

the rest of it. I suppose I
 take his qualification for the
 body absent from the
 him up for election. Did
 to be too much of a
 his place in the average
 to tell him.

At About Treatment.
 son of a rich and fond
 body, the old man had set him
 four different ventures, but
 the young man has sold out
 not more than a few months.

came home after a short
 goods merchant in Kansas
 that what he really wanted
 was it. He had tried nearly
 as and there was something
 and independent life of the
 wrongly appealed to him. He
 settle down for good if his
 supply a farm.

ther brought 160 fertile acres
 a town, laid out several
 in the purchase of live
 had the old farmhouse
 started his son as a master of
 or the most favorable circum-

the first week or two the
 ambition to bring a living
 ready failed. He let the land
 to look after themselves and
 his time sitting around the
 and the cigar store in town.
 ver months went by in this
 had not been for the care of
 hired man there would have
 of the farm. Sometimes for
 the young farmer remained
 and his long absence
 of his agricultural experi-
 a matter of common gossip.
 his fond father happened into
 a store and was met by the
 victor.

your son has become a
 Scientist," said the cigar man.
 you talking about?"
 re son has become a Christian
 on bought him a farm three
 ago, didn't you?"

been giving the farm absent
 or since, hasn't he?"

The Baby Member.
 member of the house is Cong.
 Carolina. He is only 27 yrs.
 20. He was private secre-
 Cong. Stokes, and when
 d was voted by a grateful
 into the vacant seat.

at 11 45 Bert Kennedy, assist-
 er warns all persons not en-
 floor to vacate, "the rules of
 quiring the same." For three
 ly saw a small boy sitting at
 oolly disregarding the official
 retire. He threw his piping,
 voice in the direction of the
 out effect. On the third day
 his troubles to Amos Cum-

don't get out of here before
 I'll throw him out, said
 asked Cummings.
 ver there, replied Kennedy,
 ever's direction.
 throw him out, said Cummings.
 inquired Kennedy.
 remarked Cummings, you
 our job. He is a member of

didn't say a word, and Lever
 disturbed.

A White Flamingo.
 which no doubt afforded satis-
 the perpetrators was recently
 post commandant in Cuba, who
 fortune to be unpopular with
 A New York paper tells the

two fads. He be-
 and plenty of it, assert-
 the most effective preventive
 diseases ever discovered; and he
 ch attached to a pet flamingo.
 being kept in captivity, and
 resentment by nipping at every
 passed his way. For the sold-
 nothing to do but to mutter
 oath, and wait for revenge.

ing an order came from head-
 at articles pertaining to the
 were not sheltered from the
 did be whitewashed. Later in
 commandant went out to look
 flamingo. He found him as
 driven snow.
 row of the soldiers, the bird
 treatment.

an I got some of Holloway's
 I was entirely cured of my
 remedy and I wish some
 my friends. S. J. Miller, Mr.
 Chicago.

He was a universal man, a man who
 who had a tear and a white over at his
 command, and could vary both with mock
 professions of pure justice and generous
 intent, of a clean heart and a white con-
 science. He passed from both for a moment
 occasionally to wheedle a coin from
 your pocket or to extract a promise of an
 old hat or pair of boots.

You felt instinctively that he was a
 Christian. There was no spark in him of
 the mischief which refuses to be entirely
 degraded. He was a mere piece of sordid
 flesh and bone—as sordid as his dirty
 neckerchief, or his greasy coat, or his
 battered torn hat, or his boots, purposely
 full of holes to attract sympathy.

"No," said he in a tragic tone, "I want
 no better life than this. What care I for
 life? Nothing—nothing!"

The fellow was furtively eyeing his
 listener, and already wondering what sort
 of subject he would prove.

"And yet," he exclaimed, with his arms
 turned out, "tis an evil fate that holds me
 to it!" His tone had now descended to the
 pathetic. "That fate is here—here—
 here!" He tapped his forehead; he had
 once been "super" in a small theatre, and
 retained some of "the profession's" man-
 nerisms.

"Me ber-rain is seared by the memory
 of me ker-rime! Yet it was no ker-rime.
 I dip me brother no intentional hurt—
 and I followed him meurning to the ker-
 save!"

Charlie was better off than I was, better
 dressed than I was, better looking than I
 was. Though, added the rascal in a tone
 of self-conscious pride, I was not ill
 cured in my time.

I took his money readily. I set down his
 socks. I sang his praises in every place
 I swung the censor of income eternally in
 his face, and Charlie—poor creature—
 loved all I uttered.

Dick, said he to me one day, I mean to
 marry little Nellie Armstrong.

Never? said I.

sa, said he. Had you penetrated
 me, nearest soul you would have seen there,
 written large, rage, 'ste, malice, and all
 hanccharitableness. I loathed the well-
 groomed top! How the rascal sneered!
 His love-making proceeded well.

Everybody felt that it was a most suitable
 match—everybody but me. I made myself
 pleasing and presentable to Nellie. She
 never had the slightest idea of the mad-
 dening passion that possessed me—neither
 had Charlie.

He told me of their love-moments, of
 the vows they had exchanged, of the hopes
 they cherished. And I 'stad—ow I 'tated
 him!—though outwardly I was all con-
 gratulations.

Charlie went one day to see his uncle,
 an old man who lived thirty miles away,
 and from whom he was expected to inherit
 a fortune. He was to return next day.

What a night divided them two
 days! No man or woman could remember
 another like it. The country seemed a

I was at the Armstrongs that night, and
 I shared with Nellie—that is, apparently I
 did—my glad joy that Charlie was not
 riding home until the morrow. Old Mr.
 Armstrong had been persuading me to
 stop there that night, and just as I had
 consented there came a crash as though
 the very heavens had been rent asunder.
 We knew it was not thunder—we knew
 that there had been a more material cause
 than that. Some of us pushed out. The
 cause was then made apparent. There,
 not a hundred yards before us, the road,
 sodden with continuous rain, built on an
 uneasy foundation, had disappeared!

The thought came upon me even as I
 looked that this was a repetition of the
 sunken road at Waterloo. You remem-
 ber the incident? Napoleon had bidden
 the flower of his cavalry "all that might
 against us. They galloped on in all
 their paopified fury. They knew not that
 the road had sunk in the night. First one
 or two of the vanguard went over, then
 tens and twenties, then hundreds—until
 that gulf was a 'deous mass of dead men
 and horses—mutilated, 'opeless, crushed.

What if Charlie had been riding along
 that road. That was my thought.

I looked at Nellie. She was pale as
 death, and trembling; the same thought
 had come to her. A mock compassion
 beamed from my eyes as we exchanged a
 glance of sympathy.

I left the Armstrongs betimes, and my
 first care was to walk five miles away to
 the 'Orange Tree' inn—I knew Charlie

I knew my man. I knew that attempt
 would keep him from his sweetheart's side,
 and that once his horse was reined he
 would gallop to her with all the speed the
 animal could command.

I thought of this speed with 'appy
 gratitude. It would not allow him to per-
 ceive the gulf. Over and over he would
 go, and in my madness I revelled in the
 thought! Oh, in' human me!

All at once, I stopped paralysed with
 fear. What if my letter were found upon
 his body? It would be no evidence
 against me; but it would show that, con-
 sciously or unconsciously, I had lured him
 to his doom.

I must get that letter. But 'ow?
 As good luck would have it, I had left a
 book at the Armstrongs'. I determined to
 make that my excuse for going towards
 the house just at the hour when Charlie
 would be hurrying thither.

I crept to the side of the road. Con-
 cealed by an ever-reaching tree and by
 the darkness of the night, I listened
 intently. It was a moment of maddening
 suspense.

Suddenly the sound of 'orses' 'oo's fell
 on my hazy ears! I listened more
 intently. The 'orseman was coming
 towards me at a breakneck speed. It was
 Charlie! He would soon be a 'odded
 inert mass mingling with another earth.
 And Nellie would be free for me to woo!
 Oh, yes, I would win her—of that I felt
 certain!

The 'orse was on the very verge of

the fact at the
 I was a heavy man—my eyes were
 eyes, broken necked and dead. I stum-
 bled over something—else—it was a man,
 Charlie—for I felt it was he—moaned in
 his dying anguish.

I ran my hand through his pockets and
 seized every scrap of paper. Then I sped,
 shouting wildly, to the Armstrongs. The
 door was thrown open, and there in a flood
 of light stood—Charlie Davis.

What hideous nightmare was this. Had
 Charlie already come to accuse me of my
 crime? Did his ghost already menace me.
 I stumbled and fell, and Charlie caught
 me. His hands were flesh and blood, there
 there was no doubt about that!

Why, I gasped, I thought you were over
 the sunken road!

Oh, he replied, with a merry laugh. I
 received your note at the Orange Tree, and
 galloped over here while it was starlight.
 I saw the danger in time.

Who, then, was the victim?

"Oh, I know, old man, he added, seizing
 me by the hand. You had forgotten the
 sunken road when you wrote that note, so
 you hurried up here to warn me. I say,
 Nellie," said he turning to his sweetheart,
 "it isn't every fellow who has a friend like
 Dick, is it? You're to be my best man,
 old chap. We've decided that tonight."

I turned cold at these words, but colder
 still at the thought of the poor fellow who
 had gone headlong, shrieking, into that pit
 of death. I knew I might have saved him.

"But, Charlie, I hurriedly asseverated,
 'somebody went over into that terrible
 depth. I heard his shriek. Quick—give
 me a lantern!"

Hushed, walking cautiously, peering
 anxiously, with lanterns flashing hither
 and thither, we approached the awful gap.

Charlie was the first to reach it; a cry
 came from him—Dick go the house!
 Dick, go away! He was bending over a
 body.

I cast one glance on that form. I
 knelt by it. I knew the victim at once.
 It was my own brother—Jack! It was he
 who had gone to his doom!

In a moment the full 'evidence of my
 crime burst upon me. With a cry I rushed
 away blindly through the black fury of the
 gale. Somehow I got home at last, and
 in my pocket found the papers I had taken
 from Jack. One was in my father's writ-
 ing, and addressed to me.

"Come, my dear boy, come at once," it
 ran. "Jack will tell you more; your poor
 mother cannot live through the night. She
 has had a terrible accident. Come, my
 dear Dick! She is calling for you."

Well, mother died, and Nellie married
 Charlie, and I—became what I am!

"Thanks," said the fellow a moment later
 with a grin, as his glance alighted upon the
 coins that had been slipped into his hand—
 "thank you kin dly. Glad you liked the
 yarn. Come again, and I'll commit hell a
 dozen more murders for the money.

He grinned an adieu, and once more
 took his stand on the kerb.

"Please buy a box of matches to help
 me to get a night's lodging! I only want
 thruppence, gen'lmen," he whispered
 plaintively to the first comer.



On The Balcony

A SCIENTIFIC VOICE IMPROVER.
 Because of its strengthening influence upon
 the vocal chords, Catarrhoxone cannot
 be too highly recommended as a wonder-
 ful voice improver. It almost instantly
 removes huskiness or hoarseness, thus in-
 suring clearness and brilliancy of tone.
 Catarrhoxone keeps the mucous surfaces
 in perfect condition, and its regular use
 absolutely prevents colds and throat irri-
 tation, thereby removing the singer's great-
 est source of anxiety, unfitness of voice.
 The most eminent speakers and Prima
 Donnas would not be without Catarrhoxone
 and credit in no small degree their uniform
 strength and brilliancy of tone to its in-
 fluence. The hard rubber inhaler fits con-
 veniently into a purse or vest pocket, and
 may be used in the church, theatre, any
 place or time. Complete outfit \$1.00.
 Small size 25c. Druggist or Pelson &
 Co., Kingston, Ont.

Corn Lightning
 That's Putnam's Corn Extractor. Gives
 corns tired feeling in about twenty-four
 hours. They consequently get out as they
 cannot keep up the pain any longer—
 makes them weary—it's Putnam's Painless
 Corn Extract that does this. Now don't
 forget. All druggists.

On the Bargain Counter.
 A well known society woman was taking
 a drive in the park, says the New York
 Times. The coachman was too lively in
 his use of the whip, and nearly run it into
 another vehicle.

"James," said the lady after they had
 returned home, "you were very careless
 today. What was your head given you
 for if not to use?"

"Pardon, mum," replied James. "If I
 had any head I'd not be workin' for
 thirty five dollars a month!"

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ST JOHN, SATURDAY, FEB 7

EDITORIAL.

The final difficulties which delay the ransoming of Miss STONE are precisely those which always make trouble in like circumstances. One side has the money and offers to pay it. The other side has the captive, and offers to release her. But the money is for the captive's release, and the captive's release is for the money. Neither side will trust the other. Each side is eager to get, if possible, without giving. There is no mutual friend whom both can confide in. In cases of black-mail, the same kind of difficulties arise. Fortunately, that fact tends to make brigandage and everything of the sort unprofitable, and hence unattractive.

Pres. ELLIOT, in his annual report, says he finds no relation between athletic victory or defeat and the size of entering classes at Harvard University. But he does not say that he finds no relation between athletic victory or defeat and the size of entering wedges on the football field.

The suggestion has often been made, by good lawyers, that it would be well to have a 12th juror, to sit with the 12 and be ready to take the vacant place of any one of them if he were to fall sick. It is urged that by this expedient the cost and delay of trying a case all over again might often be prevented. The circumstance which compels the retrial of the Dickinson-Foster case is one which might be provided for in a similar manner.

It would not be etiquette for any one to address Prince HENRY as Prince HARRY. Nevertheless, that form of the name has some high historical and literary associations. One of the men whom the Sons of Furians delight to honor, because he was the friend of New England and of New England's friend in old England, is affectionally known as Sir HARRY VANE. The roystering but right royal youth who became King HENRY V. was never displeased, even after he won the transcendent victory of Agincourt, to be greeted by his intimate friends as Madcap HARRY. The Hoispur whom Shakespeare sets forth in such glowing terms, in King HENRY IV, as a foil to the king's son, would scarcely be recognized by any student of the historical drama if he were called HENRY PERCY, instead of HARRY Percy. And what noble courtier of them all, in the good old days, could have got on without swearing, 'By the Lord HARRY?'

A great many Americans were once looking forward with greedy anticipation to the time when Vice-President ROOSEVELT would preside over legislative sessions of the U. S. senate. That time was destined never to come. But Pres. FRYE manages to make things interesting for obstreperous members who do not control that most unruly member, the tongue.

If SANTOS-DUMONT continues to navigate his airship at Monte Carlo, he may indeed do what so many other people have tried in vain to do, 'break the bank. For it is likely enough that the gay gamblers there will stop betting on the roulette wheel, and stake their money on what is going to happen to the flying machine.

A Real Aristocrat.

A London gentleman who owns a beautiful collie keeps him provided, as is usual, with a collar, on which his name and address are engraved. Some one asked him recently whether this had ever served to bring the dog back to him, and the question led to the relation of an amusing incident, which is reported in the Boston Herald.

On one occasion I lost Scott in Piccadilly.

illy. You know how much I rush about in the hansom cabs. Well, Scott always goes with me. We travel a good many miles a week together in this way; but on one occasion I was walking and missed him. I searched for him, but did not find him.

The crowd was great, and the street traffic drowned my whistle; so, after waiting a while and looking about pretty thoroughly, I went back home without him hoping he might find his way back himself.

In about two hours after my arrival a hansom cab drove up to the door, and out jumped Scott. The cabman rang for his fare, and thinking he had captured the dog in some way, I asked him how and where he found him.

'Oh, sir,' he said, 'I didn't hail him at all. He hailed me. I was a standing close by St. James Church a-looking out for a fare, when in jumps the dog.'

'Like his impudence,' says I. So I shouts through the window; but he wouldn't stir. Then I gets down and tries to pull him out, and shows him my whip; but he sits still and barks, as much as to say, 'Go on, old man.'

When I takes him by the collar I reads the name and address. All right, my fine gentleman, says I. I'll drive you where you're a-wanted, I dare say.

So I shuts to the door, and my gentleman settle himself himself with his head just looking out, and I drives on till I stops at this here gate, when out jumps my passenger, a-clearing the door, and walks in as calmly as though he'd been a regular fare.

I gave the cabman a liberal fee and congratulated Scott on his intelligence, instinct, reason or whatever it may be, that told him that as hansom cabs had often taken him safely home before a hansom cab would probably do it again, seeing that he had lost his master and could not find his way.

St. Lucy, St. Lucia.

Barah, the first Duchess of Marlborough, whose tempestuous character looked many of the ordinary graces of womanliness, was yet sincerely loved by the two persons who knew her best—her husband, the Duke of Marlborough, and the 'good' Queen Anne. Among the many pictures which Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy, the latest biographer of the duchess, has incorporated in his 'Life' is one which is not only lively but charming.

On the death of the duke the duchess found, in a cabinet where he kept all that he most valued, a mass of her hair. Years before, when he had thwarted her in something, she resolved to mortify him; and knowing that her beautiful and abundant hair was a source of pride and delight to him, she had it cut off.

The shorn tresses were left in a room through which the duke must pass, and in a place where he must see them—for whatever Marlborough's lady did, she did thoroughly. But he came and went, saw and spoke to her, and showed neither anger nor surprise.

When he next quitted the house she ran to see her tresses, but they had disappeared, and on consulting her looking glass, she saw how foolish a thing she had done, but she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did the duke. She never knew what had become of them until, after the death of the duke, she found them among those things which he had held most precious.

The Drop of Valentines.

We are promised a revival in the matter of valentine sending this season. This is owing partly to the fact that the valentines offered are of greater artistic beauty than usual. Some are designed by the best

artists of the country, while the comic variety are clever, witty little bits of the folklies of lovers rather than silly, often vulgar, ones exhibited in the past.

Among the latest offerings in St. Valentin's realm is a novel idea called Cupid's vote. This is a copy of the resignation voting ticket altered to suit the circumstances and filled in by the sender. The football boy is patterned after the familiar jumping jack toy, and by means of a silk cord he can be moved to any number of grotesque attitudes. His expression is very comical, too. A golf or a baseball player and several others may be had.

Among the old-fashioned love token valentines a violin is quiet and pretty. They are made of puff-d silk, with the neck decorated in black and gold tinsel strings, a satin bridge and floral sprays complete it.

The centre sentimental valentine has a large embossed postage stamp from Love Land in the centre that produces quite a novel effect. The golfer will be pleased with the valentine made of a green cartridge paper pad, on which is lithographed figure of a golfer, together with a miniature ball and stick.

Solomon On The Tramp.

'Say, Weary.'
'Wot?'
'I was readin' about Solomon one day.'
'Dat's too hard work. Wot did you do after when you didn't need to?'
'I dunno. I wasn't meself dat day. But he must of been one of us once. He knew so much about de feelin'. He says: 'De sluggard burieth his hand in de dirt It wearieth him to bring it again to his mouth.'

'Dat settles it, Limpey. Its a cinch dat Solomon was de foist in de business. No man could write dem things wit' on feelin' it.'

'Thirdly' Was Missing.

Doctor Gordon, who was the first minister of the church in Jamaica Plain, about the year 1771, was a Scotchman, very stern and arbitrary in his manners, and precise and orderly in his own habits. The following anecdote of him is recorded in the family journal of one of his old parishioners.

One Sunday while preaching he began to develop his theme with the usual 'firstly,' and got through that and 'secondly.' Then turning the leaves of his manuscripts he said: 'Thirdly,' a second time 'Thirdly,' and again in great embarrassment, 'Thirdly?'

Just then a little girl in one of the front pews stood up and said: 'Please, sir, thirdly flew out of the window some time ago.'

Patriotic Blood.

Out in Cincinnati there is an Irishman who, like many other good Irishmen, is firm in his loyalty to his native land.

One morning not long ago he was at work near the top of a telephone pole, painting it a bright green, when the pot of paint slipped and splashed on the sidewalk.

A few minutes later another Irishman came along. He looked at the paint, then at his countryman on the ladder, coming down the pole and inquired, with anxiety in his tone:

'Doherty, Doherty, hov' ye had a himorrhage?'

Fenton-Smith—I thought you had made a highly favorable impression on that Boston young woman.

Benton Jones—So I thought; but she writes, in reply to my proposal, that she could never trust her life's happiness with a man who puts postage stamps on upside down.



PLAY MATES.

These are heart-healthy...
Tobacco, if...
Grea...
facture of...
Tobacco, to...
ingredients...
effects. If...
brands, try...
nable. Sav...
choice of 15...
good from...
1903.
Write for...
Catalogue...
Ltd. 47 Cote...
Tags...
uary 1st,
We sponge...
pair button...
minor repair...
your wardrobe...
A suit of cl...
from spots...
man's appear...
Ungars La...
Cleaning wo...
Telephone...
Cook's...
Is su...
10,000 L...
your dr...
ment. Take no...
imitations are...
box No. 2, 10 d...
1 or 2, mailed...
stamp. The...
No. 1 and...
responsible Dr...
No. 1—and...
by all respons...

...and in the church in Jamaica Plain, about 1771, was a Scotchman, very arbitrary in his manners, and and exactly in his own habits. Following anecdote of him is recorded in a journal of one of his old ones.

Sunday while preaching he began to develop his theme with the usual and got through that and 'second-then turning the leaves of his book he said: Thirdly, a second 'thirdly,' and again in great excitement, 'Thirdly!'

...on-Smith—I thought you had a very favorable impression on Boston young woman.

...on Jones—So I thought; but she in reply to my proposal, that she never trust her life's happiness with who puts postage stamps on upside

Friend Charles asked Quaker, 'why does then use the buffalo robe with the hair side out?' That is the way the buffalo wore it, was the reply. 'But, rejoined the Quaker, the buffalo wore it with the hair side toward us.'

Don't hand out money for things that are not the best. Many washing-powders that seem to work well are unfit to use. PEARLINE costs only a trifle more than the poor and dangerous. The absolute safety of PEARLINE has been thoroughly tested and proved. Make sure nothing is used to save work at expense of your clothes. Pearline—Safe and Saving



The past week has been one of special gaiety. Many dances and at home were given and thoroughly enjoyed by those present. One of the pleasantest being the dance given by Mrs. Keltie Jones. The ball room was converted into a perfect bower of flowers, long festoons of similar adorning the walls, while the mantels were banked with ferns, palms, roses and carnations. The dining room, library, reception room and parlors were also beautifully decorated. A large number were present and many handsome costumes were worn. A long programme of dances were gone through for which Harrison's orchestra furnished music.

When You Want a Real Tonic ask for ST. AGUSTINE'S (Registered Brand) of Pelee Wine. GAGTOWN, Sept. 21, 1899. E. G. SCOVIL, — Having used both we think the St. Augustine referable to Vin Mariani as a tonic. JOHN C. CLOWES. E. G. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street

ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Aunt Hood. Cure Sick Headache. For Headache, for Dizziness, for Biliousness, for Torpid Liver, for Constipation, for Sallow Skin, for the Complexion.

RAILROADS. Intercolonial Railway. On and after SUNDAY, October 30th, 1901, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows— TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Halifax and Campbellton... 7.00 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou... 12.15 Express for Mussey... 16.30 Express for Quebec and Montreal... 17.00 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney... 22.50 TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Sydney... 4.00 Express from Sussex... 8.30 Express from Montreal and Quebec... 12.45 Suburban express from Rouses Point... 13.50 Express from Halifax and Pictou... 18.00 Express from Halifax... 19.10 Express from Moncton Thursday only... 2.00 Daily, except Monday. All trains run by Eastern Standard time 24.00 o'clock to midnight. D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., October 16, 1901. GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A., 710 St. John, N. B.

Corticelli Skirt Protector should not be used as a binding—it is a physical impossibility for any kind of a binding to outwear a skirt. Corticelli Protector Braid should be sewed on flat—not turned over—one or two rows of stitching—one at upper edge of braid and the second near the bottom of the skirt. Put on thus it is a real "protector"—its perfect shade match makes a desirable bottom finish for any skirt. Sold everywhere 4 cents a yard. The genuine has this label. Corticelli

That Famous English Home Dye Maypole Soap! Washes and Dyes at one operation. 2c for colors—15 cents for black. Sold everywhere.

No Danger. There is no danger of heart burn or heart troubles from the use of Cheving Tobacco, if it has been properly manufactured. Great care is taken in the manufacture of 'Old Fox' and 'Bobs' Cheving Tobacco, to use only pure and wholesome ingredients, which will leave no bad after-effects. If you are not already using these brands, try them. Even the tags are valuable. Save them and you can have your choice of 150 handsome presents and are good from January 6th to January 1st 1903. Write for our new illustrated premium Catalogue. The Empire Tobacco Co. Ltd. 47 Cote St. Montreal. Tags are good up to January 1st, 1903. 'Wardrobe Department.' We sponge, press, sew on buttons, repair button holes, rents, etc, and make all minor repairs to all clothing contained in your wardrobe for \$1.00 per month. A suit of clothes well pressed and free from spots and stains adds greatly to a man's appearance. Ungars Laundry Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning work. Telephone 58.

"77" A GARGLE of salt and water strengthens the throat, takes away the scraggy feeling at the beginning of a Cold—"77" does the rest. WOOLEN worn next the skin 'keeps in' the heat; "77" strengthens and revives the low vitality and prevents Colds. DRY FEET are essential to good health. Keep the feet warm and dry, and "77" will keep you well. BATHE frequently; be sure to rub dry and get up the circulation after the bath; a dose of "77" will assist nature. KEEP the mouth closed, breathe through the nose. If this is difficult, you have Catarrh and need "77." LET the beard grow if your throat is sensitive, and take "77"—it cures hoarseness and restores the voice. "SEVENTY-SEVEN" ("77") Dr. Humphreys' Famous Specific, stops a cold at the start, and 'breaks up' Colds that hang on. At all druggists. At all Druggists 25 cents per bottle on receipt price. BROWN'S BOOK BINDING PRESS, Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., Corner, John Streets, New York.

GALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER IS THE BEST DENTAL PRESERVATIVE. Has the Largest Sale of any Dentifrice. Sold by Chemists, Stores, &c. F. C. GALVERT & Co., Manchester, Eng.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Is especially used monthly by over 10,000 Ladies. Safe, effective. Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound. Take no other, as all mixtures, pills and imitations are dangerous. Price, No. 1, 25 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger, 50 per box. No. 1 or 2, mailed on receipt of price and two-cent stamp. The Cook Company, Windsor, Ontario, No. 1 and 2 are sold in St. John by all responsible Druggists.

scholars and friends on Friday night. The chief enjoyment of this evening was dancing which was enjoyed by mostly all present. Cards and other games were also provided for those who did not dance. About midnight the happy crowd dispersed. Mrs. A. Jordan left on the C. P. R. for Shediac on Thursday.

The Bachelor's Degree. The least sensational and most important topic discussed by Pres. Eliot of Harvard University, in his annual report, is the new rule that only college graduates can be admitted to the law, medical and theological departments.

The meaning of that new rule is immense. It is very new, having been brought into complete enforcement only within the past year. It means the longest stride which has been toward the general advancement of culture in this country since Harvard also led the way in the adoption of the system of elective studies. All the other great colleges and universities will, sooner or later, follow suit in this movement, as they have done in that one. Where Harvard sets the pace, her would-be rivals must hasten to keep step.

How great the change is, and will be, by which a full course of college education is required for entrance into professional schools, can be seen by examining the catalogues of the most prominent law, medical and theological institutions of learning for the past 25 years. It will be found, indeed, that there has been a gradual improvement in this respect; but that, nevertheless, a considerable proportion of their students had no college degrees. We think that most people would be absolutely amazed at discovering the truth. It is the common idea that 'the learned professions' are filled almost altogether by liberally educated men. They are filled with such to a very important extent; but if that can be said to be the rule, the exceptions are exceedingly numerous.

In New England the largest proportion of professional students having bachelors' degrees, will be found in theological seminaries the next largest in law schools, and the lowest in schools of medicine. But it is to be said, in justice to the medical profession, that within recent years the most vigorous movement for raising the standard of general, as well as of professional, scholarship within the ranks of 'the learned professionals,' has come from physicians.

Pres. Eliot points out that the requirements at Harvard for the degree of A. B. are not so burdensome but that capable and diligent students can graduate in three years. The privilege of doing so is a great innovation; and there is reason to think that an increasing number of students will avail themselves of it, being spurred on in many cases by the lengthening of the course required in post-graduate departments. It might not need to be said, but perhaps it does need to be, that the privilege of earning the A. B. degree in three years has not been provided by any letting down, whatsoever, of the standard of scholarship, either in quantity or in quality. Umbrellas made, recovered repaired at Duval's 17 Waterloo street.

BABY'S SKIN. In all the world there is no other treatment so pure, so sweet, so safe, so speedy, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, and hair, and eradicating every humor, as warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, and gentle anointings with CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure. Cuticura EVERY HUMOR. From Pimples to Scrofula cured by CUTICURA.

Baby's Own Soap. The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters clean, sweet, and fresh. It keeps their delicate skins in good order. Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an excellent as well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as on the nursery. Purity but certainly economy. Beware of imitations.

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DEAR SIR,—I enclose you herewith in full payment for shares of fully paid and non-assessable stock in the Canadian Dressed Poultry Company, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, as I wish to become a fully qualified shareholder and entitled to all the advantages of the Company, as described in the published Prospectus.

YOUR NAME, ADDRESS,

Perfectly written as weep.
Generally a photographer finds it easier to arrange a "scene effect" than to make a human being seem at home in it, but there are exceptions to the rule. A man came in the other day," says an artist, who relates the experience in Stray Stories, "and busied himself in looking over samples until I asked, 'Did you wish a sitting?'"
"I don't see anything like what I want," he replied.
"I told him that if he would indicate what he wanted I might arrange it."
"I don't know as you can," he said, "for I don't see anything at all like what I want. You see, it's like this," he explained. "I had a girl that I loved, and we were going to be married. She had her things made up, and we were all but ready, when she was taken ill and died. And what I wanted was a picture of me sitting on her grave, weeping."
"I was touched at the homely story of grief, and told him I could send a man with a camera to the grave, and have the picture taken as he desired."
"It's some distance," he said. "It's over in Ireland. I expect it'd cost a lot to send over your traps for what I want."
"I said it would."
"I thought," he answered, "that maybe you could rig up a grave here, in your shop, and I would weep on it, and it would do just as well. It's no trouble for me to weep anywhere."

Mr. Boughton, the English artist, while sketching in the Alps, was one day in search of a suitable background of dark pines for a picture he had planned. He found at last the precise situation he was seeking, and best of all, says Tit Bits, there happened to be a pretty detail in the figure of an old woman in the foreground.

I asked the old lady, said Mr. Boughton, to remain seated until I had made a sketch of her. She assented, but in a few minutes asked me how long I should be. Only about a quarter of an hour, I answered, reassuringly.

Three minutes or so later she again asked me—this time with manifest anxiety—if I should be much longer.

Oh, not long, I answered. But why do you ask so anxiously?
Oh, it's nothing, she sadly answered, only I'm sitting on an ant hill.

Yes, said the returned traveller, pointing out the place on the map. It was right here that I slipped off the mountain, and it was right here that I stopped sliding.
Man alive! we exclaimed. You pointed at Switzerland first, and then indicated Greece as your stopping point!
Well, he answered, I felt as if there was only a grease spot left when I lit.
And when we explained our provocation to the judge, he made the man pay the fine that had been assessed against us for striking him.

BORN.

Frederick, Jan 16, to the wife of M. A. Quigley, a son.
Newcastle, Jan 23, to the wife of F. J. Gahan, a son.
Hull, Jan 20, to the wife of William Tully, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Toronto, Jan 16, Charles P. H. to Ella Bertrand.
Toronto, Jan 16, James Ramsay to Ellen Lockhart.
Quebec, Jan 16, Allan Robertson to Alma Burns.
Windsor, Jan 16, Walter Meek to Lottie Robinson.
Windsor, Ont. Jan 18, Pierre Cambos to Mary Horne.
St. John, Jan 28, Charles Bostwick to Helen May Jarvis.
Hamilton, Ont. Jan 17, George Bowman to Annie Morrison.
Manitoba, Jan 16, Matthew White to Alice Marie Burnham.
St. Catharines, Ont. Jan 16, Dr. J. O. R. Fitzgerald to Bell Kilmer.
Lower Merivale, Kings Co. Jan 23, James Cameron to Annie Rankine.

DIED.

Toronto, Jan 18, Frank Kay.
Brooklyn, Carroll Rodgers, 18.
St. John, Jan 27, Alice O'Neill.
Ottawa, Jan 18, Wm. Horace Lee.
St. John, Jan 26, Amelia Smith, 63.
Brooklyn, Jan 21, Michael Murphy.
Brooklyn, Jan 24, James Williamson.
Quebec, Jan 18, John Gardner aged 79.
Brooklyn, Jan 26, Mary M. Flynn, 60.
Ottawa, Jan 18, James Moylan aged 76.
Brooklyn, Jan 24, James A. Walsh, 64.
Newry, Ont. Jan 17, Ann Baxter aged 81.
Brooklyn, Jan 24, Hollis Knatch, 69.
London, Eng., Jan 26, Mary Ellen Almon.
New Jersey, Jan 26, Anna Augusta Phelan.
Quebec, Ont. Jan 2, John Craig aged 80.
Montreal, Jan 21, William MacKinnon aged 62.
St. John, west end, Jan 26, Aaron T. Kearney, 47.
St. John, west end, Jan 26, John O. McLeod, 78.
St. John, Lake, Clarence Herbert Townsend, 28.
St. John, N. Y., Jan 26, Abigail Clark Williams.
Bristol, Surrey, Eng., Francis Augustus Deely, aged 38.
St. John, N. Y., Jan 21, Ray Wm. Gore Lester, aged 75.
Windsor, Jan 18, Thomas Cull, formerly of Liverpool, Quebec.
Jan 26, Mary Black, widow of the late Adam Dryden, 18 Jan 25 year.

Why Croup is Fatal.

When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough, or it may attack without warning. All ill children develop quickly, and when any kind of cough appears there should be something at hand to stop it with promptness. Many a child has choked to death with croup because the right remedy was not convenient. Every one should know that the right safeguard for a child's cough or any cough is Adams' Cough Balm. With this soothing compound in the house, croup is always easily checked and relieved.
To give a child a "cough mixture" containing a narcotic is a very serious matter, yet most preparations contain something of this kind. Adams' Cough Balm is prepared from the purest extracts of herbs and roots and gums of trees, and is altogether in every respect a safe remedy. Where ever it touches an inflamed surface, it heals and soothes it. Nothing ever compounded for cough is so harmless and nothing so efficacious. Adams' Cough Balm is an old remedy and it has never lost a friend through failure to help. Keep it in the house. Try it on your own cough and do your child a good turn by being ready on any emergency. Price 25c, at any druggist's.

Mrs. Chatterton (at the opera in whisper)—Henry can't you lock bias?
Chatterton (wearily)—Great Scott, no I'm too bored!

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc.; and many persons are attacked from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

He's a grandfather and yet he's going to marry that young Miss Kittie Skittish!
Yes. He's old enough not to know any better.

Billionaire Burton's Life. The billionaire man is never companionable because his almost renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not so dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach they restore men to cheerfulness and full vigor of action.

The milkman's cart tipped over and spilled 40 quarts of milk.
Oh, no; only 20.
He told me 40.
But he wasn't allowing for the water you know.

Useful at all Times.—In winter or in summer Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

The woman who bosses other women always likes to pose as a martyr to their stupidity.

Death Comes to All.—But it need not come prematurely if proper precautions are taken. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and to have prevention at hand and allow a disease to work its will is wickedness. Dr. Thomas' Eucalyptic Oil not only allays pain when applied externally, but will prevent lung troubles resulting from colds and coughs. Try it and be convinced.

Weak Back and Spinal Pains

Pains in the back number their victims in thousands. Only very powerful and penetrating remedies will reach these distressing complaints, but Polson's Nervine is a sure to cure them as anything in this world can be sure. Rub Nervine over the sore parts night and morning, and see how quickly it drives out the pain. Five times stronger than any other. Good for internal and external use. Large bottles 25c.

The man who doubts his own capacity is generally right in his estimate.

People who know the least are always in the front rank of volunteer advisers.

Parents buy Mother Gray's Worm Expeller because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an efficient expeller of worms.

Royal Perfumes!

Royal Opoponox,
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by the celebrated Perfumer, Ed. PINAUD Paris. Also, a complete line of Rogers & Gallet, Piver, Courty and other choice Perfumers.

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Electric Passenger Elevator!

and all Modern Improvements.
D. W. McCORMACK, Proprietor

'Baltimore will be 172 years old next Thursday' said the Oldest Inhabitant, as he poked half the box of matches, and made the cigar man swear inwardly.
Then, from sheer force of habit, he continued—
'And I remember the day when I could have bought all the land the city stands on for \$2.30 and an old hat.'

The aunt and sister of the Columbia University professor who served a summons on that learned gentleman in a pie, are following dignified precedent. Death serves many a summons in a pie.

Job ... Printing.

Are your Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, or Envelopes running short? Do you consider that you could effect a saving in this part of your business? Why not secure quotations your work before placing an order?

Consult Us for Prices.

And you will find that you can get Printing of all kinds done in a manner and style that is bound to please you. We have lately added new type to our already well-equipped plant, and are prepared to furnish estimates on all classes of work at short notice.

Progress Job Printing Department.

29 to 31 Canterbury Street.

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

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100 Cts. V. Lilland XXX
100 " Tobus & Co.
100 " Moret, France.
10 " Octaves"
For sale low in bond for duty paid.

THOS. L. BOURKE

WATER STREET.

When a man acquires the idea that he is handsome, it is surprising how fast he seems to grow ugly.

"I have," said Mr. Kibler, "that there's a fellow working on an invention who will make it utterly impossible to take milk and water. What will happen to you fellows if he succeeds?" Nothing, replied the candid milkman, as long as he doesn't prevent us from mixing milk and water.

About as poor a use as a man can put his wife to is to attach her as a weight to his bulldog's leading string.

When a man acquires the idea that he is handsome, it is surprising how fast he seems to grow ugly.

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to each person interested in subscribing to the Eugene Field Monument Souvenir. For 5c subscriptions are low as \$1.00 will entitle you to this beautiful artistic volume FIELD FLOWERS (color bound, \$2.10) as a certificate of subscription to fund. Book contains a selection of Field's best and most representative works and the noble contribution of the artist, this book will not be manufactured for less than \$7.00. Book created in divided equally by family of the late Eugene Field and for the building of a monument in memory of the beloved poet of America.

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CURES WEAK MEN FREE

Send Name and Address To-day---You Can Have It Free and be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



L. W. KNAPP, M. D.

How my wife and I have been cured of our weakness, loss of vitality, night sweats, vertigo, etc., and taking small quantities of your medicine and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 2003 Third Ave., Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the free receipt with all directions so that any man may "cure himself" at home. This is truly a most generous offer and the following extracts taken from his daily mail show what men think of his generosity.

"Dear Sir—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment through test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sir—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sir—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain sealed envelopes. The receipt is free for the asking and he wants every man to have it.

KILLING BLACK SQUIRRELS

A Species That Haunts Only The Deepest Woods.

In the forests of southern Louisiana and south-western Arkansas the black squirrel is found in considerable numbers. It is not believed that the little animal is to be met with elsewhere in this country save in isolated instances.

Forty years ago it was common enough in the upper States of the middle West; fifty years ago it inhabited Virginia, West Virginia and southern Pennsylvania, and seventy-five years ago it was killed often in western New York. Its disappearance from its northern ranges and concentration in this comparatively unsettled part of the world has puzzled naturalists, yet the explanation is simple.

Of all squirrels the black is the most secretive. It dislikes the light. It is happy only when in deepest, darkest, thickest woods. Its color fits it best for concealment in shadows.

It is not friendly or sociable. It does not consort with other members of its tribe. It is not a squirrel of civilization. It does not frequent trees close to houses; nobody can make a pet of it; it is savage and solitary.

It retreated before the advancing settlements as the wild pigeon retreated, and as the prairie chicken is retreating. As the woods were felled and dark places cleared up it went southward. It was not a good migrant and many perished as they went. Like the red Indian, it numbers now only a thousandth part of its former multitudes. Within the century it will become extinct.

There are still forests in America, but except in the Lake Superior region, where the squirrel does not exist, and near Puget Sound they are of pine and the black squirrel does not live in the pine lands. Those trees are too far apart and there is too much light among them.

The home of this beautiful species is confined to swamps and semi-swamps where the boles are within four feet of each other and the branches interlock and thick vines clamber and Spanish moss waves like massive gray beards. Unlike the northern squirrel, it never builds its nest in the forks of branches but always in hollow trees, where only a snake is able to get at its young, and it is not a roamer.

It will pass its life within a mile of the place where it was born. A black squirrel seen in a tree one day will be found within a hundred yards of that tree on the following day and for many days to come.

These squirrels are not as active as the gray or the fox squirrel, trusting for protection almost wholly to their ability to hide. They show a rare skill in selecting shelter and are difficult to dislodge.

A gray squirrel will get on the side of a tree opposite to a man, peer around the trunk curiously and shift all day as he shifts. A branch shaken vigorously or a stick rapped against the base of a tree will start it flying.

Two men by taking each a side of a tree may thus slay the gray squirrel without trouble, but the black chooses a point high up, where it will be hidden, save for the tip of one erect ear, or a waving tail, and will lie there to be shot at for an hour without moving a muscle. Once it has found an ambush of this kind the hunter can go up the tree after it or he can let it alone.

There is no squirrel which is so hard to see. Many of the trunks of swamp trees are nearly black and against their bark this animal is practically indistinguishable. Darting up a trunk with great rapidity, it will stop suddenly and listen out. A waving branch intervenes for a moment and the man with the gun has lost his game.

His only chance then is to secrete himself and watch patiently that part of the trees in which he fancies the quarry is hiding. After a half hour he may be rewarded by seeing an apparent knot, excrescence or piece of smooth bark detach itself and move cautiously upward.

Among squirrel hunters who choose sides for a prize the gray counts for five points the fox for twenty five and the black for fifty. This valuation is put on it not because it is scarce, but because it is difficult to find and kill.

It increases here because it is little hunted. The negroes let it alone because they regard it with the superstition with which they honor a black cat or a black hen. Because the squirrel lives in the deep of swamps, never visits the fields, is not often seen in sunlight and is ebon from nose to tail-tip, they give it partnership with the evil one.

If a negro driving a wagon into a swamp for a load of wood sees a black squirrel lope across the dim road, he will turn back. His reasons for this are twofold: He is afraid of the squirrel and would like to postpone hauling the wood.

The black squirrel, despite assertion to the contrary, is not a freak as is the white

Scrofula

What is commonly inherited is not scrofula but the scrofulous disposition. This is generally and chiefly indicated by cutaneous eruptions; sometimes by paleness, nervousness and general debility.

The disease afflicted Mrs. K. T. Snyder, Union St., Troy, Ohio, when she was eighteen years old, manifesting itself by a bunch in her neck, which caused great pain, was lanced, and became a running sore.

It afflicted the daughter of Mrs. J. H. Jones, Parker City, Ind., when 18 years old, and developed so rapidly that when she was 18 she had eleven running sores on her neck and about her ears.

These sufferers were not benefited by professional treatment, but, as they voluntarily say, were completely cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This peculiar medicine positively corrects the scrofulous disposition and radically and permanently cures the disease.

squirrel and all other albinos. It is a distinct species, and mates and brings forth from three to five pups as black as itself. There have been many instances of the fox squirrel's mixing with the grays but the black never mixes.

It is not found in droves and the presence of one in any part of the woods is no guarantee that there are others near. Most likely there are not. The male associates with the female only in the breeding season and deserts her as soon as mating is completed, returning to its solitary life in its own chosen bailiwick.

It is pugnacious, but its combats are confined almost wholly to its own kind. Whenever a male black is shot the skin will be found to bear scars too many to count, and the older it is the more scars it will bear. Their fights are thought to be due largely to accidental meetings.

Being solitary they dislike intrusion, and each male fancies that the other is invading his territory. They battle savagely also in the mating season, and when engaged may be approached and knocked over with a fishing pole. The weaker is almost always killed.

The black squirrel is genuinely a beautiful animal when in condition. The fur is exceedingly glossy and shines brilliantly when bar of sunlight falls on it. The under hair is of fine texture and the skin when well dressed makes handsome caps, muffs and so forth.

In hunting the black squirrel most of the rules for taking squirrels must be reversed. It will not for instance do the hunter any good to take a seat upon a log near sundown and keep still, waiting for its quarry to show itself. When a foe is around its sole desire is to hide and stay hidden until danger is past.

It has no curiosity to speak of and does not waste time in tempting fate by peering around a tree. The hunter must be silent and slow, surveying the ground and foliage ahead carefully. He must know the trees affected by the squirrel and the parts of the trees in which it is apt to be found.

This will depend upon the time of day. Early in the morning and late in the afternoon it will be feeding and will probably be near the top of some oak or swamp hickory. In the middle of the day it will be lying flat upon some large limb, or will be curled in its hollow asleep.

It is well to remember that within fifty yards of any tree in which it may be found there is a hollow to which it will get immediately if it can. Consequently if the hunter sees a black squirrel feeding at some distance away, or hears it chipping nuts or acorns, he will do well to find the hollow and remain as close to it as possible when aiming the game.

There are but two ways of finding this squirrel: By eyesight in stealthily, or by ear in bearing it feeding. The black squirrel in changing its place goes down one side of a trunk idly and slyly, rap buries across the intervening ground and runs up the other trunk in silence. It seldom leaps unless obliged to, but if the branches of the trees interpose it will make its way for a hundred yards scarcely disturbing a leaf or stirring a bough with its weight.

Against this squirrel the rifle is almost useless. It is not often that a fair shot may be had. It cannot be led into showing its head by any ordinary artifice; it will not shift slowly around a tree until its body is exposed and so permit the barking shot which consists in driving a ball between the belly and bark and in killing the animal with shock.

It is an adept at getting solid wood between itself and its firemen and keeping it there. It is to be killed mainly only when it is first seen and starts toward its hollow refuge.

It is swift on its feet, though not a far leaper, and as it darts along the limbs its lithe black body, dimly seen through the shadows and leaves, offers no easy target even for a 12 gauge. That gun with No. 6 shot is about the only weapon worth having when black squirrels are wanted.

The animal will not be exposed to view for more than a yard at any time and the shot must be instantly made, frequently at a hard angle and frequently with many twigs intervening. There are men, who rather fancy themselves in the open when the pointer stands rigid and the quail buzzes in air, who make but a poor showing when shooting in semi-lighted woods with a half visible mark scooting along a limb.

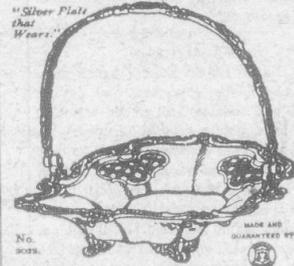


That Snowy Whiteness

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