the dwelling for vegetable and flower garden. Name, in your opinion, the best and most profitable varieties, for table use, of the following vegetables and fruits: Beets, parsnips, carrots, onions,

third. Open to the sons of farmers of the city and county of St. John, who may be living on the farm, 21 years of age or under. The answers and circulations to be in the competitors' handwriting; the quality of handwriting will not be considered; correctness in spelling will receive some consideration. The papers to be submitted to five directors of the St. John Agricultural Society for decision as to the most meritorious. If they do not decide, then the president of the society may. All papers to be addressed to the secretary on or before 1st April, 1901.

The Owner of the Road.

Mr. Chas. T. Gillespie, one of the owners of Edgardo says that he owns the road this winter. Perhaps there are not many who will dispute this statement, but there are some who do. Edgardo is very speedy and a good show horse. He has shown, up to the present time, a clean pair of heels to the best of them.

PROGRESS

CONTENTS

TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page speaks for itself. Read it.
- PAGE 2.—A mystery of the Firing Line—The interesting career of a man who was shot.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic news of the week.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, poetry and other timely articles.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, and 8.—Social items from all over the province.
- PAGE 9.—A Criminal with a history—was once sentenced to death for trying to burn New York.
- PAGE 10.—Romance of the Railroad—Experiences of Civil Engineers.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—Third instalment of the serial "By Right of Love."
- PAGE 11.—A whole page devoted to Sunday reading.
- PAGE 12.—A clever story of the famous detective Abe Cronkite.
- PAGE 13.—Facts and fancies from the realms of fashion.
- PAGE 14.—The Shotgun Maker's Art—Great skill required to turn out the finest barrels.
- PAGE 15.—A short story entitled "The soldier's Christmas." Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

might be. The report from York on Thursday evening was that Judge Gregory heard application for a summons to show cause why service upon Alexander Gibson, jr., in the matter of York election petition should not be set aside. J. H. Barry appeared for Mr. Gibson and O. S. Crockett and H. F. McLeod for petitioners. It appears service was made upon the respondent's wife, but the election act requires personal service to be made within ten days of the filing of the petition. The petitioner's counsel claimed it should not be set aside as it might, by coming to the knowledge of Mr. Gibson, become a personal service within the decisions and also on the ground that affidavits in support of application to set service aside was deficient in not setting forth that Mr. Gibson had no knowledge of such service and that objections to the service could only be made under the twelfth section of the act by way of preliminary objection. Judge Gregory reserved judgment.

It looks as if there might be some difficulty in getting Mr. Wilmot of Queens-Sunbury served. The report from the capital, according to the Conservative Sun states that: It may be that the election petition against Mr. Wilmot of Queens-Sunbury is out of the court. It appears that no attempt was made to serve Mr. Wilmot within the first five days, although he was about his home and was seen frequently on the streets of Fredericton. It is said that no application was made within the time limited by the rule of court for extending the time for service, and that therefore no extension of time can now be legally made.

Yesterday after Mr. Wilmot was understood to be away from home, an attempt was made to find him at his home, where he might have been found during any of the days previously, and it is stated that many persons were on the watch at Lincoln on Thursday.

The law gives a judge power, so PROGRESS understands to have the notice served as he may think fit if the man cannot be found. There may be some difficulty in securing his presence at the trial but when petition does not claim the seat, as it is understood Dr. McLeod's does that is not natural.

The Holiday Theatricals.

The holiday theatrical season which opened on Christmas afternoon proved that the people of St. John could for a time support at least two good companies.

St. John, Dec 18, John Burns, 74.
Charlottetown, Dec 18, Edward Smith, 41.
Maine, Nov 23, Daniel Chalmers, 70.
Ottawa, Dec 4, Mrs. George Everett.
Edmonton, Dec 1, Mr. Alex. Gillmore.
Charlottetown, Dec 8, John King, 62.
Ruskin, Dec 6, Wm. Sanderson, 62.
Schenectady, N. Y., Mary L. Lewis, 19.
Halifax, Dec 12, Richard O. Barry, 58.
St. John, Dec 15, John Murphy.
Fort Hill, Dec 7, Francis Doherty, 75.
Halifax, Dec 15, Mrs. John Mahar, 50.
Coldstream, Dec 6, Herbert Ellis, 20.
Moncton, Dec 18, Mrs. Eric Bryan, 31.
California, Nov 29, George Dickson, 55.
Dartmouth, Dec 14, George W. Jackson, 52.
Halifax, Dec 14, Capt. James Griffin, 78.
Yanover, Dec 10, Mrs. Mary Foley, 77.
Chatham, Dec 13, Ronald MacLachlan, 74.
Gaspereaux, Dec 10, Daniel Davidson, 55.
Charlottetown, Dec 7, Annie Koughall, 38.
Amherst, Dec 9, Mrs. Samuel Goldberg, 49.
Stanley Bridge, Dec 5, Mabel Goddard, 37.
Charlottetown, Mrs. Donald Macoschem, 78.
Malden, Mass., Dec 2, Jeremiah Simpson, 28.
Chelsea, Mass., Dec 2, Margaret Halliday, 64.
Harvey, A. Co., Dec 5, Mrs. Gillford Smith, 70.
Boston, Mass., Dec 15, Mrs. Arabella Heustis.
North Easton, Nov 25, Mrs. John Mackay, 49.
St. John, Dec 18, Mrs. John Houston, 52.
St. John, Dec 18, Edward Merton L. Jamieson, 19.
Charlottetown, Dec 9, Mrs. Daniel MacDonald, 42.
Fairview, Dec 19, Johanna Gertrude McGrath, 10.
Plymouth, Dec 4, infant of Mr. and Mrs. Arch O'Neil.

Kinston, Lot 31, Dec 12, Archibald McFayden, 72.
North Beaver Bank, Dec 14, Mrs. William Lively, 38.
New Prospect, Farnsboro, Dec 3, William McRae, 38.
Molus River, Kent Co., Dec 3, Mrs. George Stevenson, 53.
Kingston, Kings Co., N. S., Nov 28, Mrs. Elizabeth Bruce.
Wittsburg Colchester, Nov 29, Miss Charlotte Faltner, 50.
Yarmouth, Dec 8, Sarah widow of the late George Churchill, 80.

SUFFERING WOMEN

My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as displacements, inflammations, hemorrhages & irritation of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials WRITE from grateful women and endorse FOR FREE address of prominent physicians sent on application.

Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Christmas and New Years. Holiday Excursions. Between Stations Montreal and East. One First Class Fare for Round Trip.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

School and college vacation—Local excursion tickets at single fare, Dec. 8 to 31, good for return until Jan. 31. Through tickets at single fare to Montreal added to one and one third fare beyond Montreal, good for return until Jan. 20.

Commercial Travellers' tickets at single fare, issued Dec. 14 to Dec. 30, good for return until Jan. 4.

General Public—Local excursion tickets at single fare Dec. 21 to Jan. 1, good for return until Jan. 4. For through excursion tickets see posters.

D. FOTLINGER, General Manager.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax	8:30
Express for Halifax and Pictou	12:15
Express for Sussex	15:45
Express for Quebec and Montreal	17:00
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney	22:15

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:00 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 23:15 o'clock for Halifax, Yarmouth, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex	8:30
Express from Quebec and Montreal	12:45
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene	16:00
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton	24:45

*Daily, except Monday.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FOTLINGER, Gen. Manager
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 28 1900.
CITY TICKET OFFICE
7 King Street St. John, N. B.

A Mystery of the Firing Line.

The Kansas man had served with Funston in the Philippines, had returned safely, had been a town hero for a month or so, and was now on the stump in the campaign, advocating, like all the soldiers who had been on the ground and had come back, that policy which would mean the full retention of the islands under the American flag. Several of the campaign orators had met for a Sunday in a Western hotel where their roads crossed in their journeys to assignments, and were comparing notes. The man who had served with Funston gradually assumed command of the conversation, and the talk drifted from a discussion of the question why men rushed to serve in the Philippine campaign to one of the problems why men, in many cases unexpectedly, show not only rare bravery but downright recklessness in battle. The Kansas man, for whom the name Maxwell will do so far as this article is concerned, said:

'As I was saying, we found men out there who had been wild and whose parents were glad to see them enter the army; we found men who had been crossed in love; we found men who had been a failure in life, even if they were mere youths; we found many daredevils, and, curiously enough, most of them were cautious on the firing line; we found some who had pasts that they wanted forgotten; we found some under assumed names, for one reason or another; we found the usual number of bullies, braggarts and bluffers, and being once under fire was the cure for them. But all these made up a very small number in comparison with those who had enlisted for love of country, with perhaps a desire for adventure thrown in.

'But of all the curious characters I came across the strangest was a man named Bond. He was silent as to his past; he made few friends, there was a glitter in his eye when we were in danger which was positively magnetic, and we came gradually to respect his reserve and to be proud of him. There was one man in our company however, whose propensity for nosing into others' affairs was especially marked, and who, it was plain to be seen, was offensive to Bond. The name of Peters will do for this inquisitive man. He was a good fellow and meant nothing more than friendly interest when he was poking around to find out all about his companions, and we learned at last to overlook his weakness—all but Bond. It was evident that Bond was desirous of curing Peters or of punishing him for his offensive behavior. Bond gradually became reckless on the firing line. Any one could see it was not assumed, but was genuine, and this conduct deepened the mystery as to his past and made Peters the more zealous to find out all about him.

'One day Bond fell with a wound, Peters carried him to the rear, cared for him, stayed by him as long as he could, did everything that could be done under the circumstances, like offering to write home and all that sort of thing. Bond spent an hour in deep thought. He was apparently sizing up his chances of living. He was also thinking whether it was worth while to forgive Peters for the past or to give him a thrust he would never forget. It was about midnight that Peter returned to his place with us and the next morning he had a story to tell to three of us in whom he confided.

Maxwell paused and, just as his hearers were becoming uneasy, he said this was the story Peters had related:

'Boys, we've got a murderer among us, not only a murderer but the worst kind of one, a man who killed his father and who if it were proved against him would, up to this time, have pretended that it was an accident. He's Bond. It explains why he has been so reckless lately; he wanted to be killed. Matter of conscience, you see. He whispered it all to me, asked me to write home, saying that he was dead and had passed away forgiving every one and revealing the secret. His name isn't Bond, but I'm under pledge not to tell what it is. He asked me to write without waiting for him to die actually and he wanted me to get him reported dead so that it would be cabled home; said his friends would recognize him under the assumed name. It's a mighty sad story.

'Bond told me that he came from Ohio. His father was a bank president and was found murdered in the bank vault two years ago. Robbers had killed him and had made their escape. He had evidently surprised them. Young Bond was the real murderer. He was just under 21. He had been stealing from his father's private business for more than a year so as

to keep on gambling with a fast set of young fellows, whom a sharper got together regularly and was plundering right along. On Bond's twenty-first birthday there had to be a settlement of the books for his father intended to take him into business partnership. Bond had to have not less than \$5,000 to make good his stealings. There was no other way left to him than to steal it. He knew all about the bank, the combinations to the locks, the ways of the watchman and all that, and he had studied up knock-out drops. He left some liquor that had been doctored with drugs for the watchman to drink, knowing the man's weakness, and the rest was easy. He entered the bank from the rear stealthily having made sure that the watchman was unconscious, had just got into the inner vault, when he heard a noise and saw a dim light in the outer room. He knew it could not be the watchman, and he once raised his revolver for action and crouched to one side. Then he heard a voice, saying: 'My God, I must have killed him. I didn't know it was so powerful. Wake up, Mike!'

'There was no response, and Bond says he recognized the voice as that of his father just in time, for he intended to shoot and escape in a rush if possible. Then Bond became conscious of his own danger. His father might shoot him. The father soon saw the open doors of the vault. 'What does this mean?' he said. 'Mike, you didn't do this; you couldn't! Who is there? Speak, or I'll shoot. Quick! Then it was that Bond saw he had no show and he shouted to his father not to shoot, and revealed his own identity.

'Then there followed a strange scene in

that bank vault. There were the father, the son and the unconscious watchman together in the early hours of the morning. 'What does this mean, son?' said the father, sternly. 'Has it come to this—my son a bank robber?' Young Bond said he was game, and he replied: 'What are you doing here? Are you a bank robber yourself? Who put Mike in this condition?' You see he had overheard his father make that exclamation about Mike, and he took chances. 'Explain your position on the inside of that vault,' said the father. 'Explain what you said about not knowing that something was so powerful when you saw Mike,' said the son. And then the father broke down completely and the son went to pieces, and each, thinking that Mike was about to die, confessed to the other. The father had been speculating in the Eastern markets, had used up a lot of trust funds in his charge, and the only way for him to get out was to rob his own bank. He had also left some knock-out drops for the watchman and it was the combined dose that made father and son think that the man would die. The son owned up to the father, and then followed a discussion as to what was best to be done.

'They agreed that the bank must be robbed; that was their only salvation. They agreed also that it would be best for one of them to appear to be defending the bank's treasure. It was finally decided that it would be best for the son to wound his father slightly in the side, take enough money to suit their purposes and leave their father there to be discovered in the morning. The old man said he was so desperate that he would take chances, and would tell a story about feeling uneasy in his dreams as to the condition of affairs at the bank and of getting up in the night and going down there to see if all was right, of encountering a robber or set of robbers; of having a mighty struggle with them, ending so far as he could recollect, with a revolver shot which made him unconscious. He had no fear as to Mike. If Mike re-

covered he would be so ashamed of being drunk that he would invent some story of being gagged, especially as father and son had arranged to bind him with a gag and tie his hands.

Then father and son planned the details of the shooting, disarranged the furniture, bound and gagged the watchman, took the money and broke the locks, and the father lay down after tearing his clothing, and had the son give him what he supposed was only a slight flesh wound in the side. The old man was full of nerve and after the shooting was over hurried the son away and told him how to act when the discovery was made in the morning. They had wounded the watchman, also.

Bond says he went home and to bed and acted his part thoroughly when they roused him to tell him of the dreadful accident to his father. It turned out really to be a dreadful affair, for both the father and the watchman were found dead and the bank robbed. Young Bond says he made good his gambling debts and enlisted in the army so as to get away from the storm that arose when it was found that his father was insolvent. It soon became the general theory in the town that the elder Bond had gone there to rob the bank and had been killed by a real bank robber, and there were those who thought they could remember the exact looks of certain mysterious strangers that had been seen about town.

'Bond's conscience could stand it no longer, he says, and he went to Kansas and enlisted and came out here, hoping secretly that he would be killed, for he had not the courage to commit suicide. He wanted me to write to his relatives clearing up the entire mystery and telling them that he had expiated his crime, so far as he could, by dying for his country. The one thing I can't understand,' said Peters, in telling the story, 'is why he wants me to write all this before he dies. He must have a dreadful conscience. He said to me: 'I am wounded, exactly in the place in which my father was wounded when I shot

"77"

Influenza—Cold in the Head

Is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose. Commences with tingling, itching and dryness of the nostrils, followed by a watery or mucous discharge; frequent sneezing; dull pain and sense of weight in the forehead; increased secretion of tears; occasional chilliness, and Fever.

If not arrested, the Catarrh spreads to the throat and respiratory organs, attended with Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Tickling Cough and Oppressed Breathing.

Checked Circulation, the cause of nearly all Colds, produces these symptoms; the use of "77" starts the blood tingling through the veins until it reaches the extremities, when the feet warm up and the Cold is broken. At all druggists, 25c., or by mail.

New pocket edition of Dr. Humphrey's Manual of all diseases, mailed free. Humphrey's Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

COLDS

him. I know I can't live. Just tell the truth about me, and make sure that the boys will not despise me too much. I have done my duty by them and by the flag,' says he. I broke down and wept, I'll admit, and I'm prepared to say that there's no living soul but has some good in them. And then there's the duty of deciding what's to be done if Bond recovers. Ought we to give him away? I say no.'

According to Maxwell the bugles just then blew for a forward movement, and soon all were lying on the firing line shooting at the Filipinos. Maxwell made another awkward pause, and one of his auditors said:

'Well, I suppose Bond really died and you fellows did the right thing by him even in death.'

'Die?' said Maxwell. 'Great Scott, no. At least, not then. Less than two hours after Peters had told that story Bond came stealing up to me all day working like a demon. 'I thought you were dying,' I said to him. 'The devil, no,' he replied. 'It was only a little wound. Scarcely bled at all. When Peters wasn't around the doctor told me it amounted to nothing but urged me to stay in the rear for one night. This morning he put a little plaster on the broken skin and here I am again. Did Peters tell you a long story about my mysterious past? Did eh? I thought so. I told him that yarn porposely. I thought it about time to call him off and make him a laughing stock. Pretty good story, wasn't it? Any truth in it. Thunder, no. I knew I was not hurt. Even if Bond shouldn't happen to be my real name, there's no occasion for getting up such a yarn as that. What's that? Am I hurt? Yes, old man, I guess I am.'

'I saw that he had been wounded seriously this time. I supported his head on my knee, gave him a drink of water, his eyes became fixed and between his gasps he said to me:

'Maxwell, I guess you had better tell Peters to write that story home after all, just as I told it to him. I thought I was dying or near to it last night when I talked to him. I'm—going—now. Be—sure—to—tell—him—to—write—'

'Was he really a murderer and bank robber?' asked one of Maxwell's listeners. 'The army records do not show that he was,' was the response.

The Hen's Delusion.

Ephraim Knox lived in the center of his native village, and his hens wandered here and there at their own sweet will, to the frequent annoyance of his neighbors. Ephraim, however, was no respecter of persons, and considered his hens "as good as anybody" and desirable visitors.

When it was decided that the town library should be built in a vacant lot "next door to him," Ephraim was filled with pride and joy, and he and his hens superintended operations from the first.

Ephraim's brother Seth was not devoted to hens. One day he was passing the site of the library with a friend and stopped to view the progress of affairs. Ephraim's hens were there, cackling away as if their lives depended on it. Seth looked at them in disgust.

'What in the world are these hens making such a noise for, do you suppose? There ain't any grain in there,' said the friend.

'Well,' remarked Seth, dryly, 'they've had the oversight of 'most everything in town. You know the corner-stone of the building was laid yesterday, and I calculate that speckled hen over there thinks she laid it!'



THE FAVORED KNIGHT.

"77"

Influenza—Cold in the Head

Is an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose. Commences with tingling, itching and dryness of the nostrils, followed by a watery or mucous discharge; frequent sneezing; dull pain and sense of weight in the forehead; increased secretion of tears; occasional chilliness, and Fever.

If not arrested, the Catarrh spreads to the throat and respiratory organs, attended with Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Tickling Cough and Oppressed Breathing.

Checked Circulation, the cause of nearly all Colds, produces these symptoms; the use of "77" starts the blood tingling through the veins until it reaches the extremities, when the feet warm up and the Cold is broken. At all druggists, 25c., or by mail.

New pocket edition of Dr. Humphreys' Manual of all diseases, mailed free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York.

COLDS

him. I know I can't live. Just tell the truth about me, and make sure that the boys will not despise me too much. I have done my duty by them and by the flag," says he. I broke down and wept, I'll admit, and I'm prepared to say that there's no living soul but has some good in them. And then there's the duty of deciding what's to be done if Bond recovers. Ought we to give him away? I say no.

According to Maxwell the bugles just then blew for a forward movement, and soon all were lying on the firing line shooting at the Filipinos. Maxwell made another awkward pause, and one of his auditors said:

"Well, I suppose Bond really died and you fellows did the right thing by him even in death."

"Die?" said Maxwell. "Great Scott, no! At least, not then. Less than two hours after Peters had told that story Bond came stealing up to the firing line and there he lay next to me all day working like a demon. 'I thought you were dying,' I said to him. 'The devil, no,' he replied. 'It was only a little wound. Scarcely bled at all. When Peters wasn't around the doctor told me it amounted to nothing but urged me to stay in the rear for one night. This morning he put a little plaster on the broken skin and here I am again. Did Peters tell you a long story about my mysterious past? Did he? I thought so. I told him that yarn porpoetry. I thought it about time to call him off and make him a laughing stock. Pretty good story, wasn't it? Any truth in it. Thunder, no. I knew I was not hurt. Even if Bond shouldn't happen to be my real name, there's no occasion for getting up such a yarn as that. What's that? Am I hurt? Yes, old man, I guess I am.'

"I saw that he had been wounded seriously this time. I supported his head on my knee, gave him a drink of water, his eyes became fixed and between his gasps he said to me:

"Maxwell, I guess you had better tell Peters to write that story home after all, just as I told it to him. I thought I was dying or near to it last night when I talked to him. I'm going—now. Be sure—to—tell—him—to—wii—"

"Was he really a murderer and bank robber?" asked one of Maxwell's listeners. "The army records do not show that he was," was the response.

The Hen's Delusion.

Ephraim Knox lived in the center of his native village, and his hens wandered here and there at their own sweet will, to the frequent annoyance of his neighbors. Ephraim, however, was no respecter of persons, and considered his hens "as good as anybody," and desirable visitors.

When it was decided that the town library should be built in a vacant lot "next door to him," Ephraim was filled with pride and joy, and he and his hens superintended operations from the first.

Ephraim's brother Seth was not devoted to hens. One day he was passing the site of the library with a friend and stopped to view the progress of affairs. Ephraim's hens were there, cackling away as if their lives depended on it. Seth looked at them in disgust.

"What in the world are these hens making such a noise for, do you suppose? There ain't no grain in there," said the friend.

"Well," remarked Seth, dryly, "they've had the oversight of 'most everything in town. You know the corner-stone of the building was laid yesterday, and I calculate that speckled hen over there thinks she laid it!"

Music and The Drama

TONES AND UNDERSTONES.

In St. Peter's church on Christmas day the music was of an exceptionally high order, a full orchestra under Prof. Williams was present and supplied excellent music. Miss McCarty sang a solo for which W. C. Bowden played a violin accompaniment.

In Trinity and Stone churches there was also special music rendered in a very pleasing manner. As a rule, however, there was very little preparation in this line in any of the churches.

Mr. Ford's opera progresses favorably and those who are to take part are enthusiastic over its prospects.

Neil Burgess and his company in "The County Fair" did not play Christmas week.

Wansworth Harris is playing in Quo Vadis. The company is at present playing Boston.

It is now definitely announced that "Sun Foy," the Chinese musical play will receive its first Boston presentation on Jan. 7.

G. S. Willard has decided not to give his new play, "Love in Idleness" during the Boston engagement as there has not been sufficient time for preparation.

Stuart Robson's leading lady this year is Maud White who was formerly with Charles Frohman. Miss White has been in the support of Roland Reed in The Turtle.

Marguerite Sylva's success in Kirke La Shelle's light opera success, "The Princess Chic" has been such as to induce every manager in whose house she has played thus far this season to book her for next season at increased percentage.

Frank Daniels is doing an unprecedentedly large business in the extreme northwest.

In Seattle last Monday, the house was entirely sold out in three hours for the entire engagement. On the second morning, the only morning newspaper in the town announced an extra matinee for that day. Though the rain poured down all the morning the entire house was sold out by noon.

Adipose tissue has always been the prima donna's enemy, and few of them have escaped it. Piccolomini, during the latter years of her career, grew to enormous size, and some of the other Italian singers were just as unwieldy. But it later came to be the German soprano who was regarded as the one person certain to be fat, whatever else she might be.

Amalia Materna sang "Jodelle" at Vienna and "Kundry" at Bayreuth when she had become such a monster of flesh that her appearance would have been ludicrous under any other circumstances. Rosa Sucher had grown very stout during the latter days of her career, and Theresa Malton is also assuming rapidly the heroic proportions commonly associated with the Wagnerian heroine. These women were examples of the stout German singer striking enough to keep alive the tradition that Wagner needs fat interpreters, or that the proper performance of Wagner music makes singers stout. Whatever the relation between cause and effect may be, it is certain that the German women have taken the pre-eminence in avoirdupois associated thirty years ago with the soprano from Italy.

The actress has a much better opportunity than the singer to escape the burden of flesh. She can reduce herself by any one of a number of methods and suffer no disadvantages. But the singer hesitates to trifle with her physical condition in any way. The body, that is such, is always sure to produce a rich voice, and when they are feeling well and in good voice, the singers are adverse to doing anything that may exhaust or weaken them in any way.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The holiday season opened auspiciously for both theatrical companies, and bumper houses greeted the performers on Christmas at matinee and night.

At the New Mechanics Institute W. S. Harkins presented Miss Jessie Bonstelle and supporting company, scoring for that much sought after and popular actress a decided triumph. Miss Bonstelle played the title role in Victorien Sardou's brightest comedy, Madame Sans Gene, a sprightly thing, bubbling over with mirth, jolly, abounding in remarkable situations and calling for elaborate stage effects and beautiful gowns. Miss Bonstelle played her part in an admirable manner, winning hosts of new admirers, and sustaining the reputation made here last season. Ample testimony of her popularity was given in the enthusiastic reception she received. Miss Bonstelle's talents were given full justice in this department upon several occasions last year, and it is not necessary

to repeat what was then said, her youth ability, personal appearance and wonderful versatility all combining to make her not only an actress of power and merit, but assures as well her personal popularity.

In Mr. Emmett King the company has a wonderfully clever man combining a handsome personal appearance with exceptional dramatic ability. In Sans Gene his role was not particularly well adapted to exploit his talents, but indifferent as it was it showed plainly that he is capable of looking after work that calls for something heavier in acting. Mr. Stuart made a splendid Napoleon, though physically he is as little like that great man as can well be imagined. However, one forget that in view of his excellent work. The balance of the support was excellent in every way, the stage sittings were elaborate and altogether the production was a great success artistically, as it was assuredly so financially. Denise was played later in the week.

The return of the Valentine Stock Company gave the numerous friends made here last season an opportunity to extend a warm welcome when they re-opened on Christmas day at a matinee performance of "The Fool of the Family," a bright little comedy that introduced the new people in the company in as happy a manner as possible. The house was crowded; which satisfactory state of affairs was more than repeated at the evening performance of "Hamlet," hundreds being turned away. The latter piece was of course the great event of the day, introducing in important roles, as it did, two new people, Mr. Everett King, in the title role of the Melancholy Dane, and Nora O'Brien as Ophelia.

The piece was staged with all that careful attention to detail which marked the production of the company last season and in every detail was historically correct. Much had been heard and much said of Mr. King's work in Hamlet consequently much was expected of him. It is not too much to say that the very highest anticipations were fulfilled. In personal appearance Mr. King is an ideal Hamlet, in fact a more perfect one in that respect cannot well be imagined and what a world of passionate power he threw into his work! All the emotions of the mad young Prince of Denmark, were portrayed with an intensity that was wonderfully real. His work has won for Mr. King a high place in the regard of theatre goers, and easily places him in the position of the best Hamlet ever seen in this city.

Miss O'Brien's beauty has been referred to before in this department, and all claims regarding her, as an actress and otherwise, were fully justified. She won golden opinions on every hand. She was an ideal Ophelia.

Miss Kate Blanche, was warmly welcomed, and it is needless to say, that in her hands the role of the queen mother was given a dignified and conscientious interpretation.



EDITH'S CHRISTMAS.

As the king, Mr. Charles Hagar was excellent, as was the support throughout. The performances for the week were "The Fool of the Family" and "Hamlet."

In speaking of "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," the new piece by R. C. Carton, the New York Post says:—It may be described as a light, or, rather, farcical comedy, and is one of the most amusing trifles that have been seen in this neighborhood for some time. The laughter that accompanied it was almost continuous, and it was not possible to question its heartiness or spontaneity. Better entertainment for the holiday season could not reasonably be asked for, and it would not be surprising if it should run for the remainder of the winter.

It is not, however, one of those plays which demand serious treatment or prolonged description, although it is often exceedingly clever in its own frivolous way. An outline of the story, which may be given in a very few words, will furnish a sufficiently clear indication of its general nature. Lady Huntworth, the heroine, having found matrimony a hopeless failure, has, although perfectly innocent in thought and deed, permitted her drunken and brutal husband to procure a decree of divorce against her, as the quickest way of getting rid of him. Then, being penniless, she has taken a situation as cook in the family of a country parson, this being the experiment alluded to in the title. Her beauty and refinement soon play havoc with the hearts of all adjacent males, including the parson himself—a feeble, fawning, but well-meaning gentleman, in mortal dread of a severe maiden sister—his butler, and a cavalry captain pledged to marry a young lady whom he does not love and who has arranged an elopement with the curate. A fourth suitor is her secondarily husband, who wishes to resume marital relations because he has recurred information that she has inherited a fortune.

A New York vaudeville performer has an original way of accepting applause. If the audience claps him wildly he bows in the most melancholy manner; if the applause is meager, he exclaims "Desist! Desist! with a happy smile. At one time he was engaged at a music hall in the west, where the audience was loud and noisy. He started his entertainment with the usual "Ladies and Gentlemen." There was a howl of laughter from the audience which for one second unnerved the young beginner, but he quickly recovered himself and said, "Well, you'll excuse me calling you ladies' and gentlemen, won't you?" The result was a louder laugh and a sound of applause.

The following will be appreciated by theatre goers of the early days: TOO REALISTIC—At a small seaport

"By George," said the big man with the heavy, dark mustache, who had just got back from Australia, "how time flies. Just think! I used to be the smart kid who tried to scare you out when you came to see my sister. What a little runt I was in those days."

"Yes," wearily replied the one he ad-

town a star actress of the third magnitude appeared as Juliet.

"I cannot do justice to myself," she said to the manager, "if I don't have a lime-light thrown on me when I appear at the balcony."

"We ain't got no limelight, miss. But I think we could get you a ship's blue light," replied the obliging manager.

And to this the lady agreed. The lad who went to the shop to buy a blue light brought back a signal rocket, which was given to him by mistake. The prompter took the rocket in good faith.

Romeo: "He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

[Juliet appears. Prompter lights the match.]

"But, soft! What light through yonder window breaks?"

[This was the match lighting the fuse.]

"Arise, fair sun!"

The sun—or, rather, the rocket—did rise with a terrific hiss. Juliet was knocked off the balcony, the fly borders were set on fire, and the theatre was filled with sulphurous smoke, while the audience, which fortunately was a small one, made a stampede for the doors.

Since then "Romeo and Juliet" has been looked upon in that town as a work that could not be witnessed without personal danger.

An Exception. "Two wrongs never made one right, said Dinmore, who was fond of quoting adages.

"Sometimes they do," amended Fordick. "If Constant Reader, for example, feels himself aggrieved by two wrongs, he will be one to write about them to the newspapers."

Looking Backward.

"By George," said the big man with the heavy, dark mustache, who had just got back from Australia, "how time flies. Just think! I used to be the smart kid who tried to scare you out when you came to see my sister. What a little runt I was in those days."

"Yes," wearily replied the one he ad-

dress, "you were a little runt, indeed. If you had only been big and strong like you are now!"

Out of His Lane. Crawfoot—Say, if you are so all-fired good at problems, tell me how far off thunder is when you hear the first roll.

Calculator—I can't do that, sir.

Crawfoot—Yeou kain't?

Calculator—No; I'm the lightning calculator.

The general reading public have unanimously decided in favor of The Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star with the two famous premium pictures, "Christ in the Temple," and "Home from the War." It is simply head and shoulders above anything in the newspaper line. No other newspaper pretends to issue such beautiful pictures or such a paper.

"Isn't that a dream of a bonnet?" she inquired pointedly of the man at her side.

"I said," she repeated after a silence, "isn't that a dream of a bonnet?"

Again there was silence. And she inquired in a tone of reproach:

"Well, why don't you say something?"

"My dear, you seemed to enjoy it so I was afraid of waking you up."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

No, sir. I told my wife I had been with him the other night when she waited up for me. The next day she happened to meet him, and of course referred to what I had said. The blamed fool didn't have presence of mind enough to go on and pretend that he knew what she was talking about."

Two wrongs never made one right, said Dinmore, who was fond of quoting adages.

"Sometimes they do," amended Fordick. "If Constant Reader, for example, feels himself aggrieved by two wrongs, he will be one to write about them to the newspapers."

Looking Backward.

"By George," said the big man with the heavy, dark mustache, who had just got back from Australia, "how time flies. Just think! I used to be the smart kid who tried to scare you out when you came to see my sister. What a little runt I was in those days."

"Yes," wearily replied the one he ad-

MILLIONS OF WOMEN USE CUTICURA SOAP FOR THE Hands Hair AND Skin.

For beautifying the skin, for the stopping of falling hair, for softening and whitening red, rough hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, for too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for nervous weaknesses, for many sensitive antiseptic purposes, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery, it is incomparable. Sold by all Colonial Chemists. Foreign Office, Sole Proprietors, U. S. A.

The following will be appreciated by theatre goers of the early days: TOO REALISTIC—At a small seaport

"By George," said the big man with the heavy, dark mustache, who had just got back from Australia, "how time flies. Just think! I used to be the smart kid who tried to scare you out when you came to see my sister. What a little runt I was in those days."

"Yes," wearily replied the one he ad-

dress, "you were a little runt, indeed. If you had only been big and strong like you are now!"

Out of His Lane. Crawfoot—Say, if you are so all-fired good at problems, tell me how far off thunder is when you hear the first roll.

Calculator—I can't do that, sir.

Crawfoot—Yeou kain't?

Calculator—No; I'm the lightning calculator.

The general reading public have unanimously decided in favor of The Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star with the two famous premium pictures, "Christ in the Temple," and "Home from the War." It is simply head and shoulders above anything in the newspaper line. No other newspaper pretends to issue such beautiful pictures or such a paper.

"Isn't that a dream of a bonnet?" she inquired pointedly of the man at her side.

"I said," she repeated after a silence, "isn't that a dream of a bonnet?"

Again there was silence. And she inquired in a tone of reproach:

"Well, why don't you say something?"

"My dear, you seemed to enjoy it so I was afraid of waking you up."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

No, sir. I told my wife I had been with him the other night when she waited up for me. The next day she happened to meet him, and of course referred to what I had said. The blamed fool didn't have presence of mind enough to go on and pretend that he knew what she was talking about."

Pure and Fragrant The "Albert" Baby's Own Soap

Is specially recommended by many family physicians, for nursery use. Beware of imitations, some of which are dangerous and may cause skin troubles.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. MONTREAL.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH

and teach the children to do so by using CALVERT'S

CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER

6c., 1s. 1s-6d. and 1s 5s. Tins, or

CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE

6c., 1s. and 1s-6d. Pots.

They Have the Largest sale of Dentifrices.

Avoid imitations, which are numerous and unreliable.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester

News and Opinions

OF

National Importance.

The Sun

ALONE

CONTAINS BOTH:

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year

Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year

The Sunday Sun

is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year!

Address THE SUN, New York!

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, at 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B., by the Progress Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), Edward S. Carter, Editor and Manager, Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Remittances.—Persons sending remittances to this office must do so either by P. O., or Express order, or by registered letter. OTHERWISE, WE WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SAME. They should be made payable in every case to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Discontinuance.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid at the rate of five cents per copy.

All Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Letters should be addressed and drafts made payable to PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., LTD., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents in the city can have extra copies sent them if they telephone the office before six p. m.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DEC. 29.

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

PROGRESS wishes its many friends and readers a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

Each generation which has witnessed the end of a century may have felt as we feel, that its own period was the grandest in the history of the world. Succeeding ages, with the advantage of a longer perspective, have sometimes modified the verdict, as time may alter our own estimate of the century just closing. In the light of the present, however, no period of the Christian era except the first seems worthy even to be compared with the last hundred years in the richness of its fruition and the extent of its influence on human life.

The material progress of the century has been amply set forth. There is not room even to summarize it here. All the modern wonders of electricity, the railroad, the steamship, the daily paper as we know it, most of the machinery which lightens labor the discovery of anesthesia, with the miracles of surgery—these and a host of other things occur to every reader.

But it is in another direction that we must look for the real significance of the age. It lies in things moral and spiritual and intellectual, rather than in things material. It is in the feeling of pity for the suffering of animals, the growing opposition to war, the better care of the sick and the insane, the changed attitude of the state toward criminals, the growth of temperance sentiment and the more general feeling of fellowship and brotherhood between man and man. The nineteenth century might well be called the age of compassion. Therein lies its true glory.

This is the thing to keep in mind as we step forward into the new year: To remember those whose work is the noblest legacy of the age, and to strive to carry into the new century, and to intensify, the spirit with which they blessed the old.

READING ALOUD.

The season of the shortest days and the longest evenings has come, and the leisure hours which are always given so largely to outdoor recreation during the summer will now be devoted more to indoor reading.

The occasion seems a fitting one to say a word on behalf of a practise never so popular as it ought to be, and perhaps somewhat less followed now than in former times: the practise of reading aloud.

The habit, like mercy, blesses him that gives and him that takes. To read to one's self is often to be satisfied with a knowledge of words as they appear to the eye. To read aloud is to acquire also a knowledge of words as they sound. There is nothing which will so surely correct mispronunciation. Nearly every reader will recall words which he has long known by sight, but with which he has never taken the trouble to acquire a speaking acquaintance. While he reads only to himself he can slur them over or give them some makeshift pronunciation, which serves to identify them and saves the trouble of consulting the dictionary. But let him adopt the practice of reading aloud, and sooner or later some of these old verbal acquaintances will meet him face to face, to reproach him with his neglect and shame him with his ignorance of their names.

In the cultivation of the voice lies a further recommendation. The practice of reading aloud brings increased vocal power and tends to establish the habit of an agreeable inflection and a distinct enunciation. Lastly, it makes the other members of the

family partners in the pleasure and mental stimulus. It is not alone the reader who is enriched. The tired mother, busy with her mending, is borne into far, strange lands. The stirring scenes of history or fiction march before her, and while she works she is also uplifted and refreshed.

It is one of those games at which "any number can play," and in which the pleasure increases as the circle of players widens.

HEROES IN HUMBLE LIFE.

A cloister has recently been built in Aldersgate street in London, on the walls of which are to be placed memorials of the deeds of heroism of English men and women in humble life.

Four such tablets have already been erected, the inscriptions on two of them reading as follows: "Walter Pearth, and Harry Bean, fireman of the Windsor Express, on July 18, 1898, whilst being scalded and burnt, sacrificed their lives in saving the train." "MARY ROGERS, stewardess of the Stella, March 30, 1899, self-sacrificed by giving up her life-belt and voluntarily going down in the sinking ship.

Nothing can be more inspiring than this public recognition of the bravery and self sacrifice of obscure heroes and heroines. Westminster Abbey is crowded with the tombs of England's mighty dead—her great warriors on land and sea, her poets, her statesmen, her authors. Each puts forth a silent claim to have helped mankind, and pleads to be remembered by his country; but until now there has been no public recognition of these humble heroes.

Why should not Canadians follow the example of the builders of the church in Aldersgate? In almost every village church in England are tablets recording the names of men belonging to the old county families who have died in battle in India, Africa or the Crimea. Above the memorial often hangs the torn and blood stained battle flag under which they fought and died.

Why should not every Canadian village keep a record of its sons who have sacrificed their lives for their brothers, not only the soldier, but the physician, the poor engine-driver, the hospital nurse? It would be a proud story which would furnish inspiration to every boy of the village in years to come.

Sate Betting.

He was a bashful youth, and, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, when he tried to propose to the girl of his heart, his tongue glued itself to the roof of his mouth and refused to be loosened.

One day in the early autumn they talked of politics, and then of election bets. His eye suddenly brightened.

"Wh-what do you say," he stammered desperately, "to making a little bet with me?"

"I've no objection," she sweetly answered.

"Then," he went on, "let's go ahead and make a bet. If McKinley is elected you will agree to m-m marry me!" He could get no farther.

But she nobly came to his rescue. "I'll make a bet, too," she softly murmured. "If Bryan is elected you will agree to marry me."

There was a brief silence. Then a queer smile struggled across the face of the agitated youth. Another smile lighted the countenance of the happy maid.

"Why wait for the election returns?" he chuckled.

"Why, indeed?" she echoed.

And they were married the next week.

The Salt Lake of Larnaca.

In the island of Cyprus is a basin cut off from the sea, although sunk slightly below sea-level, which contains a salt lake from which a considerable harvest of salt is annually obtained in August, when the fierce summer heat dries up the water. Mr. C. V. Bellamy, who recently visited the lake called Larnaca, thinks sea water percolates through the rocks into the basin, thus supplying the salt. A single heavy rain in midsummer has sometimes sufficed to ruin the salt crop, and the Cyprians, in order to protect the valuable lake as much as possible, have constructed channels to carry off the flood water of rains from the slopes of the basin into the sea.

Her Remedy.

"Junson has developed into a confirmed kicker, but his wife can handle him every time. He kicked last night because his dinner was cold."

"What was his wife's play?"

"She made it hot for him."

Bobbs—"There is something intoxicating about money-making."

Dobbs—"I suppose you want me to ask you why, and then you'll say something the mint julep."

"King Solomon's millinery bill must have been something prodigious."

"Yes, but he died in time to miss the assalisk wrap era."

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

On The Night Patrol.

A clasp, and a clasp, and a trample of feet,
Rhub with us and eager to meet
The bracing air of the night—his night—
And the police patrol is about the street.
They are two boys that whirl through the street,
Straining the tugs with a jolting foot,
With a hoot and a cheer up and a clanging gong
As the night patrol is hurried along.

Maybe the light of a drunken gang
Awaits to welcome the bell-clang
That bounds through the night its avenging lay
And echoes its story far away.
Maybe the sign of a straggling soul,
Ebbing to Death and Life's last goal,
Despair or hunger the auctioneer's toll—
Afraid of life's battle array

Or a ghastly form in a darksome place,
Silent and still, with colorless face—
Forsaken to the galloping pace
Of the horse that carries the day.
Or a tale of a thug with a bloody knife,
Caught in his act of his murderous strife,
Is bundled into the wagon at last,
And the drama begun, the first scene past.

The night patrol on its homeward way
Feeds its rumble to coming day.
Not now do the horse with plumed feet
Dash merrily along the deserted street.
Or the feverish snarl of the "rider's" strike;
And past is the plumed and plumed light—
Forever the "suicide's" mist
That carried a soul away.

—Theodore Starns.

Touching 'Tale of the Tipper.

He tipped the porter on the train,
He tipped the waiter when he ate;
He tipped the able-bodied man
Who tossed his satchel through the gate.

He had to tip the chambermaid,
The buttoned bellboy, too, he tipped
For bringing water that was death
To thoughtless fools who wroty tipped,

He had to tip for sleeping,
He had to tip for sitting in the seat;
He had to tip to get a chance
To occupy a decent seat.

They made him tip to get the things
He paid enough for at the start,
And every tip was like a nip
Of some sharp-tongued thing at his heart.

And while he tipped they fawned on him
And stood in smiling groups about
But when his change was gone at last,
They turned and coldly tipped him out.

The Eve of Christmas.

I sit alone before the dying embers
Nay, not alone, for memory is here
With all her shadow troops of dead December,
That bring me back the dreams of every year.

And these dim, pallid visions to me clinging,
Break down the wall of the "old" memories of '08 child,
Their whispered words and silent gestures bringing
A thousand fancies, rich and varied and wild.

"We are that time of childhood" unenlightened,
Of little stockings hung with simple faith,
Of mother eyes that smiled in yours and brightened
With holy love, and every still, white wraith
Has filled your days with youth's cooing gladness.

And brought the dear old Christmas tales of yore,
And then with tender thoughts and pensive sadness
Faced gently from your life forevermore.

The last red ember crumbles into ashes;
Without the past of it, none comes to hear;
Across the east a bar of rose-light flashes,
And, lo! another Christmas tide is here.

The sleeping world to throbbing life has started,
The morning finds me wrapped in pensive mood;
The spirits of my childhood have returned,
And let my soul sit down to wrenwood.

—Ella Bentley.

Snakes.

I wouldn't live in town for all the gum
'At I could chew, nor popcorn bricks an' somas
Red lemonade besides. Why, just to think I
Recall the cold steel metal knives in my hand,
Sweet older from the fasses when yer paw
Brings home the bars for apple butter. Haw!
I'd rather be a girl 'at cries "Don't please!"
Then be a boy 'at not fight bumblebees.

I know a fellow, an' he lives in town,
An' wears his shoes in summertime, an' down
Here when he comes he dancet take 'em on o' f
Because his saw says he'll ketch whoopin' cough
Or stub his toes. He don't know much, I bet,
'Bout tumble buses ner tickles; worse yet,
'Bout horsety—fretted ticks an' overcoats,
A-lookin' fer a fellow—guess I know.

Besides, he's 'frad o' snakes—but he ain't seen
As many as Sam and me. Course I don't mean
Big bore constrictors, like the ones you see
All pictured out in my geographies.
Ner dragons, with their wings an' forked tails
An' red-hot teeth and shining fiery scales.
I kin' guess I'd run if I should see
One scootin' down the road there arter me.

But snakes—just snakes—I ain't afraid o' none
'Cept rattlesnakes or copperheads or one
Our hired man says he's feller boss 'em on o' f
All pictured out in my geographies.
Up my backbone to think of that! It takes
A lot of things to scare me. Common ticks
'Can't do it. But, of course, you don't ketch me
A-lookin' fer 'em often—no sir-ree!

—Edward M. Wilson.

Winter Sunshine.

What mock is this of summertime,
Toat bu like August's melting deeps
Broods softly where earth's still heart sleeps
Beside cold meadows white and wide?

From out gray skies this wind should blow,
That chills the soul within my breast;
Yet radiance clear is in the west,
And shadows lie across the snow.

It is no mock—this Sky, this Sun,
But promise of the hastening day,
When down the waiting woodland ways
The waking thrill of spring shall run!

Weed Fires.

Now every little garden holds a haze
That tells of longer nights and shorter days.
Handfuls of weeds and outcast garden folk
Yield up their lives and pass away in smoke.
The leaves of dandelions, deeply notched,
Burn with the thistle's purple plumes, unwatched
Of any eyes that loved them yesterday.
They light a million flare, and pass away.

The small fires whimper softly as they burn,
They murmur at the hand that will not turn
Back on the dial and bring to them again
June's tu-quoise skies and April's diamond rain.
'Alas! the weeds are crying as they smoulder,
'We are grown wiser with our growing older;
We know what summer is—but, ah, we buy
Knowledge too dear; we know because we die.'

Japanese Paper Plants.

It is said that the introduction of European methods of manufacture threatens to destroy the distinctive qualities of Japanese paper. It is a wood or bark paper, made from several plants, having no English names, which are cultivated for the purpose. In Japan its varieties are numerous and its uses innumerable. It serves for window lights, and for light partitions between rooms. Brilliantly colored lanterns are made of it, and umbrellas are covered with it. It is used for printing bank-notes. Oiled, it makes waterproof garments, and covered with paste it forms tapestries. When varnished it can be made to imitate Cordovan leather. Handkerchiefs, cords and pressed articles resembling papier-mache are among the things formed from this most useful paper.

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

FREDDY'S PRESENT.

The Kind, Wanted was for the House and not for Him.

The following short story will excite various emotions. Some readers will laugh at it; others will be indignant; and every boy that reads it will be glad his name is not Freddy Keedick.

"I think I shall have to get a Christmas present for little Freddy Keedick," said Mrs. Dillingham to her husband one evening early in December.

"Don't you think you have enough little nephews and nieces to provide for in that way?" asked Mr. Dillingham.

"We have enough, that's true, but Mrs. Keedick was so very kind when Nellie was sick in the summer, that I feel somewhat under obligation to her."

"Then I would get Freddy a Christmas present by all means. What do you suppose would be suitable?"

"I have not been able to make up my mind as to that. What do you think?"

"Oh, don't ask me!"

"I have an idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Dillingham. "I'll make a call on Mrs. Keedick this afternoon, and try to find out what sort of a present would be acceptable to Freddy."

In pursuance of this resolve, Mrs. Dillingham was shown into Mrs. Keedick's parlor on the afternoon of the next day and after a few preliminary exchanges of opinion on unimportant matters, the conversation was led around to Christmas by the caller.

"I suppose Freddy receives quite a number of gifts each Christmas," said she.

"Oh yes," replied Mrs. Keedick. "He has a few really the presents we appreciate the most are those his papa and I give him."

"That is because you know what pleases him best," said Mrs. Dillingham.

"Yes, that's it. I haven't much patience with the toys that his Uncle Henry and Aunt Polly bring."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I prefer something useful! Now that French clock on the mantel there has given me more satisfaction than any other present Freddy has ever received at Christmas."

"Was that a Christmas present to Freddy?" asked Mrs. Dillingham in surprise.

Yes, we needed a clock in this room, and I told Mr. Keedick that as we had to get Freddy a Christmas present we might as well buy him a clock.

"Does Freddy like it?"

"Well, he doesn't exactly go into raptures over it, but I find it very useful indeed. Then Freddy has plenty of trash given to him at Christmas, so that it really doesn't matter. Then I like him to have useful things, you know. That writing-desk there was another Christmas present to Freddy."

"But that is a lady's writing-desk."

"I know it is. You see I had decided that he ought to have a writing-desk because it would be so useful, but when I went to buy it, I could not find a desk suitable for a small boy. However, I saw that lovely lady's desk for sale at a bargain, and I thought it would be useful to lose the opportunity of getting it for Freddy, as I had gone out for the very purpose of buying him a desk."

"I see," replied Mrs. Dillingham.

"Then those lovely vases in the parlor, which you have admired so often, are also some of Freddy's Christmas presents. The way we happened to get them was this; Mr. Keedick could not think of anything useful to buy for Freddy last Christmas, and I happened to think of those vases, which I had seen at such a very reasonable price in a store down-town. The parlor was so bare of ornaments that we needed them very badly, and so I went straight out and bought them for Freddy."

Mrs. Dillingham rose to go, and as Mrs. Keedick followed her caller to the door, she continued to explain how much more sensible it was to give children useful presents rather than gimcracks, which are broken in a week or two.

Mrs. Dillingham went home, and surprised her husband with the announcement that she had decided to give Freddy Keedick a handsome sofa pillow for Christmas.

acter and intelligence. He writes from Melbourne.

While walking with a lady friend along Studley Park Road, Kew (a suburb of Melbourne), on a very quiet afternoon some time ago, we were surprised by a large St. Bernard dog, which came up to us and deliberately pawed my leg several times.

Our perplexity at this extraordinary behavior was perhaps not unminged with a little misgiving, for he was an animal of formidable size and strength; but as he gave evident signs of satisfaction at our noticing him, and proceeded to trot on in front,—at intervals looking round to make sure we were following,—we became interested.

When we had followed him about forty yards, he stopped before a door in a high garden wall, and looking round anxiously to see that we were noticing, reached up his paw in the direction of the latch.

As stretching forth my hand to unfasten the door his pleasure was exhibited in a most unmistakable manner; but when he saw me try in vain to open it, he became quiet, and looked at me with an expression so manifestly anxious that I could no more have left the poor animal thus than I could have left a helpless little child in a similar position.

With eager attention and ex expectancy he listened while I knocked, and when at last some one was heard coming down the garden path, he bounded about with every sign of unlimited joy.

Now here was one of the so-called "brutes," which, failing to get in at a certain door, cast about for a way out of the difficulty, and seeing us some distance down the road (we were the only persons in sight at the time), came to us, attracted our attention, took us to the door and told us he wanted it opened.

We agreed that the animal had shown a play of emotion and intelligence comparable to that of a human being; and, indeed, we felt so much akin to the noble creature that we have both, since then, been very loath to class dogs as 'inferior animals.'

Electric Shoes.

A lineman on an electric road, who had received a slight shock, described it as follows: "I felt as if I had swelled up and burst." An experienced electrician, writing in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, gives his sensations more fully.

The sensation of an ordinary severe shock is familiar to the majority of people and is not especially peculiar, but a knock out dose of the current is something entirely different.

I was splicing a connection in a powerhouse and mistook an arc-light feeder, which had sagged down, for a dead wire. I had a pair of pliers in my left hand, and attempted to push it out of the way with them. So much I remember perfectly.

Then all of a sudden I had a most extraordinary sensation. I felt as if my blood were expanding and swelling every vein in my body to the last pitch of tension.

The great arteries in my neck seemed to stretch until they were as big around as ship cables, and were suffocating me with their pressure; and I had the same bursting feeling in my eyeballs, my tongue, my nostrils, and even the roots of my hair.

All this came over me with terrific swiftness, but it was nothing like a stroke of lightning or the twinkling of an eye. On the contrary, several seconds seemed to elapse, and the feeling was so entirely different from what I had always imagined it would be that it never entered my mind that I had been shocked by a high power current.

Then, as nearly as I can describe it, my overstrained tissues appeared to give way, something exploded in my brain like a hundred-ton gun, and everything became black. Almost immediately, or so I could have sworn, I opened my eyes and found myself on the floor, fully conscious, but very weak.

As a matter of fact I had been hurled a dozen feet. What I imagined had consumed at least a tenth of a second, and I had been unconscious fully two hours.

My experience simply shows what we have often observed in dreams, that under abnormal conditions the brain loses all conception of time. I am pretty positive from questioning a number of people, that everybody who survives a shock from a current over a certain voltage has an experience very similar to my own.

AL BAKING POWDER PURE MORE DELICIOUS AND WHOLESOME

acter and intelligence. He writes from Melbourne.

While walking with a lady friend along Studley Park Road, Kew (a suburb of Melbourne), on a very quiet afternoon some time ago, we were surprised by a large St. Bernard dog, which came up to us and deliberately pawed my leg several times.

Our perplexity at his extraordinary behavior was perhaps not unshared with a little misgiving, for he was an animal of formidable size and strength; but as he gave evident signs of satisfaction at our noticing him, and proceeded to trot on in front, at intervals looking round to make sure we were following,—we became interested.

When we had followed him about forty yards, he stopped before a door in a high garden wall, and looking round anxiously to see that we were watching, reached up his paw in the direction of the latch.

On stretching forth my hand to unfasten the door his pleasure was exhibited in a most unmistakable manner; but when he saw me try in vain to open it, he became quiet, and looked at me with an expression so manifestly anxious that I could no more have left the poor animal than I could have left a helpless little child in a similar position.

With eager attention and expectancy he listened while I knocked, and when at last some one was heard coming down the garden path, he bounded about with every sign of unlimited joy.

Now here was one of the so-called "brutes," which, failing to get in at a certain door, cast about for a way out of the difficulty, and seeing us some distance down the road (we were the only persons in sight at the time), came to us, attracted our attention, took us to the door and told us he wanted it opened.

We agreed that the animal had shown a play of emotion and intelligence comparable to that of a human being; and, indeed, we felt so much akin to the noble creature that we have both, since then, been very loath to class dogs as "inferior animals."

Electric Shoes. A lineman on an electric road, who had received a slight shock, described it as follows: "I felt as if I had swelled up and burst." An experienced electrician, writing in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, gives his sensations more fully.

The sensation of an ordinary severe shock is familiar to the majority of people and is not especially peculiar, but a knock out dose of the current is something entirely different.

I was springing a connection in a powerhouse and mistook an arc-light feeder, which had sagged down, for a dead wire. I had a pair of pliers in my left hand, and attempted to push it out of the way with them. So much I remember perfectly.

Then all of a sudden I had a most extraordinary sensation. I felt as if my blood were expanding and swelling every vein in my body to the last pitch of tension.

The great arteries in my neck seemed to stretch until they were as big around as stretch cables, and were suffocating me with their pressure; and I had the same bursting feeling in my eyeballs, my tongue, my nostrils, and even the roots of my hair.

All this came over me with terrific swiftness, but it was nothing like a stroke of lightning or the twinkling of an eye. On the contrary, several seconds seemed to elapse, and the feeling was so entirely different from what I had always imagined it would be that it never entered my mind that I had been shocked by a high power current.

Then, as nearly as I can describe it, my overstrained tissues appeared to give way, something exploded in my brain like a hundred-ton gun, and everything became black. Almost immediately, or so I could have sworn, I opened my eyes and found myself on the floor, fully conscious, but very weak.

As a matter of fact I had been hurled a dozen feet. What I imagined had consumed at least a tenth of a second, and I had been unconscious fully two hours.

My experience simply shows what we have often observed in dreams, that under abnormal conditions the brain loses all conception of time. I am pretty positive from questioning a number of people, that everybody who survives a shock from a current over a certain voltage has an experience very similar to my own.



So far the Christmas season has not been marked by any notable social function. To the majority of people the intervening week of Christmas and New Year's is a time of happy reunion, when the boys and girls are home from school and college, when the grown up members of the family take a well earned rest from their various occupations and duties and when the quiet, evening and pleasant chats seem to lighten the bond of affection between father, mother, brother and sister.

But the young people do not always look upon the quiet evenings with such contentment as do their elders and it is most fitting that after the dull monotony of the months of school work that some entertainment should be forth coming. As St. John mothers are usually very indulgent in this respect no doubt many pleasant little parties and teas will be arranged during the remaining days of "holiday time."

Christmas day passed off quietly enough. The different churches throughout the city were well attended and special Christmas music rendered by the respective choirs. At the cathedral the music was of the usual high order and the church was crowded at every service.

The Monday evening skating club had its first meeting of the season at the Queens rink on Wednesday evening. All the members were present and a delightful evening was spent. Coffee and light refreshments were served by several club ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. Steeves of Fredericton accompanied by their three children arrived in the city on Saturday last and are visiting Mrs. Steeves' parents Mr. and Mrs. Chief Clarke.

Miss Annie Phair who has been spending some time in the city returned to her home in Fredericton on Saturday last.

Miss Desbrisay of Petit Roche and her father Mr. S. Desbrisay were in the city during the early part of the week and while here were guests at the Dufferin.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Robertson and little daughter spent Christmas in Fredericton with Mrs. Robertson's mother, Mrs. McKee. Mrs. Robertson will remain with her relatives for a few weeks.

A pleasant afternoon tea was given yesterday by Mrs. George F. Smith at her residence on Union street. A large number of invitations had been issued and the spacious parlors were soon filled with the friends of the hostess and her charming daughters. The affair was for the purpose of formally introducing Miss Annie Smith. The very pretty debutante was becomingly gowned in white. Miss Constance and Leslie Smith and several young friends assisted in the tea and in pouring tea and otherwise dispensing hospitality.

Just now a much talked of event in social circles, is the coming marriage of Miss Louise Holden, daughter of Dr. Holden with Mr. Phillips Robinson manager of the Newcastle bank of Nova Scotia. The ceremony, it is understood will be performed in Trinity church early in the new year, probably during the second week in January. Miss Holden is very popular among the young people of the city and is receiving the good wishes of her hosts and friends. Mr. Robinson is at present in the city and is being overwhelmed with congratulations.

Mrs. Malcolm B. King and infant son, of Chipman who have been visiting Mrs. E. B. Carter for the past two weeks left by the C.P.R. on Thursday en route to Cranbrook, B. C., where Mr. King is now located. Miss Yorks of this city accompanied Mrs. King and will spend a year at the Pacific coast.

Miss Ethel Ogden of Backville is visiting friends in the city. Miss Brown of the St. John Business college staff is spending her Christmas vacation at her home in St. George. Before leaving Miss Brown was presented by the students in attendance at the college with a handsome and useful Christmas gift, an address signed by all the students accompanied the gift.

Mrs. Edge of Toronto arrived in the city last week and is being entertained by her daughter, Mrs. Sherwood Skinner.

Mrs. Thomas Walker of Princess street has been entertaining quite a house party during the past week. Her daughter, Mrs. Lord, and her son, Mr. Dacre Walker coming from Boston to spend Christmas with their parents; Mr. F. Walker came from Toronto to participate in the Yuletide cheer. Miss Thomas of Fenby, Mass., is also the guest of Mrs. Walker. Mr. Dacre Walker returned to Boston on Wednesday, but the others are still in the city.

Mrs. G. Morgan and Miss L. Macee of Brooklyn are in the city visiting Mrs. Ruddock, Exmouth street.

Mrs. G. Fenby and Miss Fenby of Fredericton spent Christmas in the city, guests of Mrs. E. S. Carter.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ratter have returned from a short visit to the capital. While there they were the guests of Prof. and Mrs. Brittain.

Mr. Fred Schwartz of Moncton, Bross and Mr. E. J. Fleetwood of the Ames Holden Co. went to Moncton on Saturday last and remained with their relatives in that city until Wednesday.

Miss Violet Palmer of Yarmouth, is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Smith of Moncton, spent Monday and Tuesday in the city, returning to her home on Wednesday morning.

Mr. C. A. Steeves and Miss Steeves of Moncton, spent Christmas day here. They were the guests of their relatives.

Lady Tilley and Mr. L. P. D. Tilley, went to St. Andrews on Saturday where they spent Christmas with friends, returning home on Wednesday.

Prof. Layton of Newcastle, was here during the early part of the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Curry of Halifax, spent Christmas in the city, guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ames Robertson. They returned home on Wednesday.

Miss Florence Hunter came home from Boston last week and intends remaining here for the winter.

Mr. D. O'Keefe of the Montreal Gazette, is spending the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. P. J. O'Keefe of the West end.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred McNichol came down from Boston last week and are spending the holidays with relatives in the North End.

Mrs. Joseph Gleason of Montreal is paying a visit to her mother-in-law Mrs. F. Gleason, Richmond street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lewis of Halifax spent Christmas in the city with Mrs. Lewis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Lynch of Paradise row.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Burpee of Moncton passed through here on Monday. They were going to Moncton to spend part of the holidays with friends.

Miss Gertrude McDonald is receiving the congratulations of her many friends on her recent appointment as special court stenographer.

Mr. Samuel Kerr the well known principal and proprietor of the St. John Business college was quietly married at Canning, N. S., on Christmas day to Miss Julia McDonald of that place. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr are now enjoying a short trip through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and will be in the city before the reopening of the college.

Wednesday was a gala day at the Alms House when the one hundred and forty inmates of the institution were given their annual Christmas treat. It was a day long to be remembered by both old and young. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen interested in the institution drove out from the city. They were received by Superintendent and Mrs. Woods and conducted to the large hall, where the inmates had already assembled and where a very large and heavily laden Christmas tree seemed to be the centre of attraction. After a short musical programme, consisting chiefly of patriotic songs, the tree was stripped of its useful and pretty articles and both children and grown folks were rendered happy by the presentation of the little gifts. Short speeches were made by several gentlemen present and superintendent and Mrs. Woods complimented on the excellent condition of the institution and on the very neat and bright appearance of the children.

The progress of the school was dwelt upon at length by Mr. W. B. Carter who spoke in glowing terms of the improvement of the children and the efficiency of their teacher, Miss Moran. After a thorough inspection of the building and grounds the guests of the day were driven to the city, all thoroughly satisfied with the workings of this great public institution and feeling, no doubt, the better for the pleasure which they had in a measure bestowed on the poor and unfortunate. Among those who drove out from the city were, Rev. W. O. and Mrs. Raymond, Rev. Stanley and Mrs. Hunter, Mayor Daniel, Mrs. Daniel, Aid. McDoldrick, Mrs. McDoldrick, Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mrs. E. C. Elkin, Mr. Skinner, Miss Beatrice Skinner, Mrs. Susan Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Barber, Miss Moran, Miss Burdett, Miss McInerney, Miss Duval, Miss Jeanne McKelvey, Mr. Collins, Miss Collins, Mr. Knowdell, Mrs. Knowdell, Dr. Mary McLeod, Mr. W. S. and Mrs. Carter, Mr. W. C. R. and Mrs. Allan.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Tilley are spending a few days in St. John, guests of Mrs. D. Chipman. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smalley spent Christmas in St. Stephen with Mrs. Smalley's parents Mr. and Mrs. McVay.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Stevens were in town early in the week. They returned to their home in St. Stephen on Wednesday.

Miss Etile Armstrong of St. Andrews is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Wade also of St. Andrews is spending a few days here.

Mrs. M. Power, formerly of this city but now of Boston, is spending a short vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Steary, Harrison street. She returns to Boston on Monday next.

Mr. H. C. Shotton went to Annapolis on Saturday last, returning on Wednesday.

Mrs. C. Smith of Boston is in the city for the holidays. She is staying with her mother, Mrs. C. Gleason, Germain street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Chapman intended spending Christmas with relatives at Port Eggle, but on account of the small-pox scare were obliged to abandon their proposed trip.

Misses Annabelle Brennan, Bella Reid and Alice Mahoney, who have been attending the Provincial Normal School, came down from the capital on Thursday last and are enjoying their vacation in the city.

Mr. Andrew K. Dyrant has returned from a pleasant trip to Kent county.

Miss Josephine Dean is home for the holidays. During the past term she has been a student at the Sacred Heart Convent at Halifax.

Mr. Thomas Lunney came home from McGill University on Saturday last, and is spending his vacation with his parents on Union street.

Miss Helen Sinclair of Newcastle, who has been studying in Boston for the past year, was in the city on Monday. She was en route to her home where she intends remaining for a few weeks.

Mr. W. V. Brophy of Woodstock is in the city visiting his parents.

Miss Helen McAvaney, who has been studying at the Sacred Heart Convent at Halifax, came home on Thursday last and is spending her vacation with her father Dr. McAvenny, Charlotte street.

Mr. James Leslie Grant to Newcastle on Saturday last, and enjoyed part of the holidays with old friends and relatives in that town.

On Christmas morning the residence of Mr. Geo. T. Black was the scene of an interesting event, when his niece, Miss Flora Falkingham was united in marriage with Mr. Wm. Spong. The nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. David Log of the Victoria street Baptist church. The bride, who was unattended, was becomingly gowned in blue-gray cloth with hat to match. After the ceremony hearty congratulations were extended. A dainty breakfast was served and the happy couple took the noon train for a short wedding trip. On their return they will reside on Victoria street. Both young people are well known in the North end and have the best wishes of their friends for a long and happy married life.

ST. ANDREWS.

Dec. 27.—Miss Eliza Smith is spending her Christmas holidays in St. John.

Miss Etile Armstrong is in St. John for the Christmas tide.

Mr. John Nesbitt, of Boston, spent Christmas in St. Andrews.

J. W. Richardson, barrister, of St. Stephen, spent his Christmas holidays in St. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Worrell, of Fairville, were in town for Christmas.

Miss Annie Richardson has resigned from the St. Andrews school staff in order to take up educational work in the United States.

Dr. H. T. Armstrong, of Baltimore, Md., is visiting his family in St. Andrews.

Mr. T. E. Wasebeck, of Shanghai, China, is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Gove.

Miss Marguerite Parker, pupil at Edgell, Windsor, spent Christmas in St. Andrews.

Miss Wade went to St. John on Wednesday. She will remain for a few days.

Frank Dow ate his Christmas turkey at Watt Junction.

Mr. John Campbell, of Moncton, was in St. Andrews for Christmas.

Mrs. Wm. Johnson, of Wawaig, went to Gerham, N. H., to spend Christmas with her relatives.

The annual reunion of the Wade family took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Wade, Miss Wade, Mr. and Mrs. Cougle, the Misses Cougle, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. F. Wade, of St. John, and Dr. and Mrs. Wade, of St. Andrews, were present. Miss May Hest, who has had charge of the school at Roxton District, is home for Christmas.

ST. STEPHEN AND CAVALS.

Dec. 27.—Miss Addie McKennie is recovering from her illness and will soon be restored to health. Lady Tilley, Mrs. William DeWolfe and Leonard Tilley, are at the "Cedars," guests of Madam Chipman.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Tilley of St. John, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Chipman.

Miss Dora Boudreau who is a student at Wellesey college, is home for the holidays.

Miss Florence Bradley has returned from Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rankine Brown of Woodstock, are guests of Judge Stevens.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gibbs of Cambridge and their children, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. King.

Franklin Eaton, son of W. L. Eaton, has gone to Washington, D. C., to become a pupil in a private school in that city.

Miss Constance Chipman and Arthur Chipman have arrived home from their respective schools for the Xmas holidays.

Will Kinnear has returned from Wolfville, Nova Scotia, where he attends school.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trimble have returned from Bangor.

Rev. O. S. Newham and family spent Christmas in Milltown, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Descoe.

Mrs. Robert W. Jobbar has returned from Eastport. Thomas Irvine and Mrs. Thompson left yesterday for Arizona where they will visit J. Watson's ranch and Mr. Irvine will look after some mining interests.

Miss Katherine Grant is slowly recovering from her injuries sustained by a fall.

Dr. and Mrs. Byrne are in Sussex spending the week with relatives.

Mrs. A. A. L. has been helping to sell Christmas goods at the store of G. S. Wall during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Dooe of St. John are spending Christmas in town.

Miss Etile Cummings has been assisting in the store of Saunders & Co. in Calais.

Miss Bessie Main was most cordially welcomed by all her friends on her return from Vancouver, B. C. last week where she has spent the past six months with her sister, Mrs. Harry Mowat.

Miss Cole Craig and George Manser have returned from Fredericton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wadsworth of Eastport have recently been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Eaton.

Mrs. Irving Hubbard has returned to her home in Washington, D. C. after a pleasant visit in Calais.

Mrs. D. G. Smith left on Friday last for her home in Chatham after a visit of several weeks in town.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Young and Miss Vera Young arrived home on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Annie Todd arrived from Portland last week, Miss Todd is a pupil in Miss Agnes Lowell's school in that city.

Mrs. Hanson and Miss Carter have gone to their respective homes to spend Christmas.

John Black, Don Grimmer and Norman Mungall, who attend school at Rothesay, are home for a short holiday.

Mrs. Harry Wellington has returned to her home in Houlton.

Castor Bates is home from Waterville, Me., where he is a student at the Coburn classical institute.

Prof. J. W. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson of Waterville are in Calais to spend the Christmas holidays.

Miss Grace Delmeest has returned from Backville where she is a pupil at Mount Allison college.

Miss Gunning who is one of the staff of teachers at the ladies' college, Halifax is at home for the Christmas season.

Miss Marion Rockwood is home from Houlton for Christmas week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Owen and their son of Portland, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. Crilly.

Miss Addie Calder, who has been teaching school at Canterbury, was in town this week en route to her home at Fair Haven to spend Christmas.

Miss Etie DeWolfe spent Christmas with Rev. Harry DeWolfe at Fenby, Mass.

Dr. F. Maxwell arrived from Sydney C. B. to spend Christmas with his family.

Mrs. Waterbury, accompanied by Miss Etile Cunningham, is in town.

Continued on EIGHTH PAGE.

Unbranded, Made, Re-covered, Registered, Brand, 17 Waterloo.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. BROOK ST. MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. Largest Costumiers & Mantlemen in the World. Model 256. Model 1492. Patterns of any desired material, and the latest Illustrated Fashion Lists sent Post Free. SPECIAL values in Ladies and Childrens Costumes, Jackets, Capes, Underclothing, Millinery, Waterproofs, Dress Goods, Houselinens, Lace Curtains, and General Drapery.

WHITE'S For Sale by all First-Class Dealers in Confectionery. Caramel Snowflakes. Don't take inferior goods; the best do not cost any more than inferior goods.

There is entire satisfaction in the result of work done with Brainerd & Armstrong Asiatic Dyed Silks. Three hundred and seventy-six shades insure just the color-tone you want. Brilliant, lasting colors, insure the beauty of your work as long as the fabric lasts. Patent Holders (on no other make) insure convenience in using, no waste, can't soil or tangle. Send three holder tags or a one cent stamp for our "BLUE BOOK" explains exactly how to embroider 50 different patterns. THE CORTICELLI SILK CO., 81 HATHAY STREET, ST. JOHN'S, N. S.

When You Want a Real Tonic 'ST. AGUSTINE' ask for (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGETOWN, Sept. 21, 1899.

E. G. SCOVIL,—"Having used both we think the St. Agustine's preferable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES]

E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street. Buetouche Bar Oysters.

Pulp Wood Wanted. Received this day, 10 Barrels No. 1 Buetouche Bar Oysters, the first of the Spring catch. At 19 and 23 King Square. J. D. TURNER.

"STRONGEST AND BEST."—Health. FRY'S Pure Concentrated COCCA. Gold Medal, Paris, 1889. 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas. Purchasers should ask specially for FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCCA to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

FOR ADVERTISERS: COURT NEWS, FIVE FIFTH AND BOWEN STREETS.



HALIFAX NEWS.

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

Dec. 27.—An excellent patriotic concert in aid of the proposed monument to our Canadian heroes who fell in South Africa, was given last week in the Academy of Music hall.

Mr. Whiston and his staff of teachers gave the students in his college a very enjoyable social last evening before breaking up for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Brown have returned to their home in Halifax from Newport, where they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm Brown.

Miss E. Gardner of Pine Hill has gone to Boston where she will visit for some weeks.

Mrs. Hastings Freeman of Shelburne and her little daughter, made a short visit at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. deBlais, Bridgetown, this week.

Rev. Richard Smith of this city, is seriously ill. Mr. C. W. Morrison of Wallace is in the city.

Miss E. Gordon, J. C. Mackie, Miss Townsend, J. A. McIvor, Miss Sullivan and Miss T. Sullivan left this week for Boston, where they will spend the holidays.

Miss Brooks is spending the Christmas vacation in New York.

Christ church, at Dartmouth, was the scene of a very fashionable event on Friday last when Mr. G. Fred Pearson, barrister of this city was united in marriage with Miss Ethel Miller, daughter of Supervisor G. J. Miller of Dartmouth.

There was a small dinner at the Halifax hotel Thursday evening, given to Messrs. Murray, Bennett, Ewing, Rone and other returned volunteers, by some of their friends.

The wedding of Miss Connie Fairbanks and Mr. Harry Fiers has been set for early in the New Year.

Mrs. Liddell has returned from New York and is at the Queen hotel.

St. George's Tennis Club has decided to hold its dance during the early part of January.

Dr. Chisholm North end who has been seriously ill and confined to his house for some weeks, is very much improved and has gone to Middleton to recruit.

Miss Miller, principal of Alexandra school left to day for New York, where she will spend the holidays with her nieces, Mrs. W. Clarke and Miss Schullie.

Bishop Courtney has gone to New York to spend Xmas with his two sons. Mrs. Courtney and Miss Courtney are spending the winter in the south of France.

Colonel and Mrs. Wilkinson have moved to the Lorne House, where they will spend the winter.

A most enjoyable tea was that given by Mrs. Smith, Brenton street, on Tuesday afternoon, as a farewell to Miss Blanche and Mr. Everett King, of the Valentine Stock company.

Mrs. J. T. Twining has returned from a pleasant five weeks' stay with friends in Boston.

Miss Jean Blanchard, of Truro, is spending the winter in Dartmouth with Mrs. H. D. Creighton.

Rev. Lawrence Amor, Middleton, intends taking a trip to Bermuda early in January.

Mrs. J. J. Jagger, Parroboro, spent Wednesday in town with her sister, Miss Birney.

Rev. Mr. Weathers, who has been in poor health for some time, is ill at his home in Summerville.

Mr. F. W. Lake, now of Chelsea, Mass., paid a short visit to his parents in Summerville recently.

Miss Mather and Miss Marston have returned from Mount Allison to spend their vacation.

YARMOUTH. Dec. 26.—A wedding of interest to Yarmouth people took place at Boston recently, when Miss Kate Estelle Harris of that place was united in marriage to Mr. Murray V. Beveridge of this town.

The St. Ambrose Dramatic club are arranging an entertainment to be given in the near future in aid of the victims of the Monticello disaster.

Mr. Fred Barton, medical student at Dalhousie, passed through Yarmouth Thursday last, on his way to spend the holidays at his home in Public Head.

Mr. Ross Blackadar, of Hebron, is home from Dalhousie College.

Mr. Oscar Kilian is home for the holidays.

Miss Jessie Crosby went to Boston Wednesday.

Mr. Bert Perry and Miss Mamie Perry returned from Boston Wednesday.

Miss Pheasant has returned from a trip to Boston.

Mr. Walter Burrill is home from Boston.

Miss Emma Churchill left this week on her way to Pencoche, where she will spend the winter months with her brother who is in business there.

Miss Jean Gierston is spending the Xmas holidays in Kentville.

Mr. Kenneth Webster was a passenger from Boston Saturday last.

Mrs. R. H. Ford and daughter Mabelle have returned from Boston.

Mr. William Butler arrived from Boston Saturday morning. He returns this week taking his family with him.

Miss Marion Cameron is home from Truro.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Simonsen left for Colorado Saturday.

Mr. Rupert Jeffery arrived from Worcester Saturday to spend Christmas at his home.

Messrs. Bradford Richards and Samuel Crowell are home from McGill.

Dr. Hugh Hatfield is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Hatfield.

Miss Violet Palmer went to St. John, and Miss Beattie Palmer to Boston Saturday.

Miss Annie Clements has gone to Boston for a visit.

Miss May Baker has returned from a visit with friends in Windsor.

Miss Jeanette Cann is home from Dalhousie college.

Miss Jane Allen, Mabel Kilham and Victoria Davis, who are attending Mount Allison are home for the holidays.

Mr. Claude Sanderson is spending the holidays at home.

Mount Allison Ladies' college, returned home this week for her Christmas vacation.

Miss A. Louise Jagger, daughter of Bishop Jagger, who has his summer residence at South's Cove has been elected a member of the N. S. Institute of Science.

Dec 26.—Miss Emma Davis, intends leaving for Boston shortly after Christmas to accept a lucrative position.

Dr. Bliss and two sons left on Thursday to spend the holiday season partly in Bangor, Maine, with his sister Mrs. Dr. Hennessey and in Lynn, with his brother Donald and son Gerald.

Rev. A. J. Crosswell was in Halifax this week for a few days.

Mrs. MacKinnon, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Alder Davis for some time, left for Wolfville last week where she is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. J. Elliot Smith.

Miss Nellie Palmer of Dorchester was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Douglas for a few days.

Mrs. Tall, of Horton who is spending the holidays with her parents Mr. and Mrs. B. Palmer, Dorchester, spent a few days in town with her friends the Misses Pipes, Victoria St.

Miss Elida Moffat is at home from a long visit in Fort Williams, Toronto, Montreal, and many of the Canadian cities as well as American.

Mr. Short of Halifax, spent a few days in town last week.

Our young people are returning from their several institutions of learning for the holiday season.

Miss Grace Dickey, from Edgell; Messrs. Geo. Stone and Theodore DeBlais, Collegiate school, Windsor; Miss Mary E. Smith, Netherwood, Roxbury, N. B.; Kenneth Townshend, Trinity Collegiate School, Port Hope, Ont; Miss Vera Robb, Ladies College, Halifax; Miss M. MacKinnon, W. Pugsley, L. A. Rhodes, and McCrease; Eric Curry, Commercial College, Victor Curry, Military College, Kingston, Ont.

Dec 26.—Mr. and Mrs. A. Foster, Simonds, were guests at the Victoria last week.

Miss Faye Chamber is home from Sackville, to spend her Christmas holidays.

Rev. F. S. Todd, Brunswick, Maine, has been visiting his parents here, Rev. Thos and Mrs. Todd.

Miss May Porter of Fredericton was called to Woodstock by the illness of her sister Mrs. John Atherton.

Rev. A. LePage, after spending a pleasant week with his son and daughter here, left on Tuesday to return to his home at Bectonche.

Miss Stella Dalving has recovered from her recent illness.

Miss Laura Gillis of Medford Hospital, Mass was summoned home last week, by the serious illness of her mother, Miss W. Gillis of Lakesville.

Mrs. S. Arcott, Benton, was in town on Wednesday.

Mr. Michael Welch of Bristol was in town Wednesday. Her daughter, Miss Clara, who had been attending the Grammar school here, went home Wednesday for the holidays.

Mrs. Jack Townsend is confined to her home by illness.

Miss Estella Curless of Grand Falls, who has been visiting in town has returned home.

Miss Higley of Mount Allison, Sackville, is visiting here, the guest of the Misses Denison.

Miss Ethel Marston and Kenneth Connell returned, Monday night, from Mount Allison Academy, Sackville, to spend the Christmas holidays at home.

Mrs. John Atherton, who has been ill is in town.

Mr. and Mrs. George Shea, Houlton, were in town Sunday.

Silenced Him.

The other day a clothier made up his mind to have his shop ceiling repaired and accordingly engaged the services of a local painter who some years before had done the very same job.

"I see you've had it papered since I did it."

"Common Sense"

Is the motto of the modern woman. The thick soled shoe and the rainy day skirt are witnesses to the wise application of the motto in matters of dress.

But there is no common sense in neglecting womanly diseases or in experimenting with other medicines when it is a matter of common knowledge that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well.

It establishes regularity, dries enfeebled nerves, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

It is not common sense to seek medical advice of those who are not physicians when Dr. Pierce, not only a doctor, but a specialist in the treatment and cure of diseases of women, offers a consultation by letter free. Write to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I had falling of internal organs and had to go to bed every month; had irregular monthly periods which would sometimes last ten or twelve days," writes Mrs. L. Holmes, of Coaling Street, Uniontown, Penna. "Had also indigestion so bad that I could not eat anything hardy. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me. I took three bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one of the 'Golden Medical Discovery'."

For 31 one-cent stamps to pay expense of customs and mailing only you can get free a paper covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The book contains 1008 pages. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Silver Plate that Wears."

You Know These Goods

They are the same brand as your grandparents bought, 50 years ago, and are stamped "1847 Rogers Bros."



We have the Knives, Forks and Spoons as well as many Berry Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Ladies, etc.

Public Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED, having been appointed by the Common Council of the City of St. John a committee of the said Council for conducting the sale of the Fisheries on the eastern side of the Bay, River and Harbor of St. John, and the Fisheries on the western side of the harbor in the city of St. John, for the ensuing year, pursuant to law, hereby give notice that the Fishery lots along the east side of the Bay, River and Harbor, and all the Fisheries heretofore enjoyed and possessed by the inhabitants of the said City of St. John, and the Fishery lots for the western side of the Harbor, will be sold by Public Auction, on TUESDAY, the FIRST DAY OF JANUARY NEXT, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the City Court Room (so called), in the Court House, in the City of St. John, for the fishing season of the ensuing year, to end on the 15th day of August next.

Dated the 15th day of December, 1900.

WALTER W. WHITE, ALEX. W. MACRAE, JOHN McMURKIN, ROBERT MAXWELL, T. ROBINSON, JOHN B. BAXTER, ENOCH E. COLWELL, JOHN McGOULDRICK.

NOTICE.

Referring to several articles in your paper and others of your City in reference to a recent meeting of the representatives of this Company with your Mayor and Board of Trade, we desire to state that Mr. Matthew Lodge, "Promoter" and formerly a clerk in the Gas and Water Department of Moncton, N. B., has no authority and is not in any way connected with this Company as an Agent, Stockholder, Promoter, or authorized to negotiate its affairs.

Mr. Lodge's efforts with your city officials, in the matter of a proposed furnace site for the manufacture of ferro-manganese from ores mined on the various properties owned by this Company in the Province of New Brunswick will not be considered or recognized by The Mineral Products Co.

RUSSELL P. HOYT, Manager.

Moncton, N. B., Dec. 11, 1900.

BRANDIES!

Landing ex "Corean."

Quarts or Pints

THOS. L. BOURKE

25 WATER STREET.

Victoria Skating Rink.

ESTABLISHED 1884. 1900 SEASON 1900

The Victoria Rink's Own Band.

CHRISTMAS DAY, Morning, Afternoon and Evening.

THE VICTORIA RINK'S OWN FINE BAND in attendance every Tuesday and Thursday Evenings and Saturday Afternoon.

BIGGER, BRIGHTER and BETTER than ever. Season tickets may now be procured at the office of the rink at the following rates:

Gentlemen..... \$5.00 Ladies..... 3.00 Children under 14 years of age..... 2.00 Family tickets, admitting two..... 7.00 Each additional..... 1.00

B. J. ARMSTRONG, Manager

Eugene Field's Poems A \$7.00 Book.

THE Book of the century, a d-somely illustrated by thirty-two of the world's greatest Artists.

But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists, this book could not have been manufactured for less than \$7.00.

The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood.

EUGENE FIELD MONUMENT SOUVENIR FUND, (Also at Book Store.) 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you wish to send postage, enclose 10 cents.

Scribner's FOR 1900

INCLUDES

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

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

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles.

HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

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

SHORT STORIES by

Thomas Nelson Page, Henry James, Henry van Dyke, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Edith Wharton, Octave Thanet, Wilham Allen White.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Paris Exposition.

FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD" FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

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

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

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

Illustrated Proseoctus sent free to any address.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.

Mothers

o have not yet used that Eng- Home Dye of high quality, yields soap, can save time, neat and patience, by discarding the old-fashioned powder and buying Maypole. Quick, brilliant, fadeless. It washes dyes at the same time.

laypole Soap Dyes

FOR ARTISTS.

WINSOR & NEWTON'S OIL COLORS, WATER COLORS, CANVAS, etc., etc., etc.

Manufacturing Artists, Colormen to Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

FOR SALE AT ALL ART STORES. A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL Wholesale Agents for Canada.

Use Perfection Tooth Powder.

For Sale at all Druggists.

Latest styles of Wedding invitations and announcements printed in any quantities and at moderate prices. Will be sent to any address.

Progress Job Print.

WOLFVILLE.

Dec 24.—Acacia Villa School, Hortonville, closed for the Christmas holidays on Tuesday, and the boys are now away enjoying their vacation. The closing was celebrated by a grand dinner in which the students and a number of invited guests participated.

Mr. Harold Kempton is home from Washington, U. S., for Christmas.

Mr. Herbert Johnson is spending a few weeks in Boston and vicinity.

Mrs. K. E. Bishop left on Wednesday last on a visit to Massachusetts for a few weeks.

Mrs. J. E. Armstrong left on Wednesday for Pencoche, Florida, where she will spend the winter.

Mr. F. R. Wallace has returned from Paradise, N. B., where he was visiting friends for a few days.

We understand that Rev. W. H. Langille, now stationed at Grand Pre, has received a call from the Brunswick street church, Halifax.

Mr. J. H. Bishop who has been spending the summer and autumn here, left on Wednesday for Boston, where he will remain during the winter.

Mr. William Harris, who has been in Boston for some months, returned home on Wednesday to spend the holidays. He is engaged in a large ship brokerage establishment.

Mr. Charles Murphy of this place, left on Wednesday morning on a trip to Florida. Mr. Murphy has a brother at Pencoche whom he will visit. He will be gone some weeks.

Mrs. Redden and little daughter left on Wednesday for California. The patrons of Mrs. Redden's school presented her with a purse before her departure.

Mr. Charles Rounsell arrived home from Colorado on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Shaw have the sympathy of the community in the loss of their bright little three year old son, whose death occurred yesterday after a very brief illness.

DIGBY.

Dec. 27.—Miss Lizzie Lewis of Freeport is spending the week in town.

Mrs. A. E. Fairweather is slowly improving in health.

WINDSOR.

Dec 25.—Miss Lena McNamara of the Central telephone office, Kentville, was in town visiting her sister last week.

Mrs. James Smiley and children are spending the winter at the home of Mr. Douglas Spence, St. Croix.

Miss Baker, who has been visiting at Mrs. Harry Murphy's, returned to her home in Yarmouth last Saturday.

The many friends of Mr. T. A. Mosher will be pleased to know that he has recovered from his serious illness and is able to be out again.

Rev. J. J. Teasdale, who has been staying at Digby during the past year regaining his health, is about to take up his abode at Fredericton, where he has purchased a residence.

Mr. A. P. Shand, President of the Commercial Bank of Windsor, has been confined to his home for several days with a severe cold. He expects to be out again in a short time.

Mr. John Graham, formerly of Windsor, now of Boston, left Saturday for the hub. Mr. Graham has been in Windsor for a few weeks resting, while recovering from an injury to his back received in the autumn at Boston, which partially incapacitated him for work.

Miss Maxwell returned to Halifax today.

Mrs. Covey, Halifax, is visiting at Mrs. Cochrane's, Gerrish street.

Mr. John Burgess, Cheverie, was in town Wednesday.

Capt. W. Beason, Mount Denson, is home for the winter.

Victoria Skating Rink.

ESTABLISHED 1864. 1900 SEASON 1900. The Victoria Rink's Own Band. CHRISTMAS DAY, Morning, Afternoon and Evening. THE VICTORIA RINK'S OWN FINE BAND in attendance every Tuesday and Thursday Evenings and Saturday Afternoon.

Eugene Field's Poem's A Book. \$7.00. Given Free to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Fund.

THE VICTORIA RINK'S OWN FINE BAND in attendance every Tuesday and Thursday Evenings and Saturday Afternoon. Season tickets may now be procured at the office of the rink at the following rates:

Scribner's FOR 1900

INCLUDES J. M. BARRIE'S "Tommy and Grizel" (serial). THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S "Oliver Cromwell" (serial). RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S fiction and special articles. HENRY NORMAN'S The Russia of To-day.

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

SPECIAL ARTICLES The Paris Exposition. FREDERICK IRLAND'S articles on sport and exploration.

"HARVARD FIFTY YEARS AGO," by Senator Hoar.

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

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

Special illustrative schemes (in color and in black and white) by WALTER APPLETON CLARK, E. C. PELKETTO, HENRY MOCARTER, DWIGHT L. BELMENDORF and others.

Illustrated Proseoctus sent free to any address. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, New York.



At the TOP of the TREE. Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa "Strongest and Best." 200 Gold Medals and Diplomas.

chester, spent Christmas in Moncton, the former the guest of Mr and Mrs J W Y Smith, the latter the guest of Dr. Chandler. Mr W C McAnn of Kalo, B C., paid a flying visit to his home in Petticoat last week and returned west on Monday.

Mr and Mrs F P Weston leave for Montreal on Wednesday of this week. Mr Donald McLean left for Campbellton on Saturday. He will spend the Christmas holidays there.

Mr Bert Wiley is home from McGill University, for the Xmas holidays. Miss Harvey is spending the Xmas holidays with her sister Mrs Wilton at Kingston, Ont. Prof and Mrs Palmer of Sackville are spending the holidays here with Mrs Palmer's mother, Mrs Vandine.

Dec. 24.—Miss Maud Crisp is home from the Ladies' College, Sackville, for the holidays. Mrs. Law Wright, of Salisbury, and family, are in the city to spend the Christmas holidays.

Mr Jos. A. Kilam, who has been confined to his home for the past few weeks, is able to be out again. Miss Benedict, who has been the guest of Mr and Mrs J O Mackenzie, returned to Moncton last night, yesterday afternoon.

Dr. Murray Cowie, a former Moncton boy, now of the State of Michigan, is in the city on a visit. Miss Hazel Taylor of Dorchester, and Miss Sadie Borden of Sackville, are spending the holidays in the city with their parents.

Mr and Mrs Amos, of Goring left on Saturday morning via C P R for Boston, to spend the Xmas holidays, where they will be absent about one week. Father Michaud, of Buctouche, was in the city this week.

Miss Lynde, of Hopewell Cape, is visiting friends in the city. Judge and Mrs Landry of Dorchester, were in the city this week. Mr and Mrs J C Stewart have gone to Montreal to spend the Xmas holidays.

Mr and Mrs H A Price of Montreal are in the city. Mr and Mrs G N Palmer spent Christmas in Sussex. Mr and Mrs W F Hicks are spending a week at Fredericton. Aid. Gross and Mrs Gross are spending a few days at Hopewell Hill.

Street Car Accident.

My eleven year old boy had his foot badly injured by being run over by a car on the Street Railway. We at once commenced bathing the foot with Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil, when the discoloration and swelling was removed, and in nine days he could use his foot. We always keep a bottle in the house ready for emergency.

You need to say, suggested her dearest friend, that he was one in a thousand. I still think so, answered the girl whose engagement had been broken, but I have discovered that he is not the only one in a thousand.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Hickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail.

For INFLAMMATION OF THE EYE.—Among the many good qualities which Farmacia's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eye. It is called with many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerves centres and the blood in a comparatively active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

For DROVE FLEAS AWAY.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are the result. You know the blood purifier. Farmacia's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

Successful Farmer (whose son has been to college)—'What was all that howlin' you was doin' out in th' grove?' Cultured Son—I was merely showing Miss Brighteyes what a college yell is like.

Farmer—Wall, I swan! Colleges is some good after all. I'm goin' to town to sell some truck tomorrow. You kin go along an' do th' callin'!

IF YOU CATCH COLD.

Many things may happen when you catch cold, but the thing that usually happens first is a cough. An inflammation starts up in the bronchial tubes or in the throat, and discharge of mucus from the head constantly threatens this. Then the very contraction of the throat muscles in the act of coughing helps to irritate so that the more you cough the more you have to cough. It is, of course, beyond question that in many cases the irritation started in this way results in lung troubles that are called by serious names. It is this irritated bronchial tube that the germ of consumption finds lodgment and breeds.

Great numbers of people disregard cough at first, and pay the penalty of neglect. Cough never did any one any good. It should be dispensed with promptly. Adams' Bronchial Cough Balm is a well known remedy, and it is the surest and quickest cough cure known to-day. It does not deceive by drugging the throat. It soothes the irritated parts and heals them, then the cough stops of its own accord. The action of this medicine is so simple that it seems like nature's own provision for curing a cough. Every druggist has it. Be sure to get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinnaman & Co." blown in the bottle.

As the boy was being led to the woodshed, he was much moved by the loud lamentations of his father. 'Father,' he said, with a quivering voice 'this is going to hurt me more than it is going to hurt you!' Of course this was not true. It was one of those noble lies which love prompts mankind to tell.

Advertisement for CALVERT'S CARBONIC SOAPS. ARE SUPPLIED IN VARIOUS QUALITIES FOR ALL PURPOSES. Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient. Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you. F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

FARM HELP.

ANYONE IN NEED OF FARM HELP should apply to Hon. A. T. Dunn at St. John, as a number of young men who have lately arrived from Great Britain are seeking employment. Applicants should give class of help wanted and any particulars with regard to kind of work, wages given, period of employment to right man, etc.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS. Advertisements under this heading not more than five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five insertions for every additional line.

THE SUBSCRIBER having decided not to go to the restaurant business again will be as cook in either a hotel or restaurant. Best of references furnished. DAVID MITCHELL.

HUSTLING YOUNG MAN can make \$60.00 per month and expenses, per month \$1.00 per share. Dickson, head money. Regular price \$1.00. Address "C" Box 146 Minneapolis, Minnesota.

FOR SALE U. S. Gold & Copper Mining Company (Sultan Basin, Wash.) 100 per share. Dickson, head money. Regular price \$1.00. Address "C" Box 146 Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

STATEMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING AUGUST 11, 1900.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Income, \$ 68,890,077 21; Disbursements, 38,697,480 68; Assets, 304,844,637 62; Policy Reserves, 261,711,988 61; Guarantee Fund or Surplus, 50,132,648 91; Insurance and Annuities in Force, 1,062,665,211 64; Loans on Policies During the Year, 4,374,636 86.

J. A. JOHNSON, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland

ROBERT MARSHALL, Cashier and Agent, St. John, N. B. M. McDADE, Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. SCAMMELL, Agent, St. John, N. B. JOHN ADAMS DIXON, Agent, St. John, N. B.

Job... Printing. Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order? Consult Us for Prices. Progress Job Printing Department. 29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

CAFE ROYAL. BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - - St. John, N. B. WM. CLARK, Proprietor.

THE DUFFERIN. This popular Hotel is now open for the reception of guests. The situation of the House, facing as it does on the beautiful King Square, makes it a most desirable place for Visitors and Business Men.

Victoria Hotel, 51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N.B. Electric Passenger Elevator and all Modern Improvements. D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Waterbury and Will Waterbury, went to St. Andrews on Tuesday and spent Christmas day with Mr and Mrs G Durell Grimmer.

Mr and Mrs Arthur Smalley of St. John spent Christmas day in town with Mr and Mrs Jos McVay.

Miss Julia Hill has returned home after an extended visit with relatives in Nova Scotia.

Guy Marchie has arrived home from Boston for a short visit.

Miss Mary Whitney entertained a number of her young friends at a Christmas tree on Monday evening.

Frank Langsen of Boston is spending a brief vacation with his parents in Calais.

Mrs Dr Sweeney of Boston, formerly Miss Lou O'Connor, is visiting Mrs Arthur Bradley and receiving a cordial reception from her many friends.

Miss Gretchen Vroom, Miss Helen Boder, Miss Bessie McKenzie, who are pupils at the Ladies' college, Halifax, arrived home last week.

Hon B A McKeown of St. John spent Christmas with Mr and Mrs Geo J Clarke.

Mr and Mrs Beverley Stevens spent Christmas with relatives in St. John.

Clifford McWhay came down from St. John to spend Christmas with his parents.

Miss Alice Turbank and Miss Winifred Vose returned home from Washington and New York on Wednesday of last week.

Mr and Mrs C F Beard are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, born Dec. 26.

ST. GEORGE.

Dec. 26.—This is the week for Christmas trees, Sunday school entertainments and treats. The Baptist school gave a very successful concert and tree in Conitt hall on Christmas evening. The Methodists are to have theirs this (Wednesday) evening.

Mr Bert Gillmor, Mr Louis Baldwin, Mr Gordon Milne, Miss Jennie McIntyre, Miss Eva McIntyre, Miss Ella MacVicar, Mr William Johnston and Mr Charles Johnston are home for the Christmas holidays.

Mr William Yeasey, Miss Wilson, and Miss Scullin left Saturday morning for St. Stephen.

Miss Ethel O'Brien is visiting her parents, Mr and Mrs Edward O'Brien.

Mrs William Mersereau, Eastport, is spending the Xmas holidays with her parents, Mr and Mrs Alex Milne.

Miss Mary Russell is spending a few days in St. John.

Sheriff Stuart drove from St. Andrews today and returns on Friday.

MAX.

CHATHAM.

Miss Mae Muirhead, who has been taking a course in elocution at Boston, arrived home Saturday.

Miss Lenore Benson, who has graduated from the St. John Hospital, arrived home last week and is now receiving the congratulations of her many friends.

Mr Charles Archibald, teller of the Bank of Nova Scotia, has gone to Halifax to spend Xmas with his parents.

Rev. D. Henderson of St. Andrew's church, since his arrival in Chatham several years ago, has ceased not to receive strong assurances of his work being much appreciated by his church. Last Monday evening the trustees of St. Andrew's waited upon him at the Manse and presented him with a beautiful enameled marble clock as a Christmas gift.

Mr Jack Fatten is home from Bathurst for a few days.

Is the Lost Pleiad Found?

One of the most beautiful legends relating to the stars is that of "the lost Pleiad." It would appear that in ancient times ordinary eyes saw distinctly seven stars in the group of the Pleiades, although now only six are thus visible. The lost Pleiad has been a subject not only for poets, but for astronomers, who have frequently discussed the question whether such a star ever really existed. Recently the question has been revived, and the English astronomer, Mr. W. T. Lynn, after declaring that there can scarcely be a doubt that in former times seven stars were clearly visible in the Pleiades, quotes approvingly the suggestion of Professor Pickering that the faint star known as Pleione is the lost Pleiad. This opinion is based on the peculiar appearance of the spectrum of Pleione, which indicates that it may be an irregularly variable star.

Cloud Photography.

The photographing of clouds has recently become a recognized branch of practical meteorology. It also affords beautiful pictures for the collections of amateur photographers. The French astronomer, Monsieur Antoniadi, of the Juvisi observatory, who has had much experience in cloud photography, says that all kinds of cameras, large and small, mounted and unmounted, can be employed for the purpose; but considerable practice is required to determine the proper time of exposure. In order to quench the blue of the sky and bring out the contrast between the clouds and their background, yellow screens, preferably composed of thin cells containing a chemical solution, are employed. Exposures vary from a small fraction up to one third of a second.

Not Second Sight.

In happenings that savor of the supernatural, there is often less rather than more than is 'dream' of in our philosophy.

In the English county of Wiltshire there lived a woman whose deceased husband had been a pig dealer. After his death it was her habit to remark to chance visitors, without looking out the window:

"That's a nice lot of young pigs, those."

"Where?" the person present was sure to ask.

"Comin' down the road," was the invari-

"Experience is the Best Teacher."

"The experience of millions has demonstrated that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the perfect remedy for all troubles of the blood, stomach, nerves, bowels, liver and kidneys, and that it imparts strength, vigor and vitality. Every testimonial is the voice of experience to you.

Dyspepsia—"Hood's Sarsaparilla is a grand medicine. It has cured me of dyspepsia. My blood was so poor that in the hottest weather I felt cold. This great medicine enriched my blood and made me feel warm." Mrs. James Malysa, 222 Pinnacle St., Belleville, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

able reply. "They're in a cart, and what's more there's a fine fat sow among 'em."

And it would not be long before a cart would appear, and in it a litter of pigs, and among them the sow which the woman had perceived at such a distance up the road. One day a visitor who saw in this exhibition an evidence of second sight, exclaimed:

"How do you do it? It is simply wonderful!"

"Taint no miracle," was the modest reply. "I've just got my ear trained to pigs—that's all."

His One Idea.

The amusing story of the German artist, Adolf Menzel, and his model, told in a recent number of the Youth's Companion, recalls another anecdote of that remarkable man's alertness in seizing every opportunity for sketching and studying from nature. The story went the rounds of Berlin art circles, and whether true or not it serves at least to illustrate the repute in which Menzel is held among his students as an indefatigable worker and confidant.

The habit of study has become so much a part of his nature that even today, despite his eighty five years, which seem to have brought no abatement of his powers, he may be seen at any time of day or night in the streets and cafes of Berlin, gathering material for future pictures.

Some years ago Menzel had consented to act as mentor for a group of young artists, and having posed their model one morning, as was his custom, he left them to their work. The model, it seems, was new to the profession and unequal to the strain of remaining immovable in one position, and so promptly fainted.

While the young men were making futile attempts at resuscitation, one of their number ran excitedly to the master's studio informed him what had happened and asked what to do.

"Do!" exclaimed the Herr Professor. "The best thing you can do is to sketch it. You may never have another such opportunity."

College Window-Breaking.

The latent savagery and boyishness of the college student a century ago found expression in ways and acts unknown, even unthought of, in colleges of today. Mrs. E. Berkeley, in writing of her son's life at St. Andrews University, hints at one of the rough customs of that period.

On entering the university, Mr. Berkeley was called upon by a college officer, who asked him to deposit a pound to pay for the windows he might break.

"But I never broke any windows," objected the young man. "Why should I do so here?"

"You will do it at St. Andrews," was the reply; and the pound was given perforce. At the end of the term several students cried, "Now for the windows! Come, it is time to set off."

Mr. Berkeley then for the first time found out why his pound had been demanded. He was asked to join the crowd of boys, and very naturally asked what was to be done.

"Why, break every window in the college!"

"For what reason?"

"For no reason that we know of, save that the boys always do it at the close of every term. It's merry sport!"

Mr. Berkeley declined to participate in such sport, and being of pleasing yet dignified mien, he was listened to. "I never did such a thing at Eton, even when I had more wine than was good for me, and I should be ashamed to be guilty of such a wretched piece of folly as a young man."

He spoke so sensibly on the subject that most of his fellow students were dissuaded from the window-breaking revel, and from that year, 1780, the practise was discontinued.

No dye is sold in more shades, or finer ones, than Magnetic Dyes. Price 10 cents for any color.



Watches. Clocks.

Sterling Silver and Plated Ware. Opera and Eye Glasses. Walking Canes. Cameras, Photo Frames. Bronze Ornaments. Gold Pens and Pencils.

And an endless variety of the most FASHIONABLE and RELIABLE GOODS suitable for

HOLIDAY GIFTS.

to be found in the city and offered at very low prices to cash customers.

W. Tremaine Gard,
48 KING ST. Goldsmith and Jeweller

EMILY GEIGER'S RIDE.

The Deed of an American Girl During the Revolutionary War.

On the firing-line woman may be worse than an insignificant unit, but it she cannot shoot straight she can and frequently does ride as straight as a man, and show a man's resource in emergency. As a natural result each war has its collection of state and natural heroines. Emily Geiger was South Carolina's heroine of the Revolution, and her claims to respect and remembrance are set below.

In the spring of 1781 Gen. Nathaniel Greene attempted to capture the most important post in upper Carolina, but being advised of Lord Rawdon's rapid approach with a large British force he withdrew across the Saluda River and was pursued by Rawdon to the Enoree River.

Rawdon's forces were reported divided, and Green considered it imperative to communicate with General Sumter, who was stationed on the Wateree River, so that, united, the two might make an attack on the British general.

General Sumter was over a hundred miles away, with many rivers and forests intervening. More formidable than these were the British soldiers guarding every road leading to the south, and the Tory inhabitants of the country between the two patriot forces. There was some difficulty in finding a man willing to undertake the mission, but a girl of eighteen came to General Greene and offered her services.

She was Emily, daughter of John Geiger an ardent patriot who was cripple and unable to bear arms, and she begged an opportunity to do something for her country. She was a good horsewoman, and knew the roads for many miles.

General Greene hesitated to send this defenceless girl on so perilous a journey, but finally her insistence prevailed. He gave her a written message to Sumter, which she memorized before beginning her journey.

On the evening of the second day, after she had crossed the Saluda River and was approaching the broad Congaree near Columbia, three of Rawdon's scouts appeared in the road in front. As she came from the direction of the enemy and gave evasive answers, Emily was taken into Lord Rawdon's presence. He was suspicious and sent for two Tory women living three miles distant to search the prisoner.

During the few minutes that she was left alone Emily tore up and swallowed the paper on which General Greene's despatch was written, and her secret was safe, although every seam of every garment was ripped open by the women searchers.

When Lord Rawdon permitted her to continue her way, he furnished her an escort to the house of a friend several miles distant, and there a fresh horse was given her by the patriot.

Setting out again as soon as it was prudent, Emily continued her ride through swamp and forest, where the darkness was intense, until daylight, when with the exception of the time lost at British headquarters, she had been twenty four hours in the saddle.

At three o'clock on the afternoon of the third day the girl rode into Sumter's camp, and although almost fainting from fatigue and hunger delivered clearly the message from General Greene. It is said that in one hour Sumter was ready to march, and soon after joined General Greene. In consequence of this union of the American

forces Rawdon was compelled to retreat to Orangeburg, and later, despairing of success, he sailed for Europe.

Two weeks after her ride Emily Geiger returned home. General Greene presented her with a pair of earrings and a brooch that are still in existence, as is a beautiful silk shawl presented to her by General Lafayette on the occasion of his last visit to this country.

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.
The Great Giant Ma, a Little Fun on His Own Account With Bootblacks.

"Sometimes," said the old circus man, "the greatest of all giants would have a little fun on his own account; mebbe with the bootblacks. I don't suppose that anything ever teased a bootblack, probably he'd offer to black the boots of a man tall as a church steeple and with shoes as big as the meeting house it one came his way; but anyhow the bootblacks used to offer to black the giant's shoes when the great man took his walk through the town, just as they would offer to black any man's."

Sometimes the giant would look down on the boy and then at his own shoes, and then back up against the sidewalk of some building somewhere, where there was room, and no awnings in the way, and get his shoes blacked. The giant always considered it a sort of a joke on the boys to accept their offer, but the boys never appeared to be put out by it; on the contrary, they were always ready, as they would have been, as I said, if he had been twice as big. And it was more fun than you could shake a stick as to see the way they went at it, and the giant enjoyed this as much as anybody.

"Of course no one box would support the giant's foot unless he balanced it on it very carefully, and the boy that got the job always, invariably called in other boys—all the bootblacks in that town were sure to be right around there, and I've often seen five bootblacking boxes under one of the giant's feet at one time, and five boys at work on that one shoe. They'd get the giant to raise that foot and then they'd put four boxes under the sole and one by itself under the heel. And then they'd get at it. The boy with the heel box would say down that end and black the heel and the rear end of the shoe. The boys, one on each side, with the two boxes under the sole nearest the shank of the shoe would work on the sides of the shoe from the shank up, and the two boys with the boxes at the forward end, one of these always being the boy that had struck the job, would bang away on the upper.

"With so many of 'em at it, at once they'd make a fairly quick job of it, notwithstanding the size of the giant's shoes, and when they'd got through the four boys that had been called in would shoulder their kits and step away unconcerned as could be, and the boy that had got the job would shoulder his kit and wait for his pay. Three cents was the price of a shine in those days—this was before the war—and I don't doubt the boy would have taken three cents for this job and never said boo. But there was not anything mean or small about the giant. He didn't give the boy three cents and pass on nor three cents to bother him a little, and then give him a quarter; but he just hand him down five passes to the show one for each boy.

"Of course he couldn't have done anything that would give the boys more pleasure. And the whole business was a great experience for them. They got passes to the show, and they got them from the giant; and they were easily the star bootblacks in the town, for they had just successfully completed the greatest job in their line that anybody had ever heard of. It was fun all this, for the great giant, but I don't believe any of us could complete, if we tried, the deep down joy it gave the bootblacks."

A Successful Experiment.

A successful experiment in the use of single lines for simultaneous telegraphing and telephoning is reported from Berlin. The system is employed by the fire brigade of the city. Each fire cart is provided with a portable telephone apparatus which can be attached to the alarm pillars in various parts of the city, and operated with the same wires employed for telegraphing. Experience has shown that the switching in of the telephone in no way influences the telegraph service. Driving simultaneous telegraphing and telephoning a slight knocking is perceptible in the telephone, but the noise is not sufficient to destroy the audibility of the messages.

Neck Bands Replaced.

Hosiery darned, repairs made all free, why do you go elsewhere with your laundry, when we do the best work and do so many things free. Try us now, Ungar's Laundry, Dyeing and carpet cleaning work. Telephone 58.



The Dainty White Things

that are washed with SURPRISE Soap—a little Surprise Soap and still less labor—are not only clean but uninjured.

You want the maximum wear out of your clothes. Don't have them ruined by poor soap—use pure soap.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

NEW MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

W. S. HARKINS

—Players, with—

MISS

JESSIE BONSTELLE

Next Monday—
for the eighth.

Under Two Flags

The Remainder
of the week.

One of Our Girls

Night Prices, 25 35 50c.
Movies Tomorrow 25c.
Seats on sale at A. C. Smith's Charlotte Street.

New Year Gifts.

are much appreciated.
Don't fail to see the display at
Allan's White Pharmacy

Everything during this week at a special 10 per cent discount
Ebony goods, Plate Toilet Mirrors, Thermometers, Dressing Cases, Perfumes, and Toilet Requisites of every description. Call and see my display.

Remember the Store.

ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY.

W. C. Rudman Allan,
87 CHARLOTTE STREET.Telephone 239.
Mail orders promptly filled. 12-4

It's All Right!

There's nothing wrong with any part of our laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—but-ton holes are left intact when we do your work.

Where shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214.

AMERICAN LAUNDRY,

98, 100, 102 Charlotte St.
BODSOE BROS., Proprietors.
Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyes," Montreal.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1900.

Romance of the Railroad.

A veteran civil engineer remarked the other day that his profession had been rather neglected in stories of the winning of the West. Much has been said of trappers, sports, Indian fighters and cowboys but very little of the engineer. Yet he was and is in the very forefront of progress, not only in the West, but also in Central and South America, South Africa, India, China and wherever else civilization is advancing.

'Often the camp life of the engineer was rough enough, heaven knows,' said the veteran. 'I remember on one of the great railroads of the Far West at one time the locating party at the front was in charge of a man who had lived in camp, slept on the ground, used tin cups and tin plates, for twenty-five years. Naturally he had lost sight of a great many of the amenities of civilized life. To him was sent a young man just graduated from a large Eastern college who has since risen to a very high position, but who, at that time, still retained the customs of the effete East. Meeting the captain at the breakfast table the morning after his arrival the young fellow said, "Good morning, captain," and the captain, gruffly replied, "G'mornin'." The second morning the same thing occurred, and when the reply was gruff. But when the third day came, bringing the same polite salutation, the captain could stand it no longer, but bellowed out: "Look here, young fellow, what the blank do I care if it is a good mornin'?"

'I have been out in the Wyoming hills in the dead of winter, with the mercury 34 degrees below zero, and when we ate our lunch out of the line, we had to build a sage-hound ear and then eat the solidly frozen food. But it tasted good despite the unpalatable flavor. Yet at camp we were not very uncomfortable. A tent is about the hottest place on earth when the sun is baked around it a foot or so deep, thus preventing ventilation. At this same camp we had alkali water that was entirely undrinkable; all our water was prepared by melting snow, of which there was no lack.

'This alkali water, by the way, was one of the hardest propositions we had in the opening of the west. At one point on the line of the Southern Pacific we had to have water hauled forty-four miles. In a temperature which was often 110 degrees at midnight you can imagine what kind of water it was by the time it arrived. You could make water chains of it, it seemed so valuable.

'It was on this survey, by the way, that one of the men, a Chinaman, stopped peering about 2 P. M. and was dead at 6. He was laid out that night as decently as possible and buried in the sand in the morning and a holiday was declared. The party set around all the forenoon looking very grimly by the middle of the afternoon a few of the most cheerful started a little game of cards, in the evening card playing and singing became general and the next morning on the way out to work some one said, looking over the crowd: "Well, I wonder which one of you will give me the next holiday?" Nor was this remark so heartless as it sounds. It was prompted by the desecrated spirit that opened the West. Only a man capable of saying such a thing would have laid the blazing sun and burning sands of the Colorado desert in southern California in July.

'As a general thing, except in the swamps, the health of an engineering party is good. They get plenty of exercise, and a very pleasant and painful one in the winter, is snow blindness. It is temporary, to be sure, but it is frightful to bear. One of the favorite precautions against it is to blacken the face with a piece of burnt cork. It is a grotesque spectacle to see what is apparently a company of huge ministers engaged in laying out curves on a location. Still more grotesque, though, is what was a sight I saw one day when a heavy snowfall in Utah. Five of the men were snow blind, and I went around the line to see what could be done for them. They were all the same. They had their eyes closed and their hands to their faces. The

five men were huddled close around the stove, on which each had placed his pot of castor oil; tea leaves, a cracker poultice or whatever else he believed in, and they were squabbling like so many Kilkenny cats over the contents of the kettles; what place each should have on the stove; the merits of each remedy, and besides were quarrelling on general principles.

'Singing in camp is a great boon to men shut away for a time from the world, and many enjoyable choruses I have listened to. Strangely enough, solos are not popular. One young level-headed fellow had a beautiful voice, and was fond of using it. One night he had been rather monopolizing things, and wound up by warbling "Then You'll Remember Me." He sang it well, very well. But a certain old veteran, a dry old chap, who did not like the young man, quietly rolled over finally and remarked: "Say, Jim, them's beautiful words. What a durned shame they never was set to music!" The criticism was absolutely crushing.

'That same teamster was quite a character. He was well to do, and did not have to work, but as he could not read or write and did not drink, he had very few resources to make the time pass, so he followed the only "He" which suited him. He had a young daughter whom he idolized, and whom he had placed at an expensive girls' school. She wrote to him every week and each Sunday he procured the assistance of one of the party to write the reply. This went on for quite a while, until one Sunday his amanuensis was impelled by the evil spirit to couch the entire letter in sonorous polysyllables. When it was complete he read it over to the old man with some trepidation. As the reading progressed it was seen that he had made no mistake. When he was about half through the old man was thoroughly enthusiastic and could hold out no longer. Slapping his thigh, he almost shouted: "That's right, young fellow! Give her blank I Blank, blank her, she's educated!"

'Out on the Nebraska prairies thirty years ago it was customary to dig rifle pits and to take turns at standing guard. It was all an Indian country then, and we all went out to work carrying rifles with us. One whole party of twenty-four men was never heard of after reaching the Republican River. The Indians of that region were the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and whom no tribe was fiercer or more warlike, save perhaps the detested Apaches.

'And to be snowed in up in the mountains; to be in doubt whether your supplies will reach you in time; to work in snow four feet deep, and in water to your arm pits; to ford streams so rapid that your feet are carried from under you; to make your way along cliffs where no one but eagles have preceded you; to wade through noisome swamps; to fight snakes, tarantulas, scorpions, gila monsters, mosquitoes, and bees, black flies—these make up the reverse side of the shield, and are experiences lovely only in retrospect.

'When it comes to construction, all depends on what kind of a residence you get. If the work is heavy, with rock work, bridges, retaining walls, &c., you are fortunate, for the work must be slow; but if it is flat field work in the open country you will have to hustle for all you're worth to keep out of the way of your contractors. There were plenty of contractors on the great plains of the West in early days, whose forces were large enough to build a mile of light work in a day, and that with the old-fashioned slusher scraper. In these days of wheel scrapers and grading machines the hustle is still greater, for it you happen to have two or three outfits of this capacity they will keep you on the jump for the first little while.

'Much, too, depends on the character of your contractors. Nowadays very little trouble, except on purely technical points, is experienced in this regard, but the time was in the west and south when it took an engineer's nerve, at times, to enforce his specifications. There have been a good many instances of fist fighting, much revolver and Winchester work, and not a few murders committed on this score in

the wild and woolly west.

'One of the pleasant episodes of an engineer's experience is to locate a line in a well-settled and wealthy farming country, where all hands are anxious for the road to be built. Then, indeed, he is in clover, nothing is too good for him.

EXPERTS AS TO A BOY'S AGE.

Doctor and a Barber Disagree as to the Court Sides With the Barber.

A youth clad in the shabbiest garments imaginable, but wearing a one karat diamond ring, furnished a problem in the criminal court that required the wit and ingenuity of experts to solve. It was necessary to ascertain the lad's age and before a satisfactory estimate was made several attorneys, a barber, a veterinary surgeon and a judge had passed judgement unsuccessfully. The boy is known to the police as "Doc" Silcote. He was before Judge Baker on the charge of having stolen 284 pounds of bullion from a freight car on a Union Pacific sidetrack near the smelter.

When arraigned, Silcote entered a plea of not guilty. His attorney informed the court that he desired to withdraw the plea and admit his guilt. If he were of legal age, as alleged in the complaint, the admission of guilt would send him to the penitentiary; otherwise he would escape with the reform school.

'Doctor, come here,' commanded the court. 'How old are you?'

'I never knew,' replied the lad. 'It's going to be hard work to tell this boy's age,' observed the Court. 'Do any of the complainants know anything about him?'

Detective Vizard of the Union Pacific Railroad company attempted to prove that Silcote has been stealing so long he must be more than 16, but the court would not accept deductions for evidence. One of the attorneys then jokingly made a remark that was taken seriously.

'There is a man skilled in horsecraft,' he said pointing to a veterinary surgeon among the spectators.

'Bring him up,' instructed the Judge, 'and let's see if he can give us a clue.'

The veterinary expressed the opinion that Silcote is more than 16 as he had several teeth youngsters do not enumerate among their molars.

As a precedent for expert testimony had been established, an attorney for the defense asked leave to call a barber from the crowd to express an expert opinion on Silcote's beard. The barber thought he must be younger than 16.

The court ruled finally that Silcote is under legal age and cannot be sent to the penitentiary. He will be sentenced to a term in the reform school.

Exciting Chase.

A young man had taken his wheel, in making a journey of several hundred miles to inspect some Western land. In the course of his trip he crossed a large prairie field, broken in the middle by a high transverse ridge. Says Rev. C. T. Brady, who tells the story:

When he had climbed the ridge and mounted his wheel to proceed, he noticed that the rise of ground had obscured; that the field was filled with Texas cattle, grazing in little bunches of ten to thirty. Just as he started one of the 'long-horns' caught sight of him, and the bunch followed its leader to investigate. The young man naturally quickened his pace, and the cattle took after him.

Presently other bunches caught the contagion of pursuit, and all the cattle started upon a grand man-hunt.

The trail was straight and level, leading to a big gate. The boy bent over his wheel and pedaled for his life. He could hear the bellowing of the cattle and the pounding of their feet behind him; but he looked neither to right nor left. What should he do when he reached the gate?

No matter. All his mind was fixed upon the necessity of keeping ahead. He neared the gate, and it was open. He dashed through like a flash of lightning, lost his pedals, struck a rock, was pitched off and lay senseless on the ground. It had happened that the man who owned the fence was visiting at that moment. He had seen the boy in his race for life, and had opened the gate to let him pass through. Then, with two or three attendants, he rode in and headed off the herd.

The Alternative.

'Well, Daisy, shall we pay the house or give a dinner?' 'Why, give the dinner, of course. What good will it do to have a house if we lose our social position?'

A Criminal With a History.

'I have paid out more than \$50,000 in lawyers' fees and more than \$75,000 in detectives. Now I am broken down and haven't a cent. I have a sister who tells me that she has a burial lot for me beside my mother and that I shall be decently buried. The world is against me. But I am about at the end of my story. If the world had been half as kind to me when I was free as Warden Shideler has been since I've been a convict, I wouldn't be here now. I've wanted to reform but couldn't. If someone would just take charge of me and give me light work, I would never betray the trust.'

The man who said this is known as the Indiana Northern prison as convict 1168, and he was convicted of forgery at Terre Haute three years ago and sentenced to three years confinement. He is in feeble health and his thirty-six years of crime have told heavily upon him. When arrested he gave his name as John Doe and was sent to prison under that cognomen. His real name is Albert V. Ward, and it is his boast that, though his frauds have netted him more than \$500,000, he never swindled a man who was not able to lose the money of which he was robbed. As an illustration of this he points to the fact that just before his conviction at Terre Haute, he returned \$900 worth of diamonds to a Chicago jeweller when he learned that his victim was heavily in debt, and the loss of the gems would ruin him.

Ward will not discuss his career prior to the time he first came into prominence in 1868. He came of good family, however, and was well educated. He enlisted in the Union Army in 1862 and was at Washington on a furlough in 1865. There he had a quarrel with Orderly Sergeant Matthews and, taking Matthew's pistol from him, shot him dead. He escaped to Baltimore, where he made arrangements for his defence and then returned and surrendered to the Washington officers.

His trial was a noted one. Daniel W. Voorhees, Henry S. Lane and Albert G. Porter, all of New York, defended him. The first trial resulted in the death penalty, but a new trial was granted and he was sentenced to eight years at hard labor. Ward was highly connected in New York and his friends secured a pardon from President Lincoln. The killing of Matthews is believed to have been his first step in crime, but when he left prison he found that his old friends had turned against him. Embittered against them he went South and enlisted in the Confederate Army, receiving a commission as Captain and serving in the Twelfth Mississippi and on the staff of Gen. Breckinridge.

Soon after his enlistment he was detached from staff duty and sent to Canada to bring home some Confederate prisoners who had escaped from the North and were then in British territory. When he had gathered thirty-six men together he concluded to go into the bounty-jumping business. The men met him at Augusta, Me., and each received \$200 bounty. The thirty-six men deserted at once and met Ward in Boston and again enlisted. Again they deserted and went to New London, Conn., where they enlisted again. This was reported at Trenton, N. J., and then the Confederates went South. Ward says that he made \$24,850 out of his bounty-jumping operations. Then he went to New York city to have a good time. It was there that he met the conspirators who were arranging to burn the city. Ward declares that he knew nothing of the conspiracy until afterward and, though he came within an ace of being hanged, he protests that it was the merest coincidence that entangled him in the web.

About the time he reached New York a number of agents of the Confederate Government assembled there for the purpose of destroying the city. At Fort Lafayette Ward found Capt. Allison of Henderson, Ky., and put forward the claim that Allison was a British subject, thus securing his release. Ward then went with Allison to search for Capt. Kennedy's Confederates, who were in the plot to burn the city, and was located at the Metropolitan Hotel. He was out, however, when Ward saw Allison called, but Allison wrote Ward's name on a card and let it for him with

request that he call at the St. Nicholas. Ward was in company with a Sheridan Shook, a man named Heron and Newton, a gold pen maker, when Kennedy arrived, and upon the latter's request for money Ward gave him \$100 in a single bill and Shook changed it for him. Ward then went to a resort where he gave a wine supper and while thus engaged the hotels were fired by the conspirators. Ward was arrested and when taken to the police station learned that Kennedy had engaged rooms at a number of hotels and at each had placed a stick of phosphorus in the bedding. In one of the rooms was found the card with Ward's name on it. Kennedy escaped to Vermont but was arrested and returned to New York. Col. Beal and a sixteen-year-old boy named Anderson were arrested at Suspension Bridge. Kennedy declared that Ward was the authorized agent of the Confederacy.

Ward says that the boy Anderson gave away the conspiracy to Gen. Dix to wreck trains on the Erie and to capture the steamer Philo Parsons on Lake Erie and many others. He exonerated Ward, but persons had seen the latter give Kennedy the one hundred dollar bill and Shook had changed it for him. John F. Brady, Charles O'Connor defended Ward after a trial of seventeen days. He was found guilty by the court-martial, sentenced to death and sent to Fort Lafayette to be executed. Kennedy was executed in February 1865, and Ward was doomed to die in March. It was here that Ward's Indianapolis friends proved valuable to him again. The Rev. Dr. Gurley was pastor of the First Presbyterian church of that city at the time. Ward's mother came here and through the minister secured a stay of execution from President Lincoln. The latter gave assurance of his rate of pardon to Ward, and after the president's death the prisoner was taken to the Dry Tortugas where he was afterwards released by the order of President Johnson.

Ward retraced to Indiana after his release, but his relatives turned the coal shoulder upon him. It was evident that they interceded for his life more to avoid the disgrace of having a relative hanged than because they cared anything for him. Leaving here he went into all kinds of an excess of crime and became a confidence man, gambler and all around sport. With forged letters of introduction he went to Boston and was for a time something of a social lion. He does not know how much money he secured through forged credentials, for he spent it as fast as he got it, but he remembers very well that his life in Boston cost him thirty months in the penitentiary. When he got out he went to New York, bought a hotel and paid for it with forged paper and served two years in Sing Sing for the act. He next floated a huge swindling scheme in Kansas City and was sent to the Missouri Penitentiary for three years. Ward talks of his episodes in his career with relief. One of these was when he disguised himself as a countryman and permitted himself to be talked into a gambling place at Long Branch, where he played laro and the bank was forced to close when he was \$81,000 winner. Another episode of which he talks was when he went to Cincinnati and struck up a deal with Washington McLean for the latter's prison residence. The purchase price was fixed at \$100,000 and Ward handed over \$183,000. He signed drafts, got 35,000 in change and abandoned the town.

It is a matter of chagrin, that Ward now is serving a term of seven years for the magnificent crime of forging a \$100 bill by forgery. He spent a month at Terre Haute and got \$100 from Charles Hayes on a forged draft, but the police nabbed him before he could shake the dust of the town of his feet and he is now serving the State with little hope of living out the term for which he was sentenced. He says his record is against him and he has no hope of parole or pardon.

'She—I do believe you forget that this was our wedding day's third anniversary. He—Indeed I don't. I just met the second of the money I negotiated to buy the furniture when we were married.'



The Dainty White Things that are washed with SURPRISE Soap—a little Surprise Soap and still less labor—are not only clean but uninjured. You want the maximum wear out of your clothes. Don't have them ruined by poor soap—use pure soap. SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

NEW MECHANICS' INSTITUTE. W. S. HARKINS. —Players, with—

MISS JESSIE BONSTELLE. Next Monday— for the night.

Under Two Flags. The Remainder of the week.

One of Our Girls. Night Prices, 25 35 50c. Matinee Tomorrow 25c. Seats on sale at A. C. Smith's Charlotte street.

New Year Gifts. are much appreciated. Don't fail to see the display at

Allan's White Pharmacy. Everything during this week at a special 10 per cent discount. Ebony goods, Plate Toilet Mirrors, Thermometers, Dressing Cases, Perfumes, and Toilet Requisites of every description. Call and see my display.

Remember the Store. ALLAN'S WHITE PHARMACY. W. C. Rudman Allan, 87 CHARLOTTE STREET. Telephone 289. Mail orders promptly filled. 12-4



It's All Right! There's nothing wrong with any part of your laundry work. Better than that—every part of it is the best that can be done anywhere. Colored shirts do not fade—woolens do not shrink—collars do not acquire saw edges—but ton holes are left intact when we do your work.

Where shall we send the wagon, and when? Phone 214. AMERICAN LAUNDRY, 98, 100, 102 Charlotte St. SODSOB BROS., Proprietors. Agents B. A. Dyeing Co., "Gold Medal Dyers," Montreal.

By Right of Love.

IN FOUR INSTALMENTS—PART III.

Beaudesert vouchsafed no reply. He was helping Mona on the yacht, and all his attention was needed, apparently, for that purpose.

Still without speaking he led her down to the saloon, where breakfast had been prepared, and there he took her into his arms, murmuring her name with a passionate thrill in his undertone.

"Mona! Mona! My darling! My love! You must give in to me for a moment—just this once! Your wildest imagination cannot bring you within measurable distance of the agony I have suffered since you were found to be missing. It was a living death, by keenest torture, to think of harm befalling you! My first thought was of Emilio. The boy adores you, and I feared he had been mad enough to think of carrying you off. It was Zebra who put me on the right track, and sent me to your rescue. You knew I should come, Mona!"

"I knew you would if you guessed where I was. Senor Calzado said Zebra would tell you where to look for me."

"He has behaved well? He and the rest?"

"Very well. Please let me go!"

"She tried to loose his arms."

"In a moment. How did they carry you off?"

"She told him the history of the previous night, down to the moment of her losing consciousness."

"But for that cholera, they would have found out their mistake earlier," she said.

"Senor Calzado supplied them with hearing that Zebra might refuse to go at last moment. They had their orders, when I showed fight they acted accordingly."

"Beaudesert's clasp tightened, and his hand bent low over hers."

"Thank Heaven, my treasure is safe! You knew I loved you! This has come as a shock!"

"I honoured you for your silence," she whispered. "I shall honour you still more you refrain from saying another word on the subject. Otherwise, I must leave Darkhaven at once."

"You shall not! I swear it! I will be silent; I will try and be as good as you are, at least this once my darling!"

"His voice was barely audible."

"But she guessed his meaning, and she placed her hand between his lips and her own as his face came closer and closer to hers."

"Gently, but firmly he put aside the frail barrier, and in another second his kiss would have been on her trembling mouth, when a cry from above reached their ears."

"Man in the water, and those devils wig him!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"Quick, Serge!"

"Mona was scarcely conscious that she called him by his Christian name, but thrilled in every nerve as he hastened to her bidding."

"By the time she had followed him on deck, the White Witch was already under orders to put about, and go to the rescue of the man whose head was visible from time to time above the water."

"Evidently he was an expert swimmer and diver, for he was able to appear for quite long intervals."

"Directly the yacht's interference on his behalf became apparent, the Santa Eulalia opened fire on the poor wretch."

"Och!"

"Mona did not scream, her exclamation was utterly more in disgust than terror."

"Then she stood with clenched hands looking on at the terrible sight of a human being fighting for life and freedom against such odds."

"The White Witch was bound to reach him first; but would he have strength to come on board?"

"It was useless to think of getting down a boat."

"A shot from the schooner would sink it directly."

"Plainly you were not the only captive on board," said Beaudesert, coming to Mona's side when he had done all he could in the way of giving orders. "This man must have got out through a port-hole close to the water level, or they would have heard a splash and have missed him at once. Probably he dived to begin with, and succeeded in swimming some distance before he was noticed by the rascals. Ah! as another shot rang out. 'Brutes! to try and sink a man in so cowardly a manner. But we shall reach him in two minutes.'"

"He shouted an order to slow down, and himself threw a rope to the plucky swimmer."

"A shot quickly following the last, struck the water to the left of the luckless man, another fell on his right, as he caught the rope and was hauled towards the yacht, which swung slowly round so as to shield him from the death dealing fire."

"An exclamation from Mona caused Beaudesert to glance at her."

"She was deathly pale."

"Leaving the further work of rescue to his men, he rushed to where she had shrunk back, out of sight as it were."

"What is it? You are not hit?" he asked, in breathless alarm.

"No, no! Only, it is he—Tony, my husband!"

"Your husband?"

"He was staggered by the shock almost

as much as she had been.

"Yes. He must have known I was on that vessel. But how—why—should he be there?"

"Before Beaudesert could reply, they heard a voice asking—"

"Is she here—my wife?"

"Mona stepped forward to where her husband stood, supported by a stalwart seaman, water streaming from his clothes, and blood oozing from his shoulder."

"Yes, Tony, yes. Ah! you are hurt?"

"Only a scratch! What matter, since I have got away from those lawless devils, and have—found—"

"His strength failed, and consciousness left him."

"More shots rattled against the sides of the White Witch as she again put on full steam and made for the little harbor under the castle."

"But she got away without being seriously damaged."

"Mona and Beaudesert combined their efforts to do what they could for poor Tony Hanlan."

"That a bullet was lodged in his shoulder seemed evident."

"If fancy he must have been hit just at the last moment," said Beaudesert, "for at the rate the wound is bleeding he would have gone under for want of strength in less than three minutes. We will do what we can to staunch the bleeding."

"Mona and Beaudesert scarcely exchanged another word until the moment came for landing their patient."

"He was still unconscious, and his wound began to bleed again directly he was moved."

"Zebra, who had been watching the yacht's proceedings as far as possible from the observatory, met them in the harbor, and with her was the only doctor to be found within two miles of Darkhaven."

"I saw the firing, and I fancied Dr. Derring might be useful she explained. 'By the look of your patient, it is a good thing I thought of him. Who is it you have there? I knew you would be on board, Mrs. Hanlan, so I don't pretend to be surprised at the sight of you; but have you any idea whom you have rescued?'"

"It is my husband," said Mona, and the mere utterance of the words made her suddenly conscious that the sun had gone down for her on all that made life worth living."

"Dr. Deering took command of the little expedition, which now wended its way to the castle."

"Mona and Zebra went on ahead to prepare the countess for the advent of a visitor who might not live through the next four-and-twenty hours."

"As they went Mona drew a note from her pocket."

"I promised to give you this," she said. "Oh! that condition alone was I permitted to go on board the yacht when you needed me in search of me. Had I refused, they would have fired on me, cowards that they are! Jose Calzado is the only man of the lot. It was he who contrived my freedom by giving me that note for you. Though, I warn you, I shall tell Mr. Beaudesert of the circumstance; also that I know Senor Calzado still means to carry you off. I strongly advise you to have nothing to do with a man who has for daily associates a band of ruffians absolutely without conscience and without mercy. Your lover's father—their captain—is the worst of them all."

"I love Jose!" was Zebra's reply. "Remember, the same blood runs in my veins as in theirs. I am more Calzado than Beaudesert. I don't think I have any conscience, and I know I am utterly lawless."

"But you have a heart! You are not cruel! Their cruelty is more revolting than their wickedness. If you had seen them firing at my poor husband as he dived and swam for life and freedom! To think of his having been so near me all those hours! He must have heard my voice, I fancy; or why did he choose that moment for his escape?"

"Perhaps he heard your name mentioned when the mistake was discovered. Tell me how it was, will you?"

"I will tell you later. We must think now of what is to be done with my poor Tony."

"Why are you so anxious about him? You don't love him!"

"He's my husband!"

"The husband of an hour!"

"I have pledged him my troth before high Heaven, and I will be true to him!" said Mona, in a tone that made Zebra Beaudesert shrug her shoulders in a puzzled sort of way."

"She helped with the preparations for Tony's reception, and then went in search of Emilio, wondering how he would take the news of what had occurred."

"He took it very bad indeed."

"His mad passion for Mona had reached fever-point, and the thought of her husband being a guest in the castle was intolerable to him."

"I'll not have it! I'll turn him out to die!" he raved in Spanish. "What right has Beaudesert to bring anyone into my house without my permission? Where did they get hold of him?"

"He was a prisoner on board the Santa Eulalia. He managed to get away and swim after the yacht; but not—"

"On board the Santa Eulalia!" Emilio's

wrath suddenly gave place to satisfaction.

"A prisoner of the Calzados, is he? And he expects protection from me! Why, Zebra, how came you to sympathize with a prisoner of the Calzados? You who are half a Calzado already by birth, and so soon to be one by marriage?"

"I dislike injustice, Emilio. I don't see how Mr Hanlan could have deserved imprisonment and ill treatment."

"You see you don't know anything about it, as a matter of fact. Antony Hanlan in the castle! Mona's husband—as my power."

"Such an evil look crept into the youth's eyes, that Zebra guessed at once he would kill Tony Hanlan if he had a chance; or return their escaped prisoner to the Calzados."

"I must consult my mother," he added abruptly. "Keep a good watch on all that takes place, Zebra, and report to me later."

"He strode away, with the ugly look still in his eyes."

"Zebra felt vaguely uneasy as she watched him out of sight."

"What would their mother advise him to do?"

"Mercedes' influence over her son was by no means for good."

"Dr. Derring succeeded in finding the bullet in Tony's shoulder without much further loss of time; but the wounded man was in such a high state of fever that the doctor considered it wise to say he would return later and pass the night at the castle."

"Mona was so constantly with her husband that Zebra found no opportunity of giving her a hint that danger threatened him."

"Should she speak to Beaudesert?"

"She decided that she would, and did so. He was visibly impressed by her account of what had taken place between Emilio and herself."

"You did right to tell me, Zebra; it was much better to come to me than to make that poor girl anxious. As I have so often said, Emilio is more man than boy; and he will not hesitate to betray him, if possible, to the Calzados. We must endeavor to make it impossible. Are you with us, Zebra, or with them?"

"Uncle Serge, do you imagine I could do so dastardly a thing as to betray a wounded man?"

"No; I don't think you could, child; but when a girl is in love—"

"I am not sure that I am in love," interrupted Zebra; "I begin to think it may have been mistaken in imagining that it was love I felt for Jose. I hate cruelty! And it can be cruel I cannot love him. But I see Emilio returning. Do not let him find us together. He must not suspect that I am going against him."

CHAPTER IX.

"Mona wished to share Dr. Derring's vigil, but he would not hear of it."

"You had no rest last night, Mrs. Hanlan; if you break down you will be no use to us whatever, you know, and the nurse I have brought with me is very skillful and experienced. So be content to leave your husband in our hands."

"Thus assured, Mona went slowly upstairs; all the life had left her step, and she sighed heavily."

"It was not the usual staircase that she mounted tonight."

"Tony had been placed in a ground floor room near the postern door, through which he had been brought into the castle, and this particular staircase was the same down which Mona had passed on the previous night in order to ascertain the whereabouts of the men whom she had seen enter."

"The church clock striking the midnight hour was the only sound that broke upon the utter silence as she crept upstairs."

"Suddenly a slight noise from below made her pause and listen."

"Someone was entering by the postern door."

"Would it be Beaudesert returning from a late stroll?"

"Hardly."

"More likely Emilio with his mother on one of their midnight expeditions into the castle."

"She decided to satisfy herself on the point."

"On the landing just above were several curtains covering doorways."

"She quickly reach the landing, and stepped behind one of these convenient screens."

"The intruders must either come up that staircase or pass the room where Tony lay between life and death, and she fancied they would not venture to do the latter."

"She was right."

"Three forms came softly up the narrow staircase: a woman and two men."

"Mona was not greatly surprised to recognise in them Emilio, his mother, and Jose Calzado."

"They went cautiously along the corridor, Jose disappearing at the end of it, Mercedes and her son entering a room part way along."

"Giving them a few moments to settle down to what they might have come to do, Mona then crept after them, and applied her eye to the keyhole of the door through which they had disappeared."

"The entire inhabited portions of the castle were left illuminated on this particular night, by Beaudesert's orders."

"He had no fancy to be surprised in the dark by a desperate party from the Santa Eulalia, with Manuel Calzado at their head."

"Beaudesert himself was on the watch. Supplying himself with a brace of pistols he had begun by watching Mona start on her slow journey upstairs."

"He longed to approach her—to give her what comfort he could; but he dare not trust himself."

"She had passed him almost close as he stood well in shadow in a deep alcove at the foot of the staircase."

"Before she disappeared from his sight he heard the postern door open, and witnessed the entrance of the doubtful trio."

"Presently he saw Mona returning."

"She came swiftly down the stairs, and, passing him a second time, went on through

the postern door, and vanished in the darkness."

"This time he followed her, fearing lest she should come to harm; but when he got outside he could see no sign of her."

"It would not have been safe for him to venture far from the unguarded door, or to relax his self-imposed vigil for the protection of the man who stood between him and happiness; so after waiting and listening for a few moments, he returned to his post in the deep niche below the stairs."

"Suddenly Mona reappeared as silently as she had gone out, and walking even more rapidly than before."

"Her eyes were gleaming strangely, and the lightness had left her; she was now very much alive and interested in something or somebody."

"Beaudesert longed to interrogate her; but a word or sign from him might cause her to utter an exclamation of surprise, which would certainly be heard in the sick room, and might possibly reach the ears of the trio who were still upstairs."

"So Mona was allowed to go and come unchallenged, though she longed for nothing so much as for his presence just then, in order that she might warn him of a danger that threatened more than merely her husband's liberty."

"It was so near, too, that very little time was left in which to act through her quick brain had already prompted her to make the first move in the tragedy that must inevitably follow."

"An hour later, Emilio and his companions departed, going as cautiously as they had come."

"Beaudesert was about to secure the door behind them when Zebra came on the scene."

"He stepped back yet once more into his niche, hoping she had not noticed him, in order that he might watch her proceedings."

"This was for her own sake."

"He was anxious to prevent her marriage with Jose Calzado, at all costs."

"It was some satisfaction to find that she evidently had no intention of leaving the castle just then."

"Descending the stairs, she went softly along the passage until she reached the room where doctor and nurse were keeping guard over their patient."

"At that moment the sick man's voice was heard waving in delirium."

"Toro! I'll tell you who he Toro—Fernando Toro! Absconder! Thief! Villain! . . . He a priest! . . . He is no priest, but a fend incarnate!"

"Presently, in a lower tone, he called for his wife."

"Mona! sweetheart! . . . She doesn't love me . . . it is hard for her . . . she doesn't love me . . . was I wrong? If I was, you must blame them, not me; her mother and Toro."

"And so the jumble of words went on, now shouted, now scarcely audible; but, always, Toro's name was uppermost."

"After listening intently for awhile, Beaudesert returned along the passage and stopped at the door of the room where Beaudesert had announced his intention of spending the night."

"Uncle Serge," she said, holding the door ajar, and sending her voice into the room; "are you awake?"

"Curiosity to know why she wanted him drew Beaudesert into view."

"What is it Zebra?"

"Oh, I am so thankful you are still up! I have something to tell you."

"Come in here!"

"He pushed the door wide open and let her pass in before him, then he closed it noiselessly."

"Tell away, child, I am all attention."

"Jose has been here. He has been telling me most extraordinary things—about Mr. Hanlan, I mean, or rather his poor overseer, who has been suspected of having robbed him, whereas all the time he was not only innocent, but a prisoner on board the Santa Eulalia, while the real Toro was arranging the fraud he so nearly carried through successfully."

"I don't wonder you look incredulous. I'll try and tell you all about it as clearly as Jose told me."

"It seems there are two Fernando Toros, cousins, and as much alike in face and form as though they had been twin brothers. One is evil in mind and of very strong will, the other is honest but weak. The evil Toro chanced to visit his cousin in Pennsylvania after Mr. Hanlan had left for England."

"He tried to tempt him, but the honest Toro stood firm after a fashion; that is to say, he allowed his cousin to draw from him a lot of information concerning Mr. Hanlan's investments and so on, but he refused to hear of his being defrauded."

"One day, the overseer's clerk, Phillips, heard them talking, and he learnt enough to tell him what was in the wind. He had a private interview with the evil Toro, which resulted in the luckless overseer being enticed to New Jersey, and made prisoner in the Santa Eulalia, which was anchored there."

"Then the two villains set to work to realise every possible penny of Mr. Hanlan's investments. But neither trusted the other. Toro gave his accomplice the slip, and Phillips found himself in anything but an enviable position."

"He despatched the cablegram which reached Mr. Hanlan on his wedding day, and then awaited results, determined to make a clean breast of it all, and help his employer to chase the chief; but Mr. Hanlan had been in America some weeks before Phillips found courage to confess his sin."

"How one thing then led on to another I cannot tell you, but it ended in Phillips being killed by Toro, who, just as Mr. Hanlan thought he had him safe, turned the tables completely by capturing him, and sending him to keep the innocent Toro company on board the Santa Eulalia, though as a matter of fact, neither was aware of the other's presence."

"It is a marvellous story, Zebra, if true," said Beaudesert; "and I thank you for sharing your confidence with me. Now be

One Hen One Day One Mill

It costs a mill a day—one cent every ten days—to make a hen lay a lively layer when eggs are high, with SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. Calculate the profit. It helps young pullets to laying maturity; makes the plumage glossy; makes combs bright red.

Sheridan's CONDITION POWDER

Feed to fowls once daily, in a hot mash. Will make all their feed doubly effective and makes the fock doubly profitable. If you can't buy it we send one pack free. Write Dept. 11, Mason Manufacturing Co., 57 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

off to bed, child. I must do some hard thinking before I can sleep."

CHAPTER X.

"Mona Hanlan had work to do that night undreamed of by anyone in or out of the old castle."

"It went far towards making her forget the vicinity of her husband and the danger through which he had so recently passed; for her work was on behalf of the man she loved, and love will assert its claim for consideration, however determinedly it is kept in the background."

"Mona was too honest and self-respecting to allow herself to dwell on her love for Beaudesert."

"Now that she knew the feeling she had for him was what she ought to feel for her husband, she was all anxiety to leave the castle, and she chafed at the necessity for remaining there until Tony should recover sufficiently to be moved, though she shrank with an unexpressed dread from the thought of the long, long future to be lived through at his side, as his wife."

"In spite of her need for rest, she had barely an hour's sleep before she returned to her husband's room."

"The delirium was over, and the patient was slumbering quietly."

"Mona beckoned Dr. Derring from the room."

"All is well, doctor?"

"Very well indeed, I am thankful to say, Mrs. Hanlan. I hope he will not wake till midday. There is no need for me to remain any longer now; but I will come again at noon."

"Breakfast is ready for you and nurse in that room yonder, nodding in the direction of an open door through which came a fragrant smell of coffee, freshly made."

"I will send her to you. Thank you for your care of my poor husband, Doctor Derring. I shall watch by him now. Make nurse take a rest when she has had a good breakfast."

"There is certainly no need why she should not," replied the doctor.

"The nurse required very little persuasion to be of the same opinion; and Mona, therefore, entered into charge of the sick room."

"After a time she heard Dr. Derring go; and a few minutes later the nurse appeared at the door with a questioning glance, her lips forming the words—"

"All right?"

"Mona nodded and signed to her to go; and after that, she and Tony had that particular part of the castle to themselves, except for Beaudesert, who slept soundly in the room near the postern door."

"He had meant to be early stir, but the events of the night had kept him awake until after the dawn flooded the room with a crimson glow, which gave place to a dull leaden grey."

"Saying to himself that there would be a break in the weather before night, Beaudesert then gave way to the welcome drowsiness which came over him, and enjoyed a few hours of well earned and badly needed rest."

"Mona had no idea he was so near at hand."

"She thought she was quite alone, save for her sleeping husband, as she sat near the open window listening to the restless murmur of the sea, which was beginning to heave uneasily below the leaden sky, listening, and thinking, and turning her face from time to time towards the bed, where the man she had married for his dollars was groping his way back to life, a and health and strength."

"A slight sound presently made her glance toward the direction of the door."

"Emilio stood there, looking less a boy than ever, in spite of his hairless face and slight form."

"A peculiar smile played round his lips, and his eyes were afire with diabolical triumph."

"His right hand was in his pocket, and as Mona watched him wondering, and with a vague anxiety showing in her face, he drew out a pistol threatening Tony Hanlan, still with that satanic smile on his handsome face."

"Involuntarily Mona obeyed, in awful suspense as to what might follow."

"Treading lightly, Emilio entered the

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTEEN.

CANCER... For Canadian testimonials & 150-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Mason Manufacturing Co., 57 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

One Hen One Day One Mill

It costs a mill a day—one cent every ten days—to make a hen a lively layer when eggs are high.



Sheridan's CONDITION POWDER. It costs a mill a day—one cent every ten days—to make a hen a lively layer when eggs are high.

CHAPTER X

Monsieur had work to do that night undreamed of by anyone in or out of the old castle.

It went far towards making her forget the vicinity of her husband and the danger through which he had so recently passed.

Monsieur was so honest and self-respecting to allow herself to dwell on her love for Beaudesert.

Now that she knew the feeling she had for him was what she ought to feel for her husband, she was at his anxiety to leave the castle, and she chafed at the necessity for remaining there until Tony should recover sufficiently to be moved, though she shrank with an unpeppable dread from the thought of the long, long future to be lived through at his side, as his wife.

In spite of her need for rest, she had barely an hour's sleep before she returned to her husband's room.

The delirium was over, and the patient was slumbering quietly.

Monsieur beckoned Dr. Derrington from the room.

'All is well, doctor?' 'Very well indeed, I am thankful to say, Mrs. Hatan. I hope he will not wake till midday. There is no need for me to remain any longer now; but I will come again at noon.'

'Breakfast is ready for you and nurse in that room yonder,' nodding in the direction of an open door through which came a fragrant smell of coffee, freshly made.

'I will send her to you. Thank you for your care of my poor husband, Doctor Derrington. I shall watch by him now. Make nurse take a rest when she has had a good breakfast.'

'There is certainly no need why she should not,' replied the doctor.

The nurse required very little persuasion to be of the same opinion; and Mons, therefore, entered into charge of the sick room.

After a time she heard Dr. Derrington go; and a few minutes later the nurse appeared at the door with a questioning glance, her lips forming the words—'All right?'

Mons nodded and signed to her to go; and after that, she and Tony had that particular part of the castle to themselves, except for Beaudesert, who slept soundly in the room near the portico door.

He had meant to be early stir, but the events of the night had kept him awake until after the dawn flooded the room with a crimson glow, which gave place to a dull leaden grey.

Saying to himself that there would be a break in the weather before night, Beaudesert then gave way to the welcome drowsiness which came over him, and enjoyed a few hours of well earned and badly needed rest.

Mons had no idea he was so near at hand.

She thought she was quite alone, save for her sleeping husband, as she sat near the open window listening to the restless murmur of the sea, which was beginning to heave uneasily below the leaden sky.

Sunday Reading.

Watch Night. From its black turret's starry face The Temple of the Ages flames.

His signal o'er a resident race, And o'er the blast of time's flames, Like song o' water, strong and sweet, Like solemn thunder clear and bold, Its mighty midnight chorus repeat The summons on its dial old.

Enshad Babel kneels. A sobered flock, We count the moments lived no more While that eventful twelve o'clock Beams warning at the Eternal Door.

Nor cares one what his year to say Its parking at the slender close, Where vast behind its rolls away A cycle of a hundred years.

Between the centuries are met Our looms—and our silks, that climb No less what wonder we forget The silent agencies of Time?

We stand upon the threshold hour; The former, feebler things have passed; In younger life but older power, The new-born period, rules the last.

No furling tapers gleam to night: We turn the cosmic ether fire, Our very worship owns the might Of Matter bent to Mind's desire, Divine Invention, gracious Muse, Has winged the feet that 'ring' the air, And harnessed with matter shows The elemental laws of God.

The truth their candle light saw, Who watched that distant morning in Has witnessed all its lighted law, Makes human thought to Freedom win And faith since yesterday begun, Has caught hope's sunbeam on the sea, And followed Love across the span From Erebo hill to Calvary.

Bells of the young Age! Ring for that Who e'er blows years have ebbed away! Live's work is on its Arctur, And midnight measures day with day, But ever for you dawdling word Let old Devo'tion's altar burn, The covenant rainbow hang unrolled, And Mercy's watermark dove retain.

In His Good Time. The old doctor had measured out the soothing powders and fastened his saddle-bags.

'This medicine is only to quiet the pain,' she asked, at her mother took it from him and went out.

'Yes.' 'There is nothing more to be done, then?' The old man took her hand and stroked it gently for his only answer.

'The delirium was over, and the patient was slumbering quietly.' 'Monsieur beckoned Dr. Derrington from the room.'

'All is well, doctor?' 'Very well indeed, I am thankful to say, Mrs. Hatan. I hope he will not wake till midday. There is no need for me to remain any longer now; but I will come again at noon.'

'Breakfast is ready for you and nurse in that room yonder,' nodding in the direction of an open door through which came a fragrant smell of coffee, freshly made.

'I will send her to you. Thank you for your care of my poor husband, Doctor Derrington. I shall watch by him now. Make nurse take a rest when she has had a good breakfast.'

'There is certainly no need why she should not,' replied the doctor.

The nurse required very little persuasion to be of the same opinion; and Mons, therefore, entered into charge of the sick room.

After a time she heard Dr. Derrington go; and a few minutes later the nurse appeared at the door with a questioning glance, her lips forming the words—'All right?'

Mons nodded and signed to her to go; and after that, she and Tony had that particular part of the castle to themselves, except for Beaudesert, who slept soundly in the room near the portico door.

He had meant to be early stir, but the events of the night had kept him awake until after the dawn flooded the room with a crimson glow, which gave place to a dull leaden grey.

Saying to himself that there would be a break in the weather before night, Beaudesert then gave way to the welcome drowsiness which came over him, and enjoyed a few hours of well earned and badly needed rest.

Mons had no idea he was so near at hand.

She thought she was quite alone, save for her sleeping husband, as she sat near the open window listening to the restless murmur of the sea, which was beginning to heave uneasily below the leaden sky.

and shelter him, in the homely wording of the clockmaker's rule, to cherish him beneath his roof, at his board, and by his hearth.' Nay, it was strictly enjoined upon the master to treat his apprentice 'as his own son.'

In a day when the streets of Paris were not very nice for anybody, and were more or less dangerous after dark for everybody, the master was instructed to be careful on what errand he despatched the youngster; and the pastry-cooks, whose apprentices were often sent to cry cakes and creams upon the public ways, were continually warned to prevent the lads from falling among evil company.

It seems certain that, so far as the Middle Ages are concerned, the rules, precepts and admonitions were not only framed with great good sense and care, but were very rapidly enforced upon all masters who had youths and lads in their employ.

High and low, in the society of that day the rod and birch were flourished, with small discrimination and less nicety; and if the tutors of little princes had leave to whip them 'reely, apprentices could not expect to come off too highly at a master's hand.

TRANSFORMED. She helped the People While Ministers sinned the Law.

It need not take a big organization to do a big thing. In 'Christian Work in Paris Slums' Sarah A. Tooley tells how one woman, and she but a young and delicate girl, went down into a very hotbed of hatred and anarchy, and transformed it into a place where men and women could be induced to listen to reason and respond to kindness.

Miss De Broen, a lady of Dutch extraction who made England her home, is well known as a worker in the slums of Paris. It was in 1871, immediately after the suppression of the Commune, that she visited Paris and went to the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, where six hundred Communists were shot down by the soldiers of Versailles.

As she stood in the cemetery she heard at one end the wailing and shrieking of women, and following the sound, found a maddened crowd of Communist women mourning their dead. The girl was seized with pity for them, and laying her hand on the arm of one of the women, she said: 'Let me comfort you. I can tell you of One above Who cares for all your sorrows.'

As she passed from one to another a calm fell upon the maddened crowd. Miss De Broen's heart was softened. The scene was a revelation to her. From that time she devoted herself to the work of helping those outcasts of Belleville.

It is impossible to describe what the district was in those days. It was the hotbed of the most virulent anarchy. Lawlessness and disorder and the spirit of deadly revenge seemed to possess every man, woman and child in the place. Gradually Miss De Broen gained an influence over the people, and induced the women to attend a sewing class. The government recognized the value of her labors and helped her. How far her influence extended is shown by the quick response to her presence and pleading in a time of real danger.

Several years ago a law was passed regarding the collection of household refuse. The task of collecting it was relegated to the city, and thousands of obnoxious in Belleville were thrown out of employment. News came to Miss De Broen, one Sunday afternoon, that the people were rising. She hurried to the district where the obnoxious lived as a time apart, and found them gathered round a leader who was inciting them to deeds of violence.

'If we have no weapons we have stones,' he was saying when Miss De Broen came up.

'What is the matter?' she asked.

'We have lost our work and are starving,' he replied.

She asked them if they would separate peacefully if she undertook to provide them with food and work; and to prove her sincerity she despatched a messenger to the nearest baker's shop with orders to send at once all the bread on the premises. When the order arrived, she had the loaves cut up and distributed to the crowd.

The hungry people, trusting to their benefactress, dispersed quietly to their homes, and Miss De Broen presented herself at the Elysee and asked to see President Grevy.

'The president is dining,' was the reply, 'and cannot be disturbed.'

'Tell him I come from those who have no dinner,' she replied.

She saw the president, and he learned that there were some thousands of desperate characters in Belleville on the verge of

revolution. That visit set the cumbersome machinery of the government at the work, and help came; but in the meantime, while ministers considered and officials investigated, Miss De Broen, by her undaunted efforts, fed some two thousand people and prevented an outbreak that would have been lamentable in its consequences.

The Love of Wild Animals for Their Young. It is, perhaps, rather amusing to steal a pair of whimpering bear cubs and carry them off, but in one case the travellers who engaged in the pastime found the grief of the mother too real to allow them to persist in the fun. They were a professor and five seniors from an Eastern college, and the scene of their adventure was near the line between Pennsylvania and New York. They came upon a couple of little cubs snuggled away in the bush, and scarcely realizing what they did, carried them to their boat and covered them with a coat. Then they hastily pushed off and paddled up-stream to be farther from the mother when she should discover her loss.

The little fellows kept up a continual crying, and soon a plunge caused the travellers to look back, and there was the old bear puffing and floundering across in search of her babies.

The almost human intelligence and solicitude she displayed made it no easy matter to persist in the abduction of the cubs. Pressing on ahead of the boat a few rods, she would plunge into the stream and intercept it, and when evaded and passed, would take to the bank again and repeat the attempt with increased cunning. Her action was intensely human. She screamed and scolded, wept and moaned, her tears flowing freely, her lips and under jaw trembling. She hid her face in her paws, and then held them forth as if beseeching. Some of the party were for giving up the cubs, but others held out.

The babies whimpered incessantly, and the mother's demonstrations of grief grew more touching. Her anger seemed to abate, but in its place came more plaintive tones. She showed no signs of abandoning the chase.

At last it was decided to surrender the cubs, and the boat was pulled across to the bank opposite to the old bear. There the little ones were gently placed on the sandy beach, and the party hurried back to the boat. They were none too soon, for the instant they lifted her babies in sight the mother started across.

She went to the cubs, nosed them over, searching for wounds, and then licked their glossy fur affectionately, crying meanwhile, like a human mother weeping for joy. Then after reproaching the travellers furiously for a minute, she took both cubs up by the neck, and holding them in her great jaws, carried them off into the woods.—From 'Current Literature.'

His Mother's Love. Charles Daggart was one of three children. When he was a boy his father deserted the family and was not heard of again. All the care of the children and the home fell upon the mother. In addition to her sorrows and burdens, she found herself very poor. Every effort was made, every energy strained to rear three lovely little ones. Night and day she toiled, growing staid and calmer with the struggle as her bitter memories receded, and as the living demanded greater watchfulness and care.

The boy grew up wayward; with curly hair, with bright, affectionate ways, with many evil tendencies—how like his father! Fear of his future chilled the mother's heart, and love of the lad warmed it. She was like a thermometer plunged now into cold, now into hot water. It is a wonder that her frail frame held together at all.

The time came when it seemed that she could endure the struggle and uncertainty no longer. Charles began to stay out late; he evidently drank at those times—not much, but enough to portend future danger. At such times a mother's love can do little but watch and pray over her easily tempted boy. No matter how late he came in, she greeted him with a kiss and tucked him into bed as if he were still her little child, and then she said her prayers for them both as she always used to do.

Suddenly the Spanish War came, and with it the haunting of so many thousands of young men. This mother's son was one of the first to enlist, and with death in her heart she bade him good-by.

'You'll write me dear?' she said, at the last. She did not dare to ask him not to drink and associate with evil men. He knew how she felt about that.

Week after week went by, and no letter came from her boy at Chickamauga. But one day she received a letter from the first lieutenant of his company, telling her to come quickly. 'Charles was very ill.'

When she at last lay in the hospital stricken with the typhoid fever, more fatal than Spanish bullets, had done its

work. She bent over her boy,—the most precious, the dearest of her children,—and her eyes questioned him piteously.

'I've tried, he whispered. 'I have tried to be different.'

'He has kept good company,' said the lieutenant who had written the letter, 'and has been a good boy.'

But the lad was now too weak to talk much with her. He spoke but twice after this.

'I would rather die as I am than live as I was,' he said feebly. Just before he died he whispered: 'Mother, you loved me in being good.' Who will say that prayer and patience, tenderness and trust for the sake of one we love are not worth the courage and the effort that they cost?

WHERE THE 20TH CENTURY DAWNS. It Will First Land on Antipodes Island, in the Pacific.

Where will the twentieth century first dawn? If the change of the centuries took place at either of the equinoxes—March 22 or Sept. 22—then, since on those days the earth's axis is at right angles to the plane of the orbit and there is equal day and night all over the world, the matter would be very easily decided. The dawn line would coincide with the date line, and from pole to pole the first sun of the new century would rise at the same moment.

But, unfortunately, this is not so, and the consequence is that the line of dawn, as it sweeps round the earth, first touches the date line to the south of the equator, and then gradually creeps up this line till it leaves it far to the north. So the first sun of the twentieth century will rise on the places along or near the date line in the order of their position, from the south upward.

Now there is no land along this line from the Antarctic Circle to Antipodes Island, hence this tiny spot of earth will first see the twentieth century dawn. A few minutes later Bonny Island will see it. Then it will sweep along the northeast coast of North Island, New Zealand; then over Vanua Levu in the Fiji Islands. Next it will shine on the scattered coral islets of the Ellice group, and after travelling about nine degrees more to the north the light tide will touch the crossing of the dawn line and date line at 6 o'clock.

Two hours and five minutes will have to pass before it reaches the banks of the Yarra. In six hours and twenty-five minutes it will glide the temples and palaces of Calcutta. In four hours and fifty minutes it will be flowing over Lion's Head and down the rugged sides of Tabor Mountain.

In twelve hours and twenty-five minutes it will have crossed Montmartre and touched the base of Eiffel Tower in Paris. Five minutes later it will have passed the cross of St. Paul's and be flowing up Fleet St. In seventeen hours and twenty minutes from the time it crossed the dawn line it will be flowing around the feet of the Statue of Liberty, and in three hours more it will have reached the Golden Gate. Thence it will cross a stretch of ocean unbroken by rock or islet back to the dawn line, and so will be accomplished the evening and morning of the first day of the twentieth century.

Cured a Bad Case of Deafness. St. Thomas, Ont.—'I have used Catarrhal Powder for impaired hearing and have been much benefited by its use, so much that I can now hear quite well. I am recommending it to my friends.' Thos Riddle.

Fully nine tenths of cases of impaired hearing arise from Catarrhal Inflammation. There is no question as to the efficacy of Catarrhal Powder, as the evidence of many testimonials similar to the above emphatically proves. Any one suffering in this way can test Catarrhal Powder by sending us 10 cents in stamps for which we will promptly mail them trial outfit sufficient to demonstrate its great efficacy. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Hartford, Conn.

Kept Warm With Ice. To keep from freezing by the use of ice serves a novel way of turning ordinary usage upside down. A daily paper is responsible for the statement that the Weather Bureau at Washington is about to issue a bulletin describing a new and peculiar method of heating. It consists in keeping out cold, not by the use of fire, but by the intervention of ice. Its object is the protection of perishable goods in transit.

The car is double lined, and has at each end four galvanized iron cylinders reaching from the floor almost to the top. In summer these cylinders are filled with ice and salt in order to keep the car cool.

The remarkable point, however, is that in winter they are filled with ice in order to keep the contents of the car from freezing. Ice is nominally at a temperature of thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, and it is a substance that changes its temperature reluctantly, and is a bad conductor of heat or cold. Consequently when zero weather prevails without, the cylinders of relatively warm ice prevent the escape of heat; in other words, they maintain the tempera-

ture within the car.

Another novel device by which ice is employed for protection against cold consists in throwing upon the car when the weather is near the zero point a plentiful stream of water, which freezes at once, and forms a complete coat over the vehicle. The action of the ice is the same as in the other case.

A similar plan is frequently adopted in the transportation of bananas, a fruit which is particularly susceptible to cold. The fruit is put in paper bags, and covered with salt hay when the temperature is dangerously low.

Old Stage-Coach Days. Adventures of varied nature belonged to the old English mail coach days. One of the most thrilling episodes of the road occurred one night on the way from Salisbury to London, in 1816. The story is told by Mr. Charles G. Harper in 'The Exeter Road.'

As the coach went howling along, the horses suddenly became extremely nervous, and what was thought to be a large calf was seen trotting along beside the left leader in the darkness. As they neared the inn the horses became uncontrollable; and then the supposed calf seized one of the animals. By this time the horses were frantic, plunging and kicking and it was remarkable that the coach was not overturned.

The guard laid hold of his gun and was about to shoot the assailant, when several men, accompanied by a large mastiff, appeared. The foremost, seeing that the guard was about to fire, pointed a pistol at his head, declaring that he would shoot if the beast was killed.

The 'calf' was a lioness escaped from a travelling show. The dog was set upon the brute, who left the horse, seized the mastiff and tore him to pieces, and retreated under a granary. The spot was barricaded to prevent her escape, and she was noosed and returned to captivity.

The horse which had been seized was seriously injured by the lioness, but finally recovered.

A Certain Remedy for Corns. And one always to be relied upon, is Fatman's Painless Corn Extractor. Safe, sure and always painless. Nearly fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of such. Get Fatman's at druggists, or if you cannot get it we will send it to you by mail upon receipt of 25 cents, post paid, to Canada or United States. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Bogged. While travelling in Cornwall, in 1891, Rev. S. Baring-Gould came near being overwhelmed in a bog. He and his companion got lost, and at dusk found themselves in a bog called Redmire. Six bullocks had already been lost there that year. Mr. Baring-Gould's adventure is related in his 'Book of the West.'

All at once I sank above my waist, and was being sucked father down. I cried to my companion, but in the darkness he could not see me, and had he seen me he could have done nothing for me. The water finally reached my armpits.

Happily, I had a stout dambo, some six feet long, and I placed this athwart the surface and held it with my arms as far expanded as possible. By jerks I succeeded in gradually lifting and throwing my body forward, till finally I was able to cast myself at full length on the surface. The suction had been so great as to tear my leather gaiters off my legs.

I lay at full length, gasping for nearly a quarter of an hour before I had breath and strength to advance, and then wormed myself along on my breast till I reached dry land. My companion, it turned out, had a similar experience.

The Rolling Piston. First Enthusiastic Goller.—'I say, will you play another round with me on Thursday?' Second Enthusiastic Goller.—'Well, I'm booked to be married on that day—but it can be postponed!'

Dawn of a new era. From the Bowersville Clarion: Our enterprising citizen, Mr. Henry Howso, is erecting a three-story business block across from the postoffice. The day of sky-scrapers has dawned in Bowersville.

SCEPTICS TURN BELIEVERS AND ARE CURED. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder A Great Blessing.

'When I read that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder could relieve Catarrh in 14 minutes I was far from being convinced. I tried it—a single puff through the blowers afforded instant relief, stopped pain over the eyes and cleansed the nasal passages. Today I am free from Catarrh.' R. L. Egan's (Edison, Pa.) experience has been that of thousands of others and may be yours.

CANCER advertisement with text: 'Cancer is a disease that can be cured. For Canadian testimonials & 250-page book—free, write Dept. 11, Hanson Medicines Co., 57 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.'

ABE CRONKITE SOLVED THE SWINDLE.

It was one day in midsummer, when the courts were closed and many law offices and law books with them; but calendar changes made no difference to Mr. Beavers, junior member of the firm of Marcellus & Beavers. The judge might be off to Europe, as he was; the clerks might be drawing out for the most desirable two weeks of vacation, as they were; even Abe Cronkite might have left his desk and be strolling around town, observing the passing throng in parks, hotels and streets, and storing away bits of indiscriminate knowledge which time and again had come pat to an emergency, as he was; it was all one to Mr. Beavers. He pursued an undeviating course to the office in the morning and back to his modest lodgings at night; even as he had ever since the night he came out of the country town, where the judge himself was born, to apply well grounded principles of law and practice to the larger affairs of metropolitan life. An invaluable man was Beavers; as industrious as his name implied. He had the code at his finger ends, and was an animated cross-reference to the reports and statutes. Knowing, too, was he in the arts of the procedure; never without a precedent for his action. Before his trained gaze the wiles of unscrupulous attorneys stood out as manifest as the defects and make-shifts of unskilful architecture.

But yet, this spare, dark young man, with respectable string tie and his watch guard of his mother's hair, had remained a stranger in the great town. He knew his way to the courts, the county offices, the lecture rooms and the church; but that was all. His work had engrossed his time; it had also engrossed his shrewdness; so personally, he remained, as he came, simple and unsophisticated.

On this day in midsummer, then, Mr. Beavers sat at his desk, drawing up a complaint in partition, and deriving many benevolent sensations from his masterly disposition of the property. He was alone, and so preoccupied that he did not notice the swinging of the door, or light, advancing steps. It was, therefore, with a start that he saw, as he glanced from his work, as the industrious often do to rest the eyes, a beautiful young woman, dressed in black, standing by him.

"I am seeking Judge Marcellus," she began, "I have a letter to him from the Hon. J. K. Minister, of Mountain Dale, his old-time friend. Are you he?"

There was a subtle flattery in the tone, implying as it did that the young man might well have reached such legal eminence, which was very grateful. He hastened, therefore, after explaining that his partner was away, to express the desire to be of any possible service to one so highly recommended.

"Oh, then you are Mr. Beavers," she cried, "I am so glad! I have heard so much about you, and you are so clever and competent, I know you will arrange all my troubles for me. Let me tell you my story, sir, and it will be as clear to you as it is dubious and dreadful to me. My name is Eleanor Naughton, and my dear husband was Carroll Naughton of Mountain Dale. He died three months ago, leaving me all his property, but when his will was presented for probate at the Surrogate's Court his brothers and sisters filed objections—oh such awful lies. See, here are papers, they tell better than I can the conspiracy against me," and she drew a formidable package from her reticule.

Mr. Beavers ran over the documents with the rapidity of experience. Ah yes he murmured. Petition, objections, answer, issue joined, appointment of temporary administrator, and hearing set for Oct. 1 to which time the court stands adjourned. And what's this; blank power of substitution from the petitioner's attorneys, Knowles & Vholes? Your lawyers have abandoned the case, Madame?

"Yes, brought off by the other side," sobbed Mrs. Naughton. "Oh, you can't imagine the despicable means they have used to overwhelm me."

"I don't have to imagine, I know, Madame," replied Mr. Beavers, "from the grim realities of many, many cases. There is no tribunal in the world where the evil traits of humanity are so conspicuous as the Surrogate's court. It is a perpetual exhibit of depravity in its lowest, meanest forms. But to resume: You, of course, wish us to appear for you; there is nothing further to do before the return day, when the judge will be here."

"Ah, yes," interrupted Mrs. Naughton, "I know just what you are going to say and it agrees fully with Mr. Minister's advice:

"Keep them in the dark as long as you can regarding your plans," he reiterated. "Let them think, if possible, that there will be no contest. Judge Marcellus' appearance will be all the more disheartening to them if it is unexpected." So he said, and so I repeat, except I add, Mr. Beavers' appearance."

"That is sound," mused the lawyer. "When such unscrupulous tactics are employed as these papers evidence fire must be fought with fire. But I see the estate is entirely tied up; pardon me, Madame, we have to be inquisitive, you know. Have you sufficient means for your subsistence?"

"At present, yes," answered the young widow, a little doubtfully. "Of course I have far more than that, but I am so nervous about it. You see, a year ago, my husband made me a present of twenty Vidalia bonds, \$1,000 each, you know, and nothing better in the world; but the interest day isn't until Oct. 1. I might hypothecate them, to be sure, but Mr. Minister thought it wouldn't be wise. He is so fearful lest they should learn of my possessing them and build up another inamorous charge against me. I have them here and I want to leave them with you. There is no place at the family hotel where I am staying, and as I said, I am so nervous."

Mr. Beavers carefully counted over the securities, as crisp as if right from the press. Have you the numbers? he asked: "no? Then please jot them down yourself." The young woman took from her reticule a bit of a pencil, and made the memorandum. "Here also is my receipt," continued the lawyer, "perhaps under the circumstances, it is prudent for us to be entrusted with them."

"No perhaps, at all," retorted the young widow, each moment becoming more and more vivacious, as the worries of her solitude were so attentively met. "Oh, I am so grateful to you; and you won't mind my coming often for counsel, may I say so?"

"Here is my card, Mrs. Eleanor Naughton, the Quenton. But you won't have occasion to send for me; I fear I shall be such a nuisance."

"Nuisance, madam?" exclaimed Mr. Beavers, "it is my duty, my pleasure, my—" Here words failed him, leaving his thoughts to express themselves in a low bow of devotion, under which his client drew about her the habiliments of woe, and tripped out.

For a few moments Mr. Beavers sat in a reverie, deliciously novel. Was there ever such a charming creature, so persecuted, so helpless. How sincere she was; how simple, her faith of finding relief and comfort! Well, he would manfully do his devoirs, meeting craft with craft, planning legal surprises which would be all the more effective for the great surprise of the firm's appearance in the case. He endorsed the name of his new client on the bonds and put them away in the safe. Then as he resumed his seat but not his occupation he noticed that Mrs. Naughton had left her pencil on the desk. It was a comical little but for a woman to carry, and she smiled at her naturalness in using it; rather unusual in appearance it was, too, being yellow in color and with an indefinite something about it which bespoke foreign make. Despite the propriety which Mr. Beavers had brought with him from the country and enlarged through habit into primness, he kissed the fragment and stored it with a sigh in his vest pocket; nor did it in any way occur to him that Mrs. Naughton had neglected to deliver the letter of introduction from the Judge's old-time friend, the Hon. J. K. Minister.

The summer waxed and the summer waned, and a strange surpassing emotion developed and flowered in Mr. Beavers' breast. The clerks took their vacations, and Abe Cronkite indulged his peripatetic studios; but the young lawyer's devotion to duty was all the greater. Why should it not be, indeed, since at any odd moment, not when he would least expect it, for he was always expecting it, but when hard and logical chances were against any such blessing, the office might be illumined and his soul enraptured by the vital model and form of all feminine charms. Gone was Mrs. Naughton's melancholy, dissipated by the confidence which the very name of Marcellus & Beavers inspired. She no longer appeared in those habiliments of woe, only less utter than her sense of bereavement. She now seemed the embodiment of all that is light and ethereal and gay, and as she floated to the Windsor chair by his desk, under the convey of a

Gainsborough hat. Who could be so churlish as to refuse her request, even if judged unwise? Not Mr. Beavers surely! Why it would be this morning a beautiful picture of the imagination if such sordid details as prodence and economy and foresight were obtruded! And yet, one day, in the early fall, as the lawyer looked over the advances he had been overjoyed to allow her to draw against the bonds in his possession, he was dismayed by the total. "Dear, impetuous, uncalculating Eleanor," he murmured, "I really must caution her for her own good. Doubtless she is only living up to her accustomed style, and the contest will fall to pieces on our appearance; but still, but still, why, there is scarcely any margin left. Yes, the time she comes I will expostulate with her."

A laudable resolution, but only effective on the coming of this vision of light! Days passed and the Windsor chair remained unoccupied. Evenings drooped, and Mr. Beavers lingered to the very last trip of the elevator car. Then he grew alarmed. Eleanor must be ill, so ill as to be unable to send him word. Inquiry at the Quenton only increased his agitation. Mrs. Naughton was not there; she had not been there for weeks; indeed, she had never been there but for a few days at any time. What did it mean? What should he do? What, then, was the Judge wont to do, when any mystery arose in the office? With fingers singularly tremulous Mr. Beavers touched the bell on his desk, and called into consultation Abe Cronkite, who had desisted from his philosophical wanderings.

"I remember years ago, sir," remarked Abe Cronkite, after the case had been stated as only an enamoured lawyer could state it "that Bill Dalton, the burglar, made a haul of about all of one issue of Vidalia bonds. But he never was able to realize. They were cancelled by law, and there was a reissue."

"What has that got to do with the matter?" asked Mr. Beavers, savagely.

"Nothing, sir, only it might be prudent to inquire."

"Nonsense!" returned the other with unabated ire. "It would be an insult to a lady of highest, noblest character, recommended to us by one of the judge's old-time friends, the Hon. J. K. Minister."

"Would you mind showing me his letter?"

"I haven't it at hand just at present," said Mr. Beavers, evasively.

"And you have never communicated with her former attorney, Knowles & Vholes?" continued Cronkite, remorselessly.

"No; why should I?" asked Mr. Beavers, as he took a bit of yellow pencil from his pocket and twirled it nervously.

"Well, I noticed in the papers a month ago an advertisement for some legal papers left on an elevated train, and it was signed Knowles & Vholes."

"That is the worst thing about you, Cronkite," cried the lawyer, all flushed and excited; "your long association with crime makes you so suspicious. You utterly misapprehend my wishes in this matter, the trend of your questions are ridiculous, simply ridiculous. What I want to do is to conduct an inquiry, in the most delicate way, for a woman in distress, who has powerful enemies, who is our client, remember, not mine alone, but the judge's and mine, and who seems to be missing. Listen now, while I give you as accurate a description as I can of her personal appearance, and don't waste valuable time by conjectures so unfounded and unjust as to seem both trivial and malicious."

Cronkite, notwithstanding, did not seem to pay the strictest attention to Mr. Beavers' words. His eyes were fixed rather on his hands; and when the lawyer concluded he abruptly asked: "Where did you get that pencil, sir?"

"That question is too irrelevant for answer," retorted Mr. Beavers.

"But if by any chance, sir," the detective persisted, "the lady should have happened to leave it here, why it might prove a clue; I don't see just how, but little things have a powerful way of pointing out; think of the magnetic needle, sir; so if you don't mind—"

And Mr. Beavers' anxiety was so great that he not only admitted that Mrs. Naughton had owned the pencil, but delivered the precious relic into the detective's charge.

"Remember," repeated the young lawyer as a last solemn injunction, "a simple inquiry delicately conducted! I not only have the utmost confidence in our client, but the highest esteem, respect, regard for her! Brave words, but notwithstanding, after Cronkite had departed, Mr. Beavers himself made certain simple inquiries, delicately conducted, too, of a broker, whose specialty was municipal bonds, of the Hon. J. K. Minister, and of the law firm of Knowles & Vholes, and when the fatal answers came, as fatal answers always do, he was unable either to work or to dream; he was duly, dumbly unhappy, very unhappy!

As straight as if the magnetic needle, pointed the way Abe Cronkite proceeded to where the horses were running by the seaside, only pausing to make certain changes in his appearance not on the side of austere respectability. These changes, however, were so effective as to give him ready acquaintance with the loungers about the bar of the adjacent hotel; and his glib and adaptable tongue did the rest. By the time the tramp, tramp along the piazza indicated that the races were over for the day, he was generally accepted as Mr. Nerval, the starter for a Western track, and a man worthy of cultivation by all the knowing ones. As the crowd surged through the windows Mr. Nerval grew retiring. He stepped out to a corner of the piazza and watched closely, while after the first arid rush, the men and women noisily and floutingly took places at the various tables. One couple especially seemed to attract the starter's attention—a pretty young woman, vivid with ribbons and ablaze with diamonds, and a tall, well-made man, whose dress and manner revealed all the outer signs and inner graces of a dead game, all-around sport. They were laughing boisterously, they were ordering lavishly, evidently things had come their way, and they wanted the whole world, or at least their half, to know it.

Soon the man, after his kind, sauntered into the barroom, and Mr. Nerval followed. "Jim Mixon," said a hanger on, "shake hands with Pop Nerval, the Western starter."

"You're a good man to get next to," said Mixon affably; "what'll you have?" And fertilized by interest and watered by conviviality an intimacy between the two sprang up like Jonah's gourd.

"You must meet her," insisted Mixon after a little, indicating his fair companion with his thumb, and for the next hour the three over a superabundance of half-cold food and half-warm wine talked technically about the steppers, and whether so and so's stable was out for the dust, and which was the wiser course, to follow the jocks or the colors, and in so doing and so saying, swore an eternal friendship. So great, indeed, was the attraction of the Mixons for the Western man that they insisted when the city was reached on his accompanying them to their Harlem flat, where a bird and a bot promised a fitting ending for what yet was only the shank of the evening.

It was when these pleasures were culminating, and the smoke of the heavy black cigars was curling lazily over the wet table and clinging to the glasses that Mr. Nerval little by little brought the conversation to a consideration of the many monetary advantages within the grasp of thoroughbreds like themselves. Many a tale he told of "doping" and "ringing," of monte playing and the "long con," tales met and capped every time by long Jim Mixon, and extravagantly corroborated by his fair partner, when he would turn to her and say: "Ain't that straight goods, Nell?"

"Sometimes, though, the biter is bit," remarked Mr. Nerval with a laugh, as he lolled back in his chair, "as I happened to find out once to my loss. Did you ever hear tell of old Bill Dalton? No? Well, Bill was one of the old-time lags you read about, and his graft it was safe cracking. One night he did a slick job at Vada's, lifting a whole new issue of bonds, blow me if he didn't! His plan was to lay low and wait for an offer, but the lawyers they put their heads together and contrived a law that cancelled the lot, and permitted a reissue, and old Bill was left with a fist full of sleepers. After that any of the boys who wanted to spring a game on some hayseed, the old side bond racket, you know, would apply to old Bill for the col-lat, and get it too for a thankee kindly. Why, I had a bunch of the stuff a few years ago that I let go for a song. Now here is where the joke was on me and old Bill, and the rest of the fly boys. Only a day or so ago, I heard, and it came right from headquarters, too, that the higher courts had taken up the question of those Vidalia bonds that old Bill prigged, and decided that since they had gotten into the hands of innocent third parties they were good for the face and interest. And that ain't all, by a jugfull. Being a good lien, as

To MAKE HENS LAY
Feed daily in a warm mash, as directed.
Shoridan's Condition Powder
It is a money-maker for poultry-men. One pack, 25c; 2-lb. can, \$1.25; 5-lb. can, \$2.50. "How to Feed for Eggs," free.
L. S. SHORIDAN & COMPANY,
Boston, Mass.

One Dose
Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of
Mood's Pills
And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

the saying is, they come in ahead of the reissue, and command a premium on the Stock Exchange, and no questions asked, of about 50 per cent."

When the genial Mr. Nerval finally took a long farewell of his hosts, they looked at each other with dismay. "We've been done up for far, Nell," said Jim. "Plum in the kisser," agreed the allegoric Nell. "But I won't stand for it," went on the man angrily. "to enclose myself out of ten thousand bones like a gillie at the wheel! We've got the dough and to spare, and we could not invest it better. Now you go down this morning, the first thing, to Beaver's, give him any old song and dance to explain where you've been, take up your loan, bring home the bonds, and we can break way ahead of the game, and as square as young squaretoes himself!"

The following afternoon when Abe Cronkite came into the office Mr. Beavers greeted him with an air of conscious triumph.

"Let this be a lesson to you, Cronkite," he said, "against hasty judgments. Mrs. Naughton called this morning and paid the amount I had advanced on the bonds. Her absence was caused by the illness of a dear friend; and she was in such a hurry to return to her that she had no time to explain fully the two or three discrepancies in her case which you were so eager to pronounce suspicious. She was shocked when I told her about the bonds, and took them with her for verification by her late husband's brokers. As for the Hon. J. K. Minister, it is easy to say that, like Knowles & Vholes, he has been bought by the other side. Well, she has one staunch and faithful friend who will serve her to the end."

And then Abe Cronkite, perceiving that nothing but the plain truth would remove an insinuation which the young lawyer's sterling qualities only made the stronger, told the story from beginning to end.

"But how did you know where to seek her?" gasped Mr. Beavers. "I don't understand!"

"You forget the yellow pencil," explained Cronkite, "the moment I saw it I knew she must follow the horses. You never see one in use outside the ring. Why should you? They cost much more than the ordinary kind. But the bookmakers and especially the sheet writers, require in their business, as you will readily see, a lead very black, unriable and tough; and these yellow pencils, which are made in Austria, fill the bill. It's the little things that point the way, sir, as I said before; and that little nub of a pencil sent him as straight to the track as it steered by the magnetic needle itself."

TO THE DEAF—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 730 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Scotch Terriens and Thrift.
In a dull Scottish village on a dull morning one neighbor called upon another. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation went thus:

"Ca'd?"
"Aye."
"Gae to be weety, I think."
"Aye."
"Is John in?"
"Oh, aye; he's in."
"Can I see him?"
"No."
"But I wanted to see him."
"Aye; but you canna see him. John's deid."
"Deid?"
"Aye."
"Sudden?"
"Aye."
"Very sudden?"
"Very sudden."
"Did he say anything about a pot of green paint before he deid?"—Anecdote by Ian MacLaren.

"Yes, I hope to start the century free from debt."
"Oh, course you mean the 21st century."

APIOL & STEEL
A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES.
Superior Bitter Apple, P. L. Cooke, Penryn, Pa.
Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.00 from
EVLANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and
Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or
Martin Pharmaceutical Chemist, Southampton, Eng.

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of Hood's Pills.

Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

the saying is, they come in ahead of the rescue, and command a premium on the Stock Exchange, and no questions asked, of about 50 per cent.

When the general Mr. Nerval finally took a long farewell of his hosts, they looked at each other with dismay. 'We've been done up for four, Nell,' said Jim. 'Plum in the kisser,' agreed the allegoric Nell. 'But I won't stand for it,' went on the man angrily. 'to enrobe myself out of ten thousand bones like a gillie at the wheel! We've got the dough and to spare, and we could not invest it better. Now you go down this morning, the first thing, to Beaver's, give him any old song and dance to explain where you've been, take up your loan, bring home the bonds, and we can break way ahead of the gate, and as square as young squaratoes himself!

The following afternoon when Abe Cronkite came into the office Mr. Beavers greeted him with an air of conscious triumph.

'Let this be a lesson to you, Cronkite,' he said, 'against hasty judgments. Mrs. Naughton called this morning and paid the amount I had advanced on the bonds. Her absence was caused by the illness of a dear friend; and she was in such a hurry to return to her that she had no time to explain fully the two or three discrepancies in her case which you were so eager to pronounce suspicious. She was shocked when I told her about the bonds, and took them with her for verification by her late husband's brokers. As for the Hon. J. K. Minister, it is easy to say that, like Knowles & Vholes, he has been bought by the other side. Well, she has one staunch and faithful friend who will serve her to the end.'

And then Abe Cronkite, perceiving that nothing but the plain truth would remove an infatuation which the young lawyer's sterling qualities only made the stronger, told the story from beginning to end.

'But how did you know where to seek her?' gasped Mr. Beavers. 'I don't understand!'

'You forget the yellow pencil,' explained Cronkite, 'the moment I saw it I knew she must follow the horses. You never see one in use outside the ring. Why should you? They cost much more than the ordinary kind. But the bookmakers and especially the sheet writers, require in their business, as you will readily see, a lead very black, unbreakable and tough; and these yellow pencils, which are made in Austria, fill the bill. It's the little things that point the way, sir, as I said before; and that little nub of a pencil sent him as straight to the track as it steered by the magnetic needle itself.'

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her Deafness and Noise in the Head by Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums, has sent \$1,000 to his Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 730 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Scotch Tereness and Thrift.

In a dull Scottish village on a dull morning one neighbor called upon another. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation went thus:

'Cauld?'
'Aye.'
'Gae to be weety, I think.'
'Aye.'
'Is John in?'
'Oh, aye; he's in.'
'Can I see him?'
'No.'
'But I wanted to see him.'
'Aye; but you canna see him. John's deid.'
'Deid?'
'Aye.'
'Sudden?'
'Aye.'
'Very sudden?'
'Very sudden.'
'Did he say anything about a pot of green paint before he deid?'—Anecdote by Ian MacLaren.

'Yes, I hope to start the century free from debt.'

'Of course you mean the 21st century.'

APIOL & STEEL

A REMEDY FOR IRREGULARITIES. Superinducing Bitter Apple, Fil Coclea, Fenugreek, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for \$1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LTD., Montreal and Toronto, Canada. Victoria, B. C., or Martin Pharmacological Chemist, Seattle, Wash., U.S.A.

Chat of the Boudoir.

A special feature of stylish and consequently good dressing this season is noticeable in the different types of dressy gowns, each of which is distinctive in style and made for a special purpose. It rather complicates the question of a fashionable outfit inasmuch as it necessitates many gowns if you are a society woman in full swing, for there must be a gown for each function. But the result is very satisfactory and quite after the Parisian idea of perfection in the art of good dressing. The house gown is especially demonstrated as one of the needed variations in dress, and seems to be one or two removes from a tea gown. You see it in princess form rather more than any other, and white or tinted cloth is the favorite material. A white cloth princess is a dream on the right woman if it is properly fitted and made, with chiffon plaiting at the hem peeping out beneath the slashed cloth skirt. Tucks of white cloth sewn on a white taffeta skirt overlapping each other, enough for a finish, are the foundations for one pretty model, the skirt of which is slashed nearly to the waist line, the edges being finished with rows of stitching. Some of these gowns are princess shape in the back only, the front opening over a lace or tucked chiffon tablier, and being caught back at each side with a rosette and long scarlet ends of chiffon. Long ends of lace are sometimes fastened at the throat with gold buckles.

Empire gowns are particularly suited to the house variety, and in striking contrast are one of black panne velours with yoke of black chamois embroidered with gold, and a white lace gown made over plaited crepe. The lace robe opens in front, where it is cut across with narrow white velvet ribbon dotted with gold. The transparent lace sleeves are in puffs arranged on a chiffon lining to droop slightly over the velvet bands between. The black panne gown is plaited in the back and plain in front, where it shapes in to the figure somewhat, like all the modern empire gowns, and the lace yoke extends into a sort of bolero which gives a pretty finish. A yoke of lace with long stole ends is another pretty fancy for the house gown.

Lace jackets and waists of various kinds are part of the house gown outfit, which after all is merely a name for a gown too light in color and possibly delicate in texture for street wear. A lace waist, with a pale gray crepe de chine skirt also trimmed with lace is charming. Some of the lace jackets have a basque attachment much longer in front than at the back.

Something unusual in the way of a house gown is seen in a combination of pale blue cloth and black and white striped silk. The skirt of cloth has a wide undulating band of cream lace set in well above the hem with a piping of black satin at either edge. The bodice of the striped silk is a coat, short to the waist line in front, but extending into coat tails nearly half the length of the skirt at the back. Applique bands of lace are set in across this appendage and twice around the body and sleeves which are finished with a cavalier cuff of lace piped with black and an underleeve of chiffon. The revers collar is also of lace turning back from a surplice vest of black satin which terminates in long cash ends. This cavalier cuff is one of the latest features in the much varied sleeve and the cavalier wrist ruffles of lace are the approved finish.

Apreros of house jackets is the little bolero with long tails made of pink pique, with a dainty waistcoat of gold brocade over a soft blouse of white lace. This sort of confection is worn over a plaited skirt of mousseline matching the jacket in color and trimmed with very narrow bands of sable. Satin is used for the foundation dress, and if more warmth is required it may be lined with albatross.

In street gowns there is something quite new for the elegant matron in a coat and skirt of black peau-de-soie, made perfectly plain, with a fitted flounce striped around with cord width tucks an inch apart, or finished with stitching. The coat is of half or three quarter length, whichever is most becoming, and shirred or plaited across the back. The fronts are double breasted in saque shape and turn back at the neck with a close collar and revers of black velvet. One good authority on dress suggests the coat without any fur trimmings as the latest and most desirable fashion, as it can be worn with fur boas and collarettes, which are easily thrown off when you enter a warm room where it is not always convenient to remove the coat. Any sort of pretty silk blouse may be worn with this black silk two piece costume, and for women who are no longer young there is an air of elegance about

this kind of a street gown which nothing can surpass. Sable is the most elegant of all furs with the silk gown, and we see it in the form of flat shawl collar fastened midway between the neck and wrist with a large gold clasp, where there are two long ends. Some of these fur novelties are finished with a plaiting of chiffon to match, which closely shirred, forms the lining.

Other styles show some very stunning evening gowns, the first one of which is made of gold tissue, cream lace and embroidery supplemented by a black tulle scarf. Velvet dotted black net trimmed with black velvet ribbon forms another gown, but the daintiest of all is made of white chiffon, plaited and trimmed elaborately with bands and tabs of cream lace. A pretty girlish gown is made of white crepe de chine, tucked and trimmed with lace insertions and tiny ruchings of chiffon. White mousseline de soie striped with black velvet ribbon, in the next gown, is one of the popular combinations which is also used for high-necked costumes, and still another model is daintily carried out in point d'esprit and lace with tucks and ruchings for the finish. Jackets and collars in Bruges guipure lace are among the novelties in lace, which can be purchased in the shops all ready for use, and a few of them are shown in the cuts.

FETTERS OF FASHION.

If fashion reports are to be credited, the latest style of hair dressing is low, with the knot well down at the nape of the neck or just above, if that is more becoming. This is said to be the prevailing mode in Paris, for both day and evening dress, and the hair is usually parted in the middle, or at one side, some parting being a necessary accompaniment.

For evening dress a rose is worn either well forward in front or just back of the ear, and the gold roses are especially pretty for this purpose. In hair ornaments there is no limit, but flowers have the preference just at the moment. Roses are made more showy by dotting them here and there with rhinestones. The very latest idea in flowers is a bunch of geranium blossoms arranged with leaves of their own kind. They came in a variety of bright colors very true to nature and are certainly very decorative. Gardenias are another fancy in flowers and are both large and small, and the lily of the valley is also worn. A velvet anemone with a bunch of leaves is also very effective or you may wear the satin bow spotted with rhinestones. Daintier than all the rest is a bunch of black thistle down with shadowy tulle leaves also black. In blonde hair this is charming.

One of the prettiest novelties in purses is of plain gray suede leather simply stitched around the edges and fastened with a button hole, and jewelled buttons which vary in elegance and price.

New muff chains have leaves of tinted gold or enamel instead of jewels.

The latest novelty in veiling has a dot of gold beside each chenille dot. Nothing escapes this universal craze for gold, it seems; but it is hardly a becoming addition in this particular instance. There are no end of pretty novelties among the veils, however, and white veils are very much worn. Fancy designs in mesh add to the diversity, and then there are all sorts of variations in the arrangement of the dots, one of which is in two little squares, one overlapping the other, and each in dots of a different size, which form simply the lines and not the solid squares. One of the latest veils is the mesh in either black or white with very small dots which seem to be the preference this season.

The latest skirt model shows only two seams, one in front and one in the centre of the back.

The raglan overcoat, so fashionable for men, appears among the tailor garments for women, but only the fair ones with sporting proclivities venture to don one of these most unbecoming of all outside garments possible to women.

Dainty waists of India mull in pale tints are worn with the tailor-made skirts and coats. They are finely tucked and finished with a lace yoke, belt and cuffs.

THE DAUGHTER OF A HIGHLANDER

Reply of Miss McDonald, a New York Nurse, to Gen. Roberts After Being Wounded.

The alumnae of the New York City Training School for Nurses, formerly known as the Charity Hospital Training School, have been reading the reports from the seat of war in South Africa with special interest because one of their fellow graduates has achieved distinction there not only for her work as a nurse but also for her bravery on the field of battle.

She is Miss Margaret C. McDonald of Pictou, Nova Scotia. The cable reported early in the fall that she had been wounded and that she had conducted herself with heroism worthy of a trained soldier. Further details of the accident to Miss McDonald have reached New York in letters from Cape Town, but even these reports are somewhat incomplete. Fragmentary as they are, they have added to the satisfaction of the Alumnae Association of the Charity Hospital nurses, who are anxiously awaiting Miss McDonald's return to this country to give her a reception and to proclaim their pride in her achievements.

What has made the graduate nurses especially proud of Miss McDonald was her quick reply to Lord Roberts, who complimented her upon her fortitude. She said: 'Oh, that's nothing. I am the daughter of a Highlander.'

Miss McDonald's friends do not know in what engagement she was wounded or the exact date. The cable simply said that she had been wounded. The letters received since say that she was on the firing line, or close to it. It is also known that she offered to assist in surgery work near the line of battle. The surgeons protested for a time, but she said that she was not afraid. She was wounded in the shoulder by a piece of shell. It is thought that there was a change in the line of battle and that it was impossible to move the surgeons' headquarters, where the wounded men were taken for immediate treatment. Miss McDonald refused to leave her work, and it is said did not flinch in the least. Her own wound was painful, but a delicate operation was being performed upon a wounded soldier and she felt that her presence was necessary until it was finished. After the soldier had been cared for fully she allowed the surgeon to look after her and she retired for a time.

Miss McDonald was graduated from the Charity Hospital Training School in the class of 1895. She had three years' experience in general nursing before the South African war started. She was elected recording secretary of the Alumnae Association of the nurses that were graduated from the Blackwell's Island school, but resigned about a year ago to go to her home in Nova Scotia, where she expected to get a place as a trained nurse with the army. As soon as the war started her spirit of loyalty to Canada and the mother country prompted her to volunteer as a nurse. She had nursed some of the returned soldiers from Cuba at Montank Point during the war with Spain and she was all eagerness to go with the Canadian contingent to South Africa. Her people have social prominence in Nova Scotia and she was one of the five first nurses selected to go with the Canadian soldiers. There were hundreds of applications for these places.

Arriving in South Africa Miss McDonald was attached to the column that went to the relief of Kimberley and she was the first woman to enter the city after it was relieved. After that she became attached immediately to Lord Roberts's staff and was with him in all his fighting to Freroria. Gen. Roberts himself came to see her when she was wounded and told her that she was a brave woman. She had too much tact directly to disparage anything that the Commander-in-Chief might say to her, but she turned it off neatly by remarking: 'I am the daughter of a Highlander.'

Grandmother's Recipes.

Grandma is one of those who can mix and flavor and bake to perfection without the aid of a cook-book. She was born to her profession, not made for it by practice and discipline. But alas for her who hopes to copy grandma's recipes, for they do not exist, save in her own brain, and they could never be transferred to paper.

Not so long ago one of the granddaughters went over to the old house with pencil and paper to take down some of the most valuable rules, to make a cook-book of her own, and present copies to all the nieces.

Grandma was delighted to be asked. She sat down, smoothed her apron, folded her plump hands and said:

'Yes, dear, yes. I should admire to give you my receipts, every one of 'em.' 'Well, I begin with the simplest,' said Dora, in a businesslike tone. 'Apple sauce, now. Yours is better than anybody's. How do you make it?'

'Well,' said grandma, genially, 'I peel my apples nice, and quarter 'em and put 'em on the stove with a little water.'

'How many apples?' inquired Dora. 'How much water?'

That was a poser. Grandma looked at her in real distress.

'Dear me, child,' said she, 'I can't tell you that to save my life! Why, just take 'em to the pump and pump a mite on 'em.'

'Well,' said Dora, trying to approach the subject by a different road, 'sugar,

now. How much of that to a quart saucepan full of apples?'

Grandma looked at her benignly. 'I just take the sugar-box over to the stove,' said she, 'and put on—well, what's required. Yes, dear, with my little scoop!'

The apple sauce was given up for graver matters; but there, also, lurked defeat. When it came to buns, grandma put in currents, but—how many?

'Oh, I don't know, dear,' said she, easily. 'Not many. Here and there a traveller.'

Lamb broth she simmered 'till it was done.'

'When the goodness is all out o' the meat, child,' said she, somewhat pityingly. 'Dear me, you can't tell that!'

Sour milk gingerbread is one of her masterpieces. Yet how much soda does she use to a cup of milk?

'Enough to sweeten it, dear,' says grandma, 'and make it rise real good. You'll know when you try it.'

The interview was given up. Dora sat with idle pencil and useless paper, while grandma, quite unconscious of proving a disappointment, beamed through her glasses and discoursed on the ease of cooking properly, if one only gave one's mind to it. Then the dear old lady rose and went out to 'get supper,' a meal calculated to fill any inexperienced cook with envy to the brim.

Grandma could do it to perfection, but she could not tell how.

Gastritis.

Inflammation of stomach, gastric catarrh or gastritis, this unpleasant affection is variously called, may, like most inflammatory diseases, be acute or chronic in its course. The chronic condition often results from a succession of acute attacks, or it may come on gradually, without being preceded by acute symptoms.

The signs of an acute attack are pain and soreness over the region of the stomach, nausea and vomiting, a leaning for food, usually a coated tongue, a bad breath headache, dizziness and sometimes a blurring of the sight, especially after stooping. The stomach is often distended with gas, and belching, sometimes accompanied by very sour eructations, is a troublesome symptom.

There may be more or less fever; the pulse is weak, and may be rapid or slower than in health. Sometimes, while there is no appetite, there is a craving for pickles or highly seasoned dishes, but indulgence in this craving soon turns it to loathing. The symptoms of chronic gastritis are similar to those of the acute form, but less pronounced. The tongue is coated, the breath is foul, and often the sufferer has a bad taste in the mouth. The head aches dully, the wits are blunted and the temper apt to be irritable. There is a sensation of weight or distress in the stomach eructations are frequent, and occasionally a recently eaten meal is vomited.

A not uncommon symptom is a slight cough with raising of mucus. Sometimes, especially if the patient is losing flesh, this cough causes unnecessary alarm, being taken as an indication of consumption.

Gastritis, whether acute or chronic, is caused by some irritant acting upon the mucous membrane of the stomach. This may be poison, such as arsenic, which has been swallowed; or it may be alcohol, or acid or highly spiced food; or the irritant may be formed in the stomach by the fermentation of indigestible food, or of food taken in too great quantity. Finally, it may result from the secretion into the stomach of poisons circulating in the blood.

The treatment of acute gastritis consists in the removal of the irritating material by copious drinking of warm water followed by vomiting, and then giving the stomach a complete rest, allowing only a little diluted milk occasionally. The cure of the chronic form is a less simple matter, and often calls for the use of drugs, careful dieting, and the institution of a hygienic regime under the physician's direction.

Underground Champagne.

Visitors to France may go out of their way to gaze upon the quaint architecture and crumbling houses of Epernay, or the Roman antiquities and grand old cathedral of Rheims, but the real towns of Champagne are to be looked for underground. These are the bustling, busy places where the business of Champagne is carried on. They are of vast extent.

American and British workmen would probably not trouble themselves to obtain employment in underground Champagne. Day after day the work-people leave the outer world for eleven and twelve hours at a time to discharge duties which, if not particularly arduous, must be wearisome by reason of their monotony.

An intelligent Frenchman named a writer in the Royal Magazine that he had worked below-ground for nearly forty-five years. His duties consisted in shaking bottles to dislodge the sediment. He said that he had shaken fifty-five bottles a minute during each working day of twelve hours.

for these forty-five years, and then asked the writer to calculate how many bottles he had shaken. It is no great wonder that after a moment's consideration the writer took to his heels.

Underground Champagne has a reputation for producing good wines, but according to the writer the business tends so sour the dispositions of the workers. He found most of them taciturn, not to say misanthropical. In one cellar at Epernay he came across an old man who assured him that the place was filled with ghosts and goblins.

It is hard to realize that underneath the primitive villages where the vineyards grow there are springing up subterranean cities of great importance, but this is the case. Men must search below, and not above, ground if they would understand the life of the people of Champagne.

First performer—Isn't it about time for your committee to begin its campaign against vice?

Second reformer—Oh, my, no. Why, they haven't had all our pictures in the paper yet.

Mrs. Jones—What's the matter with your husband?

Mrs. Malaprop—The doctor doesn't know, exactly; but he says he thinks it's conjuncture of the lungs.



Women Arc Like Flowers.

Poets have been fond of likening woman to a flower. Her fairness is flowerlike. Her sweetness suggests the flower fragrance. Her very fragility finds its type again in the frail flower, which languishes when neglected, and is so easily destroyed. It is a pretty simile and almost as perfect as pretty.

All women love flowers, and every woman who grows them knows that their health depends on daily care. Not alone water and sunshine necessary to the health of the plants, their leaves and roots must be guarded from the parasites which soon destroy the flower's beauty and undermine its life.

If a woman would care for herself as she does for her plants she would preserve her beauty and retain her strength far beyond the period when the average woman looks old and feels older than she looks.

THE GREAT SECRET

Of women's preservation of her beauty lies in the intelligent care of the womanly health. So close is the relation between the health of the delicate womanly organs and the health of the whole body, that whenever the feminine functions are deranged or disturbed the consequences are felt by every nerve in the body. Severe headache, backache, pain in the side, and bearing-down pains are borne with by so many thousands of women that one who is in sound health is a rare exception. Most women would give anything to know how to be cured. The way is very plain. Follow the path made by more than half a million women who have been perfectly cured of womanly ills and weakness.

'I believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and "Pleasant Pellets," says Mrs. Maria G. Hayes, writing from Brookland, D. C. "Six years ago, after the birth of one of my children, I was left in a weak, run-down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. I suffered from nervousness, female weakness and rheumatism, and I suffered everything one could suffer from these complaints. Life was a burden. I doctored with three different physicians and got no relief. I tried several patent medicines, all with the same result. I began to get worse, and to add to the complications I suffered terribly from constipation. I thought to see one of your advertisements and concluded to try the above remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and "Pleasant Pellets" and began to improve right away, and continued improving and gaining in strength. I cannot express the relief it was so great. Several months later my little daughter was born without such trouble. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my condition had it not been for the help I received from Dr. Pierce's medicines. My baby was a fine, healthy child, and the only one I have ever been able to nurse. She is now two years old and I have never had to take any medicine since, so I feel that your medicine has made a lasting cure with me. I owe so much to these, it would be impossible for me to express by word or pen how thankful I am to God and Dr. Pierce.'

NOTHING IS GREATER

Than the effect of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. It regulates the periods, stops chlorotic drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. It prepares the wife for motherhood, gives her vigor and physical strength, so that the birth hour is practically painless. It is the best of tonics because it contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine nor any other narcotics. For working women in the home, store or schoolroom it is an invaluable medicine. It quiets the nerves, increases the appetite, and causes restful and refreshing sleep. Nursing mothers will find no tonic so beneficial to mother and child as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

That question is often on a woman's lips for of her it is expected that she shall be ready to do something in any emergency in the home. When that question recurs to mind, often on a sudden, the answer will be, 'I don't know.' This is because some medical writers. This great work contains and three pages, and is sent free on receipt of name in any country. It contains the best of the latest and most reliable medicine for the relief of the various ailments.

The Shotgun Maker's Art.

The process of manufacturing gun metal and making it into gun barrels for shotguns may be classed as one of the fine arts. The past fifteen years have witnessed great changes and marked improvements in it. At one time gunmakers depended entirely for their material upon the supply of scrap, of fine iron and mild steel, such as horse shoes, nails, old coach springs, clippings of saws, steel pens and scraps, great and small, of all kinds. The pieces were carefully sorted and placed in a cylinder which, revolving slowly, polished and cleaned them by attrition one against the other. They were then cut into small pieces of uniform size and placed in the furnace until at a white heat or state of fusion. Then they were gathered together in a bloom, after which they were welded into a rough cube of iron.

This cube was rolled into bars and the bars cut into the lengths required, bundled together and again brought to a welding heat. Then they were hammered into rods 5-16 inch square or smaller or larger as required by the barrel welder for the work in hand. At one time fine Damascus barrels were made almost entirely from old coach springs. It was found that this metal would make very strong and fine barrels with a great freedom from 'greys,' or the specks that disfigure barrels, but do not impair their strength. It was thought that the peculiar wear to which the fine metal in the coach springs was subjected had a tendency peculiarly to fit it for gun barrel metal.

As the years rolled on the demand for coach springs exceeded the supply until at last gun barrel metal was made from a mixture of pig metal of the very best ores, and today barrels in twist, Damascus, laminated and plain steel are produced simply strong for all the uses for which the shotgun is intended. Inferior metal scraps of all kinds are used in making the barrels of the very cheap guns. Fine gun barrels must be made up from the very best material, and the most expensive steel and iron that can be produced is incorporated in the best barrels, be they twist, Damascus or laminated work.

The pig iron first is placed in a furnace and reduced to a fluid state. This operation cleanses it from all dross. It is then permitted to cool. While the temperature is going down it is gathered and worked into blooms. It then goes to the steam hammer, under which it assumes the shape of square blocks. It then passes through various rolls until bars of the proper diameter and length are obtained. The hammering has condensed the metal and eliminated many of the impurities. The rolling has augmented its tenacity and ductility, elongating and ramifying the fibres. The mild steel to be used in connection with the fine iron is prepared in a similar manner and is made from the best Swedish pig iron and becomes extremely tenacious and elastic under the repeated heating, hammering and rolling. In these operations of preparing and refining the steel and iron there is a constant loss of metal. The loss in puddling is about 16 per cent. and in rolling 12 per cent.

The bars being now ready are cut into equal lengths, bundled together, put into the furnace, heated and welded and elongated by rolling into rods. This process of heating, rolling and hammering is gone through with from five to seven times in the operation of making good and first quality barrels. The quantity of mild steel used in good Damascus is about 60 per cent., and of fine iron 40 per cent. The percentage having been determined on rods of each metal five eighths of an inch square are bundled together, steel and iron rods being sandwiched. The bundle is then brought to a white heat and the successive layers of iron and steel welded together and rolled out into a rod. The rod is again heated and placed in a machine for the purpose and twisted into rope form until it has from ten to fifteen turns to the inch. If a fine figure is desired, from four to six rods of iron and steel are used and bundled together, and by twisting down produce fine Damascus work.

This severe twisting has shortened the rod to the desired length and increased its thickness 40 or 50 per cent. Two of these rods are now placed side by side with the twistings running in opposite directions reheated and welded into one and rolled into a flat rod or ribbon of say 3/4 inch by 7-16 of an inch for the breech ends of the barrels and 1/2 inch by 3-16 for the muzzle ends. The barrels or tubes are made in two parts

and in the operation of welding, called jumping, they are brought together in the middle. These rods are again heated and twisted in the form of a spiral tube; this tube is brought to a white heat and glowing under the master hand is by a quick and deft movement jumped on the anvil and the open coils welded together. The tubes are immediately placed on a grooved rest and hammered lightly to round them up.

The muzzle and breech ends of the barrels having been thus welded separately the next operation is to join them together. This is a very neat and artistic piece of work, but is quickly and perfectly performed. On first grade barrels it would require the inspection of an expert to detect the jointure, the whole tube from breech to muzzle presenting the appearance of being made from one coiling of rods. The ends of the two coils are heated and brought together, there is a light tap on the anvil and the welding is completed.

In all the operations of heating, hammering, twisting and rolling, the metal has been in the fire from seven to ten times, and under each manipulation has grown purer, stronger, with increased density and ductility, resulting in an exceedingly tough and wonderfully homogeneous product. The tensile strength of the good gun metal is enormous. There is a consumption of from fourteen to seventeen pounds of prepared gun metal in making a pair of 12 gauge barrels that will weigh, when finished, from 3 1/2 to 4 1/2 pounds. It has been estimated that a ton of prepared gun metal of good grade is worth from \$300 to \$350. It is hardly necessary to state, therefore, that the gun barrels are expensive to produce.

Damascus and laminated barrels are made from two or more rods of different kinds of metal. Twist barrels may be manufactured from one or more rods. When from one rod, it is simply coiled and welded.

The breechloader, whether for traps or field work, must be light so as to handle quickly, thereby reducing the fatigue to a minimum, and at the same time must give its proportionate charge of powder. Hence, if the barrels are light, they must at the same time be strong; all of which is obtained by working the metal in the manner described. Fine gun barrels are very beautiful to the eye. The mild steel and the fine iron, being joined so intimately and regularly, form a beautiful curled figure in the Damascus and a wavy figure in the laminated work. This figure is but faintly perceptible in the bright metal. It is only when the barrels are brought to a high polish and subjected to the brownish process that it is brought out. The dark lines show the steel and light the iron. The two blended, and turning regularly, look not unlike a piece of lace work. A fine gun is made by skilful hands. Expert workmen get high wages. It is, therefore, to be considered that the price put on medium and fine guns today is not exorbitant. During the past ten years or so, laminated steel has fallen in disuse for gun barrels to an appreciable extent.

There is not a manufacturer of guns but has from time to time to do with a customer on the subject of a burst barrel, and it is a fact that these bursts usually occur at or very near the muzzle, and the source carelessness on the part of the shooter in not observing the muzzle to detect mud, sand, snow, or other foreign substances that sometimes find lodgement during a day's field.

To illustrate the great strength of good gun metal in resisting pressures the following experiments are of interest, the conditions being excessive charges of powder fired through a barrel that had been bored out to such a degree of tightness that a very light tap with a file handle would indent the metal. Indeed, so tight was the barrel that it had the appearance of a film. Beginning with 3 1/2 lbs. of black powder measured by Dixon's No. 1105 measure, the burst did not occur until 6 1/2 lbs. charge was fired. The powder was increased 1/2 lb. until the bursting pressure was reached. Another barrel was burst under other conditions of pressure. The barrel yielded to the force 2 1/2 inches from the muzzle and was opened 4 1/2 inches; the shot charge reached the target paper intact, resulting in a pattern quite up to the standard of the boring; 1 1/2 ounces of No. 7 shot was used in the experiments. It is interesting and instructive to know that the conditions causing such a burst permit the shot to be fired out of the gun before the powder gas has destroyed the power of the barrel.

Some years ago another metal created interest among gunmakers. It was called silver steel. It is obsolete now. It contained scraps of steel of fine quality and no iron. The rods from which the tubes were made were 1/2 inch wide. A figure was obtained by the welding marks of these strips. At one time a Birmingham gunmaker advertised a metal called silver steel Damascus. It was simply a new name for ordinary Damascus and not superior to the latter. Figured gun barrels are not made in America.

During the past twelve years there has been gradually introduced among the gun makers, abroad and at home, the plain steel barrel, without the ribbon figure of twist, the vermicelli curl of Damascus or the wavy figure of laminated steel. It is absolutely plain and is finished up deep black or black blue. Two gun concerns in America make their own plain barrels; others import the barrels in the rough. An American firm as far back as 1873-74 used plain steel barrels of its own manufacture and to day it employs them in an improved form in its fine guns. Other American gun companies use the imported tubes in good and very fine guns.

American gun makers are much in favor of plain steel barrels and are turning out some beautiful guns at very moderate prices. It will be many years, if ever, that any metal will entirely supplant Damascus for gun barrels. The beautiful curled figure like lacework marking the ramifying fibre of the metal is dear to the sportsman's heart.

The evolution of the shotgun from the wheel lock to the present hammerless gun is remarkable and interesting. The modern breech loader with its cartridge made up with one of the nitro-cellulose (bulk) smokeless powders, the greatly improved wadding and chilled shot, is an extremely powerful weapon. It is handy and comfortable to use and safe to handle. Accidents have decreased fully 90 per cent. since the general introduction of the breech loader—and those that do occur can, as a rule, be attributed to carelessness.

Strange Circumstances.

Mr. Potts had been hearing from the different members of a new physical club a good deal about mysterious disappearances of inanimate objects, and one day he had an experience of his own to relate.

'It is a curious thing,' he said to Mrs. Potts, as they sat at the dinner-table one night, 'a very curious thing, and I hesitated to speak of it this noon for fear it would seem as if I really—er—credited a supernatural agency in the matter. But that letter from sister Helen—'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Potts, interrogatively, as her husband paused with a deprecatory smile.

'Well, really, it seems unaccountable,' continued Mr. Potts, 'it really seems so my dear. When you gave me that letter to read this morning, I placed it on my study table with half a dozen others, pending a leisure half hour. Then, as you know, I was called to see Mrs. Kenyon. When I returned, at the end of an hour, I went to my desk, and Sister Helen's letter was not there.'

'I hunted carefully everywhere, though, as you are of course aware, my methodical habits make it almost impossible for me to be mistaken as to the exact place in which I put an article.'

'I thought of speaking to you, but you were engaged with Mrs. Knox at the time and before she went I was summoned to the vestry to give my opinion of the new reading desk; and when I returned, half an hour later, and searched once more for the letter, there it lay, exactly where I had put it, with those other letters! It—it seems incredible that I could have overlooked it, and yet if I do not admit that possibility, what—'

'I wish you had spoken of it this noon,' remarked Mrs. Potts in her briskest tone, as her husband's voice trailed off appealingly, 'for I could have relieved your mind at once. While you were at Mrs. Kenyon's I went into the study and took Helen's letter, to read Mrs. Knox the account of the wedding; and when she departed, while you were at the vestry, I returned the letter, putting it exactly where I'd found it, so you shouldn't have to hunt for it. There, does that make your mind easier?'

'That of course explains the matter,' said Mr. Potts, slowly, but it almost seemed to his wife as if there were a note of something like disappointment in his voice.

Valuable Advice to Rheumatism.

Eat meat sparingly, also very little sugar, avoid damp feet, drink water abundantly, and always rely on Newell's as an absolute reliever of pain. Five times stronger than any other, its power over pain is simply beyond belief. Get a bottle at your druggists, test it and see if it is not so. Medicine dealers sell it everywhere.

BRAYS IN THE RANKS.

But as an Officer this Young Man was a 'Decided Failure.'

'Most good officers would make excellent soldiers,' murmured the old staff officer, 'but all brave soldiers would not make fine officers—no, not by a big sight!'

The time was just after supper, but the old soldier lay back with one leg thrown over the arm of his easy chair and his face almost hidden behind the cigar smoke. The light, tumbled down, threw the dim uncertain shadows of a misty past about the room. Battalions of shadows chased each other over the walls, and through the cigar smoke charging squadrons rushed batteries placed high upon the ceiling. It was the time for a story. Both the colonel and his Boswell recognized that.

'I was thinking of a child I knew in Longstreet's corps,' said the colonel simply. 'He was just 15 and a chap to be proud of. Longstreet saw him about the second fight. The general had ridden to the front, and there far ahead of the line was the boy. He was about the size of a woodcock, but he made enough noise for a brass band. The men were crouching and hiding behind cover, but to see that lad you would not have thought there was a tree or a rock in a hundred miles. Every time his gun went off it would almost knock him over. Then he would rub his shoulder, all the while jumping up and down and shouting: "Give 'em lead, boys! Give 'em lead!"'

'Well, that time "we give 'em lead," and in the charge the boy was the first one over the breastworks. His commander was overjoyed to see it. After the fight the general sent for the youngster. The lad came and stood at attention before his officer as straight as you please. General Longstreet complimented him on his bravery. Then he said, "And why are you fighting, my son?"'

'Why, to be an officer, of course, sir, replied the little hero.'

'All right, I'll make you a lieutenant,' said the general in a friendly way.

'In a week not an officer in the army could strut like the new lieutenant. "Then we had another fight. The bullets began to whistle and to sing, and the new lieutenant showed signs of nervousness. He did not shout "Give 'em lead" this time, but looked all white and scared. At a sudden he dropped his sword. Right before General Longstreet's eyes the boy soldier ran away.'

'The general summoned him after the battle. The lieutenant came, fearful and penitent.

'Do you know I should have shot you, sir?' thundered the officer.

'Yes, sir,' replied the boy. 'I don't know why I did it, sir. Shoot me if you want to, or give me my gun and I'll win my straps again.'

'For a minute the general stared at his impudence, then said, "I'll do it."'

'In the next fight I was at the front with Longstreet. This was that boy, not a boy, but a fiend of battle, shouting, cheering, whooping at the very front in every charge. Two men I'd to drag him away when we were forced back.'

'After the fight Longstreet promptly had his straps returned to him. Again the youngster went in as an officer, and again he ran. For the second time Longstreet put the boy back in the ranks in disgrace, only to reappoint him after a fight. As usual, the boy lieutenant ran.'

'Then, before he could be summoned, he sought out the general's tent. Longstreet looked at him sourly.

'What do you want?'

'The lad flung his sword on the ground and tore the straps from his shoulders.'

'Take your sword,' he said. 'I wouldn't have it. I'm going back to the ranks.' And he stalked proudly from the presence of the astonished general and his staff.

'Three days later a boy hero fell yards in advance of a charging gray line.'

Sentinels on Deck.

A wise man will take the weapon at his hand, even if it is not the conventional one. So thought Captain Slocum, who, on his sloop the Spray, made a voyage alone around the world, and met many good friends and singular enemies. This is his description of one comical happening, which might have ended in tragedy. He says:

I discovered, as she sailed along through a labyrinth of islands, that she was in the Cockburn Channel, which leads into the Strait of Magellan at a point opposite Cape Flower, and that she was passing Thieves' Bay, suggestively named. That night she lay at anchor in a snug cove at the Turn.

I now became jaded and wore a from my previous battling with danger and rough weather, and as drowsiness came on, I sprang the deck with tacks, for it is well known that one cannot step on a tack without saying something about it. A pretty good Christian will whistle when he meets the commercial end of a carpet tack; a savage will howl and claw the air. That was just what happened that night,

at twelve o'clock, when the savages thought they had me, sloop and all, until they stepped on deck; then they learned that I had them.

They howled like a pack of hounds, and jumped pell mell, some into their canoes, others into the sea to cool off. I fired several guns when I came on deck, to let the rascals know that I was at home, and then I turned in again, feeling sure I should not be disturbed by people who left in so great a hurry.

The Fuegians, being cruel, are naturally cowardly, and regard a rifle with superstitious fear. The only danger from their quarter would be in allowing them to surround one within bowshot, or to anchor within range, where they might lie in ambush.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.—Rev. W. H. Main, pastor of the Baptist Emanuel Church, Buffalo, gives strong testimony for and is a firm believer in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. He has tried many kinds of remedies without avail. "After using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder I was benefited at once," are his words. It is a wonderful remedy. 50 cents.—65

'They tell me that you are a vegetarian, Mr. Beechwood,' said Mr. Homewood.

'Yes,' replied the former, 'I am a Biblical vegetarian.'

'I never heard of Biblical vegetarians.'

'Well, the Bible says that all flesh is grass.'

South American Rheumatic Cure Cures Rheumatism.—It is safe, harmless and acts quick—gives almost instant relief and an absolute cure in from one to three days—works wonders in most acute forms of rheumatism. One man's testimony: "I spent 6 weeks in bed before commencing its use—4 bottles cured me."—66

'We had a professional parlor oracle at our party.'

'Did she entertain the guests?'

'They entertained her,' she says nice out of ten asked her what we were going to give them to eat.'

Help the Overworked Heart.

—Is the great engine which pumps life through your system hard pressed, overtaxed, groaning under its load because disease has clogged it? Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is nature's lubricator and cleanser, and daily demonstrates to heart sufferers that it is the safest, surest, and most speedy remedy that medical science knows.—67

'They were looking at the man who was occupying two seats while women were forced to stand.'

'I should judge,' said one, 'that he would bring about \$11 68.'

'On what do you base your estimate?'

'The present price of pork and sausage.'

Indigestion, that menace to human happiness, pitiless in its assaults, and no respecter of persons, has met its conqueror in South American Nerve. This great stomach and nerve remedy stimulates digestion, tones the nerves, aids circulation, drives out impurities, dispels emaciation, and brings back the glow of perfect health. Cures hundreds of "chronics" that have baffled physicians.—68

'Tupper, who keeps that hair store on the corner, says the business seems to be the development of his youthful tendencies.'

'How does that happen?'

'Why, he says he remembers that when he was a little boy in school he used to go out and get switches for the teacher.'

Little Braves.—Old time a quarter-a-box "Purgers" are quitting the field in whole battalions. Dr. Agnew's Little Pills at 10 cents a vial are driving them out at all points. Because they act gently, more effectively, never pain, and are easy to take. Sick Headache succumbs to one dose.—69

'Do you think the mannish young woman could ever fancy the modest youth well enough to marry him?'

'Perhaps so, if it ever becomes the fashion for chums to marry.'

A Cry for Help.—A pain in the back is a cry of the kidneys for help. South American Kidney Cure is the only cure that hasn't a failure written against it in cases of Bright's disease, diabetes, inflammation of the bladder, gravel and other kidney ailments. Don't neglect the apparently insignificant "signs." This powerful liquid specific prevents and cures.—70

'Gageby took his Boston terrier over and had him vaccinated the other day.'

'Did he have a small hard pressed, too?'

'No; he doesn't believe in it. But he says he wouldn't take any chances with the dog.'

Have you Eczema?—Have you any skin disease or eruptions? Are you subject to chafing or scalding? Dr. Agnew's Ointment prevents and cures any and all of these, and cures Itching, Bleeding and Blind Piles besides. One application brings relief in ten minutes, and cases cured in three to six nights. 35 cents.—71

Caller—My! What a big girl you're getting to be. You'll soon be able to help your mother about the house.

Ethel—Oh, I do that already. Whenever she says, "For goodness sake, get out of my way," I do it.

60 Specialists on the Case.—In the ordinary run of medical practice a greater number than this have treated cases of chronic dyspepsia and have failed to cure—but Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets (60 in a box at 35 cents cost) have made the cure, giving relief in one day. These little "specialists" have proven their real merit.—72

... twelve o'clock, when the savages thought I had me, and sleep and all, until they stepped on deck; then they learned that I had

... howled like a pack of hounds, and I fell pell mell, some into their canoes, and into the sea to cool off. I fired seven guns when I came on deck, to let them know that I was at home, and then I turned in again, feeling sure I should be disturbed by people who left in so much of a hurry.

... the Fuegians, being cruel, are naturally fierce, and regard a rifle with superstitious fear. The only danger from their weapons would be in allowing them to surround one within bowshot, or to anchor in a range, where they might lie in am-

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.—Rev. W. H. Main, pastor of the Methodist Emanuel Church, Buffalo, gives the following testimony for and in a firm believer in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. He has used many kinds of remedies without avail. After using Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder he is benefited at once, are his words. "I used one bottle, and I am cured."

... they tell me that you are a vegetarian, Berchwood," said Mr. Homewood. "Yes," replied the former, "I am a Biblically-vegetarian."

South American Rheumatic Cure Cures Rheumatism.—It is harmless and acts quick—gives almost instant relief and an absolute cure in from three days—works wonders in most forms of rheumatism. One man's money: "I spent 6 weeks in bed before commencing its use—4 bottles cured me."

... he had a professional parlor oracle at hand. "I will entertain the guests?" she asked her; she says since I then asked her what we were going to do, she said:

Help the Overworked Heart.—The great engine which pumps life through your system hard pressed, overworked, groaning under its load because it has clogged it? Dr. Agnew's Cure for Heart is nature's lubricator and cleanser, daily demonstrates to heart sufferers that it is the safest, surest, and most speedy remedy that medical science knows—67

... they were looking at the man who was sitting two seats while women were sitting to stand.

... should judge," said one, "that he would be worth \$11,683."

... what do you base your estimate?" "On the other," he said, "on the present price of pork and sausage."

Stomach, that menace to man's happiness, piles in its folds, and no respect of persons, has met its conqueror in South American Nerve. This stomach and nerve remedy stimulates the nerves, aids circulation, cures indigestion, dispels emaciation, and cures the glow of perfect health. Cures all "chronics" that have baffled physicians—68

... upper, who keeps that hair store on his face, says the business seems to be the development of his youthful tenderness.

... how does that happen?" "By," he says, "he remembers that when as a little boy in school he used to get red switches for the teacher."

Little Braves.—Old time a quarter-century ago, when the field in the battle of Purgers, our Little Braves, cures a vital are driving them out at all costs. Because they act gently, more effectively, never pain, and are easy to take. Headache succumbs to one dose.—69

... you think 'em mannish young women ever fancy the model youth with a white shirt and a bow tie?"

Ordy for Help.—A pain in the back of the kidneys for help, South American Nerve is the only cure that has been written against it in cases of diabetes, inflammation of the bladder, gravel and other kidney ailments. Don't neglect the apparently insignificant "signs." This powerful liquid prevents and cures.—70

... gaby took his Boston Terrier over and had him vaccinated the other day. "I don't believe in it, but he won't take any chances with the dog."

Have you Eczema?—Have you skin disease or eruptions? Are you itching or scalding? Dr. Agnew's Eczema Cure prevents and cures any and all of eczema, itching, bleeding and Piles besides. One application brings relief in ten minutes, and cases cured in six days. 35 cents.—71

... ler—My! What a big girl you're growing to be. You'll soon be able to help mother about the house.

Specialists on the Case.—An ordinary run of medical practice is a number that has treated cases of chronic dyspepsia and have failed to cure Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. A box at 35 cents cost) have made me giving relief in one day. These "specialists" have proven their

(CONTINUED FROM FRONT PAGE.)

room, and approached her. Laying his hand on her shoulder, he said, close to her ear—

"If you call out, or if you refuse what I want, I shall fire, I swear it!"

She looked at him bravely enough, though every drop of blood left her cheeks as she remembered what she had overheard this young ruffian say to his mother about her only a short time ago.

The triumph in Emilio's eyes gave place to a love which an English lad of his age would not have been capable of feeling.

Not that it was really love at all; it was merely the lawless passion of a lawless nature that meant to have what it wanted, regardless of the consequence to others.

Revering in his power to terrify a woman who had so securely kept him at arm's length hitherto, he bent nearer still and kissed her trembling lips.

She shrank from the insult, but he threw his arm around her, and held her fast, drawing her up from the chair until she stood in his embrace.

"Mine!" he whispered passionately, "Mine! My darling, my love! You will leave him, Mona, and go with me? Promise!"

"Release me!" she whispered imperiously. "How dare you treat me like this? Leave me at once and beware how you disturb my husband!"

"Curse your husband!" said Emilio brutally, but careful to speak still in the same cautious undertone. "I'll kill him, as I'd kill a dog unless you give me what I want. Stand still, or I fire! Stand still, I say!"

Up went his right arm again, the pistol covering the sleeping man, who was beginning to stir, as though disturbed by what was taking place in the room.

Mona shivered with inward dread, though she looked at the young madman as defiantly as ever.

"What do you want?" she asked boldly. "You!" he replied. "I will have your kiss now, as surely that you will give yourself to me later. You will go away with me to-night, and leave him and Beaudesert. Has I've touched you at last, have I? It's your lover you are reluctant to leave, not your husband. He's awake, you see, and apparently rather shocked at the little discovery I have made. Lie still, Mr. Tony Hanlan, or you will be a widower within the minute."

Mona's husband, awakened by the raising of Emilio's voice, when the lad lost control over himself, had sat up in bed and thrown aside the coverings, as though he would leap out and rush, weak and helpless as he was, to his wife's assistance.

But when the pistol, which had been levelled at himself, was pressed to Mona's temple, he sank back, and fainted with horror.

"You fiend! You have killed him!"

Reckless of the consequence to herself, Mona struggled to get free.

Apparently, things have turned out in a way Emilio had not anticipated, for the triumph in his face changed to something like concern; the pistol was returned to his pocket, and he released Mona at once, following her as she sprang towards the bed.

"What's the matter? Emilio, what are you doing here?"

Beaudesert had come along in his dressing gown, to ask how his guest had spent the night, and expecting to find Dr. Derrington and the nurse still there.

Mona called to him thankfully. "Send for nurse, will you, and the doctor? Oh, Tony's wound is bleeding again and he looks like death! That young fiend has killed him!"

"I never intended any harm!" exclaimed Emilio. "I didn't mean him to walk. The pistol isn't even loaded—you can see for yourself."

He flung it down and returned to go, Mona's parting words cutting him like a lash and rousing his worst passions into activity once more.

"Forward! To threaten a defenceless woman and a wounded man! I pray I may never see your face again!"

"Take care!" he retorted with an ugly oath. "You haven't finished with me yet; and, maybe, you'll find that love can turn into hate."

"Silence!"

Beaudesert took the infuriated youth by the shoulders and turned him out of the room; then, taking his place by Mona's side until someone should answer his attack on the electric ball, he murmured anxiously—

"My poor child! What has that young ruffian done to you both?"

Mona shook her head, answering hastily—

"I cannot tell you now. Only, let me implore of you to keep within reach of me today. If I get a chance I will explain, but I cannot leave my poor Tony. Oh, if we could only stop this bleeding!"

But it went on until Dr. Derrington arrived in spite of the nurse's effort to staunch the fatal flow; and when at length it ceased, Death had laid his grim hand on Tony Hanlan.

He recovered consciousness for a few moments before he died, sufficiently to ask for an explanation of the strange scene on which he opened his eyes an hour before.

Mona told him, in as few words as possible, of Emilio's mad passion for herself.

Dr. Derrington and the nurse had retired to the window, and there conversed in low tones, so that the husband and wife were practically alone.

Taking up the pistol Emilio had thrown down, Mona examined it cautiously.

"It's not loaded, Tony. If I had only known this, I would have defied the young coward; but he kept it pointed at you while he asked impossible things of me."

"I hope you would have left him fire, in any case, rather than have given in to him, my dear one. His voice grew weaker and weaker, and his eyes closed wearily. Presently he said: 'I am not sorry to go; your mother told me you had no love for me—that was on our wedding day, when I parted from her—kind, was it not?'"

Mona held his hand, and wondered why

she did not feel sorrier he was going, or gladder that she would have her freedom back, or anything except the dull indifference to all things on earth and heaven which was stealing over her.

"Tony," she said "tell me you have forgiven me for marrying you."

"I—love you—dear—love forgives—everything. Kiss me—wife!"

Mona's lips rested tenderly on his, and before she raised her head his last whisper reached her ear—

"Tell—Beaudesert—to make—you—happy!"

He said no more after that; but his eyes opened wide and met hers, and he smiled slightly from time to time.

Dr. Derrington crept softly to the bed and laid his fingers on the pulse of the hand Mona held.

Ten minutes passed; then—

"It is all over. Shall I close his eyes, or will you, Mrs. Hanlan?"

"She has fainted."

It was Beaudesert who spoke.

He had entered the room some minutes before, and taken up his stand near the door out of the dying man's sight.

And it was Beaudesert who reverently closed Tony Hanlan's dead eyes.

Then he turned and took Mona in his arms.

"I will carry her to her room, Derrington; she must not remain here. She has had two terrible shocks within the last six-and-thirty hours; we shall need to take great care of her." In his heart he added: "For she is mine—my very own—she gave her life to me with her last words. She is the most precious thing life holds for me, and I will guard her with my life."

CHAPTER XI.

Lady Darkhaven was not told the details of all that had taken place in the castle; but she could not very well be left in ignorance of the fact that Mr. Hanlan had died in the postern tower, or that his young widow lay ill with a threatened attack of brain-fever in her own room in the more central part of the building.

And had Lady Darkhaven and Zebra, or Serge himself, had any idea of the story Mona Hanlan had been so anxious to tell, they would have realized how serious to themselves this untoward attack of brain-fever was likely to prove.

To be sure, Beaudesert knew that Mona wanted to tell him something; but he thought it might possibly be the same story he had told concerning her husband's adventures in the pursuit of the man who had robbed him.

Zebra was too unhappy to trouble herself much about anybody else's business.

She began to think, all too late, that her romantic fancy for the convict whom she had helped to escape was nothing more than a girl's foolish infatuation for a man who appeals to her interest and sympathy as well as to her eyes.

Her cousin Jose was certainly handsome and not without some of the instincts of a gentleman.

But he was a Calzido, out and out, which meant that he was unscrupulous in anything concerning honesty.

He could be chivalrous to man and woman; he was brave to foolhardiness; he was capable of great generosity; and last but not least, he was a true lover, and meant to be a fair and kind husband to the girl who had won his heart.

But Zebra had become conscious that she needed something more than this in the man with whom she would spend the rest of her life.

The Beaudesert blood in her was asserting itself.

She had not dreamed of its existence—as a possible factor in her future—as long as she lived the life her mother had preferred.

It was the sudden change that had made her rebellious to her grandmother's wishes and careless for her uncle's commands.

Had they realized the wisdom of allowing her to run wild for a time at Darkhaven she would probably not have proved so intractable.

But they did the next worst thing.

They engaged Mona Hanlan to be Zebra's so-called companion and chaperon.

As a matter of fact, Mona had been more of a companion to the countess than to her grand-daughter, and of a chaperon Zebra would have none.

But Mona was essentially a lady, and the untrained Spanish girl (the woman in Spanish that English up to that date) immediately felt the difference between them, and chafed in her haughty young soul that a paid companion should be a truer gentleman than she herself was.

The contrast between them ate into her, and quickly began its work of transforming her character and opinions.

Well for her would it have been if that most desirable change had been allowed to go on without check.

But Jose Calzido had entered her life, and had to be reckoned with as a lover and future husband.

In a reckless mood she promised to go on board the Santa Eulalia, and become his wife at the first opportunity.

But when the hour came she shrank from keeping her appointment with the man her lover had sent to fetch her.

When she learned that Mona had been carried off instead of herself, a perhaps natural, but utterly unreasoning, jealousy took possession of her.

She chose to imagine that it had not been a mistake, that Jose had transferred his affections to Mona; and her old love for him flamed up fiercely again.

But this state of mind did not last any length of time.

It was succeeded by an exultant consciousness that, after carrying off another woman, he could not expect her to keep her promise of being his wife; and, in this encouraging consciousness, she had gone her way all day, until Emilio sought her out, and told her that, after the previous night's bungling, Jose did not mean to trust to deities any longer, but was coming for her himself.

His note had hinted as much, so Zebra

was not altogether taken by surprise.

Jose entered the castle with Emilio and his mother, and Zebra could not refuse to see him.

Confident of her faithfulness, he opened their interview by telling the story which she later passed on to Beaudesert.

Then he bade her be ready to accompany him when the others had finished their midnight business, concerning the nature of which he expressed himself as being in complete ignorance.

When Zebra told him she had changed her mind, he was at first incredulous, then angry, and then threatening; departing, finally, with the assurance that she had not seen the last of him by any means.

She had promised that she would be his wife, and he swore by all he held most holy that she should keep her promise.

This assurance weighed on her mind, interfering with her sleep for the rest of the night, and walking with her as a skeleton throughout the following day.

She was puzzled, too, at the change in herself.

Why should she feel so different? Why should the Zebra Beaudesert of today be a different person to the Zebra Beaudesert of three short months ago?

Elmo had not changed—except that he seemed wilder and more lawless than he had ever been before.

She did not feel the same attachment for him either; but she explained this, to her own satisfaction, by the change which had taken place in herself.

And another thing that puzzled her was the secret consciousness that, underlying all her new moods and whims—as she called them—such love as she had for her cousin was still smouldering.

She shrank from him as a criminal; she melted to him as a man.

Had he declared his intention of breaking with the old life, she would not have hesitated to go with him.

But it was clear that no such change was contemplated by him.

(To be continued.)

GETTING RID OF AN AGENT.

A Young Lawyer's Story of an Insurance Man Who Wanted Money Badly

"My insurance man came in to see me the other day," said the young lawyer, "and wanted to increase my life insurance from \$5,000 to \$10,000. I couldn't do it very well. Of course he was a great deal disappointed. He talked and talked. I could see that he was indeed distressed. But in the end I had to tell him peremptorily that I really could not meet his views about life insurance."

"Now," he said, "do you know I am rather glad of that? Because I have another plan here that I would a great deal rather have you go into. Of course these life insurance people are my principal employers. I have to do my duty by them. My conscience would not let me take money from a man for any other purpose than life insurance until I was absolutely sure that there was nothing doing with him in the life insurance line. See?"

"I told him that nobody appreciated better than I his loyalty to his employers."

"Thanks," he said, without blushing. "Now I want to call your attention to a company that has attracted my notice because of its liberality and firmness in dealing with its clients. Now have you ever thought about accident insurance? Every young man—"

Well, of course he went on until he was stopped. I succeeded in stopping him by telling him that I wished very much that he would talk to me about something new. I never made a worse break in my life.

"I'm tickled to death you spoke about it," he said. "Now, there's some friends of mine with a bit of money behind them who have got the newest thing out. It's health insurance. For less than three cents a day they will insure you against any one of these diseases."

"And then he unfolded a list of horrible afflictions that looked like a list of ailments which could be cured by somebody's patent medicines. It took my breath away. He had the right of way and he talked until I got my wind again. Then I told him that it was too much like an investment in cheap dog mine stock for me. If it paid it would pay a great deal, but it was more likely to result in money thrown away."

"Ain't those gold mining stocks awful," he exclaimed. "Now, I have just had a mighty lunny experience about those things. Did you ever hear of the Midas and Grand Central Pete mine out in southern California? No? Well, mighty few people have. They will before long, though. You see, going around as much as I do I get next to some very influential people and through them I got on to this Midas and G. C. P. stock. They are going to keep it very quiet until next February; and then they are going to spring a surprise in it that there will be a heap of money in. Of course all those things are crooked. The thing is to be in with the people who are doing the crooked work, I am in. Now to tell the honest truth I am awfully hard up. That's why I have been after you so hard this morning. I need the money. I need \$50 more this minute than I can possibly need \$50,000 next February. I have got about 25,000 shares of this M. & G. C. P. stock and for the sake of getting a little ready money quick I'll let you have a part

Seal Brand Coffee
(1 lb. and 2 lb. cans.)
Because of its ABSOLUTE PURITY Dyspeptics drink it fearlessly. It tones and strengthens the stomach.
Imported, Roasted and Packed by
CHASE & SANBORN,
MONTREAL AND BOSTON.

of it for just what it cost me. Five thousand shares, for instance, at one cent a share. On the 11th day of February next that stock will be worth \$2 a share or more. Not a cent less."

"He paused and drew a lot of gold and red ink certificates out of his breast pocket and flashed them before my eyes. I waved them away. I told him with the utmost frankness that I really was not able to undertake any new investments. If I was going to gamble, I said, I thought that I would take to a regular openly confessed gambling house."

"The insurance man leaped from his chair and caught me by the hand."

"Well, say," he said with the air of one who had at last found out what his errand actually was, "I tell you what we'll do. I've got \$5. You put in \$5 and then you put me on to some faro joint around here and I'll go play faro for a while. When I've run it up to a hundred I'll bring it in and split it with you. I'm lucky to beat the band on ceiling cards."

"I sighed a long sad sigh and handed out the five and a note to a bartender friend who could put him on to a faro joint," and urged him to hurry. I had a case to get ready; the time was cheap to me just then at that price."

"But the funny part of this yarn is that about half an hour later a messenger boy came into the office and brooded me a fat envelope. It contained five ten dollar bills and this note:

"Much obliged. Excuse haste. I've gone up home to pay rent and head off dispossess notice."
J. F.

ABSINTHE DRINKING.

Observations of a Physician in New Orleans, Where There are Many Users of It.

"I see that the French Government is making an effort to suppress the manufacture of absinthe," remarked a New Orleans physician, "and that the medical corps of the army has made some very alarming reports as to the effect of the stuff on the rank and file of the troops. A similar movement was started in 1880 or thereabouts, and, if I remember rightly an order was issued forbidding the sale of the cordial to any soldier. The subject was discussed at length in the papers at the time, but the dealers brought their influence to bear and the crusade was ultimately abandoned."

"Absinthe is a strange tippie," he continued, "and the evidence as to its effects is singularly contradictory. Some people drink it all their lives and apparently suffer no bad results, while others are reduced to horrible mental and physical wrecks by not half as great an indulgence. More absinthe is consumed in New Orleans than in any other city of the United States, and in years past I have made the habit something of a study, hoping to discover the exact toxic properties of the preparation and some fixed facts as to its effect on the system. I can't say however, that I was particularly successful. The liquor is simply a distillation of wormwood, known botanically as 'Artemisia Absinthium'—hence the name, absinthe. Wormwood itself is used to some extent as a medicine, and a fluid extract from the leaves and tops is regarded as a good tonic in cases of dyspepsia. The extract has some very slight narcotic properties, but the distillation seems to develop a new and powerful agent which in certain cases acts directly on the brain and great nerve centres and stimulates them to an extraordinary degree. The ultimate effect is a 'breeding down' of the system, loss of memory, inability to articulate, hallucinations and something resembling palsy."

One absinthe wreck whom I treated for several months had strange lapses in which he would forget his own identity and be unable to find his own way home. Another patient was continually using the wrong words, like a man with aphasia. One day he walked into the office and said: 'Doctor I have run out of referential.' He meant to say he had run out of medicine, but was absolutely unable to do it, and to this day

I never hear the word 'referential' without thinking of him. But as I said before, it all depends on the individual. Some are naturally immune to the poison and others are abnormally sensitive to it. Then, again, the symptoms differ widely, so widely that it would be impossible to diagnose a case without knowing something of its history. Altogether, the active principle of the stuff is a great mystery."

"Here in New Orleans absinthe is generally drunk in combination with anisette, diluted in about six quarts of water. I think the French way of taking it is less injurious. In Paris the confirmed absinthe drinker pours about half a gill in the bottom of a large tumbler and fills it up with water. Then, as he sips he adds more and more water from the carafe. One glass will occupy him at least an hour, and he rarely takes a second."

Shrewd Norah.

The kitchen maid thrust her head inside the door of the family sitting-room and called out:

"Mrs. Strabing, the cock-roaches is thick in the parlor an' the obay closet! What'll I do wid 'em, mem?"

"Cock-roaches, Norah?" exclaimed Mrs. Strong, much displeased. "How does it happen that you have allowed them to become so numerous?"

"They 'im here from Mrs. Fairkine's, mem, next door," mentioning the name of a neighbor with whom her mistress was not on very good terms.

"Come from Mrs. Perkin's, did they?" said Mrs. Strong, considerably mollified. "Well, I don't blame them! They'd starve to death in that house!"

Feculterities of the Black Sea.

Sir John Murray recently showed how remarkably the Black Sea differs from other seas and oceans. A surface current flows continuously from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, and an under current from the Mediterranean into the Black Sea. The latter current is salt, and being heavier than the fresh water above, it remains stagnant at the bottom. Being saturated with sulphuretted hydrogen, this water will not maintain life, and so the Black Sea contains no living inhabitants below the depth of about 100 fathoms. The deeper water when brought to the surface smells like rotten eggs.

"What makes any man wear a monocle?"

"Oh, I suppose he wishes to indicate that he can see as much with one eye as ordinary men do with two."

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Wm. Wood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

The Soldier's Christmas.

Both the Union and the Confederate armies had gone into winter quarters, and the roads and fields of Virginia were covered with snow and ice. Just above one of our posts on the Rapidan was a farmhouse which held a woman and four children, and it had not taken us long to learn that the husband and father was in the Confederate Army. In a way, being within our lines, we protected those he had left behind, but it was little we had to do with them. Now and then we saw the children about, looking for food or gathering fuel, and once when I was on post near the house I offered them provisions from my haversack. They were shy, but hungry, and after a bit the oldest came forward and was about to take food from my hands, when the mother called out in sharp tones from the door, and my kindness was rebuffed. After that the children fought shy of us, and if a man in blue knocked at the door in search of a drink of water or to ask permission to boil his coffee at the fireplace, it was not opened to him. I, for one, realized the feelings of the wife and mother. War had taken her husband from her and war had stripped the farm of fences and orchards and out-buildings and crops, and had reduced her and hers to beggary. There were hundreds of such cases in those dark days of woe, and thousands who wore the blue never missed an opportunity to lighten the burdens as far as lay in their power. The waste of a single company of soldiers would have fed two or three families like that; but, it the mother's pride stood in the way, we did not care to insult it by making advances. There was one thing I made up my mind to do, however. The woe-begone looks of the children appealed to my heart, and at Christmas time Santa Claus should remember them in spite of war and misfortune and poverty. The mother might refuse to open the door to my knock, but that would not thwart me. Unlike Santa Claus, I could not descend by the chimney and fill the waiting stockings, but I could call out and leave the things on the steps if refused admission. I was ready when the day came. Through a comrade I had purchased toys in Washington, and from the regimental sutler I bought sweetmeats that all children love. I had my Santa Claus package made up, and had asked for a pass to leave the camp, when I found myself detailed with a squad to march in the very direction I wanted to go. Lee was granting his men furloughs, and scores of Confederates whose families were living within our lines were making attempts to visit them. Scouts and outposts had been cautioned to remain vigilant, and squads were sent to search farmhouses for spies around. There were seven of us who marched out that night, under command of a sergeant, and we had two farms to search. It was orders, and orders to be obeyed, but no man's heart was in the work. A Confederate soldier in the field was an enemy, but a Confederate soldier unarmed and seeking his fireside after a year's absence was a different matter. And, too, it was Christmas Eve, and as we trudged away through the snow and sleet we had visions of our own firesides in the North at that hour. I could not conceal my Santa Claus bundle, but the sergeant asked no questions. I think he suspected from the first. We reached the first farmhouse about 9 o'clock. As we drew up at the gate the sergeant said: 'If there's a Confederate in the house, we must capture him at any cost. You will station yourself so as to form a cordon, while I will advance to the door. Unless I call for assistance, you will all keep your places.' The sergeant spoke in loud tones, and we made a great deal of noise in reaching our places, and it was 10 minutes after our arrival ere he knocked at the door. It was opened at once by a woman. There was a rousing fire on the hearth, with two children popping corn in the blaze, and fair in sight in the chimney corner were a pair of army-made shoes, a butter-nut-colored overcoat and a soldier's slouch hat. The owner of them could not be 30 feet away, but we made a glance the sergeant said: 'We heard there was a Confederate soldier here, madame, but it must be a mistake. I don't see him anywhere. Good night, and a merry Christmas to you all.' I stood next to the door and heard the words, and, reading the sergeant's heart, I made free to tell him of the contents of my bundle. He reflected for a minute and then replied: 'Private Burns, to give sympathy and succor to the enemy is treason. Be careful what you do. You will scout on ahead to the next farmhouse alone. We will follow a quarter of an hour behind you. Should you discover a Confederate soldier in the house, fall back and wait for us to come up.' I understood, and I set out at once. The other house was only half a mile away. As I reached it I heard the song and laughter of the children, and guessed that some event beyond the advent of Christmas Eve had occurred to bring happiness. I had thought to leave my parcel on the steps, knock on the door and go away, but I changed the plan and lifted the latch and boldly walked in. In front of the fire sat the wife and mother, and beside her the husband and father, while the children were decorating the room with pine branches. The man was in Confederate uniform, and I somehow felt that it had been less than an hour since he had entered the house. As he sprang to his feet there was a sort of groan from the woman and a cry in chorus from the children. Before me was the table, just as the reunited family had finished their wretched supper, and, advancing to it, I deposited my bundle and opened it.

'My God! That I should be captured so soon!' groaned the man; but I did not turn my eyes in his direction. 'Oh! Richard! Richard!' moaned the wife, as she wrung her hands; but I gave her no attention. 'Something for the children,' I said, as I distributed the contents of the bundle on the table. 'I have children of my own in the North, and to night their stockings will hang on the wall and Santa Claus will come down the chimney to fill them. Come little ones, see what I have brought!' The children looked, but they were afraid. 'Yank, have you come to capture me?' asked the soldier. 'He would give the children presents and take their father away to be shot or hung?' said the wife in tones of bitterness. 'I am here as Santa Claus,' I said, looking anywhere but at the man. 'We were ordered to search farmhouses for Confederate soldiers home on furlough, but it was a false alarm. At least, I have found none so far. If there are any about, they must be well hidden.' 'Do you mean it, Yank—do you mean it?' hoarsely whispered the soldier as he moved a step nearer. 'But they should not tarry too long,' I said. 'There may be other parties sent out within a night or two, and they may not be accompanied by a Santa Claus. Children, come and look over your gifts. There is a pile for each of you.' There comes my comrades, but you need not fear.' The sergeant knocked on the door, and I opened it, and as he stepped in I said: 'Sergeant, I have searched the house, and no enemies are concealed here.' 'Good!' he replied. 'And we will be marching back to camp. Madame, permit me to wish you and your children a merry Christmas, and to hope that the war will soon be over and you will see your husband again. Come, Private Burns; let us go.' We went out, and between the door and the gate he halted me to say: 'Private Burns, did you leave a bundle of Christmas things for the children?' 'I did, sir,' I replied. 'And a haversack full of coffee, sugar, pork and hardtack?' 'The same, sir.' 'And you searched the house and found no enemies?' 'Not an enemy, sir.' 'Private Burns, I am inclined to think, on the one hand, that you could be court-martialed and shot full of holes; but, on the other, I am inclined to believe that it won't happen for the next ten years to come. Forward, march! and let's get back to camp!'

An Amused Fox. The proprietor of a small store in New York owns a black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist. The Telegram tells how the kitten conquered a big dog. A gentleman took into the store an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half Collie, fat, good-natured and intelligent. The tiny kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces erect on its hind legs and put its 'fists' in an attitude of defiance. The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant-Killer preparing to demolish a giant. Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while mouth and eyes beamed with merriment.

Santa Claus, V. S. The big blond mechanic looked awkward and out of place in the crowd of women shoppers at the toy counter. He seemed painfully conscious of the sharp contrast between his old working clothes and the stylish dresses of the ladies who jostled him on either hand. One given to studying the faces of Christmas shoppers would easily have read the question in his honest eyes. It was that everlasting question which makes Christmas the most pathetic as well as the happiest holiday in the year—the question, 'Can I do it with the little money I have?' At length the man caught the eye of a salesgirl and leaning over the counter, said in a low voice: 'Say, miss, I've got a little feller at home that's been talking for months about Santy Claus bringing him a horse. I'd like to get him one if I can afford it. How much is this?' and he pointed to an equine paragon in front of him. 'That is three dollars,' said the salesgirl. 'Best grade ever carried. You see it's covered with real horse-hide and has a real hair tail and mane.' The mechanic shook his head hopelessly. 'Yes,' he said, 'it's a fine horse, all right, but I can't pay that much. I thought perhaps I could get something for a dollar—a smaller one, maybe.' 'I'm sorry,' said the girl, sympathetically, 'but we cleaned out every one of the cheaper kind this afternoon, and this is the

only one that's left of the three-dollar lot.' Then suddenly her face lighted up. 'Oh, say,' she exclaimed, 'wait a minute!' She dived under the table and came up with a counterpart of the horse they had been discussing; a counterpart, but with a broken leg and minus that very useful appendage, a tail. 'There,' she said, 'I just happened to think of this! Somebody knocked it off the counter yesterday and broke the leg. The tail kept coming out anyway, and I guess it's lost now. You could have this for a dollar. Maybe you could fix it all right.' The man examined the fracture seriously. 'Why, that's easy,' he said. 'All it needs is to peel the hide up a little and splice the leg and then put on some old Peter Cooper's salve. Make it as good as new.' 'And perhaps you can get some horse-hair and make a tail. They're just tied in a bunch and put in with a plug.' 'Oh, I'll fix that all right, miss. I've got an old bristle shaving-brush that I can use. It'll be real stylish—one of them bob-tailed coach horses, you know.' They both laughed. 'You're mighty good miss, and I'm obliged to you.' 'Oh, that's all right,' said the girl. 'I know how it is Christmas times myself, and she sighed as the customer turned happily away to play his part of Santa Claus, veterinary surgeon.

Corns. A corn is an overgrowth of the horny layer of some portion of the skin of the foot, induced by friction or undue pressure in one spot by the shoe. It is situated generally on a prominent portion of one of the toes, more commonly the little toe, but may be on the sole of the foot or even on the ankle-bone. It begins by an increase in size of the papillae in the deeper part of the skin, and this induces an increase in the production of the scurf-skin, or horny layer. The scurf-skin soon becomes inordinately thick, and the pressure from the shoe continuing is pushed back against the enlarged papillae, causing their final atrophy. This formation of a corn affords a curious illustration of the defeat of nature's well-meant efforts to prevent trouble; for the increased thickness of the horny layer is intended to afford protection to the enlarged and tender papillae, a purpose which would be well accomplished did the process stop there. But the friction by the shoe keeps up the irritation, and more and more of the horny covering is manufactured, until, instead of affording protection, it is actually the cause of all the pain. After a time the spot where the corn is seems to acquire a bad habit, and the formation of the corn will go on even after the offending shoe has been discarded. The first thing to do for a corn is to get new shoes that are so snug as not to rub the feet anywhere, and so loose as not to make pressure in one spot more than in another. The top of the corn may be pared with a sharp knife, extreme care being taken—especially in the case of the aged—not to cut the sound skin; or it may be filed down to the level of the surrounding skin; or the entire corn may sometimes be loosened with a dull knife-blade or by the finger nail, and extracted from its bed. When this cannot be done, removal may be facilitated by moistening the corn every other day with glacial acetic acid, the softened part being subsequently scraped away with a dull knife or a small file. A salve containing salicylic acid, applied every night, will also frequently loosen the corn so that it can be pulled out. This is the basis of many of the popular corn plasters. A soft corn, which is merely a corn that is always moist on account of its location on the inner surface of one of the toes, should be treated by keeping a piece of absorbent cotton between the toes so as to prevent maceration and by bathing it frequently with strong alum water.

Regulating Childhood. When my little son could scarcely walk, says Rev. C. T. Brady, a western missionary, I took him to the cathedral one day, when I returned for something I had for gotten after morning service. I left the child in the nave, and when I went back to him he had advanced halfway up the middle aisle, and was standing where the sun threw a golden light about his curly head. A tiny object he was in that great church. It was very still. He was looking about in every direction in the most curious and eager way. To my fancy he seemed like a little angel when he said in his sweet, childish treble, which echoed and re-echoed beneath the vaulted roof: 'Papa, where's Jesus? Where's Jesus?' He had been told that the church was the house of the Saviour, and on this, his

first visit, he expected to see his Lord. That baby is quite grown up now. Not in the faintest particular does he resemble an angel. The other day, when I rode off to the wars, he astonished even me with this request: 'Papa, if you get wounded, don't forget to bring me the bullet that knocks you out. I want it for a souvenir for my collection.' For unately for me, if unfortunately for him, I brought him no bullet. 'Verbal,'—H Round. Here is a story which a theatrical manager tells against himself. An actor came to him and applied for an engagement. There did not seem to be much need of him, but his demands in the way of salary were very modest, and the manager said to him: 'Well, you may consider yourself engaged. I fancy I can find something for you to do.' The newly engaged man looked at the manager questionably. 'How about a contract?' he asked. 'Oh, never mind a contract! We'll have a verbal contract.' There was a look of mild reproach in the eyes of the man as he answered sorrowfully: 'Sir, the last time I made a verbal contract I drew a verbal salary.'

A Severe Lesson. 'I suppose that when you are facing the audience across the footlights you forget everything except your art?' 'Well,' answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, 'I used to talk that way about it. But I once had a treasurer who tried to take advantage of my forgetfulness, so I endeavor to express my artistic enthusiasm, as it were, a little more conservatively.' Bachelor—What are you going to put in your children's stockings this Christmas? Phamilan—Hub! It takes all my money to keep the children in them.

BORN. Halifax, Dec 3, to the wife of Alex Fraser, a son. Amherst, Dec 18, to the wife of Edward White, a son. River du Loup, Dec 12, to the wife of John Doyle, a son. Amherst, Dec 12, to the wife of Edward Brown, a daughter. Aradita, Dec 14, to the wife of Ransom Allen, a daughter. Kenville, Dec 18, to the wife of W A Smith, a daughter. Chatham, Dec 14, to the wife of Fred Tracer, a daughter. Moncton, Dec 21, to the wife of W H Edgett, a daughter. Lunenburg, Dec 12, to the wife of R A Rafuse, a daughter. Halifax, Dec 19, to the wife of J Sinclair Combes, a daughter. Folly Village, Dec 4, to the wife of Samuel Johnson, a son. Bridgetown, Dec 13, to the wife of Robert Barnes, a daughter. East Mine Station, Dec 4, to the wife of George Gray, a son. Lake View, N. B., Dec 13, to the wife of John Hodford, a son. Attleboro, Mass., Dec 11, to the wife of Haden Stevens, a daughter. New Ross Road, Dec 3, to the wife of Freeman Kynock, a son.

MARRIED. Moncton, Dec 21, John W. Wire to Annie Ward. Halifax, Dec 12, Gilbert Gates to Lucy Young. Truro, Dec 11, John Chis to Abbie Reynolds. Bath Boston, Nov 28, Harry Banks to Mrs. Long. Sussex, Dec 18, Leslie M. Singer to Alice Garvin. Halifax, Dec 19, Benjamin Jones to Anna Webb. Yarmouth, Dec 16, Harry R. Norton to Mary E. Nye. Central Economy, Oct. 30, Purdy Bliss to Josie Lank. Truro, Dec 12, Walter Brown and Annie B. McLean. Clifton, N. B., Dec 18, Burton R. Fisher to Louise Darr. Truro, Dec 12, Makenzie Creelman to Gertrude Cunniff. Halifax, Dec 11, Lou Nettleton to Minnie G. Dixon. Newcastle, Dec 5, John McKean to Miss Ella Keating. Pictou, Dec 12, Stephen W. Baker to Teresa J. Cooper. Halifax, Dec 12, Walter M. Goudge to Mary E. Keating. Lynn, Mass., Dec 12, William F. Moses to Bertha Martin. Sydney, Dec 10, Alfred E. Stuart to Frances Mary McIvor. Kentville, Dec 12, Clifford A. Rand to Emma J. Weidoss. Springfield, Dec 8, Minnie B. Hurlbert to Henry Hurlbert. Clementsport, Dec 18, Charles Merritt to Eliza W. Weiland. Roxbury, Mass., Dec 1, William Dunn to Jane Maxwell. Upper Economy, Seidon F. Fletcher to Maud Faulkner. Upper Port LaTour, Dec 4, Dora Slate to David Fitzmum. Bridgewater, Dec 12, Arthur J. Wagener to Mary J. Bannsey. Fort Moncton, Dec 11, Lewis S. Nickerson to Ada B. Busben. Hamilton, Dec 21, Lillian H. Brown to Victor W. Barnes. Grandville, Dec 20, J. Irvine Blackney to Miss E. Pearl Boyd. Milton, Queen Co., Jason Eisenhour to Amanda Cunningham. North Sydney, Dec 12, Pierre Malard to Zenaida Beasparthy. Harriville, Dec 17, Millage Rogers to Miss Addie E. Melvin. Barrington Passage, Dec 10, Joseph E. Tretry to Mrs. Ada Smith. Victoria Beach, Dec 12, Mr. Ernest McGrath to Ella Anthony Ellis. Port Matland, Dec 18, Mrs. Mary Bowers to Mr. Israel McOrmsack. Windsor Junction, Dec 15, Wilson M. Slocumb to Marian Simonsen. South Boston, Mass., Nov. 28, John C. Munro to Catherine Ferguson. Lower Arville, Dec 12, Herbert D. McLaren to Mrs. Sadie Goodwin.

public, Dec 8, Mrs. Blaine. Sidney, Nov. Louis Madin. Halifax, Dec 8, Martha Irving. Pictou, Dec 7, Ellen Gunn, 61. Kings, Dec 13, Matthew Cain, 60. R. Verdale, Dec 20, John Earle, 88. Ferrons, Dec 8, George Elliott, 6. Queens, Dec 7, Virginia Everett. Carleton, Dec 23, John B. Quilley. Chester, Dec 12, Edward Smith, 42. Yarmouth, Dec 7, Sarah Allen, 22. Wolfville, Dec 14, Joseph Reid, 76. Queens, Dec 7, Fanny Freeman, 42. Queens, Dec 8, Alice D. Keahro, 24. Queens, Dec 6, Elizabeth Warren. Port Hood, Dec 2, Sarah Watta, 40. Sanbury, Co., Dec 1, Mark Carr, 97. Digby, Dec 18, Mary Woodman, 66. Springhill, Dec 12, J. H. Holmes, 16. Ferron, Nov. 21, Duncan Stewart, 61. L. Chabot, Dec 7, John Ferguson, 22. Yarmouth, Dec 9, Sarah McKenzie, 59. Kentville Nov 8, Emma Robinson, 51. St. John, Dec 22, Robert Roberts, 67. Granville, Nov. 6, Wm. Winchester, 62. Yarmouth, Dec 19, Margaret Findley, 63. Beaver Back, Dec 14, Lillian Lively, 38. Dartmouth, Dec 12, George Jackson, 58. Lunenburg, Dec 16, Robert Allison, 85. Belleville, Dec 19, Madeline B. Bine, 83. Westfield, Dec 10, Eleanor Williams, 74. British Columbia, Dec 12, Eliza Case, 40. Sanbury, Co., Nov. 25, Susanna Mills, 90. Moncton, Dec 20, William Davidson, 62. St. Mary's, Nov. 30, James McKenzie, 49. Lower Onslow, Dec 7, Daniel Hamilton, 87. East Mine Station, Dec 6, Laura Gray, 31. DeBert Village, Dec 14, Agnes Murray, 76. Stewiacke, Dec 12, Winnie McNeil, 63. Highland Village, Oct. 20, Wm. Urquhart, 84. Halifax, Dec 29, Harold Schrage, 3 months. Clark's Harbor, Dec 18, Lovitt Nickerson, 58. Jacksonville, Dec 10, Stella Wilmot, 3 months. Newburg Junction, Dec 10, Leonard Brooks, 45. Black River Road, Dec 24, Cornelius Callaghan, 70.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, displacements, inflammations, leucorrhoea and ulceration of womb, painful suppression and irregular menstruation and neuritis. Full particulars, testimonials from grateful women and endorsements of prominent physicians, sent on application. Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC. Christmas and New Years. Holiday Excursions. Between Stations Montreal and East. One First Class Fare for Round Trip. GENERAL PUBLIC. Going on December 21st to January 1st, 1901. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901. SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES. On presentation of certificates going Dec. 31st to 31st, 1900. Return good until Jan. 4th, 1901. For rates dates and limits to points West of Montreal, see agents, or write A. J. Heath, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B. TO BOSTON AND RETURN \$10.00 via All Rail from St. John. Going Dec. 29th, to 31st, 1900. Return thirty days from starting day. A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. School and college vacation—Local excursion tickets at single fare, Dec. 31 to 31, good for return tickets at single fare to Montreal, good for return until Jan. 20. Commercial Travellers' tickets at single fare, issued Dec. 14 to Dec. 20, good for return until Jan. 4. General Public—Local excursion tickets at single fare Dec. 21 to Jan. 1, good for return until Jan. 4. For through excursion tickets see posters. D. FOTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., December 16th, 1900.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: TRAIN WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax, 7.30. Express for Halifax and Pictou, 12.15. Express for Sussex, 12.15. Express for Quebec and Montreal, 17.05. Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney, 22.15. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22.15 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express. TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex, 8.30. Express from Quebec and Montreal, 12.30. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene, 18.05. Express from Halifax and Campbellton, 18.05. Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton, 21.45. Daily, except Monday. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. FOTTINGER, Gen. Manager. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street, St. John, N. B.