

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A FEW VETERANS LEFT.

ONE OF THE LAST OF THEM DIED A FEW DAYS AGO.

In the Public Hospital—Patrick Claherty and His Record for Bravery—Some Other Old Soldiers of the British Army Who Live in This City.

Year by year the number of Britain's old soldiers, the heroes who extended her domain and helped to create Greater Britain, is diminishing, and there are now-days few ways to add fresh material to the number.

Since they fought in the great battles of thirty, forty and fifty years ago they have become scattered over the face of the globe, the soldiers who formed Britain's bulwark and who were ever ready to obey the call of duty.

This week there was laid away in his last resting place, his toils of war and peace over, one of these veterans of the ranks. Twenty-two years ago he laid down the arms which he bore for the Queen and now he has responded to the call from the great beyond to usam, his long day's work being done.

The old soldier was Patrick Claherty who had for over two decades been a resident of this city and now all that remain of his memorials, the silent evidences of duty well and bravely performed.

He was born sixty two years ago in the parish of Rahoon, county of Galway, Ireland, and with other brave young Irishmen enlisted at Rathkale on Feb. 13, 1854, at the age of 18 years for service in the Crimea. His regiment was the 88th or Connaught regiment of foot and he fought at Sebastopol, Inkerman and Alma. Then the regiment was sent to India to help suppress the Indian mutiny and he was engaged in active service there in 1857 and 1858. He remained in the ranks over 21 years seeing 25 years of service abroad and got his discharge on March 18, 1875, at Colchester. His discharge paper referred to his good conduct and enumerated the medals which he received. They were three in number, a Crimean medal with clasps for Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol; a Turkish Crimean medal and an Indian mutiny medal with clasp for Central India. He also received two good conduct badges.

He came to St. John immediately upon his discharge and has lived there ever since, working as a city laborer.

The medals are all of silver about the size of an American dollar. The Crimean medal has on one side the Queen's head and Victoria Regina with the date 1854 and on the reverse face an armored warrior with victory placing the laurel wreath upon his brow, and the word 'Crimea' attached to it by a ribbon are silver clasps inscribed 'Sebastopol', 'Inkerman', 'Alma'.

The Turkish Crimean medal has on one side a gun, mortar anchor and flag with the inscription 'Crimea 1855' on the opposite face is a sheaf of wheat and some peculiar device.

The Indian Mutiny medal has on one side the Queen's head and Victoria Regina on the other side Britannia and the British lion and the inscription 'India—1857—1858'.

The death of the old soldier took place at the general public hospital and the funeral from the house of Mrs. Crawford Harrison Street, North End, where he had boarded for the last twelve years.

Capt. Rawlings, a former chief of the Portland police says that there are about a hundred pensioners of the Imperial service in the city, many of them saw active service in the Crimea and India.

The captain is one of nine or ten now living here who landed in this city on the last day of October, 1862, thirty-five years ago. They belonged to A Battery 8th Brigade, Royal Artillery, who came out here during the Trent affair, landing in Halifax in January of that year. Capt. Rawlings was a corporal of the battery and was at the siege of Sebastopol being among the first to enter.

He got his discharge in 1874 after serving the 21 years that entitled him to a pension. Sergeant Major Hughes of the local artillery was a sergeant in this battery. John Nixon, who lives on Lancaster Heights and has a drug store in Fairville, was a corporal and was connected with the store department for some time after receiving his discharge. Gunner Harry Nixon now working in the gas house. Gunner Theo. Phippin has a pension for long service. He served on the transport ships that conveyed troops to the Crimea and

but the person who found it has not been honest enough to return the same.

JACK FOUND IN THE BOX.

A Sausage Man's Adventure in one of His Branch Stores.

A sausage and Bologna maker of Union street who has gained some reputation in the manufacture of his particular specialties had a curious experience in his branch store on Mill street a few days ago. He had done a good business there, and had according to his idea, an honest and capable number of employes. But something must have occurred to disturb his thoughts and cause suspicion to run riot in his mind for he determined to keep a quiet watch upon the branch in question and see whether he was getting his share of what was going. How to do this was a question. Some men with an idea that change was being abstracted would have loaded the drawer and awaited the results. Not so, this merchant. He made up his mind that a personal search was ahead of anything else and he was bound that no person but his astute self should make the same.

In the branch store in question there is a refrigerator and no place appeared so thoroughly adapted for a quiet place of observation, as this same cool spot. Still as his stay might be a protracted one, he made such preparation as would ensure his comfort while he was there. To this end he provided himself with a huge blanket, which he supposed would counteract the effects of the coolness of the abundance of ice in the refrigerator. This was successful to a certain extent while he remained, but the best of plans oft go astray, and so it was in this case. The assistant in the store, after attending to his various duties had some particular customer to wait upon and needed to go to the refrigerator. There is no doubt that had he known his employer was there he would have been more careful and discreet in his discovery, but not having such knowledge his methods were rather of the abrupt order. It is said that the scene that followed when the employer was shown up would have been a good one for a painter. The surprise of the one, dismay of the other would have served well for the brush.

Being one's own detective is always a disagreeable task and it must have been especially so in this case. It was bad enough to run the chances of freezing or catching that dread disease pneumonia but to be caught—or rather uncaught—must have been awful.

THE BOARD OF TRADE'S DECISION.

Their Rooms Cannot be Used for Partisan Purposes After This.

Non-political dinners are now the vogue. They are called non-political dinners but no one will be found so rash as to say that they really are such. At the Blair banquet the political implications of those who attended were not so varied as the fishes in the menu. The conservatives who attended would not have much more than formed a corporal's guard, it was a party feast.

Now there is to be a dinner in honor of the new premier, Hon. H. R. Emmerson, and this is also announced as a non-political function but judging from the gathering that assembled at the Board of Trade rooms on Tuesday night to arrange for it, it will be unlike the former banquet, an assembly all of one stripe. There were a number of prominent men present like Messrs. James R. Robertson, Dr. John Berryman, F. S. McNulty and D. W. McCormick but most of them were supporters who have something to win or lose.

Dr. John Berryman and Mr. James F. Robertson were asked to honor the function by accepting the positions of chairman and treasurer respectively of the committee but they did not see it in that light and Messrs W. A. Lockart and Toss Danning were given these positions instead.

The first meeting was held in the Board of Trade rooms which gave it a semblance at least of a non-political nature but when the board saw who were there they were not convinced of its strictly neutral harmless nature and would not allow them to have the room for their meeting on Thursday night. It is reported that the government might have the premier how much they thought of him. The committee had therefore to meet in the McLaughlin building.

If the dinner is like the meeting no one will be deceived as to its nature.

Honesty was Sold at There.

A curious incident took place on King Street last Saturday morning. A young lady, not a resident of this city, but who was here on a little business trip went into a large dry goods store to pay an account. The amount of change she received and had remaining was over \$50. This she placed in a sort of a card case and pocket book and thrust as she thought into the inside pocket of her satchel. She had gone but a few steps toward the head of the street however before she discovered that the pocket book was not in its place. Hastily retracing her steps she looked in vain for what she had lost. There could be no error as to who owned the pocket book and cash as the cards of the young lady were in the card receptacle

MURPHY AND HIS WORK.

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE MAN AND HIS ENGAGEMENT.

He is Paid Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars per Week for Lecturing—Why He Stopped at the Dufferin—Mr. McLaughlin's Speculation on Collections.

What with the recent visit of the prohibition advocate, Rev. Mr. Taylor and the present crusade of the mission fathers in St. Peter's church and the rich and racy speeches of Francis Murphy, the liquor dealers and the liquor drinkers are having a tough time of it. Perhaps there is more interest felt in the Murphy crusade from the very nature of his methods. He differs from the ordinary every day temperance lecturer in as much as he blames no person. The man who sells liquor is not to blame according to him and the man who drinks it—well, in many cases he can't help it. So in this way Mr. Murphy offends nobody and pleases many.

How he happened to come to St. John is an interesting story and it has been told in many different ways. Mr. Murphy was invited some months ago by the temperance people to come and deliver a series of his lectures but he was unable to comply with their request. On this occasion he is here at the request of Mr. Morley McLaughlin, who, it will be remembered was the gentleman who brought Sousa's band to this city. If that was a speculation and a venturesome one for Mr. Morley McLaughlin, so is this, for Mr. Murphy has to live the same as other people and does not talk at all times for nothing. His terms are \$250 per week including Sundays. Toss of course there are other expenses such as hall rent and attendance to say nothing of the music and the printing and advertising. If Mr. McLaughlin was sure of ten cents from every person who attended the meetings he would have a good thing and would make as much as Francis Murphy but he is not in that enviable position. He has to depend upon the fickle collection and in spite of the impassioned appeals of the chairman at one meeting there were many coppers that found their way into the box while scores found that small contribution was absent from their pockets.

Thus it would seem that the day has gone by when people will pay to go and hear a temperance lecturer and they cannot be expected to pay much when they get in for nothing.

It reports are correct it has not been all plain sailing with the gentlemen who are interested in the financial success of the Francis Murphy crusade. The temperance societies have not joined in the movement with that earnestness and enthusiasm that was expected of them. No doubt Mr. McLaughlin thought that when such a wonderfully successful man as Murphy has been brought here that the temperance organizations would gather about him in force. This they have done individually no doubt but not collectively.

In fact it was whispered that there was some consternation over the fact that Mr. Murphy did not stop at that good temperance hotel, the Clifton, but instead registered at the Dufferin which as everybody knows has a license and sells liquor. The W. C. T. U. did not like this move and it is said that Mr. Murphy was waited upon to explain why the arrangement had not been carried out. He gave the reasonable explanation that his work was among those who drank and sold liquor and that was the reason why he selected such a stopping place. That is in line with what he says upon the platform where he tells the interesting story of his conversion. A gentleman speaking to PROGRESS said he knew of Mr. Murphy when he was in Portland, Maine, in Bradley's Hotel opposite the Grand Trunk depot. It appears that this was before his conversion. There was a saloon in the hotel and one night a man was thrown down stairs. He died from his injuries and Murphy was arrested. He was not certain of what followed except that Murphy was converted and began his work of temperance. He says that over ten million have signed his pledge since that time. No doubt many of them were already temperance people who merely strengthened their faith by signing and no doubt there were many turned from drink by his eloquence and persuasion. It but a small portion of them were steadfast Francis Murphy has done a great work and no one will wish him less success here than he has had in other places.

WASN'T PAXING COMPLIMENTS.

General Gascoigne's Remarks—Arouse Some Indignation.

HALIFAX, Nov. 14.—General Gascoigne has played at ninespin with the 63rd and 66th battalions of Halifax militia. He made them fairly dance. From his pitched into the 63rd an account of their drill, stigmatizing it as everything but what it should be. The officers had a poor word of command, their drill was poor, and of course the work of the men was not what it should have been. This was the result of the guard's inspection of the battalion on Monday night.

On Tuesday he inspected the 66th P L F He had nothing but praise for this battalion but he gave them a dose of something that was really more distasteful than harsh criticism of their drill or appearance. He practically told the battalion that it was a swindle. He said that two-thirds of the men belonged to the British army reserve and that in drawing pay from Britain and from Canada they were little better than frauds.

Colonel Humphrey and the officers who had expected to hear nothing but praise came out of the ordeal feeling the very opposite of pleasant. But they had the solace of believing that they could in due time, show that the general was talking at random; that he was simply absurd in his use of figures. They were prepared to prove that instead of two-thirds of the six hundred men in the battalion being army reserve men, less than 50 of them could be so described. General Gascoigne apparently does not know the difference between an army reserve man and a man who has once been in the army and is now clear of it. The 66th emotions after General Gascoigne's speech were a mingled form of indignation and amusement. The last of this affair has not yet been heard.

The 66th Princess Louise Fusiliers officers have resigned, from Colonel Humphrey down, and militia and public both applaud them for their manly conduct. They refused to quietly submit to the taunts and insults of Major General Gascoigne.

The question that arises is—who is it that furnished General Gascoigne with his misleading information regarding the number of army reserve men in the battalion? Was it General Montgomery Moore, commanding the British forces in North America, or was it Michael Kelly, former bandman of the 66th? They say that both are enemies of the 66th, the former because he dislikes the militia and particularly hates the fusiliers, and the other because he was once in the battalion and left under painful circumstances. Whoever it was he succeeded well in poisoning the mind of General Gascoigne. Possibly Gascoigne's treatment, of the 66th was a deliberate attempt, part of a concerted game, to break up the regiment and form one large infantry corps for this city. It's a mystery, but one thing seems clear, that General Gascoigne made a fool of himself. He will likely be sorry for his speech ere long, for the end of this affair is not yet.

THE REPORTER WAS ON TIME.

But the Professor and His Perfect English Got Left.

"That was a good thing," was remarked this week when speaking of the criticism of Professor MacFeehan of Halifax and his "newspaper English" in last week's PROGRESS. "He reminds me of an incident from real life. A big steamer, the City of Columbus I think was her name, was lost off Cape Cod some years ago. The Boston Herald sent the best available member of its staff to write up the disaster. The Advertiser, or some paper which at that time made great pretensions to style, passed by its regular staff, the occasion being deemed so great, and selected a college professor famed for his fine writing. He made a good story indeed of the disaster, a thrilling one, a perfect study of good English. The Boston Herald had its story too, but one great difference between the two narratives was that the Herald published its account first, one day ahead of the Advertiser. I mention the incident as an illustration of the point PROGRESS made regarding this redoubtable Halifax professor of English.

Great Music Offer.

Send us the names and addresses of three or more performers on the piano or organ together with ten cents in silver and we will mail you ten pieces full sheet music, consisting of popular songs, waltzes, marches, etc., arranged for the piano and organ. Address: Popular Music Pub. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

1897. Shipping Co. Halifax, between Nova Scotia and the Quick- between. ek - 2 ON ICE. of the above for Boston DAY evening in Halifax. Boston, every week, making the Dominion all points in John, Y morning for Lunenburg, Locke-staring leaves every MONDAY for Boston and Yarmouth and na, y TUESDAY for Yarmouth and every THURSDAY, at 3 be obtained Director. emond, Agent, Thar, Boston. Nov. 1st. Clifton npton Monday morning her returns y mornings at 3 p. m. TABLE, Manager. AMERS ton Oct. 1897 y will run follows. T. JOHN .70 .13.10 .10.30 .16.00 .17.10 .18.20 .24.20 way are held y those between lighted by standard Time. al Manager. RY. ing ions ly on Atlantic od for return beyond Megan- rita until it is safe for enquire of TMAN, an Agent. John, N. B.

AMONG THE SOCIETIES.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MASONIC ORDER IN ST. JOHN.

Something of the Men Who May be Said to be the Foundation of the Order in St. John—First of a Series of Articles on the Different Societies.

The Masonic craft should naturally have the place of honor in treating of the various fraternal and secret societies of the city for not only is it the most ancient organization of the kind the world over but it is by many decades the oldest in St. John.

The history of Masonry in St. John covers a period of 113 years and it is a most interesting story telling how from small beginnings it has increased and prospered until now every branch of Masonry is represented here, a statement that can be made of no other city in America. The handsome Masonic Temple built 18 years ago is a veritable home of free masonry. It was the ambition of certain leaders in the craft to extend the scope of its craft's work here until it embraced every branch of the order and they succeeded so well that this city became an important factor in developing Masonic history.

The Masonic bodies now existent in St. John, almost all of which hold their meetings in the Temple, are the following:

- Craft Masonry. Grand Lodge. Albion Lodge, No. 1. Saint John's Lodge, No. 2. Hibernia Lodge, No. 3. Carleton Union Lodge, No. 8. Union Lodge of Portland, No. 10. New Brunswick Lodge, No. 22.

- Royal Arch Masonry. Grand Chapter. Council of High Priesthood. Carleton Chapter. New Brunswick Chapter. Union Chapter.

- Royal and Select Masters. Grand Council. St. John Council, No. 1. Carleton Council, No. 3.

- Knights Templars. St. John Recompense Knights Templars and Knights of Malta, No. 33. Union Demolish Preceptory Knights Templar and Knights of Malta, No. 11. Carleton Council of Red Cross Knights.

- Knights of Rome. McLeod Moore Conclave, No. 13, Masonic and Military Order of Knights of Rome and of the Red Cross of Constantine, Knights of the Holy Sepulchre and St. John the Evangelist. Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite.

- St. John Lodge of Perfection, 14. Harrington Chapter of Sovereign Princes of Rose Croix, H. E. D. M., 18. New Brunswick Consistory, S. P. R. S., 32.

- Royal Order of Scotland. Provincial Grand Lodge of Maritime Provinces. McLeod Moore conclave of the Knights of Rome is the premier conclave on this continent and an interesting story could be told about its inception here, but as Kipling says, that is another story. It was founded here in the sixties by Mr. Robert Marshall when there were but six branches of the order in the world and none in America, but now there are in Great Britain 400 conclaves and in America 140 Mr. Marshall was Intendant General for the Maritime Provinces from 1869 to 1896 when he was created a Grand cross of the order, a distinction which can be conferred on only fifty individuals in all the world. Mr. Marshall is also the senior 33rd degree mason in Canada.

The Royal order of Scotland is a very select and exclusive wing of the craft and there are but few branches in the United States. The head of this order is supposed to be the King of Scotland but there not being any the next rank in that country is at the head. In this order there can be only 200 members in the United States and there are always a large number of eager candidates for the first vacancy. Free Masonry in St. John dates back to the founding of the city. On March 6th, 1784, Elias Hardy, a prominent barrister of the city, made application at Halifax to organize Hiram Lodge. In response to the request a dispensation was granted by the two Halifax lodges to Rev. John Beardsley, who had been junior warden of the provincial grand lodge of New York, to congregate and hold such a lodge.

The lodge was duly opened early in September with Rev. Mr. Beardsley as worthy master and the officers were installed by Dr. Azor Betts in Kirk's Inn on Brittain Street near the intersection of Germain. Soon after this a grand lodge was formed in Nova Scotia and on Dec. 9th, 1786, they granted a warrant to Hiram, No. 17. This lodge lasted 12 years when it succumbed owing to some difficulty with Grand Lodge.

The dates of organization of the first lodges in New Brunswick were as follows: 1784—Hiram, No. 17, St. John. 1789—New Brunswick, No. 54, Fredericton. 1789—St. George's, No. 19, Monctonville. 1792—Union, No. 21, Kingston, King's Co. 1792—Solomon's, No. 24, Fredericton. 1793—Hiram York, No. 23, Fredericton. 1802—Saint John's, No. 29, St. John.

The oldest lodge in New Brunswick today is St. John's lodge of this city. It was organized by a warrant issued by the grand lodge of Nova Scotia on December 18th, 1801. On April 5th, 1802, the lodge was constituted and consecrated in the Mallard house on the north side of King street just above Germain. The lodge was installed by R. W. Bro. Wm. Campbell, grand master, assisted by Bro. Wm. S. Oliver, D. G. M., and others. Bro. George Smith was the first W. M. of the lodge. Among the founders of this lodge were some of the leading citizens of the day including Messrs. David Waterbury, John Dean, Nehemiah Merritt, Wm. Fayerweather, Caleb Merritt, Francis Watson, Edward Sands, Hugh Johnston, John Simmet, Joshua Upham, Daniel Bliss, Robt. Laidley, Thomas Jennings, Peter Wade, J. Forrester, D. Beveridge, Rev. John Beardsley, A. Read, Hugh McMaster, Alex. Humphrey, Linus Seely, J. Vail, C. Harris, Peter Blair and J. Riley.

The lodge continued until 1836 under the jurisdiction of the Nova Scotia grand lodge but previous to that year the authority of the provincial grand lodge had been circumscribed. Two other lodges were founded in St. John during that period, Union, No. 38, in 1814, and Albion, No. 52 in 1825, Union had, however, gone out of existence previous to 1836. In that year St. John's received a warrant under the United Grand Lodge of England as St. John's No. 632. In 1867 the Grand Lodge of New Brunswick was formed and St. John's lodge became No. 2 under its jurisdiction. The history of St. John's Lodge has been ably and fully told, however, in the late Mr. W. F. Bunting's exhaustive history of Free Masonry in New Brunswick. Among prominent worshipful masters of the lodge now living are Judge Wm Wedderburn, Judge J. G. Forbes, Judge A. I. Trueman, Mr. Frederick Sandall and Mr. W. A. Ewing. The lodge has had altogether on its role between 800 and 900 members.

Albion lodge was established by warrant dated Nov. 13th, 1825, and Wm. Durant was the first W. M. Like St. John's lodge it was worked under three different dispensations, first that of the provincial grand lodge of Nova Scotia, that of the grand lodge of England under date of March 10th, 1829, and that of the grand lodge of New Brunswick, dated March 31st, 1868.

Hibernia lodge was constituted under warrant No. 301, granted April 10th, 1837, by the grand Masonic lodge of Ireland. In 1867 the warrant was surrendered and a new warrant granted by the grand master of the grand lodge of New Brunswick. Carleton Union lodge received its warrant 21st March, 1846, from the united grand lodge of England, as No. 767, Justice S. Wetmore was the first master. Union Lodge of Portland dates from Nov. 3rd, 1846, when a warrant was granted from England. Alexander Balloch was the first master. New Brunswick Lodge was originally No. 1084 on the registry of England, its warrant being dated Dec. 5, 1865.

There were two other lodges which are not now in existence, Portland Union lodge, No. 324, registry of Ireland, warrant issued May, 1842 ceased to work 1846; Leicester Lodge, originally No. 347 on the registry of Ireland, warrant granted Oct. 7th, 1837, surrendered June 29th, 1881.

Attempts were made to organize a grand lodge for the province of New Brunswick in 1822 and 1829 but they were fruitless. At the latter date Rev. B. G. Gray, D. D. was elected grand master but the officers were never installed. In 1859 a provincial grand lodge was constituted and by patent bearing date July 4th, 1859, the R. Hon. the Earl of Zetland, G. M. of the united grand lodge of England, appointed R. W. Bro. Alexander Balloch provincial grand master of New Brunswick.

The present grand lodge of New Brunswick is 30 years old, having been formed at meetings held in this city on the 9th and 10th October, 1867. On those dates "The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of New Brunswick" was established with the following officers:

- M. W. B. Lester Peters, Grand Master. R. W. Wm. Wedderburn, Deputy Grand Master. R. W. Wm. P. Fawcett, Senior Grand Warden. R. W. David Brown, Junior Grand Warden. V. W. Rev. Wm. Donald, D. D., Grand Chaplain. V. W. Wm. H. A. Keans, Grand Treasurer.

At this time there were 26 chartered lodges in the province 20 of which held their warrants from England, 3 from Scotland and 3 from Ireland.

The bona fide freemasonry in St. John is the beautiful Masonic Temple on Germain Street which is controlled by a joint stock company incorporated April 11th, 1872. The two lots in which the palatial structure stands were purchased from Benjamin Smith and his executors for \$18,000. On July 1st, 1878, the cornerstone was laid and on May 1st, 1879, the masonic bodies

took up their quarters there though the main hall was not fitted up until 1884. The building cost altogether exclusive of the land about \$70,000. It was a heavy expenditure but it is a building for the 500 or 600 Masons of this city to be proud of. This sketch of blue or craft masonry in this city will now be concluded with a list of the lodges in St. John, the dates of the issue of their warrants and their membership on December 27th, 1896; and also with a list of the chief grand lodge officers of the last 30 years.

Table with columns: No., Name, Date of Issue of Warrant, Membership Dec. 27, '96. Rows include Albion, St. John's, Hibernia, Carleton Union, Union of Portland, and New Brunswick.

PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE.

Grand Masters.

- Benjamin Lester Peters, 1867-69. William Wedderburn, 1870-71. John Valentine Ellis, 1872-74, 1884-86. Robert T. Clinch, 1875-77. Robert Marshall, 1878-80. Benjamin R. Stevenson, 1881-82. William F. Bunting, 1883. James McNichol, 1887-88. Thomas Walker, M. D., 1889-1894, 1897. Julius T. Whitlock, 1895-96.

Deputy Grand Masters.

- William Wedderburn, 1867-69. John Valentine Ellis, 1870-71. Edward Willis, 1872-73. Robert Marshall, 1874. William F. Dibble, 1875. William H. A. Keans, 1876. Edwin J. Wetmore, 1877. Benjamin R. Stevenson, 1878-79. Rev. F. Partridge, D.D., 1880. Henry Duffell, 1881. William Bunting, 1882. Thomas A. Godsoe, 1883. James McNichol, jr., 1884. William J. Logan, 1885. Harry Beckwith, 1886. Julius T. Whitlock, 1887. E. Lee Street, 1888. George M. Jarvis, 1889. Henry A. White, 1890. David P. Merritt, 1891. George F. Pinder, 1892. Henry B. Fleming, 1893. John A. Watson, 1894. J. Henry Leonard, 1895. Fred W. Tomson, 1896. Alexander Burchill, 1897.

Grand Chaplains.

- Rev. Wm. Donald, D. D., 1867-70. Rev. Howard Sprague, 1871-72. Rev. Francis Partridge, D. D., 1873-77. Rev. Donald MacEas, 1878-80. Rev. Charles F. Medley, 1881. Rev. Richard Mathers, 1882-83. Rev. W. W. Brewer, 1884-87. Rev. A. McDougal, 1888-89. Rev. O. S. Newham, 1891, 1895. Rev. G. M. Campbell, 1891-93. Rev. A. G. H. Dicker, 1894. Rev. Thos. Marshall, 1896. Rev. Robert S. Crisp, 1897.

Grand Treasurers.

- W. H. A. Keans, 1867-76. Jas. McNichol, jr., 1876-83. Charles Mathers, 1884-88. Henry J. Thorne, 1889-92. Thomas A. Godsoe, 1893-94. Edwin J. Everitt, 1895-97.

Grand Secretaries.

- William F. Bunting, 1867-81. Edwin J. Wetmore, 1882-92. T. Nisbet Robertson, 1893. F. W. Wisdom, 1894-96. J. Twining Hart, 1897. * Since deceased.

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Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

WANTED Old established wholesale House wants one or two honest and industrious representatives for this section. Can pay a hunter about \$12.00 a week to start with. Drawn 29, Brantford, Ont.

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

WANTED RELIABLE MERCHANTS in each town to handle our waterproof Gold Water Paint. Five million pounds sold in United States last year. VICTOR KOPFOD, 49 Francis Xavier, Montreal.

RESIDENCE at Bathurst for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Bathurst Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennebecasis. Rent reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenerty, Barrister-at-Law, Papeley Building. 24 6-17

THE BEST MUST WIN.

THREE TEACHERS of the Isaac Pitman shorthand have been officially appointed as instructors of that subject in the three new High Schools of New York City. This system is almost daily being introduced into some of the best and largest schools in the country—Pitman's Art Journal, Oct.

Not bad, considering it is an English system, and best to win against the opposition of all the American systems. This is the system we teach. Booklet showing the system mailed free. Send for it today.

Students can enter at any time. No better time than just now.

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Music and The Drama

IN MUSICAL CIRCLES.

A pleasant rumor has reached me this week to the effect that the Amateurs who recently gave entertainments at the Opera house, have decided to remain in organization.

The St. John Oratorio society resumed rehearsals last Monday evening. There was a fair attendance of the active members and doubtless each subsequent Monday evening will see an increase in the number of singers present.

The newly organized St. John Vocal Society is a very promising institution already. The membership is steadily increasing and the voices are among the best in the city.

At the Church of England Institute rooms on Thursday evening was given one of those delightful little concerts which are so very rare in our city.

Tones and Undertones.

Nella Bergan of the "El Capitan" Company will soon leave that organization to take a prominent part in Sousa's new opera "The Bride Elect."

Maurice Gran has sailed for Europe. He will spend part of the winter at Nice.

It is said that Francis Wilson of Comic Opera fame is trying to secure the New York Lyric theatre for his own.

The new opera "The Bride Elect," by Sousa and Klein, will be given at the Tremont theatre, Boston, on January 3rd., 1898.

The play "An Enemy to the King" is to be arranged as an opera and in that form presented in England and Germany.

Miss Alice Neilson a favorite member of the Bostonians, has thoroughly recovered from the operation for appendicitis which was performed on her at the Homeopathic hospital, Boston.

The lady flute player—Miss Alice McLaughlin of Boston—has created quite a demand for her work which is said to be as good as it is novel.

The musical department of the publication known as "The Time and the Hour" is under the direction of Mr. Fred Field Bullard.

Madame Nordica began her concert tour in Milwaukee on Tuesday of last week.

The announcements have been made for the Cecilia club concerts in Boston the coming winter. They will be given in Music hall Dec 2, Jan. 13, March 8, and April 27.

Put Your Best Foot Forward.

But sometimes your best foot is in a bad way. It tires so easily, burns, aches, swells, sweats, blisters, that you can scarcely drag yourself along.

Thomas's "Swan and Skylark," first time in Boston; Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend," by the Cecilia for the first time; Braams's "Song of Fate"; Schumann's "Pilgrimage of the Rose," given by the Cecilia for the first time.

Madame Marie Harrison is announced to sing in the new Opera house, Frederickton, on the 22nd inst.

Pierra Lotis "Roman d'un Spahi" made into an opéra with music by M. Louis Lambert, was recently produced at the Opera Comique in Paris. It scored but a moderate success.

Verdi has an antipathy to hand organs and has devised a sure plan of protecting himself from annoyance by them. At Moncalieri where he spends his summers he hires all the organs in the district for the season and stores them in his house.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

On Monday next, at the Opera House, Miss Ethel Tucker begins an engagement under auspices materially different from those which attended her previous appearances in this city.

With Miss Ethel Tucker this season is associated her talented sister Miss Lillian Tucker who is very versatile and plays every part entrusted to her in a careful, discriminating manner.

After Monday there will be a daily matinee with a change of bill at each performance. This reminds me that the opening piece will be the strong play—a society drama entitled "Led Astray," and on Tuesday evening the bill will be "Pygmalion and Galatea."

"Under the Red Robe" entered upon its second week at the Hollis theatre Boston last Monday. W. S. Harkins is again with this play this season.

Miss Julia Arthur is rehearsing a play to which the title "Mercedes" has been given. It is based on the poem by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

J. E. Dodson who made a reputation as a comedian has surprised all his friends and everyone else by his clever work as Cardinal Richelieu in "Under the Red Robe."

"The Fatal Card" is the play at the Castle Square theatre, Boston, this week. For next week the company will present the side splitting comedy "Charley's Aunt" from Brazil.

Charles Coghlan will begin his starring tour in Washington D. C. on Monday next in a romantic play entitled "The Royal Box."

Cleo de Merode the French danseuse has returned to Europe and carries with her an intense disgust of American audiences.

E. H. Southern it is said will soon begin rehearsals of a new play by Anthony Hope entitled "A Woman's Duel."

Joseph Murphy the Irish actor, as he is called is playing in "Kerry Gow" and "Sharen Rue" at the Columbia theatre, Boston, this week.

At the Empire theatre on Monday, John Drew began his sixth season as a "star" in "A Marriage of Convenience."

In "The Liars" [which is the latest play by Henry Arthur Jones, it is said, that Charles Wyndham has the longest single speech in any modern play. It contains nine hundred words.

"The Circus Girl" will follow "Never Again" at the Boston Museum. The company will come direct from Daly's Theatre New York, fully equipped.

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Mrs James Brown Potter will remain in London during the winter. Her season there is finished.

It is announced that the English melodramatic actor Charles Warner, will visit the United States next season and "Star" in Charles Reade's "Drink."

The Miles Ideal Stock Company are playing to good business in Frederickton this week. They had the distinction of being the first company to play in the new opera house there.

In "The Physician" which E. S. Willard has been giving at the Tremont theatre, Boston, this week, Miss Keith Wakeman plays the role of a gay London adventuress and in the character, shows several very costly gowns.

DRY TORTUGAS PRISON.

Men Convicted of Connection With Lincoln's Assassination.

The most notable prisoners Fort Jefferson ever knew were those accessory to the assassination of Lincoln. Over the door to one of the cells intact on the lower casemate is rudely painted in black letters:

"They who enter here leave hope behind."

The cell is the one in which the Marylander, Dr. Mudd, was confined, and in the local tradition the misquotation is attributed to him.

While Booth was fleeing through Maryland he stopped at Dr. Mudds and called upon him to set the leg broken in the leap from the box in which the president was shot, to the stage at Ford's theatre. The doctor asked no questions, and always claimed that no information was given him as to the identity of the patient, whom he saw only long enough to give the necessary surgical attention.

When all of the movements of the assassin were traced, Dr. Mudd was arrested and charged with being accessory after the fact. Public sentiment was too strongly averse to be satisfied with an ethical defence.

Dr. Mudd was sent to the Dry Tortugas. Twice he tried to escape. Once he was almost successful. He got on board a steamer which had touched at the fort, and concealed himself in a coal bunker, with the connivance of the engineer.

Just before the departure it was discovered that he was missing. An order from the commandant detained the boat. Careful search was made without success. At length one of the searchers took a pointed poker and began to prod in the mass of coal. He struck the concealed prisoner.

Strangely enough, the release of Dr. Mudd finally came about through the devotion to the theory of his professional duty which cost him his liberty. One of the worst of the yellow fever visitations carried off the prison physician early in its ravages.

Dr. Mudd volunteered to take his place. There was no one else who could do it. The prisoner's labors in behalf of the stricken convicts and garrison took on the form of heroism. So zealously did he

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apply himself that, when the reports reached Washington the authorities were moved to grant an unconditional pardon. Dr. Mudd returned with honor from his term of service on Dry Tortugas.

Three others convicted of relations with the Booth conspiracy were sent to D. y Tortugas. They were Spangler, Arnold and O'Laughlin. Spangler was the stage carpenter. He was charged with having fixed a sliding door which Booth pulled behind him to hinder pursuit as he made his exit from the theatre after firing the fatal shot.

It was shown that Spangler was the man whom Booth called to the alley to hold his horse when he went inside to shoot the president. But the evidence to prove that Spangler knew of the purpose of the assassin was wanting.

O'Laughlin, in the theory of the prosecution, was the person selected by the conspirators to kill Grant or Secretary Stanton, but the case against him was weak. Arnold had been in the plot during the earlier stages of its development, when the kidnapping of President Lincoln was as far as the conspirators intended to go.

In the history of the army during peace there has been no detail so dreaded as that in Fort Jefferson. The records testify to excessive mortality in the garrison as well as among the convicts. Men looked out upon the brilliantly colored waters, changing hues according to depth and according to cloud and sunshine; they breathed salt-laden breezes; they listened to the majestic roar of the surf on the coral reef; they sickened and died, until Dry Tortugas became known as the unhealthiest spot over which the stars and stripes floated.

That was all because just below the southern horizon lay the pest house. In 1873 the government stopped building; the prisoners were moved; the batteries marched out with thanksgiving. Dry Tortugas became to the army only a memory.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

ISLAND PONIES.

Equine Marvels of Strength and Endurance.

If the camel is the ship of the desert, the Iceland pony is the cab, train, omnibus and tramcar of the wonderful country to which he belongs. To begin with, he is a misnomer. He is not a pony in the ordinary sense of the word; he is a horse; in bone and sinew, in strength and endurance, in manners and deportment—a horse in everything, in fact, except inches, and a sober, steady hard-working horse too. He is a 'concentrated essence' of horseflesh. He can swim like a fish, climb like a goat, and jump like a deer. He sticks at nothing and takes every variety of travel—bog, lava bed, sand, boulders and grass mounds—with undisturbed equanimity.

If he has to ford one or two rivers, with strong currents flowing girth-deep, it is all in the day's work. Only give him time and periodical halts for refreshment, and he will do his fifty miles per day, and thrive upon it.

Iceland ponies are bred in hundreds in the large grass plains in the southern districts of the island. Little or no care is taken in selection, so the breed remains unaltered and unimproved, the average pony standing from eleven and a half to twelve and a half hands, though here and there one will reach to nearly thirteen hands.

Every variety of color is seen, but skewbalds of many shades are the commonest. The chestnuts, as a rule, are the finest and the browns the hardest. Beautiful cream colors, with light points, are not infrequent; black is very rare and roan also. Their paces are fast, considering the size of the animal, a journey of thirty-two miles being often done in six hours or less, with heavy baggage. They trot, canter and gallop, but the pace most esteemed by the natives is the amble or 'skaid,' in which the fore and hind legs on a side are advanced simultaneously, giving a running action. A good 'pacer' is considered very valuable, and is often sold for a high price.

Some of these ponies amble so fast that they keep ahead of another going at a hand-gallop, and they maintain the pace for a day's journey under a weight of eleven to fourteen stone. Iceland ponies are steady and fast in harness, though wheels are a comparatively new departure in their country. They travel mostly in strings, often tied head and tail. Hay, baggage and household goods are thus transported, and building materials also. You meet a 'timbur-les-ur,' or timber team, of from eight to ten ponies, one carrying planks trailing on each side, another strips of iron another bundles of tools; a certain number of spare animals running loose, and not infrequently a foal or two.

It is as rare to see a dead Iceland pony as a dead donkey, though their skulls are often visible, half trodden into the miry ways surrounding the farms. He is early apprenticed to his trade by following his mother at her avocations, and when he is

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foot-sore is strapped upon her back. He works well up to twenty years and over, and often remains sound to a ripe old age. He feeds on the fat of the land in summer, and in winter, if his owner is poor, must live on his wits and his stored condition. Farmers who are fairly well off keep their animals in during winter and feed them on hay; but, notwithstanding, many of the ponies have a hard time of it. The Icelanders, however, keep their steeds as well as their means allow, and treat them altogether in a brotherly fashion.—London Globe.

A LAKE OF WINE.

A big Underground Tank for Storing the Grape Juice.

A 'bottle-lake' is the most concise term that can be used to describe the new subterranean tank which the Italian-Swiss colony has just completed at Asti for storing half a million gallons of wine. First an excavation was made in a rocky hillside in the rear winery. Next a wall of concrete, two feet in thickness, was put in the floor and sides, and built into the cover, the latter being supported by 15 steel girders. Next the entire surface was covered with a lining of pure cement, and finally this was glazed to the impermeability of glass.

The whole has been buried beneath three feet of earth, and soon grass will grow above the wine lake. The cement wine tank is 104 feet long, 34 feet wide and 24 feet high. The contents may be drawn off by gravitation. There are several advantages to be derived from the construction of the concrete and cement cistern. One of these it is expected will be that the wine will be maintained at an even, cool, temperature. Another is the equal blending of 500,000 gallons of wine at one time. A third is the saving in insurance. This is calculated at the rate of \$1500 per annum, which in five years would repay the cost of construction.

Pleasures of Travel in South Africa.

Mr. J. B. Buchanan, traveling along under the Mananga with a wagon, came across five lions, two of which were adult male and female and the remaining three cubs. The whole family sat 80 yards off and watched the oxen pass, and the only weapon in the wagon was one rusty assegai.—Swaziland (South Africa) Times.

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AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOV. 20,

GOOD PREPARATORY WORK.

A novel and highly attractive development in connection with Y. M. C. A. work in the Meck common council. It was originated in the fertile brain of Montreal Y. M. C. A. man, two years ago and this is their third annual series of sessions. This year it was taken up by a large number of American associations and not to be outdone by the others Mr. Williams has introduced it here. It has proved a drawing card and is more popular than any other feature of the association's winter work. Fifty or sixty have been elected eldersmen of the mythical city to control its works, dispense its patronage, line out its policy and do the common things that a common council has to do. Two sessions have been held so far; and as they were not conducted with too strict adherence to parliamentary procedure and dignity, but were on the contrary rather informal and free and easy, the deliberations were highly interesting. Some of the prominent merchants and professional men are helping along this school for the training of civil students and a great deal will be learned by the young men about civic affairs. It is an improvement on the time worn meek parchment and should become an annual feature for the dissemination of civic knowledge and training of later day Democratic outlaws.

The Montreal Council was taken up, ethnological work in this connection. They made a census of Griffintown, the very poor quarter of the city, finding out how the poor lived there, the conditions of their homes, the overcrowding where there was such, the number of children not attending school but going to work at tender years, sanitation, wages, etc., and they found out much that was valuable in reference to the ills that the wage earner is subject to. It would be worth while for this council to take up something like this, if it were feasible. For instance, they might go into the question of the division of charitable and philanthropic effort so that the best results would be obtained for the expenditure of time and money.

At the meeting of the Household economic association held in New York recently the subject of cooking came up for discussion and a young woman from Boston told of the plan in that city whereby cooks were lured into schools of instruction. The employer stayed at home and got her own luncheon, while the cook was given an opportunity to go to school. Another woman said "We tried an experiment in our city. We found that by letting the girls' best young men call for them they were willing to come to an evening class." Whereupon the W. C. President of the Association asked "Why not let the young men come inside and eat part of the cooking?"—an idea which all present applauded as masterful. It may seem curious that strategy should be requisite to secure attendance at cooking classes when cooking is universally recognized as a most valuable art and when those who excel in it are sure of a fair remuneration. But moral suasion seems to be of little efficacy in creating in the feminine mind a just appreciation of the value of culinary training. Possibly letting the young men in to eat a part of the cooking may give a boom to the art in Boston.

The Congregationalist of Boston contains a surprising article by Rev. CHARLES SHELDON, who says the conventional church prayer meeting is a failure. "If hundreds of ministers would speak out their honest feelings," he says, "they would frankly confess that their prayer meetings, as now conducted are a disappointment. Why should they not acknowledge to the public what they are so ready to affirm to one another? With all respect and veneration for the church fathers who have preceded me, I frankly believe that many usages still connected with the prayer meeting is not satisfactory. I do not know how many times in past years I have heard the question,

"Why don't more men go to the prayer meeting?" and if I dared to add my answer to those already given, it would be: "Because to often they know they would not get anything by going."

The great territory to the North of Hudson Bay and Strait, turns out to be a great island, according to Dr. BELL of the Canadian Geological Survey who visited it last summer. It is eleven hundred miles long and from two hundred to five hundred wide. Salmon abounds in the rivers of the eastern coast and there are plenty of seals, walrus, narwhals, polar bears, and small whales. There are said to be only two bigger islands on earth than Baffin Land. The plains on the western side afford pasturage to vast herds of reindeer or barren ground caribou. Wealthy American hunters can now get a grand new trip for their money and the RAYMOND and WHITCOMB and other excursion people can make up a new and interesting summer tour for their patrons, and the geography publishers will also please take note.

The Russian government has intimated to the Sultan that it might be more appropriate to apply the Greek indemnity to Russia's unpaid bill of \$6,000,000 due on account of the Russo-Turkish war than to expend the same in the purchase of armaments as proposed by the Padishah. This gentle reminder would appear to indicate that the relations between the Czar and the Sultan have become somewhat strained; it also indicates that very little of the money to be extracted from Greece will find its way to the depleted coffers of ABDUL HAMID.

The arrest made by police officer CAMPBELL, the other night of a burglar, an ex-convict, was a clever piece of work for which the officer deserves the fullest credit. It is a vast pity that his commands in crime should have escaped, something that would not have happened had the district in which the burglary occurred had an additional patrol force. One man is hardly enough for that quarter but in the spacious limited state of the force for other arrangements for a better service was possible.

I remember reading a story by H. S. Wells or some other prolific writer of improbable stories of a big disappearance syndicate. There have been two or three mysterious disappearances in this province lately and the syndicate would have had a good field for their labor here. Some weeks ago Editor Anadol of the north shore was fined to the public and has never been seen since and now an inmate of the lunatic asylum one Wilson has been among the missing for the last fortnight. Great efforts have been made to find the man but without success. In the absence of the disappearance syndicate it might be a good idea to call in the assistance of Varnice the wise and her oriental aide to direct the accumulations of Buddhist wisdom of centuries old to unravelling these mysteries.

The long winded piloting investigation is coming to a close and Mr. Samuel Schofield has shown that as an amateur lawyer he is no small potato. He also knows how to throw down or pick up the gauntlet in true knight-errant style. Recorder Skinner and he had some very spirited encounters in the lists and they even went so far as to invite one another outside. However, this is only a trick of Lawyers to show their clients how deep an interest they take in their case.

The man first ascertained by the inquiry is that pilots and commissioners are very much at logger-heads and with the mass of evidence it is not for me to say who is to be blamed and to be punished. Probably, however, both will be. It appeared according to the evidence that some time ago the commission decided to make their meetings open to the press but it does not appear that they ever made the press aware of the fact. Progress has always stood for publicity, in the proceedings of all public boards always and has agitated for the same. It is a coincidence that when the reporters enter the meetings of boards, by the front door, wrangling, unbusinesslike methods, etc., go out by the back door. It has proved so in civic board affairs and it would prove so in pilotage commission affairs if their meetings were fully reported. It is to be hoped that the reporters will now take full advantage of their privileges.

Mr. Francis Murphy has been addressing thousands this week on temperance. He has made his reputation as a lecturer in his twenty-nine years touring America and Great Britain and ten million people have signed the Murphy pledges. He knows whereof he speaks, for, vulgarly speaking, he has been there himself. Like Paul and

many others since his day he is an exemplification of the fact that those who have been reformed themselves make the best reformers. He is a fine looking man with massive head, iron gray hair and mustache, ruddy complexion and clear piercing eye. Some of the temperance people have objected because he did not go to the Clifton, the city's leading temperance hotel but went to the Daffarin instead but he replies that he does not wish to stum the places where liquor is sold but to be right in the midst and carry on his work of reform there.

AN EXCITING CASE.

A Sensational Incident in the Big Halifax Insurance Case. HALIFAX, Nov. 14.—The supreme court case of Margeson vs. the Commercial Union Insurance Company is one of the memorable cases of recent days. It was finished on Saturday afternoon having started the previous Saturday before Judge Meagher and a jury. The facts were, briefly, that Margeson, who conducted a dry goods business in Kentville was burned out. When he asked for the amount of this policy from the Commercial Union and other companies it was refused on various grounds a part only being tendered to Margeson. The action was brought and the jury found in favor of the plaintiff.

But though the trial was nothing out of the ordinary in respect of the issues involved it was quite sensational towards its close for another reason. It developed that Mr. T. K. Jenkins, a leading business man of this city, who was at the back of Margeson, had been talking to the jury after the adjournment of the court or whenever he could get a convenient chance. He is alleged to have hectorated persons on the street corners and to have done his best by cogency of argument to effect what has been styled by counsel or witnesses in court.

The insurance adjusters more than once saw him thus engaged, and it is not only alarmed but naturally enough annoyed them. On Friday afternoon counsel for the insurance company rose in court and complained bitterly of this, formally calling Judge Meagher's attention to the fact. The judge betrayed some amusement and considerable indignation. He told the jury that they must be on hand Saturday morning a half hour earlier and that then he would examine into the charge. He would compel the jury individually and collectively to tell who if any had been thus talking to them, or endeavoring in any way to influence them. It looked as though a thunderbolt were to fall the next day, in the shape of a heavy fine or sentence of imprisonment for contempt of court.

Doubtless the thunderbolt would have fallen but for one deterrent cause. This was that Mr. Cory one of the adjusters was found to have also talked with a juror. This he did rather in self-defence, or in defence of the insurance side of the question, on one occasion when he happened to see Mr. Jenkins busily at work with a juror. Mr. Cory's action was rather the impulse of a moment than the outcome of deliberation. But it was talking with a juror all the same, and the law does not permit of any distinctions in matters of this kind. So that it stood—was interested in either side trying to influence a juror or jurors. In these circumstances it was out of the range of possibility to punish Jenkins without affecting Cory as well. Cory acted saved Jenkins, there is no doubt of that. On Saturday morning instead of a thunder bolt nothing but peace prevailed all day. There was no contempt of court penalty, because the insurance lawyers could not press for it without danger of a reprisal and the infliction of a like punishment on a leading man interested on their own side.

MISS TUCKER'S RETURN.

Her Good Support and the plays She Will Present Here.

Next week theatre goers will have an opportunity of welcoming a favorite actress, Miss Ethel Tucker, who will come supported by her brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Vaught's excellent company. Miss Lillian Tucker whose bright work during a previous engagement of the company is favorably remembered, is with her sister and several other well known people are also mentioned. A feature of the specialisms will be the appearance of little Ethel Dyfryn, who is known as the Baby Patti from her wonderful vocal powers; Miss Mary Home and Mr. George Moore are also specialty artists whose names are a guarantee of acceptable work. Miss Tucker, as is well known, always pays particular attention to the costuming of her plays, and to stage effects, some of the pictures in this line being among the best ever seen in the Opera house. Miss Lillian Tucker is a pretty, dashing ingenue whose merry ways and artistic work promptly win their way into the hearts of even the most critical theatre goer. Some of the best metropolitan successes will be presented next week, among them "Forget Me Not, Woman Against Woman, etc., while Leah and Camille will be repeated as matinee bills.

VERNS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Memories of Days. Go forth, oh, child of destiny love White-winged, mercy laden dove, Go sing the wide world o'er, Sing low the promised comfort sweet, Alks where rich and poor men meet, On every sea and shore, Sing low in hut and palace hall, The master carter for them all.

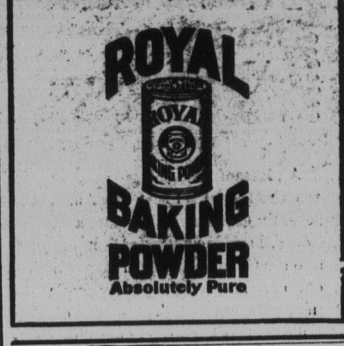
Go forth sweet song and sing of Him, Whose love walks in the shadows dim; Of human grief and pain, Sing where the broken hearted pray, And wrestle through the world's dark day, Of sorrow's blinding rain. Calm thou the pang, the parting breath; The purple agony of death.

Go forth sweet voice and never cease, Thy mission song of love and peace; To tolling hands and kind; To hope's broad winning daily round In homes where trials seem abound; The worn in heart and mind. Sing, to the faithful He has given, The love, the rest, the bliss of heaven.

Go forth sweet song where blood and flame, And tyranny and lawless shame; Of deeds inhuman tell, How wrong death tramples down the right, And cradles the child of night, Makes earth a present hell. Sing justice yet shall pass the rod, Have mercy for the love of God.

Go forth sweet song whose want abide, The blessing sing the Master hide; On in the wildest night, When tears of silent anguish flow, And tribulation many know; Let's leadeth into light, These shepherd words His will Before the dawn 'tis darkest still.

Go forth sweet song in faith divine, Where joy and gladness seldom shine; Shed up the heart of woe, Sing, happy they whose lives are best, True blessing those they know, All grief is but an eagle's term, There is a calm for every storm.



THE POLICE ROLL OF HONOR.

Heroes of a Month—Drowning and Heroes the Principal Source.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt writes for the October Century an article entitled 'The Roll of Honor of the New York Police.' Mr. Roosevelt says: Perhaps the best way to convey an idea of why we awarded medals is to give a list of the men thus rewarded for two months. In October, 1896, we, on the 1st of the month, awarded a medal to a patrolman for peculiar gallantry in stopping a runaway horse under circumstances which made the act one of great danger to himself, and which doubtless resulted in saving the lives of those in the vehicle. The patrolman thus rewarded was also later made a roundsman, and put in charge of the bicycle squad, our attention having been first called to him by this act. On the same day we gave honorable mention, but without a certificate or medal, to three other officers; one had also stopped a runaway horse; another had rescued a man from drowning, and the third had arrested an insane man armed with a revolver, under circumstances which went to show that the officer's coolness and presence of mind saved both himself and the catchers from death or injury at the hands of the armed man. On the 3rd of the month we gave a medal to an officer who had rescued a boy from drowning by plunging into the water between the wharf and the steamer from which the boy fell, at the imminent risk of being crushed to death between the two, a fate from which he and the rescued boy were saved purely by his pluck and his skill as a swimmer. Honorable mention was made of two other officers—one for rescuing a boy from drowning and one for stopping a runaway horse. On the 15th yet another officer received honorable mention for saving a man from drowning; and on the 23rd a sergeant and two patrolmen were commended for the coolness and skill they displayed in stopping a prize fight and arresting both the participants and spectators, though they were an uncommonly tough crowd, and showed immediate fight.

A Companion for all Ages.

A gentleman who used to read The Youth's Companion when a boy, and reads it with the same interest now that he is a middle-aged man, was asked the other day if he had not outgrown The Companion. "I don't believe," said he, "that I can ever outgrow it. I find in it not only the cheery, hopeful spirit of youth, but the wisdom and experience of age. I like it just as much as when I was a boy though perhaps in a different way. But I know that it is the same Youth's companion with which I grew up, for my girls and boys like it as well as ever I did. It is a good paper to grow up with."

The Youth's Companion will contain the best thought of the best thinkers of America and Europe during 1898. It will print serial and short stories of absorbing interest, and true tales of adventure. The various departments of the paper will be a current record of the best work that is being done in the world. Present readers of The Companion who renew their subscriptions, and all new subscribers, will receive free a beautiful illustrated calendar, printed in twelve colors, and embossed in gold. It is the richest and costliest calendar ever sent to Companion subscribers. New subscribers will receive the Companion every week from the time the subscription is received until January, 1898, and then for a full year to January, 1899.

An illustrated prospectus of The Companion for 1898 may be had by addressing PERRY MASON & COMPANY, 205 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Thanksgiving Day.

The Intercolonial Railway will issue through excursion return tickets to points east of Fort William, Detroit, Windsor, Sault Ste Marie etc., on the 23rd and 24th November at first class single fare, good for return November 30th, and local return tickets at one first class single fare for round trip (adding sufficient to make rate end in 0 or 5) on 23rd, 24th and 25th November, return limit November 29th. Tickets to points on the Dominion Atlantic Ry on the 24th and 25th, return limit November 30th, at first class limit through fare.

If the tissues about the roots of the hair become unhealthy, the hair will soon turn grey, or fall off. Correct this trouble with Hall's Hair Renewer.



Miss Helen Aglin is visiting Miss Furlong, who she had been since early summer with friends.

The Misses Cushing went to Kewton on Saturday to attend the wedding of Miss Burleigh which took place on Thursday.

Miss D. Murch of Fairville left Monday for Fredericton to visit her daughter Miss Alice Murch.

Mr. W. Long is visiting her daughter Mrs. (Dr.) E. Harris at the latter's home in New York.

Mr. J. H. Blair returned the first of the week from St. Stephen.

Among the very pretty girls received by the bride were a handsome girl with monogram set in pearls and pearl pins from the groom.

Mrs. Isabella C. Davis who is attending the convention of the Kings daughters is a guest of Miss Helen Barker.

The death of Mrs. E. W. Crookbank which occurred early in the week was a severe shock to the lady's relatives and was doubly so following closely on the death of her husband.

Miss Emma Henderson has returned to Woodstock after a pleasant visit here.

Mrs. M. S. Scovill of St. John is in St. Stephen, a guest of Mrs. J. W. Scovill this week.

Mr. George H. Gilman of Woodstock is spending a few days here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Gale of Boston are spending a short time in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. David F. Tapley gave a small winter party on Wednesday evening at which there were seven tables.

Nov. 17.—On Saturday evening Nov. 11th, the division No. 1 of the Progress celebrated their thirtieth anniversary at their hall.

Nov. 17.—Nov. 17th, Rev. E. H. Bell of Westville and Rev. F. L. Adams of Falmouth held services in behalf of missions in the different churches in this parish and at Fort Greenville last week.

Nov. 17.—Society's rubber ball now on account of the weather not being favorable.

Nov. 17.—Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Borden, Moncton, spent Sunday with relatives here.

WELCOME SOAP Monthly Missing Word Contest

THE Correct missing word or October was "WISE" and the winners were Miss Christy A. Murdoch, New Glasgow, N.S. 1st Prize \$15.00 Cash.

Fry's Cocoa

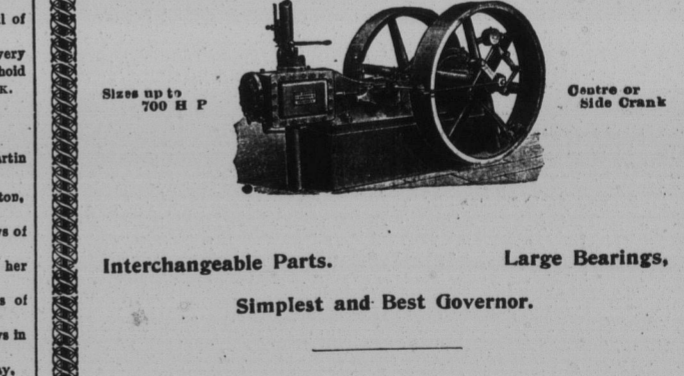
It builds up one's strength but not at the expense of weakening the digestive organs.

"Famous" Baseburner



THE McCLARY MFG. CO., LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

Robb-Armstrong Automatic Engines



ROBB ENGINEERING CO., LTD., - - AMHERST.

PELLE ISLAND WINES

BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. E. G. SCOVILL, Agent Pelee Wine Co. 62 Union Street.

Vertical text on the far left edge, partially cut off, containing fragments of an advertisement or notice.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTEENTH STREET PAGE.



HALIFAX NOTES.

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

Nov. 17.—Surprise parties continue to be the order of the day. The freshmen class were treated to one last party...

Nov. 16.—The realing of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" by Mr. George B. Williams was last Wednesday a great success...

Nov. 15.—The members of Ivy Lodge I. O. O. F. were at home on Wednesday evening to a number of invited guests...

Nov. 14.—The members of the Young Ladies of St. John's church were at home on Wednesday evening...

Nov. 13.—The members of the Young Ladies of St. John's church were at home on Wednesday evening...

Mrs. Tennant went to St. John on Monday to be present at the marriage of Mr. Tennant's brother to a young lady of St. John.

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Nov. 16.—The realing of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" by Mr. George B. Williams was last Wednesday a great success...

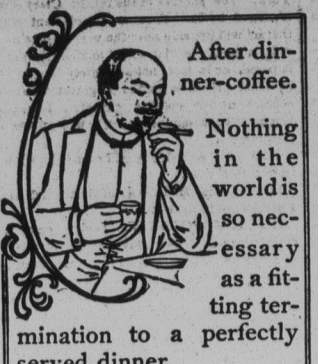
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Nov. 12.—The members of the Young Ladies of St. John's church were at home on Wednesday evening...

Nov. 11.—The members of the Young Ladies of St. John's church were at home on Wednesday evening...



After dinner-coffee. Nothing in the world is so necessary as a fitting termination to a perfectly served dinner.

At no time does the true merit of coffee become so manifest. To produce that delicious, aromatic beverage that delights the hearts of epicures...

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee. Grocers sell it in pound and two-pound tin cans, and the signature of these famous importers...

Calais during the past two years held their first meeting this year at the residence of Mrs. John Prescott.

Mrs. Charles Fremont and family late pastor of the Union church, Calais, have gone to Florida to spend the winter...

Mrs. Howard B. McAllister has returned from a delightful visit in Toronto where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bradlee.

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A CORNER OF THE... Millinery World.

Busy Business is a-going throughout this Autumn Attired Millinery Department. It's an active corner of the Millinery World—the show spot and sale spot of whatever is the best and newest and wisest to buy in Millinery.

It is a well known and generally admitted fact that our Millinery display this Fall contains the largest and most varied collection of the richest and newest products of the World's best milliners.

THE PARISIAN 163 UNION ST. ST. JOHN N. B.

SCIENTIFIC DRESS CUTTING. Dressmaking and Millinery taught thoroughly at our Academy or by mail. First class certificates granted to pupils when proficient enabling them to obtain good situations or start in business for themselves.

CONSUMPTION CURED

In many cases this disease is arrested and in ALL the healing soothing properties of Puttner's Emulsion give great relief and comfort to the sufferers.

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

Ladies' Tailoring

The Subscribers having secured the services of a first-class LADIES' TAILOR, will in future add LADIES' TAILORING to our regular Tailoring business.

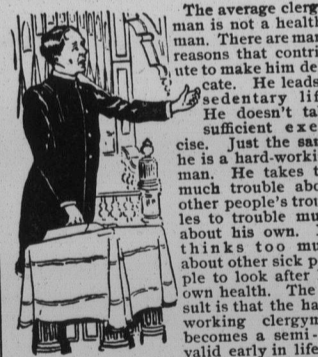
A. R. CAMPBELL, 64 Germain Street.

FERGUSON & PAGE

Have received New Goods in the following lines—Diamonds, Fine Jewelry, Watches, Solid Silver and Silver Plated Goods, Clocks, Bronzes, etc.

41 KING STREET. Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock. TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.

POULTRY, SUGAR CURED HAM and BACON. THOMAS DEAN, City Market.



The average clergyman. There are many reasons that contribute to make him delicate and debilitated. He doesn't take sufficient exercise. Just this working man. He takes too much trouble about other people's troubles. He thinks too much about other sick people to look after his own health.

There is no necessity for this. A clergyman adds nothing to his usefulness, but greatly detracts from it, by neglecting his health. If a man, be he clergyman or layman, will resort to the right remedy just as soon as he feels out of sorts, and knows that he is a little bilious, or that his liver is torpid, or his digestion is out of order, he will restore his usefulness and add much to his life.

AMHERST.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Amherst by W. P. Smith & Co.] Nov. 17.—The members of Ivy Lodge I. O. O. F. were at home on Wednesday evening to a number of invited guests...

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(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)
The citizens band under the leadership of Prof. Wooddale are to give a minstrel show in the near future.

The E. C. congregation are to have a turkey supper in the Hall on Thanksgiving evening. Mrs. Lawrence and son and Miss Annie Webster and Petticoat Inc. have been visiting at Dr. F. Daly's. Mrs. James McLeod is visiting her sister in Fredericton who is very ill.

Miss Lena Keith, Petticoat, spent Wednesday of last week with friends here.

Invitations are out for a wedding on Thanksgiving evening. The principals in the event are Miss May White, youngest daughter of Mr. Chas. T. White and Rev. S. N. Leonard of Lunenburg. Rumor has it that a number of weddings are to take place in the near future.

HOW THE CITIZENS DO IT.

Moncton Water as it is Daily Supplied to the Town.

The Moncton citizen is seldom without a grievance of some kind or other, and to do him justice it is not always of his own making. His life really does seem to be rather over crowded with disappointments, and his most cherished dolls stuffed with the commonest and driest of sawdust. The poor soul always seems to be striving after something to which distance lends enchantment, and as soon as the glittering bauble is his, the gliding begins to rub off and disclose a piece of very ordinary gingerbread, which is not only tasteless to the palate, but utterly without commercial value. He is always satisfied that he has a sure thing this time, and is ready to begin ever again with a child-like confidence, as touching as it is unusual.

For instance—he was satisfied that if he could only have an electric street railway to play with he would ask nothing more of Fate but sit down contentedly and grow rich with the money the railway earned for him. After a long time he got the railway but the novelty wore off so soon that he never managed to get it paid for, and so far from making money out of it he won't use it himself enough to make it pay running expenses, though he feels deeply injured because everyone else doesn't spend most of his time riding around the line, and bringing up the receipts to a respectable figure.

It was the same with the gas and water! The representative citizen was firmly convinced in his own mind that if he once had possession of the property owned by the Moncton Gaslight and Water Company, and controlled the working of that institution he would revolutionize things so quickly that his fellow citizens would think they were living in a sort of modern utopia, and would constantly rise up and call him blessed. He was never weary of criticizing the quality of the goods supplied by the company, assuring all whom it might concern that Moncton had the worst gas, and the worst water of any city of its size in the Dominion, and promising an interested public that if they would just wait till he had the gas and water supply under his own control, they would see what a first class article really was. Gas that should put the strongest electric light to the blush, water sparkling and limpid as if drawn from a bubbling spring, and all at a price that would be merely nominal, almost amounting to free water, and free gas.

The citizen in the concrete rose to the fly as usual and without stopping to consider by what form of alchemy these wonders were to be wrought, he hit eagerly at the opportunity of punishing the capacious company who had been robbing him for so many years, and incidentally saving a little money for himself at the same time killing two birds with the same stone, with neatness and despatch.

So he acted on the painful suggestion of the representative citizen and as soon as he got a good chance he descended on the Gas and Water Company like a wolf on the fold, and coolly took possession of their property against their will, paying them what he considered was sufficient for it, and allowing them no option whatever in the matter. Then he started out with beautiful self confidence to reform matters,

Coleman's SALT
CELEBRATED DAIRY, HOUSEHOLD AND FARM
PURITY GUARANTEED
CANADA SALT ASSOCIATION
CLINTON, ONT.

Merit Talks

"Merit talks" the intrinsic value of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Merit in medicine means the power to cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses actual and unequalled curative power and therefore it has true merit. When you buy Hood's Sarsaparilla, and take it according to directions, to purify your blood, or cure any of the many blood diseases, you are morally certain to receive benefit. The power to cure is there. You are not trying an experiment. It will make your blood pure, rich and nourishing, and thus drive out the germs of disease, strengthen the nerves and build up the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best, in fact—the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills

Do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists sell. give his brethren a better and cheaper service and make things hum generally. He succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations and made them hum to such an extent that he thought a swarm of bees had settled about his ears!

His first essay at reformation took the form of increasing the water rates to such an extent that all but the wealthier classes were compelled to adopt scotch act whiskey as a regular beverage and take their baths in milk, because both these commodities were so much cheaper. While increasing the cost of water, the representative citizen took care to reduce the supply, thereby making water such a luxury that people scarcely wondered at having to pay a high price for it; and whenever he wished to discipline them, and make them fully alive to their blessings, he turned the water off altogether and let them learn to do without it. It was such good training for a floated bond-holder to prepare for the luxury of a bath costing about ten cents a quart, remove all his clothing, collect his towels, soap and sponges, and then turn on the tap with all the confidence in life, only to be greeted with a derisive hiss, from the air which poured out of the pipe, and informed him conclusively that the water was turned off for the next few hours and his best plan would be to dress himself again, and to go about his work as usual.

On the rare occasions when such little accidents happened in former days, the great man always had the remedy in his own hands! He just walked down to the company's office and blew up everybody within hearing, asked what they meant by charging him exorbitant water rates "Exorbitant I say, sir!" and then keeping him without the commodity he was paying for. He usually wound up by threatening to dig a well, and be independent of the city water altogether, and then the polite manager and clerks all expressed their regret that he should have been put to any inconvenience and promised to repair the mains only in the dead of night, for the future.

But now all this is changed, the injured citizen can hardly convene a special meeting of the city council, or call a mass meeting of the electors every time he wants to swear about the water service, so he has to swallow his wrath as best he can, and console himself with the bitter reflection that he has no one but himself to blame in the matter.

Meanwhile the local papers keep a notice ready set up announcing that the water will be turned off at nine o'clock on Monday morning, and will be off for six hours; and another setting forth that the pumping station will be shut down at twelve o'clock noon on Saturday, and remain in that condition for twelve hours. On the rare occasions when the notice is not required, the comp's just paste a piece of paper over the notices and thus save themselves work, and have them in readiness for next day. But that does not mean that the water is only shut off when notice has been given, by no means! The city fathers reserve to themselves the right of giving the water a day off whenever they please, and Sunday is the favorite day; therefore it is taken quite as a matter of course that there should be no water in the bathroom on Sunday morning, and thrifty people fill all their tubs and pails on Saturday night, and make some sort of a shift with milk punch, to wash down their dinner. Members of the W. C. T. U. depend on the cold tea left over from the night before.

These of course are only small drawbacks, scarcely worth mentioning; but lately it has come to the ears of the citizens through letters to the local papers, that the down trodden inhabitants who cannot obtain a decent supply of water legitimately have taken to obtaining it in

a notorious manner, and may be seen any day when the weather is favorable, using the reservoir as a swimming bath, washing their wags in it, and allowing innumerable flocks of geese to use it as a field for exercise, and a medium for cleansing themselves. The idea is not a nice one, but there is a certain amount of satisfaction in knowing positively the cause of that very peculiar smell about our drinking water, which has been a puzzle to us for the past two or three years, and in having our often expressed opinion about the quality of the water so decidedly confirmed. In the days when the old company mismanaged things, they always had the reservoir well guarded, and no such abominations were allowed; we got the water in as pure a state as it could be obtained, and paid only a fair price for it, but still it is a grand thing to know that we have matters in our own hands, and can manage, or mismanage them to suit ourselves instead of being "bull-dozed" by an arrogant company. At least this is what the citizen says in public, and if he ever admits to himself in private that he is paying a larger price, for a very inferior article—in short for "the same old water" in a very deteriorated condition—he keeps his own counsel bravely, and munches cheerfully enough at the lump of dry old gingerbread, which looked so tempting before the gliding was all rubbed off.

HIS HEART MISPLACED.

Case of Charles Schuppel whose Anatomy Puzzeled Surgeons.

There is a man in Chicago, says The Times-Herald, whose heart is on the right side. His heart is, however, not in the right place. The right place for the heart is on the left side.

Charles Schuppel, a professional nurse is the man who enjoys this unusual distinction, and he did not know it himself until a few days ago. Schuppel had been troubled with disease of the stomach and called upon Dr. O. L. Schmidt, of the Schiller Building, to seek relief. Dr. Schmidt examined him and found that something was wrong with his stomach, which he relieved, but he was also puzzled by the action of his heart. An investigation led him to suspect that there was something unusual about it, and he took Schuppel to see W. C. Fuchs, that an X ray photograph might be made of the heart so that anything out of the ordinary in connection with it might be more readily detected.

Mr. Fuchs Schuppel to lie upon the photographing table and placed the plate under him, as is customary in taking photographs of this kind. When the photograph was developed it was found that Schuppel's heart was on the right side, in spite of the fact there appeared to be nothing the matter with it, and the organ seemed entirely healthy.

Such a case as this is so rare that it attracts unusual attention among medical men. The usual position of the heart is to the left of the middle line of the body and between the two lungs. Portions of the lung are behind the left half, to the left and in front of it, except about two superficial inches. Its base lies under the third rib on the left side, extending three inches from the middle line of the body. The right auricle, when filled extends half an inch to the right border of the breastbone in the second intercostal space (space between the ribs), retreating under the breastbone upon its costal action. The apex is found in the fifth intercostal space three and one-half inches from the middle line. Unite this point with the point three inches to the left of the middle line on the third rib by a curve that will cross the fourth rib at a point four inches from the middle line and the left border of the normal heart is indicated. From the point indicating the apex carry a line to the right and a little upward along this right border to the second intercostal space, and this will complete a journey along the lines that bound the internal position of the heart.

But in the case of Schuppel all this is reversed. Where left is mentioned read right and you have the place where it is located.

Cases of this kind are unusual. And what is more unusual is that the position is exactly reversed and the heart seems to be abnormally perfect. Dr. Schmidt could detect nothing wrong about it. In the ordinary man the liver is on the right side. Schuppel's liver is on the left side.

Schuppel is 28 years of age and for that length of time he had lived without knowing that his heart was differently located from that of other men. His heart has never caused him any worry and it is to all intents and purposes as useful as any other man's heart. He has, however, never been possessed of great physical strength and this may be in part due to his extraordinary anatomy.

Schuppel is of German parentage, and

Short's Dyspepticure.

cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Bileousness, etc. 25cts. and \$1.00, from C. K. Short, St. John, N. B., and druggists generally.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for twenty years, and recommend it to others for coughs and colds, and whooping cough. Have never known a single case of whooping cough that it failed to relieve and cure, when used."

Scoff and Cough.

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

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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

has lived in Chicago only since last spring. He was born in Heidelberg, Jan. 12, 1869. At the age of 16, after having received a good education in the old university town, he went to work in one of the many paper mills. He continued at this trade for some time, but three years ago was lured to America by the idea that here he would be able to make more money with less work. He worked at various odd jobs but had no trade. Hence he was forced to manual labor and he found great difficulty in lifting heavy weights.

This apparent lack of physical strength prevented him from keeping at work. For three weeks he was a nurse in one of the Cleveland hospitals, and since then he has followed nursing as a profession. This has, however, been a precarious means of support, as men nurses have not been much in demand of late, since the advent of the trained woman nurse. Forced by necessity, for one week he shipped as a sailor on a lake vessel, but left it when the ship reached Chicago, for he was unable to stand hard work. Since then he has been in Chicago and was for a part of the time at the Cook county hospital.

With the exception of this inability to lift heavy weights or engage in any work which exerts a strain on the organs of the body, Schuppel is in good health and his heart does not cause him any inconvenience. Were he a man who labored with his hands and used his muscles but slightly, the transposition of his heart would cause him no annoyance. But men nurses are usually employed rather than female nurses only in cases where strength is necessary. Hence Schuppel labors under a disadvantage.

A FAMOUS CHARGE.

The Horse That Led the Light Brigade at Balaklava Died on an Ohio Farm.

The noted white Arabian steed ridden by Capt. Nolan in the charge of the Light Brigade at the memorable battle of Balaklava of the Crimea was quartered for several years in the immediate vicinity of Cincinnati, and died a natural death at a ripe old age in the neighborhood of Morrow, O.

When the blundering order for the charge of the Light Brigade was given Capt. Nolan was in command. As the men charged into the "valley of death" Nolan on his conspicuous white Arab, spurred far in advance of all—a fine mark for a Russian rifleman. With his sword high uplifted and a cheer on his lips he was struck to the breast by a fragment of shell, thrown in the Russians' fit discharge and instantly killed. His sword dropped from his hand, but the arm retained its upright position and his left hand the bridle rein, as his horse instinctively turned back and galloped toward the brigade. As the files opened to let him pass an unearthly shriek rent the air, said by some to be the last agonizing cry of Nolan, in a vain effort to turn the brigade from its impending doom, but thought by others to be the result of no human will, but rather due to those "spasmodic forces" which may act upon the form when life has ceased.

Strait into the Russian guns, which were opened full upon them, dashed the brigade, and then they rode back; but not the six hundred. The immense loss was "only counter-balanced," says one, "by the brilliance of the attack and the gallant order, and discipline which distinguished it."

The remnant of the Light Brigade was sent over to Quebec to recuperate, and with them Nolan's white Arab, with two slight sabre cuts in his side. He carried the marks to his death. After his master's death the horse was called Nolan. While in Quebec Lester Taylor, a wholesale cotton merchant of Cincinnati, purchased him and brought him to Cincinnati, where he shortly afterwards sold him to August Le Broots.

Le Broots was a Frenchman. The Le Broots owned a pretty summer house at South Covington, Ky., on the banks of the Licking river, and now known as Dimmore Park. Luxurious quarters were fitted up for Nolan. A French zouave was brought from France to care expressly for him and a handsome jet black stallion, called Sultan, purchased in Algiers by M. Le Broots on one of his numerous trips to Europe. Nolan was a magnificent creature, fifteen and a half hands high, snow white, with mane and tail like strands of burnished silver, and nostrils like pink satin; fleet as the wind under the saddle—the only use to which he was put—with a swinging, easy gait, most inviting to the equestrian lover; high-spirited, yet gentle withal as a fawn. Both Nolan and Sultan were regularly exercised in a ring laid out on one part of the grounds for that purpose. So

docile was Nolan that the two little daughters of the house were much given to climbing upon his back during this exercise. If either chanced to slip and fall beneath the feet of the horse while in motion he would stop instantly, and with the zouave cry to the child, "Tranquille! Tranquille!" meaning be quiet, would, with rare intelligence, bend his head as if carefully pushing the little one from his path.

On one of the foraging expeditions of the Union troops stationed at Fort Mitchell, a few miles distant from the Le Broots residence, both horses were taken from the stables. M. Le Broots was away from home. Upon his return, with the impetuosity, and decisive action of the typical Erenobman, he started at once with his zouave in hot pursuit of the animals. Some five miles from home he came across them tethered and in charge of a subaltern. Le Broots covered the man with his pistols while the zouave deftly secured the horses. Then he directed the latter to take them across the Ohio River into Brown co, Ohio he himself riding on into Covington, Ky., and straight to the old Planters' House, where the commanding officer of the troops Gen. Stanhope, was stopping. There he defiantly challenged the General's interference in the case. Nothing came of the affair, however, and after a time the horses were returned to their old quarters. Loath to dispose of Nolan and not wishing to ship him to France, Le Broots left him some months to the care of Col. Masor, finally pensioning him to a farm near Morrow, O., where he lived his life out in peaceful retirement.

Positively all Done by Hand.

All open front shirts done by hand with the New York finish. It is picturesque—Try it. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and Dry Works. Phone 68.

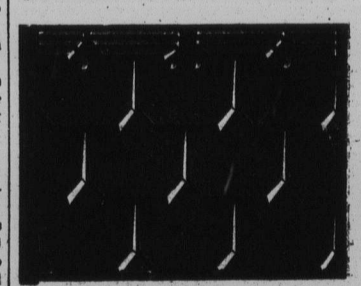
NY-AS-SAN

CONCENTRATED MINERAL WATER

For Body, Brains and Nerves. The Saline Constituents of the most potent mineral waters in the world dry but quickly soluble in water. A convenient beverage for the sick or convalescent. Specific action on Kidneys and Liver, making rich red blood. It is nature's way of curing disease at home.

The Nyassau Medicine Co. Toronto, N.S. "Mention this paper when you write."

EASTLAKE STEEL SHINGLES!



SHOWS ONE SHINGLE!

These Shingles have been on the Canadian Market twelve years, and have never failed to give satisfaction. They are absolutely FIRE, LIGHTNING and STORM PROOF, besides being very ornamental and easily applied. Write for Catalogues to W. A. McLachlan, Dept. St., St. John, N. B., or the METALLIC ROOFING CO. (Limited) Sole Makers, 1371 King St., W. Toronto. Have you seen our steel brick.

THE NEW **SILK STITCHED EVER-READY DRESS STAYS** MADE IN SATTEEN. RIBBON CLOTH (Novel and Attractive) AND SATIN. Thinner, Lighter and More Elastic than any other Dress Stay.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1897.

THE FOUNDATION OF HEALTH.

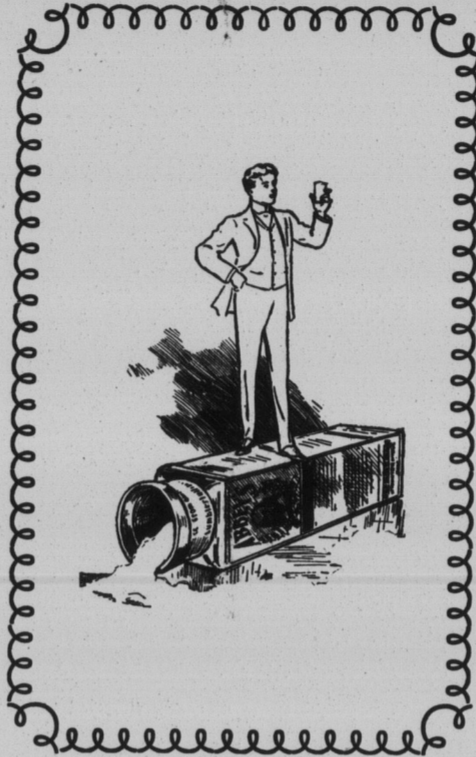
Everyone wants health.

Its possession means so much—
happiness—success—long life.

The lack of health means misery
—pain—failure.

Health is ready and willing to
be yours and give you all the pleas-
ure and enjoyment the healthful find
in this world.

But the average person, in the
busy round of daily duties, often
overlooks the consideration due to
health, until she, offended at the
oversight, leaves the body to the
ravages of pain and disease.



Your health should be your first
consideration.

In justice to yourself, and in con-
sideration of your health you
should avoid the disagreeable or
doubtful nostrums that either have
no effect at all or leave you worse
than they found you.

Most of these quack cure-alls are
simply stimulants that temporarily
raise the hopes of those who use
them only to dash them down deep-
er into the depths of despair.

What you want is a regulator of
health.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt.

You can have health—natu-
ral every day, all-the-year-'round
health.

The health that nature gave, you
and meant that you should keep.

That's the kind of health Abbey's
Effervescent Salt will give you.
Its use brings roses to the cheeks
and the clear light of health to the
eyes.

It casts the bright sunlight of
health into the dark alleyways of
disease.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt is per-
manently beneficial. There is no
reactionary or depressing after
effect from its use.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt which
has recently been introduced into
Canada, is an English preparation
which has been recognized, for
years, in England and the old
world, as the most wonderful regu-
lator of health, the greatest preven-
tative of disease, and the most effi-
cacious tonic known.

It is Nature's own remedy and is
fully worth its weight in gold.
Taken daily it brings health to the
system in a pleasant natural way.

Gold can buy no greater gift than
perfect health.

A teaspoonful of Abbey's Effer-
vescent Salt, taken every morning
before breakfast, keeps you in ex-
cellent health and spirits—fits you
for the day's household or business
battles.

It purifies and cools the blood,
keeping the body in a comfortable
and healthful state.

It is unequalled as a beverage,
quenching the thirst and invigorat-
ing the system.

It is essentially a household
remedy. Once introduced into the
home it becomes a household neces-
sity.

It could have no greater recom-
mendation.

For Sale by all Druggists at

60 Cents a Large Bottle. Trial Size 25 cents.

THE ABBEY EFFERVESCENT SALT CO., LIMITED, Montreal, Can.

The Journey.

I think of death as some delightful journey
That I shall take when all my tasks are done;
Though life has given me a heaping measure
Of all best gifts, and many a cup of pleasure,
Still better things await me further on.

This little earth is such a merry planet,
The distance beyond it so supreme,
I have no doubt that all the mighty spaces
Between us and the stars are filled with faces
More beautiful than any artist's dream.

I like to think that I shall yet behold them,
When from this waiting room my soul has soared,
Earth is a wayside station, where we wander.

The Journey.

Until from out the silent darkness yonder,
Death swings his lantern, and cries, "All aboard!"
I think death's train sweeps through the solar
system
And passes sun and moon that dwarf our own,
And cress beside us shall find our dearest,
The spirit friends on earth we hold the nearest,
And in the shining distance God's great throne.

Whatever disappointment may befall me
In bliss or pleasure in this world of doubt,
I know that life at worst can but delay me,
But no madman's fate has power to stop me,
From that great journey on the Great Death Route.

The Lion Tamer.

He was a gloomy, taciturn man, was Varrens, the lion-tamer. His dusky face, with its heavy brows and massive black beard, might have been cast in bronze, so rarely did its expression change. There was always the same set, resolute look, not untouched by sadness, like that of a man who foresees his end, and is not afraid to face it.

I cannot say he was popular, with our troupe—rather the reverse. Nature intended him to stand alone, like a rugged oak in the open, which seems to shun all contact with its fellows. No one seemed to know how he passed his spare time, or to care either for that matter.

Welpy's World-famed Hippodrome (as the bills put it) was nothing more than an ordinary travelling circus, to which a small menagerie had been tacked on. We were wintering in Edinburgh when Varrens joined us. I was ring-master at the time, and I will remember the first occasion upon which he made his entry into the lions' cage. It was a ticklish moment, for the brutes were strange to him, but somehow he seemed to get the mastery over them from the very start. At first that he had it all his own way.

In the course of the first twelve months he got together in one cage what was known as the 'happy family'—an African lion, a Bengal tiger, a leopard, and a Siberian wolf. They lived as happily as most such families—human and otherwise—generally do; that is to say, at least once every day there was a regular set-to, and Varrens had to go for them all round before he could restore order. Having relieved their feelings in this way, the brutes retired to their respective corners and sulked till feeding time.

To the general public the tamer's night display in this cage was undoubtedly one of the chief attractions of the show. No sooner did he make his appearance than a pleasurable thrill of excitement ran through the spectators. There was always the off-chance of seeing him mauled, and that was something to look forward to.

Varrens had been with us about two years when the proprietor took it into his head one day to engage a troupe of acrobats. Amongst them was a young lady, Miss Carrie Weston, who very soon had half the men in the circus, and a fair number of outsiders, at her feet. She was a pretty, sprightly little thing, with a mop of fluff golden hair. Some might have thought her a trifle giddy, and too fond of admiration; but, all the same, her roguish smile and pretty ways played havoc with many a male heart.

On the ropes she was a regular little dare-devil. I have seen her perform the most fool-hardy tricks; running very considerable risk of cracking her dainty neck, apparently out of sheer love of the excitement it afforded. She seemed to talk a childish delight in thrilling the spectators with feats of this kind.

Now of all the queer things that could have happened, the queerest undoubtedly was that the great black bearded lion-tamer, whom we had always looked upon as little short of a woman-hater, should have fallen desperately in love with the girl straight away. Before she had been with us a week, I began to notice a change in him. He seemed to be gradually drawn out of his shell, as it were. Hitherto he never made his appearance on an evening until the performance was drawing to a close, when the cage containing the 'happy family' was wheeled into the ring, ready for him to enter. Now, night after night, he was early at the ring side, waiting for the troupe of acrobats.

The curious part of it was, he appeared quite content to worship her at a distance. So far as I could make out, he never made the slightest attempt to approach her, though I have seen his swarthy cheeks glow and his eyes blaze as he watched her laughing and chatting with other men. As to Miss Carrie herself—well, you may be sure she did not remain long in ignorance of this silent devotion on the part of the tamer. It pleased her, too. Ordinary admirers she could count by the score; but it was something new to have such a man before whom those fierce brutes in the cages nightly cowered, at her feet, and to feel that she alone of all the world could lead him.

From the very first, the zoological section of the show seemed to have a peculiar attraction for this willful young lady. She spent hours roaming about from cage to cage, endeavoring to propitiate the ferocious inmates by every means in her power. I rather fancy she had a sort of hankering after a tamer's life; and her daring was such that, trail little thing that she was, I believe nothing would have pleased her better than to have made the acquaintance of the 'happy family', if she could have had her own way.

There was a fine young tiger cub in one of the cages, a recent acquisition to the show. He was a prime favorite with Miss Carrie. She seemed determined to make a pet of him, and succeeded in a marvellous degree. At first she simply stood before the cage for a certain time every day, watching the tiger as he prowled up and down with a slow, stealthy motion. Gradually the brute got to know her. When she approached he would put his head to

the bars and allow her to stroke it, purring like a great cat.

One day the venturesome damsel took it into her head to make a closer acquaintance with her pet. While the coast was clear, she slipped back the spring lock of the cage and was just about to enter, when, with a bound, the tiger came flying through the open door. The girl was flung backwards and frisked a round her for a moment or two; then came and planted his heavy fore-paws upon her chest. She lay there quite still, with closed eyes, not daring to move a limb. All the time she felt the creature's hot breath on her face. He kept sniffing, sniffing, as if uncertain what to make of her.

It is hard to say how the matter might have ended had not Varrens suddenly arrived upon the scene. A few swift strides brought him across to the girl's side. Gripping the tiger cub with both hands, he flung him back into the cage and slammed the door. When he turned round again the young lady was upon her feet—a little white and scared, it is true, but otherwise none the worse for her adventure.

'You're not hurt, I hope?' he asked, anxiously.

'Oh, no!' she replied, gaily, 'a wee bit shaken, that's all. Still, I shouldn't have relied being left much longer in that position, though I don't believe the creature would have harmed me.'

'I'm not so sure about that,' said Varrens. 'You never can tell when those brutes will cut up rough. A little thing sets them off, and its just a toss up whether they go for you or not. See here,' he went on, rolling back his sleeve, and displaying a brawny arm, covered with black hair, 'look at these scars. That's where the brutes have dug their claws into me at odd times. I carry my trade mark about with me, you see.'

'Oh, how dreadful!' exclaimed Miss Carrie, running her pretty finger along the livid furrows in the flesh. 'I had no idea you ran such frightful risks.'

'Oh, that's nothing,' replied the tamer, in a careless manner, 'up here, at the shoulder, it is worse. A big brute of a tiger chawed me there last winter; but I had it out with him before I left the cage, and there wasn't a quieter beast in the show after that.'

'I oughtn't to have made so free with this cub, then?'

'It would be safer not; though he is scarcely ripe enough for mischief yet. But how did he manage to get out of the cage?'

Miss Carrie explained. The tamer shook his head gravely, and regarded her with a somewhat anxious expression.

'You are too daring, I'm afraid,' he said, seriously. 'You will get hurt one of these days if you don't mind. I have watched you on the ropes for nights running, and—well, upon my word, sometimes you make my heart jump into my mouth.'

The little minx tossed her fluff head, and grinned with pleasure.

'Look-out for me to night then,' she said, as she skipped away from him. 'I've been practising a new trick, and I mean to astonish the natives of this sleepy old town—see if I don't!'

That night we had a crowded house, for it was some sort of a local holiday. The performance was most successful throughout, the acrobats especially gaining loud applause. Miss Carrie certainly did astonish the natives; indeed, her new feat on the flying trapeze, which she gave for the first time that evening, was something startling. Even those of us who were well seasoned to such sights stood spell bound until it was over.

As she skipped triumphantly out of the ring, flushed with pleasure at the applause her performance had evoked, she shot a saucy look at Varrens, who was standing at the entrance with his arms folded across his massive chest, as much as to say 'What did you think of that?'

He said nothing at the time, but next morning I heard him taking her to task, and gravely chiding her as to the risk she ran. Miss Carrie evidently was not in the very best of humours that day; she answered him sharply enough; said it was entirely her own look-out whether she broke her neck or not; and that even if she did, it wouldn't matter a straw to anybody.

'That's not true,' the tamer remarked, firmly, 'and you know it.'

'Oh, indeed! This was news to her. She thought there wasn't a soul in the world—except, perhaps, old uncle Ben, who had trained her on the ropes and given her a start in life—who cared a button what became of her. And who might this friend be? She was curious to find that out.'

'You know well who it is,' he replied, vehemently. 'Listen. Before you came here I had some peace of mind, about as much as a man who has turned his back upon the world can reasonably expect. Those brutes in the cages there were my only care; I took more interest in them than in the whole of kankind put together. I thought that all affection had been stamped out of me; that my heart was dead. But I was mistaken—oh, yes! I was mistaken. You came along, and some thing seemed to spring into life within me. I tried to crush it, to smother it, but it was no use. And now—now—I

tell you,' he went on, breaking off suddenly, 'every time I enter that cage yonder now, I carry my life in my hands. You require to have all your wits about you for this sort of business; and if you happen to have anything on your mind, and your thoughts get to wandering away elsewhere—well the brutes notice it quick enough. They are always on the watch for such a chance of taking you unaware.'

He seemed so desperately in earnest, and appeared to regard his case in such a hopeless light, Miss Carrie was touched and subdued in spite of herself. She had secretly admired his strength, his daring, and his mastery over those fierce brutes in the cages. And now she hung her pretty head, whimpered a little, said she would never forgive herself if any harm came to him through her; and, indeed—But here she was whipped of the ground, and lost in the embrace of her gigantic lover.

After that it was a case of 'standing off the grass' with the rest of Miss Carrie's following. Varrens was always at her side, and not one of her former admirers cared particularly to bandy words with him.

During the remainder of that summer we wandered about from town to town, pitching out moving tent for a few days in each. Despite the proverb, the course of true love, in this particular instance might have run smoothly enough, but for an untoward circumstance which happened towards the end of our tour.

There fell a day when Fred Welpy, the eldest son of our boss, turned up unexpectedly. Master Fred had been running a show on his own account for the last couple of years, but had come to grief—which did not in the least surprise his friends and relations. In point of fact, he had recently found himself stranded somewhere on the Continent; didn't wait to take formal leave of his assistants (who were anxiously dogging his footsteps); 'left the bally show to take care of itself'—as he put it—and bolted!

He came back to us with the easy assurance of a man who knows his own worth, and is not afraid of obtaining suitable recompense for his services. In some respects he was undoubtedly an acquisition, for he was a good bare-back rider (when sufficiently sober), and generally took the part of Dick Turpin when we gave a representation of that hero's famous ride to York.

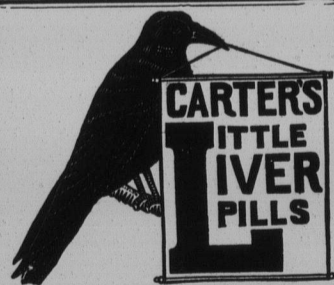
To begin with, he had a bit of a shindy with the boss, and they pretty nearly came to arguing it out with tent pegs. This preliminary over, he settled down to business, and cast his eyes about him. They quickly lighted upon Miss Carrie Weston, whom he seemed to regard with favour and approval. One night, after the performance was over, he made his way to her side, chuckled her under the chin, and indulged in other little pleasantries—much to the girl's annoyance. The next minute he saw as many stars as it is enormous, and found himself huddled up under the tier of three-shilling seats. Varrens was standing by the girl, his great fists clenched, and a savage glare in his eyes.

From that moment these two men were at daggers-drawn. Welpy never ventured to annoy Miss Carrie again—he had got too severe a lesson for that—but there was often a sullen scowl upon his face when he encountered her that boded no good. Indeed, it was pretty evident he was up to mischief of some kind, for he was not the sort of man to forget an injury in a hurry.

A few weeks later the troupe of acrobats were summoned to fulfil a long-standing engagement at the Rotunda, Manchester. Carrie parted from her lover in bitterness and tears; she felt a sort of presentiment, she said, that something dreadful was about to happen. Varrens pooh-poohed her fears, gently stroked her pretty head with his great hand, and then she smiled up at him through her tears.

When she was gone the lion-tamer dropped back into his old ways, and became as moody and taciturn as ever. Welpy kept clear of him, but still it was plain to see there was bad blood between the two. For my own part, I was not all sorry when Master Fred fired of the show, which he soon did, and took his departure.

As a general rule Varrens was always at



CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Heartly Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coal Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

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Insist and demand

Carter's Little Liver Pills.



Vapo-Cresolene

FOR Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

Items from physicians' statements in our Descriptive Booklet. Send for it.

"Have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and other spasmodic coughs, that I have treated every family under my direction to secure one." "It is of great value in Diphtheria." "It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive." Sole by all druggists.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
69 Wall St., N. Y., City.

hand when his turn came round. One night, however, much to our surprise, he did not make his appearance as usual. The cage containing the 'happy family' had been wheeled into the ring, the spectators were on the tip-toe of expectation, but the form was not forthcoming. While we waited, one of the attendants slipped up to me, and whispered:

'The dressing tent, sir, he's stuck in there by himself. I've told him it's his turn, but he took no notice of me. I believe there's something wrong.'

I hurried off at once, for the crowd in the sixpenny and shilling seats began to grow impatient. The moment I entered the dressing-tent, and my eyes fell upon Varrens, I confess that I got quite a shock. He was striding up and down, his hands clenched, his lips compressed, and a drawn, haggard look on his face.

'Varrens, what's the matter?' I cried, hurrying forward.

He pulled up suddenly, wheeled round, and looked at me in a half-dazed sort of way. Then, without a word, he opened his hand and held out a little ball of soft, pink paper.

I took it, smoothed it out, and saw it was a telegram. It contained these words—

'Carrie Weston fell from trapeze this afternoon. Fatally injured. Manager Rotunda, Manchester.'

For a moment or two I stared blankly at the crumpled paper. Poor little Carrie! What a sad ending for the bright, winsome little thing that used to be the life and soul of our show!

'My dear fellow!' I said turning to Varrens, 'I'm awfully sorry for you. Of course you can't appear this evening. I will go out and make some excuse.'

But to my intense surprise, he suddenly pushed past me, and strode from the tent. I ran after him, for he was not in a fit condition to face those savage brutes in the cage; but he had gained the ring before I could stop him. Without a moment's hesitation he mounted the steps, slipped back the lock, and entered. The door closed with an ominous clang.

As usual, the beasts skurried away from him and crouched at the other end of the cage, snarling and growling. Varrens stood motionless. We waited for him to commence, but he never moved. He seemed rooted to the spot.

What followed was so sudden, so unexpected, so appalling, that to this day I cannot recall it without a shudder. While the tamer was standing there, with eyes upon him, I saw him suddenly stagger like a drunken man. The sense of his bitter loss seemed to rush upon him, and overpowered him all of a moment. Gradually he sank down upon his knees, and clasped his hands to his face with a groan that was heard throughout the tent.

In response to that groan, an universal cry of horror and dismay broke from the spectators. As if by common instinct, the four brutes sprang upon him. The tiger laid slightly the lead, and bowled him over in the twinkling of an eye. The shock seemed to arouse Varrens; with an almost superhuman effort he struggled to his feet, only to go down again as one of the other beasts dug its savage claws into him. Great heavens! what a fight that was! Sometimes the man was erect, struggling to shake off the brutes, sometimes he was buried back against the wall of the cage. The spectators were upon their feet—screaming, yelling, and shouting to save him; while the attendants were vainly jabbing at the beasts with sharp, iron-tipped staves.

In the midst of the uproar, Varrens managed to get free for a moment, drew a revolver, and fired three shots in rapid succession. Then, under cover of the smoke, he slipped through the door and rolled headlong to the ground. There he lay, torn, mangled, and bleeding, but with his black eyes gleaming like live coals. We hastened to pick him up, procured a stretcher, and took him straight away to the hospital.

The first thing next morning I went round to inquire for him, quite prepared to hear that he had succumbed to his injuries during the night. On entering the accident ward, where he was lying, I suddenly pulled up with a gasp of amazement. There, seated at his bedside, with her little hand enclosed in his great fist, was Miss Carrie Weston— hale and hearty as ever! Utterly taken aback, I stood and gazed stupidly at them, until Varrens opened his eyes and noticed me. 'Hulloa, Ringwood!' he said, feebly, 'I'm not quite done for yet, you see. Got patched up all right last night, and this little woman's coming has done me a world of good.'

'But—but—the telegram?' I stammered.

'All rot!' was his reply. 'Then, turning his head round towards the girl, he said, 'There, let all him about it, Carrie; I'm not up to much talking yet.'

'Well, you see,' she explained, 'it was just like this. Last night we performed as usual at the Rotunda. As I was leaving the building two young fellows strolled up. One of them I knew slightly. The moment he laid eyes on me he started, dropped his stick, and cried, 'Good heavens! it's Carrie Weston!'

'I saw he had some reason for being surprised, so up I went and spoke to him. He said he had heard that I had met with a fatal accident that afternoon through tumbling off the trapeze. I asked him where he

got his news from. He tried to put me off, but, bit by bit, I coaxed the whole thing out of him.'

'It seems he was a clerk in the post-office and had only just come off duty. An hour or two before a telegram had been handed in, which stated that I had fallen from the trapeze and was fatally injured. I tried to find out to whom it was addressed, but he wouldn't tell me. I worried it out of him at last, hurried home, and caught the night express on here. When I arrived early this morning, I heard what had happened at the show last night, and came straight away to the hospital.'

'Then that telegram—' I began, as a light suddenly dawned upon me.

'Was sent by that fellow Welpy, without a doubt,' muttered Varrens.

No Misleading Statements.

Strong Letters From Reliable people

Prove the Worth of Paine's Celery Compound.

The Public Demand for the Great Medicine Fast Increasing.

The proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound have never given to the press of the country any misleading statements, and have never exaggerated either the virtue of their wonderful remedy or the astonishing character of the testimonials it has received.

Paine's Celery Compound, the greatest and most marvellous of all blood purifiers and restorers of nerve force and power, and which has a greater public demand than all other combined remedies, has been a blessing to thousands of homes in the Dominion of Canada. This medicine that makes people well receives monthly scores of letters of praise from men and women rescued from disease and death. Every month of the year hundreds are restored to new life, but many being diffident in nature, and not wishing to be recognized by the public, refrain from writing to the press.

Paine's Celery Compound being a guaranteed medicine, the public have faith in it. The cures effected for those who in the past were burdened with rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney disease, liver trouble, dyspepsia, heart troubles and blood diseases are in many cases truly wonderful. Success after the doctors fail is the great boast of the world's popular medicine, Paine's Celery Compound.

Mrs. A. Perry, Port Maitland, N. S., writes as follows:

'For two years my system was all run down, and I suffered more than I can describe from nervous prostration and insomnia. At times I almost lost my reason from severe pain at base of the brain. My husband advised me to try Paine's Celery Compound, which I did, and the effects were wonderful. I soon began to sleep well; the pain left my head; my whole system was strengthened, and I am now enjoying very good health.'

'I would cheerfully recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from like troubles. You have my best wishes for the future success of your excellent remedy.'

Breaking Up and Breaking Down.

'A man may be all broken up,' said Mr. Billtops, 'and yet not be broken down at all. Grief breaks us up, but we get over that, while a break down may mean a collapse, with recovery doubtful or difficult. In cold climates where ice forms in winter the rivers break up in the spring, and they are all in a turmoil then, but when summer comes they flow along placidly. So it is with us. We may all be broken up and get over it, but a break down is quite another matter.—New York Sun.

GOOD WOMAN—BAD HEART.

When Could the Life of a Loved one be More Uncertain Than when Attacked by Heart Disease?—If you have a Hint of it Have Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Always at Hand, it is the Only Remedy Which can Relieve you in 30 Minutes and Cure You Permanently.

'This is to certify that my wife has been a sufferer from heart disease for over twenty years. After having tried doctors and remedies innumerable without benefit I procured two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and she has received more benefit from it than from all the doctors and all the cures used heretofore. I am pleased to certify to the excellence of this wonderful remedy.'

AARON NICHOLS,
Peterboro', Smith Tp.'

Sunday Reading. A DEMOCRACY OF VALUE.

I have before me a little book bound in blue and red containing the roll of heroes of the 'Victoria Cross.' It is the most splendid record of brave deeds that have been done by any soldiers in the world.

When I visited Westminster Abbey my eyes were arrested by the little banners of the knights, hanging each above the stall where the great men worshipped.

Some instances will best show you what this means. The first man to win the cross was a sailor, Lucas, who afterwards became an Admiral.

But during the siege of Delhi, at the time of the Sepoy mutiny, an event took place which gave four men the cross for valor.

Meanwhile, standing by, while these two great armies faced one another, ready for his part, was the boy bugler, Hawthorne.

You can see from these incidents what a fascination there must be about a roll of names each one enshrined in a deed of valor like the above.

One of the most striking facts about this order is the number of mere lads who have won it. We can certainly say from what we know of the Indian mutiny and our own War of the Rebellion that boys are as brave as men.

worthy of admission into the Order for Valor. But all these heroic deeds are of greatest interest to me because they show us the principle on which the Lord Jesus has instituted his order of knighthood—not for rank nor race nor riches, but only for virtue.

BE SUBB.

Cases in Which Accuracy is Required to Guard Against Mistakes. There are many positions where absolute certainty in regard to some things is required; where mere guess-work of supposition will prove fatal to success.

The young man in question was ticket-seller in a city railway station. A gentleman, purchasing a ticket, inquired the time of the train for a place which we will call Stowe.

'Does not the two-forty-five train stop at Stowe?' asked the gentleman in some surprise.

'No, sir,' said the young man curtly. The traveler was not satisfied, but in spite of the fact that the official ought to know what he was talking about, he consulted his time-table to discover that the two-forty-five train did stop at Stowe.

He had forgotten the incident when, a few days afterwards, a lady, leaving the two-forty-five train at a station, asked him, as she passed out, at what time the train for Stowe would come along to take her up.

'With a printed time-table before you, such a mistake can have no excuse,' they truly said. 'Look at the authority before you speak!'

HER REASON.

We Should Take our Chances for Helpfulness Always into Account. It is possible for us to do all things to God's glory when we are willing to put that glory before our own desires.

It was quite a surprise to Grace Elton's young friends when they learned that she was to spend her summer vacation visiting at a cousin's Vermont home.

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.

bit I believe she might have got a trip to Europe.' Some one was curious enough to ask Grace her reason for the choice she had made.

How many of our girl readers, when planning for the summer, take into account their probable chance for helpfulness? FORGOT HIS PIECE.

He Won Two Prizes and one That his Father Highly Appreciated. Failures and mistakes, with a plucky boy, are often the means of making him up to do better afterwards.

It was the evening for prize speaking, and among the ten boys who were to come on, no one had a better chance of winning than Albert.

Of course he and his friends were greatly disappointed; but his father, a little later, pointed out the reason of his failure.

So we are all making books, and the words written on the pages are the words which we are saying every day. Should you like to read the books you are making boys? Or should you be unwilling, as was the boy who heard that sermon to face your words?

A BEAU LADY.

It Was the Clothes That Caused Him to Think Her a Lady. It was only a slight incident, but it served to bring out the difference between the real lady and the one who only seemed to be a lady.

An old man, passing along a busy street in one of our large cities, became bewildered by the noise and confusion, so that he did not know whether or not he was on the right street.

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

Those who have been strangers to Christianity find it hard to understand the beautiful and unselfish love for one another that is taught by our faith.

A woman came to the hospital suffering from a large growth on the face, which we removed successfully. One morning she asked, 'Are you glad this lump is gone?'

SHOOTING TURKEYS FROM TRAINS.

Use of the Diversions of Railroad Travel Through the Arkansas Woods. They do some queer things railroading in Arkansas. On some of the new roads here the tracks run through a wild country where the wide swath cut in the timber for the right of way was the first blow to the primeval forest.



usually a box car makes two trips daily the line between its two terminals. The deep bottom land forests stretch away on each side of the track, broken only by one or two new lumber camps.

Some of the older sportsmen who were in this country when the Kansas Pacific Railway was built remember when passengers and train crews shot game from the car windows on the Kansas plains, and Arkansas diversions recall it to their mind.

TWO PICTURES.

One Rich, Bright and Cheerful; the Other Gloomy Dark and Muddy. Forty-five samples of colored cloth are shown on the Diamond Dye sample card, from which can be produced over one hundred good, solid colors.

LEAD A HAND.

A disposition to help is worth a great deal to any boy, and a watchful eye for chances to help should go with it. One who is quick to discover need, and ready to lend a hand, finds friends everywhere.

THE MIXED MENU.

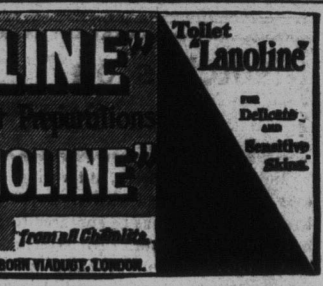
The travelling men in eastern Maine have added a new story to their repertoire, a Hancock county man being the subject. During the musical festival at Bangor, they say John stepped into a bangor hotel for dinner.

RESCUED.

'That escaped criminal seems to have had rather the best of it,' remarked the talkative friend. 'Not at all,' replied the detective, drawing himself up haughtily.

FROM PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

Many have tried for years to discover a remedy suitable for their own case for the Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Headache, Kidney and Liver Complaints arising from Poor Digestion, Weak Stomach, and Disordered Liver.



Read what people say. Here it is. Mrs. S. LAWSON, Moncton, N. B., says: 'They cured me of constipation and sick headache.'

Laxa-Liver PILLS

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Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co., Limited, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing their Pure, High Grade Cocoa and Chocolates.

Notches on The Stick

We have had glimpses, at favoring seasons, of "the inspired charity boy," and have spoken of him as he appeared to us; but now our latest word shall be relative to the man, in his proper character. Augustine Birrell, one of the most delightful essayists of our time, and who had almost as strong a distaste for Coleridge as Thackeray had for Swift,—writes in "Obiter Dicta."

"There are some men whom to abuse is pleasant. Coleridge is not one of them. How gladly would we love the author of 'Christabel' if we could! But the thing is flatly impossible. His was an unlovely character. The sentence passed upon him by Mr. Matthew Arnold (parenthetically in one of his 'Essays on Criticism')—'Coleridge had no morals'—is no less just than pitiless. As we gather information about him from numerous quarters, we find it impossible to resist the conclusion that he was a man neglectful of restraint, irresponsible to the claims of those who had every claim upon him, willing to receive, slow to give.

"In early manhood Coleridge planned a Pantisocracy where all the virtues were to thrive. Lamb did something far more difficult: he played cribbage every night with his imbecile father, whose constant stream of querulous talk and fault-finding might have goaded a far stronger man into practicing and justifying neglect.

"That Lamb, with all his admiration for Coleridge, was well aware of dangerous tendencies in his character, is made apparent by many letters, notably by one written in 1796, in which he says: 'O my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! And let no man think himself released from the kind charities of relationship: these shall give him peace at the last; these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence. I rejoice to hear that you are reconciled with all your relations. This is surely as valuable an aid to reflection' as any supplied by the Highgate seer.

"Lamb gave but little thought to the wonderful difference between the 'reason' and the understanding. He preferred old plays—an odd diet, some may think, on which to feed the virtues; but however that may be, the noble fact remains, that he, poor, frail boy! (for he was no more, when trouble first assailed him) stooped down, and without a sigh or sign took upon his own shoulders the whole burden of a life-long sorrow.

"Coleridge married. Lamb, at the bidding of duty, remained single, wedding himself to the sad fortunes of his father and sister. Shall we pity him? No; he had his reward—the surpassing reward that is only within the power of literature to bestow. It was Lamb, and not Coleridge, who wrote 'Dream Children: Rerverie . . . Godwin! Hazlitt! Coleridge! where now are their 'novel philosophies and systems'? Bittled moonshine, which does not improve by keeping.

"Only the actions of the just Smells sweet, and blossom in the dust."

We admire Mr. Birrell and in his judgment half approve him;—Coleridge had an infirm character. But we should not have had the heart to contrast the two life-long, loving friends to the disadvantage of either. Against the pathetic figure of the gentle Lamb the arrow of rebuke might be cast, but it would be all in vain. Must we not also make allowance for the attractions and repulsions due to the other mind—that of the critic? We remember the acute partialities of Johnson, Macaulay, Thackeray, and many others. Johnson could berate Milton. Thackeray was fitted to be unjust to Congreve. We know it beforehand, as soon as we find how he has spoken of Dickens, Hood and Heber,—if so be we read the book backwards. Macaulay could not respect Scott; and Carlyle growlingly asks what he lived and wrought for. What does the ozone that clears and enriches the ocean air, exist for? Is not a healthy literary influence, aside from any set aim or morality, "its own excuse for being?"

But, after all our judgments and preferences, our tastes and distastes, we must fall back on the time-honored dictum of him who also claims the charity of mankind:

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone Decidedly can try us; He knows each chord, its various tone, Each spring, its various bias; Then at the balance let's be wise, We never can adjust it; What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted.

Coleridge neglected to provide for his own family, you say, and allowed that task to devolve upon another, and a hard working man. A serious charge, truly, at the first blush. If a man, wantonly or carelessly does this, we are apt to visit him with seri-

ous displeasure, and, if he have no redeeming powers and qualities, to despise him. But we like to exercise charity toward all, and certainly we shall do it toward Coleridge. Knowing what we do, scanning his well known infirmity, giving due regard to heredity and the disposition of his qualities we shall still feel at liberty to suppose this at least possible,—that he could not provide for his family; and that Lamb did what he did—(his plain duty, you may say, however glorified with generosity.)—because he could, as well as would. Scarcely then, or excuse them as we may, it is my conviction that some are born into this world, among the many incapable of economical morality, who yet have extraordinary literary and intellectual ability. There are some to whom even the rudiments of mathematics are all their life time an almost impossible task; and there are those who cannot husband and direct into profitable channels, such powers—and they may be unusual and exalted ones—as they possess.

Thus we find that the persons who might, with the best reason, have blamed him, were the ones who had the most charity for him. That he grieved them, we do not deny; but with the man still before them, and all his frailty open to their eyes, they loved and cherished him still. The qualities in him that commanded their attention were not overlooked or ignored, and he enjoyed their veneration, as well as their affection, to the end of his life. It was no contemptuous pity that kept him so many years in the home of the Gilmans. He won their affectionate admiration, and they guarded him as a miser does his box of jewels his bag of gold, jealous lest the treasure they prized be stolen away, or injured in their care. Southey—severe moralist, quickly indignant at imposition!—had the greatest cause to complain; but no feeling he entertained involved repudiation of Coleridge or the challenging of his character and reputation. Wordsworth clung to him through all his life, and when the seer had departed he lamented him when:

"Nor has the rolling years twice measured, From sign to sign, its steadfast course, Since every mortal power of Coleridge Was frozen at its marvellous source; The rapt Ose, of the godlike forehead, The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth."

We well know how Lamb loved him, from the day of their forlorn ages in the cloisters of Christ's Hospital,—saving the name!—till, after sixty-two years had passed of this singular and splendid yet cramped, existence, his mortal part was laid at rest at Highgate. If we cannot love him, he was beloved by those nearest him, and by those who knew him best. If we must blame him, if we must use him to point a moral, let us while we admonish, and exercise that charity toward the memory of another that every one would fondly desire to be bestowed upon his own.

For this "subtle lynx-eyed intellect, this tremulous sensibility to all good and beautiful," this "truly empyrean light," however "imbedded in such weak laxity of character," was not given entirely in vain. It became a light, an inspiration and a long delight to many of the most vital and powerful spirits of the time; and that he was a good and worthy man at heart, the reverence of great and small, and the reverence mingled with affectionate regard, of the Gilmans, amply attest. But this great light was soon to cease from its earthly shining. He should feed the birds, water the flowers, pat the heads of the children who met him, and delight the ears of men no more. He rested at once from labor and sorrow on the 25th of July, 1834; and was buried in the church-yard at Highgate, near the Gilmans' home. Lamb, who survived him only a brief season, wrote: 'When I heard of the death of Coleridge, it was without grief. It seemed to me that he long had been on the confines of the next world,—that he had a hunger for eternity. I grieved then that I could not grieve.'

Of all the nerve-tonics—bromos, celerics or nervines—your doctor will tell you that the Hypophosphites are best understood. So thoroughly related is the nervous system to disease that some physicians prescribe Hypophosphites alone in the early stages of Consumption. Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil, emulsified, with the Hypophosphites, happily blended. The result of its use is greater strength and activity of the brain, the spinal cord and the nerves.

Let us send you a book all about it. Sent free. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

But since I feel how great a part he was to me. His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books, without an effectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touch stone of all my cogitations. . . . He was my fifty years old friend without any dissension. Never saw I his likeness, nor probably the world can see again. I seem to love the house where he died more passionately than when he lived. I love the faithful Gilmans more than while they exercised their virtues toward him living. What was his mansion is consecrated to me a chapel.

So, with reverence for his powers and virtues, with sympathy for his weaknesses, and charity for his failings, we entertain the memory of this truly great and good man; and with one of his latest pious musings we relinquish the pleasant task of delineating some incidents of his life, and some phrases of his character:

"Stop, Christian passerby! Stop, child of God! And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod A poet lies, or that which once seemed he— O! lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C. ! That he, who many years, with toil of breath, Found death in life, may here find life in death! Mercy for praise—to be forgiven, for fame, He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same."

PASTOR FELIX. He stopped it.

Maccabe, the ventriloquist, was a great practical joker. Several years ago he was on board a river steamboat, and, having made friends with the engineer, was allowed the freedom of the engine-room. He took a seat in the corner and pulling his hat down over his eyes appeared lost in reverie. Presently a certain part of the machinery began to creak. The engineer oiled it and went about his duties. In the course of a few minutes the creaking was heard again and the engineer rushed over, oil can in hand, to lubricate the same crank. Again he resumed his post, but it was only a few minutes before the old crank was creaking louder than ever. 'Great Jupiter! he yelled, 'the thing's bewitched.' More oil was administered, but the engineer began to smell a rat. Pretty soon the crank squeaked again, when slipping up behind Maccabe, he squirted half a pint of oil down the joker's back. 'There,' said he, 'I guess that crank won't squeak any more.'—Spare Moments.

THOROUGHLY GRATEFUL.

MR. STEPHEN BELISLE GLADLY TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED.

After other Remedies Failed to Help Him, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Made Him a Healthy Man.

Down on William street the bulk of the butter and cheese trade is done and it is there that the Montreal cold storage and freezing company's mammoth building is located. In the summer time, when extensive shipments are being made, the big block is a veritable beehive. Several well known exporting firms have their warehouses in this building and one of them is Wm T. Ware & Co. Their head warehouse man is Mr. Stephen Belisle, who, as his name indicates, is a French-Canadian and in the prime of life. If ever there was a grateful man on the face of the earth to day that man is Stephen Belisle. After suffering indescribable agonies for several months, he is now the picture of health and feels that it is his duty to tell all the world how he was restored to health and happiness. Mr. Belisle explained his troubles, now fortunately a thing of the past, to a reporter of the Herald recently. "My work called me to all parts of the warehouse," said he, "and sometimes I went into the freezing room without my coat or cap on and then back to the other parts of the warehouse to the warmer atmosphere. About a year ago I became very ill with a complication of diseases. I was suffering with indigestion, biliousness and the resulting nervous disorders such as sick headaches and loss of appetite. I began doctoring, but I seem to grow worse every day. I slept very little, and as time went on I was not able to do any work, and even the exertion of moving about would tire me out. I had a very poor appetite and what food I ate did not agree with me. I also suffered from a severe pain in the back and side. During that time I had tried many medicines but they gave me no relief. I had become so weak and my system was so run down that life was a burden to me. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I did with extremely beneficial results. I commenced taking the pills about Christmas time and now I am feeling so good that I thought it my duty to write the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and let them know how extremely grateful I am for the cure their medicine has effected in me. I had taken only six boxes when my condition of health was a paradise to what it had been for some months previous. Mr. Belisle is a quiet unassuming man and evidently not given to over enthusiasm, but there was no mistaking his earnestness when recounting his experiences to the reporter. He will always be a firm believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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Right every time. Have you tried it?

Send us 25 "Eclipse wrappers" or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

Granby Rubbers

Are out again this season in new styles and in all the new Shoe Shapes, right up to date, but with the same old "wear like iron" quality that has always characterized them, because they are honestly made of pure Rubber.

BE SURE YOU GET GRANBY'S THIS YEAR.

LONG LOST BOOK RECOVERED.

Loaned to a Friend, It Disappeared for Forty-Five Years.

A London book hunter of the last generation gave to his son as the "nest egg" of his future library a translation of 'The Life and Character of Theophrastus,' minus the title page, but attributed to Coleman. On giving this book to his son the father wrote his name on the fly leaf. A few years afterward the son, accompanied by his beloved books, went to Jamaica, where the translation in question was borrowed of him by a military officer, on service in that colony. This officer, being unexpectedly transferred with his regiment to another colony, quitted Jamaica very suddenly and inadvertently took with him the borrowed translation, a circumstance which caused great annoyance and regret to its owner, who prized it very highly as being the gift of his father and containing that parent's handwriting. He made various attempts to learn the whereabouts of the officer who had so carelessly carried off the treasured volume, but could never obtain any tidings of him, and at length relinquished the effort and gave up the book for lost.

Five and twenty years afterward the book hunter, having returned to London, was one day strolling along the Old Kent road and peering about him as usual, when he came to the shop of a dealer in old iron, near the then existent turnpike gate which formerly stood nearly opposite the burial ground. As he glanced into the dingy depths of this shop he suddenly espied a shelf, lost translation stowed away upon a shelf. Hastily entering the shop he bought back his missing treasure for the sum of sixpence, which the man of iron seemed to think himself very lucky in getting in exchange for it. The presence of his father's handwriting on the fly leaf was still as legible as ever, and rendered it certain that the volume, so strangely recovered, was the identical one the loss of which he had so long deplored.—Chambers' Journal.

How many people are ashamed to go into company on account of their foul-smelling breath, caused from catarrh or cold in head? If they would study their own interests they would soon have sweet breath like their neighbors. There is one sure cure for Catarrh and that is Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Give one blow through the blower and you get relief immediately. Price, including blower, 25 cents.

She Smoked With the Driver.

"When I came out on my regular trip the other morning," relates the Lee stage driver, "the only passenger I had was an old lady of very demure manners. I was most dead for a smoke, but I had sort of got it into my head that the old lady was a tussy party. When we got along a piece, however, I got to fingering my tobacco, and by thum. I just couldn't resist the temptation. So I turned round to the old lady and asked her if she had any object-

ion to my taking a whiff or two. She straightened up like a monkey on a stick. 'By gosh, young man,' she shouted, 'you've hit me just where I live. I've been hankering for a smoke all morning. Gimme a match.' 'She pulled out a black T. D., and I tell you mister, men that old lady made the stage look like a steam engine going up a grade.'

A Druggist's mistake. The Kennebec Journal tells of a Bangor 'drummer' who tried to save a lady from leaping from a rapidly moving train. After he had thrown his arms around her and dragged her back into the car she recovered from her surprise enough to call him all the names in the feminine vocabulary and explain that she went out on the platform to wave her handkerchief at some friends. The passengers appreciated it all, but the 'drummer' didn't seem to enjoy the situation.

Some people save all their sympathy until a man is dead; they make his grave sloppy with their tears.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK 8 & 12 ROGERS BROS. MARK. AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX 1847 IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST FOR NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

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Cashed on Presentation

Woman and Her Work

It is true as some critics assert that woman is destitute of a sense of humor, how is it that she laughs at all, or even smiles, not to mention indulging in the uproarious mirth which frequently convulses her at a theatre or matinee, or when she witnesses some especially funny situation in real life? It is so easy to make assertions and then keep repeating them until the world is almost convinced that they are true; ready to accept them on trust at any rate without taking the trouble to investigate them. I never could understand how people of average intelligence who are gifted even with the most ordinary powers of observation can seriously believe women are without the very keenest sense of the ridiculous when life fairly bristles with instances of her abilities in this direction, and the woman who sees a joke in everything is really more common than the man who does the same.

I am willing to admit that there are scores of women in the world who never see a joke in their lives, and who, even when some exquisite piece of humor is laboriously explained to them, will stare blankly at the narrator and then turn away with a pitying smile, but I have known almost as many men afflicted with the same obtuseness, only—and this is really a curious peculiarity that I have often puzzled over; the man is almost invariably so averse to confess that he can't see the point of a joke, that he frequently develops extraordinary ingenuity in finding out a perfect new point for himself, and one which would never have occurred to the original composer of the joke. A good illustration of this lies in the story of the man who once tried the effect of a delightfully simple joke on an Englishman, by telling him the story of the sign he once saw near a cross-road in Ireland, which read—"This road leads to Enniskillen, N. B. If you can't read, ask the blacksmith just past the cross-roads."

The Englishman listened gravely to the story, and waited with that please-tell-me-the-point air so exasperating to a story teller, after it was finished. Then, realizing there was no more to come, he ejaculated "By Jove! Funny!" and was silent. Ten minutes afterwards, when the other man had almost forgotten his chagrin, the Englishman suddenly woke up from a brain study, broke into a prodigious roar, and slapping his friend on the shoulder shouted exultantly, "By, jove old fellow, great joke eh? Couldn't see it for a minute but it just came to me. The blacksmith didn't live there at all! Haw! haw! haw! What a deuce of a funny fellow you are!"

Now a woman would either have seen the intended point and failed to find any fun in it, or else she would have frankly and indignantly admitted that she saw no point in the senseless story, and did not understand how anyone else could.

I remember once laughing myself nearly to pieces over an irresistible funny picture in a comic paper, and as there was no one else in the room to sympathize with me but a friend who had never been guilty of seeing the funny side of anything, I showed it to her, for lack of a better subject to try it on. She looked at it carefully and unsmilingly, expressed a cynical surprise that it took so little to make some people laugh, and went on with her embroidery, while I went back to my picture. Every time I looked at it the exquisite humor of the thing struck me afresh, and I laughed a little more; suddenly my friend laid down her work, leaned back in her chair and burst into such a perfect peal of laughter that I thought my hour of triumph had come, and she had seen the joke at last. But she destroyed the illusion abruptly as soon as she could speak, by gasping—"Don't imagine I am laughing at that absurd cartoon, I am laughing at you; and if you could only see how silly you look chuckling and snickering over that paper, you'd laugh; it's funnier than anything I ever saw before, to look at a grown woman making such a fool of herself over nothing!" So we each had our own particular ideas of what constituted humor, only they differed—that was all.

To come down to the argument of the matter, if women are so lacking in the sense of humor where do the amusing writers find their evidence? Men, as a rule have little time for reading light literature, at least they spend their leisure moments in a different way. The woman who has an hour to spare turns lovingly towards the cosy corner with its couch and cushions, hunts for the remains of her last box of caramels, and when she is comfortably ensconced devotes her hour to a delightful tete a-tete with J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Mark Twain, or perhaps Dickens, that sweet humorist who

will never grow old. The man goes off and spends his hour in a way that is really more profitable to him, usually on his wheel or at the athletic grounds getting the exercise he feels the need of at tennis, cricket or baseball. He does not care for reading in the evening, there are so many other things to do and the year only contains fifty two Sundays, many of which come in summer when he wants to be around out of doors and do nothing.

Clearly then it is on our sex that the makers of light literature chiefly depend for their success, and if it were true that we had no sense of humor, why then their occupation would cease to be remunerative. It is asserted by people who should know, that Barrie's books are more popular amongst women than men, and I know that here I have heard one man quote Artemus Ward's inimitable sayings, Mark Twain's early and best sketches and Sairy Gamp, and Mr. Toots immortal remarks, I have heard at least ten women. You make a casual reference to the way the messenger who was sent to break Judge Bagley's tragic death to his widow, so complained the task, when you are conversing with some fairly well educated up-to-date young man of your acquaintance and see the strained look that will come into his eyes, or say "Drat your Mrs. Harris, I don't believe there's no such a person" and see the horror at your vulgarity which will overspread his countenance. But try the same experiment on the average woman and if her face does not light up with appreciation—why I'll engage to eat the stump of pencil I'm writing with just now—that's all.

Woman without a sense of humor! Why the world rings with her laughter and she not only laughs with us but she makes us laugh! Shade of "The Duchess" body of Helen Mathers and Rhoda Broughton, with whom we have laughed so often and so heartily; pen of our own Kit! Shall men say such things and live? Soul of the grand George Eliot, finest and most subtle of women humorists I wonder what your answer would have been to such an accusation?

The tendency seems to be towards a uniformity of material in cloth dresses, the most elegant as well as the plainest being made with bodice and skirt of the same material, but the dresses are sometimes composed of velvet in a slightly lighter, or perhaps a contrasting color. The tailor gown which has a street coat requires some sort of waist, and when something lighter than the cloth bodice is desired, plain satin, matching the cloth in color, is used for a shirt waist, or a more drassy blouse with innumerable tucks going around it. Black satin blouse waists are worn with any dark cloth skirt, and if they are made up prettily they have a style of their own far superior to the striped and flowered silks so popular last season. A blouse of real velvet is simply unapproachable for beauty and elegance, if one can afford it; but if not, there are fine grades of velveteen which really look almost as well.

The detachable blouse is a feature of many of these blouse waists, and it is valuable from the complete change it effects in the costume. It is either cut in tabs, or in a plain round frill not very full, and fitting closely over the hips trimmed on the edge, and lined with silk.

Costumes of black cloth are very much worn this season, and the elaborate braiding which decorates them, adds greatly to their elegant appearance. A very stylish effect is also produced by making such costumes with a vest of velvet in some neutral tint embroidered with gold, and facing the edge of the coat with white satin. Sometimes this order is reversed, and the vest is made of embroidered white satin, while the revers of the coat are lined with heliotrope or green velvet finely tucked crosswise in groups. Another noticeable point in the new tailor made coats is the lining of plain satin which usually matches the cloth in color, the figured and striped silks so long used for this purpose being no longer in fashion.

The tight fitting coats and blouse coats which are seen without number, have already lost their popularity with the best

THE LIQUOR HABIT—ALCOHOLISM.

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

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

Every Woman should have among her assortment of footwear a pair of good heavy solid laced boots for fall and winter wear. We have a number of these lines now in stock at \$1.75, and \$2.00 per pair.—They are warm and comfortable for this time of year.—Worth while trying a pair. Waterbury & Rising 61 King St. 212 Union St.

dressmakers who consider them very commonplace; as they are so easily copied in cheap materials that their vogue will be short lived. Decidedly the most elegant gowns shown are the street costumes of velvet in black and all the dark rich colors. They are trimmed with fur, jet and braid, and are of course beyond the reach of people whose pockets are not well lined; but a very pretty compromise on this extravagant garment, is the dress with a velvet bodice, with a guimpe neck and sleeves of velvet in decided contrast; which latter is one of the very newest things in fashion.

The use of tucks, so narrow that they look like mere cords, is shown in a cloth dress, with tucks down each side of the front breadth around the sleeves, and up and down the bodice. The model is in tan colored cloth, and the revers are of white satin braided with gold and brown, the belt of brown velvet and the rest of white chiffon.

A gown of blue cloth, in the rich shade so fashionable this winter, which is lighter than cadet and yet darker than royal blue, is trimmed with tulle-Russian braid, and edged on the bodice and epaulettes with Persian lamb. The little vest is of black satin finely tucked, and the belt of the same is laid in folds, and fastened with a fancy buckle.

A very Parisian effect is obtained in a gown of plum colored serge which is trimmed with black velvet ribbon, and made with a vest of turquoise blue velvet, and a belt of black velvet held in place with an imitation turquoise buckle. Of course the buckle may be real, if you can afford it, but the turquoise is an expensive stone now-a-days, so only a few people can indulge in buckles of it.

Amongst the handsome coat bodices to be worn with plain skirts, is one of green cloth with revers of ermine, and a mandarin velvet vest. Black braid outlines the square cut out on the front, and trims the sleeves. With such coats there is a plain skirt of the same material.

Very simple street costumes for morning wear are the checked wool skirts, worn with a plain satin shirt waist, and a short jacket of plain cloth, matching the dark color in the check.

Amongst the fashionable colors for the present season, are red plum, aluminum gray, and abesse violet, which is a lovely combination of blue and violet, and most becoming to anyone who has a good color. It is considered the correct thing now, to have your hat match your gown, or the coat you wear with it—thus if your gown is red, and your coat fawn, you are equally well dressed with a red, or a fawn hat, which is very convenient for that large majority who cannot afford a hat to wear with each dress.

One would almost think that the government and 'governess general' as they are now being termed would have been afraid to come back to Canada, after the memorable soliciting tour in the United States. But perhaps their newspapers were not forwarded, and thus they remained in blissful ignorance of all that their Canadian subjects were saying about them, and the storm of righteous indignation they have called down upon their devoted heads, by their innocent little act of running across the border of a country notoriously hostile to Canada, and passing around the tin cup for contributions all "unbeknownst as it were, to the people most concerned, perhaps Lady Aberdeen and her amiable spouse intended the collection as a pleasant surprise for their Canadian friends, and contemplated presenting the "Massachusetts cottage" to us as a Christmas box; but with all due gratitude for their good intentions, we should have infinitely preferred to have had our opinion asked before being presented to our American cousins, who love us not, in the light of mendicants. The popular voice has declared itself against Lady Aberdeen's nursing scheme both in Canada and Great

Britain and to insist on pushing it in a foreign country and forcing it on Canadians whether they will, or no, is scarcely an act showing either good taste, or common sense.

The Halifax Evening Mail talks like a father to the enthusiastic couple in these very plain terms:

"Our old acquaintances, the governor and governess-general, have been at it again. They are now engaged, so it appears, travelling through the United States begging money for Lady Aberdeen's foolish nurse fund. Having appealed to Canada and Great Britain in vain, the Countess has taken Lord Aberdeen along with her and gone off on a begging trip through the territories of Uncle Sam. If Canada had a government composed of sensible and patriotic men, this kind of thing would be impossible, for the attention of the home authorities would only require to be drawn to it to lead to Lord Aberdeen's immediate recall. In all the history of this country, there never before was such a spectacle as the representative of the Queen in Canada travelling through a foreign country begging for coppers for an alleged Canadian charity that the people of Canada have refused to have anything to do with."

It is really very cruel of the newspapers to speak so unkindly to their rulers, and I should not be surprised if the objects of their wrath felt hurt about it, and wanted to go home.

WONDERFUL. Files Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Relieved in one day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, eczema, barber's itch and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents.

RAILROAD BED OF SPRINGS.

Will Lessen the Wear and Tear on Tracks and Rolling Stock.

A railroad bed on springs has been recently patented with the idea of lessening the wear and tear on the tracks and rolling stock. The tie consists of a body and a top section and in the top of the body of the tie, near each end, are grouped four holes or recesses, into which enter corre-

BE WISE. Try a Proved Medicine on the first DANGER SIGNAL.

On the first hint of heart or nerve trouble try a proved medicine, one that has cured others, and will cure you. Don't wait for the second danger signal, but take the right remedy in time.



Mrs. E. James, 36 Arcade St., Montreal, Que., says, "For several years I have been troubled with my heart and nerves. My heart would palpitate terribly, and when it did so, I could not go up-stairs without resting. I would have severe attacks of despondency, and go so bad at last, that for two weeks I could not go up-stairs to my room. My blood became weak and impoverished, due to an attack of the grippe. I would have a dull heavy pain in my heart, together with terrible headaches, and took remedy after remedy, but without avail. "Then I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and started taking them. From the very first I gained rapidly, and am now better than I have been for years. My heart and nerves are all right, and my vigorated, the distressing symptoms from which I suffered having completely left me. I cannot too highly recommend these wonderful pills as they have made a perfect cure in my case."

A CLEAR COMPLEXION

The Outward Sign of Inward Health. Lovely Faces, Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands.

DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

.....FOULD'S..... MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP

Will give You All These!

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fleah Worms, Eczema, or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S WAVERS and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

Wafers by mail 50c. and 10c. per box. Size large boxes 50c. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

H. B. FOULD, Sole Proprietor, 144, Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Sold by all druggists in St. John.

The Canadian Drug Co., Wholesale Agents.

sponding lugs or posts on the under face of the top section, a spring being coiled around each lug or post and bearing upon the upper face of the body of the tie and the under face of the top section. The springs are normally strong enough to prevent the top section being pressed downward by the weight of a moving train into contact with the bottom section, the track being thus practically spring-cushioned throughout its length. The rails are firmly held in place on these movable sections of the ties by the usual chairs or clamps.

A PREGOURE'S STORY.

Like Other Mortals he fell Victim to Disease—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powders was the Agent which Restored His Health and he Gladly Allows His Name to be Used in Telling that Others may be Benefited too.

Rev. Chas. E. Whitcombe, Rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, and Principal of St. Matthew's Church School Hamilton, was a great sufferer. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cured him, and he now proclaims to the world that as a safe, simple and certain cure it has no equal. It never fails to relieve catarrh in ten minutes, and cures permanently.

Effects of Rare and of Dense Air.

Dr. Von Liebig of the University of Munich calls attention, in Science, to some of the curious effects at rarefied and condensed air on human respiration. On high mountains some persons experience distressing 'shortness of breath,' one result of which is that they are unable to whistle. Precisely the same effect is sometimes produced by the condensed air in caissons and diving bells. Laborers working in compressed air frequently find, however, that their powers of exertion are increased as long as the atmospheric pressure is a mere two or three times that of ordinary air; but beyond that point unpleasant effects are experienced after the men have left the working shafts and returned into the open air. On the other hand high atmospheric pressure in the case of persons not doing manual labor has been found to act as a mental stimulant, increasing the impulse to talk.

The Power of Electricity.

By this agency Nerviline is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nerviline is a wonderful remedy, pleasant to even the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as if by magic.

A Confidence Game.

James—Is it true that Deacon Smith fell from grace?
Brown—So I understand.
James—What was the cause of it?
A. Hanson—Oh, I believe,
James—Oh! Slipped on the sidewalk?
Brown—No; he bought three green ones of a train boy for a quarter.

IN A HOTTENTOT'S TRAP.

HORSE THIEVES FOILED BY A BLACK BOY'S CUNNING.

They Were White and He Was Only a South African Native, but He Left Their Bones to Bleach White He Took Back Their Plunder to their Owners.

Just set in the sun, unspeakably lonely, and felt depressed beyond measure, for, although a Hottentot delights like a lizard in the warmth of an African day, revelling in it, yet he also desires company.

July looked after the relays of horses temporarily. His father had done so, helped by the boy, but since his death, a week ago, the superintendent of the company, 300 miles away, had sent word to July that a new man would be sent to relieve him.

It was in the hot afternoon, and the only thing stirring was a cloud of dust in the distance, and from that cloud, louder and shriller as the stage drew near, came blast after blast of the guard's horn.

'Ho, July! Now, you little black rascal! All by yourself, still, hey? Well, it's the last time. There's a man coming up the road to relieve you—a white man, too, leastways, half and half.

'Taroot-tatoot-rata-toot-raray! The horn blew, a passenger began again 'The Song that Reached My Heart' on a cer-certina and the stage was off again.

'Maru, baas! Jolly hot. 'Ope may die' cried July graciously, for he prided himself on his polite English, picked up from drivers and gold prospectors.

'Yes, you durned little ugly imp, I'm your new baas, and the first thing you've got to do is to take your bloomin' hooky out of this, d'ye mind? I've heard all about you. Last thing the superintendent says to me, he says, says he, 'You kick that lazy nigger out of that, first thing, Mr. Roser' he says, 'cause he's no good.'

'It's all right. We'd best be off. Wheel-er can't be here before morning, but we'll set a good start. I've frightened the young nigger away, and he won't stop running, I bet, tonight. There's only twelve horses, though, fit to take, and if we get them into Buchananland by tomorrow night we'll be all right.

'Sure, I'm on,' says the other rogue, 'an' it's easy as mud, if you ask me.'

It darkened rapidly, and at last was fairly night a moonless night. As the twilight died away July crept nearer the stable, from one ant hill's covering to another. He had as yet no doubt that the newcomer was his father's legitimate successor, but he crawled near for a chance to recover his worldly possessions without being kicked.

July's mouth was wide open with surprise as it dawned upon him that the company's horses were in the possession of a pair of audacious horse thieves, who would drive them across the Transvaal border, to dispose of them to Buchananland settlers at their leisure.

The boy awoke at once to a fair realization of his own part in the matter. No more faithful servant than his father had the stage company ever had, and July had been trained to look upon a horse thief as the vilest of mankind.

July jumped bareback on the old horse and proceeded to follow the thieves with great cunning, never coming within sound or sight of them, but continually dismounting, and by listening close to the ground and by the help of an instinct which only a wild-born native could have, tracking them surely.

Suddenly the Hottentot came to a halt and listened, for a minute puzzled. After a while he proceeded very cautiously, leading his horse very, very slowly and cautiously, so that he took more than an hour to go a little way.

Slowly, slowly the black boy crept among them, and they knew his familiar smell and touch—had he not used to sleep in each one's stall in turn? He untied them and they fell placidly to grazing without a whinny, and the two rogues snored and slept through it all.

'It's that durned little black imp that I ought to have knifed. He's been a fol-lerin' us, the vile heathen,' shouted Roser, and in a second they threw themselves on the saddled horses and gave chase.

July had a good start, but his horse was no match for the younger beasts of the thieves. So after five minutes of the chase when the black boy found himself losing, he almost gave up.

Away over July veered, until he was leading the men in a different direction altogether, and he kept shouting all the time. Suddenly he was silent, but pressed his horse forward eagerly.

gave voice to a loud shout and then the men were close upon him, and doubtless they thought the boy was still with the herd. They poured forth a storm of curses and emptied their revolvers at the sound.

On came the thieves, to find to draw rein all ignorant of a trap. Raging and swearing and triumphing in the thought that they had caught up with the stolen herd, they galloped past.

The stolen horses, not so fresh as usual, were all back in their stable when the genuine station master arrived. He was a decent man and reported July's tact to the company, as, of course, did the enthusiastic drivers, so that the little heathen boy was thanked and well taken care of by his employers.

Every mother should welcome into the household

Baby's Own Soap

Like baby himself, though small it brings happiness, because it is so good for baby's skin, and makes him so fresh and nice.

BABY'S OWN SOAP is made from purest vegetable oils, is delicately scented with flower extracts, and is pre-eminently THE nursery soap of Canada.

Some Interesting Facts About the Battaks of the Island of Sumatra.

Sumatra is one of the largest islands in the world, and has a population of 8,000,000. Respecting some of the tribes of the interior hardly anything is known, inasmuch as the island had been crossed by white men only two or three times.

circulating freely these diseases cannot long remain. There is nothing to keep them there—no impediments for them to feed on.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Cost more than those that are adulterated. Everybody knows that. Few people, however, attach a sufficient importance to the difference in quality when making their purchases, notwithstanding the fact that physicians deprecate the use of impure food.

MOTT'S

Spices, put up in packages, are always pure. Fifty years' test of their merit has proved that fact beyond the shadow of a doubt.

STEM SET, WATCH

To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give away a gold-plated watch. Ladies of gentle, nicely engraved, reliable time-keeper, warranted 5 years. The Pills are 5c. per box, \$2.50 for 5 boxes. Send this amount and you receive 5 boxes and the watch, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. THE DR. WESTON PILL CO., 205 Young St., Toronto, Ont.

SURCHARGED STAMPS.

Irregular Profits of Public Officers in Dealing with Collectors. Three years ago the Times drew attention to the subject of surcharged stamps to a lengthy article, says Chambers' Journal.

It appears that when in certain cases it became known that a stamp was getting scarce agents of the stamp dealer would at once buy up the stock and ask for more. The colonial postoffice, in order to get over the delay involved in procuring fresh supplies, would print on dearer stamps that those which were exhausted the price of those which were asked for.

It will be remembered that the republic of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, not having ready cash to pay the expenses of its delegate to the Chicago exhibition, gave him a supply of postage stamps to sell to the best advantage.

CIVILIZED CANNIBALS.

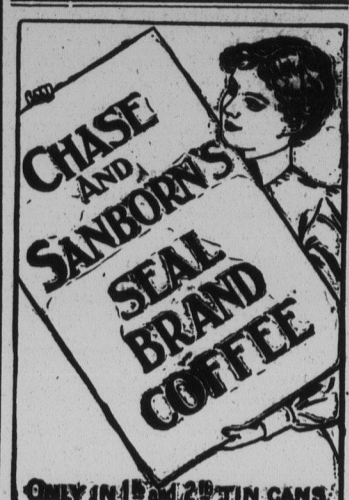
Sumatra is one of the largest islands in the world, and has a population of 8,000,000. Respecting some of the tribes of the interior hardly anything is known, inasmuch as the island had been crossed by white men only two or three times.

The Battaks only eat prisoners of war or bad criminals. Formerly the habit of cannibalism among them was universal, and human flesh used to be sold in the country in open market, some chiefs eating it daily as a matter of liking.

The Battaks build houses of planks and strong beams, placing them on piles for the advantage thus given in defending them. Many of their villages are on almost inaccessible pinnacles in the hills, favorite spots being little plateaus formed by the broadening of a mountain range.

Nearly all of the highest peaks in Sumatra are volcanoes, and most of these are active. In the immediate neighbor-

hood of these mighty chimneys, which hurl out masses of ashes and stone are the fertile lowlands, with a dense population. The destruction of 40,000 human lives by the eruption of Sumbawa in 1815, and the washing away of 16,000 people by 'tidal waves,' following the eruption of Krakato in 1888 are not solitary instances.—New York Sun.



When You Get Home To-night put a warning, soothing, pain extracting

BENSON'S PLASTER

right on that sore and tender spot—wherever it is. You have taken cold, and any one of a dozen dangerous diseases may be lurking behind.

TURKISH DYES

They are Fast. They are Beautiful. They are Brilliant.

SOAP WON'T FADE THEM.

Have YOU used them; if not, try and be convinced. One Package equal to two of any other make.

Advertisement for Teaberry The Teeth, featuring a woman and child, with text 'A Most Popular Toilet Preparation 25-CENTS-A-BOX - ZODIA CHEMICAL CO. - TORONTO'.

Advertisement for Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum, featuring an illustration of a man and text 'For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore throat, etc.'.

CANADIAN EXPRESS CO. General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers. Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe.

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When The Rain is Peltin'.
Sakes alive! I reckon trouble would be plentiful
as sin.
When the rain is peltin' down around the door,
If we all sit down a-grumblin' and a-questionin' of
Elin.
'Cause 'someday' received 'were muddled' pore.
But all be up an' doin' with a sughin' in your heart
An' see how light the burdens there'll seem.
It ain't the logic of the Lord, to give a worker
'akim'
An' allow the drone to revel in the dream.

I reckon all the stagin' that a man could ever do
When the rain is peltin' down around the door,
Wouldn't shura a pound of butter if I didn't use
his hands.
But it makes the butter sweeter, certain above.
Did you ever see a bee 'at wasn't hummin' while it
worked.
A-gittin' in her goodly winter store?
They hum and live and bear their wealth for idle
days to come,
Who the rain is peltin' down around the door.

The Captain's Daughter

CHAPTER I.
She was a bonnie lassie, and many an
admiring glance fell upon her as she stood
on the Broomie law that beautiful summer
morning, with the sunlights falling around
her and lighting up her golden hair. The
scene was one of bustle and activity. Enor-
mous vessels, almost countless in number,
and from nearly every nation under the
sun, were busy loading or unloading. The
great quay was crowded with pleasure
seekers going 'down the water,' and the
City's steamers—the finest fleet in the
world—were pulling out from their docks
thronged with Glasgow citizens bound for
the many delightful resorts of which the
Clyde alone can boast.

green woods, with misty mountain-tops
away in the background.
This is where Donald Cameron had
chosen to live the remainder of his days
with his lovely daughter Janet, the bride
of Dumbarton. Janet was the village belle,
and none could compare with her in beauty
and goodness. She was sought by many a
braw lad, but could not remember the
time when she did not love him, for they
had grown up together, the handsome,
sturdy lad and the winsome, blue-eyed
lass. Colin loved the sea and early chose
it for his vocation. The sea had a fascina-
tion for Janet, and she had long vowed
within herself that a sailor's wife she would
be as soon as she was old enough to marry.
The days flew rapidly by. Colin had
been gone since July. It was drawing
nearer the end of October, and he had
promised to be back for Halloween, a
festival that is observed throughout all
Scotland. This is the night when the
fairies come and dance on the greenward
and the lads and lassies pry into the fu-
ture. Poor Janet, she was doomed to sit
appointment, and grief. Halloween came,
with its games and charms, and the merry
children marching through the street with
their candles and caskets; but Colin did
not come, nor could any tidings be learned
of the vessel long past due.

CHAPTER III.
'Hallowe'en, a night o' teen,
A candle and a casket;
Doonducks has gotten a wife,
And they ca' her Janny Linstock!'

This was the shrill cry that ushered in
the eve of All Hallowe'en, or the Festival
of All Saints, on the 31st day of October,
and the merry children went tripping
through the streets, singing gaily with their
candles and caskets and gay-colored lan-
terns. And truly the fairies were not more
sprightly than these happy children in their
innocent glee keeping their Hallowe'en.
Bright lights shone from the windows of
Captain Cameron's villa. 'Twice had the
purple bloom been on the heather; twice
had the daisies blossomed on the lea, but
no tidings had ever been heard of Colin.
Janet mourned for him in secret. The
roses in her cheek had faded. Her step
was less sprightly than of yore and her
happy song had ceased. Her father had
asked in her young companions and a few
of his own cronies for this night of all
nights. He wanted to see his 'lass,' as he
fondly called her; she was too young to
give way to sorrow. And Janet tried
her best to please him.

Fires were burning brightly in the grates
and lights shone brilliantly from the window.
The great kitchen was the scene of merris-
ment. In one end was a large fireplace.
A kettle hung over the glowing coals sing-
ing a merry tune. In the middle of the
floor stood a large tub nearly filled to the
brim with cold water; beside it stood
a hamper full of rosy-cheeked apples.
Around these were grouped young men
and maidens fair to see waiting their turn
to dunk for apples. On the white table
was the great bowl of the steaming toddy—
no wonder the kettle sang! Current loaf
fairs of oastcake and a big "Whang" cut
from a big cheese graced the board, which,
together with the toddy, helped constitute
the good cheer.

The merry-making now began in earnest.
Aunt Jean brought out a bag full of nuts
and a great scramble ensued to see who
should burn theirs first. Their fates were
soon decided by that charm, and then away
they all scampered to try something else.
Janet tried to be happy with the rest, but
loving thoughts of Colin would creep into
her mind; if she only knew whether he
were still in the land of the living or roll-
ing at the bottom of the sea!

'Let us try some charms,' said a young
lad. 'Come, Janet, and help us pu' the
stocks.' Out they go hand in hand, with
eyes tightly closed, and slowly groping their
way to the kailyard, pulling the first
they come to. Some are tall, some short,
some are sweet, some sour, some have lots
of earth hanging to the roots—indicative of
a large fortune. With about and laughter
they scamper'd back to the house to place
their kailruts above the door. One won-
derer off alone to try some special charm.
Meg goes to the glass to eat an apple, but
hearing a gruesome noise somewhere she
starts back in fear. 'Let us sow the
hempsed!' cried Willie. 'Ye dawds,'
said Jock. The bag of hempseed is
brought out and each one takes a handful
and with beating heart and shaking limbs
goes to some lonely spot to sow it.

A little bit of the Scotch superstition
clings to Janet. She had the hempseed in
her mind and resolved to try it. She has
no fear as she goes into the garden and
takes the ground. She scatters the seed
and as it falls to the ground she repeats to
herself—'Hempseed, I sow thee; hemp-
seed, I sow thee; and him that is to be my
true love, come after me and pu' these.'
She looked over her left shoulder and saw
some one at the end of the garden in the
a'itude of pulling hemp. Janet stood as
if petrified for a moment, then uttered one

long scream which brought the old folks
running out of the house, to find Janet in
the arms of a man.
'Look pity me!' said the captain, what's
a' this?' 'It's the deil!' exclaimed an old
lady in tones of horror. 'Gude preserve us
it's Colin Campbell or his ghost,' said Aunt
Janet. It was indeed Colin in the flesh,
with the same lovelight dancing in his 'ee'
What a welcome he received. They
dragged him into the cheerful kitchen,
seated him by the fire, where they
gathered round him while he related to
them the story of the adventure and dan-
gers he had encountered during the two
years he had been away.

CHAPTER IV.
Colin had arrived in Sydney all safe.
They had shipped their cargo, and
were homeward bound, when nearing the
Cape of Good Hope one of the storms pec-
uliar to that latitude suddenly burst upon
them. Every man was called on deck,
but before they had time to shorten sail the
storm had reached the height of its fury.
The captain shouted his commands, but
not a word could be heard in the roar of
the tempest. Darkness and terror reign-
ed a vivid flash of lightning would now and
then leap forth from a volume of black
and light up the ghastly faces of the sailors
in the shrouds. Buffeted and tossed about
for hours the ship at last sprang a leak.
The pumps being useless the lifeboats
were lowered and passengers and crew jump-
ed in and pushed away from the sinking
vessel. It was well they did for in a few mo-
ments she whirled and sank before them.
After the storm had ceased Colin and
some of the crew found themselves alone in
a small boat without food or covering,
drifting aimlessly about on a trackless sea.
Furnished with the pangs of hunger, and no
hope of rescue, death seemed to stare them
in the face, when on the third day a ship
was sighted which seemed to be bearing
down on them. Nearer and nearer it came
and soon they were hailed by friendly voices
and taken on board, where they were soon
made comfortable. The vessel was bound
for Geelong and thither our hero had to go.
The wind being against them it was many
days before they arrived in port. Poor
Colin! He was in a strange land without
money, clothes or shelter. He met a party
of young men going from Geelong to the
gold diggings, who, after hearing his story,
provided him with money and invited him
to go with them and share their fortunes;
so, purchasing a few necessary articles he
started at once with his newly found friends
for the region of gold.

After days of travel through the bush they
reached the place in safety, staked out their
claims and proceeded to business. They
worked diligently from day to day, but
success seldom smiled. Week after week
rolled on, and all they found of the precious
stuff was only a few ounces. Colin, unused
to such hardships and pining for home and
Janet, fell ill of a fever and for many
weeks his life was despaired of. His
friends nursed him as well as they
could in such a rough place, and had the
satisfaction of seeing him restored to health
once more. He again resumed his duties
at the mine, digging and picking in his
search for gold. One day as he was work-
ing busily he struck what he thought was
stone and broke his pick; stooping down
to investigate he saw something glitter.
With his spade he dug around it; and
there before him lay a great shining nug-
get of gold. How they rejoiced in the little
bit that night! Their dreams were at last
realized; their fortunes were made. As
soon as they could they sold their claim
at a splendid figure, and with their pros-
perous nugget started for Sydney, where
they disposed of it, divided the proceeds,
and with joyful hearts sailed for home.
And there he was, stalwart in form and
bronzed in feature, but the same true
hearted lad.

He had seen Janet go into the garden
and guessing what she was about to do,
resolved to follow her. The Hallowe'en
ended happily for Janet after all, and a
prayer of thankfulness arose in her heart
to the One who had guided her loved one
back to this quiet haven of rest. She will
never repeat the story of hempseed to
any one, what the future has in store for her,
will always cherish with right good
cheer, the night that brought Colin back
to love and happiness.

A Good Appetite.
'A good appetite is sauce for poor food,'
according to the old adage, but a voracious
appetite might be both inconvenient
and expensive. If a man were built on
the same lines as a caterpillar, the whole
round earth would shortly become a des-
ert waste. This small creature will in the
course of four or five weeks eat more than
six thousand times its weight in food. An
adult human being must have a most excel-
lent appetite to consume within three months
'time' an amount of food that will equal
his own weight. A few persons eat more
than this, but by far the greater number
take less. An estimate of the food con-
sumption of the world would show a gen-
eral average far below these figures. The
majority of persons get enough food

Tired?
Oh, No.
This soap
SURPRISE
greatly lessens the work
It's pure soap, lathers freely,
rubbing easy does the work.
The clothes come out sweet
and white without injury to the fabrics
SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

THE DOG AS FOOD.

Facts That Klondikers May Learn Through
Experience.
'The more we know of men, the more
we like dogs,' writes misanthropically that
great friend of animals, M. Tousseul.
Perhaps it is because the inhabitants of the
Celestial empire do not know men sufficient-
ly well that they still regard the dog as an
edible animal, and one of the most savory
of morsels. But it is to be hoped, says
Le Nature, that in the progress of civiliza-
tion a day will come when these brave an-
imals—'candidates for humanity,' accord-
ing to Michelet's picturesque expression—
will no longer figure on the menus of state
dinners at the Court of Peking.

Darwin relates somewhere that when the
inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego are pressed
by famine they kill and eat their old
women rather than their dogs, and that in
Australia fathers will sacrifice their children
in order that the mothers may be able to
nourish this useful servant of man. The
Chinese, however, tend and fatten their
dogs carefully—to eat. They also con-
sider the cat a choice dish. The Abbe
Le Noir, in his 'Travels in the Far
East,' relates that in the markets of many
cities are to be seen dogs and cats hanging
side by side by the head or tail, and that
on most farms these animals are kept in
little coops like hencoops. They remain
thus from two to three weeks, condemned
to almost complete immobility, and are fed
on nothing but a mixture of rice and far-
ina. We do not know the edible dog or
the edible cat in France, and probably since
the sieges they have been but little
served—openly at least—on the tables of
Paris restaurants. At Peking and
throughout China, however, there is no
dainty repast without its fillet or leg of
dog; the cat is rather a dish of the poorer
classes.

Fifty Years ago And Now.
Away back about the year 1844 a book
was published destined to become famous
in its day—namely, 'Vestiges of Crea-
tion,' acknowledged, after his death, as
the work of Robert Chambers. It was a
worrying and upsetting kind of book, es-
pecially to conservatively-minded people;
those who hate to have their lifelong beliefs
or theories attacked or disturbed. 'This
is a book,' said one critic, 'which will
tend to poison the fountain of science, and
sap the foundations of religion.' Some
went so far as to call it a blatant infidel
publication. Yet it merely advocated the
proposition that the origin and movements
of the solar system were explained and de-
termined by uniform laws. It opposed the
doctrine of special creations, asserting
that all organisms, from the lowest to the
highest, were the result of an inherent im-
pulse imparted by the Almighty, both to
advance them from the several grades and
to modify their structure as circumstances
required.

This was nothing more than what every
intelligent person now believes—showing
what a prodigious growth there has been
in thought in the last fifty years. About
nine years after Mr. Chambers' alarming
book came out Von Mohl told the wonder-
ful story how all plant and animal life is
built up from a structureless jelly, which
he named 'protoplasm.' This, too, scored
certain slow-going persons, who were per-
suaded that the foundations were sapped
this time for sure. Still, as it turned out,
no harm was done. All the world whose
opinion is worth having long ago accepted
these teachings; and every work on physi-
ology has found an honored place for Von
Mohl's protoplasm. Thus we throw aside
the old and adopt the new—'making of
our dead selves stepping stones to higher
things,' as Tennyson puts it. In few words
the drift of all meditation and discovery is
to find an incalculable variety of facts to
be the expression of a few dominant prin-
ciples.

Now let us try to ascertain what this pro-
logue has to do with a case of illness as de-
scribed and set forth by the woman who
was chiefly concerned in it. Perhaps they
are more closely related than you would at
first fancy:

'In March, 1890,' she writes, 'I began
to feel weak and ailing. A sickly, faint
feeling used to come over me, and I
troubled from head to foot. I had no ap-
petite, and the little food I ate gave me a
deal of pain. After meals I had an awful
pain at the chest and left side. I had a
gnawing pain at the pit of the stomach, as
if craving food; yet when it was put before
me I could not touch it.

'I lost flesh rapidly, and was so thin
that my clothing hung upon me. I was
often doubled up with pain, and what I
suffered is past description. Gradually I
wasted away, everyday becoming weaker.
I had no strength for anything, and had to
lie down from time to time. I had such a
miserable, low feeling that I did not care
what became of me, and I wished myself
dead. For a year I continued like this, in
spite of doctors and the medicine I took.

'One day a book was left at the house,
and I read of a case exactly like mine hav-
ing been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative
Syrup. I got a bottle of this medicine,
and when I had taken it felt much better.
I could eat well, and my food agreed with
me. I now began to gain strength.
All the languid, miserable feeling left me,
and by continuing the use of the medicine
a short time longer I was strong as ever.
So marked was the change in me that
friends asked me what I had taken. I told
them all that Mother Seigel's Syrup had
put new life into me. You can publish
this statement as you like (Signed) (Mrs.)
Catherine Taylor, 57, Felstead street,
Hackney Wick, London, N. E., July 16th,
1897.'

These same customs that are so repul-
sive to us as to seem like a kind of semi-
cannibalism existed, nevertheless among
the people of classic antiquity. History
tells us that in early times the dog was
always regarded as an edible animal. The
inhabitants of certain nomes of Egypt piou-
sly embalmed their dead dogs, but others con-
sidered that it was more in conformity to the
doctrines of a wise economy to kill and eat
them. Plutarch tells us that the dwellers
in Cyropolis, where dogs were honored as
divine, made war on the Oxirinchis, who
had committed the sacrilege of eating dogs.
In his book on diet, Hippocrates, speak-
ing of common articles of food, is of the
opinion that the flesh of the dog gives heat
and strength but is difficult of digestion.
Gradually in Mexico used the native dogs so
freely as food that the species has now com-
pletely disappeared. According to Captain
Cook, the natives of New Zealand ate
their dogs and clothed themselves in the
skins. Foster adds: 'They love the flesh
passionately, and prefer it to that of the
pig.' The Greenlanders and the Kamchat-
kans also sometimes eat their dogs, but
only when reduced to this cruel extremity
by famine. In Africa dogs form the food
of certain negro tribes. In the Ash-
antee country the flesh is eaten both fresh
and dried. And it appears that in the
lower region, among the Batakes, there is
a custom that must make every friend of
dumb beasts rage with indignation—before
killing a dog for food it is maltreated and
tortured, to make the flesh more tender.

To Ward off Litens.
In a recent lecture the German trav-
eller Prof. Pechuel-Loescheke declared
that the danger from attacks by wild an-
imals in the African deserts and elsewhere
was greatly exaggerated, and that the best
weapon against attack was an umbrella,
which would ward off any lion or tiger.

No Gripe
When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fash-
ioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to
pieces, are not in it with Hood's.
Hood's Pills
and easy to operate, is true
of Hood's Pills, which are
up to date in every respect.
Safe, certain and sure. All
druggists, 220, C. V. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Five Years ago the medical men would
not have known what to make of such a
case as this. Perhaps, you say, many of
them don't know now. Let us not be in-
charitable. But they would not have hesi-
tated to take it in hand. They would have
prescribed for every separate and distinct
symptom she had. They would have phys-
icked, bled, blistered, and bled her.
And she might easily enough have died; as
she wished to do at one time. As it was
a few bottles of Mother Seigel's Syrup
cured her of what seemed like a fatal
wasting disease, with complications. One
simple harmless remedy quickly did away
with the entire trouble. Fifty years ago
this would have been considered impossible.
But, as one great law governs the solar
system, and as all organic life arises from
protoplasm, so the human body—which is
not a special creation, but a part of the
system of things—is, in health and in dis-
ease, actuated by law forces, the chief of
which is the digestive machinery. The
leading disease—the source of most other
diseases—is dyspepsia, Mrs. Taylor's com-
plaint. Cure that and you cure them.
This is the central fact of the new medical
era, and Mother Seigel's syrup represents
its foundational doctrine of healing.

Madrasan. How much the heart may bear, and yet not break! Not that the flesh may suffer, and not die!

BY A BRACELET.

All the anger had died out of his voice, the half smoked pipe had dropped from his fingers upon the sand, and his head was bowed dejectedly. The girl seated on the upturned boat clasped her hands behind her neck, and swung back, watching him furtively.

'I'm sorry I spoke as I did just now, Kitty,' he said, with a plaintive gesture of conciliation. 'You're only jokin', ain't you? I guess I ain't half good enough for you; but you ain't goin' to throw me overboard, are you? The picture was grand, and no mistake; an' you looked just like yourself. It ain't the picture; it's—'

He broke off short and glanced at the little circle of gold that spanned the girl's white wrist. With a quick movement she drew down the sleeve of her pink blouse, covering it from sight.

'You've good cause for it, Jem,' she said. 'Perhaps you didn't mean all you said, an' I hope you didn't, lad, for 'twas no way to speak o' your betters. Did I ever promise to marry you, or anyone else? Can't I take a present from anyone without bein' spoke to as if I'd committed murder or robbery or summat worse? Well?'

'I guess you can do what you like, Kitty, he said, sadly; 'an' nobody—least of all me—has no right to say a word.' 'That's good. Maybe, for the future you'll know your place. Good night.'

MARRIED.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 28, F. Thomas to Kate E. Lawrence. Avonport, Nov. 2, by Rev. Jos. Murray, B. L. McLachy to Annie M. Shaw. Littleton, Mass., Oct. 5, by Rev. Mr. Baker, Alonzo Bouch to Christina Turpin.

DIED.

Digby, Mrs. Jane Henderson, 76. St. John, Nov. 12, Ernest Ellison, 1. Mirford, Nov. 10, James Bu-sell, 79. Halifax, Nov. 7, Stephen Stanley, 80.

BORN.

Moncton, Nov. 8, to the wife of Fred Walsh, a son. Guysboro, Nov. 7, to the wife of Geo. A. Peart, a son.

TWO BROTHERS REUNITED.

They fought each other at a Reunion of Confederate Veterans. A very pathetic incident that occurred during the recent reunion of Confederate veterans held in this city was related one afternoon recently by a prominent state official.

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STEAMBOATS.

1897. 1897. The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED). For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.

BOSTON UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING Oct. 26th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY evenings after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Stmr. City of St. John, Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg.

On and after Monday, Nov. 1st, The Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings for Indian town.

STAR LINE STEAMERS For Fredericton

(Eastern Standard Time.) Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings.

RAILROADS. Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct. 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN Express for Campbellton, Fugwaak, Pictou and Halifax.....11.00 Express for Monreal.....12.10 Express for Sussex.....13.25 Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN: Express from Sussex.....8.30 Express from Monreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30 Express from Moncton (daily).....10.30 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....13.25 Accommodation from Moncton.....24.20

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Thanksgiving Excursions

Excursion tickets will be sold locally on Atlantic Division November 24th and 26th, good for return until November 29th; and to points beyond Moncton November 23rd, and 24th, good for return until November 26th, on any first class fare for the round trip. For further particulars enquire of Ticket Agents.