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PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WHAT THE RUMORS SAY

ABOUT THE APPROACHING ELECTIONS IN THE PROVINCE.

The Campaign: Apparently Opened in Charlotte County by the Premier and the Provincial Secretary—Something About Probable Candidates.

An election or a session—which? That seems to be the principal topic of discussion at the present time and the sudden activity of the principal members of the government, the premier and the provincial secretary, in Charlotte County, would be somewhat strong evidence of their intentions to hold an election before the house is convened.

The rumors therefore of what is likely to happen in provincial politics, and the possible results of the contest, the personnel of the candidates and their chances of success are many and varied.

Charlotte County seems to be one of those counties that is giving some considerable trouble to the administration. The late premier, Hon. Mr. Mitchell, was the gentleman who always held that constituency well in hand in support of the government of which he was a member but after his death and the apparent determination of the opposition to conduct provincial politics in future on federal lines, the prominent men associated with Mr. Mitchell in this border county seemed inclined to follow the lines laid down by the Moncton convention.

That meant that such popular men as John D. Chipman, George Clarke, W. C. H. Grimmer and others rallied to the support of the opposition. To counteract this, it is possible, appears to be the present aim of the premier and his associates. But while affairs are thus mixed up in Charlotte County and the government speakers are making, perhaps the first explanation of the various charges that have been made against them, there is an equally interesting condition in many other counties in the province.

Progress simply proposes to give a portion of the rumors that are flying about at the present time and perhaps they will indicate in a manner just what is being thought of the probable chances of both parties.

Away up in Victoria County it has been stated that there will be an opportunity for our own Colonel Hugh McLeod to find a seat which he may hold down in the House of Assembly. There will be a sincere feeling of regret that the Colonel has to go so far to seek an honor which he can no doubt fill with great acceptance. His popularity here as a military man and his connection with the representative of the county at Ottawa should make him a most desirable candidate for the government in this constituency and good candidates are so scarce too. Whether correct or not the managers of the government party in the city of St. John are said to be having rather a hard time of it to find men who will represent them properly in this approaching contest.

Surely some good man might be found for the county of Victoria in which Colonel McLeod is comparatively a stranger, and thus permit that gentleman to come to the front among his friends in this city. It is said and believed by many that he would have for a colleague in the race Mr. George Robertson who needs no introduction to the citizens of St. John. Mr. Robertson was mayor for four years and during that time proved himself acceptable as a civic representative, but the task that he is undertaking, if the rumour above noted is correct, is one which a good many men have tried and failed at.

A few years ago the present opposition representatives were returned by acclamation but that was an arrangement and the vote that was received at the previous election indicated that the government did not stand much of a chance in St. John. The party in power, however, hope that after the lapse of so many years public opinion has changed and that its candidates will receive a substantial support when the election day arrives.

Mr. Dunn will of course come for the county and another of the rumors is that Mr. McLeod will not run again, but that his place will be taken by Mr. H. A. McKeown. The last time that Mr. McKeown ran he was opposed to Mr. McLeod and the electors of the county were unable to choose between them. The result was a tie vote and the late Sheriff Harding declared in favor of the resident of the county.

ty, Mr. McLeod. Times have changed since then and it looks though Mr. McKeown has kept pace with him, if the rumor noted above has any foundation in fact.

Now who will the opposition get to oppose such a combination as Mr. Dunn and Mr. McKeown? Mr. Douglas Hazen is spoken of and those who would like to see him run for the county of St. John have also suggested that his colleague should be Mr. Staw. They would make a strong team and would no doubt keep the government candidates this time.

Dr. Steckton, Dr. Alward and Mr. Lockhart appear to be available for the city, but if Mr. Staw goes to the county another man will be needed and no doubt he can be found. It is said Alderman Macroe would not be averse to accepting a nomination. Dr. W. W. White is also mentioned in the same connection but with what authority Progress knows not.

In Kings County it is said Mr. Fowler will not run again, not at any rate as a supporter of the government but Mr. Wm. Pageley is considerably in evidence and report says will have for his colleagues Hon. Mr. White and Mr. G. G. Scovil. There can be no doubt whatever about Mr. Pageley as a manipulator and if he succeeds in placing the promised opposition in Kings County, he will have done something surely to commend him strongly to the attention of his party if it is successful.

Carlton, York, Sunbury, Charlotte, St. John and Westmorland are counted upon to be fairly strong in their opposition. Of course the supporters of the government ridicule this and claim that they will not only carry Westmorland but will regain some of their support in St. John. Organization is being carried on as rapidly as possible and no doubt if the election is not brought on too quickly both sides will be in fairly good shape to meet each other.

LAWYERS BIG FEE.

He Makes \$300 for Himself and Thousands for His Client.

There are some lawyers in St. John, as elsewhere, who get big fees. The rewards of success in legal circles are not large as a rule but there have been some fairly liberal ones in this city of ours. Take for example the fees in the consolidated electric case! Does any one know how large they were? Does anyone know outside of the legal gentlemen mainly interested in just what shape those cases stand? Where is the money? Some of it was no doubt in the British bank here but then it was all in the hands of the receiver general of the province a long time. The history of how it got out of his hands has been told so often that the readers of newspapers know all about it. But does anyone know where the money is now?

There was a rumor around town this week to the effect that some demands had been made for the balance that remained after the lawyers had their share but it was not possible to verify its correctness. It is hard to tell sometimes how those reports arise. The absence of a prominent man will frequently set his colleagues in the profession talking and their speculations are rather interesting. Keeping the run of big cases as they do the man who evades their curiosity must be made of good material.

Perhaps this is how the story of a \$300 fee for a few hours work got out. But the story was told in the law library that one of the brethren had done some good work in settling an estate and had been paid in proportion. He had, it was said, saved his client a few thousands and had been paid a good fat fee. But this is nothing new in the history of business. Good work demands and obtains good pay and anyone who has ever read the bill of the arbitrators that was submitted to the decision of Judge Barker will never doubt the ability of the gentlemen who made it up.

Two Ways of Doing Duty.

That sturdy looking minor, William Harding, who cost a few liquor dealers some ten dollar fines a short time ago because his age was behind his looks was arrested a few days ago by Sergeant Campbell with a companion, on a charge of taking a piece of meat from a butcher shop. That fact and the result has been noted in the daily papers but an incident of the trial was the complaint

of the prisoners of the language and actions of the sergeant when he arrested them. There won't be much sympathy for Harding and his chum but these complaints are becoming a regular thing and from what Progress can learn a good many who might have complained of Sergeant Campbell's manner of doing his duty have not done so. The chief says that Campbell is one of his best men but there are ways and ways of doing one's duty and if the Sergeant was to change his he might get even stranger praise.



CAPTAIN STALLING, of Annapolis, N. S.

All along the Nova Scotia coast are homes from which the sea has claimed its victims, and the latest family thus bereaved is that of Capt. Stalling, of Annapolis, whose portrait appears above.

January 13th, the ship Andelina was capsized in a terrific gale which prevailed near Tacoma, Wash., and every man on board was lost. The ship had only arrived a few days before from Shanghai, her ballast had been discharged and she was waiting to be towed into the dock when she went down with the entire crew of fifty men. Capt. Stalling belonged to Annapolis where a widow and three young children now mourn in sudden bereavement.

MACKAY STILL IN JAIL.

The People Interested Here are Paying His Board.

John Mackay is still in jail in Boston and the six gentlemen in this city who claim that the lottery ticket he holds belongs to them are each contributing four cents a day to pay his board in this institution in Massachusetts. They don't seem to mind the expense but the loss of time and of liberty must mean a good deal to a man as active and busy as Mr. Mackay was. He must be fairly certain of coming out somewhere on top or else he would have handed over the ticket long ago and obtained his liberty.

"What are your chances of getting the money" asked Progress of one of the gentlemen interested. "I am just as sure of it as I am that I have that fifty cent piece in my hand" he replied pulling out a half dollar from his pocket.

It seems that the case will be tried out in Boston and that the lawyer for the plaintiffs here is just about filing his bill of particulars. That won't be the only bill he will file it may readily be supposed but if the money is forthcoming in the end the parties who get it won't mind the expense connected with the getting of it.

DEATH ENDS HIS PAIN.

Geo McWilliams Passes Away After a Long Illness.

Geo McWilliams, a young man who was well known and well liked, died at his mother's residence on Coburg Street Tuesday morning after an illness that has extended for over a year and was so serious and painful that it required all the fortitude of his strong and patient nature to stand the suffering.

He was a brother of J. Olson McWilliams and for some time before he was taken ill was associated with him in his business in the Farlong building. Before that George was a stone cutter and a mason and he always thought the reason for his lung trouble was the result of the stone dust he inhaled while at this work.

Combined with this trouble was a severe attack of rheumatism and sciatica which prevented him from enjoying the air as long as he might have. His suffering was such that his nearest friends hoped for and yet dreaded the relief that the end would bring. The news of the sudden death of his sister, Mrs. McDade, was kept from him until the end. The large attendance at his funeral was the best evidence of the thorough esteem that was felt for the deceased.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

RECOUNTS HIS OWN STATEMENTS INJURED HIM.

In the Old Country—A Brother Officer—Colonel Markham, Who Has Upon the Two Years to be Aged 40—That He Has Not and the Verdict Given.

The war between Colonel Alfred Markham and Colonel James Danville still continues. There was a lull in hostilities for a time but the falling between the two officers, one of whom manages the Sun newspaper and the other represents the people of King's county in parliament, is stirred up from time to time by the back handed compliments that the latter receives through the columns of that particular journal.

The latest notice of this sort that Colonel Danville has to acknowledge was the report of the trial of a suit against him in the county court of Kings when plain John Smith sought to recover \$48 for hire of teams at the election of 1896. The fact that John Smith obtained a verdict was somewhat prominently displayed in the Sun's report of the proceedings and the friends of Colonel Danville are not so well-pleased over the matter. That may not worry the managers of the Sun any but the Colonel says that the repeated attacks upon him in connection with his management of the Yukon company that appeared in the Sun were used to his disadvantage in London. Thousands of miles away as he was he could not reply to what was said about him and the copies of the Sun that were industriously sent to the old country did not fail to do their harm intended.

In respect to the claim of John Smith, Colonel Danville says that he did not hire the teams but was careful to keep a memo of all he did hire and what personal expense he was under as he was required to do under the law. The representatives of the party may have hired the teams but they did so without his knowledge. He had heard of the matter some months ago, but had paid no attention to it at all.

Under these circumstances and the fact that he has a suit pending against the company with which he was connected as well as against Mr. Trewartha James for slander, the rather prominent publication of a verdict for debt against him did not please him, to say the least.

Colonel Markham is naturally desirous to obtain the command of the Hussars but the present commandant, Colonel Danville, is, just as naturally, not inclined to fall in with his views. He is in favor of Major Montgomery Campbell being promoted to the command. Whether the department of militia will fall in with his views and pass over Colonel Markham remains to be seen. The events of the future will be looked for with interest.

FINISH OF THE HERSCHEL CLUB.

Their Numerous Trials and Tribulations Lead to Misfortune.

The Herschel club is in trouble. It will be news to most people that there is such a club in the city, but like all similar organizations it feels famous in its own estimation and the members who compose it no doubt think the fact of not knowing something about the Herschel club argues oneself unknown.

It came into existence, just fall, it would seem needless to explain, just about the time of the visit of Baron Herschel to this city. The said English nobleman will no doubt be somewhat surprised to learn that a sporting club has been named after him, and it may lead his contemners to believe that his stay in America was not wholly devoted to international interests, Joint High Commissions and other weighty affairs. It may also lead to serious results and when the famous Englishman hears of the club's trouble it is safe to say he will think it serves them right for changing the name from The White Squadron, which it was originally christened.

While it was known as The White Squadron it seems to have been a pretty well behaved organization, and it is a question whether or not the change of names is responsible for the swift pace it has been going lately.

The membership of the club wasn't particularly select, in fact most any one seems to have been eligible, and that what led to all the trouble. Every profession and branch of industry seems to have been represented, including dry goods clerks, draftsmen, musicians, banjo professors, grocers, tailors, butchers, wine clerks,

fishermen and druggists. It didn't take long to get a good rapid gain on once a man was initiated, and a few weeks course was guaranteed to teach a member all he wanted to know about sporting life.

It has been pretty well established that troubles never come singly, and the Herschel Club was not exempt from the common fate.

First of all one of the prominent members, got into trouble, and the police court. That was a crisis in itself, for it was one of the principles of the club that every member should give preference and the police court a good wide berth. So some of the members resolved to make an example of the unlucky offender and also make the punishment fit the crime, and the culprit was accordingly asked to resign. This move didn't meet with the approval of the majority however, and internal dissensions and insubordination followed.

Then a whole lot of the boys got mad and left, and for a little while things moved quietly. This peaceful state of affairs didn't last long however and a deep humiliation was in store for the unlucky club. The furniture of the meeting place was only borrowed from the club's landlord and not long ago he decided that he wanted it himself, so the room was dismantled. Then some more of the members came to the conclusion that the amount of dues they were asked to pay was out of all proportion to the recreation furnished; and the prestige of being a Herschel club's man was considerably diminished with the result that another batch of resignations was handed in, now the once prosperous and thriving Herschel club seems doomed to extinction unless somebody interested in philanthropy comes forward and helps it out of its present difficulties.

It is not known whether Lord 'farschall has been notified of the trouble. He is still in Washington, so that there may be something yet to hope for from him. In the meantime the only amusements left to the surviving members are a piano and a few games.

That Was a Good Act.

Once in a while an incident crops up in police circles that shows the kindness of heart that distinguish some of the men. Not long ago a belated citizen was trying to wend his way toward Union street over the icy sidewalk. He had been enjoying himself evidently at some supper or something of that sort because, whatever was the reason, he did not take a very direct course along the street. Finally he fell and was unable to regain his feet before a couple of policemen assisted him to rise. Those who were regarding the incident from a distance were in doubt at first whether the policemen would go to the station with their capture but, to their credit be it said, they took the citizen home which was not very much out of their way. That seems to be about the highest duty of an officer.

Visiting Newspaper Men.

St. John is always glad to see representative newspaper men from abroad and that may be one of the reasons why the people who met Messrs. Smith and Matthews of the Montreal Star, and Mr. Livingston of the Toronto Globe were so glad to extend a hearty welcome to them. But before they left they were liked for their own good fellowship. They were here in the interest of their newspapers to greet the steamer Huron with her 2000 emigrants bound from Russia for the West. The Huron had not arrived up to the time of this writing and so the visiting newspapermen went to Halifax to meet her there. While here they gained much correct information regarding the port, which, when published, as it probably will be, cannot fail to be of much advantage to St. John.

Hope for His Recovery.

The many friends of William McEvoy of the Three Mile House will be glad to learn that the operation that was performed on him in the hospital Wednesday was so satisfactory as to give much encouragement to his friends. He has been ill for some months with an affection of the throat and in order to get the advice of the best specialist he went to Boston and remained there for some time. The results were not so satisfactory as he hoped for and he returned home to fight his battle for life here. The operation was performed in the General Public Hospital without the use of anaesthetics. The friends of Mr. McEvoy hope for his speedy recovery.

IT WASN'T GRIP THEN.

THE DAYS WHEN COLDS HAD NO SIGNIFIED NAMES.

The way in which people of other years broke up a cold—grip was then a cold in the head and pneumonia was lung fever—doctors not in demand.

"So the grip is raging down your way just now I see" said an up river man the other day. "It's funny how time changes everything even the names and treatment of certain diseases, for of course the prevailing winter diseases of recent years are identical with those known forty years ago under different names."

When I was a boy at home we used to have epidemics of "influenza colds" every few years. I've had a pretty good case this winter of what is now called grip and I don't see that it differs in any way from one of those old time colds. There were the same pains in the head, back and legs. The same loss of strength and appetite with great mental depression. Our grand mothers had a good old way of their own of doctoring all the ills their children and grandchildren were subject to. Call in a doctor for a cold! Well I guess not. The people of that day—the people in the country districts I mean—would seriously contemplate sending a man to the asylum who spent money on a doctor for anything short of typhoid fever or a dangerous physical injury. It was well for the patient this sentiment prevailed. The old time doctor was a serious proposition as you would know if you had ever been subjected to his treatment. The only thing one heard about colds was that they must run their course. Every properly regulated family had its stock of herbs hanging in great bunches from the garret rafters and if there wasn't something among them that could cure you then you were a hopeless case—I might say morally and physically. The stock was replenished every summer; and the freshness of the supply was thus assured. For every ill there was a corresponding panacea in the attic, and most diseases met their Waterloo in that old herbarium.

Nothing in the line of colds short of whooping cough or influenza was considered worthy of "treatment." Be careful and not get your feet wet, would be the warning "and keep your chest and throat warm" and the cold was supposed to wear itself out. For whooping-cough the remedy was flaxseed tea a compound popularly supposed to "ease the cough"; an influenza cold merited the distinction of a course of treatment. The patient was kept indoors and in severe cases in bed. Warm drinks were administered and the victim was fed enormous quantities of food in season and out. You know the old saying "stuff a cold and starve fever." If the cough was "tight" a sweat was the loosening agency. Extract of skullcap and lady slipper quieted the nerves and a small handful of poppy leaves added to the dose, induced sleep.

"The idea of influenza proving fatal was unheard of but there are of course lots of instances where consumption originated in an influenza cold. While I admit the wonderful strides of medical science yet I question whether these homely old methods of treating colds and all the minor ills has ever been improved upon. Even severe attacks of pneumonia have yielded to them—but they used to call it lung fever twenty or thirty years ago. Pneumonia under that name was unheard of. I wish I had time to tell you how they broke up a fever those days. I often think the cure was nearly as bad as the disease, but still the fever always had to take a back seat. Then it was considered almost a disgrace for a grown woman to be ignorant of the use of the different herbs and a good housewife would as soon think of neglecting to lay in the winter's provisions as not to provide the annual gathering of herbs."

HEROIC STAGE PROBLE.

How some Actors and Actresses Suffer and Yet Play Bravely on.

The courage with which the injured members of the "Cyrano de Bergerac" company insisted upon playing their roles after the Brooklyn accident is only another proof of the nerve with which actors endure physical suffering rather than disappoint the public and the manager. One bears a great deal about stagefolk and their eccentricities; but their heroism isn't often exploited, and they themselves have a fashion of making light of it.

Mrs. Brown Potter was recently obliged to give up her work in Dumas' "Three Musketeers" on the first night of the play; but she fought hard against the illness, and, even in the acute stage of pleurisy, with her temperature at 104°, and her breath an agony, she insisted upon acting, and entirely concealed her suffering. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, who took up the part of Miladi on twelve hours' notice, has a reputation for stoicism and has appeared on the stage when so racked by

rheumatic fever that every step was torture, and she could not walk from one side of the stage to the other. Beerbohm Tree herself, not to be downed by his wife, has a fine record with managers, and is warranted to keep engagements unless dead and buried. An attack of congestion of the lungs almost got the better of him several seasons ago; but he took a room next door to the theatre, and every night, in spite of physicians' orders and warnings, he was wrapped up like a mummy and carried from his bed to the stage, where he played his role in "The Dancing Girl."

Ellen Terry's martyrdom is chronic, for she suffers very frequently from the most violent form of neuralgia and night after night will play, with the utmost ease and grace, while enduring pain that would make the average man groan. Duse is another of neuralgia's victims, and Rejane with an abscess in her side, never missed a night's performance. Clara Morris acted regularly during years when, on account of serious spinal trouble, every movement of her body caused her excruciating pain. She often said, jestingly, that scenes of agony came easily for her, for all she needed to do was to drop the mask and show her own suffering.

One of Sothern's plays came near fizzling out on its first night, because of Virginia Harned's illness. She was seriously ill. The physicians said it would be impossible for her to leave her bed, and that an attempt to do so might be fatal. The manager was wild. Sothern was worried. Explanations were prepared for the public; but Miss Harned announced that she would play on the opening night. When she says she will do a thing, she does it. Commands, entreaties had no effect on her. When the night came she had a temperature and pulse that made the doctor's hair stand on end, but she dressed, was carried to the wings, and went on, while two doctors watched her from the wings and poured restoratives down her throat each time she left the stage. Half the time she had no definite knowledge of what she was doing, but went through her part mechanically. At the end of the evening she was completely delirious; but the play had scored a hit, and the audience knew nothing of the cost.

Painful accidents often occur on the stage and are borne with such sang froid by the sufferer that the audience has no idea anything has happened. Both one night, in falling, ran a nail into his side, but so completely ignored the accident that even his fellow actors did not know anything had happened until after the act had ended. The great Talma broke his arm in the second act of a play, finished the act, had his arm pulled into place

and went on with the play as though nothing had happened.

It was not long ago that Mantell dashed his hand down upon a table and ran a spindle clear through his palm and out the back of his hand. Without even faltering in his lines he held the spindle with his left hand, pulled his right hand free, wound his kerchief around it and went on with his part as though his nerve had never been tried. Evidently some members of the profession are more convincingly heroic roles, and probably all of them count more or less martyrdom in the year's work.

MOST NOVEL OF BRIDGES.

Tall Tale of a Solemn-Faced Man About a Kiskey Western Journey.

"Speaking of bridges," said the solemn faced man, "I think the most novel and original, and for that matter, the most quickly constructed bridge I ever heard of was one designed on the spur of the occasion by a friend with whom I was travelling to connect the sides of a chasm which we desired to cross."

"When we came to the place where the bridge should have been we found that the bridge that had spanned this chasm had been carried away by some of the terrible gusts that swept down the treeless adjacent mountains. It seemed hard to me that there was nothing to do but go back and go around another way, about fourteen miles further, but my friend was quite equal to the emergency. We were packing with us a piece of brown cotton cloth—forty-four and a half yards. The chasm was thirty-foot wide.

"We took that piece of cotton cloth and doubled it into four folds, which, you see, folded it up into a length of 34 feet 1½ inches. When we arrived there the wind was blowing a gale square across the chasm. The weather was the coldest I ever knew.

"My friend took that piece of cotton cloth doubled it as I have told you, and then loosely folded over on itself for convenience in carrying to a warm spring near by, with the situation of which it seems he was acquainted, and dipped it in the water. He kept it there until it was thoroughly saturated, meanwhile explaining to me his plan of operations.

"When it was all soaked we took the cloth to the edge of the chasm and stood facing each other, he with his right arm extended toward me and I with my left arm extended toward him, our hands meeting and the two arms bowed slightly, with the bowed side upward, like a flattened arch. Then we took that soaking wet bundle of cloth and drew one end of it across that arch, each of us holding a corner down with his free hand, and then we cast the rest of the cloth

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loose The gale blew the cloth out straight across the chasm and it froze stiff as a board as it went. The other end fell on the opposite edge of the chasm and we set our end down on this. It had shrunk a little of course, in freezing, and was now thirty-four feet scant, thus giving a trifle less than two feet at each end, a pretty narrow margin; but my friend hadn't dared fold the cotton into three lengths for fear that that would not make the bridge stout enough to bear our weight.

"So there we had over this thirty-foot chasm a bridge that was in shape like an enlarged telescopic coal chute, such as they use on coal wagons in the city, turned with the curving side upward; a bridge planned, constructed and put up in about thirty minutes. It was slippery, and we put the wrong side up for safety; but we each had dew arctics with very much corrugated poles, and by using great care we managed to get across all right.

"Then we pulled the bridge over and carried it along with us on our shoulders the way you would a canoe, to the house of the man where we are going. We stood it up on end against the side of that man's

house, and left it there. We didn't need the cloth right away and we left it there to thaw out and get our friend to fold it up then and send it along by a man that was coming our way."

A DRUGGIST'S FAITH.

What's Most Called for Must be the Best Remedy.

A druggist's testimony of the popularity of a remedy is the strongest kind of a proof that it will do what it promises. Paul Livingood, druggist, of Allentown, Pa., says: "Dr. Agnew's remedies have sold away beyond my expectations. You can quote me for saying that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the best seller for catarrh I have in the store. Many of my customers praise it highly." It is a great remedy and has a continental reputation.

One Cause of Trouble.

She: "I wish Christmas really was a season of general peace and goodwill."
He: "Well, it might be if somebody hadn't introduced the custom of giving Christmas presents."

"George," she said, "if you must go" (the hour was one in the morning), "promise me one thing."
"I will, dearest," he replied; "what is it?"
"Stop and tell the butcher to send us up some lamb chops for breakfast." And so they parted.

De Ganche (who had just broken a plate): "Oh, I am sorry!"
Mrs. Flash: "It's of no consequence; don't apologize."
Flash, junior (age five): "No, don't matter; it's only a borrowed one! Ain't it, ma?"

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Music and The Drama

Mr. Ole Theobaldi writes to wish Progress a happy New Year—and, incidentally, to express his opinion of Musical America...

New York the 6th Jan. 1899. A happy New Year!

'The Musical America is a famous Black-mailer and it surprised me to hear that the Newspapers would take up an article worthy of a Jealous Ignorant Creature...

Ole Theobaldi. Wizard of the Vio.

P. S. you would do me a great favor by publishing this note. I got many friends in St. John that would like to know the truth that Musical America is a Black Mailer...

The concerts of Jan 9th and 31st are the all absorbing topics of interest, and will no doubt be quite as successful as other ventures under the same management.

TONES AND UNDERTONES.

After having been named and renamed several times, Paul Vidal's latest work was given recently at the Opera in Paris as 'La Burgonde'...

Emelsen Pacini, who died in Paris a short time ago, was thought to be the librettist of 'Il Trovatore.' He was 87

WIFE'S AWFUL ECZEMA

My wife was in the most horrible condition of any human being, from Eczema. She could neither sit down nor lie down, her tortures were so intense...

Special Cream Treatment for Itching, Swelling, Burning, with Loss of Hair. - From India with CUTICURA SOAP, made exclusively with CUTICURA, a purest of constant skin cures, and mild doses of CUTICURA...

Sold throughout the world. FORTY D. AND C. CO., Sole Prop., Boston. How to Cure the Worst Eczema. See

years old, was an intimate friend of Rossini and was closely associated with Meyerbeer for many years. He first translated 'Der Freischutz' from German into French...

Jean de Reszke's new opera house in Paris will doubtless derive additional success from the fact that the new Opera Comique is a complete failure from every point of view...

Madrid has recovered sufficiently to produce a new opera, the work of a Spanish composer who had just reached his thirtieth year and was praised chiefly by the critics...

Felia Litvinne, who has recently been singing in Paris, appeared at Nice at Isclide with great success, and then started for Russia...

The plans for a French Bayreuth have come to nothing. The success of 'Elihu' and 'Antigone' at the antique theatre at Orange led some enthusiasts to think that the company from the Opera could be taken there...

Germany has had its customary number of operatic novelties this year. Wilhelm Kienzl wrote both the music and the text 'Don Quixote'...

Madeleine Lucette Ryley will soon have a new play produced in London. It is not a light comedy of the 'Christopher, Jr.' order, but on the plane of the Henry Arthur Jones productions...

Blanche Bates is cast for the principal part in Augustin Daly's forthcoming production of 'The Great Ruby.'

Norman Jeffries, of the Dime Museum of Philadelphia; Manager Dockstad, of the Wonderland Theatre, of Wilmington, and John W. Bratton, of the firm of Ford Bratton, composers, of New York, may organize a theatrical company to go upon the road next season.

Metropolitan opera for this week included 'Aida,' 'Die Walkure,' 'Les Huguenots,' 'Siegfried,' 'Faust' and 'Goettermuering.'

as that at Vienna has not yet accepted it. The success of the performance in Vienna was limited. Richard Lederer's 'Hob,' which has been sung in several German cities, is praised rather as an oratorio than as an opera...

Seigfried Wagner's new opera will be given first in Munich and then in Leipzig. Hans Richter may be succeeded at Vienna by Director Karl Gille...

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

The Paul Cazenove Company continues to attract appreciative audiences to the opera house, and to offer an excellent repertoire of plays included in which for the week were 'Fug and the Baby,' 'David Garrick,' 'The Three Guardsmen' and 'The Two Orphans'...

It is not generally known that Fanny Rice is an excellent expert artist on the cornet. Almost her first appearance in public was as a performer on that instrument.

Henry Miller will have wide choice of new plays for next season when they are completed. Paul Potter is at work upon a romantic drama of the Anthony Hope-Stanley Weyman type...

William H. Crane will produce next October at Wallack's a play of early New York by Brander Matthews and Bronson Howard, with Peter Styvesant at the central character.

'The Three Dragons' written by De Koven and Smith for the Broadway Theatre Company has no resemblance to 'The Three Musketeers' as may be supposed from its title...

There is being formed in London a Pinero Comedy Company for the purpose of continuously performing the lighter plays of Mr. Pinero in all the theatrical towns of the United Kingdom...

Eugenio Sorrentino, leader of the Italian Banda Rossa, arrived in New York from Naples last week. He brought with him several eminent instrumental soloists among whom may be especially mentioned Sig. Messina, a first trumpeter...

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Liebler & Co., who managed Charles Coghlan last season when he produced 'The Royal Box,' and who produced 'The Christian' this season, have begun making arrangements for an important attraction next season by accepting Israel

Grippe Epidemic

Again Sweeping Over Canada With Unusual Virulence.

The most Violent Attack Since 1890, Leaving Behind a Host of After Effects that Make Life Miserable. Prompt and Effective means Should be Taken to Strengthen the System.

La grippe, now sweeping over this country in one of its periodic epidemics, is one of the most treacherous and difficult diseases with which medical science has to cope...

Even after a mild attack of la grippe it is imperative that the system should be thoroughly toned up, the nerves strengthened and the blood enriched. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can be depended upon for promptness and thoroughness in this emergency...

Mr. Harry Dagg, a well known farmer

living near Niagara bears testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in removing the after effects of la grippe. The disease left him a victim to cold chills, violent headaches, dizziness and severe palpitation of the heart...

If you have suffered from an attack of la grippe procure a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once, and they will put you right. Insist upon getting the genuine, as imitations never cured anyone...

Montreal correspondence of the Clipper of Jan 14 says: A long legal fight reached an important, if not final stage, here last week when Judge Archibald handed out a decision ordering J. B. Sparrow, proprietor of a music hall and theatre, to pay \$500 damages to Fred W. Johnson, a negro hotel porter whom Sparrow had refused to admit to the theatre during a performance...

He Deserved It. He was nothing but a tramp, a modest, retiring tramp, one of the 'Nature's noblemen' kind, and when in answer to his timid knocks a young matron opened the door, he asked: 'Might I beg for a cup of hot water from the breakfast table?' 'You might,' she began, frigidly, when he interrupted: 'Would it be possible to spill a few drops of coffee into it?' 'It would be, but—' 'And a spoonful of cream—' 'I never in my life—' 'One moment, please. I don't ask for sugar, but if you will kindly look into the cup it will be turned nectar—nectar, madam, the food of the gods.' He got it, and half a loaf besides.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets. Nature's most potent aid to digestion—pleasant and positive cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and all stomach derangements—a new but well tried and tested discovery in the medium kingdom—harmless as milk, mild and pure—prevent disease—cure the incipient cases like magic—and will relieve the most chronic case in one day. 85 cents.

Newed: 'Did you spend as much money as this before I married you?' Mrs. Newed: 'Why, yes.' Newed: 'Then I can't understand why your father went on so when I took you away from him.'

HAVE YOU EVER USED B 14498 THE GREAT ANTI-DYSPEPTIC DOSE—A teaspoonful in half a wine-glassful of water before breakfast and dinner, and at bedtime. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents a bottle. Prepared only by W.C. RUDMAN ALLAN, Chemist and Druggist, 35 King Street, Telephone 239. If you suffer from Dyspepsia, try a bottle and be convinced.

PROGRESS.

PROGRESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

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SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JAN. 21st

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

UNEXPECTED ELECTIONS.

It doubtless seems to a good many people that there is something radically wrong in the uncertainty that apparently surrounds the dates of our elections, federal and provincial.

These quick elections may well be termed "snap" verdicts. Let us take our own province for an example.

More than that it has frequently been pointed out that the uncertainty of an election date seriously affects business interest.

Of course such a condition of affairs hardly exists in a province but to a certain extent the effect is the same.

But elections should not be necessary until the expiration of this term or unless the government wishes the opinion of the people upon a change of policy.

and no possible defence can be made for the prevalent custom of unexpected elections.

A BUSINESS PARABLE.

Once a farmer had 1800 bushels of wheat which he sold not to a single merchant but to 1800 different dealers a bushel each.

A few months passed and the man's bank account ran low. "How is this," said he, "my 1800 bushels of grain should have kept me in affluence until another crop is raised, but I have parted with the grain and have instead only a vast number of accounts so small and scattered that I cannot get around and collect fast enough to pay expenses."

So he posted up a small notice and asked all those who owed him to pay quickly. But few came. The rest said "Mine is only a small matter and I will go and pay one of these days," forgetting that though each account was small when all were put together they meant a very large sum to the man.

MORAL.

The next day the man went to the publisher of this paper and said "Here is the pay for your paper and when next year's subscription is due you can depend on me to pay it promptly—I stood in the position of an editor last night and know how it feels to have one's honestly earned money scattered all over the country in small accounts—We read the business parable and hope all who take PROGRESS will do the same.

Their duties are these.

This week has seen some very active afternoons on the Marsh Road, which in its perfect condition attracted many owners of fast horses. Special Blend and Arc-light were there as well as Aliz 7., Thorn-dale Echo, Kitty Clyde and many other speedy ones that might be mentioned.

Of course the horses were not in any condition, but that did not hurt their speed for the first half hour or so. After that it was different. A good many of them are sore or rough now and are not likely to get straightened out for some time to come.

The Forgotten is Improving.

Sergeant Hipwell, who was reported so ill, is likely to get around again in a short time. The illness from which he suffered has taken a favorable turn and the man who has been the longest time on the police force may see years of service yet.

A Good Number.

The February number of the Delineator is called the mid winter number and is filled with a variety of readable articles, illustrations, sketches etc.

Order from the local agent for Butterick Patterns, or address The Delineator Publishing Co. of Toronto, Limited, 33 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Subscription price of THE DELINEATOR, \$1.00 per year, single copies 15c.

A Pretty Calendar.

PROGRESS has received from J. C. Ayer Company, Sackville N. B. a beautiful lithograph showing England's grand naval review at Spithead on the occasion of Her Majesty's jubilee celebration.

Why be Talked to himself. There is an Irish porter employed in a large establishment in the City, one of the kind that will make a witty reply to any sort of question.

VERSE OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

The house stood empty, The bright moon shone in night; And on a misty day, far-wait to day, X-lead.

Winter Lilies, Jan. 1899. Some time when all life's lessons I have been learned, Not one has been so true as I have not.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath Is not the sweetest thing God sends his friend.

But not today! Thine is content, poor heart! To-day's the day of the great white and pure snow.

The one who knows. Thou art so dark, so terrible! Why dost thou tell Our secrets to the sands? I lie from thee.

Some time when we shall say "Good night" at parting, "Twist sun and sun, And hand from hand be loosed, and strange tears starting."

Or thou—or I—and cold hand's mutely-crowling, A song—a heart; And pilled blossoms in the hair's soft glow And braded part.

And then—and then—can sorrow's voice follow Barren the sky, like the fainter swallow, "Dear Heart—or I?"

And eyes to eyes a steadfast message carry, Perhaps like'st; And the hidden soul for far-roads may notary Till night be past.

Lost happily, ere the coming of the morning, The gates are drawn; And I—or thou—called to the King's adorning, In silence gone!

By the Fire. Retire! by the fire With Maria—sweet Maria! I say: "The fire's glow is not mine, it is his; She turned from me a minute, Looks'nt' might the ghoul in it; 'That's more than you are d'lar,' said she!"

Retire! by the fire With Maria—sweet Maria! I said: "The fire's glow is not mine, it is his; She turned to me a minute, 'Tis more than you are d'lar,' said she!"

Retire! by the fire With Maria—sweet Maria! I say: "I hear a w-edding-bell in the air; 'Tis more than you are d'lar,' said she!"

Retire! by the fire With Maria—sweet Maria! I heard her cheer—'as if she could be! I say: 'Will you marry?' Not a second did she tarry! 'But it's more than you're deservin', d'lar,' says she!

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. ABSOLUTELY PURE. Makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

LITERARY NOTES OF THE MONTH

Mr. Albert G. Robinson, who has just gone to Cuba in the service of the New York Evening Post, has written a book which the Scribners will shortly publish, entitled 'The Porto Rico of To-day: Pages from a correspondent's Note Book.'

Dr. Elliott Coues, writing in 'The Nation' of Ernest Seton Thompson's remarkable stories of animal life published under the title of 'Wild Animals I Have Known,' says—'One can never be indifferent to tragedy, and Mr. Thompson holds our unflinching interest in his stories.'

Among the foremost of American theological scholars is Dr. Charles A. Briggs, who is a recognized authority on Biblical Study both in this country and abroad.

The impression seems to prevail in some quarters that Mr. Spears' recently published book, 'Our Navy in the War with Spain' is partly made up of articles previously published in the magazines.

That Mr. Richard Harding Davis has an audience that will follow everything he writes is proven by the phenomenal success of his 'Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns,' of which an edition of 20,000 copies has been called for in less than a month.

Mr. William J. Clark's 'Commercial Cuba' continues to win enthusiastic praise in high quarters. The last prominent man to characterize the volume is Mr. Albert Shaw, editor of The Review of Reviews, who says: 'Mr. Clark's chapter on the city of Havana answers in about forty pages more satisfactorily than any other account of Havana that I have been able to lay hands upon.'

and read Mr. Clifton's book 'as answering better probably than any other volume the questions, who the Cubans actually are, and what Cuba actually is.'

The increasing interest in the Philippines is shown by the demand for 'Yesterdays in the Philippines' by Joseph E. Stearns, which has now reached its seventh thousand.

The critics agree in awarding Mr. Page's 'Red Rock' a permanent place in American literature, because of the earnest, thoughtful manner with which the author has treated a subject of real importance in American history.

Among the Ten Best Books of 1898, as selected by the readers of The Outlook by a general vote, was Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff's 'The Workers, The West, The Outlook,' in commenting on his book and the previous volumes, 'The East,' said that 'these two volumes present the best picture that has yet been given of the lives of American working people.'

A BIG HANDFUL.

Short Little Story About the Greatest of all Giants, Told by the Old Time Man.

'The old man liked his little joke,' said the old crier man, 'and one day, going along the street in a town where we were showing, when he came to a peanut vender with a pushcart loaded with peanuts, and with his measures of various sizes scattered along on top, he stopped and waved his hands across the peanuts and asked the vender: 'How much for a grab—a handful?'

'The old man didn't want a very small glove himself, and the vender, taking in his hand as he swept it over the cart, said: 'Ten cents.'

'Well, I don't want any myself,' says the old man, 'but I know a man that likes peanuts, and I'll bring him along. But he's a heap bigger man than I am—hand ten times as big. You give him a grab for ten cents?'

'Sure,' says the vender. He'd seen the old man's hand, and he couldn't imagine anybody with a bigger hand than that, and he thought the old man was joking, anyway.

'But along about 1 o'clock, an hour before the afternoon show begins, along comes the old man with the great giant, the greatest of all giants, that I've told you something about. When the vender saw him he turned pale.

'Here's my man,' say the old man to the vender, 'and here's your 10 cents.' 'Then the giant would reach down and close his fingers over the whole outfit—peanuts, peanut roaster, pushcart warmer and all—and just lift it up off the ground. Then he'd pick up some of the peanuts with the other hand and look at 'em, and then he'd get off a little joke of his own. He'd say: 'Way, these ain't shelled! 'And then he'd begin to give the peanuts away; kind o' shover 'em down on the boys; pouring 'em off the cart. Crowd around? Well, all there was room for in the street.

'But there was nothing mean about the old man; he always used to give the vender the full value of the peanuts after it was all over, and give him a ticket to the show beside. But I don't suppose this money was wasted; the old man was generous enough, but he was not what you would call shortighted.'

Dooley: 'The strong man at the Pagoda Music hall has a new feat, I understand.' Dunn: 'What is it?' Dooley: 'He closes and locks a trunk which his wife has packed for a trip to the seaside; and he does it within three minutes, too!'

A teacher having asked his class to write an essay on 'The results of laziness,' a certain bright youth handed in, as his composition a blank sheet of paper.

ON ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES

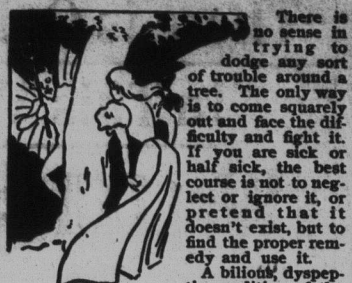


HALIFAX NOTES.

Progress is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and centres. Monson & Co., Barrington street. Clarendon Street, Cor. George & Granville Sts. CANADA NEWS Co., Railway Depot. J. B. FIDLEY, Brunswick street. J. W. ALLEN, Dartmouth N. St. Queen's Bookstore, 109 Hollis St. Mrs. DeFreytas, 181 Brunswick St. The opera goes of Halifax will soon have an opportunity of seeing Gilbert & Sullivan's most successful opera "Patience" given by the best local talent. Mr. Wikol, Miss Foster and Mrs. Taylor as Bunthorne, Patience and Lady Jane, etc. have roles for which they are particularly adapted, and it is safe to predict a distinct success for each. Mr. Gilles will fill in Grosvenor, a most congenial role, and there is no doubt that he will give a good account of himself. Miss Corbin as "Angela," Mrs. Ellis as "Saphira" and Miss Lewis as "Lady Ellis," will acquit themselves most creditably, as will Mr. Curry as the "Colonel," Mr. Bennett as the "Lieut. Duke of Danstabile" and Mr. Wythe as "Major" Marquetry. The chorus of aesthetic maidens and dragon guards will add much to the success of the opera. Mr. Pyke is working hard to put the per on in the best possible shape. Col. and Mrs. McWaters gave a very smart children's fancy dress dance on Monday evening. Ah! the little ones looked exceedingly well and enjoyed themselves immensely. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Lillian Roberts, Tobin street, also gave a very jolly children's party that went off most successfully. A children's party was also given by Mr. and Mrs. Cahon on Thursday night. The "Boys' Club" gave an entertainment Saturday night in St. Luke's hall, with negro minstrel and songs and dances. The "Boys' Club" is to be encouraged and the Rev. Mr. Beaven and Mr. Tucker deserve praise and thanks from many parents for instituting it.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale in Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.] Jan. 18.—Mrs. W. A. Fillmore entertained a number of ladies at afternoon on Thursday last at her pretty home "Crescent Avenue," her cosy parlors being comfortably filled. Miss Annie Mitchell, sister of the hostess dispensed the dainty tea assisted by Miss Main. Among those present were: Mrs. J. I. Bent, Mrs. J. Bulmer, Mrs. Brooks, Mrs. A. Chapman, Mrs. A. Christie, Mrs. J. L. Fillmore, Mrs. W. Moore, Mrs. W. J. Moran, Mrs. B. Morris, Mrs. J. McKeen, Mrs. C. McLeod, Miss McLeod, Miss McKinnon, Mrs. McGrigor, Mrs. J. H. McDonald, Mrs. Hoigson, Mrs. T. S. Rogers, Mrs. M. M. Sterne, Mrs. N. B. Steele, Mrs. C. Trueman. Mrs. Stephen Thorne of St. John is in town with her mother Mrs. Richard Lowerson who has been very seriously ill, but at this date is some better. Her son Dr. Lowerson of Halifax has also been in attendance. Mr. Thorne was in town last week for a few days. Mrs. C. Kennedy and children are here from Yarmouth en route to Winnipeg where Mr. Kennedy is manager of the Bank of Montreal. Little Miss Block of Toronto spent a few days in town a guest of her uncle and aunt Hon. T. B. and Mrs. Black, Victoria St. She is visiting her grandfather in Sackville, N. B., S. L. Black. The announcement of the engagement of Miss Addy Purdy of St. John, to Mr. Flood of C. Flood and sons, of the same city has reached us, to whom we extend congratulations. Miss Purdy was long a resident of this town and for some time was organist of Christ church, and has many friends here. F. A. Quigley is selling off his stock of dry goods and expects to leave next month to reside in British Columbia. He returned from there less than five years ago but is so in love with the place that he cannot remain here. He with wife, and child, father and mother brother and sister, intend to make Vancouver, B. C., their home for the future. Miss Hester Hickey an employ in the Quigley store will accompany them. Mrs. Dickey, wife of the Hon. A. B. Dickey left on Saturday for New York via Halifax on a visit to D. and Mrs. Dobson, Ploughkeepers. Mrs. Henderson of Winnipeg a native of this town and eldest daughter of Col. Stewart of Halifax has been making him a visit, she spent a night here last week with her cousin Hon. A. B. Dickey and Mrs. Dickey and a few days in Westmorland with Rev. D. and Mrs. Bliss, and left on Monday night en route for Montreal and Winnipeg. Another engagement has been announced between Miss Fannie, youngest daughter of Rev. D. Bliss, rector of St. Mark's, Westmorland and Rev. Hugh Hooper, deacon in charge at Doaktown, N. B. A runaway on Saturday resulted in a broken arm for Mrs. Newcombe, wife of Rev. Mr. Newcombe, assistant baptist minister, she was thrown from the sleigh by the horse taking fright and running away, and the lady with her fell on her, the fracture was soon attended to and she is doing as well as can be expected. One of our oldest residents, Mrs. Kerr widow of Joseph N. B. Kerr, late of Wallace, passed her ninetieth birthday last week in the enjoyment of quite good health, and all her faculties. The day was celebrated by having her photo taken. Mrs. Clarence Fullerton of Parnboro and infant are visiting for a few days Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith Havelock street. Lieutenant Robertson who was so badly wounded in the late American-Spanish war is now with his brother Mr. Robertson manager of the experimen-



SACKVILLE.

[Progress is for sale in Sackville by W. J. Goodwin.] Jan. 18.—The leading social event of last week was the "at home" given by Mrs. Mundy to celebrate the twenty third anniversary of her wedding. The guests were chiefly drawn from collegiate circles those present being; Dr. and Mrs. B. Redden, Prof. and Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. Archibald, Dr. Smith, Prof. Palmer, Miss Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Prof. Falvey, Miss Anne Trueman, Miss Golden, Mrs. Conroy, Miss Webster, Prof. and Mrs. Orling, Prof. Talk. The invitations were issued for half past six and promptly on the arrival of the last guest tea was served on small tables in the long drawing rooms that are so home-like and attractive. The evening was pleasantly spent in quiet games. It was a very pretty party there being some exceptionally tasteful toilettes. The hostess wore a handsome black satin, Miss Katie Brecken, a silk skirt with a light bodice, Mrs. Borden, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. Howard, and Miss Palmer were all attired in becoming gowns of black silk or satin. Miss Trueman wore black relieved with blue, Mrs. Vincent wore a very elegant and striking dress of dark green, with light green touches with touches of green velvet about the bodice. Mrs. Waters was attired in a light silk trimmed with green velvet, Mrs. Andrews wore a very pretty gown of black and white silk, the waist adorned with black chiffon and steel trimmings, Mrs. Hunton was stylishly gowned in green cloth, the skirt made with the fashionable small train, Miss Golder wore handsome black brocade with black lace, Miss Cooke had on a dull black silk, the extremely pretty bodies being trimmed with quantities of black chiffon. Saturday evening there was reception at the ladies' college which was something of a novelty, the farewell reception before the holidays having been omitted. The evening did not differ from a similar entertainments in any way excepting in the great dearth of the sterner sex, many of the students not being able to resist the fascinations of the curling with which the match between Sackville and Moncton was being played. Dr. Coulter, St. John, the post office inspector was in Sackville last week, bringing his daughter to school at Mt. Allison where she expects to devote herself largely to art studies. Other pupils lately arrived are the Misses Redmayne, who have been at school in England. They were accompanied by their aunt Mrs. Geo. Freeman. Miss Sibyl Bowles returned with her sister from Ottawa after the Christmas vacation. All the girls are making great displays of Christmas gifts since their return. Some of the rooms are most prettily arranged with the nicknacks they received at home. The sleighing season has commenced for the young ladies, Dr. Borden having already twice taken out the big sleigh filled with a precious freight and now that the roads have improved these excursions will be more frequent. The school is very full just now. All the music teachers are working overtime and the probabilities are an extra teacher will soon have to be procured. The various curling matches have afforded a great deal of amusement and excitement lately. Last week there were two with teams from other towns. The match with Albert was a long affair, the play being very close and the risks being pretty evenly fitted. In one case the tie was so close as to require the use of a measure in deciding which stone was nearest to the "tee" and it was good fun for the bystanders to watch the excited players scrambling over the ice as their hands and knees, like a lot of beavers, trying to make out which side had most points. After the game had lasted till a late hour in the evening, Sackville came out victorious thirteen points ahead. As the Amherst curlers are keen players, the Sackville club naturally followed, as there have been several previous occasions when victory perched very decidedly on the banners of the border town players. The visitors were entertained with supper at the prior of Wry's restaurant and a jolly good time was enjoyed. The jokes were led off by Dr. Korden, the president, who remarked with the first

special of stars, that was the "house" now to which an Amherst curler wistfully responded that he hoped on one would "hog it." It must have been close on midnight before the contestants finally departed. This was on Thursday, Saturday the Moncton curlers arrived, half of the club playing Sackville in the afternoon and Amherst in the evening, the other half just reversing the process - versus vice - as a Sackville Mrs. Malapropes would say. This match excited even more interest than the former, the taste for contest apparently growing with the material on which it feeds. It was difficult Saturday evening to obtain a good view of the game, so closely crowded was the platform in the curling rink. The ubiquitous small boy was there in all his glory and his frequent comments, given in all good faith, were extremely amusing. This match was put through in much shorter time, the points counting up fast. The Moncton team put in some fine work, being especially good on a running shot and the match was well contested they carried the day with several points. However it was remarked by more than one Sackville curler that the Monctonians were such genial, hearty fellows, that it was almost a pleasure to be beaten by them. The evening was closed with the usual supper at Wry's the pleasure of the occasion being heightened by several Scotch songs from Thos. Murry. The first half of the Moncton club on their way to play Amherst, had a close call in going to the station. Certainly some of them ran the risk of going across the line from which there is no returning. Hurrying across Cape Tormentine track the vehicle was just shaved in the rear of the Cape train, but fortunately no one was hurt. Had they been even a second later the consequences might have been serious. The Sackville curling club has been presented with a number of official score cards by B. E. Falvey, some of them ran the risk of going across the line from which there is no returning. Hurrying across Cape Tormentine track the vehicle was just shaved in the rear of the Cape train, but fortunately no one was hurt. Had they been even a second later the consequences might have been serious. The Sackville curling club has been presented with a number of official score cards by B. E. Falvey, some of them ran the risk of going across the line from which there is no returning. Hurrying across Cape Tormentine track the vehicle was just shaved in the rear of the Cape train, but fortunately no one was hurt. Had they been even a second later the consequences might have been serious.

Supper Dow is announced to take place on the twenty-fifth of the month. Mr. and Mrs. George A. Lowell have gone to Florida to spend the winter. Rev. O. S. Newham visited St. John on Friday. Mrs. Ryan sister of Rev. Father Doyle of Milltown, after a long illness passed away on Saturday. The funeral services were on Monday, with a solemn High Mass of Requiem, held in the catholic church at Milltown. Mr. G. Durell Grimmer of St. Andrews was in town on Thursday last calling on his friends. Mrs. William T. Ross is spending a fortnight at "The Ordeal" with her friend Madame Chipman. Mrs. Nellie Russell of Eastport is the guest of Mrs. Charles E. Well. Mr. Howard Marchie went to Andover yesterday with Mr. Arthur McKean and will be Mr. McKean's best man at his marriage tomorrow. Mr. Percy Gillmor was in town for a few days recently. The first time since his return from British Columbia and California. Miss Kate Washburne and Miss Linnie McKeane who spent the holiday season in Boston are again at home after a delightful visit. Miss Annie G. King left last Monday for New York city where she will visit friends for several weeks. Mrs. John Prescott is visiting relatives in Baltimore. Miss Martha Young has gone to Jacksonville, Florida to spend the winter and spring months. The Fredericton curlers arrived today and this afternoon are playing a game with the St. Stephen curlers. A club-party was given on Tuesday evening by the young women's Guild of Christ church in the school room near the church. There was a large attendance, and much fun and jollity as the week was untroubled, and the prizes secured; at the close of the evening refreshments were served. Miss Ella Payne of St. John is in Calais visiting her friend Miss Ethel Waterbury. Mrs. C. W. Young and Mrs. W. H. Boardman have returned from a delightful visit in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. John D. Chipman left yesterday for Do ton where Mrs. Chipman will spend a week or ten days. Mr. Chipman will proceed to Clifton Springs where he will remain for some time for the benefit of his health. Judge Stevens has been spending a day or two in St. John.

RECEIPTS.

Jan. 18.—Judge Wells of Moncton is in town this week holding court. Mrs. Brown of Few Glasgow, N. S. has been in town for some days visiting her uncle Mr. C. J. Sayre. Dr. W. A. Ferguson has taken his departure from Kingston much to the regret of the people in this vicinity. Dr. Ferguson and Mrs. Ferguson have taken up a permanent residence in Moncton. Misses Anna Phinney and Jennie Allen have returned to Mount Allison Sackville. Messrs T. N. Vincent and F. W. McLean of St. John were in town last week. Miss Ferguson has returned from her visit to Moncton. Mrs. Alexander Carson is seriously ill at her home in Kingston. Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon of Lower Newcastle spent a few days in town recently. The funeral of the late Mrs. John F. Bell took place on Thursday last a large procession followed the hearse from the house to the grave, much sympathy is extended to Mr. Bell and family in their sorrow. Rev. Donald Fraser conducted the funeral services. The friends of Miss Agnes White are pleased to see her out again after her recent illness. Mr. C. H. Short who has been in town for some days visiting his brother Mr. W. W. Short who is seriously ill, returned to his home in St. John on Monday. Miss Kate McIntyre of Chatham has been visiting Mrs. Hiram Thompson for the past ten days. Mrs. Wm. Dickinson of Truro was in town on Saturday last visiting her friends. AUBORA

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE FOR 1899

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ROBERT GRANT'S Search-Light Letters—Common-sense essays

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THE FULL ILLUSTRATED PROSPECTUS, INCLUDING DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ABOVE, SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. THE MAGAZINE IS \$3.00 A YEAR; 25c. A NUMBER. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 - 157 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

R. F. J. PARKIN, 107 1/2 Union Street,

has a full line of Dunn's Hams and Bacon, and Canned Bacon, Pure Keg Lard, Bologna and Pork Sausages, Back Pork, Brine Mess Pork and Clear Pork. Wholesale and retail. Drop a post card for price list or telephone 1037

NERVOUS INVALIDS

Find great benefit from using Puttner's Emulsion. Which contains the most effective Nerve Tonics and nutritives combined in the most palatable form. Always get PUTTNER'S. It is the original and best.

News and Opinions

NATIONAL IMPORTANCE THE SUN ALONE CONTAINS BOTH. Daily, by mail, \$6 a year. Daily and Sunday, \$8 a year. The Sunday Sun is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Pric 5c. a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York. BASS & CO'S ALE LANDING 15 BBLs., EACH 36 GALS. FOR SALE LOW. THOS. L. BOURKE



THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir. To his poor lame joints and cords. This Elixir locates lameness, when applied, by remaining moist on the part affected the rest dries out. \$1.00 REWARD IF NOT CURED of Colic, all kinds, Colic, Curb, Splints, Contracted and Knotted Corals, and Shoe Bolts. Used and endorsed by Adams Express Co.

\$5,000 Reward to the person who can prove one of these testimonials bogus. Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897. Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting Stallion "Special Blood," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article. I remain yours respectfully, E. LE ROI WILKES, Prop. Hotel Dufferin. PUDDINGTON & MERRITT, 55 Charlotte Street Agents for Canada.

Is it Good Enough.

If any reader of "Progress" thinks his Printing is not attractive or forcible as it might be, we invite him to write to us about it. Maybe we can make it better, and maybe we can't. The chances are we can. PROGRESS PRINT. What we do, we do well!

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VELT'S
ERS" (Illustration of a soldier in uniform)

ENSON'S (Illustration of a person)

AVIS: Stories

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\$6 a year
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URKE



Baby's Own Soap
makes the little ones
happy by keeping their
tiny bodies in a healthy,
clean condition.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.
MONTREAL.
MAKERS OF THE CELEBRATED
ALBERT TOILET SOAPS.

FREDERICTON.

Programs is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. H. ...
Mrs. Archie MacDonald, black net over mauve.
Miss Powers, white organdie.
Miss Farbridge, cream silk.
Miss Sterling, black satin and green silk with
pink carnations.
Among the gentlemen present were:-
Mr. Ralph Gregory of Saco Me.
Prof. Downing, Mr. J. Grant,
Mr. A. Shute,
Capt. Neale, Mr. S. Sterling,
Major Hemming, Mr. W. H. Burns,
Mr. E. Ellis, Mr. W. E. Smith,
Mr. M. Atken, Mr. J. J. F. Winslow,
Mr. S. Campbell, Mr. F. Sherman,
Mr. H. McLeod, Mr. F. J. Bliss,
Mr. F. A. J. Bliss, Mr. Chas. F. Randolph,
Mr. Chas. Alen, Mr. L. W. Bailey,
Mr. E. Chasut, Mr. Archie MacDonald,
Mr. Bodkin, Mr. Theo. Roberts,
Mr. Theo. Roberts,
Miss Sadie Wiley, daughter of Mr. J. M. Wiley
and Miss Nan Thompson, daughter of Hon. F. F.
Thompson are visiting Miss Thompson's cousin,
Mrs. Bell at St. John.
Miss Steeves of Moncton is the guest of Mrs.
McN. Shaw at Gibson.
Mrs. E. V. Bridges is in St. John the guest of
Mr. Bridges' brother.
Mrs. Fraser is here from Vancouver and is visit-
ing her niece Mrs. W. G. Crockett.
The Brown Bread whist club met on Saturday
at Lang Byrnes cottage with the Misses Tabor when
a very pleasant evening was spent eight tables
competed for the prizes which were awarded 1st.
Miss Phinney, 2nd. Miss Ethel East, but I failed
to hear who secured the gentlemen's prize. Be-
sides the regular members some visitors were pre-
sent among whom were Miss Steeves, Miss Marial
and Mr. Ralph Gregory.
On dit that the "Bachelors" are soon to give a
ball at the Queen for the pleasure of their lady
friends when they will have an opportunity of
returning the hospitality which has been showed
upon them by their friends of the opposite sex.
Mrs. Fowler has returned from visiting her sister
at St. John.
A very quiet but pretty wedding was today
solemnized at the home of the bride, when Miss
Beattie Gibson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
James Gibson of Maryville was led to Hymen's
altar by Mr. Frederick Piedmont Shaw of Lowell
Mass. She was given in marriage by her father, in
the presence of only the immediate relatives of the
family. The bride who is a pretty brunette and ex-
ceedingly popular among her large circle of friends
was attired in a handsome travelling costume of
blue cloth with hat to match and carried a bouquet
of cream roses. She was attended by her sister
Miss Edith Gibson and cousin Miss Maimie McCon-
nell while the groom had the support of Mr. John
Hast, cousin of the bride. The happy couple left
on the evening train for their future home in Low-
ell.
The Up-to-date Whist Club met on Monday eve-
ning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton McKee
Mrs. Coulthard was the happy winner of the ladies
prize while Mr. Sweet took the gentlemen's.
Mrs. Barrows McKay and children left today for
Salisbury, to join Mr. McKay who preceded them
two weeks ago.
The late March are this evening entertaining a
number of their friends at a whist party.
Mrs. Harry Robertson is visiting her parents here.
Mrs. Chas. S. Everett is spending a few days in
St. John.
Mrs. S. H. McKee has invitations out for a ladies
party for Friday evening in honor of her daughter,
Mrs. Robertson who is home for a week.
Mrs. Bodden of Boston is visiting her old home
here.
Mr. E. Cummings of Philadelphia spent Sunday
with friends here.
"The Buds" held their dancing club last night at
the residence of Mrs. David East who invited them
for her niece Miss Gretchen Platt.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Robertson, and Miss Eaton
are at "Ashburton Place" the guests of Mr. and
Mrs. F. H. Edgewood.
Mr. James Redbank of New York and Mr. T.
Trites of Halifax are among the strangers in town.
CROCKER.

NEWSOFTHE

Programs is for sale in Newcastle by Ellis Lay-
ton & Co.
JAN. 17—Miss Helen Sinclair gave a pleasant
little party last Thursday evening in honor of her
guests Miss Bruce of Moncton and Miss Muirhead
of Campbellton. The young people left town about
half past eight, greatly enjoying the drive to the
Bridges, the roads being in excellent condition.
Dancing was the principal amusement, the party
returning to town shortly after midnight.
On Monday evening Miss Annet Alken gave a
large party in honor of Miss Bruce. Both married
and single were present and all expressed them-
selves delighted with one of the most charming
evenings ever spent at the Mansie.
Mrs. and Mrs. James Armstrong, who have been
visiting Mrs. McMillan, returned on Tuesday to
their home, Youghall.
Dr. Wilson of Derby was in town on Monday.
James Robinson, M. P. Mrs. Robinson and Miss
Susie Robinson will leave on Thursday for Boston
where they will spend the next few weeks before
proceeding to Ottawa.
Mrs. Blair Robertson left by Monday's express
for her new home in Yarmouth N. B. Mrs.
B. Robertson was accompanied by her sister Miss
Fish.
Mrs. John W. Miller of Millerton left on Monday
for Boston where she will spend the next two
months.
Mr. A. A. Davidson who has been in Hamilton
Ont., for the past few weeks will return to town
late in the week. Mr. Davidson will be accom-
panied by Mr. and Mrs. John Davidson, who ex-
pect to spend the next few months here.
The Masonic Dance which took place in the
Masonic Hall on Tuesday evening was a great
success in every way and the hall was tastefully
decorated.
The floor in excellent condition for dancing, and
the music all that could be desired. The patron-
esses were:- Mrs. E. Sinclair, Mrs. G. F. Ward,
Mrs. J. M. Troy, Mrs. J. F. Burchill, Mrs. C. D.
Manny, Mrs. Harley, Mrs. Geo. Stables, Mrs.
R. B. Call, Mrs. R. M. Armstrong.

ST. GEORGE.

JAN. 18.—The members of the Athletic club gave
their lady friends a very pleasant evening at the
club recently.
Miss Mabel Seelye returned on Saturday from a
visit of several months with relatives in Nova Scotia
and New Brunswick.
Mr. Percy Gillis spent a few days in town be-
fore leaving for Montreal.
The members of Christ church and congrega-
tion presented their rector Rev. B. Smith with a
fine fur sleigh robe and lap robe during the holi-
days.
Miss Fannie Gillis gave a very pleasant thimble
party to a number of lady friends on Tuesday after-
noon the gentlemen were invited in the evening.

**SPRING
SUMMER
AUTUMN
WINTER**
Be the season what it may,
Junket is always Junket,
the great tempter, the great
courtesier, the great popu-
lar delicious dessert, re-
lished by adults and child-
ren, by the strong and by
the most delicate.
Of preparation easy and cheap beyond comparison.
A quart of milk, enough fruit juice and essence of
color or flavor, a Junket Tablet, just sufficient heat
to warm, there ends the work, the family dessert is
made.



Hansen's Junket Tablets
are sold at 15c. per packet and each packet contains
ten tablets. Dispensed at all grocers and confection-
ers. "Daily Delicacies for Artistic
Desserts"
ADVERTS IN CANADA.
EVANS & SONS, Limited
Montreal and Toronto.

A large number are still ill with the epidemic
(in grippe.)

Beautiful Snow.

(Published by Request.)
O the snow, the Beautiful Snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the rooftops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flinging
Glimming alone,
Beautiful Snow it can do no wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Chasing to kiss in a frolicsome teak;
Beautiful Snow, from the heavens above,
Fare as an angel and fickle as love!
O the snow, the Beautiful Snow!
How the fakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurling by.
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dog with a bark and a bound
Snaps at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart's in a glow.
Chattering to meet in a frolicsome fro.
To welcome the coming of Beautiful Snow.

How the wild crowd go swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the ray gleams like meteors flash by—
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye!
Flighting,
Swimming,
Dancing they go
Over the crest of the Beautiful Snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in and by the crowd rushing by;
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of
feet
Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow,—but I fell;
I fell like the snowflake, my heaven-to hell;
I fell to be trampled as the filth of the street;
I fell to be scuffed, to be spit on and beat.

Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Eating the living and leaving the dead.
Miserable! I have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the Beautiful Snow!

Once I was fair as the Beautiful Snow
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace;
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face.
Father

Mothers
Sisters all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall,
The various virtues that made me so dear;
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too high;
For of all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure but the Beautiful
Snow.

How strange it should be that this Beautiful Snow
Should fall on a sinner with no where to go!
How strange it would be when the night comes
And the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!

Fainting,
Dying alone,
Too wretched for prayers, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in its joy at the snow coming down;
To lie and die in my terrible pain,
With a seed and a shroud of the Beautiful Snow!
—James W. Watson.

THINGS OF VALUE.

The Spanish soldier has only two meals a day,
and he keeps in excellent condition on a little oil,
a clove of garlic and his cigarette.

No person should go from home without a bottle
of Dr. D. Kellogg's "Preserver Cordial" in their
possession, as change of water, cooking, climate,
etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and
there is nothing like better ready with a sure
remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffer-
ing, and frequently valuable lives. This Cor-
dial has gained for itself a wide spread reputation
for affording prompt relief from all summer com-
plaints.

In Olden's "Ergony," it is one of the largest
gold-fish farms. More than a hundred small ponds
contain the fish in all stages of growth, the little
ones carefully fed from the rapidity big fellows
of eight inches which would be delighted to eat
their helpless neighbors.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm
medicine; the name is Mother Gregory's Worm
Eliminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the
age.

A bicycle with tyres of silk has been made.
Elephants generally work well until they are
eighty years of age.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed
corns from one pair of feet without any pain.
What it has done once it will do again.

A new quick firing gun is being made, which will
discharge bullets at the rate of six hundred per
minute.

Excellent Reasoners admit why Dr. THOMAS'
Ergony should be used by persons troubled
with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon
the skin, rheumatic pains, corns, bunions, or other
injuries. The reason is, that it is speedy,
pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally
or applied outwardly.

Wire cables mottosed with wet sand, and passing
in an endless rope over a series of pulleys, are
now used for sawing stone. The wire runs from
1,000 to 1,500 feet per minute. A running cable
of 60 feet will make a cut 100 feet long.

Mild in Their Action.—Farnalee's Vegetable
Pills are very mild in their action. They do not
cause griping in the stomach or cause disturbance
there as so many pills do. Therefore, the most
delicate can take them without fear or unpleasant
results. They can, too, be administered to children
without injury. The peculiarities which follow the
use of pills not so carefully prepared.

One of the stations of the railway which is to be
built from the Red Sea to the top of Mount Sinai
will be on the spot where it is supposed Moses
stood when he received the Tables of the Law.

They are a Powerful Nerveine.—Dyspepsia causes
derangement of the nervous system, and nervous
debility once considered is difficult to deal with.
There are many testimonials as to the efficacy of
Farnalee's Vegetable Pills in treating the disorder,
showing that they never fail to produce good re-
sults. By giving proper tone to the digestive or-
gans they restore equilibrium to the nerve centres.
The manufacture of paper from seaweed is said
to be a growing industry in France.

"77"

Is Dr. Humphreys' Specific for
Coughs, Colds, Influenza and

GRIP

A Perfect Cure.

To get the best results from the use of "Seventy
Seven" don't stop talking as soon as relieved or
when the acute symptoms subside, continue its use
for some time to get a perfect cure. It will tone up
the system and there will be no danger of a re-
lapse or of evil after effect.
If you will carry a vial of "77" in your pocket
and take frequently you will escape the Grip. "77"
prevents Pneumonia.
At druggists or sent prepaid; 25c. 50c. and \$1.00.
DR. HUMPHREYS' BOOK SENT FREE.
Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. Williams' John St.,
New York. Be sure to get

HUMPHREYS'

"Demand it; No Substitute is just as good"
"FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS"
But fancy packing don't make good tea. It's the exquisite bouquet and
flavor of.....

MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA.
which proclaims it the best tea. Open a packet and the aroma it
is so appetizing—on infusion it yields a sweetish, satis-
fying liquor—and even on second heating it loses none
of its superiority.
Direct From the Growers in Ceylon.

\$2.00 in Cash
or
\$6.00 Watch
FREE
No Concession. In half an hour you can do
all that is required. Will interest everybody.
Send name and address only on a post card to
HOWARD MFG. CO.
Office Address
180 Temple Bldg., Montreal.

OLD-MAHOAGANY DISEASE.

It Begins With a Chest of Drawers and
Makes Trouble for Families.
A friend of mine who has been too busy
with the problem of ways and means to
pay much attention to the adornment of
his house asked me yesterday to select for
him a good piece of colonial mahogany, as
he wanted to have one such piece in his
house, and I declined to do so until I had
explained to him the cost, said a scenic
artist whose house is one of the show
places in a town near New York. I knew
that his furniture was oak and upholstered
stuff, and that just so sure as he placed
with it a good example of old mahogany
his troubles would begin. The mahogany
would kill his oak, and in course of time it
would mean the refurnishing of his house.

His was a case of ignorance being bliss,
and I did not propose to upset his house-
hold. I have seen the old-mahogany disease
work its way into many households, and
in many cases the results have been disas-
trous. Talk about having a mortgage on
your house, why that is nothing compared
to the annoyance of finding that you have
a lot of modern oak furniture on your
hands to good to throw away, when you
have once begun to collect old pieces. It
has taken me nearly ten years to live down
a collection of oak furniture which I made
in St. Louis and which has hung over me
like the shadow of a great sorrow. I was
boarding in St. Louis and doing work on a
big production, when my wife and I de-
cided that we didn't like boarding and that
we would try housekeeping. I had no
time to spend in looking for a house, so
we took the first one that we could find.

We spent just one afternoon in furnishing
it completely, dishes, draperies, rugs,
carpets and an outfit of very new oak
furniture. The result was just what might
have been expected. Our house looked
like a grand Rapids show room. We moved
to New York, leaving behind as much
of our oak furniture as we could, but when
we got settled here we found around us a
lot of it which was too good to give away
and which we could not sell.

I had picked up by this time a few old
pieces of mahogany, and the more I studied
them the more I despised my oak. Then I
built my house, and I was forced to move
some of those pieces into it. I have been
crowing them out by degrees ever since.
however, and now I haven't got one
modern oak piece left. In the meantime I
have watched friends struggle with their
modern furniture after they had picked up
an old piece or two, and their troubles have
been like mine. When my friend asked me
yesterday to select an old piece for him I
told him what I have told you and I said
that if after thinking it over for a week he
still wanted to make the plunge I would
help him. He will probably want to begin
on an old chest of drawers, for this is usu-
ally the opening wedge, and then old
andirons, tables with claw feet and corner
cabinets will follow, concluding with chairs
and the latter will keep him poor for the
rest of his life. It's like the opium habit,
and you can't shake it off.

Just Like a Five.
Some men are hard to please, especially
in their flustered and ill-natured moods.
A good story is told of such a man, an
Edinburgh banker.

One day, when nothing had seemed to
suit him, he broke out suddenly to one of
the clerks in a tone like a thunder-clap—
'Look here, Jones, this won't do! These
figures are a perfect disgrace. An office-
boy could do better. Look at that five,
will you? It looks just like a three. No-
body would take it for anything else. Look
at it, I say.'

'I—'—I beg pardon, sir,' began the
trembling clerk, 'but—er—well, you see,
sir, it is a three.'

'A three!' roared the banker; 'a three!
Why, you idiot, it looks just like a five!'
And the subject dropped.

Transcontinental Tracks.
England's proposal to build an iron road
right through Africa is in part conditional
on France making tracks the other way.—
Philadelphia Times

THE DUFFERIN.

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

Victoria Hotel,

51 to 57 King Street, St. John, N. B.
Electric Passenger Elevator.
and all Modern Improvements.
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At 19 and 23 King Square,
J. D. TURNER.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock.

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ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

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Silver plated knives,
forks or spoons WITH-
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MAY be good — but
WITH IT THEY ARE
GOOD — the best that
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**A LARGE STOCK OF
Turkeys, Geese,
Chickens and Ducks.**

THOS. DEAN, City Market.

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It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food, and thus prepares nourishment. The blood is employed to carry this nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it.

Hood's Pills

are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. F. C. Cotton, W. T. Cotton, W. L. Cotton, H. C. Cotton, J. W. Cotton, F. C. Cotton, D. C. Cotton, E. C. Cotton, G. C. Cotton, H. C. Cotton, I. C. Cotton, J. C. Cotton, K. C. Cotton, L. C. Cotton, M. C. Cotton, N. C. Cotton, O. C. Cotton, P. C. Cotton, Q. C. Cotton, R. C. Cotton, S. C. Cotton, T. C. Cotton, U. C. Cotton, V. C. Cotton, W. C. Cotton, X. C. Cotton, Y. C. Cotton, Z. C. Cotton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Dickie are here from Cunard, guests at Mrs. C. M. Dawson's.

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PATTI AND HER HUSBANDS.

Their Lives as Narrated by Jenciere—The Great Gun of Craig-y-Nos.

In the 'Recollections of a Musician,' by Victoria Jenciere, which are now running through the French papers, there is the following chat about Patti, who is just about to be married for the third time:

'It was in 1876, a few days after the first performance of 'Dimitri' in the Theatre Lyrique, that I became acquainted with Patti, who was then the Marquise de Caux. She sent me her faithful factotum Belloni, who told me that the diva, charmed by my work, proposed to play the part of Marina at St. Petersburg, where she was engaged for the following season. It was necessary to translate the piece into Italian and forward it as soon as it was finished to the directors of the theatre in order to have it submitted to the censure. The next day I went to see my future interpreter and expressed to her my gratitude for the unexpected honor which she was about to confer upon me. She introduced me to the Marquis de Caux. The interview was cordial and charming. Patti, in all the brilliancy of her youth and beauty, was particularly attractive on account of her almost childish grace. The harmony between her and her husband appeared complete.

'A few months after the first performance of 'Dimitri' I received the cross, and some time after my nomination appeared in the Official I got from St. Petersburg a telegram of congratulations, signed Marquis and Marquise de Banx. Now, according to its original date, this telegram was sent only some hours before the scene which occurred between the celebrated cantatrice and the Marquis.

'When I saw Patti again she was divorced and was about to marry the tenor Nicolini, for whom she had just renounced the crown of a Marquise. 'Dimitri' could not be played at St. Petersburg on account of the veto of censure that would authorize the appearance upon the boards of a parading archimandrite, and still less that of a surging Czar. It was in London, therefore, where she was engaged for the following season, that my illustrious interpreter was to sing the role of Marina.

'In studying it she noticed that her part did not have sufficient importance and that the role of Dimitri had too much. It was necessary, therefore, to diminish considerably the latter and to increase the former by two prominent arias destined to bring out the talents of the cantatrice. 'When madam sings,' said Nicolini to me, 'the other roles count for nothing.' I vainly called attention to the fact that my work was conceived from quite a different point of view than that of presenting exclusively the qualities of an artist. But it was no use, and I left after this second interview less delighted than I was after the first. It is useless to say that Patti never sang in 'Dimitri'.

'My relations with the celebrated singer ended there, but I have met her since several times at long intervals with her second husband. They were two veritable turtles doves, always looking at each other with affection, and as a matter of fact their honeymoon was prolonged until pitiless fate robbed her of her loved one, the once brilliant tenor. Nicolini, according to all who knew him, was a charming fellow, artless, with little or no will of his own in fine, with all the qualities required to make a woman happy. At the Conservatoire his naive was placed upon by his comrades. His coworker, Gailhard, was foremost of the fellows who played practical jokes on him.

'Long after he left the Conservatoire he continued the jokes. The last one dates only a few years back. It was at Craig-y-Nos. Where Gailhard, who had been appointed leader of the opera, went to see Patti in regard to an engagement for 'Romeo and Juliet.' Nicolini imagined that it would be a fine thing to get an enormous bell to announce the arrival of invited guests in old lordly fashion. 'A bell!' said Gailhard. 'That is altogether too common. Get something original, something magnificent. If I were in your place I would get a cannon and a breechloader at that. At the present time the brother of Gye turns out splendid ones. If you wish we will go to-morrow and choose one in his foundry. But don't say anything about it to your wife. It would be a good thing to give her a surprise. The next day Nicolini, accompanied by Gailhard went to the foundry, selected a splendid cannon and ordered it sent to him as quickly as possible by railroad.

'With a thousand precautions to conceal the object in question from his wife, Nicolini planted it in an obscure portion of the park of Craig-y-Nos. The day of the arrival of the guests, as soon as the train which brought them stopped at the station in front of the property, Nicolini, aided by Gailhard, pulled the string which was to fire the cannon. The detonation was something terrific, but Nicolini behind the breach, never thought of the re-



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wants pure hard soap that lasts well—lathers freely—is high in quality and low in price.

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(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

have been the bride, has been in festively postponed.

The concert in the school room of St. John's church (Stone) on Thursday evening was well attended, and very enjoyable. All who took part in the interesting program doing much credit to themselves and to those who directed the affair.

Mrs. Ellison of Sycamore street entertained a party of ladies as a thimble party one afternoon during the week, and the hours were very pleasantly spent by the ladies, some of whom showed decided ability with the needle, while others were not quite so clever.

Mrs. Coverhill Jones gave a small lunch on Thursday for the entertainment of Miss Sessions, who leaves next week for New York.

(PROGRESS is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, and at Crowe Bros.)

JAN. 17.—Miss Burgess, Wolfville, who has been spending a few days with her friend Miss Conrad left yesterday morning for Montreal, where she is a student at Trafalgar school.

Miss Cotton, Charlottetown P. E. I. who is en route home from Montreal was a guest of her brother, Mr. P. C. Cotton of the Merchants bank on Sunday last. Miss Cotton will make a short stay in Truro a guest of her friend Miss Etzel Robbins.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis of the Hotel Davis, Charlottetown were guests at the Lament yesterday, en route home from Boston.

A merry party chaperoned by Mrs. J. P. Taylor and Mrs. H. F. Wetmore drove to Clifton last Wednesday evening at the invitation of Mr. David McCurdy, where they were most hospitably entertained by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McCurdy. Dancing was kept up incessantly until nearly twelve o'clock when a bountiful lunch was partaken of shortly after which the party started for town which was reached shortly after one a.m.

Among those enjoying Mr. McCurdy's hospitality were: The Misses Emma and Hennie Bigelow, Misses Minnie McKenzie, Lulu Archibald, Jessie Snook, Mabel McCurdy, Bessie Turner, Emma Price, Helen Fowler, Jean Blanchard, Kitty Butchard, Ida Jamieson, Maud Shafer, Nora Blanchard, Helen Bigelow.

Messrs. John Hay, Harry Murray, W. A. Butchard, Walter Muir, Chas. Harris, J. Jamieson, Frank Turner, Guy McCullum, F. C. Cotton, V. Jamieson, A. V. Jamieson.

Miss Margaret Silver, Halifax, is a guest of her aunt, Mrs. R. A. Tremaine.

Miss Pearson, Halifax, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Geo. Reading, Queen street.

The first of the short series of Quadrille assemblies to be given this winter in the Merchants bank building came off last Thursday evening and was a great success, despite the deplorable fact that the gentlemen were so much in the minority. Mrs. D. B. Cummings, and Mrs. H. F. Wetmore chaperoned. The former lady looked as usual charming in quiet toilette of black silk with bodice of light figured silk. Mrs. Wetmore wore a very effective gown of white satin with flounces of yellow satin, the bodice being also arranged with the same color.

Mrs. Cyrus Archibald was handsomely gowned in a rich toilette of dove colored silk, the bodice arranged with white satin embroidered in gold. Mrs. Taylor was as usual looking lovely in an effective gown of white silk, black lace overalls, sash of white moire and corsage bouquet of red roses.

Mrs. A. C. Patterson wore black velvet on train, white satin and chiffon about the bodice. Miss Bigelow wore a new gown of blue dress silk on train, with flounces of pale blue chiffon trimmed with tiny pink roses.

Miss Helen Bigelow looked well in a very becoming gown of white silk, with flounces of white chiffon arranged with violets.

Miss McKay wore a handsome gown of yellow brocade. Miss Emma Snook was wearing a handsome new gown of white moire, the bodice and skirt arranged with pink rose buds and white chiffon.

Miss Bessie McDugal, New Glasgow, who is visiting her cousin Miss Mary McDonald, wore a very becoming and effective gown of bright red silk with guipure lace and insertion.

Mrs. F. S. Yonston, was looking unusually well in a dress of old blue silk, skirt and bodice trimmed with guipure lace and insertion.

Miss Dawson, Pictou, who is a guest of her friend Miss Yonston, wore white satin. Miss Somerville, white brocaded silk bodice arranged with white satin and chiffon.

Miss Gillespie, Parrsboro, looked well in white dotted Swiss, the bodice arranged with red roses. Among others present were: Mrs. A. E. Randall, Mrs. Armstrong, Windsor, Miss Silver, Halifax.

NEWCASTLE. Though a mistake the Newcastle society letter which came early in the week appears on another page. Further particulars of the ball next one in it were received later and are as follows: Dancing commenced at half past eight, the grand march being led by Mrs. Manny and Mr. Stables. The scene was a very pretty one the ladies all being attired in dainty and most becoming gowns. Among the most noticeable were:

Mrs. Manny in black brocaded satin. Mrs. Ward, black silk. Mrs. Harley, black and white figured silk trimmed with white chiffon and natural flowers. Mrs. Stables, black silk. Miss Jean Thompson, white dotted Swiss muslin chignon trimming.

Miss Muirhead, blue silk, white chiffon and white carnations. Miss Bruce of Moncton, wore pink satin trimmed with white chiffon and pascarnetie. Miss Ethel Elliott wore a very pretty dress of yellow silk with black velvet trimming.

Miss Whitlock of St. Andrews, N. B., was gowned in a very pretty dress of white embroidered muslin, with blue silk sash. Miss Aiken, pale green figured crepon. Miss Troy, black silk trimmed with white flowers. Miss Sinclair wore a very handsome dress of black silk adorned with red and white roses. Miss Layton, black silk with yellow silk bodice trimmed with chiffon and natural flowers. Miss Hoyt of Ottawa, pink silk tulle over cream satin.

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coil. It knocked him sprawling in the grass with his hands and feet in the air, and his screaming wife, not understanding anything of the explosion, came running up to him. 'It was merely a surprise that I was reserving for you,' muttered Nicolini, recovering from his fall, which happily did not hurt him. 'That is a nice sort of surprise!' exclaimed Patti. 'How did you get such an idea as that into your head?' 'It was Gailhard who told me to salute royally the arrival of our guests,' replied Nicolini. Always that fellow Gailhard!' said Patti, shaking her little white fist at the waggish leader, who was half convulsed with laughter.

'She ordered the cannon to be buried, and no more was thought of it. The following year Gailhard returned to Craig-y-Nos. One morning he was walking in the park when he stubbed his foot against a hard obstacle and fell at full length upon the ground, while from an open window in the castle there was a burst of silver-toned laughter. Part of the mouth of the cannon was above ground, and it was this which caused the little accident that happened to Gailhard. Patti was avenged.

'In his last years Nicolini practiced on a less noisy instrument. He became passionately fond of the violin and passed many days scraping upon a magnificent Stradivarius, for which he paid 25,000 francs. Patti lauded his talent as a violinist, and nothing flattered his vanity more than the compliments which she bestowed upon him. For a long time he had ceased to sing, on account of his liver trouble, which finally carried him off.

'But Patti still sings, and her voice they say, is as fine as it was when she appeared in the Theatre Italien, in the place Ventadour. That is a pretty long time ago. I remember still the evening when the charming child appeared, almost a little girl, with the baquette of Romaine in the 'Barber of Seville.' And what a glorious voice of gold she, of such marvellous homogeneity and absolute accuracy! What an adorable face lighted up by eyes that looked like diamonds. In a word she was the Rosine dreamed of by Beaumarchais and Rossini.

'From that memorable evening she became the spoiled child of the public, and what is rarer still, of all the personnel of the theatre. Bagier was always indulgent to her. As she hated rehearsals, she sent in her place her brother-in-law, Strakosch, Barnum and professor. Nothing could be more comical than to see in these rehearsals the tenor lovingly throwing his arms around the waist of Strakosch, and the latter's reply given in the most pronounced German accent. The diva had plenty of admirers, three of whom wanted to marry her. The most famous was the Marquis de Caux. The happiness of the Marquis lasted many years, until the day when Nicolini succeeded him.

'To those who are surprised at Patti's proposed marriage she can say she was too happy with her second husband to refuse to take a third one. Born in Madrid of Italian parents, she became a French woman by her union with the Marquis de Caux. Some years ago when she took up her residence in Craig-y-Nos she was naturalized an English woman. In taking the title of Baron van Ceders-Troom she will become a Swede, unless the Baron becomes a naturalized Englishman.

'If art has no country, then she who was formerly called the *Assues* of art has the right to change her nationality as often as she pleases.

LONG-DISTANCE WRITERS. Men Who Have Written Over 300 Miles of MS.

Among the hundreds of busy writers whose pens minister to our delight, it is difficult to say who is the most prolific, and still more difficult to give an accurate estimate of the quantity of work he has produced. Among English writers of today the palm of fecundity would probably go to Mr. G. A. Henty, the veteran journalist and novelist. Mr. Henty has been an industrious writer since the early fifties when he acted as special correspondent to the 'Standard.' Apart from his Press work, which must be mountain in itself, he has produced a dozen novels and books of travel, and more than half a century of delightful books for boys.

A careful estimate of his output alone places his record at about 12,000,000 words, and his total pen-work probably exceeds 20,000,000 words. It helps us to form an estimate of this colossal record when we consider that to read all

that Mr. Henty has published, reading diligently for six hours a day and for six days a week, it would take forty weeks to exhaust his last column or page. It were to undertake the task of simply copying this mountain of matter, we should have to devote six years to our task—working, as before, thirty-six hours a week, and allowing ourselves no time for holidays. And yet, stupendous as the task may seem, the total area of the sheets of paper which Mr. Henty has covered in nearly fifty years of hard writing would be only five-sixths of an acre, or less than the area of thousands of suburban gardens.

If written in a single line—linked fiction long drawn out—and beginning at Charing Cross, the last word of the line would be found in Middlebrough, nearly 240 miles from the first. At an average rate of payment of one guinea a thousand words, which is, of course, very much under the rate received, Mr. Henty must have made £20,000 with his pen. Probably £50,000 is an under estimate of his actual receipts.

The modern writer who most nearly approaches Mr. Henty's record is M. Jules Verne, another name dear to boys as well as to adults. Jules Verne, claims to have written more books than the years he has lived, which are seventy; and it will be safe to place his total literary output at quite 12,000,000 words, making due allowance for the fact that his books are shorter than Mr. Henty's. His journalistic work is an unknown quantity; but, no doubt, it would add materially to his record. Still, in spite of such life-long and long-life industry, a line of less than 200 miles seems to be a disappointing result. The financial return is doubtless more satisfactory, for M. Verne is credited with having made £100,000 with his pen.

Miss Braddon probably ranks third among "long-distance writers" of our day. Since she made her first timid venture in 1860 with the 'Trail of the Serpent,' she has produced novels at the rate of one in every nine months approximately; and her output in fiction alone may be placed at 10,500,000 words, or nearly half an acre of manuscript.

Marion Crawford among our younger writers, has been marked prolific. Since 'Mr Isaacs' captured the reading world sixteen years ago, he has written on an average two long novels every year, with a total of about 9,000,000 words, or a quarter of an acre of manuscript.

Sir Walter Besant's record is difficult to estimate because, in addition to his many novels he has done a large and unascertainable amount of work in journalism. It will be well within the mark, however, to estimate his output at from ten to twelve millions of words, a record which was probably exceeded by the late James Fenn, one of the most industrious of all our scribes.

Mr. Rider Haggard's output may be placed at about 4,000,000; Mr. Grant Allen's at a trifle more, taking into account his large contribution to journals; while Mr. Anthony Hope has probably not exceeded two and a half million words, or a line thirty miles long.

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HERB REMEDY CO., Westwood, N. S.

Estate Sale.

On Wednesday, the 21st day of February next, at twelve o'clock noon, at Chubb's Corner, in the City of Saint John in the County of Saint John, there will be offered for sale at public auction the Leasehold Property and things in the name of the late William McNeil, situated at Millford in the Parish of Lancaster in said County, as more fully set out in the Schedule hereunto annexed, and occupied by Mr. Harry A. Leitch.

For particulars apply to the undersigned Administrator or Geo. H. V. Brown, 28 Prince Street, Saint John, N. B., on or before the 19th inst. Dated this 15th day of January, A. D. 1899. ELIZABETH McNEIL, Administrator, Estate of William McNeil. GEO. W. GIBSON, Auctioneer.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1899.

FORETOLD BY PARROTS.

FEATHERED BARBQUAKE SHARP IN GUATEMALA.

Barbquake Among the Birds Just Before the Shock Came—Respect Inspired in Nations by Their Droll-acts with Sates—A Droll Between Parrots.

'You had best not ride the black mule to-day, Don Carlos,' said the old Indian on the Guatemalan coffee face to the young American. The latter was preparing to take a nine-mile ride to the Post Office and returned before noon breakfast.

'There is going to be a bad earthquake, the Indian continued, 'and the mule will be frightened to death. Take the little bay beast instead.

'Don't you think I can manage the mule? I'm not afraid of her,' replied Don Carlos. 'It's not that, Senor. If the quake comes when the mule is tied, she will break away for certain. Nothing will hold her, and I know there is going to be a big earthquake.'

'How do you know that Manuel? Did the spirit in the Takana volcano inform you or are you a good guesser on the subject?' asked Don Carlos incredulously. 'Are you an earthquake expert?'

'The parrots have been making much noise this morning, Don Carlos. I know there will be an earthquake and a bigger one than usual. The parrots always raise such a rumpus when a heavy one is coming. You will see I am right, Senor.'

The parrots had been keeping up a terrible racket ever since daybreak that morning, so much so that Don Alejandro, whose English blood had reacted deeply their intrusion on his plantation without permission, had risen wrathfully in his pajamas and fired a load of shot at the birds nearest the house. This only had the effect of driving them to a safer distance in the tops of the tall, sentinel-like trees scattered sparsely among the coffee.

From these points of vantage they jeered and hoisted at Don Alejandro for an hour or more in the native parrot language. The parrots were wild and knew not the speech of man—only such profanity as was directed at their heads on account of their noise and clamour. They made such a discord flying from one tree to another and telling their stories in harsh, strident tones, that sleep was out of the question. Don Alejandro was forced to forgo his morning nap. He therefore got under the refreshing shower bath and ordered the morning cub of coffee, with the slice of bread accompaniment, which in the tropics does for breakfast.

Don Alejandro and Don Carlos drank their coffee and then, the younger man ordered the mule saddled. He took the advice of Manuel and rode the steady mule. The parrots must have had some sort of a tip after all. Don Carlos had ridden scarcely two thirds of the nine miles when the earthquake came and proved to be a big one. It was, indeed, much worse than the imaginary earthquakes seemed to be on the night when the big house dog sneaked under the lone bed, and rising, made the sleeper think the world was coming to an end. This time the quake was so pronounced that the pools of muddy water in the road—it was in the rainy season—were greatly agitated. The mule spread her legs apart like the supports of a particularly bow-legged dabbler and waited until the thing was over. The animal awayed and rocked under Don Carlos as it had been a ship in a heavy sea. When the quaking had ceased, the mule gave a sigh of relief, a snort, and proceeded. All the time the parrots had been flying overhead, shouting out in their jarring, discordant tones. 'I told you so! I told you so!'

Don Carlos scratched his head and marvelled. 'I wonder how those birds knew what was coming,' he said to himself. 'They must be in league with Old Nick.'

In Guatemala the parrots have much the same reputation among the natives as the blue jays possess among the negroes of the States. Like the jays they are popularly supposed to have private dealings with Satan. On this account they are respected to a certain extent. Though the Indians and country people are fond of making pets of them they seldom kill the birds. The most sought after are not the pure green, but those with yellow or red markings on the neck and crest. From being feathered buller factories in sound when in their wild state, they become honey-voiced creatures when tamed and educated. They flap in the soft melodious Spanish tongue, with the accent of the pure Castilian. They

even shrug what shoulders they have in keeping with this. When one of them is told, 'Adios, chico' (good-bye, little one), it will respond quickly and cheerfully with 'Adios, Senor bueno,' followed by a string of felicities a yard long with, as a string ending, a kiss, which expresses the essence of bliss.

The parrots of Guatemala are something of birds of passage and pleasure. In the early morning they can be seen flying from the lowlands, where they make their roosting place, to the high ground. They frequent the coffee faces situated at an elevation of from 2 000 to 4 000 feet about sea level, in the day. They feed on bananas, plantains, and other fruits. Always cheerful, ever restless, they skip from one to another of the tall trees, enjoying themselves by shinning up in true parrot style the smooth, white shafts of the tropical forests. They finish up their business at the highlands regularly about an hour before the sun sets. Then they depart, never singly, but in couples or flocks of 6 or 7, for their roosting places further down, where it is warmer at night. They fly high, resembling somewhat pigeons on the wing, but not moving so swiftly.

While in flight they utter their accented cries. So regular are the parrots in their comings and goings that the natives keep the time of day by them. If an Indian is asked the hour in the early morning, he will respond: 'It is not much after sunrise, Senor. The parrots have not long come.' If at noon, or thereabouts, he will say: 'It must be midday, Senor. The parrots are quiet.' Like the rest of the inhabitants of the country who can do so, the parrots take a siesta at noon. At any rate they are silent.

It was the writer's fortune to witness a novel conflict in the heart of a Guatemalan forest between two parrots. It was in the afternoon, and the long wait for a deer, which never came, by the side of a mountain stream that had been fatiguing. It was warm in the forest. On one side of the strand a little river always heard in such a place the occasional chirp of an insect, the rustle of an animal, probably a peccary, in the foliage all was still. Two gigantic ferns and vines matted together effectually concealed the watcher, as leaned his back against the smooth, white trunk of a tree which ran straight up in the air, without a limb, for seventy-five or eighty feet. The hunter had almost fallen asleep. Suddenly, screaming shrilly and fiercely, two parrots darted out from the surrounding foliage, apparently so intent on their quarrel as to be totally unaware of the presence of a man. Up and down, around the tree, first one in pursuit then the other, they flew with feathers ruffled and every cry a flash one deeper of the forest, their cries growing fainter and fainter. Then they came growing fainter and fainter. Then they came as quickly they appeared, and the chase about the white body of the tree began again.

Apparently with one accord the two birds alighted. They were fine specimens, both males, from their brilliant plumage and their size. The deer forgotten, the hunter watched the two contestants. They rested within a foot or so of one another, bills open and neck feathers ruffled, like two gamecocks. Then, as if sparring for an opening, they advanced on one another. Feathers flew, and both retreated. They were too tired from their efforts to utter more than an occasional cry. As quick as a flash one darted at the other, seizing its neck in the powerful beak. There was a snip like that of a pair of shears through a thick piece of cloth. With its neck hanging limp and striving to retain a foothold by one claw, the injured bird fluttered to the ground, catching here and there an outstretched branch or vine tendril. With a cry of triumph the victor flew swiftly into the forest and was gone. When examined the dead bird was found to have had its neck almost severed. Those who have experienced the force of a bite from the strong bill of one of the birds can recognize how readily the feathered conqueror disposed of its rival. As a general thing the Guatemalan parrot is considered to have an excellent disposition, compared with those of some of the other Central American States. It is asserted, however, that such conflicts are not infrequent among them.

The best parrots on the Pacific coast, at least from Panama to San Francisco, are said to come from Corinto, Nicaragua. Every north bound steamer which stops at that port takes on board dozens of the birds. The occupants of the forecastle do considerable speculation in that line, disposing of the birds in San Francisco at two or three hundred per cent. above their cost price in silver or tin money. It was this parrot that remarked sagaciously that after leaving Corinto there were far more parrots aboard than passengers.

The birds build their nests in hollow trees, and they must be taken young in

order to be properly educated for pets. No parrot having attained its majority without having become acquainted with a human can be tamed.

THE TARTARIAN LAMB.

A Strange Plant that 'Lambly' Resembles an Animal.

Among the strange stories to be found in the narratives of early travelers, few are stranger than that of the vegetable lamb of Tartary. This story, as believed by the reading public, and even by the naturalists of two centuries ago, is so marvelous, and so obviously absurd that we wonder how the most credulous could have believed it to be true.

The story is that in an elevated and cultivated soil plain of great extent, west of the river Volga, there may be found a creature half-animal, half-plant, to which the natives give the name of barometz meaning 'little lamb.' To obtain it, the Tartars sow in the ground a seed like that of a melon, from which, in due time, rises the strange plant, having the figure of a lamb, with the feet, the hoofs, the ears, and the whole head, except the horns, of that animal distinctly formed.

It grows on a stalk about three feet in height, being according to one version, rooted to the ground by its four feet, while another account raises the whole lamb, feet and all, from the ground on a single stem, on which it is able to turn, and also to bow itself downwards to the herbs on which it feeds. It lives as long as there is grass or herbage around it, but when it has consumed all within its reach, it dies, and withers away. Its skin is covered with a very white down, as fine as silk, and is greatly prized by the Tartars, who pull it off, and wear it as a cover for the head.

Inside, it is composed of flesh and bones and when wounded it gives out a liquid resembling blood. Wolves are said to be the only animals that will eat it, and they are very fond of it.

Specimens of this remarkable production were looked upon as the rarest treasures in the collections of the curious in days gone by. Two different specimens have been described in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' and a third has its portrait given in an engraving in Darwin's 'Flower Garden' and its history told in the florid verse of that work.

The 'lamb' is a natural production, greatly helped, in the development of the particulars in which it most resembles that creature, by the ingenuity of the natives. The body is a portion of the creeping stem of a species of fern which generally grows as erect as a tree. This stem is densely covered with beautiful, jointed silky hairs, of a rich golden color.

On the surface next to the ground a few roots are given off, while the leaves—or fronds as they are called in ferns spring from the upper surface. The fronds reach a height of twelve or fourteen feet, and have a long bare stock before the leaf is spread out this creeping stem for a body, deprives it of the roots, and of all the stalks except four, which are intended to be the legs two short ones for the ears, and a stump for the tail, and then turning it upside down, trims the stem, and so produces this marvel of the early explorers.

The fern, known to botanists as the cibotium barometz, is a native of Eastern Asia; it has been introduced into our conservatories, where it flourishes, producing after a few years' growth, good specimens of the 'lamb.'

The silky hairs of this fern a favorite remedy among the Chinese for checking the flow of blood by applying them to a wound in the same way that felt or cobwebs are used by some people in this country. The most fibrous and elastic hairs of several species of the same group, natives of the Sandwich Islands, are largely exported from those Islands to California and Australia for stuffing cushions and for similar purposes.—Philadelphia Times.

Found the Needle After Many Years.

In the summer of 1881 Miss Emma J. Keener of Marion, Ohio, swallowed a needle one inch and a fourth long, which she had used in sewing. At the time it gave her much alarm, but, suffering no inconvenience, she was advised to await the results, as nothing could be done but to let it have its course. The following year she married Jacob W. Berry. She is now the mother of six children, but has not suffered from any serious illness, occasionally complaining of a distress in the stomach, which was attributed to indigestion. For three days past she has complained of something pricking her in the pit of the stomach, which sensation increased in violence, until last evening she discovered a

sharp point protruding from the stomach just below the costal cartilage, and, upon grasping it, brought out the broken needle, three-fourths of an inch in length. The question now that troubles the patient is, What has become of the other piece of the needle, and how did it become broken? She is suffering no inconvenience, but is somewhat nervous over the result.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

TRICKS OF SHARP SHUGGLERS.

Shrewd Schemes by Which Diamonds are Brought in Duty Free.

On the line of the Grand Trunk Railway near the little town of Merriton, Ont., and about ten miles from the Niagara River, is a short tunnel through which the railroad passes under the Welland Canal. This little tunnel, though insignificant of itself, has been the means of baffling the detectives of the American customs more times than they would care to acknowledge and yet it seems they have never got on to it. To illustrate how it is done I will describe the methods employed by the smuggling agents of two large jewelry firms. The same men—there are three of them—are employed by both firms, and probably by others.

It is a well-known fact, and to none better than the smugglers, that no considerable purchase of precious stones can be made in Europe without the purchaser and his bargain becoming immediately an object of interest to the agents of the American Government, and thenceforward kept in sight. So that the agent who goes to Montreal to receive them does so fully expecting to be watched and tracked from the moment they come into his possession. As a general rule this expectation is fully realized, but still the advantage is on the side of the smuggler, for his plans are fully matured, and he has the confidence of experience, while the detective, no matter how shrewd, can only watch and await developments.

Having secured the precious package Agent No. 1 as I shall call him, instead of starting for the nearest point on the line, buys a ticket for Toronto, managing to arrive in that city in the evening, and spending the night there. Next morning he buys a ticket for Buffalo, and takes the train for that place, a movement which no doubt meets the full approval of the patient watcher.

At the little city of St. Catharines, about four miles from the above mentioned tunnel, the train is boarded by a man who from his dress would be taken for a mechanic, who enters the smoker, taking care if possible to secure a seat near which there is at least one other vacant. As the train leaves St. Catharines, Agent No. 1 develops a desire for smoking, and entering the smoker secures a seat as near as possible to the roughly dressed man, who is Agent No. 2.

After a short stop at Merriton the train moves on and a few moments later plunges into the darkness of the tunnel, which is so intense as to render seeing impossible. Before the light once more appears there is a quick and silent movement, and the precious package has passed from the hand of No. 1 into those of No. 2 and when the train emerges from the tunnel, both are calmly smoking and apparently unaware of each other's existence.

When the train pulls into Niagara Falls, on the Canadian side, No. 2 drops off and disappears, while No. 1 remains on till the American side is reached, where, if he

has been watched as expected, he is compelled to submit to a most rigorous search, which, of course results in nothing, save the wear and tear on the feelings of the disgusted sleuth who has been following him. Meanwhile Agent No. 2 has telegraphed a few vague words to No. 3, who is quietly waiting in Buffalo, upon receipt of which No. 3 buys a ticket for Chicago via G. T. R., and taking an ordinary looking valise, catches the train which suits his purpose. Arrived at the Bridge, which is the entrance to Canada, the Canadian official, finding that he is going through to Chicago, places a little strip of paper on the valise, which virtually declares that having come from the United States and being bound for the same country without stopping, it is not worth examining. When the train leaves Niagara-Falls, Ont., it carries agent No. 2 and 3, and when the tunnel is reached the package changes hands once more, passing from No. 2 to No. 3, and into the bonded valise. At St. Catharines, Agent No. 2 leaves the train, and No. 3 continues his journey. At Detroit the American official sees the bonding strip on the valise, perhaps adds, 'Come right through, but more likely says nothing and passes on, and thus the package is safely on American soil, the latter part being too easy to be worth mentioning.

TO TELL HARMLESS SNAKES.

How the Poisonous Reptiles Eject Their Venom into the Flesh.

Harmless snakes generally have two rows of teeth in the upper jaw and one in the lower, these teeth being slender, sharp, comparatively short, and not set in sockets as these animals do not tear or mutilate their food. The teeth are simply used as hooks by which the food is drawn into the snake's throat. The bones of the jaw being movably joined together, the teeth are advanced on one side securing a hold on the prey, and then on the other side, in which way the swallowing is accomplished. Poisonous snakes have two long, sharp fangs which appear to be flattened out like a knife blade and then bent up, forming a groove, in some cases forming a closed tube, open, however, at both ends, the upper end of which is fastened to a bone in the cheek, which moves with ease, so that the fangs when not in use can be folded or packed away. The saliva of all animals, even man, contains poison; though in man it is greatly diluted and of use in assisting digestion. In the poisonous snakes it is collected into sacs or glands placed on each side of the upper jaw, says the New York Sun. A delicate canal extends from the poison gland forward under the eye to the edge of the jaw and there opens into the fangs, and to use the poison the snake has but to strike the prey; as the fangs enter the flesh the muscles of the jaw press upon the poison glands, squeeze the poison through the little canal down through the hollow of the poison fang in the wound. There is a most ingenious arrangement in the fang. The opening is not at the very tip, where it would be liable to get plugged up with skin and flesh, but it is a little way up in front of the groove, so that the sharp point goes in first and makes a little hole into which the poison flows.

Maud: 'Ted, dear, I suppose papa was rather cross when you asked him for me?'

Ted: 'Oa, no. On the contrary, he was quite pleased, and asked if I knew any other quiet, respectable young men who could be coaxed into proposing to your three sisters.'

The hair is like a plant. What makes the plant fade and wither? Usually lack of necessary nourishment. The reason why Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its normal color, stops hair from falling, and makes it grow, is because it supplies the nourishment the hair needs. 'When a girl at school, in Reading, Ohio, had a severe attack of brain fever. On my recovery, I found myself perfectly bald and, for a long time, I feared I should be permanently so. Friends urged me to use Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor, and, on doing so, my hair immediately began to grow, and I now have as heavy and fine a head of hair as one could wish for, being changed, however, from blonde to dark brown.'—Mrs. J. H. HORSBYER, 152 Pacific Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal. Ayer's Hair Vigor.

TO THE BITTER DREGS.

By the Author of "Cast up by the Sea," "The Fog Woman," "The Secret of White Towers," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

Dancing was kept up till the small hours of the morning, and dawn was breaking before the last carriage drove away.

Lady Metherell was exhausted after all her duties as hostess; yet, before attempting to rest, she sent a message, by her maid, to Sir Martin, that she wished to speak to him at once.

He found her seated in an arm-chair, her thin figure wrapped in a particularly ugly dressing-gown, her limp grey hair falling about her shoulders.

She was ugly, cold and unsympathetic; but she was a good woman, though her ideas of righteousness were rather narrow.

"My dear Martin," she began, as he closed the door. "I felt that I must speak to you at once. You will have already seen that we have made a great mistake in asking Madame Rozier to the house. What ever she may have been when you first knew her, she is now not the sort of a person I can tolerate."

"She is an old friend, Clara," he said, warmly, dropping the discussion he saw impending. "I trust you will show her every kindness."

Lady Metherell forgot her fatigue and stood up. "You cannot mean this! The woman is a mass of vulgarity. The manner in which she rolls her eyes—her questions, her remarks. I have never before been asked to associate with such a woman, and I refuse. I have invited her to remain the week. Were it not for your sake, I should get rid of her before that time. But she leaves to the day, and never enters the house again."

"My dear Clara," Sir Martin expostulated, "you have taken an absurd prejudice against Madame Rozier. You cannot expect a foreigner to behave in quite an English manner."

"The French women I have hitherto met have been gentlemen," she replied tersely. "There is no need to say more about it. I absolutely refuse to entertain Madame Rozier."

He knew she was right. Had he not seen it himself during the ghastly hours that had passed since she had entered his home. And yet he must insist upon her remaining.

His throat felt parched. He poured out a little water, and drank it. "You are tired," he said. "We will talk this over to-morrow."

"Surely," she said, "you know that I never decide hastily; but that, once I have decided, nothing will alter that decision."

"For this once you must alter it, he persisted. "I wish Madame Rozier to prolong her visit."

"I have no idea," she said, icily, "why you express such a preposterous wish. But if you desire to entertain such women, you must do so elsewhere."

He saw that it would be worse than useless to say more. The storm was gathering—it would not be long now before it burst—and he was powerless to prevent it.

While this conversation was taking place Dola Rozier lay quietly sleeping. There was no sound in the room, save her regular breathing, and the ticking of a clock.

But, hark!—what was that? The handle of the door was slowly turned, the door itself quietly opened—and the figure of a man crept in.

Crawling on hands and knees, he reached the bed. A board creaked loudly, and Dola Rozier stirred uneasily.

The crouching figure remained motionless, till once again she sank into heavy slumber; then, silently rising, he bent over her, with one hand upraised, grasping something which, catching a ray of moonlight, glittered as it swiftly descended, driven with deadly aim, through Dola Rozier's heart!

There was a gurgling, gasping cry, a horrible contortion of the limbs beneath the bed-clothes, followed by a ghastly stillness, while the murderer stood contemplating his horrible deed.

Minutes were ticked away by the little clock in the room before he moved. Then, with awful stealthy deliberation, he set to work to give an appearance of disorder to the apartment.

Drawers were noiselessly opened, the contents of a wardrobe rapidly disarranged, the articles upon the dressing table tossed about.

Finally, with one swift look at his own terrible handiwork, he stole from the room. In the house a complete silence reigned; all were sleeping, or, at all events, shut in their rooms.

It wanted another hour or so before the servants would be about. Outside, the birds were twittering in the ivy, and presently up shot the first rays of the rising sun.

Lucy Brend who was lying awake, heard—or thought she heard—stealthily footsteps pass her door, and wondered, vaguely, who was moving about so early in the morning; but no other sound disturbed the peaceful quiet, and she turned her head on the pillow, not giving the matter another thought.

Brighter and brighter grew the sunlight, the birds sang more gaily. Someone passed on the gravel beneath the window.

Lucy sat up, and looked to where Shirley lay, calmly sleeping, one white arm thrown above her head, her lips parted in a smile.

She was dreaming she was dancing with the artist. He had forgiven her; they understood one another.

Her feet felt light as air. They went on dancing, dancing, dancing, till suddenly she caught sight of Gilbert Metherell.

He was looking furious. "Shirley!" he called, loudly. "Shirley!" She started up—it was no dream—someone was calling her.

And as she slept left her eyes, they rested on Lucy—Lucy pale and troubled, with her hair all disordered, and on her face such an expression of misery, that Shirley saw at once that something awful had happened.

"What is it?" she cried, in alarm. "What is the matter?" "I scarcely know," the girl answered, with a wretched little laugh. "It all seems like some hideous nightmare. Yet I know it is true. It is cruel to disturb you, she added, remorsefully; but I could endure my thoughts no longer. I felt that they were driving me mad. I pretended to be asleep when you came up; but I have never closed my eyes since then."

"You poor dear!" Shirley exclaimed, pityingly. "Tell me what has happened?" In answer Lucy held out her left hand, the third finger of which was adorned with a thick gold signet-ring.

Shirley stared at it, completely puzzled. "What does it mean?" she asked. "Mean?" Lucy repeated. "Why, that I am the greatest idiot on the whole face of the earth! This is Captain Dorrien's ring. I am engaged to him!"

"No—oh, no!" Shirley cried, in real distress. "You don't even like him. You remember what you said about him only yesterday."

Lucy brushed her hair from her forehead. "Am I likely to forget?" she said. "Do you not see it is all a horrible mistake? Only, I don't know how I am ever to put it right. I have looked at it in every way. I think it will send me crazy."

Shirley put her arms about her. "Tell me," she said, gently, "how it has happened. I am sure between us we shall think of some way out of it. Of course, you cannot be engaged to him—it is too ridiculous; but even if you are at the present moment, you shall not be for many hours longer. You need only say you have changed your mind, and give him back his 'od'-us ring."

Luck shook her head. "That is just what I can't do," she declared. "When you hear everything, you will think so, too. Yesterday afternoon Harold Ridley gave me a rose. I—I pinned it to my dress last night, and he noticed it. He asked me why I had done so, and I gave some silly answer. I felt suddenly afraid lest he should know how much I cared for him."

"We went on to the terrace, and then down to the lawn. You know the seat by the fountain—we sat there. After a short time he spoke again about my wearing his flower, when he knew Dorrien had sent me such beauties. He leant forward and put his hand over mine."

"I don't know what he was going to say, but the look in his eyes made me feel that my chance of happiness had come. Then someone called him—one of the men—Ridley! Ridley! you are wanted, for a moment—come at once." "Will you wait here?" he said.

"My heart was beating so, I could scarcely answer him. I managed to say 'Yes,' and he went away. I believe he loved me—the thought just dashed me. I felt almost frightened when I heard him coming back. I did not move, or look round. He leaned over the back of the seat. 'Darling!' he whispered, 'I love you!—do you care for me?'"

"I felt giddy with this unexpected happiness. I closed my eyes. He drew my head back till it rested against him. 'Do you love me?' he said again. 'And then—oh, Shirley!—I just let all my feelings rush out, as I answered, 'Ah yes!—no words can tell how dearly.' He pressed his lips to mine—and I—oh, Heaven! shall I ever forget that moment—it was Captain Dorrien!"

"No!" Shirley gasped, in awe-stricken tones. "Don't say that!" "It was," the other replied, with despairing conviction. "I felt turned to stone—paralyzed with the horror of it all. I don't know what I said. Harold Ridley never came back, and, as we were returning to the house, Captain Dorrien laughed and said, 'Good old Ridley! he knew I was coming to try my luck, and gave me a chance.' I caught sight of Harold afterwards. He was sitting in a corner, fanning Eva Ware."

"But can't you tell Captain Dorrien it was all a mistake?" "How can I?" Lucy cried. "If I did, he would guess at once who I took him for—the story might reach Harold's ears. I should die of shame."

"If Mr. Ridley cares for you—" "If! Yes, that is it. After last night, I am certain he does not. My own vanity led me to imagine he did. I was a fool to wear his flower—he was forced to say something about it. What a miserable fool I have been!"

She clenched her hands, rocking herself to and fro. "I must bear it—carry it through with a right hand. Anything, so long as Harold

Ridley never leaves the truth. You will stand by me, won't you, Shirley? You are the only one I would trust with such a secret."

And then she just laid her head on his friends' shoulder, and burst into a storm of sobs. Shirley waited in silent sympathy till she grew calmer.

"What a coward I am!" she exclaimed, at last. "Still a good cry does relieve your feelings. Only you had no business to keep me company. What a selfish wretch I am to spoil your fun! We will ring for tea, have some tea, drink, and go out. Just one what a glorious day it is!"

She had touched the electric bell, and drawn up the blind, letting in a flood of sunshine and balmy summer air. "It will all come right," Shirley said, hopefully, as they leant from the open window. "You never need marry him."

Lucy shuddered. "I would rather die. I shall have to pretend for a little time, that I meant what I said, and then break it off. Of course the other is all over. Harold never cared, so I won't."

She laughed, but her lips were quivering, and she bent her face over the flowers in the window-box, to hide it.

Early as they were out that morning, they were surprised to find Sir Martin was before them.

They came upon him suddenly, walking alone in a sequestered part of the garden, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bowed.

He glanced up, with a start, as the two girls appeared on the walk. "You are early birds," he said, forcing a smile. "I did not expect any ladies to appear before lunch."

He kissed Shirley, who was a pet of his. She regarded his haggard, pallid face with concern.

"You look quite knocked up!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you go in and rest?" "You are looking 'rueful as a daisy," he said, "and so, also, is Miss Brenda; but I suppose old age is beginning to tell on me."

"They made some laughing reply, and left him. They were going down to the beach, they said, to have a look at the sea. He had pulled himself together while speaking to them; but, directly they had gone, his shoulders resumed their forlorn stoop, and, as he slowly paced the length of the gravel-path, he looked like an old man.

The burden of his sin was pressing heavily upon him. But it was not only the remembrance of that sin, or the now terrible dread of its exposure which had so unnerved him. He had dreamt a dream—one so awful, and so strangely vivid, that it had left him completely unstrung.

After the discussion with Lady Metherell he had gone to the library, knowing full well that rest was impossible while his mind was so racked.

He sat there smoking and smoking, until, at last, unknowingly, his eyes grew heavy and closed.

He thought he was still sitting in the same room, plunged in gloomy reflections, vainly seeking some way to escape from the power of Dola Rozier, when suddenly there came to him again that force, mad impulse to kill, that he had experienced by the mill-stream.

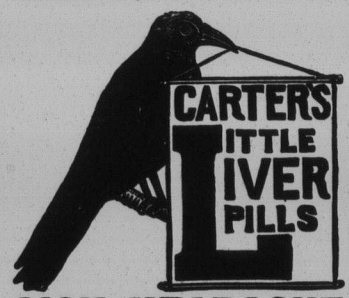
The thought had no horror for him. He longed to commit the deed. He felt only a passionate desire to be free from a woman he hated beyond all expression.

He rose to his feet, and cautiously opened the door. On the wall before him hung some weapons, each having some historical interest attached to it.

Among them was a small, sharp dagger—a deadly instrument. He crossed the hall and took it from its place.

Then, swiftly and silently, he hastened up the wide staircase to Madame Rozier's room, and, as she lay asleep, stabbed her through the heart.

It was all the work of a few moments, and he was standing in the hall again when the morning light was piercing the chinks of every drawn blind.



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He went to a window and looked out at the fresh green world, at the tender blue sky, as he gazed on, there rushed upon him the awful knowledge of what he had done.

A remorse, which no words, or prayers, or tears could lessen, overwhelmed him. He shrank from the light of day. The air seemed full of voices, shrieking: "Murderer! murderer!"

He covered his ears with his hands, and, staggering back to the library, sank upon a chair.

And then he grovelled, with the tears of agony still on his cheek, with his hands still clasped over his ears.

Awake, not knowing, at first, whether he had or had not done the horrible deed. He sat up, and his mind grew clearer.

He wiped the drops of anguish from his face. He thanked God it had been but a dream.

The sun was shining brightly. He flung wide the window, drawing in a great breath of pure, sweet air.

He felt like one who had narrowly escaped a terrible doom. He rang for his valet, and, going to his room, washed, and changed his things.

And, all the while, he thought over the terror of that dream. He was still thinking of it as he descended the stairs, and almost unwittingly glanced to where the weapons lay upon the wall.

The steel blades of knife and sword gleamed in the sun, but the dagger was no longer there.

He stood staring at the vacant spot, unable to believe the evidence of his eyes. Who could have moved it? Or, had it been knocked down? He hastened across the hall, and scoured in every possible and impossible place, but in vain—the dagger had gone.

A low moan broke from his lips, a clammy moisture stood upon his forehead. Could he have taken the weapon in his sleep? Could he have—

But his thoughts refused to go further. A blackness came before his sight, and a sound as of rushing waters filled his ears as, for the first in his life he fainted.

He knew not how long he lay there, stretched, face downwards, across the great bearskin rug; but, when consciousness had fully returned, he felt thankful to find he was still alone.

He was filled now with an awful dread that others might notice the absence of the dagger and, with trembling hands, he hastily altered the position of the weapons, so as to hide the empty space.

When that was done, he turned, and fled from the house and seeking the most unfrequented part of the garden tried to argue away the horror that oppressed him.

It was merely a curious coincidence; it could be nothing more. He was unstrung with the worry of the last few days—and so on, till the booming of the gong warned him he must now appear before his friends in the character of the genial, jovial host.

Before going to the breakfast-room, he poured out a glass of raw spirit, and drank it. It gave him some courage to face the coming ordeal.

One swift glance at the long table showed him that several ladies were absent, amongst them Madame Rozier.

Those who were present seemed in high spirits, discussing yesterday's fun, and the coming events of the day.

He joined in the conversation in a restless, excited manner. Someone remarked that he was looking unwell.

He laughed loudly, declaring that he never felt better in his life. Once or twice Lady Metherell glanced at him in surprise.

She had never before seen him in such high spirits, and wondered what had occasioned them.

"I did not expect to find so many ladies absent this morning," Dorrien remarked. "I quite expected this to be a bachelors' breakfast."

"The conceit of man is unlimited," Shirley declared. "Why should you have believed you men have all the energy?"

"Oh! come, Miss Lorraine, you must own we have the greater share," he returned. "We can prove that at once—five ladies are absent, and not one man."

At this particular moment the door opened to admit four girls, who were rather surprised at the roar of laughter which greeted them.

"What is the joke?" Eva Ware, who was one of them, demanded. "Do let us laugh too."

"There is nothing much to laugh at," Shirley said. "Captain Dorrien was just boasting that every man had turned up for breakfast, and that five ladies were missing. Madame Rozier is the only one who has not appeared. He will feel smaller still when she does."

Then Dorrien came up to ask her to go out with him, and she ran away for her hat. "I shall never be able to endure this far longer," she declared aloud, as she flung on her hat with a tremulous-headed pin. "It is awful—simply awful! I have had a mind to give him back his ring to-day. I can't go on with the affair. It was some time before she made up her mind to leave her room."

Nearly everyone had gone out. One person alone stood in the hall, reading a letter.

It was Harold Ridley. A queer creature he got through her heart as she caught sight of him.

She drew her breath sharply through her set teeth—hesitating whether to go or turn back.

Then he looked up, and came forward to meet her. "May I offer you my most sincere congratulations?" he said, quietly. "Dorrien is a very good fellow. I hope you will be happy."

"Thank—oh, yes; I am sure to be!" she answered, lamely. She felt her color coming and going. She could not meet his eyes.

"He is waiting on the lawn for you. Do not let me detain you."

"Well, I am afraid I have kept him waiting rather a long time," she replied, lightly. "Are you not coming out to get through first?" he answered.

"Oh! I have letters-writing," she declared. "Such waste of time. Ta-ta!"

She watched her run out into the sunshine, a smothering smile disfiguring his pleasant face.

"Yesterday, I would have sworn she was sincere and true," he said, bitterly. "But she is no better than any other of her sex. A first—a coquette. Winning the love of any man who is fool enough to believe in her. Just because it flatters her insatiable vanity. Well, Miss Lucy Brend, you shall never have the satisfaction of knowing that your wiles have touched me."

His fingers clenched over the letter he held, and he broke into an angry laugh. "I am a fool to trouble about her," he said. "She is not worthy a second thought."

CHAPTER VIII.

To Sir Martin that morning seemed interminable. He haunted the house, feeling unable to leave it until he had seen Dola Rozier.

He felt an irrepressible desire to mention her name, to ask if anyone had seen or spoken to her, yet, whenever he tried to do so, he seemed to lose all control over his voice, and he dared not put the question.

As the time went on, the suspense became almost unendurable; and when at length the luncheon gong sounded, and her seat alone remained vacant at the table, despair lent him courage.

"Madame Rozier," he said, looking up the long table at his wife, "is she not well?" "Madame Rozier gave orders that she was not to be disturbed until she rang," Lady Metherell replied.

"I suppose breakfast was taken by her?" Sir Martin continued, having once broken the ice. "I believe not."

"But, my dear Clara—" "My dear Martin," she interrupted, "Madame Rozier gave her orders. She was very tired. She desired a long rest."

"Madame Rozier," Captain Dorrien said, "intends to cut out all the younger ladies this evening. It is now two o'clock. She has had a long sleep."

"I think," Sir Martin said, "that one of the maids had better see if she is all right. Lady Metherell gave a disdainful little smile, as she ordered one of the footmen to send a maid to Madame Rozier's room. Sir Martin Metherell lived through a lifetime of agony during the minutes which elapsed before the servant returned.

It was beyond his power now to take part in the lively conversation which was going on all the time. He could not take his eyes from the door.

It seemed to him that he could hear the slow, heavy throbbing of his own heart. He saw the face before him through a blood-red mist.

His lips were dry and parched. Then, at length, the servant reappeared, and, as he did so, Sir Martin rose to his feet, unconscious of his surroundings, his gaze riveted to the footman's ashen face.

"What is it?" he demanded, hoarsely. "Speak—what is it?"

Continued on Fifteenth Page.

Weak lungs

There are many people who catch cold easily—whose lungs seem to need special care and strengthening. Such should take

DR. WOOD'S NOKWAY PINE SYRUP.

It so heals and invigorates the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes as to render them capable of resisting colds.

"I was troubled for years with weak lungs," says E. J. Furling, Lower Woodstock, N. B., "and could not get any relief, but on trying Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, it acted splendidly, healing and strengthening my lungs." Price 25 and 50c. at all dealers.

Sunday Reading

Genuineness of Inspired Books.

The Christian may rest in perfect assurance, and on evidence of the highest and most incontestable character, that the books of the Bible which claim to be the inspired revelation of God to man, are the genuine writings of the men whose names they bear. No ancient writings have ever been found in any part of the world, which contain the same words as the Holy Scriptures can claim. The writings, for instance, of Herodotus have been found in less than twenty manuscript copies in various ancient libraries, evidently about eight hundred years old; and yet scholars accept without question their genuineness. But we find no less than six hundred manuscript copies of the Greek New Testament, and more than twice as many of the Hebrew Scriptures—nearly two thousand in all, and these not eight hundred years old. These have not been found in one place, or under circumstances which could render it possible for them to have been designedly copied from each other, but some of them are from the Vatican, some from Alexandria, some from Mount Sinai, some from Syria. Some of these were written in the tenth century, some in the ninth, some as early as the third and fourth, and some of the Hebrew copies are evidently older than the Christian era. All these manuscripts substantially agree, although they have never met before, and it is manifest that they must have been copied from a still more ancient volume. We find also numerous editions of the same old volume in various languages. From Russia comes a Slavonic version, 1000 years old. From Egypt comes a Coptic version 1300 years old. From Ethiopia comes an Ethiopic version 1300 years old. From Persia comes an Armenian version over 1000 years old. From Italy comes the Latin or Vulgate version 1400 years old. From Africa comes the Hexapla of Origen, 1500 years old. From Syria comes the Peshito, or Syriac version 1800 years old. From Rabbinical libraries there came the Targums or Paraphrases of the Bible, still older. From Alexandria comes the old Septuagint or Greek version of the Old Testament, 285 years older than the Christian era. All these manuscripts substantially agree. The first volume contains the same thirty-nine books written by the same twenty-nine authors, whose lives covered a period of 1000 years. The second volume, it may be asked, are there any references to these sacred books in the writings of ancient authors? Did the early writers of the Christian age know of their existence? Certainly. In the first century we find Clement and Ignatius; in the second, Justin Martyr and Irenaeus; in the third, Origen, Tertullian and Cyprian; in the fourth, Gregory, Cyril Jerome, Chrysostom and Augustine; in all nearly two hundred different writers whose works are still extant, who not only constantly refer to the Holy Scriptures as we now contain the same twenty-seven books written by the same ten men. The variations between the different copies are so slight as not to effect any essential fact or doctrine. Where in all literature is there a parallel to such a volume? Who can doubt that these ancient writings are what they claim to be, the veritable writings of Moses and David, Isaiah and Ezra, Paul and John, Matthew and Peter? Mr. Moody kept on working, praying, studying the bible and growing, having power with God and men. It was two or three years later that I fell in with him. God had laid his hand on me, and for comfort I went to the Noon Prayer Meeting in the old First Methodist Episcopal Church. Moody talked as if his soul was on fire, and when he prayed the tears rolled down his face. The life of the man influenced me even more than his words, and my heart yearned for that baptism that I saw had fallen on him. One day I arrived a little ahead of time, and he said, 'Adams, come upstairs with me.' He took me up two or three flights into a little room. We got onto our knees, and then he poured out his heart for me and for the meeting just to convene. Now I saw why his face shone down at the meeting. He had been talking face to face with God before he got there. I wonder what would happen if early next Sunday morning all the ministers of Boston or New York should find such a room, and meet God there? That would be worth a thousand years of engulging man's brains to bring out God's truth. "Kneadroll" (as the Salvationists put it), that is what is wanted in the study; because if it isn't God talking through your lips, you had better keep them still. For a few years after this Mr. Moody was largely engaged in evangelistic efforts among the soldiers, and in like work elsewhere. Our Y. M. C. A. fell into the hands of some godly and energetic business men—E. S. Wells, a leading wholesale grocer, and Henry W. Fuller, of the great drug house of Fuller, Finch & Fuller. I had the privilege of serving on the board of Managers during that time. We thought, planned, studied and prayed over the matter of a new building—did everything but act. Mr. Fuller's second year was closing. I said to the Nominating Committee, 'We have been brooding over this building matter long enough. It's all been talk. We want a man of action. Let's nominate Moody for president.' But several members said, 'Moody is too radical; we shall lose our hold on the churches.' Finally it was agreed that the ticket should be turned end foremost, Farwell and Moody. So one of us waited on Mr. Farwell. 'No, gentlemen,' he said, 'I will not serve as president. Moody is the man; but I will act as vice-president, and back him heart and soul.' Election day came, and while we were casting a unanimous ballot for the nominees, Moody was on the war path for a new building. It was Cesar's motto, 'I came I saw I conquered' set to Gospel measure; for before night fall it was settled that there should be a fair and beautiful building for the young men of Chicago. And again it was great faith, mighty prayer, courage and work that won. There was a man that Mr. Moody greatly wanted as one of a syndicate of givers. He went to his house, stated his errand, and was kindly received. His answer was, 'Yes, my friend, I will put down \$2500.' So he took the subscription paper, and went upstairs to sign it. Down went Moody upon his knees. 'My God, tell him to sign for \$10,000.' Five minutes later the good man came in. 'Mr. Moody, I have been thinking this matter over, and I believe it is my duty to make it \$10,000 in place of 2500.' It didn't take long to telephone to heaven and get the answer back. And this was not all. This generous man gave his heart and time as well as his money, and being a practical builder was of immense service in the work, and his noble deeds stimulated others to like consecration. The world is familiar with the later acts of this apostle, so I will not recall them here. His whole life shows, however, that the greatest elements of success are whole heartedness, self-sacrifice, love that never faileth, conquering faith and prayer, common sense, business methods, and above all the baptism of the Holy Ghost.—W. H. Adams in N. Y. Christian Work.

When Christ wanted a band of helpers, he didn't call the theologians of his day, but a tax gatherer, a doctor and a lot of fishermen, and so he wanted, back in 1857 or '58, a man to stir thousands of other men, he found him in a wholesale shoe house in Chicago. Mr. Moody first tried his hand at bringing in the boys of the street into a North Side Sunday school, but they looked sideways at his ragged crew; so a little later he started a school of his own. Evenings and Sundays he scoured the humble cottages and tenements not far from the river, and his love and persistence gathered hundreds of them in. In those days he knew little of the Bible and not much of the Queen's English, but he was set on telling the story that Jesus Christ had saved him, and that God loved all the people down there in the slums. Love won then, and it always wins. I can't tell it very well, but along about that time William Reynolds, of Peoria, a rich young pork packer, whose heart God had touched, visited Mr. Moody's mission. He said, 'I found Moody with his arm around a little colored boy, trying to read for him out of the Bible. He turned to me and said, 'Well, Reynolds, you see I am stumbling along, but my heart is in it. I am doing my level best.' Downright love for boys and girls (so that they knew it) and sanctified common sense was the secret of his power over them. Every now and then, as his school got larger, he would have a train of cars, and take the children on a grand picnic. He would rough and tumble with the big boys, and they with him. In the whole crowd there was not another such jolly good fellow as the superintendent, whose loving, earnest words had first won them; and when Sunday came they would rather do anything than displease him. 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What Made him Chaplain. Few men in America are better known than Rev. W. H. Milburn, who was so far many terms the 'blind chaplain' of the national House of Representatives, and is now chaplain of the Senate. The story—vouched for in various biographies—of his election to that honor is entirely to the credit of his fidelity and of the better feelings of the legislators who saw reason to propose his name. In 1845, when travelling as a circuit preacher, he was sent from St. Louis to Wheeling, Virginia. On the boat were several congressmen, going to Washington, some of whom shocked the young minister by their reckless speech and habits. They swore outrageously, drank whiskey to excess, and played cards day and night. One of the days of the long river journey

"Blew Monday" spell it as you will, that's the soap-users' washday—uses them up completely. Never a "blue Monday" with the right sort of Pearlina washing. No rubbing to speak of, no wear, just soaking, boiling, rinsing. Things washed are cleaner and woman who washes is able to enjoy the time saved.



Pearline

was Sunday, and Mr. Milburn was asked to preach. The offending congressmen were present to hear him, and at the close of an appropriate discourse he addressed them directly, and solemnly denounced their actions in the plainest language. He told them he had supposed that the representatives of the nation at its capital were representatives of its character as well as of its intellect, but 'if I am to judge the nation by you,' said he, 'I can come to no other conclusion than that it is composed of profane swearers, card-players and drunkards.' He told them that as an American citizen he felt disgraced by their example and after charging them with its terrible effect upon the youth of the land, he gave them warning, that unless they repented and turned to righteousness, their own end was certain ruin under the punishment of Almighty God. If there was any criticism of the young preacher's judgement in thus publicly arraigning distinguished men, everyone of whom was old enough to be his father, they were not the ones to put it into words. What followed was as unexpected as it was admirable. The same day Mr. Milburn was waited upon in his stateroom by a gentleman who presented a purse—about seventy-five dollars—from the congressmen, in token of their "sense of his courage and faithfulness," and desired to know if he would allow them to present his name at the opening election of chaplain to Congress. Blind Chaplain Milburn obtained this honorable post through his fearlessness in his sacred profession and his loyalty to truth and duty.

had forgotten it was my birthday. An alarm clock is something my wife has needed for our servant for some time. It is a very kind remembrance on your part.' The professor then went on to finish a demonstration interrupted by the alarm.

Spoiled Materials.

A Well Known Druggist Gives His Experience. A successful and well known Canadian druggist said recently: 'I know from experience what it means to sell dyes that have no standing or established reputation. Over a year ago, I put in a small stock of Dyes. I have been asked by three or four persons for these dyes which they saw advertised, and I was under the impression the demand would increase. In a year's time I sold probably from twenty to twenty-five packets, and had so many complaints from disappointed women who had spoiled good materials and garments with these new dyes that I banished every one of them to my back storehouse, where they now are. I find the Diamond Dyes give perfect satisfaction to all my customers, and will sell no other make while I am in business. What a tale could be told by women about spoiled goods from using cheap and trashy dyes!' This statement from an old established druggist has its notes of warning. His long and extended experience is in favor of the Diamond Dyes. There are too, hundreds of other druggist and dealers and tens of thousands of women who would give clear and convincing testimony that Diamond Dyes are far ahead of all other dyes in purity, strength, fastness of color, brilliancy and beauty. As long as there are imitation and adulterated dyes sold, it is well that all should insist upon getting "Diamond" when buying dyes for home dyeing. See that the name is on each packet.

Singleton: 'How is your new marriage with that pretty shop-girl turning out?' Benedict: 'Oh, we will get on splendidly when once I get her broken of the habit of yelling 'Cash!' when she wants me.' Merchant (to applicant): 'Do you think you know enough to assist me in the office?' Boy: 'Know enough? Why, I left my last place because the boss said I know more than he did.' Jewell: 'I can't comprehend why you wish a silver case on your repeater instead of the fine gold case in which you bought it.' Customer: 'My dear sir, the baby's cutting his teeth.'

THE NIGHT CLERK'S STORY.

A FACE LIKE CHALK.

A very bad attack of the Grippe one year ago last winter left my system in a very weak state and my nervous system completely unstrung. After getting over the dangerous stage of the disease I naturally expected to gain strength, but, unfortunately, did not do so. On the contrary, my blood became weaker, I daily lost strength and vitality, and my nervous system became so weak that it was a constant source of suffering both day and night. I lost appetite, the sight of food nauseated me, the weak state of my system caused shortness of breath and unnatural action of the heart, such as fluttering and violent palpitation, and my face was like chalk. I was in this condition and constantly getting weaker when I began taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I had read the books they distributed and their advertisements in the papers, and thought, 'Well, I have taken so much medicine without benefit it is useless to spend any more money. However, I finally made up my mind. It is a forlorn hope; I can but try. If I am not benefited I will not be hurt. So I bought one box and received great benefit therefrom, so continued their use, and to-day am a well man in consequence; my blood is strong, my face has the ruddy hue of health, my appetite has returned, I sleep well, I have not the slightest indications of nervousness or heart trouble, and from a sick, weak, nervous man Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have transformed me in six weeks to full health and strength.' I am yours very truly, (Signed) WILLIAM WILLARD, Night Clerk Grand Central Hotel, Peterboro.

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00 at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DOCTOR WARD CO., Limited, 71 Victoria Street, Toronto. Book of information free.

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 30 DUNDAS ST., MONTREAL. Write for catalogue.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates. on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.



A WALLED MORMON CITY

CORRECTIONVILLE HOME OF PROF. RAY THOMPSON.

A Visit to a Community Established in Iowa by a Mormon who did not follow Brigham Young to Utah—Abandoning of Peoples and Rites of Colony. 'It was in 1867 that, in company with a friend, I visited the town of Correctionville, in Iowa, arriving there after a long day's ride northwesterly from Sioux City,' said Gen. James Fairplay, whose youth was passed in the region west of the Mississippi River. 'The country had been surveyed by the Government at the time, and the town had received its queer name because it was situated at a correction line in the surveys. It was a Mormon settlement, one of the little communities of Latter Day Saints who had not followed Brigham Young and his people across the arid plains ten years before, but had made their colonies in the fertile prairie in the region of rainfall. The town was built in a manner unusual in modern construction, being surrounded by a wall. From ten miles away, over the prairie billowing green with the high grass of midsummer, we could see the walled city, the only sign of human occupation in view rising above the plain like a scene translated from the Holy Land. As we came nearer the corn and grain fields laid out in rectangles, the gardens and orchards without the wall, could be seen, and the people, at the hour of sunset, driving their live stock within the gates, which were closed at night against Gentiles and prowling Indians. 'The wall and the houses within were built of sun-dried brick made of clay mixed with prairie grass or straw—a material not so good as the New Mexico adobe bricks, which endure for centuries, but sufficient for the purpose. The walls were higher than a man could scale except with a ladder and thick enough to have stood a considerable bombardment from artillery, and upon the top was the beginning of a coping of split sandstone. As we came near the gate at the edge of dusk a sentinel hailed us from the wall and demanded our errand. We asked to see the prophet, Thompson, the spiritual and temporal head of the colony, and, after some delay, he appeared on the wall. 'There was a short parley, and then, our business being with him and satisfactory, the gates were thrown open for us to drive through. Within the town the houses were built in a circle against the wall, all facing the common inclosure in the centre, where the live stock was gathered at night. The flat roofs of the houses were about four feet lower than the wall, making a good standing ground behind the parapet in case the town had to be defended against an enemy. With some difficulty we made way for our team among the horses, mules, cattle, sheep and pigs standing and lying thickly together, to the door of the prophet's house. Our coming attracted little attention among the people of the town. Here and there a man or child gazed stolidly at us from a house door or a woman lifted her eyes from her work to look, but no one came near us as we unharnessed and fed our team. 'At the prophet's house the evening meal was spread of corn bread, stewed beans and lettuce, with salt for seasoning. There was no meat or butter on the table, Thompson being, after the stricter practice of the Mormons, a vegetarian. For the guests a pitcher of milk was procured from another house, but none of the prophet's household partook of it. During and after the meal Thompson talked with us freely and with no apparent reserve. He was a tall, spare man, whom I took to be about 38 years of age, polite and smooth of address, but notwithstanding his seeming frankness of speech he impressed me with a feeling of distrust. His real character was relieved in his eyes and mouth, which indicated cunning, daring and utter unscrupulousness. With the thought of his defenceless in his stronghold in which every man woman and child would unquestioningly do his bidding, and in which the robbing or even the killing of a Gentile would be regarded by many of them as a praiseworthy and pleasing performance, I felt none to easy; and when bedtime came I would cheerfully have swapped the shelter of the prophet's roof for a blanket on the prairie at a good distance away. 'Here in this little community Thompson governed absolutely according to the tenets of the Mormon faith and the 'revelations' that he proclaimed from time to time. He was prophet, governor, treasurer, merchant everything that implied power or profit—

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by G.L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Pooh-Bah and Mikedo in 'one and High Priest into the bargain. He published a newspaper for the faithful and I was permitted to glance through the latest number. It was a queer sheet, devoted mostly to Mormon matters, religious and secular, and filled with odd words which he may have coined himself. Nerobeim, I remember, was his word for supreme deity; the others I do not now recall. Such news as is printed of the outside world had been doctored in the interests of Mormonism, and the whole tenor of the sheet was in accordance with this feature in faith proclaimed by the Mormon leaders: that it first would establish a State, preparatory to conquering the United States, and then the world.' In the copy that I read there were reprinted certain precepts from Joseph Smith's book, 'A Word of Wisdom,' for the guidance of Mormons, in which it was recommended that it is not good to drink wine or strong drink except at the Lord's Supper—or to use hot drinks or tobacco—the former being meant for the washing of the body and the latter for the healing of bruises and sick cattle; man's proper food is herbs and fruit; that for beasts and fowls, grain, and, except in winter and in case of famine and severe cold, fish should not be eaten by men. 'These precepts also disclaimed the necessity for infant baptism, but stated that the children of the saints should receive baptism when they were 8 years old. They declared also that the dead could be baptized by proxy—an article of faith under which Washington, Franklin and many other men have been vicariously baptized into the Mormon Church. 'We retired early to our bed of straw spread with blankets on the floor, and in spite of all misgivings our sleep was undisturbed until the sounds of the live stock in the inclosure woke us in the early morning. With the first glimmer of light the plantation bell in its frame above the council house was rung, and the whole settlement became astir, answering its summons as promptly as soldiers at roll call. At sunrise the stock was driven out to pasture on the prairie in charge of herders, and after them the men and older children filed out at the gates to their work in the fields. As they passed out, Thompson, standing upon a housetop above the gate, a patriarchal figure in steepled-crowned hat and long linen duster, reviewed them, assigning them to their different tasks and seeing that all were present or accounted for. The Mormon rank and file were a commonplace, stolid-looking people, with a certain infusion of cranky ones among them; even the children were serious and staid in manner. All were submissive to Thompson, who held absolute sway, even to the power of life and death among them. 'My companion and myself were well pleased when with live and property intact we passed safely through the gate to the outer world. All about in the fields and orchards the Mormons were at work, toiling steadily and methodically, and scarcely raising their eyes at our passing. Beyond them, among the tall grass, the cattle, the sheep and the horses were herded, a picture of peace and plenty, with a less pleasant reality in the background. 'Correctionville, I doubt not, is there to-day, but of the wall and people that I saw probably not a vestige remains. The Mormon community went to pieces while I was away in the army, going in a manner that might have been predicted by one knowing the situation and the man at the head. It was revealed to Flo upon that it was the will of God that every man in the community should deliver to the prophet his share in the common land and goods and live stock. The next revelation was that every man on a certain day should bring his receipt for the property into the open space in the middle of the town, where the receipts were to be burned. This having duly been done, Thompson turned everything that he could sell into money and absconded with the proceeds. Of the deluded people a part, helped by the main Mormon organization, went to Utah, where some of them and their descendants are to-day. Others lost heart in the cause and became absorbed and scattered among the Gentiles around them.'

The Indian is Merry and Gnaty. For the Indian is not as the popular idea figures him, stolid, taciturn, or even sullen in his every-day life, says George Bird Grinnell in the Atlantic. He may be shy and silent in the presence of strangers, but in his home life is talkative, eager to give and receive the news, and to gossip about it. He is of a merry, laugh-

ing loving people, and likes to make good-natured fun of another's peculiarities. Thus, one of her companions may jeeringly call a very slender woman the shadow of a moccasin string. Once, on the prairie in the bright hot sunlight, I heard an Indian say to another who was very stout, 'My friend, stand still for a little while. I want to sit down in the shade and cool off.' Some years ago I was on the reservation of a tribe known as the Big Bellies—Great Ventres—at Fort Belknap, Montana; and while I was there a new agent came to them. He was a fat man, and one of the Indians, who met the agent for the first time in my presence, said, as he shook hands with him, 'Ah, you are one of our own people. You, too, are a Big Belly.'

A MYSTERIOUS CHARITY.

Had he any Connection With the one who Received it. 'There isn't a great deal of romance in my business,' remarked a prominent Chicago banker, 'but now and then something turns up out of the ordinary and makes us wonder at the peculiarities of those who have dealings with us. I recall an instance just now which is as yet explained, and will never be, I fancy, as the chief actor in it was killed some time ago in a railway accident. I never knew the man personally, but he was a depositor in our bank, whose account was a personal one to the extent of \$10,000. He carried that much as a rule, and the few checks that he made against it never indicated what his business was. He was about 50 years of age, and very rarely came to the bank. Naturally I never gave him a thought, for \$10,000 is not a large deposit in Chicago, and beyond his deposit I had no interest in him. 'It happened, therefore, that when one day I received a personal letter from our depositor I was a bit surprised, and was still more so when I read it. I do not recall the exact wording but it was to the effect that within a day or two a lady would present a check drawn by him for \$5,000 and that as she was unknown he wished me to see that she received the money without trouble, and that she would bring with her means of identification in the person of a little girl, who would answer correctly to the questions I must ask her, as directed in his letter, with the answers she gave them. These questions were simple enough, being only the child's full name, her age to the month, where born, the full name of her mother and her father, and of a little brother who was dead. Five thousand dollars was a good deal of money to let go on that kind of evidence, but that was all he had, and the depositor was in California, so that I could not see him personally. 'The next day the paying teller came to me with his eyes bulging, saying that about as hard a looking case of beggar woman as he had ever seen was at his window with a check drawn to the order of Mrs. Blank by Mr. — and that as he did not know the woman and the woman did not know how she was to get the money, he had come to ask me about it. I sent for her to come into my private office, which she did, bringing a little girl with her, who was no less a picture of abject poverty than the mother was. All she could say was that she had received the check by mail from a man whose name was not familiar to her, with instructions to present it at the bank and the money would be paid to her, if she would take her little girl with her. I asked the child the questions I had been requested to ask and she answered correctly each one, which relieved me of further responsibility, and I ordered the check to be cashed. The woman did not seem to be greatly overcome by her good fortune, and as I could tell her nothing of the man who had given the money to her, she didn't seem to have any further use for me, and went back to

the playing teller's window. She asked for the money in \$50 bills and, wrapping it up in an old newspaper, went out of the bank without a word to anybody. 'She was no longer at the address she gave when I sent a message there to make inquiries, and her benefactor I never saw again, for he met his death on his way east from California. I fancy he would not have told me the story of his life, but I shall always wonder if the name we carried on our books was the one he had carried in his youth.'

TRACES OF FORTUNE.

What are the Odds That Chance Will Headed Them. While most people find it very hard to acquire even a modest competency, others are more lucky, and to them fortune comes without even asking. Several such instances have occurred of late years, some of them of an interesting character. I was only a short while since that a poor ragpicker in Birmingham suddenly found himself a man of wealth. By dint of working from dawn till late at night he had been in the habit of making the not very exorbitant income of \$2.50 per week. One morning he heard from a firm of solicitors in London, who requested him to call, when he would learn something to his advantage. He found that a long lost brother, who had made money in Australia, had recently died there, leaving him a sum of £8,000. 'At Tamworth, England, a tobaccoist has unexpectedly found himself the heir to a baronetcy. For some time he has been in receipt of 25s. 6d. a week, having served as a sergeant in the Suffolk Regiment; but finding this sum inadequate he took a tobaccoist shop at Tamworth, and was apparently contented with his lot, when he awoke to find himself a baronet of the United Kingdom. 'A seaboater which went ashore off the American coast with 1,200 tons of coal, being abandoned by her owners, was sold for \$70. Some 400 tons of coal had been got out of the hull, when suddenly the vessel slid off the rock and sank in deep water, only, however, to float again the next morning and drift right into port. It seems that sufficient coal had rattled through the holes in her bottom to let the hull come again to the surface with some 300 tons of coal still in it. As the vessel then stood she was worth \$3,000 or more to those who bought it for \$70. 'A couple of lucky domestics have lately come into possession of a considerable sum of money through the death of their mistress, an old lady of 85, left them her entire fortune. The sum to be divided is \$120,000, and it is bequeathed to them in recognition of their long and faithful services, one of them having been twenty-five years and the other eighteen years with the lady in question. 'The effects produced by suddenly acquired wealth are sometimes startling in the extreme. A suburban Parisian, who lately inherited £19,000 from an elderly aunt, at once began to look about for some outlet for spending the money quickly. At length the craze for building speculation seized him, and he built houses wherever sites were obtainable. He went on in this way for some time, when his mind became unbalanced, and he was found one day walking around his newly built houses, firing shots from a navy revolver at imaginary enemies. He was thereupon arrested and placed in an asylum. —Boston Traveller.

LANGUID WOMEN.

Take the Help that South American Nerve Offsets and by Well, Strong and Happy. Miss Lucinda Butcher, of Teeswater, Ont., had a very severe attack of malarial fever. It left her very weak, languid, and threatened with nervous prostration. South American Nerve was recommended to her and she tried it. After taking a few doses she felt great benefit. She continued taking it until six bottles were used, when to use her own words, "I was completely restored to health. I can recommend it as a great remedy."

Just a Hint.

'Father,' asked Tommy, the other day, 'why is it that the boy is said to be the father of the man?' Mr. Tompkins had never given this subject any thought, and was hardly prepared to answer off-hand. 'Why, why,' he said, stammering, 'it's so because it is, I suppose.' 'Well,' said Tommy, 'since I'm your father, I'm going to give you a ticket to a theatre and half a crown besides. I always said that it was a father I wouldn't be so stingy as the rest of them are. Go in, and have a good time while you're young. I never had any chance myself!' Mr. Tompkins gazed in blank amazement at Tommy. Slowly the significance of the hint dawned upon him. Producing the silver coin, he said: 'Take it, Thomas. When you really do become a father, I hope it won't be your misfortune to have a son who is smarter than yourself.'

A VICTIM OF TELEPATHY.

Hypnotic Influence Stilled the Voices From Over the Sea. Professor Hugo Munsterberg relates the following story in the Atlantic: There came to me late one night a stranger in wildest despair, resolved to commit suicide that night if I could not help him. He had been a physician, but had given up his practice because his brother, on the other side of the ocean, hated him and had him under his telepathic influence, troubling him from over the sea with voices which mocked him and with impulses to foolish actions. He had not slept nor had he eaten anything for several days, and the only chance for life he saw was that a new hypnotic influence might overpower the mystical hypnotic forces. I soon found the source of his trouble. In treating himself for a wound he had mistreated cocaine in an absurd way, and the hallucinations of voices were the chief symptoms of his cocaineism. These products of his poisoned brain had sometimes reference to his brother in Europe, and thus the telepathic system grew in him and permeated his whole life. I hypnotized him, and suggested to him with success to have sleep and food with a smaller dose of cocaine. Then I hypnotized him daily for six weeks; after ten days he gave up cocaine entirely after three weeks the voices disappeared, and after that the other symptoms faded away. It was not however, until the end that the telepathic system was exploded. Even when the voices had gone he for a while felt his movements controlled over the ocean, and after six weeks when I had him quite well



again, he laughed over his telepathic aberrations, but assured me that if these sensations came again he should be unable, even in full health, to resist the mystical interpretation, so vividly had he left the distant influences.

CROW'S TREASURE TROVE.

When Discovered He Removed the Whole Collection. One day, while watching, I saw a crow crossing the Don valley with something white in its beak. He flew to the mouth of the Rosedale brook, then took a short flight to the Beaver Elm. There he dropped the white object, and, looking about, gave me a chance to recognize my old friend Silverpat. After a minute he picked up the white thing—a shell—and walked over past the spring, and here, among the docks and the skunk-cabbages, he unearthed a pile of shells and other white shiny things. He spread them out on the sun, turned them over, lifted them one by one in his beak, dropped them, nestled on them as though they were eggs, toyed with them and glistened over them like a miser. This was his hobby, his weakness. He could not have explained why he enjoyed them, any more than a boy can explain why he collects postage stamps or a girl why she prefers pearls to rubies; but his pleasure in them was very real. After half an hour he covered them all, including the new one, with earth and leaves and flew off. I went at once to the spot and examined the hoard; there was about a half a dozen in all, chiefly white pebbles, clam shells and some bits of tin, but there was also the handle of a china cup, which must have been the gems of the collection. That was the last time I saw them. Silverpat knew that I had found his treasures, and he removed them at once; where I never knew.—Scribner's.

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A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wills' English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills' English Pills are used. A. Chipman, Smith & Co., Druggists, Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. Hawley & Son, Druggists, 104 Prince William St., St. John, N. B. Chas. McGregor, Druggist, 137 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B. W. C. R. Allan, Druggist, King St., St. John, N. B. E. J. Mabony, Druggist, Main St., St. John, N. B. G. W. Hobes, Chemist, 357 Main St., St. John, N. B. R. B. Travis, Chemist, St. John, N. B. S. Watters, Druggist, St. John West, N. B. Wm. G. Wilson, Druggist, Cor. Union & Rodney Sts., St. John, N. B. C. P. Clarke, Druggist, 100 King St., St. John, N. B. S. H. Hawker, Druggist, Mill St., St. John, N. B. N. B. Smith, Druggist, 24 Dock St., St. John, N. B. G. A. Moore, Chemist, 109 Brussels St., St. John, N. B. C. Fairweather, Druggist, 109 Union St., St. John, N. B. Hastings & Pines, Druggists, 63 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

The steadily increasing demand for... Dr. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE shows that those who have been using it have told their friends how it gives Immediate Relief to the most Obstinate Coughs and does not derange the digestion. HARVEY MEDICINE CO. 484 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL.

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home, by the use of the MASON'S KIDNEY PLASTER or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 20-page book—free, write Dept. 11, MASON'S MEDICINE CO., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Ontario.

FASHIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Foreign fashions notes tells us of a hat pin with a fastener secured by a tiny gold chain, which makes it impossible to lose the pin without losing the hat.

Mannequin velours is a new material for evening gowns. It has a finish like mirror velvet but a longer nap more like panne, and the warp is usually contrasting color giving it in changeable effect.

The white waist certainly has some advantages. It does not fade as a rule takes starch well, which those made of two soft gingham refuse to do.

Poor little babies! Not content with making text books of them, their mothers intend that they shall study themselves as soon as they are old enough.

KNIVES FORKS AND SPOONS STAMPED BY 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GUARANTEED GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

Some cough mixtures smother the cough. But the next breeze fans it into life again.

But Scott's Emulsion can. The glycerine soothes and makes comfortable; the hypophosphites give power and stability to the nerves; and the oil feeds and strengthens the weakened tissues.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

nurse, and doctor who welcome him. So it is all through the book, which, by the way is most artistically and [appropriately] illustrated.

Now is the time when woman lays in her supply of summer lingerie. All of the shops that carry a fine line of underclothing, and those that carry loads of common things, too, are having their annual sales.

Colored handkerchiefs are really coming into vogue again, it seems. It is so reported every now and then, and they are to be seen in the shops, but women are actually beginning to carry them now.

A pin box is a novelty that appeals to every woman. It is a common failing of the sex never to be able to keep a supply of ordinary pins, safety pins, or hairpins on hand, and the pin box is designed to obviate this difficulty.

"A moreen petticoat is one of heaven's choicest blessings bestowed upon woman-kind," said a young woman who believes that fine feathers make fine birds.

mere economy. Besides being cheap and shedding dust like a feather duster, it makes up prettily. The wool moreen costs only 40 or 50 cents a yard, while that of silk runs to 90 cents, but a skirt of either the wool or silk outwears three taffeta skirts and has a most musical rustle.

TAKES THE PLACE OF SILK.

A steady increase is noted in the importations from Europe of a new fabric designed to replace certain grades of silk. It is mercerized cotton—that is cotton which has been so chemically treated as to give a gloss to the surface, while at the same time changing the character of the fabric.

The mercerizing process is applied to cotton yarns as well as to the cloth, and the "likified" cotton yarns are steadily crowding out the silk yarns for embroidering purposes. Experts in this line of goods have declared that mercerized cotton yarns are about 25 per cent stronger than the silk yarns.

United States consular agent's report that mercerizing machines are being put in operation in nearly all of the European countries. Dress good in imitation of silk can be put on the American market about twenty per cent cheaper than the real silk.

WOMEN AND THE HOME.

Here is a greeting for those at home—the home which many of us possess, some of us have missed, but for which each of us longs. The wretch who makes the doorstep his bed does not desire it more than many a luxurious wanderer in foreign lands whose very prosperity, it may be, has divorced him from the place he once called by that dear name.

True, many women are deprived of a home through no fault of their own. Such may lament their deprivation, but they have nothing for which to blame themselves and many of them, it would seem, from the atmosphere they create wherever they are, keep a home in their hearts. They have no roof of their own to which they may bid their friends welcome, yet their smile is a hospitality and their sympathy a sort of benediction.

The suppression of seriousness among women is the way a reviewer denominated a book recently published, of which Helen Watson Moody is the author. It is called "The Unquiet Sex," and it deals somewhat trenchantly with the solemnity of the club and the college woman. She complains that they "go in for reforms," which is true only in a measure, and true, frequently, to their credit. How sensible, practical, and effective some of these re-

The time had passed, to be sure, when a woman must needs have a home and a husband in order to hold the respect and admiration of her friends; she can now live her own life in any honorable fashion she chooses and will be greeted more or less ungrudgingly all she can win for herself in the way of place, honor, and emolument. But the time will never pass when home will not be her best seat of endeavor, or when she will cease to be most gratefully regarded there.

The sweetest part of all this is, that the happiness which men and children derive from the home is exceeded by the joy the woman has in conferring it. She feels, with a delicacy and delight beyond theirs, the full spiritual significance of the word home, though it is undeniable that she sometimes devotes herself to those immediately belonging to it, to the exclusion of others near at hand who perish for lack of its hospitality. This is the form which the selfishness of good women often takes. Home should not be "mere selfish shelter for two mated folk," and the woman who so interprets its meaning, is, after all, an egoist, though she may be unconsciously so.

The ministry of love is never menial, and the mother who devotes all of her time and strength to her domestic duties is no less lovely than she who decorates it with elegant manners, a fascinating personality and charming diversions; but there is a form of drudgery which cannot be considered so much a service required by necessity and borne with a sense of privileged ministry, as a devotion to petty shelve and kitchen-floors. From such weary servitude women are surely liberating themselves. They may still give scrupulous attention to the shelves and the floors, but it is as a means to an end. It is no longer a dull and laborious trick to convince themselves of their usefulness or to pass the time. Women now know better ways of coaxing along the lagging hours.

No one thing, the church always excepted, has done more to bring about a sense of freedom and aspiration among women than the clubs. The clubs are not, as the young bachelor paragraphers on the newspapers would have us believe, the resort of pedantic spinsters and argumentative widows with an enthusiasm for parliamentary law. They are, to tell the whole truth, made up of nearly every kind of woman that grows—narrow and broad minded, ignorant and learned, rich and poor, genial and disagreeable, busy and idle, logical and illogical, musical and literary, elegant and crude, from country and city, from churches of all sorts, from the oldest and most honorable families in the country, and from families no one knows anything about. The club pin is not worn as a badge of learning, superiority or as a declaration of principle. It indicates that the wearer is a club member—which, surely, is no serious thing! In fact it is only when the clubs take themselves too seriously that there is any reason to complain of them. The too frequent superficiality of the study, and the absence of humor which is so fatally common, are the things which sometimes betray the clubs into being ridiculous. The woman who declared with pride that her club had covered eleven centuries of history in one winter, is only equalled by the one who read a paper on Kipling and said that no doubt when Mr. Kipling had reached years of riper judgement he would refrain from the use of profane words, which she regretted to say, were sometimes put in the mouths of his characters. Or what shall be thought of the woman who cheerfully consented to write a twenty minute paper on the following subject: "Tendencies of the Time as Indicated in Music and Painting: a. Art for Art's Sake. b. The Wagnerian School of Music and the Influence of Schopenhauer upon the Composer?"

As the clubs gain in experience, and there these members acquire an actual appetite for study in its higher sense, these absurdities will become fewer; but every club needs some woman to constantly point out that it is culture of the mind, and not the accumulation of facts or even theories, which is needed; and, also, some one to help the women to escape from that oppressive sense of moral censorship which makes them remember the weaknesses of Poe when they read "Annabel Lee," worry about Shelley's religious ideas when they peruse "The Skylark," and apologize for the genial profanity of Private Maitwney when they follow the fortunes of Kipling's men.

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CLARKE'S KOLA CO-GOUPD CURE

A Child That Suffered From Asthma Almost Since His Birth. Mr. James Peterson, 22 Princess ave., Victoria, B. C., writes: "Our boy who is just nine years of age, has been troubled with asthma almost since his birth, which has been continually growing worse in spite of all the medical aid we could procure. Our doctor bills have been very large each year; another myself for my wife have had a full night's sleep during the last year of his trouble, having had to position and give him medicine to keep him from choking. We heard of a neighbor who had been cured by Clarke's Kola Compound and resolved to try it, with the result that today our child is completely cured, and is having had an attack since taking the second bottle, almost a year ago. He has grown very fat since and is now quite strong and healthy. We feel very grateful to Dr. Clarke for the discovery of this wonderful remedy, as it has saved our child's life." Certificate issued by Messrs. Hall & Co., druggists, Victoria B. C., from whom the medicine was purchased. Three bottles of Clarke's Kola Compound are absolutely guaranteed to cure. Free sample bottle to any address mentioning this paper. Address: Dr. J. C. Clarke & Co., 121 Church, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists. Clarke's Kola Compound has permanently cured more cases of asthma than all other remedies combined.

forms have been, the uninformed cannot well imagine. The impossible may sometimes have been attempted, but this rather reflects upon the conditions which have made them so, than upon the women, who, with too sincere a simplicity, undertook to right what was obviously wrong.

Those who look upon the club movement as selfish may well pause to reflect upon the disinterested work which has been done by them. A recoupment of some of these benevolences may not be out of place. There is the appointment of women matrons in the police stations in large cities, of women physicians in asylums for the insane, of women factory inspectors, and boards of regents of the state universities. The establishment of free kindergartens and kitchen gardens, of day nurseries for the accommodation of self-supporting women with young children, of vacation schools, and of free circulating country libraries have been among the unselfish activities.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retiring from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption. Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; and also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by adding postage stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she inquired as she dropped an armful of mistletoe on the floor. "Yes," he answered. "You are not going to put that on the chandelier?" "Oh no. We are going to make a canopy of it for the entire ceiling."

Know He was Safe. "Why do you offer such a large reward for the return of that contemptible pug dog?" "Winks: 'To please my wife.'" "Jinks: 'But such a reward will be sure to bring him back.'" "No, it won't. He's dead."

HEART PAINS

The Heart and Nerves are Often Affected and Cause Prostration of the Entire System.

A Kingston Lady Testifies to Her Experience in the Use of Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

People who suffer from any disease or disorder of the heart nervous system, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Smothering or Sinking Sensations, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Pain in the Head, etc., cannot afford to waste time trying various remedies, which have nothing to show back up their claims than the words of their proprietors.

These diseases are too serious to permit of your experimenting with untried remedies. When you buy Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, you know you have behind them the testimony of thousands of Canadians who have been cured by their use. One of these is Mrs. A. W. Irish, 92 Queen Street, Kingston, Ont., who writes as follows: "I have suffered for some years with a smothering sensation caused by heart disease. The severity of the pains in my heart caused me much suffering. I was also very nervous, and my whole system was run down and debilitated. "Hearing of Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills being a specific for these troubles, I thought I would try them, and therefore got a box at McLeod's Drug Store. "They afforded me great relief, having toned up my system and removed the distressing symptoms from which I suffered. I can heartily recommend these wonderful pills to all sufferers from heart trouble."

Lax-Liver Pills cure Biliousness, Dyspepsia and Constipation. Every pill perfect.

NAILED FROM YORK.

Wanted in Peter than Worked—Man who Always Told the Head.

Early on a Sunday morning in July, a few years ago, Sambo Robinson and old Daddy November were seated on the road known as the 'grillage,' on Sullivan's island, near Charleston, says the New York Times. The grille is opposite to Fort Moultrie, and, as Sambo remarked: 'E is de betterest place on de whole island for hetch sheephead.'

'Dish yer what happen,' replied Sambo. 'We all set down en cut fur de dele, en Drane win 'em en dele de kahd, en say to me, 'My fren, Mr. Jackson from Nu-Yawk, ain't understand much 'bout kahd, but he willin' to lose a few dollah.' Den Jackson say: 'Oh, yes; I kn play kahd, but I got one habit ob tellin' my han.' I tell de trute 'bout 'em, too.'

'Den liff Johnson ten cent, en 'e see 'em en rich me ten mo.' Den I histe 'em gen, en 'e liff me sum mo.' 'E en tak, we liff each udder so much dat my munny gib out en I 'bleeged to call.

SHORTENED HIS SENTENCE.

Some Things Beside Which Prison Would be a Relief.

A man charged with bigamy was once brought before Judge Gary, of Illinois. The accused had lived two years with the second woman, and he concluded to plead guilty on the understanding with the state's attorney that the sentence would divorce him from Number Two.

'You fully understand what the plea of guilty means?' 'Yes, your honor.'

'And do you understand it you so plead it will be my duty to send you to the penitentiary? Do you understand that?'

'Yes, your honor. Anything to get free.'

The judge looked at the man for a moment and then said in his inimitable manner:

'I suppose there are some things beside which prison would be a relief. Any relative or friend of the defendant in court?'

A woman in black stood up on a bench,

and said in a voice which sounded like a tip of combic:

'I am his second wife judge.'

Judge Gary immediately, with no change in his voice or face, said:

'Some things beside which prison would be a relief. You ought to be willing to take three years.'

'A KING'S EXECUTION GARRIBT.

Vest Worn by Charles I. When he was Beheaded.

From the London Standard: The sum of 200 guineas bid the other day for the 'sky-colored vest' worn by King Charles I. on the scaffold is not an exorbitant price for a relic at once authentic and ghastly.

Nothing is lacking that might make a good Jacobite's flesh creep. The stains of blood have been religiously preserved by a succession of royalist owners, and it has been pointed out that of the thirteen buttonholes only twelve had been fastened.

The top button had been removed so that the illustrious victim might more easily bare his neck to the executioner.

It is pretty certain if the purchaser of King Charles' silken raiment ever thinks of allowing that precious possession to pass out of his family, that it would fetch far more than he has given for it.

Magnetic Dyes have been giving satisfaction to thousands of home dyers for twenty-five years. None give better results.

There was trouble of some kind reported on Desplaines street the other night, and the editor told the new reporter to go over and get the details.

SKIN-DEEP BEAUTY!



DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN

balm; one application gives comfort and relief in an instant, and in from three to five nights the trouble disappears.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART—Relieves smothering, palpitation and fluttering. A regular life savor in cases of organic heart troubles.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER—Relieves cold in the head in 10 minutes. Cures hay fever and catarrh.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS—Regulate the bowels. Tone the system. Never gripes. Pleasant little doses. 40 in a vial; 20 cts.

which is as follows: 'A man killed a dog belonging to another man. The son of the man whose dog was killed proceeded to whip the man who killed the dog of the man he was the son of. The man who was killed was arrested on complaint of the man whose dog the man who was assaulted had killed.'

A CHILD'S AGONY.

Ribs Broken From the Spine—Diabetes Developed.

Doctors Gave Her up—Hospital Surgeons Said the Case Was hopeless—Yet DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER QUICKLY AND THOROUGHLY.

HAMPSHIRE, N. B., JAN. 16.—Nothing wrings the heart with such unutterable, awful agony as to be compelled to witness the suffering of a little child, and at the same time to be absolutely helpless to relieve its pain.

Terrible, indeed, must have been the heartache of Mrs. George E. Rathburn, of this place, when she was obliged to watch by the bedside of her little two-year-old daughter, and to realize that earthly power was unable to relieve the child's sufferings in the least degree.

The child, Edna, had two ribs torn from the spine, in an accident. The result was terrible. The broken bones refused to join; the sufferer was bent double, and could move only with the greatest difficulty.

Diabetes, of a most severe and obstinate type, set in. The child's sufferings grew to be simply terrible. Day and night her little body was racked with burning pain.

The doctors gave her up. They could do nothing for her, they said. Then she was taken to the hospital at St. John. The surgeons told her parents to take her home and care tenderly for her, for she could not live.

One night Mrs. Rathburn read of Dodd's Kidney Pills. She resolved to try them in Edna's case. She did try them. Almost immediately their good effect was apparent.

Former Employer: 'And so you are a newspaper man now, Jimson?' Jimson: 'Yes, sir, I'm the editor of the job department.'

Former Employer: 'Editor of the job department?' Jimson: 'Yes, sir; I carries in coal, and scrubs the floor, and washes down the windows, and all such editin' as that, sir.'

'And can you always judge of a man's character by the way he laughs?' asked Miss Westend.

Tomkins: 'That's a handsome umbrella you've got there Gibbs.'

SKIN-DEEP BEAUTY!

'Handsome is that handsome does,' is the old theoretical adage, but after all it's the skin-deep beauty that's attractive. It would take a big lot of handsome doing to compensate for a skin that is diseased and whose appearance is distasteful to all who see it, and the torment of the patient whose daily burden it is to bear it about.

A London lady had eczema for years so badly, her face and neck were so disfigured she went into a life of seclusion, and the stinging pain of it was so intense that, to use her own words, she 'went next thing to mad.'

A Toronto gentleman, living on Davenport Road, spent a small fortune in treatments and remedies for piles in their very worst form, was treated by electricity with temporary relief only, and had decided to go on the operating table and have a surgical operation performed, but was recommended to try Dr. Agnew's Cure.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER—Relieves cold in the head in 10 minutes. Cures hay fever and catarrh.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS—Regulate the bowels. Tone the system. Never gripes. Pleasant little doses. 40 in a vial; 20 cts.

FLASHES OF FUN.

A boy of fifteen thinks he is too old to run errands, but after he is twenty-five and married, he begins again.

Johnny: 'My father's a policeman; what does your father do?' Jimmy: 'What ma tells him.'

Wife (reading the paper): 'The giraffe has a tongue eighteen inches long.' Husband: 'Aren't you jealous?'

Tom Inuit: 'What did the telephone girl say to you when she broke the engagement?' Jack Potts: 'Ring off.'

A small boy at his first concert innocently asked, when the soprano was called back: 'What's the matter, mother? Didn't she do it right?'

A country squire, who wished to make an entry at an agricultural exhibition, wrote thus to the secretary: 'Please put me down on your list of cattle for a calf.'

Bill: 'What kind of whiskers ought butchers to wear, Jack?' Jack: 'Blowed if I know.'

Bill: 'Why, mutton-chops, of course.'

'I wish my teeth were not so regular,' sighed the young woman, regarding herself pensively in the glass. 'Every time I smile when I'm talking to Harry he looks as if he wondered how much they cost.'

Hotel Proprietor (to waiter): 'Did you give that tourist his bill?' Waiter: 'Yes.'

She: 'What makes you think he loves me so desperately?' Simplex: 'Oh, a thousand things! He always looks pleased, for instance, when you sing and play.'

He: 'Oh yes; when I was in London I was enthusiastically received in Court circles.'

She: 'What was the charge against you?' 'How did you feel when you found that the ship would surely go down in ten minutes?' inquired Miss Gashington.

Old Mr. Dakins: 'A-r-r-r! So I have caught you kissing my daughter, have I?' Young Mr. Cooley: 'I trust there is no doubt about it, sir. The light is quite dim and I should vastly humiliated if it should turn out that I had been kissing the cook.'

'What did that man do to make himself so famous?' asked the inquirer, gazing curiously on an individual who formed the centre of a social group.

He: 'Do you love me, darling?' She: 'Well, there is certainly something about you that I like very much.'

She: 'That lovely diamond ring on your little finger?'

Jeweller: 'The inscription you wish engraved on the inside of this ring, I understand, is "Marcellus to Irene?'

A bright youth undergoing examination for one of the Government departments was asked: 'What is the distance from the earth to the sun?'

Not knowing the answer, he wrote: 'I am unable to state accurately, but I don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with my doing my duty if I get this clerkship.'

He passed the examination. Lunatics often assume a superiority of intellect to others which is quite amusing.

'Where does this railway go to?' The lunatic looked at him scornfully for a moment, and then replied:—

'Nowhere. We keep it here to run trains on.'

'My wife is the most ingenious woman who ever lived,' said Kipper.

'I believe you,' returned Nipper, politely.

'But you don't know why you believe me,' intimated Kipper.

'To tell the truth, I don't,' replied Nipper, looking bored.

'Well, I'll tell you. We've been married twelve years, and lived in the same house all the time, and this morning she found a new place in which to hide my slippers.'

'Good morning, Mr. Toney. On the sick list today?' 'Yes, sir; got the ague.'

'Do you ever shake?' 'Yes.'

'When do you shake again?' 'Can't say when; shake every day. Why do you ask?'

'Oh, nothing in particular; only I thought if you shook bad I'd like to stand by and see if you couldn't shake the fifteen shillings out of your pocket which you have owed me so long.'



Look them over carefully, you will find every kernel perfect. This famous coffee is carefully selected from private plantations having established world-fame reputations for producing the choicest berries. Is it a wonder, therefore, that

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee never fails to give the most absolute satisfaction? Their seal and signature on each pound and two-pound can in which it comes is a guarantee of perfection.

HARD TO STOOP.

Backache and Kidney trouble make a Halifax lady's life miserable.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER.

It would be well if every lady in Canada understood that pain in the back and backache were nothing more nor less than a cry of the disordered kidneys for help.

Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills she got a box, and it is thankful to say that they completely removed the pains from her back and gave tone and vigor to her entire system.

No one afflicted with Backache, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Gravel, or any kidney or urinary trouble need despair.

It cures where others fail to even relieve.

BENSON'S POROUS PLASTER advertisement with logo and text.

PRESERVE YOUR TEETH advertisement for Calvert's Carbolio Tooth Powder and Paste.

Colman's Salt advertisement with logo and text.

Continued from Sixth Page.

The man came suddenly down the stairs.

"Will you come at once, sir?" he said, in the greatest agitation. "Something awful has happened. Madame Rozier is dead!"

Those who were near enough heard what was said.

The gay laughter ceased.

Every face wore an expression of incredulous horror.

Lady Metherell, knowing nothing of what had occurred, spoke in haughty annoyance.

"What is this mystery, Martin—what has happened?"

The baronet's lips moved, but no words came from them.

The servants stood staring at the footman who could hardly stand, while the butler hastily left the room to discover the exact cause of the disturbance.

Then at last Sir Martin gained some control over his voice and said:

"An awful calamity has occurred," he said, speaking in a painfully labored way. "Madame Rozier is—dead!"

His limbs refused to support him longer. He sank upon his chair.

"Dead? Lady Metherell repeated, in awestruck tones. "Oh, impossible! Doctor Forbes you are the only medical man present who can see this unfortunate lady as she is? It may not be so late."

The doctor—who was a friend staying in the house—rose at once, and followed Lady Metherell from the room, or rather would have done so, had not Wilson, the butler, blocked the way.

"You cannot go, my lady—you cannot go!" he cried, tremulously; adding, appealingly, to the doctor: "Don't let her go—It is no night for her ladyship!"

"Stand aside!" Lady Metherell commanded, attended at the man's manner. "There is no time to lose."

She swept past him, paying no heed to the doctors' protest that he should go alone.

Some servants were gathered in the corridor, looking terribly frightened.

Madame Rozier's door stood open.

The room was all in confusion.

A curtain had been dragged from the bed, on which a ghastly, rigid figure was lying beneath the blood-stained clothes.

It was such a terrible spectacle, that both Lady Metherell and Dr. Forbes passed on the threshold, with a cry of horror.

"Wilson was right," he said, "this is no night for you."

"See what has happened!" she returned, faintly. "I—I—this is awful!"

He led her, unresisting, from the room, and then re-entered, closing the door.

When he came out, a few minutes later, he found her waiting for him.

"There is no hope," she questioned.

"She has been dead for hours," he replied. "I must see Sir Martin at once, Lady Metherell. This is a serious matter."

He had locked the door, and placed the key in his pocket.

"You think," she questioned, "that—that the poor thing committed suicide?"

He shook his head.

"It looks like murder," he said.

Lady Metherell possessed strong nerves and plenty of sense.

She neither screamed nor fainted, though she grew very white.

"If I cannot be that," she said, quietly. "You must surely be mistaken."

"I trust I am," he answered, gravely.

The guests were still in the dining-room, talking together in subdued voices.

Sir Martin has gone to the library.

Lady Metherell and the doctor followed him thither.

"I suppose," Dorrien said, standing with a little group by one of the windows, "this will put an end to everything? Was Madame Rozier an intimate friend?"

"An old friend of Dad's," Gilbert said. "It is highly unfortunate."

"She did not look the least bit like dying," Shirley said. "Poor thing, it is awful!"

"It must have been her heart," said Lucy, swinging the blind-cord to and fro. "It is dreadful to think of her lying there dead, while we were all enjoying ourselves."

"It is deuced rough luck her dying here," Gilbert declared.

"Don't be so unfeeling!" Shirley said. "Well, as I never saw her in my life till yesterday, and then only spoke half-a-dozen words to her, I really don't see why I should be expected to feel very out-up about it," he expostulated.

"Miss Ware has taken it very much to heart," Lucy remarked, dryly.

Eva Ware had been weeping copiously. She was now seeking consolation from Mr. Ridley, who was holding a glass of wine for her.

"Poor Mr. Metherell!" Shirley said, mischievously, "you are being out."

"You mean that poor old Ridley is being let in," he returned.

Then they all laughed in a husked, shamed sort of way.

"You knew Madame Rozier very well, did you not?" Lady Daresdale said to Capt. Dorrien.

He looked surprised.

"No; that is to say, very slightly."

"She told me you had met in Paris," her ladyship said.

"She told me so, also," Dorrien replied with a little laugh; "but I could not remember the occasion on which we met, though I was not so ungracious as to admit it."

Then Lady Metherell came into the room.

Lady Daresdale was her intimate friend. She went forward to meet her.

"My dear Clara," she said, "we feel so deeply for you. It is so unfortunate at such a time of merry-making. Of course I can none of us experience any great grief for one whom we scarcely know, but we are all terribly shocked."

Lady Metherell pressed her friends hand as she slowly moved to the window, where most of her guests were congregated.

"It is, indeed, a shock," she said, glancing from one to the other; "more severe and terrible than any as you at present

imagine. You are bound to hear the truth, sooner or later, and, therefore, I have decided to tell you at once."

She paused for an instant.

No one moved or spoke.

All eyes were turned to her, all were waiting for her next words.

When they came a thrill of horror ran through the assembly.

"Doctor Forbes says Madame Rozier has been stabbed through the heart. He believes she has been murdered. It is awful, is it not? We think that thieves must have got into the house, for her room is all in disorder. No doubt they intended to ransack the place. Perhaps she awoke, and tried to raise an alarm—it is impossible to say. The police have been sent for. We shall hear of their voice of the case."

"Why, we might all have been murdered in our beds!" Eva Ware cried, looking very frightened.

"Great Scott!" Gilbert Metherell exclaimed incredulously. "You don't mean this?"

"It seems incredible," Dorrien declared. "Why, it was almost daylight before we left of dancing."

"They must have hidden themselves in the house," Lady Metherell said; adding: "I think you had all better see if your jewellery is safe."

There was a general movement towards the door.

Shirley sat down in the window-seat.

"I have nothing worth taking," she said. "I thought," Lucy began, "that I heard someone moving about very early this morning."

"That is queer," Dorrien exclaimed. "I thought so, too, but imagined it to be the servants. Has much gone from the house, Lady Metherell?"

"Up to the present we have missed nothing. The plate chests are untouched. The thieves must have been disturbed at the commencement of their work."

"Poor Sir Martin!" Shirley said, breaking a short pause. "He looked so terribly upset."

"Mr. Ridley had to help him from the room," added Lady Daresdale.

"He felt it more keenly, as she was an old friend of his," Lady Metherell explained. "At least, they were acquainted many years ago. But unfortunately, we know nothing of their people, and have no idea how to let them hear until they write. You will excuse me now; but there are many things I must see to."

As she left the room with Lady Daresdale, Wilson came to tell her that the inspector and a couple of men had arrived.

The dead woman's room was visited, the house searched from attic to basement, the servants all closely questioned, but not the faintest clue was discovered.

Nothing had been taken from the house, not a single article of jewellery was missing.

The whole affair seemed shrouded in hopeless mystery.

A telegram was despatched to Scotland Yard for a detective.

He reached Coddington by the last train that night, and remained at the Court until after the inquest, at which a verdict was returned of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown.

No letters came for Madame Rozier, and though her relatives were widely advertised for, none came forward.

The detective returned to town, fairly baffled.

The murder had put an end to all the festivities.

The guests—with the exception of one or two intimate friends—had left the day following the tragedy.

Lucy Brand accepted an invitation to stay with the Lorraine, and Captain Dorrien departed on a visit to Scotland.

A heavy gloom seemed to hang over Metherell Court.

Even the servants spoke in whispers, and started at their own shadows.

Lady Metherell appeared colder and more formal than ever, while Sir Martin seemed incapable of recovering from the shock.

Before it, he had been a young looking man for his age; now he was an old one.

His hair grew suddenly grey, deep lines came about his eyes and mouth, his shoulders were bent.

He avoided all society, and spent long hours alone in his study.

He refused to consult a doctor, declaring there was nothing the matter with him beyond being a trifle run down.

And when Lady Metherell expressed her desire to go away at once for change of air and scene, he declined to accompany her.

"My dear Martin," she exclaimed, in annoyance, "I must insist that you do so. Doctor Lewis says that your nerves are evidently overworked."

Sometimes the longing to speak became intolerable.

There were moments when he felt an unconquerable desire to cry out: "I am the guilty man! I am the murderer!"

Moments when he felt that exposure, shame, and death, would be infinitely preferable to the torture he endured.

And so the summer days went by, and people gloried in the sunshine and found life full of pleasure; but at Metherell Court pale lips cursed the glaring sun, and the shadow upon the house grew ever deeper.

"The old pater is going into his dotage," said Gilbert Metherell, one day, as he lay on the bed beside Shirley.

"I think you are horribly heartless," she said, "to speak in that way. Anyone can see that he is very ill."

"He won't see a doctor. He declares he is all right. I suppose he ought to know."

"If you were half a son," she said, with a little touch of contempt, "you would try to cheer him."

"The matter has tried," Gilbert argued. "He doesn't want to be cheered. The poor old mother is sick of it. She is going away for a change."

"And you will stay and take care of your father?"

"And die of the blues? Not likely. I'm off yachting; but, before I go, Shirley, I

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STOVE POLISH
PASTE, CAKE
OR LIQUID



After using Enameline
No Housekeeper will ever
use any other Brand.

J.L. Prescott & Co. New York

dently in a terrible state, and that you must have a complete change."

"Lewis knows nothing about it," was the curt reply.

They were sitting at breakfast alone, Gilbert not having put in appearance.

"I shall arrange to leave on the eighth," said he laconically, with decision.

"Certainly; but I shall not accompany you."

"And why?"

"Because, my dear, I do not wish to leave home at present."

He rose as he spoke, and moved slowly towards the door; but his wife's voice arrested him before reaching it.

"One moment," she said, in her quiet, icy way. "I have a question to ask you. What was Madame Rozier to you, that her death should affect you like this?"

At the first mentioned of that dreaded name, he felt the blood leave his lips.

He came back to the table, and leaned upon a chair for support.

"I do not understand you," he said.

She raised her eyebrows, one white hand idly playing with the ring of her serviette!

"Surely my question is plain enough! The one should have been shocked and grieved, one could understand; but that the death of an old friend—who you have not met for many years—should alter you so entirely, is beyond my comprehension. I merely ask you to explain it."

Her words dispelled the sickening dread that she had discovered 'some clue to his secret.

The tight pain about his heart began to die away.

He breathed more freely.

"There is nothing to explain," he replied. "Say, rather, that you refuse to do so."

She returned impatiently. "I know that there is something the matter. You are foolish to keep it from me."

"My dear Clara, you are laboring under a delusion," he said, and left her.

She gave an angry little laugh as he did so.

She was utterly commonplace and practical, and had no conception of the agony of mind he was suffering.

Added to the terrible belief, that he was really guilty of the awful crime, was the wearing uncertainty as to what had become of the papers relating to his elder son.

He had managed to secretly visit the room before the police had arrived, and had searched for the small bag in which he had hid the letters.

It was soon found, and, with bated breath and nerveless fingers, he had pressed the clasp.

It opened easily, but—it was empty.

There was no sign of the papers anywhere; nor in the time which followed, did they come to light.

It was most unlikely that she should have destroyed them; but, if they still existed, who had them?

Day and night the question haunted him.

The suspense and the horror were killing him.

Was it possible there was another who knew the secret—another who, through the knowledge, might bring the death of Dola Rozier home to him!

Then, too, there was the missing dagger.

No trace of it had ever been discovered, though he was always silently and secretly hunting and hunting for it.

Up to the present no one had noticed that it was gone, though he lived in daily terror of someone doing so.

No man, surely, ever suffered more keenly for his sins than Sir Martin Metherell.

Sometimes the longing to speak became intolerable.

There were moments when he felt an unconquerable desire to cry out: "I am the guilty man! I am the murderer!"

Moments when he felt that exposure, shame, and death, would be infinitely preferable to the torture he endured.

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"And you will stay and take care of your father?"

"And die of the blues? Not likely. I'm off yachting; but, before I go, Shirley, I

must answer to what I have been asking you for the last six months."

"I hate questions and answers," Shirley said.

"That can't be helped," he replied. "You can say 'Yes,' and it is all over. Shirley, will you marry me?"

She was not taken by surprise.

She had known for some time that the hour would come when she would have to decide one way or the other. She looked at his weak face, at his dandy clothes.

She did not love him—she did not even admire him—and yet she thought of Madge and her mother, and of how awful it was to be so poor, and of all she could do if she married Gilbert Metherell.

"I wish you would not ask me now," she said, crossly.

"Can't wait any longer," he declared, facing in his pocket for something.

It turned out to be a small leather case, containing a beautiful opal and diamond ring.

"If you like to take it, say so; if you don't, we can throw it in the sea."

"But Sir Martin—" Shirley began, feebly.

"Is ready to give us his blessing," Metherell interrupted, happily. "Everyone is agreeable—you had better say 'Yes.'"

Shirley flung a little stone into the water, across the faint blue of which a white gull was lazily flapping.

"I don't love you," she said, with cruel abruptness.

But fortunately, her lover was not thin-skinned, and smiled complacently.

"That will be all right. I'm sure we shall hit it off splendidly. I can't talk the stuff they do in books, you know, about adoring and all that sort of thing; but I'm awfully fond of you—you are so comfoundedly pretty."

"Suppose I grow ugly?"

"Oh, you couldn't!"

"I might lose an eye, or otherwise disfigure my face, bicycling?"

"I'll risk that."

She gave a little sigh, then regarded him with dissatisfaction.

"You are so young—you cannot know your own mind yet."

He smacked his leg, with a loud laugh.

"Don't I, by Jove! I say, you fool! I made up my mind to have you!" he declared, exultantly. "I say, Shirley, I don't think I shall go to-morrow."

"If I say 'No'?"

"I'll go to the dogs!"

"What a stupid thing to do! Well, as you are so determined—"

"Gad, I am; there is no mistake about that! See if it fits, Shirley. Three cheers! I've won the day!"

He threw his cap in the air.

Shirley set looking at the ring he had tossed into her lap.

The sun struck bright lights from the gems.

"I was going to say," she said, "that, as you are so determined, I'll think it over."

His face fell.

"That won't do. I want my answer now."

"You shall have it to-morrow."

"I am going away to-morrow."

"What time are you going?"

"Nine thirty."

He began flinging stones, in a savage manner, at an old basket the waves were washing up on the beach.

Shirley said nothing for a few minutes; then she looked at Metherell. He was frowning in an ugly way, that made her laugh.

"I shall say no if you look like that."

"All right," she said, "Give us that ring."

"You can take it; but don't throw it away, because—well, there is just a chance that to-morrow I might want it."

"I have told you that I shall not be here to give it you."

"I shall be on the beach about eight o'clock in the morning, if you like to be here also."

"Can't manage it."

"Well, then, there is nothing more to be said."

"Yes, there is," he declared. "I think you are treating me deucedly bad."

"Poor thing!"

"And I don't intend to put up with it any longer."

"No?"

"Here are heaps of girls in the world."

"Oh, heaps! Are you trying to hit the basket, or the bathing-machine?"

"It is easy for you to laugh."

"Yes; at least, I have always found it so."

"Well, I am just tired of this. So I'll wish you good-morning."

"Good-morning," said Shirley, serenely. He got up, brushing some sand from his coat.

"Take my advice, and the next time a fellow asks you to marry him, say what you mean at once, or you'll lose him altogether."

And, with this parting shot, young Metherell went off.

"That is a good thing!" Shirley said aloud, but in her secret heart she was not quite certain that it was.

There were plenty of girls eager and anxious to jump at an offer from him, plenty who would be ready to soothe his wounded feelings.

And it was very possible that she might never again have the chance of saying 'Yes,' or 'No' to Gilbert Metherell.

Shirley began to think she had been rather foolish.

She cared for no one else, and yet—

She gave a profound sigh, as the recollection of a proud, handsome face flashed before her mind's eye.

"If I had known him," she said, in a soft whisper, while the warm color glowed in her cheeks, "I should have loved him—I could not have helped it. It is a good thing he went away. I don't suppose I shall ever see him again. Perhaps some day I shall buy his pictures. I wonder what his name is!"

She sat with her chin in her hand, dreamily watching the waves break upon the shore.

There was a troubled look on her face, her eyes were very serious.

Half-an-hour passed away.

Then the ringing of the workmen's bell in the town, told her it was the luncheon-

hour, and, picking up her umbrella and book, she turned to leave the beach.

As she reached the top, she saw Gilbert Metherell standing on the path, talking to one of the boatmen.

She wondered if he would come her; but he only raised his cap, as she went by.

"I have done it this time," she thought, with a grim little smile. "I wish I knew whether I feel glad or sorry."

As she walked on, she became aware of footstep hastening after her, and the next instant Metherell was by her side.

"Shirley," he said, "I am going to ask you once again. Will you marry me?"

He looked more determined than she had ever seen him before.

She knew that, if she meant to love him, now was her time for saying so; yet she still hesitated.

They walked a few yards in silence, then he suddenly came to a standstill.

A gleam of mischief came into her eyes. "You refuse to answer me," he cried. "And I'm dashed if I ever ask you again!"

"I am thinking," she protested.

"Thinking to hang?" he returned, ungraciously.

At any other time she would have laughed at his ill temper, but she regarded him quite gravely, almost pityingly.

"Why do you want me?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Because I'm a fool, I suppose."

A faint smile crossed her lips.

"I believe you are. But still, if you insist upon being a fool—well, shall I try that ring on?"

"You are serious?" he asked.

"Don't I look so?" she returned.

"You mean that you intend to be my wife?"

"Some day."

He looked half-doubtingly at her.

A gleam of mischief came into her eyes. "You are not better than you are an agreement for me to sign, as you seem so particular?"

"If I did, it should be a very binding one you slippery little fish!"

His moody face began to clear.

He took her hand, and put the ring upon it.

No one was looking, and he pressed his lips to her fingers.

"Jove! I have waited long enough for this! What a dance you have led me! But I made up my mind to have you!" he declared, exultantly. "I say, Shirley, I don't think I shall go to-morrow."

"Oh, you must!" she exclaimed. "You cannot disappoint people at the last moment."

"You don't seem the least bit sorry."

"Don't I? Well, it is early yet to begin. You are not going till to-morrow."

"Will you be sorry then?"

"Yes; I shall be inconsolable."

"You make fun of everything."

"I won't to-morrow."

He laughed at the comical little grimace which accompanied the words.

She was so very bright and attractive, he thought, with a glow of pride; just the sort of girl any fellow would admire.

It was fortunate he neither gave nor asked any great love.

A deep affection would have been entirely beyond him.

"I shall come in, this afternoon," he said, as they parted at the garden-gate of Fairfield—Shirley's home.

"Yes, do," she answered, indifferently. "You shall have some tea and a piece of cake, in honour of the occasion."

To be Continued.

DOSE


THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD WITH POWERFUL CHEMICAL DRESSING AND WHAT WILL FOLLOW—EXTRACTION OF OIL—CRACKING—SHOE DEATH. WITH ONE EXCEPTION ALL SHOE DRESSINGS ARE SHOE-CRACKERS—SHOE KILLERS.

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Nothing like B.B.B. for healing sores and ulcers, no matter how large or how chronic they may be. B. B. B. applied externally and taken internally according to directions will soon effect a cure. It sends rich, pure blood to the part, so that healthy flesh soon takes the place of the decaying tissue.

"I had been troubled with sore fingers and sore toes around the nails. The salve I was using did not help me and I was getting worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using nearly two bottles my sores were all healed up. I consider B.B.B. a wonderful blood purifier." ENOCH G. HORST, Bloomington, Ont.

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McGINNIS THE COOK.

We had been at work on a survey in the River East Mountains since early in the spring, and the autumn had found us all disgusted and homesick—all but McGinnis, the cook. Besides, we were taming for news. Our mail and the late papers and magazines should have been sent to us every two weeks, but for nearly two months nothing had been seen of the old trapper.

Every day we expected from the cook a promise that he would bring our letters out to us in case the carrier should arrive while we were at work on the line. Then we would watch impatiently till evening and hurry back to camp, more than half expecting that the post had come in spite of the non-appearance of McGinnis. Expectancy was torturing us. Disappointments repeated every evening for several weeks deeply affected the spirits of the party.

One night after supper we lounged on our camp beds, two of us in one tent, waiting for bed time. The work of the day had been unusually hard and the hours long. We were tired and heavy of spirit to do anything but the little talking that was regularly necessary and to lounge.

McGinnis came over from the cook tent to tell us one of his tales of forty years ago. His stories possessed one rare quality. They were realistic and unexciting. He told of the mountains in the earlier days, but McGinnis played no prominent part in any of them. We were all curious to learn something about the old man, but our curiosity was never satisfied.

Several of us looked at him wondering. Those who were busy paid no attention whatever. The camp dog stretched, went lazily to the opening, then grew suddenly alert and began to bark. Almost instantly ten heads were crowded between the tent flaps.

McGinnis went quietly and lighted the fire he had laid for morning in the cook stove. The head chairman made a place near the tent opening for another bed. The roddman and the "rake-artist" fell to wrestling, and rolled about in the tent and out of it with most unexpected agility and high spirits.

Two or three of the boys went to meet the newcomers, and rest of us half-ashamed of the eagerness we had shown, went back into the tent, threw ourselves down on the beds and assumed attitudes of indifference. We heard McGinnis calling: "Come over to the cook-tent and eat before the boys start you talking; they'll never let you stop after."

We inside sat up again, our anticipation awakened. A short heavy-set, quiet, unassuming man, without grub-bag or blankets, limped painfully into the tent and sat down on one of the beds. He was evidently a head-like eyes were intensely bright, and their glare from one to another of us was rapid and searching.

"No," he answered, in a disinterestedly calm voice that lingered unpleasantly in our ears. The stranger felt in the inside of his pocket. "Only a letter I found in the trail at the last creek crossing," he said, quietly, as he again searched us with his small, restless eyes.

"It's for some one named Patrick McGinnis," he continued, holding up an unopened letter. "Do you know him?" The old man reached for his letter and silently held it to the light of the nearest candle. Then we all saw that it was crumpled and deeply stained.

"Without my spectacles, it looks like blood on it," said McGinnis, slowly. "I thought it was blood, too, and fresh," said the stranger. "The trail was torn up near where I found and the bushes beat down. I hunted without finding anything; but my foot was so lame I couldn't get far through the brush."

There was a sudden movement in the tent, but no one spoke. The boys checked out their coats and put them on. Every one understood what was to be done. Those who owned rifles took them down and provided themselves with cartridges. Every weapon in camp was hurriedly put in readiness for use.

"What kind of tracks were there?" he now asked. "I couldn't make out," the stranger answered. "Take the lanterns and plenty of candles," said the chief. "And, Turner, you, stay to watch camp."

"I'll stay, too," said the stranger; "I've too lame to travel. You'll have no trouble finding the place."

"I'll stay and read, my letter," announced McGinnis, quietly, to the surprise of every one, for old Morton, the trapper, had been a friend of his in the earlier days. A moment later only the stranger and Turner were left at the sleeping-tent. The searching party was well down the valley, and McGinnis had gone to the cook-tent. Presently he came back with his hat and spectacles on.

"It's from my little granddaughter," he said to the stranger, as he opened the letter. "Would you mind reading it to me? My eyes were never much at hand writing."

The man read it—a child's note of only a few labored lines, but the cook held a lighted candle before his face, and whenever he glanced up from the page the old man's eyes were intently fixed upon him.

"Ah, it's had business—had business!" repeated the cook, as he put away his candle. "Now I know what's in the letter. I think I'll go down and help find out what it all means—all this blood, here."

Turner grew uneasy after the old man had gone. The stranger said little, but he watched his companion closely and waited till the sounds of the cook's footsteps had died out in the distance. Then he got up, and without limping walked to the tent opening. After standing there a moment he whistled and suddenly turned upon Turner with a drawn revolver.

"Keep still and walk outside," he said, quietly. Turner obeyed promptly. He had no weapon with which to defend himself, and he was badly frightened.

In a few moments a second stranger, lean, raw-boned and taller than the first, came out of the brush leading two horses, one saddled, the other bearing a pack. The rising moon shed but a dim light along the mountain side; yet Turner saw at a glance that the animal was the old mail carrier.

"They bit easy," said the shorter man, with a low laugh. "There's no one at camp but this. Now hurry." The last arrival emptied the grips and bags and selected whatever was of value. He also took a couple of pairs of blankets and all the ammunition the boys had left behind them. Then he began to make a pack of what he had taken.

"Never mind that," said his companion. "Go over and lay out all the grub you can." The tall stranger went to the cook tent. The other knelt down, laid down his revolver on the ground, kept his eyes constantly on Turner, and made a roll of what the first had put down.

When he had clinched this onto the pack-bore he marched Turner before him to the flap of the tent. The flaps of the tent were slightly parted but there was no light inside, and everything was quiet. He stopped before the opening, gave Turner the bridle reins and made him keep his hands above his head while at the same time he held the horses.

"Hurry up with the stuff," he exclaimed, looking into the darkness of the tent. He waited a moment, and getting no answer, pushed aside the flaps and started to enter. But he had put only one foot inside when the sound of a heavy blow was heard, and with a muffled cry he fell forward on his face.

Instantly McGinnis emerged from the tent, and the surprised Turner saw him drag out both strangers, and dexterously bind their hands and feet. A new vigor had come into the old man's frame, a new alertness. There were purpose and positiveness in his every movement as he went about his task.

When the men were secure he looked at Turner. The latter suddenly came to himself and put down his hands. McGinnis took the weapons from his prisoners before they regained consciousness, and with Turner's help got them into the sleeping tent, where there were lighted candles.

"I never liked this one's looks," McGinnis said, by the way of explanation, as he wiped the blood from the face of the man who had brought the letter. "He looks like he'd set a bait for you, and that's why I went away and come back unbeknownst to 'em. I seen 'em when I got to the cook-tent, and when they come over I was waiting for 'em wid the bear-trap, the only thing I could find."

Both men soon returned to consciousness, and after an effort to free themselves they sat in dogged silence. In about half an hour several of the searching party returned with our pouch of mail, but most of the letters had been opened, and many of them were torn and almost destroyed. Soon after others came accompanied by three or four strangers, carrying a lamb horn, which they laid carefully upon one of the beds.

That for nearly a week had followed the trail of the two desperadoes. The old mail-carrier, unaccountably delayed, had fallen in their way when they were hard pressed for means of escape, and they had shot him for his horse. Then, learning from the letters of our presence in the neighborhood, they had played at a bold game to obtain provisions and had lost.

We felt that we knew McGinnis better after that.

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Neuralgia being a nerve disease, is most common in the face, and frequently the entire head suffers excruciating pain. Attacks of neuralgia are very uncertain; sometimes they come and pass quickly away; often the pain and agony will continue for weeks and months.

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Paine's Celery Compound being a nerve medicine and nerve food, it reaches the root of the trouble in a way that no other medicine can do. The most terrible and long standing cases have often been completely cured by the use of a few bottles. Paine's Celery Compound has in thousands of cases saved lives after the best medical efforts failed. If your life is a continued misery from neuralgia, torture, or vice versa, use at once nature's true nerve medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. Beware of substitutes; "Paine's" is the kind that cures.

"Beatie," said Adolpus to his sister, "I have taken a fancy to a young lady with whom I am slightly acquainted, and would like to know what her faults are. How can I find out?" "Praise her to her young lady acquaintances!" said Beatie.

THE PRESIDENT SUSPENDER EASY STRONG BORN.

- Bristol, Jan 5, to Capt and Mrs. Ritzy, a son. Bradford, Dec 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, a son. Halifax, Jan 11, to Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Foster, a son. Sprucehill, Jan 9, to the wife of John O'Rourke, a son. Halifax, Jan 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Bellow, a son. Guysboro, Jan 5, to Dr. and Mrs. C. S. Elliot, a son. Amherst, Jan 8, to Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Silliker, a son. Amherst, Jan 8, to Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Munro, a daughter. Truro, Jan 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Clarke, a daughter. St. Croix, Dec 31, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ross, a daughter. Windsor, Jan 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ward, a daughter. Halifax, Jan 9, to Mr. and Mrs. John Binyag, a daughter. St. John, Jan 16, to the wife of H. V. Moras, a daughter. River Philip, Jan 8, to Mr. and Mrs. Simon Webb, a daughter. Hallowell, Dec 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Landsburg, a daughter. Campbell, Jan 4, to the wife of George W. Lusk, a son. Amherst Point, Jan 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fillmore, a son. Springhill, Dec 28, to the wife of Murdoch A. McLeod, a son. Gulliver's Cove, Dec 30, to Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Raymond, a son. Onslow Station, N. S., Dec 18, to Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Johnston, a son. Shelton, Dec 28, to Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Fether, a daughter. Upper Economy, Dec 24, to Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Elliott, a daughter. Colchester, Jan 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur MacAvondale, a son. Avondale, Jan 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Edmund McCarty, a daughter. Fort Lawrence, Jan 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Clark, a daughter. Clarks Harbor, Jan 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Nickerson, a daughter. West Pabodie, Jan 5, to Mr. and Mrs. Octave D'Artemont, a daughter.

MARRIED. England, Dec 15, Frederick Coomer and Evelyn Annie Bruce. Milton, Jan 4, by Rev. A. Ernie, John F. Norman to Mary Ryan.

- Windsor, Dec 22, by Dr. R. M. Small, John L. Smith, to Annie. Halifax, Jan 12, by Rev. E. P. Furman, Lewis E. Smith to L. Mabel Jones. Amherst, Jan 9, by Rev. J. L. Barry, Emma O'Brien to John C. O'Brien. Milton, Jan 8, by Rev. D. W. Johnson, Georgia Brown to John E. Allen. Shelton, Dec 28, by Rev. E. A. Heath, Wm. McLeod to Miss Gessner. Amherst, Dec 28, by Rev. F. W. Murray, David Wagon to Jan May North. Truro, Jan 2, by Rev. T. L. Heston, C. E. Fenn to E. Edith Gosselin. Windsor, Dec 19, by Rev. W. Phillips, William F. Safford to Lillie E. Green. Shelton, Dec 28, by Rev. C. G. McCully, John C. O'Brien, to Julia Margaret. Chatham, Jan 4, by Rev. J. Lockwood, Basile A. Oickle to Joseph E. Duroe. Pictou, Jan 11, by Rev. A. J. Prosser, Joshua Elliot to Miss A. B. Gosselin. Shelton, Dec 28, by Rev. W. M. Tullis, Christina Fleming to William Murray. Leominster, Jan 18, by Rev. E. How, Mary Ellen Frushka to John Gosselin. Halifax, Dec 28, by Rev. E. P. Caldwell, John L. Graves to Miss M. M. Oickle. Five Mile Plains, Jan 11, by Rev. A. A. Shaw, H. H. Greer, Jan 4, by Rev. W. L. Parker, Archibald Venter to Miss E. M. Spavel. Central Economy, Dec 24, by Rev. Andrew Gray, L. M. Abbott to Miss Roberts. Amherst, Dec 27, by Rev. Herbert White, Richard Johnson to Lillian Oickle. Middle Musquodochuk, Jan 11, by Rev. E. Smith, Sydney E. Taylor to Miss Ervin. Hantsport, Jan 2, by Rev. G. E. White, Mr. Havelock to Miss E. M. Spavel. Bear River, Jan 11, by Rev. J. Lockwood, Fanny Oickle to William F. Gosselin. Truro, Dec 18, by Rev. G. O'Brien, Rev. Leroy Sumner Bates to Fanny Mary Ryan. Buxton, Dec 28, by Rev. C. H. Manston, Edward M. Dickie to Flora G. Gossner. Eagle Head, Jan 9, by Rev. Francis G. Barry, Mrs. Mary Martin to Catherine Barrow. Everset, Mass., Dec 24, by Rev. W. B. Bannister, Charles S. Meek, to Katherine Lippner. Margaret's Bay, Jan 11, by Rev. H. Mackenzie, Bridgewater, Jan 4, by Rev. W. E. Gelling, Caroline Covey to Mary Elizabeth Hirtle. Pictou, Dec 27, by Rev. E. E. Estabrook, Isaac Stewart to Miss Laura Farnock. St. Croix, Dec 28, by Rev. M. S. Harty, Mr. Geo. W. Monner to Miss Blanche Cookman. Lower Wolfville, Jan 3, by Rev. T. A. Higgins, Theo. Oickle to Mrs. Annie Caldwell. Amherst, Jan 16, by Rev. D. A. Stee, D. D. Martin Robinson to Miss Amelia Cookman. Upper Port LaTour, Dec 28, by Rev. J. Hiram Davis, Levi Reynolds to Georgina Watson. Sheg Harbour, Dec 31, by Rev. Charles H. Huusala, James W. Matheson to Annie D. Nickerson. White Point, Dec 28, by Rev. A. W. M. Harrier, M. A. Andrew Farquhar to Beatie Ernest. Temperance Vale, York Co., Dec 24, by Rev. Wm. Ross, B. A. Charles E. Woodman to Ida J. Conry. Upper Port LaTour, Dec 28, by Rev. J. Hiram Davis, Charles William Nickerson to F. Corcoran N. Thomas.

DIED.

- Calais, Jan 1, Rachel Pool, 78. Boston, Jan 18, Catherine Hill. St. John, Jan 18, Mary Egan, 82. Truro, Jan 8, James Wright, 90. Halifax, Jan 10, Thomas Fox, 72. Calais, Jan 1, Maria Treaham, 79. Tuxedo, Jan 11, John Halseid, 63. Dumbarton, Jan 6, Susan Boyd, 94. Eastport, Jan 1, William Foley, 19. Milford, Jan 4, Nell McKean, 28. Dumbarton, Jan 7, William Goss, 74. Halifax, Jan 16, Louisa S. Street, 85. Half x, Jan 16, William Goss, 20. Pictou, Dec 30, Leah Collins, 64. Halifax, Jan 14, Margaret Peters, 67. Green 14, Jan 11, Abigail McKay, 79. Weston, Jan 10, Loree W. Santor, 30. Upper Mills, Jan 9, Rosa Baldwin, 88. St. John, Jan 18, Howard Marshall, 55. Yarmouth, Jan 9, Joseph Hamilton, 82. Great Village, Jan 8, Mr. James Falar. Codroy, N.S., Jan 3, Michael Doris, 19. Lynn 14, Jan 9, Major D. Getchell, 71. Wolfville, Jan 15, Arthur L. Calhoun, 37. Calais, Jan 10, Miss Frances M. Tyler, 27. Westville, Jan 12, Mrs. Daniel Arnold, 37. Chatham, Mass., Jan 8, Thomas Doan, 60. Ingersoll, Ont., Dec 17, John Robertson, 76. Yarmouth, Jan 7, Mrs. Naomi Nickerson, 28. New York, Dec 16, Capt. James Tewbury. Beaver Harbor, Jan 10, Mrs. W. D. Cross 60. Boston, Mass., Jan 1, Mr. David McElroy, 63. South Boston, Jan 11, Mrs. Isabella Doull, 64. Logan's Tannery, Dec 29, Edmund Freligh, 66. Brookville, Dec 29, Mrs. Catherine Robinson, 87. Amherst, Jan 4, Ada, wife of John Portier, 87. North Shore, Jan 9, Eusebia May Fraser, 2 years. Cambridgeport, Mass., Jan 11, Mrs. Eliza Card. Little Falls, N. J., Jan 9, Ossie Dompierre, 23. Fort Clyde, Dec 18, Charles Gavin Swanburg, 24. Lower Newswicks, Jan 10, Martha C. McPhee, 85. Bloomfield, York Co., Jan 5, Margaret E. Elmsley, 64. Glenwood, Jan 6, Mary A., wife of Darius Kenney, 49. Amherst, Jan 9, Eliza, wife of John W. Trewhinn, 68. At sea, Nov 16, Capt. David Franklin Faulkner, 62. Souths, England, Dec 25, William W. Taylor, 90. McGrath's Mountain, Jan 7, James William Reid, 19. Halifax, Jan 11, Annabella, wife of Walter Sheppard, 59. St. Stephen, Jan 9, Aubrey C., son of George and Ella Pike. Cape North, Jan 9, Mary, daughter of John McDonald. Halifax, Jan 10, Alicia, widow of the late James Culler, 76. Mill Village, Dec 29, Jennie, wife of John McKinnon, 80. North Sydney, Jan 7, Agnes, wife of Neil McKinnon, 80. Maywood, Illinois, Jan 4, Gustie, wife of James S. Stephens. Cape No. 10, Jan 2, Leonard, son of Capt. Allen McPherson, 8. Wintry, N. S., Jan 9, Margaret Elizabeth, wife of D. D. Davis. Digby, Jan 5, Beatie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Barz, 4. Hammond Plains, Jan 7, Barbara Ellen, wife of John Jackson, 62. St. John, Jan 18, Rebecca, widow of the late George Baird, 85. London, Eng., Jan 15, Mary, wife of Dr. John Dixon, M. D., 84. Bridgeton, Jan 12, Margaret, widow of the late James Gunnig, 60. Roxbury, Mass., Jan 7, Agnes Grace, wife of Daniel T. Hogan, 81. Tyndal Hill, N. S., Dec 18, Margaret, wife of Donald Chappell, 84. Lynn, Mass., Dec 9, Mary E., daughter of William and Hannah Compton. Matthews, Jan 8, Mary-Elles, child of Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Donnell. New Glasgow, Jan 11, Catherine, widow of the late Edward Greenick 41. St. George, Jan 7, Pearl, child of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bradshaw, 4 months.

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RAILROADS. Dominion Atlantic Ry. On and after Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1899, the Steamship and Train service of this Railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Edward, Monday, Thursday and Saturday. Lve. St. John at 11 a.m., ar. Digby 10 00 a.m. Lve. Digby at 1 00 p.m., ar. St. John, 3 45 p.m.

S.S. Prince George, BOSTON SERVICE. By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express. Returns leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4 00 p.m. and leaves on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamship and Palace Car Express Trains, Thursday and Saturday.

Intercolonial Railway. On and after Monday, the 3rd October, 1898, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax. Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou. Express for Pictou, New Glasgow and Pictou. Express for Pictou, New Glasgow and Pictou. Express for Pictou, New Glasgow and Pictou.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Pictou. Express from Pictou, New Glasgow and Pictou. Express from Pictou, New Glasgow and Pictou. Express from Pictou, New Glasgow and Pictou.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. TRAVEL IN COMFORT - BY - TOURIST SLEEPERS. leaving Montreal every THURSDAY at 11 a.m. Montreal to Yarmouth. Montreal to Yarmouth. Montreal to Yarmouth.

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